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JULY, 1887.

ART. I.—LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT.

1. *La Cour de Louis XIV. et la Cour de Louis XV.* Par J. DE SAINT-AMAND. Paris. 1887.
2. *Madame de Maintenon d'apres sa Correspondance authentique.* 2 Tom. Paris: Libraire Hachette et Cie. 1887.
3. *La Coalition de 1701 contre la France.* Par Le Marquis DE COURCY. 2 Tom. Paris. 1886.
4. *Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century.* By JULIA PARDOE. In three volumes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

VOLTAIRE, in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, devotes a chapter to anecdotes of the King and the Court. He apologizes for this descent from the dignity of history, with the remark that the reputation of the King was so great that the most trifling particulars concerning him are more interesting to posterity than the revolutions of other States. He adds a comparison of true French arrogance. "One cares more to know what passed in the Cabinet and Court of Augustus, than the details of the conquests of Attila or Tamerlane." Had Voltaire lived after the Revolution he would probably have spoken with less confidence of the reputation of the King, who is now commonly regarded as an architect of ruin, and his long political life as a strenuous blunder. But it was not needful for the historian

to offer an apology for writing of the Court. During the reign of Louis XIV. the Court was France. All the great movements of the time were guided by men who either resided or were often to be seen at Saint-Germain and Versailles. Those who stood outside the Court circle were rather victims than actors in the events of their time. There had been brilliant Courts in France before Louis XIV. The Court of Francis I., and the Courts of other of the Valois kings, had been prodigal in their royal magnificence; but the Court of Louis XIV. differed from them in this, that while his predecessors merely gathered their nobles around them at special seasons of festivity, his resided at the Court, especially after it settled in the huge palace of Versailles, which, with its dependencies, accommodated more than 10,000 persons. In the days of Louis XIV. the nobility of France had lost the great position which they formerly enjoyed, when their power rivalled that of the Crown. They were worsted in the struggle with Richelieu, and in the wars of the Fronde, and they were well satisfied to leave their impoverished estates, and to become courtiers of the King. Louis was fitted by Nature to make a good, or at all events an imposing, use of the materials which favouring circumstances placed at his disposal. He was born to be the head of a brilliant Court; and in the glory of the Court the old nobles of France almost forgot the degradation of their position. The credit of Louis XIV. is so fallen that we are apt to do him less than justice even in the one feature of his career which during his lifetime dazzled not only all France, but all Europe. We trust too implicity to the Tacitus of the Monarchy, the Duc de Saint-Simon. His memoirs, although not published in their entirety until 1829—when, according to Sainte-Beuve, they were more widely welcomed than any books since the novels of Sir Walter Scott—were written during the last years of the long reign of the King. They describe the Court in its decadence, and the author, moreover, was an acrid and disappointed man, who did not scruple to caricature the King and Court which had neglected him. Louis in his best days was a great courtier king. He had dignity of appearance—a dignity which he derived from his Spanish mother—and his flatterers were able to

say that the world would have recognised its master had he appeared with no royal name. But the dignity of the King had nothing repellent in it. He was gracious and affable to all, willing to listen to the tiresome suitor to his heart's content. The story that he once said, "*J'ai failli attendre,*" is probably an invention. He could wait, and wait patiently; he was one of the most patient of men under the monotonies of Court etiquette, and no one understood better than he the magical power of patience and gentleness in the bearing of a superior to those beneath him. When Louvois died, he took some pains to train his son Barbesieux to succeed him; but, writing to an uncle, he thus expressed his want of satisfaction with his pupil: "He keeps officers too long waiting in his ante-chamber. He speaks to them with haughtiness, sometimes even with harshness." The combination in a royal personage of dignity with ease and affability was more rare in the seventeenth century than in our time. It was almost a discovery of Louis, whose only genius lay in the management of social intercourse; for before his time kings had alternated between a harsh pride, which kept men at a distance, and the *bonhomie* of kings like Henry IV., who forgot his rank altogether. Louis XIV. also possessed the invaluable gift of silence. His courtiers might gossip in his hearing, and repeat the latest scandals; but no one ever heard an incautious utterance from the king, which might have made mischief if repeated. This silence, we know, was the result of deliberate purpose. In the memoirs which he caused to be written for the instruction of his son, we find the remark that, while a Sovereign has the right of doing anything, he has not the same right to speak. He must be more circumspect than other men with his tongue; for what would be of no importance from the lips of a private individual becomes of consequence when spoken by a prince. Although Louis XIV. did not speak much, the fitting word was never wanting to him when the occasion required. Many of his sayings have become historical from their dignity and grace; they rank high among royal utterances. What could be better than his words to the great Condé, who after a victory was ascending slowly and painfully the staircase at Versailles, at the top of which the king awaited

him? * Better, or at all events more honourable to his heart, were the words he spoke, when himself an old man, to Villeroi, when the old Marshal returned from Ramillies, covered, not with laurels, but with disgrace: "Monsieur le Maréchal, ou n'est plus heureux à notre âge." The magnanimity of the King was shown also in the chivalrous courtesy of his treatment of the exiled king of England. He was generous, lavishly generous, to his courtiers and to his servants, and had a long memory for services. This may seem small merit in one who gave away what belonged to others, but Louis gave with a spontaneity and a graciousness which showed that it was a luxury to him to confer happiness. and that his heart was kind. It may seem incongruous to ascribe kindness of heart to a monarch who was responsible for the desolation of the Palatinate, and for the miseries of the peasantry of his realm towards the close of his reign. But the master who understood Versailles, and who ruled it with absolute sway, was himself governed by the opinions of Versailles; he was unable to extend his sympathies beyond those with whom he was brought into immediate contact. Deficient in imagination, and, notwithstanding his proud obstinacy, wanting in true independence of spirit, he could never comprehend the needs or the sufferings of the "dim, common populations," who did not put in appearances at an *appartment*.

The Master of Ceremonies once said to Philip II. of Spain, when the king complained that too much attention was given to ceremony, "Your Majesty forgets that you yourself are a ceremony." Louis XIV. never forgot that he and his Court were ceremonies, and that their reputation depended upon the imposing character of the ceremonial which surrounded them. All things were regulated by rule; order reigned even in the most trifling pursuits, and the king and his courtiers hunted and rode with the solemn dignity of men performing a high and important function. The ceremonial which surrounded the king's person has been often described, and much ridicule has been cast upon it. Macaulay, in a lively passage in one of his less known essays, thus ridicules the Court ceremonies:

* "Mon cousin, lui dit le monarque, ne vous pressez pas; on ne peut pas monter très vite quand on est chargé, comme vous, de tant de lauriers."

"Concerning Louis XIV. himself, the world seems at last to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general; he was not a great statesman; but he was, in one sense of the word, a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what our James I. would have called kingcraft—of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects. Though his internal administration was bad, though the military triumphs which gave splendour to the earlier part of his reign were not achieved by himself, though his latter years were crowded with defeats and humiliations, though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his Mass-book, though he fell under the control of a cunning Jesuit and of a more cunning old woman, he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity. And this is the more extraordinary because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet; and all the world saw as much of Louis XIV. as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him shave and put on his breeches in the morning. He then kneeled down at the side of his bed, and said his prayer, while the whole assembly awaited the end in solemn silence—the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats before their faces. He walked about his gardens with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night in the midst of a crowd as great as that which met to see him rise in the morning. He took his very emetics in State, and vomited majestically in the presence of all the *grandes* and *petites entrées*. Yet, though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he to the last impressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence. The illusion which he produced on his worshippers can be compared only to those illusions to which lovers are proverbially subject during the season of courtship. It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire, who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be, that he was rather below than above a middle size. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death the royal cemetery was violated by the Revolutionists, his coffin was opened, his body was dragged out, and it appeared that the prince, whose majestic figure had been so long and so loudly extolled, was in truth a little man. That fine expression of Juvenal is singularly applicable, both in its literal and in its metaphorical sense, to Louis XIV.:

'Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.'

His person and his Government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that *both* were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the deceptions. The body of the great king has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers who were afraid to look above his shoe-tie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and the fears of Boileau and Molière. In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindles into a vain and feeble tyrant, the slave of priests and women, little in war, little in government, little in everything but the art of simulating greatness."

This is amusing caricature, but it is not a true historical portrait. If Louis XIV. was the ridiculous impostor whom Macaulay represents, how are we to account for his success as a social power? There must have been real qualities in the man who was able to survive the ordeal of a ceremonial so pompous enacted in the gaze of the most quick-witted people in Europe, specially prone to ridicule. Louis XIV. in his prosperous day was the object of almost idolatrous worship of his courtiers and of all Frenchmen. Nor was the admiration of the king confined to France. Strangers, who came to Versailles from all parts of Europe, returned home to describe to their fellow-countrymen the grace and majesty of the French king and his Court; and there was not a Court in Europe which did not seek to imitate Versailles.

The elaborate ceremonial of Versailles had a meaning for those who witnessed it, which it is difficult for us to catch. As the ceremonial of the Mass appears ridiculous to Protestants, the ceremonials of ancient royalty excite the ridicule of good Whigs like Macaulay. But in the days of Louis XIV. men believed in the divine right—almost in the divinity—of kings. The greatest divines and the most eminent lawyers taught that the king was an almost supernatural being—given by God to mankind to rule in civil affairs, as the Pope ruled in the Church. The king was no more guilty of personal vanity in surrounding himself with a stately ceremonial than the Pope in doing the like in St. Peter's. Louis XIV. believed as devoutly in his sacerdotal royalty as

the late Pope in his own infallibility; and the elaborate ceremonies with which he surrounded himself were a tribute to his office. They were intended to teach the people to honour the king; and the ceremonies of Versailles occupy the same position in civil history as the Religious Orders and the ceremonies of the Catholic Church hold in ecclesiastical history. They were the outward and visible signs of ideas which we consider false and mischievous; but they were not mere freaks of personal vanity, as Macaulay appeared to regard them.

The order introduced into social life at Versailles, the elaborate and studied politeness of the Court, became an influence which was felt in every part of France. Voltaire says that the standard of social intercourse was raised even in the villages; and the origin of the proverbial politeness of the French nation may probably be traced to Louis XIV. and his courtiers; although their politeness now appears as ridiculous to liberal Frenchmen as the piety of Simeon Stylites or of Saint Anthony.

Louis XIV. added to the charm of his Court by the patronage which he extended to men of letters. These were always welcome, and were treated with distinguished consideration. They caused ideas to circulate in the Court; and the courtiers who witnessed the plays of Molière and Racine, who read the satires of Boileau, and listened to the sermons of Bossuet were well provided with subjects of conversation. It has been said often lately that the services of the king to literature have been exaggerated. Many of the great literary men whose names adorn his reign were in the full maturity of their powers before he assumed the reins of government; and when he died, French literature, like everything else in France, was in a state of decadence. The reign of Louis XIV. was not favourable to the development of the highest kind of literature. Absolutism never is. But the king, although the representative of an evil system, showed not a little appreciation of good literature, although he regarded it as an ornament rather than a power. He protected Molière against the furious bigots, who would have sent the author of *Tartuffe* to a dungeon. The greatest comic genius which

the world had seen since the days of Aristophanes was permitted to ridicule pretence of every kind in the presence of the king, who is now regarded as himself nothing but a pretender. Nor was his good judgment in literature confined to productions of the stage. On the first occasion that he heard Bossuet, he wrote a letter to the preacher's father, congratulating him on having such a son; and Bossuet enjoyed his confidence to the last. He committed to him the education of his son, as later he entrusted the education of his grandson to Fénélon. Sainte-Beuve makes the acute observation, that the genius of Bossuet owed something to the sober sense of Louis XIV.; for while the sermons he preached before Anne of Austria were more florid in style, and not free from sickly sentimentalism, the sermons preached before her son are distinguished by sobriety and good sense, as well as by eloquence.

When we turn from the play to the influence it exercised upon the players, we must give a different verdict. The cult of royalty, as practised at Versailles, was splendid; and were we to concede the principle on which it rested, we might pronounce it admirable. But the influence was evil upon the characters of the chief and the subordinate actors. It is fatal to true nobility of character to give supreme attention to the externals of life. The old nobility of France lost their self-respect in the gilded chambers of Versailles. They became the lacqueys of the King. Their one object in life was to obtain posts and pensions; and flattery of the King, detraction of others, were the means they used to obtain them. This is not of course true of them all, but it was hard for a class of men, with no homely duties, and separated from the people by an impassable gulf, not to lose the homely moralities which preserve society from moral ruin. The King was subjected to constant flatteries, which were not the less dangerous that they were offered with the delicate ingenuity which is a gift of cultivated Frenchmen. On one occasion the King and Madame de Maintenon paid a visit to the Marquis d'Antin, at Petit Bourg. The Marquis had beforehand sought an opportunity of inspecting the chambers of Madame de Maintenon at Versailles. He had observed everything, down to the books

on the table; and when Madame de Maintenon entered the apartments prepared for her at Petit Bourg, she found an exact reproduction of her apartments at Versailles. The King praised everything highly, but expressed regret that an alley of beautiful horse chestnuts intercepted the view from his window. When he looked out of his window in the morning no trace was to be seen of the trees, which had been removed during the night by the orders of his host. It is not a matter for surprise that the character of the King did not improve under the insidious influence of the flatteries of his courtiers; the courtesy and patience which he showed to the dull and stupid, to the unfortunate and the guilty, were not extended to those who ventured to tell him unpleasant truths. On one occasion the eccentric nephew of Cardinal Mazarin ventured to reprove the King in the following fashion: "Sire," he said, "St. Genevieve appeared to me last night. She is much offended by the conduct of your Majesty, and has foretold to me that if you do not reform your morals the greatest misfortunes will fall upon your kingdom." The King replied: "And I, Monsieur de Mazarin, have recently had several visions, by which I have been warned that the late Cardinal, your uncle, plundered my people; and that it is time to make his heirs disgorge the booty. Remember this: be persuaded that the very next time you permit yourself to offer me unsolicited advice I shall act upon the mysterious information I have received."

The characters of the courtiers degenerated even more rapidly than that of the King. With no serious duties, they occupied themselves for the most part with trifles. Cruel practical jokes were common. Greed and jealousy were the ruling passions. The eagerness for money which the elegant courtiers showed is almost past belief. It became a passion which extinguished natural affection and the ordinary decencies of life. The father was no sooner dead—perhaps not quite dead—when the son was seen kneeling by the bedside of the King begging for a continuance of his posts. Miss Pardoe tells a shocking story of the Marquis d'Antin, the legitimate son of Madame de Montespan, the same courtier who entertained the King at Petit Bourg. When the unhappy woman was dying she sent for her confessor and her son. When the

son arrived he learned that his mother was insensible. Without leaving his travelling chaise he desired a weeping attendant, who presented herself to receive him, to bring his mother's casket to the carriage, as he should not alight; the woman only replied by sobbing out that her mistress was at that moment in the death agony. "That is not what I asked," said the Marquis coldly; "I inquired for her casket!" The *femme de chambre* disappeared, and a few minutes subsequently returned, carrying a small ebony box clamped with silver. "Where is the key?" inquired M. d'Antin. "The Marchioness never entrusts it to any one; she wears it about her neck." "Shall I then be compelled to enter the house, and seek it myself?" he asked impatiently. "I fear so, monsieur; for no attendant of the Marquise could be induced to perform such an office at such a moment."

Without further comment the Marquis sprang from the chaise, rapidly ascended the stairs, and entered the death-room, where his once beautiful mother lay gasping in the last struggle. With a steady hand he drew back the costly lace which veiled her bosom, seized the small key that rested on it, opened the casket, thrust all its contents into the pockets of his *haut-de-chausses*, and regained his carriage, without the utterance of one word unconnected with the absolute purpose of his visit.

Sometimes the desire for money led the courtiers of Versailles into acts that would have brought them into contact with the scruples of the law had they been humbler personages. At the grand ball given by the King at the wedding of the Duchess of Burgundy it was found that some persons were stealing the jewels of the guests. The King, on being apprised of the fact, desired a number of noblemen to disperse themselves among the crowd, and, if possible, to discover the thief. They observed a gorgeously dressed individual in the act of cutting away a portion of the dress of the young princess to possess himself of a diamond clasp. Without troubling themselves to ascertain the identity of the prisoner, they hurried the prisoner to the private closet of the King. Louis, on being informed that the thief was caught, retired for an instant from the throng, and upon entering his cabinet was painfully startled

to find himself confronted with one of the great nobles of his Court.

The King said to him, "Leave the palace on the instant; I at once despise and pardon you."

The quarrels and jealousies of the courtiers were incessant. They quarrelled specially on questions of precedence. The memoirs of Saint-Simon, who himself felt strongly on the subject as an ancient duke of France, afford us some curious illustrations of the importance attached to questions of etiquette. The following refers to a religious ceremony, and is wonderful in its way :—

"After the elevation of the Mass at the King's communion, a folding chair was pushed to the foot of the altar, was covered with a piece of stuff, and then with a large cloth, which hung down before and behind. At the Pater the chaplain rose and whispered in the King's ear the names of all the dukes who were in the chapel. The King named ten, always the oldest, to each of whom the chaplain advanced and made a reverence. During the communion of the priest the King rose, and went and knelt down on the bare floor behind the folding seat, and took hold of the cloth; at the same time two dukes, the elder on the right, the other on the left, each took hold of a corner of the cloth; the two chaplains took hold of the other two corners of the same cloth on the side of the altar, all four kneeling, and the chaplain of the guards also kneeling; and behind, the King. The communion received, and the oblation taken some moments afterwards, the King remained a little while in the same place, then returned to his own, followed by the two dukes and the captain of the guard, who took theirs. If a son of France happened to be there alone, he alone held the right corner of the cloth, and nobody the other; and when M. le Duc d'Orleans was there, and no son of France was present, M. le Duc d'Orleans held the cloth in like manner. If a prince of the blood were alone present, however, he held the cloth, but a duke was called forward to assist him. He was not privileged to act without the duke.

"The princes of the blood wanted to change this; they were envious of the distinction accorded to M. d'Orleans, and wished to put themselves on the same footing. Accordingly, at the Assumption of this year they managed so well that M. le Duc served alone at the altar at the King's communion, no duke being called upon to come and join him. The surprise at this was very great. The Duc de la Force and the Maréchal de Boufflers, who ought to have served, were both present. I wrote to this last to say that such a thing had never happened before, and was contrary to all precedent. I wrote, too, to M. d'Orleans, who was then in Spain, informing him of the circumstance. When he returned he com-

plained to the King; but the King merely said that the dukes ought to have presented themselves, and taken hold of the cloth. But how could they have done so without being requested, as was customary, to come forward? What would the King have thought of them if they had? To conclude, nothing could be made of the matter, and it remained thus. Never since that time did I go to the communion of the King!"

The Duc de la Rochefoucauld, who of all great writers gives the lowest estimate of human nature, studied it at the Court of Versailles. The author of the terrible *Maximes* knew human nature, but knew it at its worst. He is said to have been a kindly man—not an acrid misanthrope. But if so, his experiences of men must have been singularly unfortunate, for never did any writer display such a complete knowledge of the meanness and littleness of humanity, such complete ignorance of its heroisms and greatness.

Louis XIV. was not only the leader of the courtier throng at Versailles, but ruler of France. The formula, "The king reigns but does not govern," had not then been invented, and Louis was not disposed to be a *roi faineant*. It is almost certain that he never uttered the the famous words: *L'état c'est moi;* but he believed them nevertheless, and frequently said the same thing in a less epigrammatic form. Until the death of Mazarin he did not take part in the government, but left everything in the hands of his great Minister, who foresaw, however, that the young King was likely to assert himself. He is reported to have said: "He has in him the making of four kings and one honest man." On the death of Mazarin, in 1661, the King summoned his Council. Addressing the Chancellor he said:

"Sir, I have had you assembled, with my Ministers and Secretaries of State to tell you that until now I have been well pleased to leave my affairs to be governed by the late cardinal; it is time that I should govern them myself. You will aid me with your counsels when I ask for them. I beg and command you, Mr. Chancellor, to put the seal of authority to nothing without my orders, and without having spoken to me thereof, unless a Secretary of State shall bring them to you on my behalf. And for you, gentlemen (addressing the Secretaries of State), I warn you not to sign anything, even a safety warrant or a passport, without my command, to report every day to me personally, and to favour nobody in your monthly rolls."

For fifty-six years the King carried out the system of personal government which he thus sketched; and a writer, whose opinion deserves the highest respect, M. Guizot, says that while he had some able Ministers and some incompetent Ministers, he remained as much master of the administrators of the first rank as if they had been insignificant clerks. It may be questioned whether Louis did govern so completely as he imagined, and as his admirers affirm. He was a very ignorant man, and there was an element of self-distrust hidden beneath his proud, wilful nature. The plans of Ministers were more often accepted than the King allowed himself to suppose; but he never permitted it to be seen that he was being led. According to Saint-Simon, le Tellier, the Chancellor once said of his master:

"Of twenty matters that we bring before the King, we are sure he will pass nineteen according to our wishes; we are equally certain that the twentieth will be decided against them. But which of the twenty will be decided contrary to our desire we never know, although it may be the one we have most at heart. The King reserves to himself this caprice, to make us feel that he is master, and that he governs."

This is not the procedure of a strong governing man with a definite policy; rather the device of a proud man, jealous of his power, and intent on seeming to govern. We mark the same spirit in the memoirs addressed to his son. He urges him to seek to maintain his own reputation before the world; and he affirms that he purposely chose less able Ministers than he might have done, that the reputation of the Ministers might not overshadow his own. He never doubted, and he could hardly be blamed for not doubting, that it was his sole right and duty to determine all the matters brought before him. To his grandson Philip V. of Spain he wrote: "Never suffer yourself to be governed. Consult your Council, listen to what they have to say, but take your resolution yourself. God will infuse into your mind knowledge." The King did not shrink from any labour in the service of the State. He was the most laborious of kings; and from youth to old age spent many hours daily with his Council or with individual Ministers, and busied himself with details which might well have been left to subordinates. His love of

detail was a fault rather than a virtue; and interfered with the larger grasp of affairs which less industrious monarchs have often displayed. He was destitute of political foresight; his views were those of the office, of the permanent official—the views of a man who thought that plans which had given so much trouble must be right. Even his indolent grandson showed flashes of insight as to the drift of events which the laborious king never displayed. It was this industry that led Lord Beaconsfield—who in matters historical judged things by the outside—to say of him: "Louis XIV., though a king, was one of the greatest Ministers that ever lived; for he personally conducted the most important correspondence and transacted the most important affairs for a longer period than any Minister who ever ruled."

The King was more under the influence of his "clerk" Ministers than he permitted himself to think, and they were not all of the mediocre character which he somewhat arrogantly attributed to them. Among them were two supremely able men—Jean Baptiste Colbert and the Marquis Louvois. Colbert had been employed by Mazarin, who recognized his ability; and he was made Comptroller of Finance by Louis in 1661, in place of the Superintendent Fouquet, who was tried and imprisoned for dilapidations. Colbert found the finances of the realm in a state of confusion, and set himself to work to bring order out of confusion. He was a man of rough exterior—an object of ridicule at Court, and possessed of little general culture. But he was capable, honest, and fearless. Perhaps all the true glory of a reign whose glories have been so much exaggerated, belong to the man who was ridiculed while he lived, and was so unpopular when he died, that his funeral took place by night to avoid public insult. He filled the King's exchequer by the redemption of Rentes and by levying taxes over a wider area of the population. He encouraged commerce and industries. Manufactories for the making of cloth and tapestries sprang up under his fostering care. The roads in France, which used to be impassable, became the admiration of Europe. He founded great trading companies, and developed the maritime trade of France. Louis was pleased with the great schemes of Colbert;

but he would not be controlled in the matter of expenditure. Colbert was not a mere utilitarian with regard to expenditure. He willingly found money for the encouragement of art and letters, and for the embellishment of Paris; for he recognized that such expenditure contributed to the honour of France. Louis cared little for Paris, in which he seldom lived. He preferred to spend money upon palaces in which he could live with his courtiers at a safe distance from the criticisms and railleries of the quick-witted Parisians. Colbert had to find large sums of money for building at Sainte-Germain, at Fontainebleau, and at Chambord; but much larger sums were spent—we may say, sunk—at Versailles. It had been an insignificant place before the time of Louis XIV., but he determined to make it a great palace, in which he and his Court might reside. The site was ill-chosen; it was so unhealthy that the workmen who performed the work died by thousands. It was ill-supplied with water, which had to be conveyed to it at vast expense; but the king was not to be turned aside from his purpose even by the opposition of Nature. Colbert repeatedly remonstrated about the expense, and wrote to the king that had he foreseen the expenditure would be so large, he would have advised the employment of cash-orders, in order to hide the knowledge thereof for ever. M. Saint-Amand, who is an admirer of the King and of his reign, narrates how, in the evil days of the Commune, he solaced his royalist soul by walking in the gardens of Versailles, and calling up before him the image of the stately King and his courtiers. Perhaps the connection between the Commune and the lavish King is more intimate than M. Saint-Amand recognizes. Colbert seemed to have a prophetic warning of the possible consequences of the royal extravagances when he expressed a wish that the knowledge of the expenditure on Versailles might be hid for ever.

Under the fostering care of Colbert the resources of France were developed, and the marvellous capacities of the country were made manifest; but while Colbert increased the revenue, the King increased the expenditure, and the King outstripped the Minister. The great expense was of course the wars, which were incessant; and towards the close of his life Colbert wrote to his master that during the twenty years

he had served the King, the receipts had greatly increased, but the expenses had much exceeded the receipts, and he entreated him to moderate and retrench. The King would not be controlled; and Colbert had to adopt financial expedients which he had discarded, and of which he disapproved, to pay for foolish wars and unnecessary building. He died before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when his best helpers, the industrious Protestants, were driven into exile; but he lived long enough to see that the policy of his master and Louvois would ruin the country which he loved. He died in 1683, filled with melancholy and despair. His loyalty to the King, whom he served so well, was almost gone at the time of his death. He refused to read the last letter he sent him. "I wish," he said, "to hear nothing more of that man. Had I served my God as I have served him I should have been saved five times over, and now I know not what will become of me."

A modern writer has thus described Colbert and his work:

"Colbert, in attempting to introduce a just system of taxation, was the predecessor of the statesmen of the Convention. The miserable crew of fine ladies and gentlemen around him cannot be said to have seen this: they saw nothing; were incapable of seeing anything; but they felt it with the low animal instinct of self-preservation. They feared and they hated that heavy, dark, beetle-browed man, working at his desk fourteen hours a day, rigid and exacting to his underlings, to his own son as severe as to the rest, with his deaf ear and his harsh, gruff refusals to all their piteous appeals for comfortable sinecures; with his open eye, and his honest, hearty recognition of zeal and talent; with his utter indifference to quarrels of Jesuit or Jansenist, of Catholic or Huguenot; seeking only for men, in every sphere or class, in every trade and profession, who could and would help him in his grand design of advancing the peaceful well-being of the French nation." *

Louis XIV. was incapable of entering heartily into the financial reforms of his great Minister. He imagined that the people derived benefit from his lavish expenditure on luxury—an economic fallacy which has been repeated in times when men had less excuse for it than in the seventeenth century. On one occasion, when Madame de Maintenon asked him for money for the poor, he replied: "A king gives alms by spending liberally!" Words precious and terrible, exclaims

* *France under Richelieu and Colbert.* By J. H. Bridges, M.B. Edinburgh. 1866.

M. Say, which shows how ruin can be reduced to a principle! The same fallacy was uttered in verse by La Fontaine:

> "Je ne sais d'homme nécessaire
> Que celui dont le luxe épand beau coup de bien.
> Nous en usons, Dieu sait! Nôtre plaisir occupe
> L'artisan, le vendeur.

The wars of Louis XIV. were incessant. Of the fifty-six years between the peace of the Pyrenees and the death of Louis in 1715, thirty-two were occupied with wars. Never was there less excuse for wars. Spain was no longer, as in the time of Richelieu, a menace to Europe, but was in a state of decadence. Germany was weak and divided; and Austria was in constant dread of the Turks. Louis nevertheless managed to embroil himself with almost every Power in Europe; and so to excite fear and jealousy that in 1701 a great European coalition was formed against him. Louis XIV. was not a soldier, and had little scientific interest in war. He was not remarkable for personal courage in the field, and he had none of the love of fighting for fighting's sake which has led some kings into war. He found war the easiest method of gaining glory. In the Memoirs addressed to his son, he says: "Fame is a blessing which princes ought to pant after more and more every day, and which alone is more effectually conducive than all other means to the success of their designs." The successes which attended his wars during the earlier part of his reign gratified the French people, exalted the reputation of the monarch, and arrested for a time the critical and destructive tendencies which had given anxiety to Mazarin during the regency of Anne of Austria. It was these successes that led Napoleon to say that Louis XIV. was the greatest king of France since Charlemagne. Success came easily to Louis XIV., for his enemies were weak, and he had in his service the greatest soldiers in Europe. The genius of Condé, and the science of Turenne and Vauban guided the operations of his armies in the field. As War Minister, he had Louvois. This remarkable man re-organized the French army and rendered it the most efficient in Europe. Harsh and unscrupulous, but energetic and clear-sighted, he allowed no private interests to interfere with the service of

the State; and as long as he lived success for the most part attended the French arms. He died in 1691, and even those who hated him and feared him, lamented him, because by his death France and the King had lost a great servant. His loss was great; for it was hard to supply his place, and he had created a state of things in which a large and efficient army was a necessity. It would have been better, however, had the King never employed Louvois. He was his Mephistopheles, as Colbert was his faithful Eckart, to borrow the language of German legend; he was always urging his master to great enterprises, and helping him to carry them out with masterly skill, but forgetful that a ruler cannot with impunity make himself an object of hatred and dread to all his neighbours. The great coalition formed against Louis was so formidable, and the reverses which the French armies suffered were so severe, when they had Marlborough opposed to them, that it was almost an accident that France was not reduced to the position of a second-rate Power. A Court intrigue in England, which ended in the downfall of the Whig administration and the fall of the Duchess of Marlborough, saved France from utter ruin, and preserved for the Bourbons the throne of Spain. The King had to thank the English Tories for the Treaty of Utrecht. On this occasion that party gave peace to Europe, and displayed a moderation which their rivals were not disposed to show towards the French King.

In writing of the Court of Louis XIV. we cannot altogether omit to notice the ladies who enjoyed his favour. During the first part of his reign—indeed until he reached the mature age of forty-seven—he showed a bad example to his Court and to his people by the irregularities of his private life. He did not even attempt to conceal his infidelities from the public, who, it must be said, took a very lenient view of them. The standard of morals was not high, and kings were supposed to have a special exemption from the commands of the Decalogue. And the king could plead high examples; for the profligate intrigues of the Archbishop of Paris were almost as public and notorious as his own.*

* The devoutness of later years made Louis far more unpopular than the irregularities of his youth and manhood. "The public," says Voltaire, "who forgave him his mistresses, could not forgive him his confessor."

But Louis XIV. was by no means destitute of conscience: he had a deep, if not an enlightened, sense of religion; he was, moreover, a lover of propriety. Although those about him did not dare to remonstrate, the King was never quite at his ease with regard to the irregularities of his life. The first person who ventured to censure the King was a bold priest of Versailles, Abbé Lecuyer, who in 1675 refused to grant absolution to Madame de Montespan, and to admit her to communion. The King, highly incensed, appealed to the curé of the parish, but the curé supported his vicar. Bossuet was next appealed to, but he decided that until a complete separation took place between the King and Madame de Montespan, she could not be admitted to communion. The King yielded, and the separation took place, but the reformation was short-lived. From that time, however, the King's dissatisfaction with his irregular life appeared to increase; and Bossuet did not cease to urge his counsels upon him—speaking at times, writes Saint-Simon, with a freedom worthy of the bishops of the ancient Church. After the death of his good and patient queen, who, he said, had never caused him any sorrow except by dying, the King married Madame de Maintenon. The marriage was private, and was never publicly acknowledged; but Madame de Maintenon had an influence in France such as no queen of France had possessed during the lifetime of her husband since the days of the Merovingian kings.

Madame de Maintenon was not a favourite with her contemporaries, and has got scant justice from historians. While the frail Duchess de la Vallière was treated with indulgent kindness—even the wronged queen was gentle to the erring duchess—the "grand and serious adventuress," whom the King married in 1684, has always been the object of dislike and vituperation. That she was something of an adventuress cannot be denied; but her character was partly formed by circumstances which she had no hand in making. The granddaughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, the friend and companion of Henry IV., she was nevertheless reared in squalid poverty. She displayed the independence of her spirit while a girl, by refusing to abandon Protestantism until she was convinced by argument. As a mere girl, she married the poet Scarron,

a kindly libertine, who was more than twice her age. As his wife, she was introduced to intellectual circles in Paris, and at once attracted attention by her beauty and by her brilliant wit. Madame de Sevigné—no mean judge—pronounced her the most charming talker to whom she had ever listened. Rumour, probably mendacious rumour, asserted that as a young wife she was not more virtuous than some of the ladies with whom she consorted. She was certainly the intimate friend of the notorious Ninon de l'Enclos. On the death of her husband she was again reduced to great straits, and was saved from starvation by Madame de Montespan, who persuaded the King to continue to her a small pension which had been granted to her by his mother. The illegitimate children of Madame de Montespan were committed to her charge. At first she lived with them in retirement, but afterwards in the palace. Their mother and the King were delighted with the care and love she bestowed upon the children, to whom she became warmly attached. Over the King, who was at first prejudiced against her, she gained great influence. He sought her society. Her conversation, which was at once brilliant and marked by sound sense, entertained his languid mind. Madame de Montespan, not unnaturally, became jealous of the governess she had introduced into the palace.

Madame de Maintenon's marriage with the King was never declared, although at one time the King was on the eve of acknowledging her as his wife. The ceremony took place in private; she had refused to accept the position of Madame de Montespan, but she so far silenced her scruples as to accept the position of an unacknowledged wife. She always asserted that she neither sought nor desired her elevation. It is doubtful whether she really loved the King. Perhaps the person whom she loved best in the world was her disreputable brother, Comte d'Aubigné, to whom she wrote innumerable letters of kindly counsel, whose debts she paid repeatedly, and who requited her by amusing his companions with talk of the time of Scarron and the Hotel d'Albret, of the "gallantries and adventures of his sister," and who would often drolly speak of the King as his brother-in-law.

Madame de Maintenon enjoyed the esteem of some of the best men in France, who completely trusted the integrity of her intentions, and approved of her position. Fénélon said to her that God had placed her where she was, and he counselled her to seek to influence the King, not by importunate entreaties or rebukes, but by the quiet influence of example.

"Your zeal for the King's salvation," he writes, "should not make you overstep the limits which Providence seems to assign you. There are many things one must regret, but one must await the opportunities which God only knows, and which are wholly in His hand. You need not fear being false so long as you are conscious of such a fear. False people are not afraid of being false; it is only true people who fear lest they should fail in truthfulness. Your piety is honest, you have never fallen into the world's vices, and have long since renounced its errors.

"The true way to win grace for king and country is not to make a great stir or to weary the king with importunity, but to edify him by continual self-renunciation; to win his heart gradually by simple, hearty, patient conduct; by being as honest and simple as a child. But to speak with warmth or bitterness, to be continually attacking him openly or underhand, to scheme and reform with worldly wisdom, is doing evil that good may come."

Fénélon has left an interesting and favourable character-sketch of her, addressed to herself, in reply to a request she made to have her faults pointed out to her.

It was supposed at the French Court that Madame de Maintenon had an almost unbounded influence over the King, especially after the death of Louvois, who was her enemy. It was once said in a circle, where the history of the century was under discussion, that after the death of Louvois the next chapter should be headed "End of the Reign of Louis the Great," and the succeeding one "Reign of Françoise d'Aubigné." But if Madame de Maintenon exercised an influence over the King, she gained it in part by yielding to him. She never contradicted him, nor pursued a course of conduct of which he disapproved. She discarded even friends whom she esteemed when they incurred the royal displeasure. She did not intrude her advice upon the King. He frequently worked with his Ministers in her apartment. She sat silent,

reading or working, and never spoke unless the King appealed to her. The King had the highest respect for her judgment. He said on one occasion, "The Pope is addressed as 'your Holiness,' the king as 'your Majesty;' you, madame, ought to be addressed as 'your Solidity.'" Madame de Maintenon showed none of the arrogance of the successful adventuress in her elevation. She was quiet and rather sad in her demeanour. She gave one the idea, it has been said, of a woman who had worked hard, and felt she had not made much of her life. The King, in bidding her farewell on his deathbed expressed his regret that he had not made her happy. The Court did not make people happy; and Madame de Maintenon, fond of intellectual society, was wearied with its monotony. She often spoke to her correspondents of the weariness of her life, and of the tedium of having to listen to interminable narratives of hunts. She writes:

"I can only secure a quiet moment by chance. Madame de Dangeau dines with me, and in all probability Madame d'Houdancourt also, who will request an explanation of our not eating everything that is served up. I shall lose patience; she will blush at my irritation, and I shall follow her example. The princesses, who have not attended the hunt, will come in, followed by their cabal, and wait the return of the King in my apartment, in order to go to dinner. I shall take no more interest in these visitors than I inspire. The hunters will return in a crowd, and will relate the whole history of the day's sport without sparing us a single detail. They will then go to dinner, and Madame de Dangeau will challenge me, with a yawn, to a game of backgammon, &c. Such is the way in which people live at Court."

Madame Maintenon found a sphere of congenial activity in Saint-Cyr, a great institution for the education of young women in the park of Versailles, founded by the King at her instigation. Thither she went almost daily. She taught the pupils, advised the teachers; and her counsels, full of wisdom, gentleness, and fine discernment, continue to be published in France in educational libraries. Her interest in education was genuine; and her interest in religion was not less so, although her remarks on the subject of religion are less pleasant to read than those on education. There is a selfish self-seeking tone in her religious outpourings which quite accounts for her inability to understand Madame Guyon's and Fénélon's

doctrine of disinterested love to God. Fénélon once found her reading his book, *Maximes des Saints*, which was at the time exciting a lively controversy. "Here is a chapter," she said to him, "which I have read nine times, and cannot understand it yet." "Madame," replied the Archbishop, with his usual charming frankness, "if you read it a hundred times you will not understand it any better. All mystical writings are obscure, and the Court is not the best place in which to understand them."

Under the influence of Madame de Maintenon the King not only reformed the irregularities of his life, but became devout. The Court followed its master; and henceforth Versailles was as punctilious in its devotions as in its etiquette. Lord Macaulay is very hard on the devoutness of the King and his courtiers. He writes of it:

"It was the boast of Madame de Maintenon, in the time of her greatness, that devotion had become a fashion. A fashion, indeed, it was; and like a fashion it passed away. The austerity of the tyrant's old age had injured the morality of the higher orders more than even the licentiousness of his youth. Not only had he not reformed their vices, but by forcing them to be hypocrites he had shaken their belief in virtue. They had found it so easy to perform the service of piety, that it was natural to consider all piety a grimace."

The King's devoutness unfortunately made him both a bigot and a persecutor, which was natural in one of his despotic temper. He persecuted Madame Guyon for her harmless enthusiastic mysticism; and dismissed Fénélon from Court and from his position as preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy, because he would not condemn Madame Guyon with sufficient severity. He also harassed and persecuted the Jansenists—the Puritans of France. But his persecution of the Protestants had much more serious results than his annoyance of the Quietists and the Jansenists; and was a crowning proof of his fatuousness as a politician. By the restrictions imposed upon them with regard to the liberal professions, the Protestants had been forced into trade; and most of the important industries of France were in their hands. It was one of the arguments of Bossuet against Protestantism that no Protestant country could ever be prosperous. His master was destined

to provide an answer to the argument of Bossuet by giving a sudden impulse to prosperity in all the Protestant countries of Europe. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 was the last of a series of vexatious measures adopted against the Protestants. All Protestant places of worship were demolished, Ministers banished, and Catholicism imposed by force upon all Frenchmen. Between three and four hundred thousand men left the kingdom to carry their skill and industry into countries which were willing to afford them a harbour. The action of the King met with little disapprobation in France, and with much approval. The aged Chancellor le Tellier, as he signed the document upon his deathbed, exclaimed: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!" The bishops of France approved the piety of the King, and Bossuet, in whom the king placed great confidence, gave his grand benediction to the work of folly and unrighteousness. The king added to the mottoes he had already adopted: *Lex una, sub uno.*

It has been argued from the Catholic point of view that the act of the King was at all events successful; and that Protestantism, which at one time threatened to possess France, has never been able to raise its head since 1685. This great gain to the faith is regarded by such writers as a compensation for the material losses which France suffered through the Revocation. But the Revocation raised up enemies to the Faith more bitter and more dangerous than the most militant of French Protestants—enemies under whose yoke the Church of France suffers at the present moment. The intellectual refugees crowded to Holland, which opened a press to them in their own language. Among those refugees was Bayle, who had been Protestant professor at Sedan, and whose brother, a Protestant pastor, died in a dungeon at Bordeaux. In Bayle, and in his disciple Voltaire, the ecclesiastics of France found adversaries whose methods and whose success might well make them wish to recall the Protestant pastors whom they drove into exile.

The latter years of the reign of the great King were clouded with disaster. Abroad, at home, and in his own palace he received reminders that fortune had deserted him. His long

wars had reduced his realm to a condition of misery. He met his misfortunes in a characteristic manner. No weak complainings against man or against Divine Providence escaped his lips. He presented to the hostile world, and to his own subjects, with whom he became unpopular, the same aspect of dignified composure which he had shown in prosperous days. But he did nothing to remedy the evils of the time; and the few faithful counsellors who endeavoured to come to his aid, and to enlighten him, only lost his favour. Fénélon had already lost the King's goodwill, not only by his theological views, but by counselling him to live at peace with his neighbours, and to establish a condition of peace and goodwill by restoring conquered territories to those from whom he had taken them. Perhaps it would be unjust to blame Louis XIV. for regarding the author of this advice as the most chimerical genius in his kingdom. It was hopelessly in advance of the public opinion of the century, and, it may be added, of our own century. When *Télémaque* was published—not by the author, but by a treacherous copyist, the King imagined that the author intended it as a satire on his own reign. And *Télémaque*, of all books ever written, was regarded as dangerous and revolutionary in its tendencies; and the foreign enemies of the king insulted him by professing great esteem for Fénélon and admiration for *Télémaque* Another faithful servant of the king fell into disgrace through his zeal for reform. Marshal Vauban, the great engineer officer to whom the king owed more of his military triumphs than to any other except Turenne and Louvois, ventured to bring before his royal master the miserable condition of the poor. He had resided in every province of France in the discharge of his professional duties; he had a zeal for the public good "amounting to madness," according to Saint-Simon; and he had a tenderness for the poor and suffering unusual in a soldier whose life had been spent in war. By his inquiries he discovered that a tenth of the population of France were beggars; five-tenths on the verge of beggary; three-tenths deeply involved in debt, and only one-tenth well off. He embodied his facts in a book entitled *La Dîme Royale* in which he made a number of financial proposals

for the relief of the realm. He presented his work to the King in 1707. His master received it with cold displeasure; the book was seized, and Vauban died a few months afterwards. Racine also incurred disgrace by presenting to Madame de Maintenon a memoir in which he made proposals for the relief of the existing distress. The King was angry with the poet for meddling with matters which did not concern him, and rebuked his presumption. It is impossible not to feel compassion for Louis XIV. amid the mortifications and disasters of his later years. His obstinacy excites more pity than blame. He was not unwilling to help the poor. More than once he sent his own splendid plate to the Mint to supply the necessities of the State; but the ruin of France was too complete to be averted by princely munificence. The fault was as much, indeed more, that of others than of himself. France, rich in genius and in capacity, had committed to a single man the impossible duty of governing it by his sole wisdom. Lawyers and ecclesiastics had taught the unfortunate monarch that it was his right and his duty to decide all the manifold questions which came before him—of most of which he knew nothing. He had accepted in good faith his position and his duties; and in his old age he could not unlearn what he had been taught in his youth, and delegate his authority to more capable hands. A proud, obstinate, but at heart well-intentioned gentleman, with no higher capacity for government than an average English squire, he was the victim of a false position, as France was the victim of a false theory. It was not the fault of Bottom that Titania in her delusion took him for an incarnation of beauty.

The closing years of the King were clouded with domestic troubles as well as with public disasters. There had never been much sympathy between the King and the Dauphin. The latter was a dull, uninteresting person, who was felt to be a failure as successor to a great king, and who himself fully shared in the feeling. He had been educated by Bossuet, who wrote for his instruction splendid treatises on history and politics, which still hold their place in the literature of France. But the dull boy was not to be quickened into intelligence by

the genius of his preceptor. As a man he remained fond of the most childish amusements. He married a Bavarian princess, who was clever but eccentric; and she did not prove an attractive addition to the Court. The Dauphin and his wife entertained a prejudice against Madame de Maintenon, whom the former used to call his "absurd mother-in-law." The Dauphin died in 1711. His son, the Duc de Burgundy, became Dauphin of France; he was a very different person from his father. As a boy he had been wayward and passionate; but he was bright and intelligent, and had an affectionate heart. The Duc de Beauvilliers was made his governor, and he selected Fénélon as his preceptor. A better choice could not have been made. Fénélon completely won his affection, and continued to maintain his hold over him so completely that when the Duke became Dauphin courtiers sought out the disgraced Archbishop, under the impression that on the death of the King he would be the chief adviser of the new monarch. Fénélon for a time heard disquieting rumours of the conduct of his former pupil. He early learned the vices of the Court; and Fénélon's letter to the Duc de Beauvilliers show how anxious they both were regarding him. The counsels of Fénélon were not without effect, and the son of Saint-Louis, whom he had so often exhorted, abandoned his evil courses, and became an example to the whole Court. The Duc de Saint-Simon gives an interesting account of the change which came over the Duke. He describes his early vices, his passion and pride, which was so great that he "looked down on all men from the sky;" his own brothers scarcely appearing to him connecting links between himself and human nature. He then adds: "God, who is Master of all hearts, and whose divine spirit breathes where he wishes, worked a miracle on this prince between his eighteenth and twentieth years. From this abyss he came out affable, gentle, humane, moderate, patient, modest, penitent, and humble; and austere, even more than harmonized with his position." The King became much attached to his grandson, and took pains to prepare him for the duties of government. His wife, a princess of the house of Savoy, who came to Court while yet a child, was a bright, charming creature, whose vivacity was the sole brightness in the sombre atmosphere

of Versailles and Marly. The King and Madame de Maintenon were warmly attached to her, and she returned their affection. The nation took an interest in the heir to the throne, and understood his character. "A hope was cherished," says Voltaire, "that the new King would rule with the wisdom and disinterestedness of the ancient sages, and that his wife would temper his austerity by her grace and brightness." The hopes were destined to be disappointed; and the young Marcellus of France was taken away before the heavy crown was placed upon his head. In the month of February 1712 the Dauphiness was attacked with a mysterious ailment, and died after a few days' illness. A few days later, her husband fell ill, and died on the 17th of February. A child became Dauphin of France, the Duc de Bretagne, but he also died of the fatal disease; and the same funeral car conveyed to the vaults of Saint-Denis the father, the mother, and the child.

His brother, the Duc d'Anjou, afterwards Louis XV., was also attacked by the fatal malady, but he recovered. There was a universal belief in France that the princes were poisoned, and rumour fixed the crime upon the Duc d'Orleans. The unfortunate prince was addicted to chemistry; his character was bad; and in a Court where every man suspected his neighbour it was not difficult to get credence for an evil rumour. The Duke begged the King to send him to the Bastile, that he might be put upon his trial; but the King, who had too much sense to believe the rumour, refused. Three years later the King followed his grandson to the grave. He was weary of life. Conscious that his power was broken, that his popularity with his people was gone, he gladly quitted a world in which he once had been the chief figure. His natural children, whom he had legitimatized, quarrelled and caballed around him during the last years of his life; but they felt for him no affection. In these melancholy years the King seemed to have had a glimpse of the reasons of the decay of his glory and of the failure of his reign. The words he addressed to his grandson when he was dying may be looked upon as a death-bed repentance of his errors as a ruler. He sent for the child, and laying his hand upon his head, said: "My dear child, you are about to become the king of the greatest

realm in the world. Never forget your duties to God. Do not imitate me in my love of war. Endeavour to live at peace with the neighbouring nations. Strive to relieve the burdens of your people, in which I have been unfortunate enough to fail." While he was dying, his courtiers were paying court to the Duc d'Orleans, the future ruler. Few seemed to regret the man who had loaded them with kindness. Madame de Maintenon watched by his bedside; but when he became unconscious, she departed for Saint-Cyr. The King recovered consciousness, and she had to be sent for; but she left him before he died, and repaired to Saint-Cyr. On arriving at the convent Madame de Maintenon was made conscious, by the altered manner of the Superior, that although the monarch had not yet expired, her own reign was over. "Sir," demanded the Abbess of M. de Cavoie, when she had greeted her visitor with a cold and distant bow, "shall I not compromise myself and my community by receiving Madame de Maintenon without the permission of the Duc d'Orleans?" The Captain of the Guard reminded the Superior with indignation that she was receiving the foundress of the community. Madame de Maintenon did not lose her self-control. She desired her pupils to be sent for; and when they arrived she made a speech to them, in which she declared her intention to live henceforth wholly for God and for her children.

The King died on Sunday morning, September 1, 1715. In intervals of consciousness he spoke, and although he suffered much, his courage and patience never forsook him. He frequently repeated the words: *Nunc et in horâ mortis.* At last, with earnest fervour, he exclaimed: "Oh, my God, come to my aid; and hasten to help me!" He never spoke again. As soon as he expired, the captain of the bodyguard went to a window of the State apartment which opened on the great balcony. He threw it suddenly open, and raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the middle, and throwing the pieces among the crowd in the courtyard, exclaimed in a loud voice: "The King is dead!" Then seizing another staff from an attendant, without the pause of an instant, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, "Long live the King!"

Art. II.—BISHOP FRASER.

James Fraser, Second Bishop of Manchester. A Memoir. 1818–1885. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. Macmillan & Co. 1887.

INFINITE are the varieties of bishops in the Church of England. There are no such extreme contrasts to be found in any other communion. There is a general type to which, with very rare exceptions indeed, the Presbyterian, or the Congregationalist, or the Wesleyan minister respectively conforms; the Irish priest and the English "Catholic" clergyman have each his own ordinary character and style. But the English bishop, like the clergy from whom he is taken, and whom he represents, may be of almost any style of thought, of any school of opinion, within the limits of a broadly construed orthodoxy, of any variety of taste or manners, so that he does not violate decorum or shock society. There is almost unlimited liberty of individuality even within the circle of lawn sleeves. The reason, no doubt, is that the clergy of the English Church, as a rule, have never—or only recently, and, even so, very partially—gone through any professional training. A large proportion of them retain, pure and altogether unschooled for theological or pastoral purposes, the mere lay mind and tastes. Accordingly it happens sometimes that a priest, who is little more than a God-fearing man of business, is promoted to the episcopate. If this clergyman is also a true gentleman, a philanthropist, a man of upright mind, and great general ability, if he is a conscientious servant of the nation, and, according to his light and his faculty, of the Church to which he belongs, he may, for certain purposes, make a valuable and popular bishop, even though he be very ignorant of theology, and may have little or no sympathy with the special forms and processes of devotional cultivation and excitement appropriate either to High Church or Low Church religious functions and movements. Such a man was the late Bishop of Manchester. He was a noble bishop, and, after his consecration, became much more of a pastor, and even of a theologian, than before; but he was of the type we have indicated.

Bishop Wilberforce understood, and to a considerable extent sympathized with, the emotional forms and methods both of High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, while he was as thorough a man of business and as earnest a philanthropist as Dr. Fraser; he also possessed the theological taste and faculty which in the Bishop of Manchester were wanting, and high oratorical gifts, to which Dr. Fraser could not pretend. In respect of breadth, versatility, manifold culture and accomplishments, adroitness alike of intellectual movement and of universal management, and, above all, in respect of the natural subtlety of mind, which, without being a vice, seems often to border on it, and with too much facility and grace, although not dishonestly, "becomes all things to all men," Dr. Wilberforce was a very striking contrast to Dr. Fraser; but perhaps the most complete contrast to Bishop Fraser on the episcopal bench was the late Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Wordsworth. Dr. Wordsworth was with all his heart, mind, and soul a saint, a theologian, an ecclesiastic, a preacher, a student and scholar; but he belonged to the Church of the Middle Ages rather than to the present age. He was a fossil, though he was a lovely pattern of holiness. Nonconformists revered him, although he, for conscience' sake, unchurched them and disallowed their orders. But into the ideas of the present age he was unable to enter; and he was so far unfit to have the charge of a diocese. Nevertheless, his goodness was made a blessing to his clergy and to many more. Perhaps he was scarcely more wanting, on the one side, in the qualities which should be found in a bishop, even of the present age, than Dr. Fraser was on the other; at all events the two men were diametrical contrasts.

That Bishop Fraser was precisely what he was, was the more remarkable, considering the University at which he was educated, the College of which he was a Fellow, and the chosen friends, Fellows of the same College, with whom he chummed at Oxford and corresponded afterwards. He was originally of Lincoln College, and his character, all through his course, was rather that of a modern Lincoln man, straightforward and somewhat secular, than of a man of Oriel. He gained his Fellowship at Oriel by a competition at which Montague

Bernard was one of his rivals, of whose scholarly accomplishments, especially as an essayist and a student of history and constitutional law, we have no need to speak; but he must have gained it by main power of memory and of academical work and drill in classics, rather than through any superiority of genius, whether as a scholar, a thinker, or a writer. The mint-mark of high Oxford scholarship was never found upon his style in after-life, and of speculative ability or taste he had no touch or tincture. It is notable that in a lettter addressed to his mother, in regard to his prospects in the Fellowship examination, he uses an expression which it might have been affirmed beforehand that no one entitled to belong to the learned society in which the traditions of Newman were still fresh, and which included such names as those of Church and Liddon, could possibly have used. Having referred to the peculiarity of the Oriel examination as turning chiefly on essay-writing and metaphysics, "wishing," as he says, "to make men display powers of deep and original thinking," he adds, "*I feel too perceptibly* my own weakness on those points to entertain the least anticipations of success." The expression we have underlined is one which, it might have been thought, was too inaccurate for any Fellow of Oriel to have used; certainly no man of any metaphysical gift or cultivation, or of any exact taste or knowledge in the matter of style, could have used it. And yet he won the Fellowship. We cannot suppose that he would have gained it if it had been an open competition. It was, as he tells his mother, almost a close Fellowship; there were only four competitors, and the only rival he feared was Montague Bernard. The wonder is that he won it from Bernard; but he did win it, and the result must be taken as evidence that he had great industry, good general powers, and a fine memory. That he possessed these conditions of success all his after-life showed. But in the society of Oriel he must have been always a somewhat alien though salutary element.

Being a man of simple tastes and of little or no ambition, the Oriel Fellowship was for him virtually a life provision. He was first, in due course, tutor in the College; his mastery of business was recognized and he served his College in various

offices of responsibility, including the treasurership. Prebendary Buckle, known to not a few as a scholarly clergyman and literary critic, says of him: "He did not seem to care for the theological and philosophical topics which engrossed the rest of us." But he speaks of his "social qualities" as high, and as making him a "cheery companion." "Fraser," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, himself an Oriel man, "rather represented the high-and-dry Church in common room, with an admixture of the world, so far at least as pleasure in riding and sport may be called worldly—of the ascetic and speculative side, nothing.'

In 1846, being twenty-eight years old, he finally determined to take orders. Having accordingly been ordained deacon, he went, just a week after, in the very last days of the year, to Atherstone, with his two horses, that he might enjoy his last hunting season in the finest of all hunting countries—that of Melton Mowbray. He never hunted afterwards. In this his manly common-sense governed him. Some pages of the bishop's Life are occupied with the journal of this final season with the hounds. The previous autumn he had, consciously, taken his farewell tandem drive, using his two hunters in the trip. The following Trinity Sunday (1847) he was ordained priest, and within a very few weeks was inducted into the College living of Cholderton—a poor living, held, however, with his Fellowship—succeeding there Mr. Mozley, the well-known leader-writer for the *Times*, and the brother of Canon Mozley. To Cholderton Fraser brought his beloved mother and her sister, and there he remained from 1847 till 1860, when he became rector of Ufton Nervet, in Berkshire, a charming and every way desirable preferment, which he retained till he was made Bishop of Manchester in 1870. During the twenty-three years which he thus spent in parish work, we look in vain through the correspondence and the journal entries which fill many pages of the Memoir for almost any signs or tokens that the writer was consecrated to a holy vocation, to the study of theology and the cure of souls, except indeed, dry references to the building of church or schools, or to routine services and arrangements, which could hardly have been more dry if they had been from the pen of a church-

warden instead of a clergyman. "I have to preach," he writes to Mr. Mozley, and this is one of his very rare references to pulpit work, "a sermon for the Propagation Society next Sunday—nothing I dislike so much as writing charity sermons. You might as well send me an old one that will do."

The entry next following is in the ordinary vein of his correspondence, so far as this Memoir discloses its character to us, and this seems to be done very frankly and rather extensively. Writing to a clerical friend he says: "I consider my stable and coach-house to be nearly perfection in a small way. I have room for three carriages, two loose boxes for my own horses, and two spare stalls, the whole snugly enclosed in a walled yard, with entrance-gate to lock and keep all safe at night." This was in 1848 at Cholderton.

Page after page of the Memoir is taken up with details given in his letters to Mr. Mozley of his differences and prolonged negotiations with the village squire, Mr. Paxton, in regard to the position, character, and relations of the squire's pew and his servants' pew, in the new parish church, which Mr. Mozley had begun in his time and was now bringing towards a completion. Large space is taken up in details and diagrams relating to the new church windows. But nowhere do we get a glimpse of the rector's relations with the souls of his parishioners. He takes care, indeed, to provide a good plain day-school for the parish, for he was an intelligent and earnest philanthropist. He would have been the very best of squires, but Mr. Paxton, who was old-fashioned and obstinate, was the squire of the village, and the rector was no sooner out of his difficulties with him as to the pews and windows in the new church than he was in hot water with him again about the site of his new schools, which, however, he got well adjusted in the end. During the twelve years he spent at Cholderton, we find but one reference to any theological subject, and this reminds one of the exceptions which prove the rule. Writing to Mr. Mozley in 1854, he says: "To your second question about a Manual of Divinity, I can't give a very satisfactory answer. I had an Old Testament History Lecture generally on my hands in College; but

I never used any, nor do I know what is the best. But I should have thought you would have found no difficulty, with your present stock of knowledge, in leading a pupil in three weeks, at the liberal rate of three hours a day, over all the ground with which it is necessary he should be acquainted." Such was his measure of what was necessary in the way of theological preparation on the part of a candidate for holy orders.

And yet this secular country parson was, by the saintly Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, appointed in 1854 one of his chaplains, and soon afterwards his chancellor. Fraser seems to have had no misgiving as to his qualifications in accepting the chaplaincy. He had, indeed, one scruple. The Bishop had appointed three High Church chaplains, "Canon Liddon, Archdeacon Drury, and another," whose name is not mentioned. Fraser thought the other three chaplains "should represent the evangelical school," and, with characteristic frankness, told the Bishop his scruple. The Bishop, however, pressing him to consent, he accepted the appointment. A more anti-ritualistic soul than Fraser could hardly have been found. In 1872, at a Manchester Diocesan Synod, he, at that time Bishop, said: "The symbolism of Eucharistic vestments, lighted candles, the eastward position, indicate the doctrine that the minister is offering a propitiatory sacrifice, and this is not the doctrine of our Church. . . . . The whole congregation is a royal priesthood, and not a single place can be found in the Bible where a minister of the New Testament is called ἱερεὺς." It may well be doubted, indeed, whether in 1854 he had advanced so far in his theological course of reflection or analysis as the stage indicated by this quotation. Still, he must, even at that time, have had his face set in a very different direction from that of Canon Liddon, who was then already Vice-Principal of the Theological College of Cuddesdon. Nevertheless, Fraser was still more apart from the evangelical school of doctrine in the Church than, to quote his own words, from "what is called the High Church party," professing himself able to "sympathize more fully with men of this school of thought than with those of the other school." Mr. Arnold describes him, as we have seen, as, at

Oriel, seeming to belong to the "High and Dry" party. Dry enough he was, doubtless. But, in our judgment, it would be more accurate to describe him as being, both in 1854 and afterwards, a dry, practical, Broad Churchman, a Broad Churchman equally free from philosophy and from scepticism.* Neither on the exegetical nor the dogmatic side was he a critical rationalist; at the same time his old-fashioned Church devoutness had no affinities, either spiritual or sentimental, with either neo-mediæval symbolism, on the one hand, or distinctively evangelical teaching and preaching on the other.

Bishop Hamilton, one is tempted to think, must have attributed to his new chaplain, on the strength of his Oriel residence and his friendship with such men as Church and Liddon, some faculties and accomplishments which he did not possess; for we learn that, in appointing him his chancellor, he indulged the "dream"—one it would seem of "many dreams" he indulged—"that the chancellor should gather round him a band of young men whom he would train by lectures in the cathedral and other modes of instruction for the ministry." We have no evidence or intimation in the Memoir that Fraser ever did anything of the kind: there is abundant negative evidence to the contrary.

What was the extent of his theological preparation and equipment for the necessary work of the chaplaincy, we learn, at a later stage of the Memoir, from a letter written by his own accomplished examining chaplain, Archdeacon Norris, who is himself an exemplar of what a church dignitary should be, and who says of Bishop Fraser:—"He never professed to be a theologian; but, as examining chaplain to Bishop Hamilton, he had kept up his knowledge of Hooker, Pearson, and Butler, to which he added, in his own Ember week examinations, Davison on Prophecy, and Mozley on Miracles." Excellent standards are these doubtless, so far as they go. But, outside of the Church of England, they would, if they were the whole, be regarded as affording much too meagre an equipment for any candidate for ordination, even although the Greek Testament were added; and, as summing up the theological stores of an

* P. 213.

Anglican Bishop of the present age, they cannot but, to theological students of other denominations, appear absurdly inadequate. However, we are anticipating.

The ten years at Ufton Nervet (1860–1870) were years, so far as parish work was concerned, spent in much the same manner and spirit as the twelve years at Cholderton. All that an enlightened philanthropy might do for the parish the rector endeavoured to accomplish. He enjoyed his position immensely; he was proudly delighted with his parsonage and glebe, his farm, his cattle, his horses. His letters to his mother contain amusingly minute instructions as to the care of his Jerseys, the cows and their calving, as to his carriages and his horses severally, and especially their treatment when they were ailing, as to his farming man and his servants; he does not forget the secular cares and physical needs of his parishioners, or the affairs of his schools. But, as at Cholderton, so in his later parish, there is no trace in his journal or correspondence of anything spiritual or doctrinal. Considering that among his close friends and correspondents were such men as Liddon and Church, and that Dr. Hamilton was his Bishop, such an absolute absence of all that might have been supposed appropriate in the correspondence of a Fellow of Oriel, who was an examining chaplain, and was presently to be a Bishop, is surely a singular fact.

In other directions, however, his great general capacity, his knowledge of affairs, his familiarity with country life and its conditions, his practical sagacity, and his trained business habits, found great and worthy fields for valuable and distinguished work during this period of his history. Whilst still at Cholderton, in 1858, he was appointed Assistant-Commissioner for a large district of Western Counties, under the Royal Education Commission, of which the Duke of Newcastle was the chairman, and which reported in 1861. The great ability and practical sagacity of his report were generally recognized, although some very able educationalists thought it erred on the side of being too *merely* practical, and was, in consequence, somewhat superficial in some of its aspects. The manner, however, in which he accomplished his task on this occasion marked him out as the best man available for a much more important work, and in 1865 he was

appointed, under the Schools Inquiry Commission, Assistant-Commissioner to visit and report on the schools of America, a commission which he fulfilled in so masterly a way, with such true insight, such sympathy, and such impartiality, that his report still remains a work of high authority on the subject of American education. Thus Mr. Fraser, if he fell short of the standard of a parish priest, whether according to the pattern and precepts of a Herbert, or a Wilson (Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man), or a Wilberforce, rendered his country and his age very high service in those collateral educational capacities in which members of that professional order, which Coleridge has taught us to call the "clerisy"—as distinguished from a mere community of spiritual "pastors and teachers"—have not seldom in England served their generation.

We have a picture furnished us of the chaplain and chancellor, as he drove in weekly from Ufton Nervet to Reading, to attend the meeting of the managers of the Savings-bank. "He was the only clergyman in our part of the country," says Mr. Egginton, the bank manager, "who drove a two-wheeled dogcart." The dogcart was the highest that came into Reading; and always with a splendid upstanding horse in the shafts. "The whole turn-out was the pink of neatness and condition."

Meantime, the course of circumstance began to move in the direction of ecclesiastical advancement, which might even reach the episcopal throne; and he began himself, disinterested and unambitious as he was, to be sensible of this tendency. Though his name was scarcely known to the general public, nor, outside his own somewhat restricted circle of personal friends, to any but a section of public officials and educational experts, yet within this section, including some statesmen and publicists of eminent position and influence, he was known as a man of very superior powers of organization and administration, of broad sympathies and earnest character; and, in particular, as an educationist of various and special information. The See of Calcutta was vacant in 1866. Lord Cranborne (now the Marquis of Salisbury) seems to have desired for that See an educationist and an organizer. At all events he offered it to

Mr. Fraser, as he also offered it to the present Bishop of Sydney, then head master of Cheltenham College—to both with the like result, that they declined the preferment. Fraser said he was too old; besides he could not take his mother with him—he was still unmarried—and he was, moreover, in no way drawn or specially adapted to the position. He was soon afterwards appointed Commissioner on Children's Employment in Agriculture.

Meantime some personal links of friendship were forged between him and some clergymen of great personal influence in quarters of the highest influence. The late Canon Hugh Pearson, a man of exquisite courtesy, and the finest tone and spirit—the delight of all that knew him—was a near neighbour of his, and became a warm, intimate friend. Canon Pearson was an intimate, beloved friend of Dean Stanley's, and of the Dean of Windsor, and Fraser became the familiar friend of both. Dean Stanley and he were in many things contrasts—contrasts in intellect, in taste, in style and manner; but they also had strong sympathies in common. Neither of them cared for metaphysics or theological theories—although Fraser cared a good deal more for dogma than his illustrious friend—both were of the latitudinarian Broad Church school, and both were generous, cordial, catholic, hospitable men. It was apparently through the friends we have named that Fraser was, in 1869, invited to preach before the Queen at Windsor. He seems to have taken great pains in the preparation of his sermon, which pleased her Majesty—pleased her all the more, we may venture to assume, because it united high moral sentiment with a theology not too sharply defined. For this sermon he went so far afield as to take a quotation, which struck the Queen, from Edward Irving and another from a poem of Newman's. How this visit to Windsor, and the effect of his sermon on the Queen moved even his modest and disinterested spirit, is plain from the following passage in a letter to his mother on the occasion :—

"This morning, just as I left, the Dean told me that the Queen had asked him a lot of questions about me, and expressed herself as pleased with my sermon. All this only for your and Aunt Lucy's ear. Happily I am quite content with my present

position, so that where other men might fancy they were going to be made bishops or deans, I trouble myself with no dreams or anticipations of the kind."

This passage we cite in proof that, whether the thought "troubled" him or not, he had become familiarized with the idea of the highest advancement as possible for him. Nor is there any evidence whatever that, at this time, he thought of himself as in any respect unfitted, by defect of theological learning or otherwise, for the office either of dean or of bishop. He was not an immodest man, far from it; but his ideal of the requirements necessary for the episcopal office does not seem to have included anything rarer or higher than good sense, good scholarship, good business habits and faculties, and the qualities of an earnest, practical Churchman. Neither the "odour of sanctity," nor the theological attainments of a "Master in Israel" seem to have entered into his conception of what was to be expected in a Right Reverend Father of the Church. And yet, two months later, when he attended the funeral of the saintly High Church devotee, Dr. Hamilton, his own bishop, he betrays a keen sense of his deficiency, in comparison especially with such a standard as his bishop had set, of spiritual qualifications for the office. In justice to the memory of Bishop Fraser, we must quote his words on that occasion contained in a letter to a friend (Mr. Tooke). After saying, what was certainly by no means correct, that the bishop did not care for "opinions" but only for "the faith"—"the faith," says Mr. Fraser, "which I believe to be the same in essence in all Christian hearts, however different the outward form in which it clothes itself;" and after mentioning that his own name had been on the list as next after Moberly for the succession to the See, he adds: "Fortunately I have been spared having to decide on so grave an issue. Utterly unworthy as I feel myself, on the highest grounds, of such a post, I should have felt special cause for anxiety on many accounts, into which you will enter, if I had been called to succeed *him*."

His visit to Windsor, as we have said, was in 1869. In 1870 he was offered the Bishopric of Manchester by Mr. Gladstone. It is not to be supposed that he was, or could have been, a bishop after Mr. Gladstone's own ideal. In many

respects his special characteristics and tendencies were alien from those which Mr. Gladstone would have preferred in an Anglican bishop. But for Lancashire, with its large Nonconformist element of population, an ideal High Church bishop would hardly have been suitable. A frank, hearty man, genial but not weak, thoroughly in sympathy with modern life, perfectly acquainted with business, an earnest but not a doctrinaire educationist, a social philanthropist, and remarkable for practical sagacity, a thorough Churchman, but the reverse of a Ritualist, possessed a rare aggregate of qualifications for the Bishopric of Manchester. Besides which, the Queen's concurrence is necessary to the appointment of a bishop, the Prime Minister and the Queen having, as Bishop Wilberforce's life has made very well known, what amounts to a mutual check or veto, if either differs from the other in such a case. In the case of Dr. Fraser, the Queen's mind was settled in his favour. The correspondence on this subject between Mr. Gladstone and the bishop elect is given in the Memoir. The bishop's letter, accepting the preferment, is very admirable, and greatly impressed, as it could not fail to do, the Prime Minister in his favour; and the performance of the high work and functions then accepted by the bishop was in full accord with the spirit, the purpose, the noble aims which governed him in its acceptance.

We have almost traversed the space allotted to us, and cannot pretend to review the public career of Dr. Fraser as Bishop of Manchester. This is of the less consequence because this portion of the bishop's life was passed, more perhaps than that of any contemporary prelate, full in the public eye, and every principal act and almost every public utterance of his during the period were made known to a public which followed all his life and his restless activities with the keenest interest. Our object, indeed, in this article has been to exhibit the man himself as he had been throughout his earlier history, and as he was when he came to the episcopate, with his great excellencies but also with his characteristic defects. It was not to be expected that such a bishop would commit no errors, or that he would be able to place himself fully in sympathy with earnest men whose views as to definite

religious doctrine and teaching varied decidedly from his own latitudinarian Anglicanism. But a truer, braver, more disinterested soul was never found either as bishop or as English gentleman than Dr. Fraser. His courage was not always free from rashness, his frankness was sometimes more outspoken than wise, he might have kept silence sometimes, and wisely suffered even the suspicion for a brief space of indecision, it might even have been truer bravery so to do rather than to speak out at once, where time might have helped, or healed, or brought new elements to bear on the case, or possibly have taught riper wisdom to himself as well as others, in matters of difficulty which touched public feeling. But, with whatever qualifications, Bishop Fraser in this Memoir—which, excellent as far as it goes, scarcely does him, as we believe, justice, especially as regards the more serious aspects of his character—stands out to our view as a transparent, true-hearted man of the very best typical English character—typical, that is, as a practical English organizer and worker, not as a speculative English thinker. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Thomas Hughes, who had personal knowledge of Dr. Fraser only during the last ten or twelve years of his life, rather than such a man as Archdeacon Norris, his closest friend and intimate among his chaplains, should have written his Memoir. Mr. Hughes has done his work well, in some respects very well; but the result of the book as a whole has to many, who are by no means religious fanatics, been a disappointment. So secular a history of a bishop—a distinguished bishop—has seldom, if ever, been published. One thing is certain, that the acceptance of the bishopric exercised a solemnizing and at the same time elevating influence on Dr. Fraser's character. A clergyman who knew him intimately, and in whose judgment we can repose the utmost trust, writes to us as follows:

"The event which seemed to deepen and solemnize his inner life more than any other was his consecration to the bishopric. None who knew him intimately could fail to see that, during those early years of his episcopate, he most sincerely felt his own unfitness for a position of such spiritual responsibility. And—so transparently sincere and natural was he in taking a friend he could trust into confidence—none such could fail to see he was daily drawing strength where true strength can only be found, and this with a full faith that it would be and was being given."

That Bishop Fraser had known so little of any emotional religious experience was, we may venture to affirm, a serious deficiency in one who was called to the office of a Father of the Church. We are glad, however, to be able to set against this deficiency—the effect of which was to leave such an aspect of mere secularity on his course as a parish clergyman—the following testimony from the same most competent witness, some of whose words we have already quoted:

"If entire sincerity, meekness among those he respected, purity of nature such as I could hardly parallel—for I never knew one who feared God more or man less than he—if these be righteousness, and if righteousness means 'right relations with God through Jesus Christ'—then your question"—[a question as to his spiritual character and condition] "through the seventeen or eighteen years I knew him, might be answered as you would wish it answered."

Bishop Fraser, publicist and, in a good and noble sense, man of the world as he was, was in the inner secret of his heart very simple and child-like to the end of his life. His relations with his mother were exceedingly touching and beautiful.

"While his aged mother lived" [Canon Norris writes to Mr. Hughes], "however pressed for time he was, he never failed to be by her side in her accustomed evening prayers; and his guests might overhear his strong musical voice singing in her ear (for she was very deaf) one of her favourite hymns. So in his own bedroom the little desk by his bedside, with the well-worn book of devotion upon it, showed how through a most active life he had maintained the very simple habits of devotion which his mother had formed in his boyhood."

There is one trait of his character in which he set a high pattern of Christian propriety to all, but especially to bishops and ministers of Christ.

"However natural and unconstrained his conversation, however gay his temper, a serious word would never have seemed out of season had it been called for. . . . Any one who watched him at a dinner-table might see that he had not only his own mirth, but the mirth of others round the table, well in hand, so to speak; and that any low-toned or ill-natured remark would not pass without all being reminded that their bishop was among them." *

* Canon Norris.

We feel it our duty to add that, in our humble judgment, the bishop was absolutely right in the course he took—whether or not in every word he spoke or wrote—as to the Miles-Platting ritualist controversy, in which he suffered so much from many clergymen and newspaper editors. He was also, beyond doubt—at least in our judgment—right in regard to the case of St. John's Church, Cheetham Hill, and Mr. Gunton. In this case, also, he showed a clear and firm judgment as to points of doctrinal orthodoxy, for which we should scarcely have given him credit.

His marriage in 1880 added greatly to his happiness. Dean Stanley married him to the estimable and every way worthy and congenial lady who now mourns his loss, and Hugh Pearson was "his best man." After five brief years of married happiness came the threatening symptoms, and then, not very many weeks after, the end. "Now let us have our little office together," he said to his wife when at ten o'clock she came to his bedside for their morning prayers, and found him looking radiantly happy. The psalm for the day (October 22nd) was the 107th, which they read alternately; verse 30, "Then are they glad because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be," falling to Mrs. Fraser. When it was over he said, "How I enjoy our little offices together. Now, dear, go down and write those letters for the early post. I will be with you in half-an-hour." These were his last words. He was a few minutes after seized with a fit in bed, and died in a few hours. All through his illness he was full of happiness. To Archdeacon Norris, some weeks before, he had said, after referring to the serious warning he had received, "And yet, I hope it isn't wrong, I never felt happier in all my life than I do at this moment." Thus the consciousness of peace and a radiant trust in God grew up within his soul during his latest months of life. There are many ways of learning God's way and will, and of being brought into fellowship with Him. Bishop Fraser was not brought by the Anglo-Catholic way, nor by the Methodist way, but, by a way that he knew not, he was brought to seek and find his all of strength and hope and peace in the "God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Art. III.—THE SERVICE OF MAN: POSITIVIST AND CHRISTIAN.

1. *Collected Works of John Morley.* Nine volumes. New Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

2. *The Service of Man: an Essay towards the Religion of the Future.* By James Cotter Morison. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1887.

CHRISTIANITY is "an anvil that has worn out many a hammer." Some of these hammers have been slight and flimsy enough, so that the first contact with wrought-iron has shattered them; but others have been stout and heavy, deftly wielded by stalwart arms. The strokes on the anvil at all events have been well-nigh incessant, the assaults on the city of God have continued almost without intermission, and each fresh attack has been heralded by a loud flourish of trumpets and prophecies of easy victory, fading gradually into less assured tones and dying away into the silence of utter defeat. The priests and Sadducees who punished Peter and John for preaching the doctrines of the "New Way," thought to destroy it at its earliest inception, but they ended by "doubting whereunto these things would grow." The attack of Celsus in the second century was able and bitter; but it is significant in more ways than one that the arguments of the heathen philosopher are known to us only by Origen's replies. The earliest centuries of Church history are named after the "Martyrs and Apologists," and it was natural that such a religion as Christianity in such a world as the decadent Roman Empire should be compelled both to witness and to fight. But throughout the history of Christianity apologists have always been needed, and martyrs have never been wanting. The centuries which witnessed the multiplication of heresies were also a period of warfare against enemies more subtle, more dangerous, more persistent than open assailants like Celsus and Porphyry and Julian; but the Church triumphed, and the memory of many heresies remains only in the articles

of her formulated creed. The Church of the Middle Ages had not the same foes to fight, yet her sons in their building were compelled to hold the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other, as they helped to rear that massive edifice, the strength of which consists in its divine stones and its weakness in its human mortar. The humanists of the Renaissance revived Hellenist sneers at the religion of the Cross, just as they echoed the songs in praise of the life of Nature and the senses which had sounded in the temples and groves of that Greece "where burning Sappho loved and sung;" but the Reformers showed how to vanquish reviving Hellenism by a revived Gospel-message of glad tidings to all people in Christ, their living Lord. In the eighteenth century unbelief had made such progress in England that, in the well-known ironical words of Bishop Butler, it had "come to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is at length discovered to be fictitious." Yet Wesley's Journal tells another tale: the Evangelical Revival, as well as the *Analogy of Religion*, answered the confident assailants as with a trumpet-peal, so that Toland and Collins are forgotten except by historians, and their boasted Deism is to-day discredited and obsolete.

But, it is said, the assaults of the nineteenth century are of quite another character. All previous attacks, we are told, have been child's play. Now the battle is being waged along the whole line. The key of the position has been seized and it is already virtually carried; we are assured that the walls which have stood so firmly for nearly 2000 years now totter visibly under repeated blows, so that it is clear to all intelligent observers that they must soon fall. We seem to have heard all this a good many times before, and are not perhaps sufficiently impressed by such Homeric boasting. But we are ready to admit a portion of this statement. We believe that the attack upon Christianity now being made, some waves of which have fallen upon us, but the full force of which is yet to come, is more serious, more thorough, more determined, and far more carefully organized than any previously experienced. It is, first of all, more fundamental. Previous conflicts have raged round certain doctrines or aspects of faith, this touches its very core

and centre. The present conflict is, further, more general. It touches us on every side. We cannot open our Bibles without being reminded of one aspect of it, we cannot argue on any moral or social question without having other aspects forced upon us. New views of life, of man's position, character and destiny, are making a great gulf between near neighbours; and too often members of the same family find themselves sadly arrayed on opposing sides. Lastly and chiefly, this opposition to Christian faith is more thoroughly organized and complete, more fully reasoned out, it is based upon wider generalizations and implies wider and more far-reaching issues than perhaps ever before. The rapid and uninterrupted progress made in physical science, the apparent certainty of its methods, the revolutionary character of some of its hypotheses, the apparent incompatibility of some of its conclusions with modern orthodoxy, and the impossibility of demonstrating by physical methods the lofty claims of spiritual truth—these are only some of the considerations which distinguish the conflict in which we are engaged from others, perhaps at the time seeming not less serious, not less vital, in which Christianity has previously gained a complete victory.

We have no misgivings as to the issue. It would not be difficult to give reasons for such confidence quite outside our own personal faith in the Christian religion as divine, absolute, and sufficient for the world's needs. Such reasons would be drawn from a view of the nature of the conflict only to be obtained from a wide outlook. In our own opinion the worst of this battle has not come yet, and the prospect will not clear till that shock is over. But the period is rather one of birth-throes than of death-pangs. The issues between faith and unbelief need to be more clearly understood, prejudices on both sides need to be removed, the relation to each other of the realms of truth in question must be more distinctly defined, and then, after a conflict which must be sharp and may not be very brief, the victory of faith is certain. But victory may not come precisely in the way we expect. New truth has to be assimilated, purged of the elements of error with which unbelief has invested it, and then to be claimed and used for God in Christ. As secular movements have never been free

from the influence of spiritual forces, so the Church has often learned important lessons from secular movements. She has some such lessons to learn in the nineteenth century, and some of her representatives are by no means apt scholars. But that the human intellect will be satisfied to take up its abode in the blind alley of Agnosticism is as impossible as that the human heart should find rest in the dull despair of Pessimistic Materialism. Once more we shall prove that "this is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith," if we are but faithful to divine truth, and not unduly anxious about human systems.

At present we are only concerned with one part of this great conflict. We leave altogether on one side such philosophical questions as are raised by anti-supernaturalists concerning miracles, and such critical and historical questions as are raised in hosts by rationalists concerning the character and authority of our sacred Scriptures, merely remarking by the way that Mr. Morison's treatment of these topics in his *Service of Man* is absurdly superficial, and that he jumbles together Strauss, Baur, Keim, and Hausrath, taking for granted the exploded "mythical" theory of the origin of the Gospels with a calm confidence which would be amusing, if in many quarters it were not likely to be dangerously misleading. But this is not the present battle-ground. Issue between Christian faith and unbelief is to be joined in discussing the perennial problems of Morals and of Man. Our opponents profess to be strong here or nowhere. The most destructive critics must construct something somewhere, under penalty of being exposed before the world as utterly impotent and sterile. The assailants of Christianity of the present day, therefore, having, we must not say stolen—"convey the wise it call"—but gained from Christianity,* or elsewhere, a certain "enthusiasm of humanity," are using this as a telling cry. The *Service of Man* is their watchword. They loudly contend that none but they understand what man really needs, and might obtain, if theologians would but let him alone, and

* How far Positivists are indebted to Christianity has been admirably shown, amongst others, by Rev. W. Arthur. See his *Religion without God*, i. pp. 134, 159, &c.

confidently boast what the new Gospel will do for man when —as must soon happen—it has a clear field for its operations. Positivism professes to believe in and cultivate only the tangible, the definite, the scientifically verifiable, and in the welfare of man she professes to find sufficient scope for practical energy, sufficient inspiration for her highest efforts. She banishes God from the earth that she may the more completely laud, cultivate, and serve humanity. In this field she elects to labour, in it her claims may best be tested. Success here must mean for Positivism an important gain: failure here must mean failure utter, complete, irretrievable.

Here, therefore, let us join issue. For this purpose we select two of the strongest existing champions, so far as we can judge, of the anti-Christian host. We have placed at the head of this article titles of works by Mr. John Morley and Mr. J. Cotter Morison, who are the most recent, the most representative, and at least amongst the most vigorous of those who propagate the Positivist Gospel for mankind. They are further suitable for our purpose because both are thorough-going in their advocacy. They will hear of no half-measures in dealing with the old and, as they consider it, effete Gospel of Christianity. In such writings we shall study to advantage the new Gospel of Man, and if, in the compass of a short article, we cannot deal fully with their arguments, we can at least show where these new apostles profess to find us, and where in all probability they are likely to land and leave us.

Mr. John Morley has recently published a collected edition of his works, which may be considered a kind of manifesto or challenge. As all the world knows, he has left the retired paths of literature for the exposed eminence of political life, and he is proving himself able and brilliant in the more active as he did in the more speculative field. Whatever be thought of his political or other opinions, he stands out as one of the strongest men of the day. His style reflects the man. It has the hardness, the brightness, and the elasticity of tempered and polished steel. His words, weighty and well-chosen in themselves, are welded into sentences which bite deep, and cleave to the very heart of his subject. The range of thought is not wide, and certainly neither sublime nor profound; but

depth, in our sense of the word, Mr. Morley would regard as a vice, and within the range which he marks out for himself he sees clearly, thinks vigorously, wills strongly, and writes as only a man so clear-thoughted and strong-willed can write. Both his thought and style are for the most part cold and hard; but he is not devoid of emotion, and on occasion gives us glimpses of the crater of a volcano beneath a covering of snow and ice. And when these cold hearts do burn, it is with a glow and intensity that melts the very rocks in the mountain's core. Mr. Morley, moreover, stands out as a man who has the full courage of his convictions, and a little more. He is the standard-bearer of "No Compromise." He cannot find words bitter enough for those who halt between two opinions, or who, having renounced the old faith, hesitate to say so. He desires, though not precisely in Voltaire's spirit, to carry on Voltaire's work, to promote the "Revolution" in the nineteenth century as Diderot did in the eighteenth, and he would esteem it a service to the race if he could render aid *écraser l'Infâme*.

It is only with this aspect of Mr. Morley's works that we are concerned. It is no part of our purpose to estimate his work as a critic, or discuss his views of the French Revolution. And even so, we are in some difficulty in having to deal with nine volumes, which include treatises on Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau, an essay on "Compromise" and three volumes of critical miscellanies. We are compelled to select passages which bear on our particular topic, and must rest upon our own assertion that, to the best of our power, we fairly represent the spirit of the author. We have carefully read and re-read all Mr. Morley has written, including a number of essays which, happily as we think, have not been republished in this edition of his works, but can present only a sample of his language and arguments. We are the more anxious to say this because of Mr. Morley's chosen method of dealing with the great subject of religion. He nowhere faces his antagonists in direct argument. His compositions may be called critico-historical, and perhaps from their very form can hardly be expected to argue out the questions at issue between Christianity and unbelief. But even where oppor-

tunity offers room for argument—and in the shorter essays this is not seldom—Mr. Morley hardly ever favours us with it. He is masterly in making assumptions. He thoroughly understands the art of fence, and knows well, where faith is concerned, how much more effective is a bold assertion accompanied by a clever sneer than whole pages of serious argument. Not that we would accuse Mr. Morley of conscious artifice; he is above that; but, having no religious faith of his own, and believing that that which exists is mischievous, as all superstition must be, he deals with Christianity as a dream from which all sensible men have awakened—an illusion pleasant in some respects, but no more to be argued with or seriously discussed than the fancies which flit through the brain of the sleeper, and at which on awaking he only smiles. Now this is very convenient, but it is not argument. It may be magnificent as tactics, but it is not war, and cannot be allowed to pass without protest. Mr. Morley finds it suits his purpose to take it for granted, without discussion, that of God and the supernatural nothing can be known.* The words that he puts into the mouth of Chaumette, relating to the attack upon Christianity made by the dogmatic atheism of 1793, evidently represent his own views of the more excellent way in which the Christian Church is to be undermined in the nineteenth century, and are so characteristic that we must quote them at length:—

"You, he might have said to the priests—you have so debilitated the minds of men and women by your promises and your dreams, that many a generation must come and go before Europe can throw off the yoke of your superstition. But we promise you that they shall be generations of strenuous battle. We give you all the advantage that you can get from the sincerity and pious worth of the good and simple among you. We give you all that the bad among you may get by resort to the poisoned weapons of your profession and your traditions—its bribes to mental indolence, its hypocritical affectations in the pulpit, its tyranny in the closet, its false speciousness in the world, its menace at the death-bed. With all these you may do your worst, and still humanity will escape you, still the conscience of the race will rise away from you, still the growth of brighter ideals and a nobler purpose will go on, leaving ever further and further behind them your dwarfed finality and leaden, move-

* *Compromise*, p. 75, &c.

less stereotype. We shall pass by you on your flank, your fieriest darts will only spend themselves upon air. We will not attack you as Voltaire did. We will not exterminate you. We shall explain you. History will place your dogma in its class, above or below a hundred competing dogmas, exactly as the naturalist classifies his species. From being a conviction it will sink to a curiosity; from being a guide to millions of human lives it will dwindle down to a chapter in a book. As history explains your dogma, so science will dry it up; the conception of law will silently make the conception of the daily miracle of your altars seem impossible; the mental climate will gradually deprive your symbols of nourishment, and men will turn their backs upon your system, not because they have confuted it, but because, like witchcraft or astrology, it has ceased to interest them."—*Miscellanies*, vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

This extract illustrates, what scores of others we had marked would confirm, the "masterly inactivity" with which Mr. Morley hopes to conquer in his conflict, as did the Tiers État in 1789. But this method will impose only upon the foolish and superficial; and the thinker who refuses to argue upon the gravest questions that can occupy the mind of man, calmly taking his own sceptical premisses for granted, must either condescend to come down from his philosophic pedestal and mingle in the fray, or be content to be left high and dry to the consolation of his own arrogant and unproved denials.

Mr. Cotter Morison's book, entitled *The Service of Man*, has other claims upon us. Published only a few months ago, it has attracted attention quite out of proportion to its intrinsic merits, and has been highly praised by critics to whom the world naturally looks for a trustworthy judgment. The explanation of this is not far to seek. It is true that the attack upon Christianity which this book contains exhibits a failure to understand the religion assailed, which is remarkable in the biographer of St. Bernard; and its constructive attempt to define and formulate the "Service of Man" in a Positive sense is neither full nor specially able. But the style of the book is clear and attractive; it makes no great demand upon the reader, while in a decided and unhesitating tone, supported by plausible arguments, the writer does not shrink from definitely formulating what many are thinking but have not dared to say aloud. An outspoken attack upon received authority is generally popular; and the attack on Christianity

made in this volume is undisguised and uncompromising, while the repudiation of ideas which, in name at least, profess to bear sway in this country, is complete. Such a book we cannot afford to pass by; and as Mr. Morison's position is substantially that of Mr. John Morley, though differently occupied and defended, the conjunction of the two names will give us an opportunity of inquiring what are the views of modern Positivist teachers on Man; his position, duties and destiny, and in what relation the new doctrine stands to the old. Does the service of God, as these writers assert, bar the way and prevent the development of the true service of man? or does it, as the Lord Jesus Christ teaches, constitute the only way by which we can understand what man is—rightly approach the work of helping him, and then faithfully and strenuously carry it out? That is a fair issue, and no Christian will hesitate to meet it with alacrity.

First of all, let it be distinctly understood that the primary and fundamental service to man which is here offered is to deprive him—or to free him, if the phrase be preferred—of his God. Comte is the teacher of Morley and Morison alike, and he says in his *Catechisme Positiviste*:—"Humanity has once for all substituted itself for God, without for a moment forgetting His provisional services;" and again—"To-day there remain but two camps: the one retrograde and anarchic, wherein God confusedly presides; the other organic and progressive, systematically devoted to Humanity." Mr. John Morley has, happily for his own credit, given up his foolish trick of spelling the name of God with a small letter, while he spelled his own name with capitals; but he loses no opportunity of showing us that, in his opinion, as with Diderot, "l'idée de Dieu manque d'actualité." He says:—

> "Those who no longer place their highest faith in powers above and beyond men are for that very reason more interested than others in cherishing the integrity and worthiness of man himself."—*Compromise* p. 89.

And again, in a striking passage, which we cannot quote at length, contrasting the principles of Christianity and the Revolution, the old and the new, and urging that the latter only can supply "the forces to be trusted for multiplying the

achievements of human intelligence, and diffusing their beneficent results with an ampler hand and a more far-scattering arm," Mr. Morley says :—

"Faith in a divine power, devout obedience to its supposed will, hope of ecstatic unspeakable reward—these were the springs of the old movement. Undivided love of our fellows, steadfast faith in human nature, steadfast search after justice, firm aspiration towards improvement, and generous contentment in the hope that others may reap whatever reward may be—these are the springs of the new."—*Rousseau*, vol. i. p. 2.

The very basis of all his thinking, as Mr. Morley tells us again and again, is "the great Positive principle that we can only know phenomena, and only know them experientially." It is true that, as Mr. Morley's admirers have urged, this philosopher, who is so content to live "without God in the world," does not exactly desire to live without religion. He complains that "religion is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man's life which it has been;" and again we read :

"It is said, you forget that women cannot live without religion. The present writer is equally of the opinion that women cannot be happy without a religion, nor men either."—*Compromise*, p. 176.

But it must be a religion without God. We need, he tells us, to be led away by the negative truth that nothing can be known about God from the "sterile and irreclaimable tracts" of theology into a more profitable direction. Nothing must "interpose between humanity and *the beneficent sunbeams of its own intelligence, that central light of the universe*" * (*Voltaire*, p. 72). Mr. Morley, like the author of *Natural Religion* and many modern writers, wishes to use sacred words with a new meaning, and, while keeping the old associations, to empty them of the old significance. The only religion he can conceive of is that of Humanity—this time with a capital "H"—and although he has too much sense to give his adhesion to the so-called Positive religion, and the worship of Comte's mistress, Clotilde de Vaux, Mr. Morley makes it perfectly clear that, for the consolation and stay which Christians have found in the worship of God, he is quite satisfied to seek in

* The italics are our own. The phrases thus emphasized are worth pondering.

the service of man. Mr. Cotter Morison's book is founded on this idea, and we need not quote from him at length.

What, then, is the nature of the being thus raised, at least in his collective capacity, to the throne of the world, that highest beyond which we can know nothing? How do our new teachers answer the old question, What is man? Man is of course only a part of Nature. Mr. Morison (p. 278, &c.) airily dismisses the late Professor Green's masterly reasoning to prove that the knowledge of Nature cannot be a part of Nature, as "an ascent into the fine æther of Kantian metaphysics." This is, of course, much easier than answering the argument. But for the Positivist no other view of man is possible than that he is simply a part of Nature, subject to the laws of causation which obtain in the physical world. Free-will is a figment, an illusion easily explained. Mr. John Morley in his *Diderot* (ii. p. 177) gives an admiring exposition of Holbach's Determinism, especially of the "inexorable logic with which the Free-willer is left naked and defenceless before a vigorous and thoroughly realized Naturalism." The "doctrine of Freewill is virtually unmeaning" (*Miscellanies*, i. 236). Mr. Cotter Morison considers the "doctrine of Determinism to be now so generally accepted that he need not dwell on it." But he adds:

"Nothing is more certain than that no one makes his own character. That is done for him by his parents and his ancestors. No merit or demerit attaches to the saint or the sinner in the metaphysical and mystic sense of the word. Their good or evil qualities were none of their own making. . . . . The sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of, the better it will be for society and moral education. The sooner it is perceived that bad men will be bad, do what we will, though of course they may be made less bad, &c." (pp. 291–3.)

Let not our readers start at this plain-spoken declaration; it is the only consistent attitude for the Positivist to occupy, and we shall see immediately whither it leads.

No God—no soul—there is of course no immortality. The philosopher believing literally—

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν—

that the lives of men fall like the red and yellow leaves of autumn, only to moulder in speedily forgotten dust, must

content himself, as Mr. Morley does, that "men will be more likely to have a deeper love for those about them, and a keener dread of filling a home with aching hearts, if they courageously realize from the beginning of their days that the black and horrible grave is indeed the end" (*Rousseau*, i. 220). Mr. Morison, too, is clear that there is no vainer hope than that of immortality, which has so long deluded so large a portion of mankind. Our own laureate has recently sounded in our ears that

> "The Good, the True, the Pure, the Just—
> Take the charm *For ever* from them, and they crumble into dust;"

but that is not the creed of our philosophers, who consider that the good and true can only be rightly understood when the God who rules the world having been eliminated, the hope of immortality which is bound up with belief in Him has vanished also.

We have no wish to represent the writers whose work we are considering as pursuing this work of destruction with a light heart. Mr. Morley especially feels the indescribable pathos of human life according to his view of it, and from time to time pens sentences which read like a very wail of pain. Speaking of Christianity he says:

> "In a world 'where men sit and hear each other groan, where but to think is to be full of sorrow,' it is hard to imagine a time when we shall be indifferent to that sovereign legend of Pity."—*Compromise*, p. 156.

But he goes on to say, "We have to incorporate it in some wider gospel of justice and progress." And there is a tone of moral self-complacency, reminding us of Lord Beaconsfield's "superior person," which distinguishes our Positivist philosophers as they calmly sweep Christian teachers out of the way, which is very edifying if we could quite believe in it. The worn-out ethics of Christianity are to be replaced by something better. Mr. John Morley talks with delicious coolness of the "higher moral ideas" taught by such philosophers as Voltaire and Diderot, and tells us of "the Churches now assimilating, as rapidly as their formulæ will permit, the new light and more generous moral ideas and the higher *spirituality* (italics ours) of teachers who have abandoned all Churches and who

are systematically denounced as the enemies of the souls of men" (*Diderot*, i. 131–2). He recognizes the danger lest, when the old religion passes, morals should suffer; to quote his own words, the "peril of having made morals the appanage of a set of theological mysteries, and of its crumbling away with the false dogmas with which it has got mixed" (*Voltaire*, p. 150). So Morison (p. 9) reminds us that a "transfer of allegiance from one set of first principles to another, especially on subjects relating to morals and conduct, is dangerous." And Mr. Morley, in announcing that "Christianity was the last great religious synthesis"—it appears to be already a thing of the past—all that remains is that we "gather up provisionally such fragmentary illustrations of the new faith as are to be found in the records of the old" (*Compromise*, p. 153).

This rouses our curiosity. What are the new ethics to be which shall rise in such sublime altitude above the Sermon on the Mount and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians? Our new teachers are quite prepared and confident that when God, free-will, and immortality have been got rid of, they can furnish mankind with the true higher ethics. What glimpses of these do they give us?

Our first experiences are not encouraging. We take the very lowest step first, and ask what is Mr. John Morley's tone concerning the morals of his three great heroes, Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau? The illicit relations of Voltaire with the Marquise du Châtelet, the indescribable vileness of the *Pucelle*, Diderot's lying and perjury, his production of perhaps the filthiest book that ever was written—of which Carlyle says that if ever a man be obliged again to read it, he should bathe himself in running water and be unclean till the even—the lascivious and disgusting passages in Rousseau's *Confessions*, his characteristically heartless despatch to the Foundling Hospital of the children borne to him by his concubine; what does our censor, who looks down upon the morals of Christianity, say to these things? They are certainly not commended, but there are few of them that are not excused or palliated. If it is possible to "damn with faint praise," it is equally possible to excuse by faint condemnation. It would not be just to Mr.

Morley for a moment to represent him as approving of these abominations. He speaks strongly enough on occasion of such flagrant vices, but his tone on some questions of morals is anything but firm,* and he undoubtedly treats the gross stains of which we have spoken with comparative lightness as the peccadilloes of great men. His favourite device is to excuse them by some reference to the errors of Christians. Either "chastity and continence had been overpraised by Catholics and were identified with that Infamous whom Voltaire had vowed to crush" (*Voltaire*, p. 149); or "sexual morality had declined as the natural consequence of building on the shifting sands and rotting foundations of theology" (*Diderot*, i. 74); or "the morbid form of self-feeling is only less disgusting than the allied form which clothes itself in the phrases of religious exaltation." Or, again, this moral teacher ventures to say, "Blot out half a dozen pages from Rousseau's *Confessions* and the egotism is no more perverted than the *Confessions* of Augustine;" or even has the audacity to compare the sickly, nauseous uncleanness of Rousseau, which marked his diseased soul through and through as with moral small-pox, with David's murder of Uriah and Peter's denial of his Master. We had almost come to the conclusion that a man who could pen such a sentence had lost all moral sensitiveness and incapacitated himself for all discriminating moral judgment. But there are many proofs in Mr. Morley's pages that his moral standard is in some respects high, and his moral susceptibility in many directions keen. We find in the above instance, however, an indication of what we may expect if the ethical landmarks which religion has set up should ever disappear. Other indications of the same kind will come in view shortly.

We proceed to inquire then more in detail, what are the basis and standard, the ground of obligation, and the sanctions of the morality which is to replace the Christian? The answer is, that

"the claims of morality to our allegiance rest on the same positive base as our faith in the truth of physical laws. Moral principles, when they

* He admits (*Rousseau*, p. 218) that "*some* continence and order in the relations of men and women is a good thing."

are true, are at bottom only registered generalizations from experience. They record certain uniformities of antecedence and consequence in the region of human conduct."—*Compromise*, p. 26.

The standard is human happiness as interpreted by experience; and if any inquire more fully as to the meaning and bearing of such a statement, we must refer them to Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Data of Ethics* and Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Science of Ethics*, where they will find such satisfaction as is to be gained from our evolutionist masters on this subject. Ground of obligation there is none, except that each man naturally seeks his own happiness, and ought, therefore—though the link to supply this "therefore" is unfortunately lacking—to care for that of others. Do we ask for sanctions? We are told—and our knowledge of human nature will enable us to guess what kind of restraining influence such vague and empty words are likely to exert when the tides of passion run high and fierce—that "there can be no greater bitterness than the stain cast by a wrong act or an unworthy thought on the high memories with which a man has been used to walk, and the discord wrought in the hopes which have become the ruling harmony of his days" (*Rousseau*, ii. 281). Knowing the terrible might of evil, which will snap cords like these more easily than a man brushes away a slight silver-tipped cobweb out of his path, and knowing the terrible anguish that this feebly restrained evil is causing every day among the sons and daughters of men, do we ask for some morsel of consolation, some glimpse of hope? We read that

"Our provisional acquiescence in the wasteful straitness and blank absence of outlook or hope of the millions, who come on to the earth that greets them with no smile, and then stagger blindly under dull burdens for a season, and at last are shovelled silently back under the ground, can only be justified by the conviction that this is one of the temporary and provisional conditions of a vast process, working forwards through the impulse and agency of the finer human spirits, but needing much blood, many tears, uncounted myriads of lives, and immeasurable geological periods of time, for its high and beneficent consummation."—*Rousseau*, i. 186.

Or, to quote Mr. John Morley at his very best in point of style, and when probably he is unlocking to us as much of his heart as he ever cares to open, breathing forth from its depths

with a sigh such as surely beseems any man with a heart in the midst of such a "wide, grey, lampless," but all too densely peopled world:

"There are new solutions for him, if the old are fallen dumb. If he no longer believes death to be a stroke from the sword of God's justice, but the leaden footfall of an inflexible law of matter, the humility of his awe is deepened, and the tenderness of his pity made holier, that creatures who can love so much should have their days so shut round with a wall of darkness. The purifying anguish of remorse will be stronger, not weaker, when he has trained himself to look upon every wrong in thought, every duty omitted from act, each infringement of the inner spiritual law which humanity is constantly perfecting for its own guidance and advantage, less as a breach of the decrees of an unseen tribunal, than as an ungrateful infection, weakening and corrupting the future of his brothers. And he will be less effectually raised from inmost prostration of soul by a doubtful subjective reconciliation, so meanly comfortable to his own individuality, than by hearing full in the ear the sound of the cry of humanity craving sleepless succour from her children. That swelling consciousness of height and freedom with which the old legend of an omnipotent divine majesty fill the breast may still remain; for how shall the universe ever cease to be a sovereign wonder of overwhelming power and superhuman fixedness of law? And a man will be already in no mean paradise, if at the hour of sunset a good hope can fall upon him like harmonies of music, that the earth shall still be fair, and the happiness of every feeling creature still receive a constant augmentation, and each good cause yet find worthy defenders, when the memory of his own poor name and personality has long been blotted out of the brief recollection of men for ever."—*Voltaire*, pp. 293-4.

That is noble English, but as it charms the ear it mocks the heart. It clothes in the purple and gold of fine sentences the shivering frame of a starved and helpless philosophy, whose only language is a cry of despair. No wonder that the heart which holds such a creed is wrung to its depths. Such a prospect may well cause tears of blood. No God—no soul—no hope; only a blind, dumb, deaf, inscrutable nature, of which the miserable race of man forms a part, working under the stress of a stern necessity towards an unknown end, with here and there a noble soul striving out of sheer pity for his fellows to brighten the brief journey to a blank abyss with as strenuous activity for their passing welfare as he may.

"Nothing is gained by disguising the fact" [says Mr. Cotter Morison] and we italicize the words as characteristic of the new evangel—"*there is no remedy for a bad heart, and no substitute for a good one*" (p. 295).

No remedy! Let the words ring again and again in the ears of all who are looking to Positive philosophers for light and leading. Bad hearts are not uncommon on the most optimistic theory. Some of us find it hard work to struggle with the bad we are conscious of in our own, and any who are trying to help others upwards do not need Scripture to testify to them of the deep-lying evils of the human heart. It is well, therefore, that those who are contemplating the Ethics of the Future, and wondering whither these new guides who look down with such satisfaction upon the supposed ruins of Christianity will lead them, should distinctly understand that whilst for the welfare of mankind good hearts in human breasts are essential, for the bad there is *no remedy*. And back from the dreary hollows of the Porch where these modern Stoics recite their barren, hopeless creed comes the echo—no remedy!

Remedies of a kind may, no doubt, be discerned by the inquiring. It would require far more space than we have at our disposal to sketch the probable consequences of our going with Positivists to physical nature for our ethics. Indeed, the full consequences cannot be seen in the writers we are reviewing, because they are unconsciously affected throughout by the Christian sentiment which permeates the whole moral atmosphere of the day. Yet here and there are to be obtained glimpses of changes which would with startling rapidity sweep away ancient landmarks, were the restraints which Christian public opinion now imposes once fully removed. So severe a moralist as Mr. John Morley evidently sees no virtue in chastity *per se*—as how should he upon Positivist principles? He speaks of "mediæval superstition about purity," sneers at "the domestic sentimentality of a greasy kind" in the family-life of England in George III.'s time, excuses Diderot for "breaking the fragile sympathy of the hearth"—in other words committing adultery—because his wife's "narrow pieties and homely solicitude fretted him," and he is never tired of girding at the Christian Church for its asceticism—"what they call

evangelical perfection is only the art of stifling Nature." And why should a Diderot or any other beastly-minded philosopher stifle Nature?

But if Nature appears to deal with certain evils by permitting license, on the other hand she provides the only "remedy" Positivism knows, by teaching extirpation without pity. "No remedy for a bad heart?" That is quite a mistake; we exterminate vermin, and those who own bad hearts must be simply swept away, to make room for their betters. Evolution means the survival of the fittest. There is small evidence, by the way, that Nature knows aught of "fittest" in the moralist's sense, or that the progress of the race left to itself is a progress morally upwards. But, to quote the whole of a passage already referred to—

"The sooner it is perceived that bad men will be bad, do what we will, though of course they may be made less bad, the sooner we shall come to the conclusion that the welfare of society demands the suppression or elimination of bad men, and the careful cultivation of the good only. This is what we do in every other department. *We do not cultivate curs and screws and low breeds of cattle.** On the contrary, we keep them down as much as we can. What do we gain by this fine language as to moral responsibility? The right to blame and so forth. Bad men are not touched by it. But society, knowing its own interests, has a right to suppress him in some effectual way, and, above all, prevent his leaving a posterity as wicked as himself."—MORISON, pp. 293-4.

Now we are reaching the "service of man" indeed. No remedy for the bad heart, therefore eliminate without ruth or pity. There is unfortunately little light cast for us on the nature of the process by which this choice is to be made, but we fear that in the new '93, which Mr. Morison hopes for when the present career of industrialism is ended and Socialism dawns to regenerate a decrepit world, that it will go hard with those whose creed conflicts with the infallible dogmas of Positivist Popes. What effect, moreover, this war of extermination would have upon the exterminators, who shall say? But by way of seeing something of the practical bearing of this doctrine on social questions, take a glimpse from Mr. Morison's Introduction, which forms really an appendix to his book:

* Italics ours.

"A. and his prolific spouse must be made to realize that few evil-doers are more injurious to the world than they are. They may be models of virtue according to conventional ethics, but those ethics are out of date. The barren prostitute, on whom they probably look down with scorn, does not at any rate aid in swamping the labour-market, nor even in recruiting her own class as they do," &c. (p. xxviii.).

Here our moralist touches the fringe of a complicated, delicate, difficult problem, and we expect the professed teacher of "the service of man" to do so with the delicate discrimination and insight befitting one who knows something of the perils surrounding it on every hand. How much delicate discrimination is manifested, the above extract may serve to show. We are not going to discuss the topic here, though it is one that Christians must not shirk when it is pressed upon them; but one who knows anything of the life of the great cities of the Continent, and certain phenomena of middle-class life in the United States, not to speak of the teeming evils in our midst at home, will judge what would be likely to be the "fruits of philosophy" such as this.

We have not left ourselves much space to speak of the Christian service of man. We will not waste much of that space in exposing Mr. John Morley's and Mr. Cotter Morison's gross misrepresentations of the Christian religion. By Mr. Morley Christianity is apparently identified with the Catholic Church of the *ancien régime,* though he of all men ought to know better, and he need not have gone beyond the limit of his own kindred for a representative of a type of Christian as far removed as possible from the Court Bishop of the time of Louis Quinze. Mr. Cotter Morison's descriptions of Christianity, if they had come from a writer of less repute and with fewer friends among the critics, would have been pronounced beneath contempt. We may briefly point out the following ten fallacious assumptions as specimens of a much larger number:—

1. Mr. Morison assumes without proof, and in face of facts that, "the authority of Christianity is so shaken that its future survival is rather an object of pious hope than of reasoned judgment" (p. 9).

2. He assumes without proof that the ascertained results of science are fatal to the truths of Scripture (p. 16).

3. He takes it for granted that "if ever a thesis was demonstrated, it is that man has not fallen but risen, and that from the lowest level of animal existence." He misrepresents the doctrine of the Fall, and calls it a "mere fiction of primitive cosmogony" (p. 24).

4. Similarly he assumes that "belief in miracles will shortly die a natural death" (p. 25).

5. He takes for granted the "mythical theory" of the origin of the Gospels, long ago given up by competent judges as shallow and insufficient (p. 32).

6. He totally misrepresents Paul's teaching about the clay and the potter (Romans ix.), identifying the exaggerations of extreme Calvinists with pure Christianity (p. 37).

7. He shows an utter inability to understand how the Christian religion has been a real solace to men, and quotes Thomas à Kempis, Bunyan, Jeremy Taylor, and others, like a man born blind discussing colours (pp. 61–78).

8. He blindly misrepresents the Christian doctrines of grace and faith and forgiveness, wholly misunderstanding the Christian writers whom he quotes, and even venturing to refer to our Lord's language to the thief on the cross, as if Christianity necessarily implied Antinomianism (pp. 93, &c.)

9. He identifies the teaching of Christianity with the corruptions, excesses, and barbarities of ages of superstition, infected from the dregs of the old world idolatry and demoralization, loading his pages with equivocal stories of the uncleanness of many churchmen of the Middle Ages, to prove, we presume, that the morality of the New Testament is of a low and insufficient type.

10. He misunderstands and misrepresents Christian teaching concerning holiness, or, as he calls it, "saintliness," representing the "genuine saint as a moral genius of a peculiar kind" (p. 197, &c.).

But our readers are probably weary of such an enumeration, though in making it the only difficulty is to know where to stop. We have chosen this method of description rather than a more minute examination of the misrepresentations in question, partly because of the exigencies of space, partly that readers might understand how utterly incompetent such a

writer proves himself for the task of describing Christianity, of estimating its hold on men's hearts, or of forecasting its future influence on mankind. The statements we have quoted are hardly ever supported by argument, and yet a friendly critic pronounces this "the most powerful attack upon Christianity that has appeared in this generation." What force and weight of argument the rest must have manifested, if this be the most powerful assault of all! We fear, however, that the critic speaks for many who are never so impressed as by bold, unhesitating assumption; who totter and shake at the very sound of the hostile trumpet, if it be only blown from brazen lungs and with a brazen front. Some Positivists, at least, seem to expect the repetition of the miracle of the falling of a city's walls at the mere blast of a trumpet exceeding long and loud.

The true nature of the Christian service of man, however, happily needs little exposition from us here and now. The Christian replies to the Positivist that (1) he has borrowed from Christianity all the essentially moral ideas of his teaching. Much of that teaching is not moral at all; its Hedonism, its Evolutionism, and other kindred elements, simply have nothing to do with morals. A man without personality and freedom is not, cannot be, morally responsible, and with that basis gone, the whole ethical structure falls to the ground. Yet in the taking phrase, the "service of man," there are moral ideas, and these are obtained from Christianity. The word "serve" comes from Him who said, "I am among you as he that serveth." Who taught the nobility of service but Jesus Christ, and how long has man been learning the lesson! The idea of the welfare of man as man comes from Christianity, and Positivism has stolen it and marred it in the stealing. It is not *men* whom Positivism cultivates and serves, but the vague abstraction, "man," while it calmly hands over crowds of sinning, suffering men and women to the fate of "screws and curs and low breeds." And so far as there is aught that moves and stirs the human heart in the thought of serving man, it comes from the Christian religion.

Christians say (2) that Positivists unspeakably degrade man by the view of his character, position, and destiny put forth

in their system. Proceeding as they do upon undemonstrated and indemonstrable premisses—that we can only know phenomena—that God, if there be a God, cannot reveal Himself—that miracles are impossible—that human nature is the highest we know, and to be judged solely in terms of the physical nature of which he forms a part—all the light of human life is struck out at a blow. By this method no room for argument is left, no common ground possible upon which opposing forces might meet; and now, as ever, there is no dogmatism like the double-distilled dogmatism of denial.

Christians say (3) that there is no motive force in the system thus confidently propounded to raise or purify the world. This is in large measure admitted by the representative teachers to whom we have been listening. No freedom means subjection to an Order which must, by hypothesis, be blind and unintelligent; no standard but happiness implies the inability to raise those who prefer to be happy in their own way; no ground of obligation implies a lack of moral leverage, a feeble moral dynamic such as belongs to every naturalistic system of morals; and "no remedy for a bad heart," is the confession of one of the latest and most earnest propagandists of the Positive creed. Mr. John Morley looks forward to a "vast process," needing "immeasurable geological periods of time" to reach a "high and beneficent consummation," which may just as well, for aught he shows us, prove a vast and irretrievable ruin. History does not encourage us to hope much from the practice of nineteenth century, any more than of eighteenth century, encyclopædists and philosophers. Diderot belonged to his century. But Comtism at its core has no more life or power in the realm of morals than the French philosophy of a hundred years ago. A tree is known by its fruits. But we must not stay to show what is the nature of the fruit which Positivism so far has brought forth.

And Christians appeal, lastly, to a long and noble history, not unmarked by blots and stains, which they mourn over, but cannot by tears wash out, yet a history in which the "service of man" rendered by Christianity has surely been no small and inconsiderable factor. We cannot condense the argument of Dr. Storrs' *Divine Origin of Christianity* into a page, or

this page should set forth the splendid answer which that book gives to Mr. Morison's petulant complaints concerning the Christian religion. *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.* Christian civilization is far from being what it ought to be. Yet to what issues would the element of "civilization" have brought Europe without the element of Christianity? Let the declining Roman Empire of the year 93, and the youthful French Republic of the year 1793, join to answer that question. Christianity claims to possess the only power the world has yet seen competent to raise the fallen, purify the degraded, strengthen the weak, emancipate the slave, to cleanse and sweeten the whole moral and social life of man on earth, while preparing, as Christians believe, even the vilest and worst for a better life to come. Christianity has done these things, done them in all climes and countries, done them through succeeding centuries, done them in spite of apparently insurmountable difficulties, in spite of the incessant and irreconcilable opposition of the sensual, the worldly, the selfish, the unbelieving, in spite of the weakness and unfaithfulness of so many of her own disciples, and in spite of the materialization and corruptions incident to the working of a divine and celestial religion in the midst of a tainted and sinful world.

Christianity claims to be judged partly by what she is and partly by what she has done; not by either taken alone. Science believes in verifiable hypotheses. The working hypothesis that Christianity is divine has been verified by (1) what this religion has accomplished in the service of man where it has had free scope and opportunity; (2) by the clear evidence that where Christendom has failed it has been because Christians have fallen so far short of the pure and lofty standard they professed to obey. The potent nature of the moral and spiritual force wielded by Jesus Christ and His religion in the earth is beyond cavil, and Christians point to what it has done as but the earnest of what it is capable of doing. Mankind does not want a Deity "defecated to a pure transparency." Men thirst for the living God. Even Mr. Morison has found this out, and tells us that "what pious hearts wish to feel and believe is the existence behind the veil of the visible world, of an invisible Personality friendly to man, at once a brother and a

God. An anthropomorphic God is the only God whom men can worship, and also the God whom modern thought finds it increasingly difficult to believe in." It is because Christianity, and Christianity alone, reveals such a God and, to Agnostics of every generation, says fearlessly, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare we unto you," that it has proved, and will ever prove, the one power fitted to serve and in serving to raise man, as he can neither be served nor raised by Agnostic Positivists. The answer to the shallow and impotent philosophy which boasts of its service to man and cannot find a remedy for a bad heart, is found in the simple testimony of the Lancashire drunkard, quoted very recently by one who knew well what he was saying: "Religion has changed my home, my heart, and you can all see it has even changed my face. I hear some of those London men call themselves Positivists. Bless God, I am a Positivist. I'm positive God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned my sins, changed my heart, and made me a new creature." A delusion all this? Let us wait till the self-confident preachers of the "realities" of no God, no soul, and no immortality, can point to one such change, where Christians can point to tens of thousands in every generation.

But it is poor work for Christians merely to boast of what Christianity can do. Like Paul, we are compelled to speak thus when challenged. But there is a more excellent way. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* We would rather learn from our foes than fight them. We may learn from Mr. John Morley and Mr. Cotter Morison to be faithful to a high calling, such as men have never had but when it was given "of God in Christ Jesus." We may learn more thoroughly than ever to regard men as Christ did, to love them for His sake who came to seek and to save the lost, for their own sakes and for the sake of what God in Christ can make them. We may learn once more that the highest function of all, that which God incarnate proved to be the highest and Himself illustrated, is to serve, not to rule; to help, not to lecture and dogmatize. We may learn, lastly, as all must sooner or later learn, that the only way effectively and adequately to serve men is to lead the way in serving God, their God and ours; to bring home to them the one truth which has power to raise and cleanse

and save men here and hereafter, that God their Father loves them and in Christ has given Himself for them. To use the words of a poet who has seen to the heart of this central Christian truth:

> "The very God! Think, Abib: dost thou think?
> So the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
> So through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
> Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of mine,
> But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
> And thou must love me who have died for thee!'"

Thus did Christ teach the true "service of man," and thus must Christians learn it at His feet.

Art. IV.—SOME COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF ILLITERACY IN ENGLAND, 1870 AND 1884.

A HIGHLY efficient system, so far as it goes, of national education has been in operation in this country for many years past, and for the last dozen years may be said to have been co-extensive with the population. As a matter of fact, the population between 20 and 25 years of age have nearly all passed through the day schools, and left them able to read and write. The percentage of the whole population of that age who have not learnt at school to read fairly and to write clearly must be exceedingly small. But the question is not what they were able to do at the age of 13, but what they are found able to do at the age of 21. In the interval between leaving school and the age of manhood or womanhood it is well known that too large a proportion, for want of use, forget how to write, if they do not forget how to read.

A valuable and compendious test in regard to this subject is afforded by the marriage registration of the country. The proportion who on marriage are found signing with a mark instead of writing their names must represent by a very fair approximation the actual illiteracy of the country. It is said,

indeed, that not a few persons when they marry sign with a mark, who could, if they chose to take the trouble, sign their names. But those to whom it is so great a trouble to write even their own names, that on the occasion of their marriage they prefer to sign with a mark rather than to write their names, cannot have any practical use of the faculty of writing for the ordinary purposes of life.

It may further be said, as a general rule, that where there is much use and practice of reading kept up, the faculty of writing is not often likely to have been so far neglected that the person cannot sign his own name. There are many persons who write very little else, but yet for business purposes find it very convenient, if not necessary, to retain the use and practice of signing their names. Accordingly, the test to which we have referred seems to us to be a good practical test of illiteracy. As a comparative test between county and county, and as a means of marking progress from period to period, it is as fair and convenient as any test could well be. We have accordingly prepared the following tables of comparative statistics, which, read together with their titles, will explain themselves:—

MARRIAGE SIGNATURES BY MARK. PERCENTAGE IN REGISTRATION COUNTIES.

Males.

Returns for 1870.	Per Cent.	Returns for 1884.	Per Cent.	Returns for 1870.	Per Cent.	Returns for 1884.	Per Cent.
London...	8·8	Westmoreland ...	4·5	Leicestershire ...	21·0	Gloucestershire ...	12·1
Westmoreland ...	11·2	Rutlandshire ...	5·1	Berkshire	21·2	Essex	12·6
Northumberland	13·1	London...	6·3	Dorsetshire	21·2	Nottinghamshire	12·6
Surrey (Extra Metropolitan) ...	13·7	Surrey (Extra Metropolitan) ...	6·9	Wiltshire	21·3	Wiltshire	12·7
East Riding... ...	14·2	Middlesex (Extra Metropolitan) ...	7·2	Nottinghamshire	22·2	Oxfordshire	13·0
Rutlandshire ...	14·5	Devonshire	8·2	Somersetshire ...	22·3	Somersetshire ...	13·3
Cumberland... ...	15·0	Hampshire	8·3	Warwickshire ...	22·5	Durham	13·6
Hampshire	16·3	Sussex	8·5	Cornwall	23·9	Berkshire	13·7
Middlesex (Extra Metropolitan) ...	16·3	Northumberland	8·6	Durham	24·3	Warwickshire ...	13·7
North Riding ...	16·4	Cumberland... ...	9·1	Essex	24·6	Worcestershire ...	14·6
Sussex	16·8	East Riding... ...	9·8	Buckinghamshire	25·2	Shropshire	14·7
Kent (Extra Metropolitan) ...	16·9	Cheshire	10·2	Shropshire	25·5	Herefordshire ...	16·1
Devonshire	17·0	Kent (Extra Metropolitan) ...	10·2	Worcestershire ...	25·5	Huntingdonshire	16·7
Lincolnshire ...	17·7	Leicestershire ...	10·3	Herefordshire ...	26·4	Bedfordshire ...	17·0
Gloucestershire ...	17·8	Northamptonshire	10·3	Huntingdonshire	28·3	Buckinghamshire	17·1
Cheshire	19·3	Derbyshire	11·0	Cambridgeshire ...	28·4	Cambridgeshire ...	17·4
Oxfordshire... ...	19·6	North Riding ...	11·2	North Wales ...	28·7	Cornwall	17·4
West Riding ...	19·7	Lancashire	11·3	Norfolk...	29·5	North Wales ...	18·1
Northamptonshire	20·0	West Riding ...	11·7	Hertfordshire ...	29·6	Norfolk	18·7
Derbyshire	20·5	Lincolnshire ...	11·9	South Wales ...	30·1	South Wales ...	18·9
Lancashire	20·5	Dorsetshire	12·1	Suffolk	31·0	Hertfordshire ...	19·4
				Bedfordshire ...	32·5	Staffordshire ...	20·6
				Staffordshire ...	36·0	Suffolk	20·9
				Monmouthshire ...	36·7	Monmouthshire ...	24·6

Females.

Returns for 1870.	Per Cent.	Returns for 1884.	Per Cent.	Returns for 1870.	Per Cent.	Returns for 1884.	Per Cent.
Surrey (Extra Metropolitan) ...	10·4	Surrey (Extra Metropolitan) ...	4·3	Huntingdonshire	23·1	Cambridgeshire ...	11·9
Rutland	10·9	Sussex	4·4	Northumberland	23·2	Norfolk	11·9
Middlesex (Extra Metropolitan) ...	11·5	Rutlandshire ...	5·1	Norfolk...	23·6	East Riding (with York)	12·2
Sussex	13·0	Hampshire	5·6	Hertford	24·2	Northumberland	13·1
London...	14·5	Middlesex (Extra Metropolitan) ...	6·1	Buckinghamshire	24·3	Derbyshire	13·2
Hampshire	14·6	Westmoreland ...	6·2	Cambridgeshire ...	25·0	North Riding ...	13·3
Westmoreland ...	14·7	Dorsetshire	7·0	Derbyshire	26·0	Cumberland... ...	13·5
Oxfordshire	15·0	Oxfordshire	7·1	Cumberland... ...	26·1	Shropshire	13·7
Berkshire	15·1	Kent (Extra Metropolitan) ...	7·8	Shropshire	26·8	Cheshire	14·3
Kent (Extra Metropolitan) ...	16·3	London	8·0	Leicestershire ...	27·1	Hertfordshire ...	14·4
Lincolnshire ...	17·2	Berkshire	8·2	Worcestershire ...	28·0	Leicestershire ...	14·7
Essex	18·3	Lincolnshire ...	8·5	Warwickshire ...	28 8	Nottinghamshire	15·0
Dorsetshire	18 6	Devonshire	8·6	Cornwall	29·3	Worcestershire ...	16·4
Gloucestershire ...	19·2	Wiltshire	8·8	Cheshire	30·0	Cornwall	16·8
Wiltshire	19·3	Herefordshire ...	8·9	Nottinghamshire	31·0	Warwickshire ...	17·9
Devonshire	19·4	Essex	9·0	Bedfordshire ...	35·6	West Riding ...	17·9
Somersetshire ...	21·3	Northamptonshire	9·7	West Riding ...	36·3	Durham	20·1
Northamptonshire	22·0	Huntingdonshire	10·1	Durham	36·5	Bedfordshire ...	20·4
East Riding... ...	22·2	Somersetshire ...	10·3	Lancashire	39·4	Lancashire	20·6
Suffolk	22·2	Suffolk	10·6	North Wales ...	39·7	North Wales ...	21·9
Herefordshire ...	22·6	Gloucestershire ...	11·2	Staffordshire ...	44·1	Monmouthshire ...	23·8
North Riding ...	22·7	Buckinghamshire	11·7	Monmouthshire ...	44·4	Staffordshire ...	25·1
				South Wales ...	46·9	South Wales ...	25·5

Males and *Females.*

Combined Returns for 1870.	Per Cent.	Combined Returns for 1884.	Per Cent.	Combined Returns for 1870.	Per Cent.	Combined Returns for 1884.	Per Cent.
London...	11·64	Rutland	5·1	Somersetshire ...	21·81	Derbyshire	12·12
Surrey (Extra Metropolitan) ...	12·03	Westmoreland ...	5·33	Derbyshire	23·21	Cheshire	12·24
Rutland	12·68	Surrey (Extra Metropolitan) ...	5·6	Leicestershire ...	24·08	North Riding ...	12·27
Westmoreland ...	12·98	Sussex	6·46	Herefordshire ...	24·5	Herefordshire ...	12·52
Middlesex (Extra Metropolitan) ...	13·91	Middlesex (Extra Metropolitan) ...	6·68	Cheshire	24·66	Leicestershire ...	12·52
Sussex	14·86	Hampshire	6·93	Buckinghamshire	24·75	Huntingdonshire	13·36
Hampshire	15·45	London...	7·13	Warwickshire ...	25·64	Nottinghamshire	13·81
Kent (Extra Metropolitan) ...	16·61	Devonshire	8·4	Huntingdonshire	25·68	Shropshire	14·17
Oxfordshire	17·3	Kent (Extra Metropolitan) ...	9·01	Shropshire	26·13	Buckinghamshire	14·42
Lincolnshire ...	17·45	Dorsetshire	9·57	Norfolk...	26·55	Cambridgeshire ...	14·61
Northumberland	18·13	Northamptonshire	10·03	Cornwall	26·56	West Riding ...	14·8
Berkshire	18·17	Oxfordshire	10 06	Nottinghamshire	26·58	Norfolk...	15·34
East Riding ...	18·18	Lincolnshire ...	10·22	Suffolk	26·63	Worcestershire ...	15·49
Devonshire	18·19	Wiltshire	10·73	Cambridgeshire ...	26·68	Suffolk	15·75
Gloucestershire ...	18·52	Essex	10·77	Worcestershire ...	26·76	Warwickshire ...	15 76
North Riding ...	19·57	Northumberland	10·84	Hertfordshire ...	26·9	Lancashire	15·98
Dorsetshire	19·88	Berkshire	10·95	Lancashire	29·95	Durham	16·83
Wiltshire	20·29	East Riding... ...	11·01	Durham	30·42	Hertfordshire ...	16·9
Cumberland... ...	20·54	Cumberland... ...	11·31	Bedfordshire ...	34·01	Cornwall	17·1
Northamptonshire	21·02	Gloucestershire ...	11·63	North Wales ...	34·23	Bedfordshire ...	18·72
Essex	21·47	Somersetshire ...	11·81	South Wales ...	38·48	North Wales ...	19·97
				Staffordshire ...	40·07	South Wales ...	22·22
				Monmouthshire ...	40·51	Staffordshire ...	22·84
						Monmouthshire ...	24·24

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE SEXES OF PERCENTAGES IN 1884.

Proportion of Male Illiteracy over Female.	Per Cent.	Proportion of Female Illiteracy over Male.	Per Cent.	Proportion of Male Illiteracy over Female.	Per Cent.	Proportion of Female Illiteracy over Male.	Per Cent.
Cornwall	·6	Devonshire	·4	Essex	3·6	Leicestershire ...	4·4
Northamptonshire	·6	London...	1·7	Wiltshire	3·9	Northumberland...	4·5
Monmouthshire ...	·8	Westmoreland ...	1·7	Sussex	4·1	Staffordshire ...	4·5
Gloucestershire ...	·9	Worcestershire ...	1·8	Hertfordshire ...	5·0	West Riding ...	6·2
Shropshire	1·0	North Riding ...	2·1	Dorsetshire	5·1	Durham	6·5
Middlesex (Extra Metropolitan) ...	1·1	Derbyshire	2·2	Buckinghamshire	5·4	South Wales ...	6·6
Kent (Extra Metropolitan) ...	2·4	Nottinghamshire	2·4	Berkshire	5·5	Lancashire	9·3
Surrey (Extra Metropolitan) ...	2·6	East Riding (with York)	2·4	Cambridgeshire ...	5·5		
Hampshire	2·7	Bedfordshire ...	3·4	Oxfordshire	5·9		
Somersetshire ...	3·0	North Wales ...	3·8	Huntingdonshire	6·6		
Lincolnshire ...	3·4	Cheshire	4·1	Norfolk...	6·8		
		Warwickshire ...	4·2	Herefordshire ...	7·2		
		Cumberland... ...	4·4	Suffolk	10·3		
				Rutlandshire ... ... Equal.			

How much social circumstances, rather than the mere supply or efficiency of elementary schools, have to do with the literary and educational condition of the people, and how little the mere literary or secular education of the people, up to certain limits, may have to do with their material comfort and independence as a class, may be strikingly and very instructively illustrated by a reference to the foregoing tables.

Alike for 1870 and 1884 they teach mainly the same general lesson. The order of succession among the counties does not greatly vary in the two years, although separated by so considerable an interval. The following observations are founded on the tables for 1884; but if these are compared with those for 1870, it will be seen that similar observations would have been equally warranted by the statistics for that year.

It is a notable fact that while as we go northward the wages of the operative classes, speaking generally, and with their wages their independence and energy of character, largely increase, their literary capabilities, those of the women especially, rather diminish than increase. In slow Hampshire, the number of men who signed with a mark their marriage registers in 1884 was only 8·3 per cent., and of women only 5·6 per cent.; in Berkshire the proportions were respectively 13·7 and 8·2; in Warwickshire, 13·7 and 17·9; in Staffordshire, 20·6 and 25·1. In Cheshire the percentages for men and women respectively were 10·2 and 14·3; in Derbyshire,

11 and 13·2; in Yorkshire,* 10·9 and 14·4; in Lancashire, 11·3 and 20·6; in Durham, 13·6 and 20·1. Poor Dorset is no worse than the percentages 12·1 and 7. Sussex shows very favourably indeed, the percentages of complete illiteracy being only 8·5 and 4·4. Kent also shows very well, the percentages being 10·2 and 7·8. Cambridgeshire has improved, but, with most of the east midland or eastern counties, still lags behind, the percentages being 17·4 and 11·9. Bedfordshire shows strangely worse than Berkshire, its percentages being very large, 17 and 20·4 respectively. Buckinghamshire, intermediate in situation, is intermediate in its proportions, the percentages being 17·1 and 11·7. Turning to the eastern section of counties, Essex, a sub-metropolitan county, shows to most advantage, the percentages being 12·6 and 9; Norfolk shows 18·7 and 11·9; Suffolk, 20·9 and 10·6. Lincolnshire shows much better than Norfolk and Suffolk, the percentages being 11·9 and 8·5.

The western and south-western counties are not quite so backward as the eastern counties are generally, except where mining, especially coal and iron mining, has come in to make the ignorance darker.

The percentages of Monmouthshire, a colliery and iron county, are 24·6 and 23·8; but Herefordshire shows 16·1 and 8·9; Worcestershire, 14·6 and 16·4. Gloucestershire shows 12·1 and 11·2, a better percentage than that of Yorkshire, largely made up as that county is of great towns, which ought to raise the general percentage very much, and especially a very much better percentage for the women. Somersetshire shows 13·3 and 10·3 per cent. Wiltshire stands comparatively well, showing only as percentages of illiteracy 12·7 and 8·8. Poor despised Dorset we have already noted, the percentage being 12·1 and 7. Devonshire shows very well indeed, with its 8·2 and 8·6 per cent. Religious Cornwall shows to unexpected disadvantage with its 17·4 and 16·8 per cent.—the reason probably being that the girls and women are extensively employed in light labour connected with mining operations.

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* The whole county.

Altogether the population of the western and south-western counties appears to contain a decidedly smaller proportion of persons utterly illiterate than the central and northern counties lying between the Trent and the Tyne.

The "Statesmen," or independent yeomen of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and the lead miners of Cumberland, are classes of men who in times past have helped to leaven those counties with a love of education. The neighbourhood of Scotland has also, no doubt, helped to produce the same result in all the border counties, including in particular Northumberland. The intelligence and energy of our stalwart northern peasantry throughout these counties is well known. One is not surprised accordingly to find that all three stand well in the list. The percentages in Northumberland are for men 8·6, for women 13·1; in Cumberland they are 9·1 and 13·5; in Westmoreland 4·5 and 6·2. These figures in the case of Westmoreland are the more remarkable, because there is no populous, hardly a considerable, town in the county, and the dwellings of the people are widely scattered. The purely agricultural county of Rutland stands at the top of the whole list, with its percentage of 5·1 both for men and women: a notable result, for which there must be some special explanation. Westmoreland and Rutland may be considered the best educated counties in England, or at all events the least illiterate. The metropolitan county of Surrey comes next, the percentages being 6·9 and 4·3. The metropolitan county of Middlesex, with its 7·2 and 6·1, holds an inferior place to Surrey, which on the whole is not surprising; but its inferiority to Sussex will strike most persons as very surprising indeed; and, still more so, the inferiority of London with its famous and costly School Board, to Sussex.

It is evident that there are special causes which, in certain districts of the country, make the literary education of women better or worse in comparison with that of women in other districts, or of men in the same district. Speaking generally, in agricultural districts, and especially in southern agricultural districts, the women will be found to be relatively "better spoken" and better able to read, often also better able to write, than the men. They are brought into more frequent

contact with the better educated classes, and they are much more at home with school-going children. In the south and south-midland counties of England the girls and women at school, by domestic service, and in many other ways, are brought into frequent contact, often into habitual intercourse, with ladies of the gentle and educated classes. They thus become familiar with the language of thought and of books, and learn themselves the practice of the pen in letter-writing. In remote counties, where there are but few resident gentry, especially far north, women have not this advantage, and so are often inferior in knowledge and education to the men, who have the business of life to do and who belong to an able and well-to-do class of labourers. Accordingly, while in Kent the masculine percentage of ignorance is 10·2 and the feminine 7·8, in Northumberland the percentages are respectively 8·6 and 13·1, and in Cumberland 9·1 and 13·5. The much larger proportion of independent freeholders and small farmers in Westmoreland, as has been intimated, is probably the cause of the educational superiority of that county. In Berks, Buckingham, Cambridge, Dorset, Essex, Hants, Hereford, Hertford, Huntingdon, Kent (extra-metropolitan), Oxford, Shropshire, Somerset, Suffolk, Sussex, Wilts, all purely agricultural counties, and the most of them southerly or south-midland counties, the women stand better than the men. This is not the case in a single northern or manufacturing county. In Rutland, which heads the combined list for the whole country, men and women stand alike well.

There can scarcely be a doubt that the superior educational condition of Berks, in comparison to the counties to the east and north, must be attributed to the very large number of resident gentry—of families habitually resident for much the greater part of the year—that are to be found in that county. Kent enjoys an advantage of the same sort, especially in its northern and western portions. It contains besides a large number of small towns with superior educational advantages; and also a large proportion of independent small landowners and thriving small farmers, and a labouring population in the receipt of superior wages. It is an interesting question why Lincolnshire should be so much better educated than

Norfolk, Suffolk, and Bedfordshire. Perhaps the fact that in Lincolnshire much of the land has been reclaimed and brought into cultivation and proprietorship since feudal times may have something to do with it; perhaps the fact that Methodism has taken so strong a hold of a large portion of it may also have something to do with it. These two causes together may perhaps account in some degree for the comparative superiority of Lincoln, although indeed the former of the two applies more or less to other eastern counties besides Lincoln. The Methodists, too, have a good hold of a considerable portion of Bedfordshire. It can hardly be doubted, so far as Bedfordshire is concerned, that the straw-plait and lace manufactures, keeping the children from school and the women at other than domestic work, are largely accountable for its educational condition. The like consideration will explain why Buckinghamshire, where similar work partially prevails, is more illiterate than Berkshire, while less so than Bedfordshire. Certain it is that the labour market, especially the manufacturing labour market, is everywhere the great competitor for the children against the school and for the women against the home. It is no wonder, accordingly, that school education leaves better permanent results, as a rule, in agricultural than in manufacturing districts, taking into account the actual number and especially the pecuniary ability of the population. The return for Lancashire is surprising and lamentable. In only two English counties, Monmouthshire and Staffordshire, both of which are colliery and iron-working counties, are the women more ignorant than in highly favoured industrious, opulent, intelligent Lancashire. More than 20 per cent. of all the women of Lancashire, married in 1884, signed a mark to their register. Young women, for the most part, these, averaging perhaps 22 years of age, of whom it may be roundly said that all had been both to Sunday and day school, and of whom a large proportion had probably been half-time scholars for five years (from 8 to 13) while working at the mill; and yet in seven years after leaving school they have lost the power even of signing their own names. Of course, letter-writing for such girls must have been out of the question. The simple truth is that for the seven years after their leaving

school, the mill or the pit had completely absorbed them for five days and a half of the week, and the remaining half day, with the Sunday, had been mostly given to sewing and mending (too little of that), to marketing, to pleasure-taking, and to Sunday "recreation." Such a fact as this is exceedingly instructive as to the manner in which social conditions may make good school provision and regular school attendance for years together of no effect. Beforehand it would never have been thought possible that any such conditions of education should be predicable of the great county of Lancaster.

It is encouraging, however, to find that the amount of female illiteracy in Lancashire has since 1870 been reduced by nearly one-half. As respects the whole country, the reduction since 1870 of illiteracy as thus tested has been from 23·6 per cent. to 13 per cent.

We have said that the progress has been great and encouraging, and yet the remainder of illiteracy disclosed is very serious and very discouraging. It reveals a hard core of difficulty, which the mere provision and application of school education, however perfect, will not be able to dissolve. There is a missing link. It is between leaving school and manhood or womanhood that the education is lost. No bettering of the education up to the age of 13 will do away with this evil. If we look at the counties in which a very small remainder of illiteracy is found, we may say that in those counties the problem seems to be solved. That remainder of illiteracy may represent the marriages of men and women who are of an older generation than those who have passed through the effective schools of the present time. In a few years more the counties to which we have referred will show scarcely any remaining percentage of illiteracy at all.

But the counties which still show a heavy percentage, amounting in some cases to scarcely less than one-fourth of those that are married, have had the advantage of a school system not less effective than that of the better educated counties. The schools of Lancashire, for example, would probably be thought much more effective in themselves, as it is certain that they are much more costly, and contain within themselves much more of school-board zeal, intelligence, and

ambition, than those of Sussex, and yet the illiteracy of Sussex is only 6·46 per cent., while that of Lancashire, including men and women, is 15·98.

So also Staffordshire, with its large towns and powerful school boards, cannot be supposed, so for as respects mere school education, to be inferior to Rutland, where of board-school force there is scarcely any, but all is rural and unpretending. We find, however, that the percentage of illiteracy in Staffordshire is 22·84, while Rutland heads the list of educational success for the whole country, showing an illiterate percentage of only 5·1. It is the absorption of the rising population in organized and highly paid labour or handicraft which presents the antagonistic influence to literary cultivation. What is wanted is evidently that education should be continued between the termination of the ordinary school-age and the age of maturity. The greatest need of the country is night-school provision, or something equivalent, and yet that is just the provision as to which all our organization seems most completely to fail. It can hardly be believed that the seriousness of this need and its radical character have been duly apprehended by the educationists of England. Of course, if home influences were of the right sort, if the leisure hours of the evening at home were spent more or less in reading, with occasional writing, this would furnish the needed link. Probably the somewhat too sanguine hopes of educationists have looked for this result and have trusted in this as likely to render unnecessary the night-school provision. But the evidence of the last dozen years is fatal to any such expectation. The homes will never become educated homes, the evenings will never come to be so spent, in the population of which we are speaking, unless, as a step towards this, for a considerable term of years, the missing link is provided. If twelve years have accomplished so little, with all the new-born zeal of school-board educationists to stimulate the work, we cannot hope that the next twelve years will see any very great improvement in this respect, much less see the extinction of the evil.

It would be wrong not to note one striking lesson taught by the tables which have been our text. The best educa-

tional results at the age of maturity are found, speaking generally, in the counties which depend for their education, not on school boards, but on unpretending voluntary schools. These schools are worked in very many cases over the whole of the country by devoted teachers, who give long years, often the lifetime, to service in the same locality, and who in their work are aided and sustained by the counsel and influence of the resident clergy and their helpers, especially Christian ladies. These watch over the scholars after they leave school, and in many collateral ways care for the critical interval of which we have been speaking. It will give a rude shock to sanguine optimists, who rely upon municipal or State organization merely or mainly, to find that the counties which stand superior in all England are such distinctively rural counties as those which stand at the head of our list, whilst all the great school-board counties, with the exception of Middlesex and Surrey, in comparison take a very inferior position. As to Middlesex and Surrey also it must be observed that school-board influences there are brought into competition and concurrence with Church influences and social influences of the best and highest kind.

The wonder is not that the metropolitan counties, the great centres of educating influence for the country, stand so high as they do; the wonder is rather that Westmoreland and Rutland stand superior to the counties of Surrey and Middlesex, and to London, and that Sussex stands superior to Middlesex and to the Metropolis.

Art. V.—TWO SAXON STATESMEN: BEUST AND VITZTHUM.

1. *Memoirs of Friedrich Ferdinand Count Von Beust.* Written by Himself. With an Introduction by Baron Henry de Worms, M.P. Two vols. London: Remington & Co. 1887.
2. *St. Petersburg and London in the years* 1852–1864. *Reminiscences of Count Charles Frederick Vitzthum von Eckstædt, late Saxon Minister at the Court of St. James.* Edited with a Preface by Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L. Translated by Edward Fairfax Taylor. Two vols. London: Longmans. 1887.

THE poet's wish, that the privilege might be bestowed on us, "to see oursels as ithers see us," is to a reasonable extent gratified in Count Vitzthum's entertaining and historically valuable *Reminiscences*. And though that "giftie" might ordinarily be of no very great worth, and might be attended with more pain than pleasure, in the present case the disposition of our Saxon critic is so kindly, and his keenest satire is so nicely tempered with genuine admiration, that the most sensitive Briton can scarcely take offence, and may be largely profited by his free observations on our peculiarities, and by his amused and amusing estimate of our insular statesmanship. Appearing simultaneously with Count Beust's *Memoirs*, Count Vitzthum's book presents superior claims to our attention, as dealing more directly with a limited period of special interest, and as possessing that peculiar fascination which is inborn in some writers, but of which others, of equal experience and insight, can never master the secret. In dealing with these two eminent authors we shall therefore pay first attention to the surviving one, availing ourselves occasionally of an illustration or comparison from the posthumous work of the great Protestant Chancellor, to whom his native Saxony, and still more his adopted country, the Austrian Empire, owe such a lasting debt of gratitude.

Born in the same year as the Queen and Prince Albert,

Count Vitzthum was a man of thirty-four summers when, in the year 1853, he presented his credentials at the Court of St. James. He was then so young-looking that Lord Palmerston mistook him for a juvenile *attaché*. But under his youthful exterior English statesmen soon found that there lay hid a habit of close observation, an independence of judgment, a wealth of world-knowledge, which commended him to their companionship; while his agreeable manners and conversation flowing with good sense and ready wit secured him the friendship of the highest in the land. In these volumes he gives us his recollections and impressions as to an important period of our English history; and "being by birth," as Mr. Reeve well puts it, "neither a Whig nor a Tory, neither English nor French, neither Russian nor Italian, neither Austrian nor Prussian, his recollections are as free as possible from party feelings and national prejudices."

His arrival in London was so timed as to afford him an opportunity of witnessing the process of drifting into the Crimean War. To appreciate this great crisis, in which we displayed both our special weakness—in statesmanship, and our special strength—in the tough and dogged valour of our rank and file, Count Vitzthum was well prepared by his residence at St. Petersburg in 1852–3 as *chargé d'affaires* at the Saxon Legation; and from his account of that abode in the Russian capital we gain some vivid pictures of the Czar and his surroundings.

He found at St. Petersburg a group of notabilities representing various European Courts; but the Emperor and his Chancellor were absent. He made the acquaintance, however, of an important personage, Prince Menschikoff, the Minister of Marine and the Czar's Adjutant-General—"a tall, stately old gentleman, of stiff, soldier-like deportment and exceedingly courteous," round whose lips was playing "the peculiar sarcastic smile which usually accompanied his famous *bons mots*." Few were the men who dared even to hint to the fiery autocrat any unpleasant truth, or announce any unexpected occurrence; but among these few old Menschikoff stood chief. He possessed consummate tact, and Nicholas, mad as he was, had sense enough to know that amongst a mass of corrupt cour-

tiers and officials he and one or two others rose up firm and honest. How the old gentleman gilded the bitter pill of truth for the imperial palate may be judged from the following instance, highly characteristic of Muscovite manners and morals:—

"He had once to call the Emperor's attention to the embezzlements committed by a general then in high favour, who was entrusted with the chief management of the Moscow railway. Menschikoff undertook the thankless task of opening the Emperor's eyes. One Sunday, after parade, the Prince appeared in full dress, decorated with all his orders. On the Czar's asking him where he had been, he replied, 'At the Isaac's Church. A wonderful thing has happened to me there. I stepped into a confessional, to confess to a priest who was a perfect stranger to me. "Absolution," whispered the impudent fellow in my ear, "will be of no good unless you confess all your sins to me. You are a great man, and have probably heavier things on your conscience. Reflect, that, even if you escape without punishment before man, God sees every act of dishonesty that you may possibly have committed." I need not picture to your Majesty the indignation with which I repelled this insinuation. The priest shook his head, but gave me absolution, and I partook of the Sacrament. As I was coming out afterwards from the church, my confessor threw himself at my feet and stammered, as he wrung his hands, "Forgive me, sir! I took you in the darkness for another person. I thought you were General X."'

"'What! he too?' exclaimed the Emperor with a smile. An inquiry was instituted, which fully confirmed the priest's suspicions. General X. lost his lucrative post."

Prussia was represented by General von Rochow, a diplomatist of the old school, talkative and good-natured, and so thoroughly imbued with the Emperor's ideas that the latter liked to chat freely with such a sympathetic spirit, and made him more of a confidant than any of his own Ministers. Of this pair of gossips the Prussian had certainly more sense than the Russian, since, whenever the Czar confided to him some startling political decision, Rochow would ask leave to inform the Chancellor, in the interests of the Government. This functionary, Count Nesselrode, was therefore in an uncomfortably anomalous position. He had been the confidential adviser of Alexander I., had been one of the signataries of the treaties of Vienna in 1815, and was looked upon abroad as the very embodiment of Russian statecraft—cool, wily, daring. Yet in

his haughty master's eyes he was only a *tschinownik*, a mere upper clerk or bureaucrat, and was often left completely in the dark as to what was going on in the high places of the diplomatic field, having to be enlightened by the more favoured envoy of a foreign Court. Probably the Czar, spite of the Count's charming manner and high rank, was unable to forget that he was the son of an alien, born on board an English man-of-war, baptized into the Anglican Church, and that he had never cared to change his creed, but was a regular attendant at the chapel of the British Embassy. From the uncommunicativeness of the Emperor, the cares and chagrins of his high position, and his labours in penning and polishing the despatches of which he was so proud, Nesselrode found happy relief in flowers and music, of which he was passionately fond. His floral favourites helped him with an illustration on a memorable occasion:

"One day, just as the camellias were out, the little man with big spectacles was sitting in a sledge, when a messenger arrived. Nesselrode took the despatches in his hand and sent for Labenski. As the latter stepped into the conservatory, the Chancellor had already perused the despatch which gave the first news of the February Revolution in Paris. He stood before a group of bright-red camellias, and said to Labenski, pointing to the flowers, 'That is how things are now looking in Paris; the Republic is proclaimed.'"

But though he possessed so little influence with Nicholas, he managed to hold his position under three Emperors, by virtue of his fair amount of common-sense, his untiring industry, and his chameleon-like adaptability of opinion to the views of his successive and widely divergent masters—Alexander I, Nicholas, and Alexander II. His ready pen was at the service of peace, which he loved, or of war, of which he disapproved, just according to the whim of his wayward employers. Statesmen of constitutional countries, however, have been known to throw principle to the wind for the sake of party, place, and power; so that anti-Russian critics are scarcely warranted in casting the first stone at his accommodating memory.

The Court of Austria was represented by Count Alexander Mensdorff, a handsome soldierly man, of whom the Emperor

was very fond, and who, according to Count Vitzthum, "by the calm dignity and noble simplicity of his nature, achieved more for Austria than an older man of business would have done." The English Minister was Sir George Hamilton Seymour, who had served his apprenticeship to public affairs as private secretary to Lord Castlereagh, and had represented his country at Florence, Brussels, and Lisbon: and who gains from our Saxon critic the high praise of being "unquestionably the most intelligent among the representatives of foreign courts." Yet the Count seems to wonder that the Emperor "surprised" Seymour with the remarkable conversation about "the sick man," the disclosure of which subsequently had such an effect on English public opinion. "Zealous and active, though cool and business-like, as he was, Seymour was not the man to make an impression on a monarch like the Emperor Nicholas." But, as we shall see presently, the Czar was not so careful with his tongue as he required his subjects to be with theirs. Proud autocrat as he was, he felt the common need to unburden his mind to some one or other.

Altogether different from the cool, experienced Englishman was the French representative, General Castelbajac, who, if he possessed any of the fine art of diplomacy, was perfectly successful in the still finer art of concealing it under a thick coating of blundering simplicity.

"He was credited with having surprised the Emperor, on the first parade which he attended in his suite, by naïvely inquiring, as they were passing by the palace where Paul I. was murdered, 'N'est-ce pas là, sire, que votre père a été assassiné?' After the outbreak of the Eastern crisis, this general, who took the 'l'Empire c'est la paix' as Gospel truth, may have done much involuntarily to strengthen the Czar in his illusions about the impossibility of an Anglo-French alliance. Thus he requested an audience, to offer his congratulations on the Russian victory at Sinope, not reflecting that that victory had made a rupture with the Western Powers inevitable."

Had he, however, been the deepest of diplomatists, the most sly and sapient of statesmen, Castelbajac would have found his task at the Court of St. Petersburg equally or even more difficult. Not long before this time—in the early part of 1852—it had been an open question with the Emperors of

Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, whether, in case of Prince Louis Napoleon assuming the style of "Emperor," they should acknowledge him as "brother," or give him a mere cold, unfriendly recognition. Prince Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Prime Minister, had strongly advised that, if they recognized him at all, they should do it heartily, and so secure his loyal co-operation against the revolutionists. Nesselrode had seen the wisdom of this counsel, and had actually won over the Czar to his views, but, through the influence of Rochow and Count Buol, he was persuaded finally to take the other course, and when the expected event took place he refused to Napoleon the fraternal title, unaware that his comrades of Austria and Prussia had, with not unusual tergiversation, recognized the bold adventurer with brotherly affection, without troubling themselves to inform the Czar of their change of front. The latter, remaining true to the original agreement, addressed Napoleon III. as "mon grand ami," and not as "brother"; thus wounding him in the tenderest point and at a critical stage of his ambitious progress. It is questionable whether, if Schwarzenberg's and Nesselrode's advice had been followed, there would have been any Crimean War. Napoleon would have felt flattered by the Czar's ready recognition, and would have been more closely attached to an irresponsible despot than he could be to a constitutional monarch. Whether Europe in general, and England in particular, would have reaped any advantage from the action of two such congenial and unscrupulous allies is at least doubtful.

To return to our Count. Vitzthum was favoured with an interview with the great Czar himself, one Sunday after Mass. His description of him is striking:

"In spite of his fifty-six years, the classical Greek features and giant figure of Nicholas I. still showed the strength of youth. Phidias could have chiselled a Zeus or a god of war from this model. He wore the undress uniform of a regiment of the Guard—a blue double-breasted military tunic. I observed the head, now almost bald, and noticed a low and comparatively narrow forehead, with which the masculine nose formed one and the same line. The occiput, where phrenologists look for strength of will, seemed unusually developed, and the small head appeared to rest on a neck worthy of the Farnese Hercules.

"There was something knightly—nay, imposing—in the whole aspect of

the man, and I now understood how the colossus who stood before me should have been able to quell with a mere movement of his hand the revolution that threatened him at the outbreak of the cholera. Wrapt in his cloak, he had gone alone on that day among the thousands who were shouting loudly in the Isaac's Square, accusing the Government of having poisoned the wells; he had then dropped his cloak and commanded the multitude, with a wave of his hand, to cast themselves upon their knees. Not a man dared to remain standing. Then the Emperor exclaimed with a voice of thunder: 'You wretches! It is not the wells that are poisoned, but you, who have poisoned yourselves with your sins. Now pray God to forgive you, and to take the plague from us.' A 'Hurrah! long live our lord and father!' that sprang at once from a thousand throats, was the answer of the rebellious multitude, and the insurrection was quelled, as by magic, without the help of a single policeman. That great moment was present to my mind as I looked the Emperor in the eyes. They seemed to me somewhat unsettled, those eyes; and a nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth appeared to betoken pain and uneasiness."

It is interesting to compare with this description the slight sketch of Nicholas by Count Beust, who met with him at Dresden in 1852, and says:

"I had heard enough of his bearing and appearance to know that his manners were anything but those of a savage despot; but the easy and dignified amiability with which he received me went far beyond my expectations. . . . . I may say that I scarcely remember ever having seen a more attractive figure than the Emperor Nicholas, with his large, blue, clear, and penetrating eye."

That Nicholas, at the very height of his power, when a great part of Europe looked up to him as a demigod, knew well how volcanic was the ground under his feet, may be seen by the following extract from a remarkable conversation which he had with the young Saxon *chargé*:

"The worst he had to say was of Berlin. He grew quite warm when complaining of the weakness of his brother-in-law. On my endeavouring to quiet these unlooked-for ebullitions with the somewhat commonplace remark, that, nevertheless, the King had the best intentions and the most amiable qualities, the Czar thundered out, 'Tant pis pour ses qualités aimables! Quant à ses bonnes intentions, je vous dis, moi, qu'il ne sait jamais ce qu'il veut. Ce n'est pas un roi cela; il nous gâte le métier. Sachez-le donc'—here he stamped with his foot—'le sol sous mes pieds est miné comme sous les vôtres. . . . .' One felt how heavily those cares of government were weighing upon him, which now

for seven-and-twenty years, well-nigh a whole generation, he had had to support alone. His keen eye had become quite dulled, and his look had become unsteady."

The great Czar, eager to divide the inheritance of the tottering Turk, was really himself the "sick man," whom the rest of the world had to humour as best they could. A few days after Count Vitzthum's departure from St. Petersburg, Dr. Granville wrote to Lord Palmerston that Nicholas was certainly suffering from hereditary disease of the brain, and had but two years to live; and suggested the wisdom of a conciliatory bearing towards him, and of not being in haste to fight with a mad Emperor whose days were numbered. The prognostication proved correct; but, as Lord Palmerston observed to Vitzthum, "The English Government must hold to facts, and could not allow their policy to be determined by the diagnosis of a physician." It would indeed be an admirable device were monarchs, premiers, and presidents obliged to undergo a medical examination as to their sanity before being allowed to declare war against other potentates.

It is characteristic of our other Saxon, Count Beust, that he finds something to say as to the Czar from another point of view:

"On the whole, public opinion has been unduly prejudiced against the Emperor Nicholas. Whether the present condition of Russia is the consequence of his system of government, or whether it is not rather a proof that that system was necessary, is an open question; but it must not be forgotten, especially in Austria, that he was a decided enemy of all Panslavistic aspirations—which can unfortunately not be said of his successor. He did not close his eyes to the fact that a State governed by an absolute ruler could not possibly encourage revolutionary agitation in other countries without sowing its seeds in his own."

Count Vitzthum gives some interesting notes about a very notable personage—Prince Orloff, the most trusted of the Czar's advisers, who had laid the foundation of his great influence in a remarkable manner:

"He had rendered his master, after his accession to the throne, one of those services which a man does not so easily forget. The ingratitude often alleged against princes found no place in the noble character of the Czar; and one who, like Orloff, had saved his life could reckon on his

favour so long as life endured. Orloff saved his monarch by a blow of his fist. Accompanied only by this aide-de-camp, the Emperor had stepped in front of a regiment which had mutinied. He hoped that, as had often happened before, his look would suffice to recall the mutineers to obedience. He asked, 'Have you any complaint, my children? Whoever has anything to say to me, step forward!' As a rule, such a question would have remained unanswered, and no one would have stirred; but this time some soldiers stepped out of the ranks. One of them went straight up to the Emperor, and levelled his weapon at him. Orloff sprang forward at the same instant, seized the soldier and struck him on the forehead with his fist. The man fell in a heap and was dead. His comrades, pale with terror, went down on their knees and begged his [the Emperor's] pardon. But the Emperor after that day always kept the young Hercules near him. Rising step by step, Orloff in 1853 was made chief of the Third Section—that is to say, of the secret police of the Empire, which exercised supreme functions over all other officials. His power was greater than even that of a Prime Minister; all departments trembled before the Third Section, and no *tschinownik* however exalted, no landed proprietor however wealthy and eminent, felt himself safe against this potentate."

A good story is told illustrative of Orloff's fearlessness of retort to his overbearing master, whom he thus ingeniously reproved for his long-tongued carelessness in guarding his own secrets:

"Probably Nesselrode had spoken to his Majesty about Seymour's inquiry as to the mobilization of the two army corps, and represented to him at the same time the painful impression which that unexpected step would make in Europe. Vexed at this, he sent for Orloff, and received him in the utmost ill-temper. 'What have I a police for?' he exclaimed.

"'Your Majesty must know that best.'

"'Quite right; only, I don't know what good it is. And if you don't give me in twenty-four hours the name of the traitor who has let out the secret of the mobilization of the fourth and fifth army corps, you are cashiered.'

"'Oh,' replied the Prince quite calmly, 'my police is so excellent that I don't require twenty-four hours to give your Majesty the name of the traitor.'

"'You know him, then? You know who it is?'

"'I know what I know, your Majesty; but I can only tell it at the Emperor's express command.'

"'I give you that command.'

"'The traitor whom your Majesty is looking for is Nicholas I., Paulowitsch, Emperor of All the Russias, who always forgets, when he talks about State business, and especially military measures, in the Empress's drawing-room, that each of the ladies of the Court present has not only two ears, but also brothers, cousins, and relations in the army, to whom they tell everything they have heard. And every word dropped by the Emperor spreads like wildfire through the city.'

"After this piece of information, Orloff was not cashiered. But in spite of it, the Emperor never discontinued his habit, either at the Empress's *soirées* or elsewhere, of talking freely about whatever occupied his mind at the moment."

Before leaving Russia, the Count sketches for us a Moscow interior, adorned with a peculiarly Muscovite piece of piety:

"Baron Bode, who had married a niece of Countess Stroganoff, insisted on entertaining Mensdorff and myself. So we dined one evening at his house, instead of at the Kremlin, and soon observed that our amiable host was among the most pious of mankind. The Greek Church develops a peculiar kind of pietism, and the veneration paid to family saints recalls the Penates of ancient Rome, or the worship of ancestors in China.

"After dinner, Baron Bode handed us cigars; and while the coffee was being served, our host opened, with an air of mystery, the Holy of Holies. This was a small chamber, ornamented like a chapel with various Byzantine paintings; a number of tapers were burning inside, as on a Christmas Eve in Germany; and in the middle, lit up by several heavy silver candelabra, stood an open coffin. In it lay, ornamented with gold leaf and enveloped in an old Russian *kaftan*, a dark-brown mummy. The colour of the face reminded one of the famous black Madonna. It was the family saint. Bode could not part with it. He crossed himself and bowed every time he came near the coffin. But the presence of this corpse among the living was a thing so familiar and of every-day occurrence, that it seemed no profanation at all when we lit our cigars by the consecrated tapers."

In June 1853 Count Vitzthum arrived in London as Saxon Minister to her Majesty. It was a strongly marked transition—from the frozen air and vast dimensions of St. Petersburg to the bustling, crowded life and free citizenship of the English metropolis. The first sight of it did not impress him so much as his friends had anticipated. But the marvels of its multiform aspects grew upon him, and the most enthusiastic Londoner ought to feel amply satisfied with his final judgment on the great city:

"One must first have studied for a time the life that throbs in all the veins of this gigantic body, to form a clear conception of the grandeur of the capital of the world. In fact, London is not so much a city as a world. But what at the very outset pleased me so uncommonly was the command of a horizon unattainable in any other city in the world; and next, the feeling of disappearing in the mass of people—a sense of freedom which we do not feel even in Paris, to say nothing of Vienna and Berlin."

The Queen and Prince Albert received the young Minister with much cordiality, Saxony having been without a repre-

sentative at the British Court since the recall of Baron Beust in 1848. The diplomatic corps included Count Colloredo, the Austrian Ambassador; Count Walewski, the French; and Musurus Pasha, the Turkish; with Baron Bunsen, the Prussian Minister; Baron Brunnow, the Russian; and the Marquis D'Azeglio the Sardinian. Baron Brunnow the Count looked upon as the most gifted of the foreign representatives in London at that time.

Brunnow, however, was not very useful to his imperial master in the important duty of keeping him well abreast of the state of feeling and probable line of policy in England. In fact, the old diplomatist seems to have varied a little Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador—"an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country"—and not to have set himself so much to "*lie* abroad" as to send acceptable "stories" home. He knew well which way the opinions and desires of Nicholas lay, and what were his intentions with regard to Turkey; and he knew that what he could reveal as to the views of England would be highly unpleasant to the Czar, yet would not, if imparted, divert him one jot from his fixed purpose. Why should he disturb his pleasing dreams of being allowed to work his own will on Turkey? Conscience Brunnow had none—or a very elastic one; so he left his master to suppose that England would be as supple and acquiescent as the Prussia and Austria of those days.

Of Brunnow's "diplomatic reserve" Count Beust gives two amusing examples:

"When the news of the betrothal of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchess Marie was becoming generally known, I asked him if I could report it as a fact. 'For you, my dear colleague,' was his answer, 'I have no secrets; but in family affairs my principle is silence.' His successor, Count Schouvaloff, on his way to London, visited him at Darmstadt, whither he had retired, and said to him: 'We are old friends, and I appeal to your experience. You know all about England: Lord Derby is in power: pray tell me what sort of a man he is.' 'Lord Derby,' was the answer, 'has two hundred thousand a year.' 'Indeed,' said Schouvaloff; 'I am glad for his sake; but that does not interest me so much as to know how best to deal with him.' 'Well, with your acuteness, you will surely know how to deal with a man who has two hundred thousand a year.' 'More than that,' added Schouvaloff, 'I could not get out of him.'"

Count Vitzthum took the opportunity afforded by the fêtes on the first anniversary of the foundation of the Second Empire to visit Paris, and study there the situation of affairs. As the result, we have a statement of his theory as to the origin of the war with Russia—a theory well worthy of attention, although it is far from complimentary to our national sagacity, and reflects severely on Lord Palmerston, who, to the chagrin of his fellow-Ministers, as well as to the disgust of the Queen and people, had two years before committed this country to a hasty approval of the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851:

"In truth, very few, and at Paris really none but Morny and Persigny, were in the secret of Napoleon's policy. Nothing was more erroneous than to think that Napoleon had consented to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for England in the East. On the contrary, he outwitted the English, and made them involuntarily subservient to his aims. To understand the origin of the Crimean War it is not enough to ascribe it to the distempered ambition of the Emperor Nicholas. That ambition had been studiedly inflamed and artfully fomented. Louis Napoleon or his advisers counted from the first on the Eastern Question, just as the bull-fighter counts on the red *capa* when he seeks to infuriate the animal to the highest pitch. In revenge for the Czar's refusal of the title of brother, but above all with the object of preparing the materials for the meditated 'European' Second of December, it was decided at Paris to begin in the East the attack upon existing treaties. It was as *agent provocateur*—as Clarendon afterwards expressed it—that M. de Lavalette had been sent to Constantinople. He laid his mines at the most inflammable spots, and fanned to a bright flame the never-slumbering jealousy between the Greek Orthodox and the Roman Catholic guardians of the Holy Tomb.... The Second Empire was only a few weeks old, and Lord Clarendon had only been in office a few days, when in February 1853 Walewski verbally concluded with the English Minister the alliance of the Western Powers. It was agreed that France should settle the quarrel about the Holy Places, and that England should observe, till that was done, a benevolent neutrality; after that, the two Powers were to proceed in concert in all other questions which might crop up in the East, continue in alliance for the purposes of negotiation as well as action, and neither speak nor write a word without a previous understanding between themselves. Clarendon perceived in this secret compact the means of holding France in check, and compelling the maintenance of peace; while the French saw in it a means of bringing about a war, and dragging England along with them.

"Napoleon's object was clear: in the first place, to wrest from the Emperor Nicholas the moral hegemony which he wielded on the Continent; and then, after conquering Russia, to get his hands free to tear

up the treaties of 1815, restore to France her so-called natural frontiers, and reconstruct the map of Europe in accordance with Napoleonic ideas. That was what they meant in Paris by the 'European' Second of December."

Count Vitzthum would have commended himself to Dr. Johnson's favour as being, without alloy, "a good hater," and Napoleon and Palmerston are his special objects of aversion. Could the shade of "Pam" peruse the following paragraph, it would no doubt shake its ghostly fist at the pitiless Count:

"Clarendon was the more easily deceived, since the imperial juggler possessed in Lord Palmerston . . . . a *compère* on whom he could rely. The friendship between these two had the usual fate of such friendships. At first the game went merrily enough. Napoleon and Palmerston did a good business together, though, it is true, at the cost of both countries, who had to sacrifice in vain thousands of brave soldiers and many millions of money. Later on, after Savoy and Nice had been juggled away, but Palmerston had every prospect of remaining Prime Minister till his death, the latter cried off his bargain, showed his teeth, and slammed the door on Persigny, the trusted go-between."

We will not stay to dispute the Count's *dicta*, but it is well to remember that in those days Prussia, with her weak-minded, vacillating, Russia-ridden King, and Austria, with her youthful Emperor surrounded by incapable or reactionary counsellors, furnished less fitting allies for England than even the Emperor of the French, whom, after all his escapades, the impartial historian will pronounce to have been in the main true to England through a series of trying years, and while ruling over a restless people and an army that would have liked nothing better than to invade and humble the land which had been a kindly home to him in his early years of exile and adversity.

In the autumn of 1854, Count Vitzthum, when staying at Boulogne for the sake of sea-bathing, was witness—at a distance—to the first interview between the Emperor and Prince Albert. His description of the former is neat, and does not err on the side of flattery:

"He was in full uniform, with tall riding-boots, and with a general's hat on his head; and I can only describe my first impression by saying that this little, insignificant man, with a huge moustache, reminded me of one

of those circus-masters who, with a long switch in their hands, superintend the performance. But this unfavourable impression disappeared as soon as one came into personal contact with Napoleon III., and experienced his agreeable manners."

Returning to London from the Continent in January 1855, the Count—in connection with a visit to the Queen at Windsor—gives us his views of English feeling and of the British Constitution at a moment of intense excitement and difficulty:

"English feeling had completely changed. Even Lord Aberdeen had resolved to prosecute the war with vigour. As I looked at that excellent old gentleman, and saw how he sat there in the icy apartment, shivering and chattering his teeth, I involuntarily asked myself whether he was the man to battle with the storm, and lead England safely through the dangers of a European war; for a storm there was, which was shaking the British Constitution to its base, if not imperilling its very existence.

"The British Constitution is no mere piece of paper. It is not to be found within the four corners of Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights. It is an arsenal, not to say a medley, of written laws, judicial decisions, Norman privileges, Saxon customs, Danish survivals, ancient precedents, and half-forgotten resolutions of Parliament. Every Sovereign of England, the Tudors as well as the Stuarts, Cromwell as well as the Hanoverian dynasty, Queen Elizabeth as well as Queen Victoria, has helped to build up, and every session of Parliament to perfect, this edifice of ages. It is a labyrinth to which a knowledge of public opinion affords the only clue. But this very public opinion is only a toy for big children, a kite which rises or falls with every breath of air, and which none can fly but those who understand the game to be a game."

After such a—panegyric, shall we say?—of our marvellous and mysterious Constitution, we need not be surprised that the weak points of our English mode of government by party did not escape the sharp eyes of our Saxon admirer thirty-two years ago:

"That the peace party should ultimately be strengthened by the Peelites, that Gladstone and Sir James Graham, both of whom were responsible for the declaration of war, should now make common cause with Cobden and Bright, was a circumstance which could be surprising only to those who still cherished illusions regarding these gentlemen's want of principle. Their political creed resolved itself into this—to follow the opinion of the day, and when in office only to ask themselves, 'What shall we do to keep there?' and when in opposition, 'What shall

we do to get into it again?' Certainly they deceived themselves often enough about the real opinion of the country. The ascendancy of Lord Palmerston was due to his rare instinct and his knowledge of the national peculiarities."

In July the Count was invited to a luncheon, at which he met Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright, and enjoyed the racy conversation of the one, and the plain, impressive outspokenness of the other. His account of it, written next day while the impression was still fresh on his mind, is one of the brightest bits in the book, especially as giving Disraeli's shrewd estimate of the vital force of himself and of the two eminent statesmen who have survived him. It is well to bear in mind, however, that such notes of conversation, taken down some hours afterwards by a foreigner, however accomplished, cannot be expected to preserve for us the *ipsissima verba* of the distinguished men whose utterances he was so well fitted to appreciate:

"A lady who has been a friend since her youth of the Princess Lieven makes, though married to a former English Cabinet Minister, so little secret of her Russian sympathies as to display on her arm daily the well-known mourning bracelet in memory of the Emperor Nicholas. She is of course utterly opposed to the present war, and yesterday invited several friends of peace to luncheon—among others, Disraeli, Bright, the Prussian Minister, and myself.

"John Bright, a cotton-spinner of Manchester, lives in Quaker circles, which are difficult of access to us diplomatists. Our amiable hostess has had some difficulty in decoying this Radical Quaker into her aristocratic house. Her object was to bring him into personal contact with Disraeli, and to enable Bernstorff and myself to make the acquaintance of this able orator and courageous apostle of peace. Mr. Bright was Bernstorff's neighbour at luncheon, and Disraeli mine. The latter was in the best possible humour, and more communicative than ever. He assured me at once that Gladstone's reconciliation with the Tories was an accomplished fact. 'Gladstone and Bright,' he remarked among other things, 'are not only the best speakers in the House of Commons, but also the most energetic characters there.'

"'Present persons always excepted,' I broke in—a compliment which was accepted quite as a matter of course.

"'Of course,' replied the leader of the Opposition; 'I have always thought Gladstone, Bright, and myself the three most energetic men in the House. I have watched Gladstone very carefully,' he added, 'and am convinced that his strength of will is inflexible. Bright is sometimes blunt, but

his eloquence is most powerful. He has not the subtleness of Cobden, but he has far more energy, and his talents are more practically applied..... With the exception of old Palmerston, who for a man of seventy still displays astonishing energy, the present Cabinet has neither an orator nor a debater. But the old man is a desperado, who clings convulsively to power, because he feels that he would have no prospect of ever coming in again if he were now ousted..... The truth is, we have no longer any statesmen. The whole business has been mismanaged from the first.'"

Some of the most valuable pages in Count Vitzthum's book are those which record Prince Albert's conversations with him, uttered in all the freedom of confidential intercourse with a friend and countryman, and giving ample proof of the Prince's thorough knowledge of the intricacies of European policy, as well as of his superior intelligence and high principle. Napoleon III. had in 1857 paid a visit to the Queen at Osborne, the object of which was thus explained to Count Vitzthum by Prince Albert a few years later:

"'Be assured of this, that next to myself Napoleon hates nobody more than the Prince of Prussia. But he honours me with his hatred because I spoiled his game at Osborne. He had come over to us in 1857, not so much on account of the Danubian Principalities as to sound us and gain us over to his intended schemes against Austria. His fixed idea, to revise the map of Europe, he confessed to me then unreservedly, and proposed to me that we should conclude an offensive and defensive alliance. It is very possible,' added the Prince with a smile, 'that he had already won over Palmerston and Clarendon to this idea; for that man exercises a charm over our Ministers which I cannot understand. But he soon satisfied himself that nothing was to be done with me. I told him very quietly, but very firmly, that it was against all the traditions of this country to bind our hands for future eventualities, especially with a neighbour powerful enough to create such eventualities at any moment. He liked the hint, and tried then to obtain from Russia what he failed to obtain from us. We parted outwardly the best of friends, but the sting of my refusal remained behind: *hinc illæ iræ*.'"

It is amusing, but not astonishing, to have to note that, thirty years later, democratic France has been cultivating the same alliance with an absolute power to which Napoleon III. resorted. Any tyranny, whether of the autocrat or of the mob, seems to have a natural affinity for imperial, irresponsible Russia.

Not long after the Emperor's visit, Archduke Ferdinand

Maximilian of Austria—better remembered as the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico—arrived at the English Court, and by his amiable qualities helped to remove the prejudice which Prince Albert had hitherto entertained against the House of Austria. With all his statesmanlike sagacity, the Prince long retained some of the narrow views natural to a young man brought up in the confined atmosphere of petty German Courts. It is all the more to his credit that he had not allowed his inborn dislike to Austria to induce him to throw his growing influence into the lap of the French Emperor, to be used by him in his anti-Austrian schemes. Count Vitzthum had himself combated these prejudices as opportunity served; and he pays the Prince a fine compliment when he says: "Prince Albert's was one of those superior minds which are tolerant of contradiction."

The year 1859 was to put Austria's powers to the test in the Cabinet and in the field. War was in the air, and was heralded by the French Emperor's "ill-tempered" remark to the Austrian Ambassador at his New Year's reception. Count Vitzthum's view of the situation is marked with originality. He prefaces it with an amusing stroke at our insular ignorance and perplexity at the time of any great European crisis. "London," he says—

"is like a lofty watch-tower, from which one overlooks the world. To an observer who has not studied closely the institutions, conditions, and leading personages of the Continent, the objects as seen from this bird's-eye perspective are very easily distorted. The want of such knowledge explains the perplexity which narrows the view of English statesmen as soon as an extraordinary European crisis occurs. Spoiled by his insular position, absorbed by home questions and party struggles, the Englishman seldom has a clear idea of the situation, or of the passions and prejudices which influence it."

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." More startling, however, is the Count's estimate of the character and genius of Victor Emmanuel. People have been in the habit of regarding that brusque and gallant monarch as a rough-and-ready Sovereign, guiltless of statecraft, fond of pleasure and glory, but with a mind fixed on one grand aim—a free and united Italy. They have, in fact, held him to be a grand figure-head to the new vessel of State, whose lines were laid

down and whose course was steered by the ingenious and far-sighted Cavour. But Vitzthum boldly strikes out the notion, that the King was a greater schemer, a more cunning disciple of Machiavelli, than his Minister; and that while Cavour looked down on the purblind Emperor of the French and used him as his tool, Victor Emmanuel looked down on Cavour and made him the slave of his purposes. Here, we think, the Count changes his tone with regard to Napoleon III. After portraying him as an artful and able manager of European sovereigns and English statesmen, he now puts him on a lower grade than Cavour, who, in his turn, was inferior to the King of Sardinia. It may be one of our insular prejudices, but we cannot readily part with the idea that Count Cavour had made himself master of the situation, and that to his supreme genius, his consummate statesmanship—shall we add, his daring unscrupulousness?—Italy owes her existence as a complete, well-rounded nationality. Given the French Emperor perched on the upper side of a rolling stone—the Revolution seething and surging amongst the Gallic democracy—Austria only half recovered from the shocks of 1848–9, and from the imbecility of the Emperor Ferdinand and the blunders of the faithful but out-of-date Metternich—Garibaldi with his fiery bands ready to invade irresponsibly, and chivalrously confer his conquests on the Sardinian crown; and we have just the field for the splendid talent of the Piedmontese Count to win undying renown and create a country: and though his death left the work incomplete, to him, in our eyes, belongs the glory of making a united Italy. Count Vitzthum, on the other hand, puts his theory as to Victor Emmanuel very fairly and reasonably, and his statement of it will well repay perusal.

Turning away from foreign politics, we come to our Saxon Count's estimate of Prince Albert, prefacing our extracts with Mr. Disraeli's impressive words on the occasion of his death:

"Mr. Disraeli spoke to me with deep and heart-felt sorrow of the irreparable loss that England had sustained. 'With Prince Albert,' he said, 'we have buried our Sovereign. This German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our kings have ever shown. He was the permanent Private Secretary, the permanent Prime Minister of the Queen. If he had outlived some of

our "old stagers," he would have given us, while retaining all constitutional guarantees, the blessings of absolute government. Of us younger men who are qualified to enter the Cabinet, there is not one who would not willingly have bowed to his experience. We are now in the midst of a change of government. What to-morrow will bring forth no man can tell. To-day we are sailing in the deepest gloom, with night and darkness all around us.'"

"He was," says Count Vitzthum, "complete master in his house, and the active centre of an empire whose power extends to every quarter of the globe. It was a gigantic task for a young German Prince to think and act for all these millions of British subjects. All the threads were gathered together in his hands. For twenty-one years not a single despatch was ever sent from the Foreign Office which the Prince had not seen, studied, and, if necessary, altered. Not a single report of any importance from any ambassador was allowed to be kept from him. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Secretary for War, the Home Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, all handed to him every day just as large bundles of papers as did the Foreign Office. Everything was read, commented upon, and discussed. In addition to all this, the Prince kept up private correspondence with foreign sovereigns, with British ambassadors and envoys, with the Governor-General of India, and with the governors of the various colonies. No appointment in Church or State, in the army or the navy, was ever made without his approbation. At Court not the smallest thing was ever done without his order. No British Cabinet Minister has ever worked so hard during the session of Parliament—and that is saying a good deal—as the Prince Consort did for twenty-one years. . . . .

"He could never call an hour his own. The continual receptions, notwithstanding the uniformity of an almost cloister-like Court life, no less than the mere physical strain caused by the continual change of residence, cut up the day into pieces, and left scarcely any time for rest and reflection. The wonder is how he found it possible, in the midst of these occupations, to attend with laborious conscientiousness to the cares of government; to conduct personally the education of nine children; to prosecute his studies in all branches of human knowledge; to astonish men of science with the results of those studies; and at the same time to live, as he did, for art—himself a student and constant patron of music, painting, and poetry."

We fully appreciate Prince Albert's fine spirit and noble character, and do not underrate the value of his services to the Queen and his adopted country. If only looked at as filling the part of a permanent Foreign Secretary, set high above party prejudice and place-hunting, he was for the time

invaluable, and as soon as he was gone the *lacuna* was sadly felt. But it is a fair question whether, if his life had been spared, he could have maintained much longer his anomalous position without friction and discomfort. What he did he did well and thoroughly; but it is open to doubt whether such a microscopic study of the fine strokes and mingling colours and deep shades of German statecraft is necessary for the conduct of the external relations of Great Britain, and whether he might not have formed as sound judgments and exercised as wholesome influence on our foreign policy without taxing his mental and physical powers so heavily with minutiæ which should have been left to men of smaller intellect and tougher frame.

We turn to a statesman of a different build—not more honest and far-seeing, but of iron frame and iron will—Prince Bismarck, who set forth his fixed programme five-and-twenty years ago, when he was only a rising man. It was at a dinner given by Baron Brunnow to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and other visitors to the Exhibition of 1862:

"Among the guests was the Prussian Minister in Paris, Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen, who had a long conversation with Disraeli after dinner. The following is part of this conversation, which the leader of the Opposition repeated to me on the same evening:

"'I shall soon,' said in effect the Prussian statesman, 'be compelled to undertake the conduct of the Prussian Government. My first care will be to reorganize the army, with or without the help of the Landtag. The King was right in undertaking this task, but he cannot accomplish it with his present advisers. As soon as the army shall have been brought into such a condition as to inspire respect, I shall seize the first best pretext to declare war against Austria, dissolve the German Diet, subdue the minor States, and give national unity to Germany under Prussian leadership. I have come here to say this to the Queen's Ministers.'

"Disraeli's commentary on this programme, which has since been carried out step by step, was, 'Take care of that man! He means what he says.'"

And here we may fittingly give from Count Beust a characteristic anecdote or two of the same "son of thunder":

"When (in 1848) I expressed an opinion that Blum's execution was politically a mistake, Bismarck at once interrupted me with the words—

"'You are quite wrong; if I have an enemy in my power, I must destroy him.'

"I have remembered this saying more than once."

Again, in 1871:

"'What do you do when you are angry?' he once asked me; 'I suppose you do not get angry as often as I do?'

"'I get angry,' was my answer, 'with the stupidity of mankind, but not with its malignity.'

"'Do you not find it a great relief,' he asked, 'to smash things when you are in a passion?'

"'You may be thankful,' said I, 'that you are not in my place, or you would have smashed everything in the house.'

"'One day I was over there,' he said, pointing to the windows of the Emperor's apartments opposite, 'and I got into a violent rage. On leaving I shut the door violently, and the key remained in my hand. I went to Lehndorff's room, and threw the key into the basin, which broke into a thousand pieces. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed; "are you ill?" "I was ill," I replied, "but I am well again."'"

The latter part of Count Vitzthum's work is taken up with the various phases of the dispute about Denmark and the Duchies in 1864; with respect to which he did his best to enlighten the British public by long letters to *The Times*, and had at last the satisfaction of finding that England was not disposed to rush into conflict with "forty-four millions of Germans" on account of a matter with which it had no immediate concern, and in which Denmark was not indisputably in the right.

This Schleswig-Holstein question also occupies a large space in Count Beust's Memoirs. He was the representative of the German Confederation, or *Bund*, at the London Conference of 1864, and appears to have been much disconcerted by the "bitter feeling which then animated all classes in England, high and low, against Germany." Palmerston was rude; the family of the Duke of Cambridge unfriendly; Lord Clarendon cold; but the last-named warmed considerably towards him, and "was like another being, most amiable and polite," as soon as he learnt from the Queen that she would gladly see the Count, as he was an old friend, and would send him an invitation to Osborne. Thither accordingly he went, and stayed two days, and, as a consequence, received "countless invitations

from the highest society." From all this he draws the moral, that "the freeborn Englishman was always a greater courtier than the enslaved Russian." It may be so; but we are also inclined to infer, from this and other passages in the book, that the Count, possessed though he was of many virtues and accomplishments, was an exceedingly sensitive and self-conscious man, and, as is the nature and wont of such men, was apt to fancy that people were looking shy at him, or, worse still, were not looking at him at all.

Into the merits of the Danish dispute we cannot here enter. Its development was but one of the symptoms of the coming storm—the terrible strife between Austria and Prussia for the leadership of Germany. Thrusting aside the cumbersome details overhanging the fratricidal contest which culminated at Sadowa (Königgrätz), we see that, as in all such cases, the settlement of the hegemony question had simply awaited the advent to power of a hard-headed, iron-willed statesman, with an equally staunch, strong-minded prince at his back, to seize the waiting crown of Germany, and to weld the smaller States into one grand Teutonic Empire. Prussia had the good fortune, after years of weakness and vacillation, to be first in the field with the coming statesman and the right kind of monarch for the part to be played. Austria, struggling bravely to the front, with her youthful, inexperienced Kaiser, necessarily blundered again and again, and finally lost the day. But from the field of Sadowa she has risen and recovered herself, taking a high place in European estimation as a constitutional, well-conducted, if heterogeneous, empire.

To this happy outcome of an unhappy strife Count Beust, by his liberal views and wise counsels, largely contributed. It was his lot to be, in connection with the Bund and the policy of the Saxon monarchy, the main spirit of a falling cause. But it was also his fortune to be the chief instrument in raising a fallen empire to its feet, and starting it on a freer, happier career. The memory of what he had done for Austria should have been a permanent satisfaction to him in his later years; but, like many men who have played a prominent part on the stage of the world, he felt acutely the change from being the head of the Austrian Government to being simply

its representative at a foreign Court, honourable as that position could not but be. Probably, being human, he over-estimated his own importance to the world's existence and welfare, and felt more hurt at being unmentioned in parliaments and newspapers than he did at the misunderstandings and misrepresentations of which he evidently thought he had his full share.

In his Memoirs he intended to do justice to himself, and set himself right with the world; and they have the special interest and weight which must attach to the autographic life of a distinguished statesman. But, just as in a court of law a man is generally his own worst advocate, so Count Beust would, we think, have done better to intrust to a more skilful hand his valuable materials. At the same time his volumes contain much to instruct and amuse; and they have the advantage of being prefaced by an Introduction by Baron Henry de Worms, whose reminiscences of his deceased friend are specially good. Of his personality, as he appeared at Salzburg in August 1867, when the Baron was first introduced to him, we have the following draft:—

"The genial statesman, who saluted me in excellent English, was dressed in a summer suit of the lightest hue, without the slightest outward evidence of his high office. Rather small in stature, slim, but erect in carriage, his clearly cut, sharply moulded features and frank blue eye created at once in my mind the impression that although the greater part of his life had been passed in the tortuous paths of diplomacy, candour was as much a leading trait in his character as were sagacity and wisdom, the qualities which had led him and entitled him to his present dignities. The shape of the head, the extraordinary sharpness of the features, the high forehead, finely cut nose, small chiselled mouth, and slightly projecting chin, vividly reminded me of the lineaments of Pitt, as represented in his statue at the entrance to Westminster Hall."

Later on we get a description of his *sanctum* in the Ballplatz at Vienna, and of his favourite appliance for lightening the cares of office:

"Further on was that which the Count prized next in estimation to his despatch boxes and his work—an open piano, with the MSS. of various charming compositions of his own. Often in the midst of the perusal of an important despatch, or the consideration of a speech the delivery of which might affect the councils of Europe and agitato its bourses, the

Count would stop in his peregrinations round the room, and sit down at the piano. His explanation of this was: 'There is so much discord in politics that I will try to introduce a little harmony;' and then, after rattling off a waltz or striking up a polka, he would resume his dictation at the point where he left off, apparently refreshed by the exhilarating music which he had produced."

One of the great reforms which he carried out in Austria was the abolition of the *Concordat;* and this he effected, unshaken by a mass of threatening letters, and although he clearly foresaw that he should thereby raise up for himself a host of bitter enemies. To the astonishment of the statesmen of other countries, he, a Protestant and a Saxon, was able to overcome the prejudices of the Court and thwart the schemes of the clergy, and to win a triumph which gained him the enthusiastic acclamations of a liberated people. But his most brilliant achievement was the enactment of the Fundamental Laws, and the completion of the compromise with Hungary, whereby that kingdom, from being a thorn in the side of Austria, became a brilliant jewel in its imperial diadem. For his services to their cause the Hungarians were at the time intensely grateful; and on December 24, 1867, Francis Joseph himself wrote him a thankful letter, appreciative of his "successful efforts." When at last the jealous host of enemies, who were aggrieved that an alien and a Protestant should hold the highest position in the empire, and should have been successful in carrying noble measures in behalf of civil and religious freedom, had won sufficient influence to render the office of "Chancellor of the Empire" too onerous a post, and Count Beust found that his continuance in it was an embarrassment to the Emperor, the latter accepted his resignation in the following autograph reply, under date "Vienna, November 1, 1871":

"Dear Count Beust,—While granting your request, founded on considerations of health, to be relieved from your duties as Chancellor of the Empire and Minister of the Imperial House and of Foreign Affairs, I express my sincerest thanks to you for the persistent and unselfish devotion with which you have fulfilled those duties, and I shall never forget the services you performed, during the five eventful years of your tenure of office, to me, my House, and the State.

"Francis Joseph."

His Memoirs give the reader a fine impression of his character: clear-sighted, upright, steady of purpose—perhaps a little too sensitive about the customary attacks on a prominent statesman's acts and motives. He was, of course, no more infallible than Pope, prince, or peasant; but we doubt not that his last wishes will be fulfilled, and that in England, at all events, where he was always held in high esteem, justice will be done to his noble career and lofty achievements; so satisfying the aspiration which he desired should be inscribed over his grave: "Peace to his ashes: justice to his memory."

Art. VI.—EDUCATION IN CHINA.

SCHOLAR, husbandman, mechanic, merchant—such are the grades of Chinese society in their order of dignity. The test is, benefit to the common weal. The soldier, a rough creature of mere brute dexterity, is not even included in the category—in fact, is beneath all notice. Now this classification, this acknowledgment of the pre-eminence of mind over matter, has been handed down from ages when the rest of the world was bowing, trembling, before the hand of iron and the coat of mail; when Alexander was great, and Socrates was poisoned; when Archimedes, the rapt representative of science, was slain in cold blood by the impatient hand of rampant rapine. While our British ancestors were content, literally and metaphorically, with fantastic tattooing in the place of clothing, China, clothed and in her right mind, was seated at the feet of learning. The sacred cause of culture in China had its Great Revolution, and won its Bill of Rights, two thousand years ago. The conqueror Ts'in Sz, seeking to crush the obnoxious spirit of national independence, saw its incarnation in the maxims of Confucius, and the records of Yao and Shun, and, in the folly of his astuteness, ordered the extirpation of these classics from the face of the earth. Knowledge had its martyrs then, as political liberty

has had its martyrs since; scholars were found in hundreds who chose rather to die the cruellest deaths than to be untrue to the light they had seen in a dark age. As in later days of martyrdom for pure Christian truth, the treasures of sacred lore were hoarded in pious memories and remote retreats. When the tyrant died, execration was heaped upon his name, and straightway from sequestered nooks came men with fragmentary copies, more priceless than gems—came men and women and blind girls, whose retentive memories gave forth the hidden treasure they had acquired by many a laborious hour of early digging in those classic mines.

All the world knows the sequel. Chinese culture, fair with a beauty unknown to the barbarous nations of the West, looked upon the face of the Gorgon of national conservatism and bigoted pride; and ever since it has been turned to stone. And yet perhaps the parable of the myth is too rigid, for from time to time there have yet been symptoms of life. Though the principles which guide it are essentially the same as those of two thousand years ago, yet there have been changes of application in its practical uses. Six hundred years after Christ, was instituted the system of competitive examination. Degrees in letters were bestowed throughout the Empire, and from the ranks of the successful were chosen the officials of the land. But fixed canons of interpretation of the classics, and fixed laws of style, were imposed; originality of comment was discouraged; the Chinese nation said resolutely, "The old is better." The eleventh century saw the Renaissance of Chinese literature. The philosopher Chu Hi, rich with the new lights that had beamed upon him in the study of Buddhist learning, was the leader of the Humanists; a fresh mode of interpreting the venerable writings was introduced, which gave new breadth of meaning and renewed philosophic rigidity to the Confucian system. The system of Chu Hi prevails to-day, notwithstanding spasmodic attempts to combat his fatalistic interpretations. The present time, seething with the introduction of new ideas from Western civilization and new suggestions from Christian philosophy, gives signs of a revolt; but Chu Hi is still the hero of orthodoxy, and the "New Style" of

composition, which exacts conformity from all aspirants to distinction, dates back as far as the fifteenth century.

The effect upon the political constitution of the country of this system of competitive examination, and distinction through literary merit alone, has been most marked. At times in the past China has been subdivided into a number of smaller States, governed by dukes or knights, similar to those of mediæval Europe. But the unity of language, secure from inflexion, and therefore protected from variation by the rigidity of its characters, together with the absolute uniformity of education throughout the Empire, has prevented any Eastern parallel to the varieties of France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, all starting from the common stock of Rome. Initial differences have been obliterated rather than accentuated; the tribes have coalesced rather than diverged. China, thus permanently one nation, also avoided the Feudal System from similar causes. England, with its Competitive Civil Service of a few years' standing, is feeling the levelling influence already; China through twelve hundred years has opened the highest offices of state to the merit of the child of the humblest peasant; a hereditary nobility has been made impossible—feudalism was stifled in its birth.

Further, with a people thus leavened through and through with a fatalistic system such as that of Confucius, there have ever been the strongest forces to lead to the deposition of an effete dynasty and the grafting of a new vigorous scion of empire on the worn-out stock. It is a maxim forming part of the mental life of every Confucian scholar that the Ruler, the Son of Heaven, can only hold rule so long as he is worthy of it; when his worthiness ceases, Heaven chooses a Son from elsewhere. Thus the great mass of the people in times of revolution are supine; loyalty, properly so called, is a national impossibility; the result will show who is in the right; the success of a pretender will prove the favour of Heaven—will prove his fitness for the throne. Hence the quietude of the race under the dominion of a foreign House during the last two hundred and fifty years. Hence it is, too, that, in the present age of disaster and poverty, they have a general sense that the days of this dynasty are well-nigh numbered; yet

they make no effort, but await the Heaven-sent messenger. Another element of equilibrium is this. The foreign dynasties that have held the throne of China have all been conquered by their subjects. As vanquished Greece ruled triumphant Rome, so conquered China has imposed the fetters of the Confucian philosophy and morality on victorious Mongol and Manchu alike.

Such, then, is the subject-matter of Chinese education. Just as the Bible is the substratum of all English education and, notwithstanding inconsistencies and admixtures of old heathenism, shapes all our political life, so the Confucian classics, taught in every school in China, notwithstanding glaring inconsistency, and admixture of Exoteric Buddhism and Taoism, form the warp and woof of the garments of Chinese government.

Taken as a whole, China must be pronounced a well-educated country. Statements of gross exaggeration on this subject have frequently been made. Education is as unequally, perhaps also as generally, distributed as in England before the Education Acts. In no part of China are there many women who can read—in some provinces little more than a quarter of the men. Through the greater part of the country, each village of any size has its school, supported by the subscriptions of the parents, or the generosity of some one eager to accumulate heavenly merit. There, in the ancestral hall or in the village temple, before the terrific form of the God of War or the milder grace of the Goddess of Mercy, the boy is led through the portal of the mystic Temple of Learning. The historic sense is stronger than all authority of codes and inspectors at home; throughout China the same school-books are taught, in the same fashion, and in the same order. First comes the Three Character Classic, some seven hundred years old, containing, in lines of three words, an account, often cabalistically brief, of Chinese history and fundamental terms and ideas; the List of the Hundred Names, which include all Chinamen, and the Classic of Filial Piety follow. No explanation is vouchsafed; all day long may be heard the sing-song of the six-year-old, shouting his lesson in the endeavour to learn it by rote; by-and-by with back respectfully turned to his teacher, swaying

from side to side to the rhythm of the words, he breathlessly repeats, minding only one stop—the full stop when he has finished or is at fault. In the latter case the ferule of the teacher may be heard emphasizing a parenthesis. Next come the Four Books, all of which are the permanent possession of a well-educated boy of ten or eleven, and will be repeated by him from end to end without the loss of a single character. He has also been trained to write, much importance being attached to the artistic use of the camel-hair pencil. After this stage there are the Five Classics to be similarly acquired; explanations are now given, and, if the boy be intended for a literary life, he is instructed in composition and style. The great aim of every household in China is to have a graduate spring from its midst; wherever possible, a boy who gives signs of talent is supported by his friends during his further education. Through the years of youth and early manhood he plods along the well-trod paths, learning by heart the masterpieces of style of the past, exercising from morning to night his reading and writing powers till short-sightedness and dignity alike necessitate his putting on the huge horn-rimmed spectacles befitting a grown-up scholar. While studying, he either does nothing and lives on the family, which is proud to sustain him, or ekes out a scanty subsistence by teaching a village school.

In early manhood he competes with all the *literati* of his country for the first degree, that of "Budding Talent." After success, he competes once in three years with all such graduates in the province for the second degree, of "Rising Man." Those again successful go to Peking to compete for the metropolitan degree of "Entering Sage." And a certain very small section of these are finally admitted to the Imperial Hanlin College.

It is difficult to gauge the numbers of the Chinese graduates, but some idea may be gained from the fact that, in a single province of the eighteen, from ten to fifteen thousand men of the first degree compete each triennial examination for the second; of these, in each province from fifty to eighty are successful, while at the metropolitan examination somewhat over two hundred gain the degree.

Some effects of such a system are patent. We have

already alluded to the great power that exists therein for welding the nation into one homogeneous mass. Let the missionary quote to a handful of hearers in the remotest village in China the first lines of the Three Character Classic, "In the beginning man's nature was good; naturally he adheres to goodness, but in practice diverges from it," and delighted voices will instantly echo his quotation. There are other effects. The memory of a Chinaman is prodigious—his reasoning power stunted. By nature and training he is incapable of understanding the meaning of the word "therefore." The classics are both the outcome and the cause of this incapacity. In their pages analogy always takes the place of argument. True, style is cultivated to its highest pitch, and, exceedingly effective, it is terse, brilliant, and gloriously enigmatic; but its development is stunted, and its true beauty marred by intense artificiality and obstinate conventionality. The subjects of examination are almost exclusively essays and poems on the text of the classics; hence the natural conclusion that all knowledge worth obtaining is comprised within their pages. To understand and elegantly expound the sayings of the Sage —this is the way to dignity and wealth; why trouble about outside matters affecting pedlars and soldiers? Hence, too, the intense conservatism—say, rather, the brute obstruction—of the literary class of China in presence of anything foreign or new. The grand old-time thought of the supremacy of mind has been worn down into the paltry idea of the exclusive grandeur of a scholar's life. All other occupations are beneath notice: labour has no dignity; nails an inch long are the outward and visible sign of that inward Confucian grace. Hundreds of thousands of men who have no hope of a degree prefer to loaf miserably through life, perverting knowledge to the purposes of petty roguery, leading a scrambling hand-to-mouth existence, scorning to work, useless and harmful to society, their nobler powers dead through wilful spiritual atrophy, the natural victims of opium-smoking and every mischief which Satan finds for idle hands to do.

Into such a country as this has come the vigorous spirit o Western civilization. Foreign trade has fringed the coast with ports open for the introduction of the wealth and wisdom, the

virtue and the vice, of Europe and America. The world, already oppressed with overcrowding and competition, awestruck at the new vision of a quarter of the population of the globe, is watching and wondering for the issue. Ever pressing on before the trader, the missionary has carried the mighty educating force of *his* Sacred Classic, and not without considerable success. But, as a whole, he has only reached the lowest classes. Trade and war alike have but served to open the doors wider into the sealed recesses of the hidden land. And now the teacher is beginning to take his stand by the evangelist, seeking to call the spirits of the mathematics and the science, the philosophy and the medicine, of the West to the aid of a mighty nation just stirring from the somnambulism which has counterfeited action for many a century past.

The Imperial Government itself has been forced, unwillingly enough, into a certain amount of effort. Disastrous wars have made necessary arsenals and dockyards; arsenals have made necessary foreign instructors; foreign instruction has needed foreign languages. Hence, at Canton, Shanghai, Foochow, Tientsin, and elsewhere, there have been instituted technical schools of engineering, naval and military, of torpedoes, and of telegraphy. A number of youths are chosen from time to time, and sent to these schools, the Government not only defraying all expenses, but actually paying them to go. The present writer recently had the opportunity of a visit of inspection to the Engineering School at Tientsin, and, in the absence of the foreign professors, had the special advantage of the escort of the pupils, some sixty in number, whose account of work done had the merit of simplicity. The course is extended over four years, the first of which is entirely devoted to the study of English. The later years are devoted to the study of mathematics and mechanics, and to practical work in a well-fitted engine-room. It is wisely arranged that the practical work occupies more than half the time. The young guides showed their books—familiar faces in a strange land—Smith's Arithmetic, Todhunter's Elementary Algebra, Trigonometry, and Mechanics, Besant's Hydrostatics, and various works on the steam-engine. These are used after a single year's English learnt in a Chinese-speaking place. The

boys spoke English moderately well to a limited extent, but the ingenuous confession was not surprising of their spokesman, when asked if he understood his books, "We do not remember them." He naturally tried to learn by heart Besant's Hydrostatics, and any practical schoolmaster in England can sympathize with him in his failure. When asked which he preferred, the bookwork or the fitting shop, he frankly remarked that the books were better, for he did not like to work. Yet the impression left on the mind of the visitor is that in the workshop lies the main success of the institution, while the bookwork is largely a failure, not from the inherent difficulty of the subjects, but simply because the language which conveys the information is not sufficiently familiar. This difficulty is evidently being felt by those in authority, and with the approval of Li Hung Chang, the leader of the party of progress, Viceroy of the Province, the foundations are now being laid of a large school to board three hundred boys, where in six years a good knowledge of English is to be imparted, preparatory to entrance into these technical schools. It is stated that there are to be foreign professors, that the Bible is to be taught, and cricket and athletic sports are to be encouraged. This is a great move in the right direction; one difficulty remains to be solved in the practical working. It is intended that all pupils shall pay a fee of £12 a year. Will Chinese gentlemen consent to do this, while their boys will be passed through the technical schools, and will be paid for doing so? Unless the Government abolish its vicious system of pauperization, the Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College will die of inanition. Yet the scheme is rich in hopes; the energy of the German Commissioner of Customs and the influence of the Viceroy seek to obtain from the Emperor the privilege, that a "graduation" from this college shall place its holder on an equality with a holder of the native first degree. Hitherto the utmost attainments of a Chinaman in Western learning entitle him to no more esteem at the hands of the scornful *literati* than the coolie's possession of a couple of buckets for carrying water. Should this privilege be gained, the greatest step will have been taken in the upward march of China, and all earnest educationists will lift high their heads with hope.

A corps of surgeons for the army and navy are being educated at the Government expense in the London Mission Hospital at Tientsin. All these are required to study in English, and are drawn from the Hongkong high schools.

It is to be noticed that these advances are all connected with matters of defence; they belong to that military branch which has been so utterly despised in the past. They have not touched the fortress of the hereditary learning of the land. But the Government is doing more. By the treaty of 1861, it was rendered essential that the Chinese should provide interpreters for foreign diplomatic service.

This obligation was ignored until the forcible reminder of Sir Frederick Bruce, the English Minister, compelled the establishment of the Imperial College at Peking, with a branch at Canton. Of this, after some vicissitudes, the present principal is Dr. Martin, a man of great ability and experience, originally a Presbyterian missionary; it is officered by foreign professors of good attainments and various nationalities. The students, at present some eighty in number, are divided into sections studying the English, French, German, and Russian languages; and they moreover study some branches of mathematics and natural science conveyed through the medium of Chinese, which is common to them all. All the students are maintained at the Emperor's expense, and one is led to suspect that the Government has not yet given full earnestness to the scheme, when one learns that the principal rejoices in having obtained a recent enactment that no student shall stay as a pupil in the college for more than eight years! There has been a tendency to allow the youths to stay on as the holders of snug little pensions from Government, without much regard to the future. In fact, the principal of the Canton branch complains pathetically that he has had one pupil for thirteen years, until a wife and rising family were beginning to make his allowance rather small. The embassies to Europe and America, however, have given some scope for the appointment of students to suitable positions, and others have been duly recognised by posts at home. The education given is certainly good; some of the pupils appear to profit considerably by it, and there are signs that the Government is rising

to a juster appreciation of the value of this institution. But again we must notice—the appointments thus won are for foreign service, which offers but few attractions to the Chinese officials. The house of the first ambassador to England was burnt to the ground during his absence, because of his connection with the foreigner; and it has only been by the designation of so powerful and highly respected a man as the Marquis Tseng that slowly increasing prestige has been given to such a service.

We have here the limits of Government recognition of Western education. In all the coast ports, where a knowledge of English at once opens the way to lucrative positions in foreign hongs, there is an abundant demand for schools teaching English. Chinamen issuing advertisement placards adorned with the most astonishing "English as she is spoke" gain immediate pupils. Missionaries, eager to use every lever for the lifting and destroying of prejudice, have in several places availed themselves of this desire, and have opened schools for the purpose. Foochow, Canton, and Shanghai, the principal ports of foreign commerce, are naturally the scenes of these experiments. The Methodist Episcopal Church of the Southern States of America has instituted an ambitious "Anglo-Chinese University" at Shanghai. The history of its few years of existence is instructive. The "university," of course, was an idea which time alone could shape from mistiness into coherence; but the school was opened at a very low charge, and was at once filled to overflowing with three hundred pupils eager to acquire English. A judicious raising of fees has modified this state of things. At present the handsome building is occupied by less than fifty boys, who display a great tendency to leave school with the scanty attainments of a few months' work, making haste to be rich. Desire for English literature or science seems to be conspicuous by its absence; desire for English as the matrix of unlimited dollars monopolizes the attention of the pupils. After the first fluctuations the "university" may succeed, but its promoters must regard the many tens of thousands of dollars already spent as an investment for the far future. The college of the American Protestant Episcopal Church appears to be producing results

more satisfactory, though less obtrusive, but has to encounter the same difficulties. No student objects to the religious services which form part of the course, but very few are willing to stay long enough to gain a really good knowledge of the mere language apart from other subjects. In fact, so characteristic is this, that an English missionary—who recently started an English school at the moderate fee of two dollars a month—on inquiring the cause of absence of his two senior scholars on the first day of the third month, was informed that they had started a school of their own at one dollar a month, and were using all available pressure, physical and otherwise, to persuade their old classmates to become their scholars!

We will not speak here of institutions for the training of Christian children with a view to the welfare of the Christian Church of the next generation. The Church Missionary Society has carried out the scheme with a very considerable degree of success. But in considering education as a means of influencing classes at present outside the reach of the preacher, this universal inability of all who teach English to keep their pupils for a satisfactory length of time suggests the question how far this is to be a really powerful instrument in our hands. We know how in the days of Macaulay and of Duff the question of the languages was decided for India; but here the conditions are different—in the one case, an Aryan race, an English Government, a university system, a Civil Service, all requiring the English language; here, an independent Turanian race, with an elaborate literary system of its own. In India, if it be worth while to learn English at all, the study must, at any rate, be pursued for several years, in order to fit for university examinations; in China, the danger is that the aim will mainly be purely commercial, and the bare ability to understand and be understood will be sufficient. The result will almost certainly be a perpetual ebb and flow among the scholars of any individual institution, and there will be but little chance of gaining permanent influence. The pupil, having the entrance to foreign trade open before him, will promptly enter, shutting the door in the missionary's face, and will be the prey of the combined vices of East and West.

Such are the arguments brought forward by an influential class of missionary educationists who are determined to make the most of the resources of the Chinese language itself. Ten years ago the Missionary Conference of Shanghai appointed a committee for the preparation of a series of Chinese school-books. Thanks to the efforts of this committee, and still more to the work of several individual scholars, there exists now a fair educational series, which is yearly being improved and enlarged. With these tools the rough block of Chinese intelligence is being chiselled and shaped. The prince of Chinese educationists is the Rev. Dr. Mateer, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Shantung; a description of his school may be taken as the ideal of its type. His pupils, some eighty in number, are all the sons of poor Christian peasants. They are provided with food, lodging, and books during their education. In return, they are indentured until the regular curriculum has been passed through. The course takes from four to seven years, and is moulded on that of an American college. You will find the rustic louts, clumsy in their patched homespun, demonstrating conic sections and integral calculus, experimenting in chemistry and physics, and studying geology and astronomy—apparently understanding them all. Nor is this all; they study Christian books, and go through the weary routine of the ordinary Chinese classics. A first-rate physical laboratory and an observatory are at their service, through the industry of their head-master. An Englishman rejoices to find that they have a flourishing debating society, but notes with wonder and with strong disapproval that they have no inclination, if they have the time, to play games.

Such educational results as these are superb. The Teng Chow school can fearlessly challenge comparison with any high school in England. Comparing it with the Anglo-Chinese schools, at first sight the question of the languages seems settled. It is clearly proved that a high education can be given apart from English, the secret of Dr. Mateer's comparative success being undoubtedly that by the charity system he avoids all untimely loss of pupils. But a grave question at once arises. For what work in life are these pupils fitted?

They understand no English, hence remunerative commercial employment is shut against them; and they are utterly unfit to return to their village homes. There is a field for some of them in mission schools which eschew English; thus in the Teng Chow school itself a former pupil is employed to teach the higher mathematics and practical chemistry at the wage of £1 per mensem, wherewith he is well content; and wherever success is beginning to attend these new enterprises, we are sure to find that Teng Chow has supplied the native assistant. The office of the ministry is open to some of them; but the grave fact remains that the majority of its *alumni* are unfitted for their old life, and have no new life to take to. A suggestive fact will illustrate the view of the boys themselves on the matter. At a younger school at Hang Chow, conducted on the same model, the master suggested to his boys as the subject for the terminal debate: "Ought English to be taught in Chinese schools?" They refused to debate it; there could only be one side to such a question; English ought always to be taught.

We are thus between the horns of a dilemma. Were a mission to start an educational scheme at present, which would be the right plan to adopt? It is difficult to answer the question. At any rate, it is well to be clear as to the issues. The only argument against such a scheme as Dr. Mateer's is the smallness of the demand for such men, inasmuch as all lucrative posts in connection with Western learning are given to those who understand English. But what if the Government seeks, in its jealous independence, to exclude English, and encourage Chinese for higher education? We have to face the undoubted fact that, if the Chinese had their own way, all foreigners would be expelled from the country to-morrow. Such a nation cannot permanently rely for its mental food on an alien tongue, nor is it right that it should. Mission schools hitherto have only dealt with the lowest classes, and have *given* them an education. Were there any inducement in the shape of office or distinction, the higher classes would be glad to send their children to a school taught by a European, and would pay for the education. Thus a hold would be gained on a class at present utterly untouched

by Christian influence. Are there, then, signs of any such encouragement for higher vernacular education? There are; but the light is so fitful that we fear being misled by a will-o'-the-wisp. During the last two years the second degree has been conferred in at least one instance for proficiency in mathematics; and in at least one provincial city examinations are regularly held in pure and applied mathematics. Were such rewards to continue, all would be plain; unfortunately, they depend on the tastes of a literary official, whose term of office is no more than five years. Everything depends on the attitude of the Court. A single order from the Emperor would bring compliance in the eighteen provinces.

One thing is certain; whether English or Chinese be used, this empire is on the brink of vast developments in education. The science and mathematics of the West must be taught here during the next ten or twenty years. The Government will found schools; let us avoid the error of many of our Indian Government schools; let Christian men gain the positions at their head; let the influence of a Christian life mould the secular education. With no hope of a system of grants in aid, mission schools will have to struggle hard to avoid the reproach of inferiority; let them be manned, then, by power and practical talent. The American Churches seem awake to these needs. Confident rumours reach us of a "university" to be founded in some central Chinese city, under the auspices of the Northern Presbyterian Board, with an endowment of £80,000.

Here and there is to be found a man with a well-fitted laboratory and an enthusiasm for science, but as yet there is no general thirst for knowledge. The Chinaman is too practical for that; he seeks education for what it will bring. The Christian educationist must stand by, must watch the signs of the times, and must so set himself at the head of the movement, in whichever way it may tend, that those who turn to mathematics, seeking for earthly gain, may find hid in its field heavenly treasure.

Art. VII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONNEXION.

1 *A Jubilee Memorial of Incidents in the Rise and Progress of the Bible Christian Connexion.* Second Edition. London: G. J. Stevenson. 1866.

2. *A History of the Methodist Revival of the Last Century, in its Relations to North Devon.* By John Gould Hayman. Second Edition. London: T. Woolmer. 1885.

WILLIAM O'BRYAN, the founder of the Bible Christian Connexion, was born on the 6th of February, 1778, at Gunwen, Luxillian, near the Helmin Torrs, between Bodmin and St. Austell, in the county of Cornwall. His father was a yeoman, and William O'Bryan was his only son. The boy received a good elementary education; and, as he possessed a vigorous mind and a retentive memory, he was intellectually considerably in advance of many of his own class in the neighbourhood in which he lived. Mr. James Thorne, who writes the first part of the *Jubilee Memorial* named at the head of this article, describes O'Bryan's mother as being deeply pious and affectionate. She and her family were Methodists. William O'Bryan was converted to God in 1795, when he was about eighteen years of age. He was at once filled with the spirit of the evangelist, and went about exhorting his neighbours to attend the Methodist preaching-services, and to seek salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. He seems, after a while, to have remitted these efforts. Business pressed, and other causes intervened; but, when he incidentally learned that his exhortations had not been fruitless, he was smitten with remorse for his neglect. He humbled himself before God in prayer, sought and regained the joy of salvation, and re-consecrated himself to his Master's service. He began by announcing that a prayer-meeting would be held in a neighbouring village. At that meeting the local class-leader asked him to give an address, and his appeals were successful in the conversion of sinners. These results encouraged him exceed-

ingly, and strengthened his conviction that he ought to be entirely separated to the work of preaching. He was sure that he was called of God to that work; so he resolved to wait and watch for some chance of entering the Methodist ministry. We gather, from Mr. Thorne's narrative, that he ceased preaching, in the hope that his way might be opened for acting regularly as a local preacher, this being the first necessary step of advance. In 1804, however, he was seized with a dangerous illness. The vision of eternity roused his conscience, and he vowed, "that if the Lord would raise him up, he would go forth in His Name to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come." On his recovery, he consulted one of the circuit-preachers as to the manner in which he could best fulfil his vow. We note that, in 1804, Bodmin was separated from the St. Austell circuit; and we judge that this forward movement would suggest vigorous and aggressive enterprises to a man possessing O'Bryan's cast of mind. In his conversation with the preacher, he expressed a great desire to go through the neighbourhood; and, especially, to preach in those places in which Methodist Societies had not been formed. Villages and hamlets, answering to this description, abounded at that time in the neighbourhood and in other parts of Cornwall; and they seemed to be waiting for the advent of the herald-evangelist proclaiming the glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace. Whilst evidently sympathizing with his aggressive spirit, O'Bryan's cautious counsellor indicated two difficulties that stood in his path. He showed him that if he went into these waste places, preached, and then hastened away without leaving some one to follow up his work, he would spend his strength for naught. Then, further, he suggested that, in the event of his forming isolated classes out of touch with all circuit organization, it was possible that he might be led into acts which would amount to actual separation from the Methodist Society. This astute counsel O'Bryan pondered; and, for a time, his prospecting expedition was abandoned. He settled down, and worked successfully as a local preacher in his own circuit. His preaching was very acceptable. He had a fine presence, was courteous in his manners, had much of that magnetic influence which is indis-

pensable to a popular preacher, and, above all, was a man of fervent godliness. For five years he worked assiduously, gaining the confidence and love of those who listened to his sermons, and who read the living epistle of his life. In 1809 the junior preacher on the Bodmin circuit was compelled to visit Yorkshire, and it was arranged that O'Bryan should take his appointments. Whilst acting as a supply he heard that there was no Methodist preaching at New Quay, a place on the west—or, as it is often called, the north—coast of Cornwall. As soon as the minister for whom he was supplying returned, he crossed the county, and succeeded in introducing Methodism into New Quay. His success rekindled his evangelizing zeal. He was emboldened to quit the well-known centres, and to penetrate into spiritual wildernesses. His ruling passion asserted itself. He desired, above everything else, to proclaim the doctrines of salvation in places which had never echoed to the sound of a Methodist preacher's voice. Mr. Thorne says: "He laboured hard, often walking twenty miles, and sometimes thirty, on the Sabbath, and preaching three or four times; always endeavouring to visit those places where the people were destitute of Gospel preaching."* There were only two preachers stationed at that time in the Bodmin circuit, and O'Bryan's restless zeal soon increased their work beyond their power of personal management. Now came the pioneer preacher's opportunity. He had long felt that he ought to dedicate himself exclusively to the work of the ministry, and those who watched him closely deemed him fit for the position to which he aspired. At the suggestion of the Bodmin preachers, who would have welcomed him as a fellow-labourer, he attended the District Meeting as a candidate for the ministry. But he failed to pass, and the Chairman advised him to return home, and to continue his work as a local preacher. Naturally, he was much disappointed with his failure, and somewhat exasperated with those to whom it seemed to be owing. The crisis predicted by the preacher who counselled him in 1804 now became acute. We judge that he set up a claim of ownership in the societies which he

* *Jubilee Memorial*, p. 17.

had gathered by his personal efforts. Mr. Thorne says that attempts were made to wrest them from his care. The slightest knowledge of Methodist law and usage will prevent us from imagining that a society, formed by a local preacher within the boundaries of any circuit, can be considered as his own personal possession. Such a man works as a representative, and the result of his labours belongs to the Church which he represents. That Church has most probably been the means of his conversion; it has trained and commissioned him, and has granted him a status which has immensely increased his capacity for successful toil. In the name of the Church which has thus equipped him, and as an officer of that Church, he goes out to do the work assigned him; and it is preposterous to argue that, whilst he continues to occupy the position of a Methodist local preacher, he can establish in his own and other circuits societies which are not Methodist societies. If each minister and local preacher in the kingdom were at liberty to form independent religious societies, and to call them after his own name, the bewildering multiplication of sects would bring an unanswerable reproach on the Methodist Church. There can be no doubt that, during the first twenty years of the present century, the revivalistic spirit developed a centrifugal force which threatened to fling off into space innumerable ecclesiastical fragments. Those who are acquainted with the bypaths of Methodist literature will have no difficulty in citing instances which justify our statement.

We can quite understand that O'Bryan was unconscious of the perilous character of the claims he made. He was guiltless of reasoning upon the niceties of ecclesiastical procedure and Church rights. He knew that he had gathered these people together into religious fellowship, and he claimed to lay an immovable hand upon them. Many will doubtless sympathize with him in his resolution to retain that which he had won; but the sympathy should be sufficiently intelligent to perceive that O'Bryan might have escaped from his dilemma with comparative ease. There is a way in which a man can immediately divest himself of his representative character, and from thenceforward instruct and rule all who will submit themselves to his personal authority. By relinquishing his mem-

bership in the Church which has commissioned him, he steps at once into personal freedom. But O'Bryan was reluctant to accept this solution of his difficulty. He wished to be a member of the Methodist Society, but to be exempted from the disabilities which that membership imposed upon him. This could not be allowed; and so the ministers of the Bodmin circuit had to do for him what he declined to do for himself. In November 1810 he was formally excluded from the Methodist Society. Without attempting to raise any agitation against those who had disciplined him, and who, as he believed, had attempted to deprive him of the fruit of his labours, he, like a godly man as he was, determined to follow an independent course in an open sphere. So he set his face towards the parishes which lay eastward from his home, and went, hither and thither, beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God.

At the commencement of the year 1814, O'Bryan resolved to relinquish business, and give himself up to the work of preaching. Notwithstanding his exclusion from the Methodist Society, he was friendly with some of its ministers; and one friendship which he had formed considerably influenced him at this period. Francis Collier, who was a member of the Cornwall District Meeting when O'Bryan's candidature was rejected in 1809, was appointed the superintendent of the Bodmin circuit from 1812 to 1814. His acquaintance with O'Bryan was of somewhat long standing, and he had exceptional opportunities of judging his character, and the value of his work. An interview took place between the two men, and its result was that O'Bryan's societies became an integral part of the Bodmin circuit; and he himself was once more received into membership. Under the amiable oversight of Francis Collier he laboured in various places. He was determined, however, not to be confined to the appointments given him on the circuit-plan. He had tasted the joys of unrestricted liberty, and would not be again entangled with the yoke of bondage. The restoration of his friendly relations with the Methodists must have exhilarated him; and it is not difficult for us to see him, as Mr. Thorne pictures him, as he returned from his appoint-

ments, causing the hills to echo at midnight with his shouts of praise, and breaking the silence of the moors with his hallelujahs. We presume that it was in this year that another attempt was made to gain admission for him into the Methodist ministry.* For reasons, which can only be surmised, he was proposed as a candidate in the Plymouth Dock instead of the Cornwall District. But, unfortunately for the success of his candidature, he was a married man; and, in the face of the serious financial embarrassment of the Connexion, it was impossible that he could be accepted. At the Conference of 1812 it had been found that the "General Fund," which played such an important part in preventing the financial collapse of the Methodist system, was heavily in debt. Notwithstanding a grant of £3,000 from the profits of the Book-room, £2,617 had to be borrowed to satisfy the claims of the year. This serious and persistent deficit alarmed the Conference, and special resolutions were passed to meet the crisis. Every superintendent was directed to exert himself to the uttermost, in order to raise the sum contributed in his circuit for the yearly collection to the extraordinary average of one shilling for each member. This fact alone suffices to reveal the gravity of the situation. In addition, the sum allowed in certain cases, towards the purchase of furniture for preachers' houses, was lessened; and even the amount usually granted to meet the funeral expenses of a deceased minister was reduced. It was also directed that serious inquiry should be made whether several circuits to which *single* preachers had been appointed, "ought not immediately to make provision for an additional *married* preacher and his family." All those who are acquainted with the shoals, rocks, and narrows of the vexed sea of Methodist Connexional finance, will be able to detect in these minatory resolutions the evidence of tempestuous weather. The storm-drum was hoisted, and alert pilots had to exercise their utmost care to prevent disaster. With these prohibitive facts before them, the ministers had to consider William O'Bryan's case. Even in the present day, when substantial financial guarantees are exacted from all married

* Hayman's *Methodism in North Devon*, p. 166.

candidates, their reception is a matter of very special deliberation; in 1814 such candidates would have had only the slightest chance of passing a District Meeting, and scarcely any chance at all of passing the Conference. In addition to the financial barrier which obstructed O'Bryan's way into the ministry, some account must be taken of what his friends mildly term "his irregularities." These would be quite sufficient to decide the dip of a trembling balance. Constitutionally, O'Bryan was conditioned for a roving life. His superfluous energy was equal to the normal force of an ordinary man. His daring, unconventional spirit abominated border-lines. Was it not probable that, if he became a Methodist preacher, it would be found impossible to restrict him to that plot of land which others were content to deem a circuit, and that endless collisions and confusion would ensue? As the heart warms towards this impulsive and unrestrainable evangelist, it is impossible to repress a wish that an entrance into the ministry could have been found for him; bnt no sooner is the wish formed, than the mind is lost in wonder as to the course which he would have pursued; and the spirit is suffused with sympathy for those who would have been responsible for his ministerial conduct to the District Meeting and the Conference.

After his second rejection by the District Meeting, it must have been clear to O'Bryan that his way into the Methodist ministry was closed. He returned to his work, and was soon engaged in breaking up fallow ground. Having heard that there were fourteen parishes in the east of Cornwall and the west of Devon in which there was no evangelical preaching, he determined to inspect them, and, in the month of January 1815, he set out on his congenial crusade. The result of his mission was, that numerous places were opened for preaching, and societies were formed which were handed over to the authorities of the circuits visited.

After preaching, amongst other places, at Downinney Green, William O'Bryan set out to visit a sphere of evangelistic work which must have made a strong appeal to his heart. At the beginning of the century, the Launceston circuit included within its widely extended boundaries the notable little town

of Stratton. The place has a recognized position in English history; for near it lies Stampford Hill, the scene of a fight between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces in the stirring days of the Great Rebellion. To Methodist readers, the old chapel at Stratton possesses a special interest, inasmuch as it was the spiritual home of Mrs. Pope, whose son, the Rev. William Burt Pope, D.D., has enriched the Christian Church by his remarkable contributions to theological and exegetical literature.* In 1811 Stratton appears in the "Minutes" as a separate mission station; and from the ancient town, as a centre, the wild country surrounding Holsworthy and Kilkhampton was reached. William Sutcliffe was appointed to the Stratton mission by the Conference of 1814, and he appears to have heard of O'Bryan's work, and to have asked him to come to his assistance in his vast field of labour. The invitation was eagerly accepted, and on May 19, 1815, we find that O'Bryan preached at Holsworthy. The next day he met William Sutcliffe at Stratton, and the two men had an interesting conversation together. O'Bryan soon expressed his intention of penetrating into the dark villages of the neighbourhood. His companion, who would have welcomed his help in further missioning the places which had already been opened, reasoned with him, and, indeed, tried to intimidate him by painting a gruesome picture of his probable fate, in which Exeter gaol figured in the foreground. Reason and menace were equally in vain. The conversation then turned on the subject of O'Bryan's "irregular" proceedings. Any preacher, possessed of the slightest knowledge of Methodist organization and its necessary conditions, must have been struck by the anomalous position which he occupied. William Sutcliffe showed him that, if he persisted in his eccentric course, he would never get an appointment from the Conference, and he tried to persuade him to desist from his guerilla warfare, and to bring himself into harmony with Conference regulations. It is pleasant to get these glimpses of liberal-minded, commonsense itinerants, whose zeal was according to knowledge, who argue so wisely and strongly, and who strive so earnestly

* Hayman's *Methodism in North Devon*, p. 112.

to infuse their own loyalty into the heart of a headstrong man. But the Stratton missionary spoke in vain. O'Bryan would not be ruled by the rudder, so he had to be ruled by the rock. He soon said farewell to Stratton. It is very characteristic of the man, that his lingering in the neighbourhood resulted in pangs of conscience for remaining in a place "so richly supplied with the means of grace." Those who know the Stratton, Holsworthy, and Kilkhampton district, and who have any conception of its state of spiritual destitution at the opening of the century, will not need any other than this suggestion to enable them to lay their hand upon the key to O'Bryan's character. One missionary and a few local preachers toiled amongst the hamlets and little towns scattered over this wide area, and the spectacle of the spiritual wealth of this "garden of the Lord" compelled O'Bryan, with "pangs of conscience," to turn his face towards the wilderness! Forsaking the guileful luxuries of this Methodist Capua, he rambled off to attempt the evangelization of twenty parishes in the neighbourhood, in which he discovered that "there was no dissenting preaching." It is only necessary to state that amongst other localities he visited Shebbear, which afterwards became closely identified with his work and history.

In the month of May the ministers of the Cornwall and Plymouth Dock Districts assembled at their respective centres for the transaction of business. We judge the nature of one portion of their proceedings by its results. It is certain that, in the Plymouth Dock District, the irregular work of William O'Bryan was severely criticized. His light-hearted invasion of circuits must have exasperated orderly men beyond the bounds of endurance. Finding that William Sutcliffe had employed him, the meeting censured him for his conduct. It was seen that, if Methodist laws were to be observed, those who were responsible for their administration must stand together, and that private friendships must not interfere with the public weal. The assembling of a District Meeting generally puts the principle of Connexionalism in a strong light. That essential Methodist principle in the case of a minister who is appointed to a solitary station is apt to be obscured by the dull routine of work. The bands of brotherhood are loosened

by lack of fellowship, and divisive acts are committed without any comprehension of their fatal possibilities. But the communion and frank conversation of a District Meeting tones the spirit of a minister for his year's lonely work. As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend; and not only is the countenance sharpened by such association, but the wits put on a keener edge. A man then wakens up to the fact that his ill-considered, good-natured action may cast a reflection upon his predecessor, or may transmit an ugly difficulty to his successor; and that, of all men, a Methodist preacher, in his public life, lives least unto himself. We surmise that, in the Cornwall District Meeting a somewhat similar representation was made to James Odgers, who had succeeded Francis Collier as the superintendent of the Bodmin circuit. The latter had left the district, and the meeting might, therefore, be in ignorance of the exceptional reasons which led him to renew O'Bryan's ticket of membership. We suspect that a conversation amongst the ministers had a determining effect on the mind of the Bodmin superintendent; for, on his return to his circuit, he visited the society at St. Blazey, of which O'Bryan was a member, renewed their tickets, but did not leave one for the absent evangelist. When O'Bryan returned home he found himself excluded from the Methodist Society; but, quite undaunted, he preached "just as if nothing had occurred." His mind was now made up to thoroughly mission the parishes in the neighbourhood of Shebbear.

On his way thither he crossed the ground of the Stratton mission; and, meeting with William Sutcliffe, found him "a sadder and a wiser man." He was unwilling to allow him to preach as before, but "through the importunity of the people, O'Bryan was detained in the neighbourhood for about three weeks, preaching between thirty and forty times, and holding other meetings." O'Bryan's prolonged stay in a place, "so richly supplied with the means of grace," could scarcely have ministered healing to the wounded mind of the Stratton missionary; nor does it seem consistent with the statement as to the "pangs of conscience" which afflicted the knight-errant on a previous visit. But O'Bryan's spirit was not touched to

the point of exquisite refinement. Some men would have scrupulously avoided trespassing upon the Stratton mission ground, seeing that the former kindness of the man who was in authority had brought down upon him ecclesiastical censure, and caused him severe mental distress. But O'Bryan's scruples and "pangs of conscience" disappeared before the "importunity of the people;" and he tarried in the vicinity of Stratton, as we have seen, for about three weeks. Then, on the 7th of August, he reached Milton Damarel.

Mr. Thorne tells us that, at this time, William O'Bryan had not decided on forming a separate church. He cherished a faint hope that he might be permitted to labour among the Methodists, though not acknowledged as a regular preacher. His "faint hope," besides casting a curious light on his character, proves him to have been an exceptionally sanguine man. Still, it influenced his conduct. In the new places where he preached he purposely concealed the fact that there was any misunderstanding between himself and the Methodists. But, although he might choose to hide the fact, the authorities of the Stratton mission could not so easily ignore it. William Sutcliffe left Stratton at the Conference, and his place was taken by George Banwell. He is described as "a man of calm thoughtfulness and quiet humour, who modestly exercised his powers in the work of an unpretending Christian pastor."* Calm thoughtfulness and quiet humour are the sworn foes of eccentricity; and George Banwell soon found a field for their exercise. At the quarterly meeting of the Stratton mission, held on the 27th of September, 1815, the question of O'Bryan's Methodist status was broached. Mr. Richard Spettigue, one of his warmest friends, who was, at that time, a circuit-steward, brought the matter before the meeting. It was discussed with much earnestness.

"One of the principal speakers proposed, that Mr. O'Bryan should take his appointments on Sundays in common with the local preachers; and, on week-days, go as a missionary where he judged proper; and, on these conditions, offered to contribute to his support. Mr. Spettigue remarked, that such a course would be attended with great inconvenience, as on Saturdays he might be at a distance from his Sunday's appoint-

* Hayman's *Methodism in North Devon*, p. 178.

ment; but he engaged that Mr. O'Bryan would acquiesce in that arrangement, rather than be separated from the Methodists." *

It is not difficult for us to see this council of perplexed men, with the "unpretending Christian pastor" presiding over their anxious deliberations. We can imagine that the chairman's "quiet sense of humour" would not be altogether dormant throughout this singular discussion. With "calm thoughtfulness" he took in the situation; and then, whilst good-natured men were fumbling at the knot, with one swift stroke he severed it. When he was asked to sanction the proposed concordat, he stoutly refused to surrender principles which he believed to be essential to the stability of Methodism. He told the meeting plainly, "that he would have nothing to do with Mr. O'Bryan; that if he would preach, he must return to the circuit from whence he came;" and, as an end of all controversy, he declared "that he would not preach in any house where Mr. O'Bryan was permitted to preach." † When this ultimatum was presented to William O'Bryan, he elected to continue his irregular mission-work; and, by that determination, he severed himself finally from the Wesleyan Methodists. On Monday, the 9th of October, 1815, a service was held at Lake, in Shebbear, after which O'Bryan, at the request of his hearers, formed a class, consisting of twenty-two persons, which was the germ of the Bible Christian Connexion. Those who are acquainted with the work of the Bible Christians in the West of England and elsewhere, and who also subscribe to the doctrine of "the division of labour," will have no wish to dim the radiance of Mr. Thorne's glowing words, in which he celebrates the triumph of the church which he himself adorned. He says:

"A multitude of souls have been converted to God, and united in Church-fellowship; many have departed this life in possession of a good hope through grace; and many have been raised up to preach the Gospel at home and in the British Colonies; while thousands of children have been brought under religious instruction by pious Sunday-school teachers, whose qualifications have been attained and nurtured in the denomination; and the prospect of further success in winning souls to Christ, both at home and abroad, is ever brightening." ‡

* *Jubilee Memorial*, p. 22. † *Ibid.* p. 23. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 23.

It is not necessary that we should sketch in any detail the events which immediately followed the creation of the Bible Christian Society. In process of time an organization, which in many of its constitutional arrangements resembles the Wesleyan Methodist Church, was formed; and at the present time its membership amounts to about twenty-nine thousand persons. We cannot, however, conclude our historical description without referring to the circumstances which led to the estrangement of William O'Bryan from the community which he originated. At the Conference of 1826 it was deemed necessary to obtain an amended form of the deed upon which the Bible Christian chapels were settled. Apparently the first deed vested the ultimate authority over the Connexion in its founder. To this serious objections were urged; and Mr. Thorne tells us that the expression of these sentiments was not agreeable to William O'Bryan, who had "candidly expressed his intention of managing the affairs of the Connexion on the principle that, if all the Conference were opposed to his views, his single vote was to determine every case." * In this case it is plain that, like other ungovernable men, O'Bryan was not insensible to the joys of despotic rule. At the Conference of 1827 the question of his autocracy was again raised, and he requested those who were dissatisfied to draw up a paper setting forth the manner in which they wished to have Connexional matters managed in future. This was done: and, amongst other things, we note that it was proposed, "That Mr. O'Bryan take a circuit if requested, but that he be allowed to choose on what circuit he wishes to be stationed." † To those who have followed our sketch this suggestion will be full of interest. It will be seen that O'Bryan retained his passion for promiscuous evangelism, and that it had become necessary, even in the communion which he had himself created, to curtail his liberty. The truth, which had been made clear to the minds of those who had disciplined him when he was a member of the Wesleyan Society, had become evident to those who were responsible for the well-being of the Bible Christian Connexion. A firm stand was therefore made, and in 1829, in consequence of

* *Jubilee Memorial*, p. 100. † *Ibid.* p. 103.

continued opposition, O'Bryan left the Conference, comparatively few of the people who, in popular speech, bore his name separating with him. In 1835 he sailed from England and took up his residence in America, where, in 1868, he died. It is pleasant to record that when he visited England, some years before his death, he preached in the Bible Christian chapels, and was cordially received by those who were so abundantly indebted to him for spiritual birth and privilege.

In the course of our historical sketch we have paused, from time to time, to show the relation of facts to Methodist rules and usages, and to the spirit of the Methodist constitution. In taking a final survey of the ground over which we have travelled, two points strike us as requiring a moment's attention. It may be asked by some whose abounding good-humour has obtained a temporary triumph over their judgment, why William O'Bryan was checked in his attempt to dot the counties of Cornwall and Devon with religious societies? We have incidentally replied to this question; but it may be as well to treat it with a little more distinctness. The answer concerns the mission of Methodism. Until that is perceived, it is impossible to understand the mischief which arises from irresponsible evangelism. Those who examine Methodism from the outside, and who have no conception of its plan and purpose, are apt to look upon its discipline with suspicion. Especially are they struck with its power of restraint, and with the illustrations of that power which have been furnished in the course of its history. They stand in amazement before the spectacle of an erratic man, who, by a touch upon the brake-handle, is checked or stopped in a moment. They mutter ominously about "the liberty of the subject," and turn away bewildered from the contemplation of a problem that perplexes and irritates them. We do not think that it is necessary that we should vindicate Methodism from the charge of interfering with "the liberty of the subject." The "subject" at all times has his liberty in his own hands. He may escape when he pleases from all restraint. The door of the Methodist Church opens from the inside, and the freedom of egress is unbounded. It is well, however, that we should place the plan and purpose of Methodism clearly before our minds. Let it be well understood that Methodism is not designed to kindle the zeal

of a host of independent workers, who fly, hither and thither, snatching hasty successes, and precipitately forming and abandoning evanescent societies. Methodism exists to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land, and experience has demonstrated the futility of the attempt to accomplish that purpose by the mere undisciplined valour of individual evangelists. Whilst assenting to our assertion as it concerns the Church at large, excessive good-nature may ask if, in some instances, a man, who defies law and order, may not be permitted to have his own way, and to do his work uncontrolled by any power other than his own conscience? We answer, that as an Englishman and an individual he is at liberty to do so, but not as a Methodist. If, in every sense, he bears his own burden, then he places himself out of the range of disciplinary action. He is a dweller in the ecclesiastical "no man's land," and has a right to crown himself its king. It is not to be expected, however, that a Church, which is in no little degree responsible to public opinion, will permit a man who is defiant of order and of all the regulations which bind together the society he disturbs, to enrol scores of persons in its registers, over whom it has not the slightest control. No society can be permitted to bear the Methodist name unless it will submit to Methodist usage and rule. The reason of this is obvious. Errors of creed and conduct may arise, and grievous scandals may spring up, which may bring indelible disgrace on the Church which is supposed to be responsible for them. The guarantee against licentiousness of thought and deed is found in the close inspection and strict discipline of the societies, even of those which are most remote from the centre of control. No shadow rests on the moral uprightness of William O'Bryan, but his personal integrity could not be accepted as a pledge of the soundness of those whom he so quickly grouped together in religious fellowship. By disposition he was unfitted for the close inspection of the spiritual life in its growth under difficulties and amid conflicts. He was a keen hunter for souls; but he lacked the long patience which is essential to the spiritual husbandman. At a time when it might have been essential to prune or even to root up some of the plants in the little enclosure on the Cornish sea-board, twenty parishes in the east might have been uttering the cry, "Come over and help

us!" We know well that the "twenty parishes" would have carried the day, and the blighted society would have been left to cast the burden of its misdoings upon the Methodist Church. Such a position as this could not be endured. In a well-organized society individual eccentricity is a source of danger. When it becomes defiant, then it has to be chastened by discipline; and when it resents discipline, then it has to discover a sphere for its gyrations elsewhere. In describing the early evangelistic career of Hugh Bourne* we noted the evident want of touch between him and the ministers of the Burslem circuit. As far as ecclesiastical authority is concerned, he was for some time an isolated worker; when that authority at last confronted him, it was for the purpose of arresting and condemning his work. In the case of William O'Bryan no such chasm yawned between preachers and evangelist. The association from the first was intimate, and mutual conversation and counsel frequently exerted an appreciable influence upon the revivalist's career. It is clear, however, that even ministerial sympathy and guidance are not always sufficiently strong to restrain the tendencies of a man of William O'Bryan's disposition; and that a preacher's personal friendships must at last be subordinated to the duty which is imposed on him to guard and defend the churches committed to his care. We have no doubt that the ministers who took action against O'Bryan appreciated the strong points of his character, and the undoubted value of his work. The two attempts that were made to find an entrance for him into the Methodist ministry show that, if they could have subdued his "irregularities," the preachers would have rejoiced to have acknowledged him as a fellow-labourer. But all their efforts were in vain. William O'Bryan accomplished his destiny, and became the founder of the Bible Christian Connexion. May we be permitted to suggest that the esteem with which some of the Methodist ministers regarded him was prophetic of the feeling which now prevails between the two Churches? To Primitive Methodists and to Bible Christians, all Wesleyan Methodists earnestly say: "Let there be no strife, we pray you, between us and you; for we are brethren!"

* In No. CXXXIII. of this REVIEW, October 1886.

Art. VIII.—MISS ROSSETTI'S POETRY.

1. *Goblin Market and other Poems.* London: Macmillan. 1862.
2. *The Prince's Progress and other Poems.* London: Macmillan. 1866.
3. *Sing-Song: a Nursery Rhyme-book.* London: Routledge. 1872.
4. *A Pageant and other Poems.* London: Macmillan. 1881.

THE poetry of Miss Rossetti, deeply thought, intensely felt as it is, appears first of all to the reader through a quality not always found, in any specially prominent degree, in the work of passionate or thoughtful poets. Every poem almost leaves on the mind a sense of satisfaction, of rightness and fitness; we are not led to think of art, but we notice, almost unconsciously, that every little word seems to fit quite perfectly in its place, as if it could not possibly have come otherwise. This equable style, self-poised and instinctively select, seems, by its simplicity and absence of emphasis, only faintly distinguished from the rhythm and tone of mere conversation. It has no italics, no waltz-beats, nothing insistant, no unnecessary words; there is nothing of metre for metre's sake; absolutely no display. Yet this simple, unadorned, unemphatic style of dainty plainness, *simplex munditiis*, has at the same time a guardian sense of dignity, which, while tolerant sometimes of the quaintest homeliness, rejects altogether anything that is merely common and essentially mean. While very few lines venture above a certain pitch, there is not a note which does not ring true. And all this seems to be done without effort. Unlike Dante Rossetti, whose noblest harmonies required the whole range of stops of the organ of verse, polysyllabic and consonanted harmonies, Christina Rossetti is most impressive in lines made up of short, well-worn Saxon words; and while nearly all his finest efforts seem conscious, hers appear innocently unaware of their own beauty.

The secret of this style is, no doubt, its sincerity, leading to

the employment of homely words where homely words are wanted, and always of natural and really expressive words; yet not sincerity only, but sincerity as the servant of a finely touched and exceptionally *seeing* nature. A power of seeing finely beyond the scope of ordinary vision: that, in a few words, is the note of Miss Rossetti's genius, and it brings with it a subtle, and as if instinctive power of expressing subtle and yet as if instinctive conceptions; clearly, as we have said, always simply, with a singular and often startling homeliness, yet in a way and about subjects as far removed from the borders of commonplace as possible. This power is shown in every division of her poetry: in the peculiar witchery of the poem dealing with the supernatural, in the exaltations of the devotional poems, in the particular charm of the child-songs, bird-songs, and Nature lyrics, in the special variety and the special excellence of the poems of the affection and meditation. The union of homely yet always select literalness of treatment with mystical visionariness, or visionariness which is sometimes mystical, constitutes, we think, the peculiar quality of this poetry—poetry which has, all the same, several points of approach and distinct varieties of characteristic.

Miss Rossetti's power of seeing what others do not see, and of telling us about it in such a way that we too are able to see it, is displayed nowhere more prominently than in those poems which deal, in one way or another, with the supernatural. A sense of the mystery enveloping this life of ours, a "vague spiritual fear" and curiosity, is, strangely enough, the common possession of the least and the most imaginative persons. We see it equally in the brute shudderings of the ploughboy as he shuffles hurriedly through the graveyard at night, and in the nervous ecstasies of Hoffmann before the spectre of his own creation. In both these extremes there is something of terror and positive discomfort, a sensation as of perilous insecurity. But children, who are capable of deriving intense agony from the thought of the supernatural, feel also an intense delight in certain happy and fantastic aspects of it, and have a singular power of realizing the scenes and the inhabitants of that mid-region of the unseen world which we call Fairyland. In one poem at least of Miss Rossetti's we

find the most perfect expression ever given to this milder aspect of the supernatural: "Goblin Market" is surely the most naïve and childlike poem in our language. Miss Rossetti's witchcraft is so subtle, that she seems to bewitch, not us only, but herself, and without ever trying to do either. The narrative has so matter-of-fact and at the same time so fantastic and bewildering an air, that we are fairly puzzled into acceptance of everything. The very rhythm, the leaping and hopping rhythm, which renders the goblin merchantmen visible to us, has something elfin and proper to "the little people" in its almost infantile jingle and cadence. It is all as fresh and as strange as the dreams of childhood. In *The Prince's Progress* we are in quite another corner of that same world of faëry. The poem is more mature, it is handled in a more even and masterly way; but it is, while still very different, more like other romantic ballads—William Morris's, for instance—than *Goblin Market* is like anything at all. There is an illusiveness about its magic, with the doubtful glimmer of moonlight, making familiar things look strange, and weaving and unweaving its spells beneath our eyes. The narrative is in the pure romantic spirit, and the touch of magic comes suddenly and unawares, like the green glitter that comes into the eyes of the milkmaid as she casts her glamour over the Prince on the way. One episode—that of the old man in the cavern among his furnaces, brewing the Elixir of Life which is to snatch him from death's door, and dying, with one foot already on the threshold of immortality—is like a picture of Goya or Callot; perhaps the most pungently tragic motive in Miss Rossetti's poetry. The verse is throughout flexible and expressive, but towards the end, just before and during the exquisite lament, bride-song and death-song at once, it falls into a cadence of such solemn and tender sweetness as only the *Lachrymosa* of Mozart's Requiem—only music, and that music Mozart's, and at his sweetest—can recall or equal.

Yet another phase of the supernatural meets us in a little group of poems ("The Ghost's Petition," "The Hair and the Ghost," "At Home," "The Poor Ghost") in which the problems of the unseen world are dealt with in a singular way.

Miss Rossetti's genius is essentially sombre, or it writes itself at least on a dark background of gloom. The thought of death has a constant fascination for her, almost such a fascination as it had for Leopardi or Baudelaire; only it is not the fascination of attraction, as with the one, or of repulsion, as with the other; but of *interest*, sad but scarcely unquiet interest: interest in what the dead are doing underground, in their memories—if memory they have—of the world they have left; a singular, whimsical *sympathy* with the poor dead, like that expressed in two famous lines of the "Fleurs du Mal." She cares intimately to know and see what is going on behind that "veil of terrible mist over the face of the hereafter;" and in several poems she has fancied dead people coming out of their graves, and back to the friends who are nearest and dearest to them. Her ghosts have none of the apparatus of *séances*; there are no blue lights and white shrouds; the ghosts are in all seriousness dead men and women come back again in the spirit. "The Hour of the Ghost," a wonderful little poem, renders this conception with surprising and almost terrifying subtlety: it is a drama of life and death, a voice of passion from beyond the grave—the pitiless passion of a ghost. "The Poor Ghost" treats somewhat the same idea in a less concrete style: the verse is troubled, somewhat perhaps of intention, as in "John of Tours," but a little beyond the license of art. "The Ghost's Petition," written in a finely modulated rhythm, with something in it of the passion of "Eden Bower," strikes the note of artful discord, if one may so term it, that we hear again in the lines named "At Home." The dash of half-humorous actuality in the former, as in the whimsically rueful use of the word "tease" in the concluding lines; in the latter the frankly veracious, homely words, such as "table-cloth," which enter so oddly into the texture of so eerie a lyric, aid vastly in raising before the mind some tangible form or realizable impression. Only, to do this well requires a special kind of genius; it can be done badly by anybody.

These strange little poems, with their sombre and fantastic colouring—the picturesque outcome of deep and curious pondering on things unseen—lead easily, by an obvious transition,

to the poems of spiritual life, in the customary or religious sense of the term. Miss Rossetti's devotional poetry is quite unlike most other poetry of the devotional sort. It is intensely devout, sometimes almost liturgical in character; surcharged with personal emotion, a cry of the heart, an ecstasy of the soul's grief or joy: it is never didactic, or concerned with purposes of edification. She does not preach; she prays. We are allowed to overhear a dialogue of the soul with God. Her intensity of religious feeling touches almost on the ecstasy of Jacopone da Todi, but without his delirium. It is usually a tragic ecstasy. In such a poem as "Despised and Rejected," one of the most marvellous religious poems in the language, the reality of the externalized emotion is almost awful; it is scarcely to be read without a shudder. In "Advent," another masterpiece, the ecstasy is of faith—faith triumphant after watching and waiting, after vigils and darkness: a cry from spiritual watch-towers. In all these poems we are led through phase after phase of a devout soul; we find a sequence of keen and brooding moods of religious feeling and meditation; every word burningly real, and from the heart; yet in every word subjected to the keenest artistic scrutiny, the most finished and flawless artistic manipulation. So perfect indeed is the art, that we are seldom distracted by any thought of art at all; it seems as if every word falls spontaneously from the lips, as if no word could possibly have been otherwise; as if it had been felt so, and must therefore have been so expressed. Of course, as a matter of fact, there is nothing more difficult than to give, within the limits of art, a seemingly spontaneous flow to really heart-felt emotions. This is what Miss Rossetti never fails to do; and it should be observed that she does not attain this result by limiting herself either to certain topics of spiritual commonplaces of metrical arrangement. The moods which she renders in her verse are special ones; her metres are very frequently intricate, with much of ingenuity in them, much quaintness, peculiar turns and difficult monotones. Like Donne and like Herbert, in a deep mood she will find place for some quaint conceit, or for what will appear to be a conceit, startling us perhaps by its profound and unthought-of naturalness.

Miss Rossetti's religious attitude is not a joyous or a peaceful one; her verse is alive with the tremors of spiritual conflict, thrilling with the painful tension of ascetic passion, and saddened with what seems an exaggerated humility and self-abasement. The conflict, singularly enough, in this deeply thought and pondered religious poetry, is never with intellectual doubt—all that, the faintest glimmer of its very existence, is utterly absent; but always with self, with "the world" and "the flesh" in a sublimated and immaterial shape. There is, we say, no doubt, no feeling of intellectual hesitation before the difficulties of the Cosmos, but at the same time there is a recurring burden of lamentation over the vanity of things, the swiftness of the way to death, the faithlessness of affection, the relentless pressure of years, finding voice, as in the magnificent paraphrase on Ecclesiastes (the early poem called "A Testimony"), in the two splendid sonnets, "Vanity of Vanities" and "The One Certainty," and, less sadly, in the little lyric masterpiece, "Passing away, saith the world, passing away!" Vanity of vanities! this is the writing which she sees written upon all fair and desirable things; a great shadow or cloud over life, an unceasing remembrancer of the sure end and the great change. We have seen her strange curiosity about the future, the after-death; she can also, like Keats, be "half in love with easeful death," and in such a mood she can sing of nothing so sweetly, so peacefully, with such desire and sympathy, as the narrow grave that takes us and covers us over at last:

"Underneath the growing grass,
Underneath the living flowers,
Deeper than the sound of showers:
There we shall not count the hours
By the shadows as they pass.

"Youth and health will be but vain,
Beauty reckoned of no worth:
There a very little girth
Can hold round what once the earth
Seemed too narrow to contain."

That is how she sings of "The Bourne." Elsewhere we come upon a more serious, also a more humorous, expression of the

same certainty and the same thought of relief; an expression never equalled, surely, in forthright simplicity and pathetically quaint directness of speech :

"UP-HILL."

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

"But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

"Shall I meet the wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

"Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come."

The quiet sadness of these poems of abstract meditation over the vanity of things, passes, when we turn to another well-defined class of poems, into a keener and more heart-moving outcry of sorrow. There is a theme to which Miss Rossetti returns again and again, a theme into which she is able to infuse a more intense feeling than we find in any other but her devotional pieces—that of a heart given sorrowfully over to the memory of a passion spent somehow in vain, disregarded or self-repressed. There is a marvellously affecting expression given in such poems as that named "Twice" to the suppressed bitterness of a disappointed heart, anguish of unuttered passion reaching to a point of ascetic abnegation, a devout frenzy of patience, which is the springing of the bitter seed of hope dead in a fiery martyrdom. In that "masterpiece of ascetic passion," as Dante Rossetti justly called the dramatic lyric entitled "The Convent Threshold," this conception obtains its very finest realization. We meet with nothing like the passion, nothing like the imagination, of this superb poem, save in one or two pieces only of her poetic work. The

romantic feeling, the religious fervour, the personal emotion —all her noblest gifts and qualities, with her very noblest possibilities of style and versification—meet here as one. The passion here is almost fierce. In "Monna Innominata: a Sonnet of Sonnets," the masterpiece of her latest volume, a much quieter, perhaps only a sadder, voice is given to the same cry of the heart. This sonnet-sequence—a comparison of which with the sonnet-sequence of Mrs. Browning she herself has not shrunk from challenging—should and will take its place among the great works in that line, if delicate art, perfect within its limits, wedded to delicately sincere and deep emotion, limited, too, within a certain range—can give it right of admission among the stronger and more varied sequences of Dante and Petrarch, of Mrs. Browning and Rossetti. Technically correct, indeed, these sonnets not always are; yet whatever license appears is shown only in the arrangement of the rhymes, the art being otherwise always perfect, with a sort of calm excellence, a stern and strong and sweet simplicity of phrasing; the last two lines especially of every sonnet being commonly a model of austere fineness of verse. The love of this "unnamed lady," for one between herself and whom there is a barrier, "held sacred by both, yet not such as to render mutual love incompatible with mutual honour," is so finely imagined, so tenderly and exquisitely expressed, as to add a new grace, almost a new capacity, to the art of love. With all its intensity of feeling, there is a nobility, a holiness, about this love, which holds itself above even endearments, which has no mouth for laughter or kisses. Self-repression and self-abnegation keep down its heart, a dignified prisoner behind very real bars.

In a world which wears chiefly an aspect of gloom for her, which is tragical in its earnestness when it is not tragical in its pain or passion, there are still for Miss Rossetti, as for all sane and healthy spirits in however dark a world, two elements of pure joy, two eternal comforters—Nature and children. There are poets who have attempted to read into Nature, when they turned away from the world and their own hearts, all the trouble and disquietude, the passion and hope and fear of human existence. Narcissus gazing into the

water, and seeing only his own face looking back into himself—a worn and wearied face, from which he never can get free; this type, very much that of Dante Rossetti, is as far as possible from answering to his sister. To Miss Rossetti Nature is always a relief, an escape; certain aspects she responds to with a peculiarly exhilarating joyousness. It is always the calm aspects of natural things, and chiefly *growing* Nature, that call out her sympathy and delight. What we call scenery she never refers to; nor to mountains, nor often to the sea. But nowhere in poetry can we get such lovingly minute little pictures of flowers, and corn, and birds, and animals; of the seasons—spring particularly. She delights in just such things as are the delight of a child; her observation is, as of set purpose, very usually that of a thoughtful and observant child. Her masque of months, the "Pageant," which names her latest volume, is full of happy fancy and childlike interest and pleasure in the seasons and their gifts; the poem is not indeed among her best, but it is like a day in the country to read it: it has all the smell of flowers and fruit. For playful minuteness—extraordinarily minute, yet how entirely poetical in minuteness—it would be difficult to excel the poem named "A Twilight Calm," and as difficult to excel it in tone and colour and atmosphere, in qualities technically idyllic. "A Year's Windfalls" adds a new catalogue of the months, very clever and true, often very quaint and very charming—her references to birds are always accurate and beautiful; and "Freaks of Fashion," a child's jingle about birds and their costumes, is laughably true to Nature.

Children, we must remember, especially very small children, play a great part in the world of Miss Rossetti's poetry. They have, indeed, a book all to themselves, one of the loveliest books in the language, comparable with nothing that has gone before it, and touched, in its own realm, by nothing before it or since, save only the divinest of the *Songs of Innocence*. *Sing Song: a Nursery Rhyme-book*, illustrated with pictures, almost equal to the poems, by Arthur Hughes, makes a very little book for all its hundred and twenty poems of pictures; but its covers contain a lyric treasure such as few books, small or great, can

boast of. It used to be thought a slight and unimportant thing to have written children's songs or children's stories: we are getting beyond that delusion, and beginning to see that children's art is a vastly important matter, that it is by no means easy work to do, and that it can be done as well, from a purely artistic point of view, as the art which appeals to grown-up people. Who can tell how many times we should need to multiply the imagination shown in the portentous *She*, to find the imagination required for a single chapter of *The Cuckoo Clock*; and who would not give twenty *Epics of Hades* for the little volume of *Sing-Song?* Such poetry evades analysis; we could as easily dissect a butterfly's wing. It is simply a child's mood, a child's fancies and ideas set to song; with grave touches and tones of sudden seriousness here and there among the blithe April weather of its little world, like the voice of a wise elder who is still a child at heart, and among children.

What renders these little songs so precious is their pure singing quality—what Mr. Arnold calls the "lyrical cry"; and the same quality appears in a really large number of exquisite lyrics scattered throughout Miss Rossetti's volumes; some of them being, perhaps, in the most ethereal and quintessential elements of song, the most perfect we have had since Shelley, whom she resembles also in her free but flawless treatment of rhythm. The peculiar charm of these songs is as distinct and at the same time as immaterial and indescribable as a perfume. They are fresh with the freshness of dewy grass, or, in their glowing brightness, like a dewdrop turned by the sun into a prism. Thoughtfulness passing into intention, thoughtfulness that broods as well as sees, and has, like shadowed water, its mysterious depths; this, joined to an extreme yet select simplicity of phrase and a clear and liquid melody of verse—as spontaneous apparently in its outflow as a lark's trill—seems, as far as we can seize the idea, to lie at the root of her lyric art: a careful absence of emphasis, a subdued colour and calculated vagueness, aid often in giving its particular tone to one of her songs—songs, as a rule, enshrining an almost scentless flower of sentiment.

"Love, strong as death, is dead;
Come, let us make his bed
Among the dying flowers;
A green turf at his head,
And a stone at his feet,
Whereon we may sit
In the quiet evening hours.

"He was born in the spring,
And died before the harvesting;
On the last warm summer day
He left us; he would not stay
For autumn twilight cold and grey.
Sit we by his grave and sing,
He is gone away.

"To few chords and sad and low
Sing we so;
Be our eyes fixed on the grass,
Shadow-veiled as the years pass,
While we think of all that was
In the long ago."

That is "An End"; and it is but one among many, one not being fairer than its fellows. "Dreamland," with its glowing serenity; "Spring Quiet," worthy of Blake, with its wood-notes as of birds in the heaven of green trees; "Summer," with its dainty humour; "Beauty is Vain," and "Passing and Glassing," a quaint couple, with their old-world air; nameless little "Songs"; a bevy of fantastic, unreal, inexplicable yet attractive little pieces—"Maiden Song," "A Peal of Bells," for example—shifting pictures woven by fireflies in a southern night, fioriture round what we can hardly call a note—scroll-work, one might say, or arabesque, existing only in and for itself; these, and such as these, rise before the eyes of our memory, and will not be passed over. Then, in a somewhat graver and more measured strain, with less tilt, more body, and always with a touch of wonderful suggestiveness, there is a little company of small poems into which Miss Rossetti has put her own individual quality, her finest self, as completely as into any. "A Pause of Thought," "Fata Morgana," "Mirage," "Somewhere or Other," and "An Apple Gathering" (which is virtually an idyl): these poems—and

others could no doubt be added—are distinguished by a certain quality which we shall find but seldom elsewhere: in some of the lyrics and sonnets of Stecchetti we do perhaps find a faint something of it—thought which is half sentiment, one might term it, or sentiment which is half thought. Without ever working up to the final clench of an epigram, there is, in the closing lines of most of these poems, a quiet yet significant suggestiveness, in the mere fall of a cadence perhaps, which has all the conclusiveness, the satisfying finish, of the old-fashioned epigram—with how greatly superior a charm, an art, a harmony! Nothing in Miss Rossetti's work is more perfect than these little poems: satisfying as is all her work, these poems perhaps affect us with a keener sense of satisfaction than any others:

"A blue-eyed phantom far before
Is laughing, leaping toward the sun:
Like lead I chase it evermore,
I pant and run.

"It breaks the sunlight bound on bound:
Goes singing, as it leaps along
To sheep-bells with a dreamy sound,
A dreamy song.

"I laugh, it is so brisk and gay:
It is so far before, I weep:
I hope I shall lie down some day,
Lie down and sleep."

That "Fata Morgana," certainly not the least exquisite of them all—what indeed could be more delicately worked on a finer texture?—may stand very well to represent the whole class. Its finished workmanship is not the only one of its merits.

Finished workmanship, as we said at the outset, we find in practically every poem, and workmanship of such calm and even excellence that it is not at first sight we are made aware of the extremely original, thoughtful, and intense nature which throbs so harmoniously beneath it. Even in a poem so full of sorrow and wrath and indignation as the almost matchless lyric on the German-French campaign, "To-day for Me"—a poem that seems written with a pen dipped in the

hot tears of France—no surge of personal feeling disturbs the calm assurance of the rhythm, the solemn reiterance of the tolling burden of rhyme. Indeed, the more deeply or delicately felt the emotion, the more impressive or exquisite, very often, is the art. At the same time, poems like "To-day for Me" are the exception, by no means the rule, in Miss Rossetti's poetry. Something altogether less emphatic must be sought for, if we are anxious to find the type, the true representative, of this mystic and remote, yet homely and simple, genius; seeing so deeply into things of the spirit and of Nature, overshadowed always with something of a dark imminence of gloom, yet with so large a capacity for joy and simple pleasure; an autumnal muse perhaps, but the muse certainly of an autumn going down towards winter, with the happy light still on it of a past, or but now scarcely passing, summer.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY.

Clark's Foreign Theological Library. Commentary on St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. By F. GODET. Translated by Rev. A. CUSIN, M.A.

System of the Christian Certainty. Vol. I. By Dr. F. H. R. FRANK. Translated by Rev. M. J. EVANS, B.A. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark.

THIS new issue affords us a welcome opportunity again to call attention to a series which has rendered inestimable service to British theology. We hope that new aspirants to the favour of theological students will not be allowed to thrust an old friend into the shade. No other series will compare with the Edinburgh one in the length and regularity of its issues, in the reasonableness of its terms and, we think, in the richness of its contributions to theological literature. The publishers have now made the series still more accessible to the public. Formerly, back volumes could only be had in sets of twenty volumes at subscription price; now, eight volumes can be so had from the works published before 1883. The list from which selection may be made includes the works of Delitzsch, Dorner, Godet, Haupt, Hengstenberg, Keil, Lange, Martensen, Oehler, Neander, Olshausen, Philippi, Stier, Schmid, Tholuck, Christlieb, Luthardt, Shedd, all names worthy the attention of theological students. If in a very few recent instances there has been some reason for complaint, both as to the works and the translators selected, there is no such reason in the present instance. Godet's new commentary on the Corinthians is marked by all the excellencies which make his former works so valuable—accurate knowledge, high conscientiousness, beauty of style and fine feeling for the inner spirit of the apostle's teaching. He is somewhat angry with the English reviewers who complain of his "defective criticism of the text." This, he thinks, "means at bottom that I am wrong in not fully adhering to the critical theory and practice of Westcott and Hort. I respect and admire as much as any one the immense labour of these

two critics; but it is impossible for me to accept, without reserve, the result at which they have arrived. Exegesis has too often convinced me of the mistakes of the Sinaiticus and Vaticanus, taken separately or even together, to allow me to give myself up with eyes bandaged to these manuscripts, as the esteemed authors whom I have just named think themselves bound to do." Not to criticize the last remark, Dr. Godet is quite mistaken in supposing that the two English critics are unchallenged authorities. Dean Burgon would tell him a different story. The Corinthian epistles deal, not with doctrine, like the Romans, but with the miscellaneous details of practical church life. Incidentally the apostle's treatment of them involves general principles of universal application. To bring out this universal side of Paul's teaching is a work of no ordinary delicacy, which Dr. Godet fully appreciates and rises to. We commend students to his safe and genial guidance.

Dr. Frank's is a work of an altogether different character. Its aim is nothing less than to effect a complete revolution in the grounds of Christian certainty, and the methods of Christian argument. Starting from the individual consciousness of sin, regeneration and hope of perfection, the author works his way, or tries to work his way, ontwards and upwards to the causes of this change in God and Christ. The attempt is a daring one. It would build the certainty of God's existence and character, of Christ's work, of eternal life, on individual experience as a self-evident fact. The theory can only be even tentatively worked out by hard-headed reasoning, and of this the work before us is a marvellous example. An easy work it is not. It is a hard nut to crack, but the nut is worth cracking. It is well that the difficulty of the subject and of the author's abstract style is not increased by the translator, who is equal to his task. We only wish he had allowed himself a slight latitude of expansion. The translation of the first volume only occupies a few more pages than the original, a remarkable testimony to the translator's condensed style. A little more plasticity would have helped the reader. We should have omitted the "the" in the title and made a few other changes of detail. The title of the first part is "Die christliche Gewissheit in ihrem auf sich selbst beruhenden Wesen," which is rendered, "The Christian certainty in its central character. "Central" is ambiguous. The meaning would be better expressed by "Christian certainty considered in itself," or "considered absolutely." The contrast is with "Christian certainty in relation to the objects of faith, both immanent and transcendent," the subject of the second part, and then in relation to the temporary or mediatory objects of faith and to the objects of natural life, which are the subjects of the third and fourth parts. Rationalism, Pantheism, Criticism, Materialism, are discussed as the negations of these four positions of doctrine. The plan of the work is a remarkable specimen of organic construction. There is no intimation on the title-page, although there is at the end of the volume, that there is a second volume to follow.

Future Retribution, viewed in the Light of Reason and Revelation. By C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. London: William Isbister.

There is no greater desideratum in our days than a competent, well-considered work dealing with the Scripture teaching on a future state under all its aspects, apart from preconceived opinion and theory. The question is burdening many hearts. Some seek refuge from perplexity in theories which, if they should largely prevail, would seriously modify other great doctrines. We had hoped that Mr. Row's work would do something towards supplying the want. Although his previous writings are not free from questionable features, their tendency on the whole is in the right direction. We are sorry to be compelled to think that the tendency of the present work is distinctly in the wrong one. Of course all the reasons which make a suitable work desirable make an unsuitable one undesirable. We are not insensible to the merits of the present volume. It is distinguished by the strenuous, solid qualities of style which we should expect from the author; its range of view is comprehensive; some of the cognate topics introduced are ably handled. But the main result is painfully disappointing. What is the outcome of the author's discussion? Probation after death in the broadest and vaguest sense; so far as we can discover, no finality of judgment; much more said for conditional immortality and universalism than against them, though neither is accepted, and both cannot be true. And this is represented as the only possible conclusion deducible from a complete survey of Scripture teaching. According to our author, Scripture neither reveals nor presupposes anything definite as to the future destiny of the righteous and wicked. We are told again and again that the sum and substance of Scripture revelation is the doctrine of the divine attributes; these are the only or the chief things plainly revealed, and they are our sole tests of any doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Of course no revealed doctrine on this or any subject can be inconsistent with the divine character; but that character is one thing, our interpretation of it and its relations is another.

We distrust Mr. Row's conclusion, because we profoundly distrust the method by which it is reached. The method is a course of elaborate, we had almost said ruthless, minimizing. If it is wrong to read meanings into texts, it is equally wrong to read them out, to reduce words to the baldest, most rigid literalism, looking neither before nor after, allowing nothing whatever for reflection, for play or development of thought, to say nothing of divine inspiration and the divine help promised to sincere believers. To rule all this out of court with the dictum, "It is not in the text," would be a strange canon to apply to any writing, and it is passing strange as applied to Scripture.

Let us test Mr. Row's method in reference to two of the cognate topics which he discusses—the doctrine of Immortality in the Old Testament and the

doctrine of the Fall. As to the former, Mr. Row finds it almost entirely absent. The most he seems to allow is that in "a few specific Psalms the authors express a hope that they will enjoy a blissful existence after death." The strongest declaration is Ps. xvi., which "sets forth the brightest hopes for its author beyond the grave;" but this is quite exceptional. "The contrast between this book (of Psalms) and any book of hymns in general use in any section of the Christian Church is remarkable." How is this proved? In the method already indicated, by refusing to look beyond isolated texts and the bare meaning of words, and by dismissing the strongest passages with a reference to some difficulties of interpretation. Observe the treatment of Job xix. 23–29. This passage receives very scant notice in comparison with less important passages. "From this variety of translations the natural inference is that the meaning must be extremely obscure." The only change resulting from "variety of translations" is in reference to a bodily resurrection, which is a very different thing from the idea of a future state. As the doctrine of immortality was held by the Egyptians, Mr. Row is obliged to say that "Moses must have deliberately excluded it from the sanctions on which his legislation rested"—*i.e.*, "if the whole of the Pentateuch is Mosaic." He also admits that the doctrine existed in perfect form in the Maccabæan age. Is it according to the law of development that doctrines should leap into existence fully formed? "Brought to light," in 2 Tim. i. 10, really means "illustrated." The truth is that the doctrine is one of those tacit elements which underlie all religious faith, like the bodily and mental functions which go on unconsciously. Where is it stated in the Thirty-nine Articles? As to the Fall, Mr. Row cannot find it in the Bible at all. The classical passage, Rom. v. 12–21, which seems to us perfectly intelligible, or at least as intelligible as anything in Paul's writings, is pronounced hopelessly obscure. It is a mere piece of Rabbinical refinement. "These obscurities must have been the result of his training in the Rabbinical schools in which he had been educated, and of the imperfection of the modes of reasoning adopted in them; yet there have not been wanting those who have ascribed them to the direct dictation of the Divine Spirit. Surely it is inconceivable that he can be the author of obscurities either in thought or style." Comment is needless. We rub our eyes and read over again the ninth of the Thirty-nine Articles. And yet Mr. Row admits the terrible fact of inherited evil. "That man is born with innate tendencies to evil, and in a great majority of cases into surroundings suited to develop them, is an unquestionable fact, and one which is recognized by several writers of the Old Testament and by every writer of the New; but respecting the mode in which these tendencies to evil have originated, and the law which regulates the surroundings into which a man is born, both reason and revelation are alike silent." Extraordinary! If "Revelation" has nothing to say as to the origin of the fundamental facts of man's moral life, what does it reveal? What is it worth?

Universal Christian faith has attached special importance to the passages beginning with "Thus saith the Lord." Even lax theorizers on inspiration

have conceded that such passages are inspired. Mr. Row says: "A cursory perusal of the Old Testament is sufficient to prove that it was the custom of these early ages to ascribe everything which we now attribute to second causes to the direct and immediate agency of God." Modern believers recognize second causes, but they do not on this account preface utterances of their own with "Thus saith the Lord."

Other equally astonishing positions might be quoted. We only remark that on such principles not a single doctrine of Christianity could be proved or learnt from Scripture. If our conceptions of the divine character and attributes are our only guide to truth, the sole value of Scripture is in its teaching on the divine character, and three-fourths of its contents are so much surplusage. We forbear to discuss Mr. Row's examination of the special subject of his work. We are sure that such principles and methods of interpretation applied to the teaching of Christ and the Apostles, to New Testament terms and ideas, can never lead to truth. Take only a brief reference or two. Of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, Mr. Row says: "It seems impossible that the imagery can have been intended to be descriptive of the realities of the unseen world." Then what does it describe? We are not told. One of the reasons given for this extraordinary exposition is, "Concerning those realities the New Testament is elsewhere profoundly silent." The treatment of Matt. xxv. 31–46 is even more wild and arbitrary. Because figurative expressions occur, the whole passage has no meaning. We are sorry to have to say it, but we are speaking mildly when we say that if a more unsettling book exists we do not know it.

The Growth of Church Institutions. By the Rev. EDWIN HATCH, M.A., D.D., Reader in Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. 1887.

In Dr. Hatch's famous *Bampton Lectures* he dealt with the development of Church organization during the early centuries, omitting the first. In this book he endeavours to explain the growth of "the apparently wide differences between the primitive and the modern forms of some Christian institutions." It is a study for a larger canvas, being intended to outline the plan of "a more elaborate work, which the writer has for some time had in preparation." It is clear, simple, and unpretending, designed less for scholars than for general readers. But it is a summary of much learned and profound research and inquiry. It shows, in brief outline, "the historical circumstances under which some of the more provincial institutions of modern Christianity came to exist, and which form the justification of their existence." It indicates also on what principle and in what direction they may best be reformed, when they stand in evident need of reformation. The learned author gives us in succession the history of "the diocese" in its growth and development, of the diocesan bishop, the fixed tenure of the parish priest, the benefice, the

parish tithes and their distribution, of the metropolitan, of national churches, the canonical rule, the cathedral chapter, the chapter and the diocese, the chancel. His book is throughout anti-divine-right and anti-high-church, in its broad Anglicanism. One sentence, in quoting which we shall close this notice, will suffice to indicate what is the spirit of the whole volume. "The great mediæval institution of national Churches claims our respect as an instrument of spiritual good in the past, and the particular Church to which we belong claims also our allegiance as the instrument with which God has appointed us to work in the present; but the sacredness of the institution attaches not so much to the fact of its existence as to the spirit which prompts its members, nor can it be shown that any blessing rests upon it which does not also rest upon all congregations of 'two or three' who are gathered together in the name of Christ."

The Charter of Christianity: an Examination in the Light of Modern Criticism of our Blessed Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and its Ethical Precepts compared with the Best Moral Teaching of the Ancient World. By the Rev. ANDREW TAIT, D.D., LL.D., Rector of Moylough, Co. Galway. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

A careful, reverent, and most complete exposition of our Lord's great discourse. Perhaps some may think that compression might have been studied here and there, that more might have been left to the reader's reflection. But the author has ordinary readers as well as critical students in view, and his work meets the wants of both. Various readings, the thread of thought, the meaning of particular words and phases, practical lessons, are all considered. See, for example, the argument in favour of "age" instead of "stature," in ch. vi. 27 (p. 484). At the head of each paragraph the original is given, and then a new translation. The writer is strongly conservative in his leanings, as in his defence of the Doxology in the Lord's Prayer, and the criticism of the reviser's alterations in the form of the prayer given in St. Luke. He speaks too strongly when he says, "It must be extremely difficult to suppose that this disjointed, emasculated form was ever, by any possibility, the model prayer prescribed by him, whose way and work are always perfect. Except upon authority amounting to moral certainty, no man, or body of men, however high their position or attainments, should venture to disfigure the form of prayer dictated and enjoined by our Great Master." The author shows no little skill, while preserving his independence, in laying under tribute ancient and modern commentators. Some of Augustine's pregnant sayings are to be found on every second page, such as, "Non fratri irascitur, qui peccato fratris irascitur; Though God has promised forgiveness to those who repent, he has not promised repentance to those

who sin; Dilige, et fac quod vules; Libera me a me. Libera me ab homine malo, a meipso." The newly discovered *Didachè* is often used to support the author's positions. Minor mistakes are Theophylact, "1070 A.D." (p. 408), Lange always printed "Langé." Amen spoken of as a "monosyllable" (p. 424). The work is evidently no hasty one, but the fruit of much thought and toil, and is full of edification.

Atonement and Law; or, Redemption in Harmony with Law as Revealed in Nature. By JOHN M. ARMOUR.

Authorship of the "Four Gospels from a Lawyer's Point of View: External Evidences." By WILLIAM MARVIN. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1886.

Two small American books of considerable worth. The first one, dealing with the philosophy of atonement, is the work of a clear, powerful reasoner, and is strongly to be recommended. The first part discusses the nature of law in general, and contains much sound sense and philosophy and strong writing. We wish every one understood as well as the author the meaning of the term "natural law" (p. 34), and the function of "conscience" (p. 78). Conscience does not make law; it simply administers. "The too prevalent notion that conscience has power such as would be fitly represented by eyes of such marvellous power that they could not merely see, but could furnish the light by which they were able to see, and not only so, but could furnish the objects to be seen, is sufficiently absurd." The author is severe on the latest modern substitute for God, "the nature of things," the veriest abstraction. He justly compares it to Nebuchadnezzar's golden image. "Space and duration" are the new plain of Dura. "Axioms, truths," &c., are the material. "The best modern thought" is the artificer (p. 67) We can only mention the positions which the author seeks to establish in the second part. These are—"No Salvation without Atonement," "No Atonement by the Violation of Law," "Substitution Normal by Law," "Substitution Obedience to Law." The proof of these positions goes far towards proving the thesis of the book, that atonement is not opposed to, but according to law. Any lowering of, or dispensing with, moral law, is not to be thought of.

The argument of the second work is conducted in legal form. The evidence of each witness—Apostolic Fathers, Justin, Irenæus, *Teaching of the Apostles*—is given in full. Brief remarks are made on each witness, and lastly the evidence is summed up, the verdict being left to the readers. The fact that the writer is not a professional critic has some advantages. He is free from prepossession, and is committed to no theory. Both the summary of the evidence and the conduct of the argument are excellent, and calculated to do good service.

The Student's Handbook of Christian Theology. By the Rev. B. FIELD. New Edition, with extensive Additions by the Rev. J. C. SYMONS. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

"Field's Handbook" is a book sufficiently well known to most of our readers, and as 24,000 copies of it have been sold, it needs no commendation to the public. We wish mainly to draw attention to the fact that the Rev. J. C. Symons, of the Australasian Conference, a friend of the late Mr. Field, has brought out a new edition with considerable additions, fitting the work for the needs of the day. The twenty years that have elapsed since this Handbook was first published have brought many changes. Theological controversy has to some extent changed its character, and topics which Mr. Field passed but lightly over have been found to need fuller and more careful treatment. Mr. Symons' additions are chiefly in the earlier part of the book, in the chapters which deal with the existence of God, His nature and attributes, the various forms of anti-theistic belief, revelation and inspiration of the Scriptures; as well as in the chapter on Creation, where a full account is given of the "Modern Theory of Evolution." In parts of the book Mr. Symons has appended copious notes, which display wide and careful reading, and distinctly add to the value of the work as a textbook.

We need hardly add a recommendation of a book whose popularity has proved that it met a wide-spread want. The one danger in the use of it by young students has been lest they should allow it to save them the trouble of thinking for themselves. By using Mr. Symons' enlarged edition they will often be set thinking, whether they will or no; and a fair use of the whole book as a guide to the intelligent study of the Scriptures cannot but be beneficial every way.

A Manual of Christian Doctrine. By the Rev. J. S. BANKS. London: T. Woolmer. 1887.

This work, from the pen of the Theological Tutor at Headingley College, Leeds, is admirably conceived and proportioned, and excellently done. The little book is full of the results of wide and deep theological learning, gathered from many and distant fields, perfectly mastered, and clearly and elegantly expressed. It is a compendium of Christian doctrine as taught by Wesleyan Methodists, and though too brief for the mature divine, will be very useful, not only to the inquirer, the beginner, and the local preacher, but as a suggestive outline to advanced students of theology. We wish the index were more complete; especially we should hope that in a new edition, instead of two or three Wesleyan authorities indexed, Mr. Banks will index all whom he has found worth citing. There are also a few minor and incidental inaccuracies to be corrected.

Cur Deus Homo? Why God Became Man? By ANSELM, Archbishop of Canterbury. Translated: with an Introduction, Analysis, and Notes. By EDWARD S. PROUT, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

This is the first volume of a *Christian Classics Series* in which the enterprising Committee of the Religious Tract Society hope to publish from time to time some of the masterpieces of theology. They have been well advised to begin with Anselm. His great treatise is luminous in style, and deals with the supreme question of theology. Even the discussions as to the restoration of evil spirits, and the strange passage in which the Archbishop shows why the Father could not become incarnate, add interest to the study of this chain of argument. A helpful analysis is added with some good notes. We heartily commend this attractive little volume to all students of English theology. It is crisp in style and is a true help to faith.

How to Study the English Bible. By R. B. GIRDLESTONE, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1887.

Mr. Girdlestone has prepared a helpful handbook, which in nine short chapters conveys much useful information about the Bible, and gives many sensible counsels for devout readers. There is nothing original or striking in the volume, but it is suggestive and compendious. It cannot fail especially to help young Christians. To such we heartily commend it.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Very Rev. H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., D.D., Dean of Gloucester, and by the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. *Isaiah.* Vol. II. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1887.

This portion of *The Pulpit Commentary*, it will be remembered, has for the exposition and homiletics the aid of Canon Rawlinson, while the homilies are done by four able writers. We gave our judgment of the work of this portion in noticing the first volume on Isaiah. The present volume is, we need hardly say, not of inferior interest to the former. The result of our examination is to show that, of all the great series of volumes in this commentary, the present is one of the highest value and importance. The homilies, we may add, are by the Rev. Professor E. Johnson, W. M. Statham, W. Clarkson, and R. Tuck.

Introduction to the Catholic Epistles. By PATIN J. GLOAG, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

On the same lines and marked by the same sober, solid characteristics as the author's *Introduction to the Pauline Epistles*, the work is not exegetical,

but introductory to exegesis, discussing such external questions as authenticity, authorship, design, readers addressed, time and place, special peculiarities of style and contents. A remarkable feature in it is the fulness with which the different views taken by different writers are given. The bewilderment which such minute detail often produces is avoided by the careful classification of the views and authors referred to. The amount of labour involved in this part of the work alone is very great. No writer of importance is omitted. The author's own opinions are moderately and intelligently conservative. As to the identity of St. James, he concludes "that the preponderance of evidence is in favour of the opinion that James was the real brother of our Lord, being the son of Mary and Joseph." Dr. Plumptre, it will be remembered, takes the same view, with the qualifying remark, "that the language used is not incompatible with the view that they were the children of Joseph by a previous marriage." Dr. Gloag dismisses this qualification as savouring too much of a makeshift to avoid difficulties. The discussion to which 2 Peter has given rise is amply and clearly described, the balance of evidence being held to be in favour of authenticity. The dissertations on special questions are among the most interesting and valuable portions of the work. "The Pauline and Jacobean Views of Justification, Peter's Residence in Rome, The Book of Enoch," are among the topics thus handled. "The Eschatology of Peter," in which 1 Peter iii. 18–20 comes up for examination, is one of the best of these essays. This essay, and the preceding one on "Petrine Theology," closely approach the type of the German monographs under the name of *Lehrbegriff*. The author indeed is thoroughly steeped in German Introduction and Exegesis, and gives us the gist of much reading and study in this wide field, and, it is needless to say, gives it in a much more intelligible and pleasant style than the original writers. Even Homer nods, and "Such a comparison of words and phrases as are (!) there made" (p. 222) is a slip of the pen.

St. Paul the Author of the Last Twelve Verses of the Second Gospel. By H. H. EVANS, B.A., late Vicar of Mapperley. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1886.

The reasoning by which the writer supports his suggestion is marked by much acuteness and ingenuity. He first tries to show, from the contents of the passage, that its author was acquainted with the Septuagint, that he was a Gentile Christian, wrote for Gentile Christians at Rome in the apostolic age, and must have possessed apostolic authority. He then points out a close connection between the passage and St. Luke's Gospel and Acts, and between St. Luke and Paul. His suggestion certainly has some show of probability on its side; but how much, it is not easy to say. The passage is too short, and the number of characteristic points too small to allow of any confident inference being drawn. The brief essay deserves consideration.

The Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction, Notes, and Maps. Chapters I.–XII. By THOMAS M. LINDSAY, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

This neat and cheap volume belongs to Messrs. Clark's timely and helpful *Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students.* The notes are suggestive, clear and scholarly, though not overweighted with discussions of obscure historical questions. An admirable introduction deals with the salient features of the Gospel, comparing it with the other Gospels. It is a capital commentary which may be heartily commended to young students. Dr. Lindsay has wisely taken the analyses of our Lord's discourses from Godet's great commentary.

Lectures on the Epistles to the Ephesians: its Doctrine and Ethics. By R. W. DALE, M.A., LL.D. Third Edition. Birmingham. 1887.

We are greatly pleased to find another edition of Dr. Dale's excellent lectures called for. They need no commendation of ours, or they should have it.

Moses: his Life and Times. By CANON RAWLINSON. London: Nisbet & Co.

This is one of the *Men of the Bible Series.* It is, as might be expected, admirably done, its author being perhaps the greatest English master of ancient, or at least of ancient Oriental, history. The writing itself is unaffectedly good, and holds the interest of the reader easily but strongly throughout. We could not lay it down—having a Sunday's enforced leisure—till we had gone through it.

Fragmentary Records of Jesus of Nazareth. By F. R. WYNNE, M.A., Canon of Christ Church, Dublin. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

This comparatively slight work presents in outline a very valuable argument in defence of Christianity. The title hardly shows with sufficient clearness the object of the book—viz., to found upon the four unquestioned Epistles of St. Paul an argument for the truth of the Christian religion, quite independent of the narratives of the life of Christ contained in the Evangelists. Canon Wynne's argument, of course, is not new, but he presents it with great clearness, simplicity, and force; and there is little doubt that the book will be of value to the minds of many perplexed with controversies, and probably to some whose faith has been shaken or even overthrown. The undesigned nature of the references made in St. Paul's letters, implying, as they do, certain

doctrinal presumptions as matters of course, causes the argument thus propounded to present points of similarity to that of the *Horæ Paulinæ*. We can heartily recommend the book as an unpretending but valuable contribution to Christian Evidences.

1. *Help on the Way.* By the Rev. J. S. SHIELDS, D.D., Vicar of Corlock, Ireland. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

2. *Godliness and Manliness.* A Miscellany of Brief Papers touching the Relation of Religion and Life. By J. W. DIGGLE, M.A., Vicar of Mossley Hill, Liverpool. London: Macmillan & Co.

These two volumes are not unlike in their miscellaneous contents and practical aim. The first one consists of twenty sermons without texts on questions of practical religious life, such as, Is Prayer Answered? Thought and No Thought, Toleration and Unfaithfulness, True and False Progress, God's Providence and Man's Responsibility, Chastisement and Punishment. It is marked by strong sense, and is clearly and pleasantly written. On every subject the author tries to find and keep the golden mean between two possible extremes. There is nothing startling or extravagant, and not much perhaps that is striking; but we do not live on the startling and striking. Thus, "toleration is not the supposition that all opinions are right, that error of opinion makes no difference if a man means well, nor a name for laziness, cowardice, and unfaithfulness. It recognizes human infallibility" (a misprint for fallibility) "and error. It is the desire to reach after fuller harmony." We are surprised however that, in the sermon on Atonement and Forgiveness, so sound a writer denies that there is any reconciliation of God, on the ground that the idea makes the Father "the personification of infinite wrath." The author fails to distinguish between personal and judicial anger. Besides, what is meant by the reconciliation of God to man is affirmed in the ideas of propitiation and satisfaction, which Dr. Shields states very fully and strongly on p. 121.

Mr. Diggle's work is very practical, helpful, and suggestive, and so answers its purpose. The papers are of various degrees of brevity, ranging from a single page to several pages. While the subjects are miscellaneous, they have a certain unity, since they bear on the relations of religion and conduct. The work reminds us somewhat of Hare's *Guesses at Truth*, and even of Arthur Helps. The Fidelity of Woman, the Nervousness of Courage, The Educational Value of Miracles, Besetting Sins, Jesus Wept, Some Perils of Doing Good exclusively among the Poor, may serve as examples of the topics. The sentiment is always healthy and strong. Several papers are inserted on questions suggested by Butler's *Analogy*, "in the earnest expectation of awakening a desire for the study of that great, classic, faith-sustaining work." The work is admirably suited for reading by the way.

Sundays at Balmoral. Sermons preached before Her Majesty the Queen in Scotland. By the late Very Rev. JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., LL.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1887.

This volume, with the excellent portrait of Principal Tulloch given as its frontispiece, will make many devout readers understand the warm affection which Her Majesty cherished for her Scotch Chaplain. There is nothing meretricious or showy in these sermons. They work out one or two main thoughts with great clearness, with some freshness, and with constant resignation and hopefulness. They are both suggestive and profitable. Those who are troubled by the problems of life will do well to read these manly words. "Christ and the Higher Nature" shows how humanity has "taken a new beauty and the world a new glory in the light of Christ." "The Past and the Future" will act like a tonic for those who are suffering life to lose that attitude of hopefulness and aspiration which must ever be characteristic of the Christian. A sentence on p. 39 needs revision: "It is often the nature of special endowments which sets one man above another man, or makes one teacher more powerful than another, to fail and vanish away." We should also challenge the statement on p. 101, as to "vanity of vanities" being the words of Scripture only in its literary decadence, "when the old prophetic spirit of Scripture had lost its power."

The Attraction of the Cross, and other Sermons. By the Rev. A. FÜRST, D.D. London: Dickinson. 1887.

These sermons are mostly on Gospel subjects. They are brief, simple, and evangelical. As far as we have observed, the treatment is usually ordinary and unpretending; some would say commonplace. But the important subjects handled speak for themselves, and the preacher's remarks are pertinent, often pointed and effective. The preacher moves himself under the "Attraction of the Cross," as these sermons abundantly testify.

The Verily, Verilys of Christ. By the Rev. J. H. ROGERS, M.A., Chaplain of Holy Trinity, Pau. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1887.

Mr. Rogers maintains in the introduction to these spiritual and profitable discourses, that "a careful study of these twenty-five sayings and their context leads to the impression that, instead of being isolated or accidental, they form together a complete and connected whole, embracing, through a gradual but clear progression, a complete scheme of Christian doctrine, and giving us step by step the outlines of the teaching which we read about Christ and His Church." This is rather fantastic, but the brief sermonettes are excellent, simple, clear, and helpful.

My Later Ministry: being Sermons, &c. By RICHARD ROBERTS. London: T. Woolmer. 1887.

Mr. Roberts appeals to a large constituency in this neat volume of sermons. For more than forty years the author has been one of the best-known Methodist ministers. Few congregations have not welcomed him as an occasional preacher during these busy years. The characteristics of his style are well reproduced here. The sermons are full of Scripture illustrations, suggestive, solid, and fused by true Christian concern for the souls of men. We have read with interest sermons, the memory of which our friends have often lingered pleasantly over during the last twenty years. Scores of readers will revive such memories as they turn over these devout and helpful discourses. The charge to the newly ordained ministers, so happy in its choice of texts, is an admirable picture of the function of the pulpit. The valedictory address to the students at Westminster and Southlands Training Colleges is everything that such an address ought to be—graceful, loving, and inspiring. No one should fail to read this beautiful charge to day-school workers. We trust that the warm welcome given to these sermons and charges may move Mr. Roberts to publish the other volumes which he hopes to issue, entitled *My Early Ministry* and *My Closing Ministry*.

1. *Links of Loving Kindness.* Words of Hope and Consolation for the Flock of Christ. By the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A.
2. *The Bells of St. Peter's.* By the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A.
3. *Clouds Cleared.* A Few Hard Subjects of New Testament Teaching Explained. By the Rev. CLAUDE SMITH BIRD, M.A.
4. *Allured to Brighter Worlds; or Words to the Young.* By the Rev. R. H. BRENAN, M.A.
5. *Light on the Christian's Daily Path.* Compiled from the Unpublished Letters of ANNE LUTTON. Edited by the Rev. ANTHONY S. WEBB, M.A.
6. *Himself.* By CARRIE S. MATTHEWS.
7. *Treasure Trove.* Extracts from Unpublished Letters and Bible Notes. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1886.

1. Mr. Everard writes in a style that will help all who prize books of

devotional reading. The topics treated are full of consolation; which the writer does not fail to bring clearly out.

2. *The Bells of St. Peter* will be useful as a book to put into the hands of those who are not decided Christians. It is pleasant reading, and also deals impressively with solemn facts.

3. Mr. Bird's brief papers on difficult points of New Testament Teaching discuss subjects like the Trial and Approval of Character, the Real Nature of the Witness of Adoption, &c. They are thoughtful and suggestive. Bible students will be grateful for such help.

4. *Allured to Brighter Worlds* is a series of fifteen sermonettes for the young, which cover a wide field of Christian teaching. They are well suited to win both ear and heart.

5. Miss Lutton's biography made many readers familiar with a Bristol Wesleyan of rare linguistic skill, and piety much rarer still. Mr. Webb's little volume, compiled from her correspondence, deserves a welcome from all such readers. The extracts are crisp, and full of devout thought.

6. Miss Matthews, in five short chapters, shows what Christ is for Sympathy, Sin, Temptation, Sickness, and Eternity. The thought of her book is a happy one. It is worked out very simply, but with tenderness and real appreciation of the longings of troubled hearts.

7. *Treasure Trove* is a precious little memorial of Miss Havergal. Its dainty binding and novel arrangement will prepossess in its favour every one who picks it up. Thoughts and verses are given for the morning and evening of each day of the month. The Scripture references make it lead up to the better Book.

Do we Need a New Theology? With a Criticism of the New Congregational Creed. By the Rev. JOSEPH COOK. London: R. D. Dickinson.

In these eight lectures Mr. Cook shows cause against "the new theology" with his usual incisiveness and vigour. Mr. Cook would defend the old lines with new weapons. He rightly says that Butler's *Analogy*, and Paley's *Evidences and Natural Theology* "are not outgrown." The two latter, while "unsurpassed in form and style," greatly need supplementing in matter. "A second Paley is much to be desired." He also commends Row's Bampton Lecture, Fisher's *Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity* and *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*, Liddon's Bampton Lecture, and Mozley's work on *Miracles*. Lotze is his favourite philosopher, and one of the lectures is devoted to him. Most of the lectures are preceded by a "prelude" on some current topic, and answers to questions on social, political, and religious subjects.

Paraleipomena; or, Things Left Out. Being more facts for Theodosia Ernest and all who like her are in quest of the true Doctrine of Christian Baptism. By One of Themselves. London: Dickinson.

A very full and conclusive argument against the Baptist positions on the mode and subjects of baptism. The writer has evidently mastered the whole question and presents it in a lively, racy style. We hope that the title of the book and the headings of the chapters, which give no clue to their contents, will not injure the usefulness of a good book—*i.e.*, good on the two questions just mentioned. Synopses of the chapters would be a valuable addition.

Man's Departure and the Invisible World: a Collection of Opinions and Facts. By G. H. H. OLIPHANT FERGUSON. Second Edition. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

These extracts in prose and verse are arranged under different heads, such as "Departure of the Spirit," "The Spiritual Body," "Heaven," "Recognition of Friends," "Remarkable Testimonies." The volume is quite free from the violations of good taste which are too commonly found in works of this class. The "opinions" are interesting and often suggestive, many of the "facts" are touching.

Straight Paths for Your Feet. By the Rev. MARCUS RAINSFORD, B.A. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

These are brief notes of lectures delivered by Mr. Rainsford to his congregation. Sin, Death, Life, Grace, Sanctification, Righteousness, and kindred subjects are treated suggestively in short papers, which are distinctively Biblical and practical. The public opinion of them is shown by the call for another edition. Such a book will help many readers.

Germ-Thoughts on Bible Holiness. By the Rev. JAMES CUTHBERTSON. London: Woolmer. 1887.

This is a small but very valuable contribution to a much-misunderstood subject, as to which there was never more need for words of sober depth and true experimental insight to be spoken than now. Too much of the holiness-teaching of the present time is mere mystical Antinomianism, smacking greatly of the heresies which went farther towards wrecking Methodism in the last century than all other evil influences, including the most violent persecution and misrepresentation put together. Mr. Cuthbertson's teaching will not tend

to make men spiritually vain, or self-o pinionated, or unreflective, or Antinomian but to the harmonious subjection of the whole man, mind and heart, body, soul, and spirit, to Christ Jesus as the Truth and the Life, through the Divine Spirit.

Grammatical Analysis of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Greek Scriptures. The Book of Psalms in Hebrew. By R. YOUNG, LL.D. Edinburgh: G. A. Young & Co.

In fifty-five quarto pages every word in the original text of the Psalms is parsed. An appendix gives the paradigms of the Hebrew verb with the servile letters in a different character, as well as other grammatical information. A beginner in the study of Hebrew may use the help thus provided for him at such cost of labour with great advantage.

A Hebrew Grammar. By the Rev. W. H. LOWE, M.A. Lecturer on Hebrew, Christ's College, Cambridge, London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

We are glad to have such a pocket Grammar as this. Students will not regret the half-crown they pay for it. It is very clear, full and accurate, so far as we have been able to examine it. It is well arranged, with tables of the alphabet, nouns and verbs grouped together conveniently at the end. Mr. Lowe has laid all young students under obligation by this excellent Grammar.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Principles of Morals. Part II. By THOS. FOWLER, D.D., Wykeham Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford, &c. Clarendon Press. 1887.

THE way in which this book has made its appearance is not favourable to its success. The volume before us was preceded by a smaller one, the joint work of Professors Wilson and Fowler, and containing an introductory chapter on Morals generally, together with a short history of leading English moralists. Now we are presented with a volume not even uniform in binding with its predecessor, and professing to contain the "body of the work" originally announced.

The arrangement of subject-matter also does not prepossess us in favour of

the book. Professor Fowler starts abruptly in his first chapter with The Self-regarding Feelings, no preliminary analysis of mind or feeling having been given, nor even any intimation in the previously issued volume of any plan or system. Then we are taken in order through chapters dealing with the Sympathetic, the Resentful, and the Semi-Social Feelings, and at last find ourselves brought face to face with problems which lie at the very basis of a discussion concerning morals, in the chapters on Moral Approbation and Rectitude. Almost last of all comes a discussion of the Will, which should have been, for a writer on ethics, a starting-point, not a goal.

There is a reason for all this, though to our minds it is anything but satisfactory. Professor Fowler does not believe in the ultimate nature of right and wrong, or in an absolute standard of morals, or in the simplicity and supremacy of the dictates of conscience. Our moral judgments are, according to him, compounded of many simpler elements, which he prefers to discuss first in order, and morality is to him, as all things were to Herakleitus, in a state of perpetual flux —"progressive" in the full sense of the word. He finds no special import in our moral approbation and disapprobation, but considers that such approval, or the contrary, applies only to (1) acts of "a certain importance," and (2) acts which are "the result of a certain amount of conflict between different motives." Moral approbation, again (p. 204), "may be explained as an indirect or reflex form of one or other of the sympathetic or self-regarding feelings, or of some combination of such feelings," and hence, as the author considers, it is properly considered after these. Lastly, Professor Fowler thinks it of little practical importance what conclusion we arrive at concerning the freedom of the will, so throws in his discussion of this subject at the end of his book, in conjunction with the relation to morals of reason and imagination.

It will be gathered that we have little admiration either for Professor Fowler's views as a moralist, or his way of presenting them. He is not precisely a Utilitarian, and in one place (p. 272) seems anxious to claim relation with the Intuitionist school. But the whole tendency of the book, as in the case of a volume entitled *Progressive Morality* lately published by the same author, is to resolve morals—including the moral standard, the moral faculty, moral obligation, and the very nature of right and wrong—into what Professor Fowler considers its component elements. The effect of this study of the genesis and history of moral feelings is, in our opinion, unnecessarily to loosen foundations, admit variations, and prepare the way for change. Far different is the effect of such treatment as was given to this most important subject by one who was in a sense a colleague of Dr. Fowler at Oxford, the late Professor Green, in his *Prolegomena to Ethics*.

We are not blind to the merits of this book. It exhibits ability, both analytical and historical, and some chapters of it must be of interest to every moralist. Many good things are said as to the relation of morals and religion. But as it is clear to us that Professor Fowler is on the wrong track in his treatment of a subject on which at the present time it is particularly important that sound and clear views should prevail, we cannot commend his work as a

satisfactory treatise on ethics. To our thinking it lacks the essential elements of such a treatise.

Ænigma Vitæ; or Christianity and Modern Thought. By JOHN WILSON, M.A., late of Abernyte, Scotland. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The vindication of Christianity may take either one of two lines: the historical or external, and the philosophical or internal. The former, while important and necessary, is the more easy and common. Writers on evidences abound and do excellent service. The latter is equally important, but it is more difficult, and therefore comparatively uncultivated. Like mountain-paths, it is for the few and fit. All the more welcome are really able works of this class such as Mr. Wilson's. It is the production of a mind steeped in modern thought and culture, and of a heart full of religious faith. The poetry in it is not mere dress, but belongs to the very texture. Written purely from the psychological standpoint, its theme is the adaptation of Christianity to the constitution and wants of human nature. In such an argument as much depends on a right reading of human nature as on a right interpretation of Christianity. To give a wrong analysis of the former in order to establish an artificial harmony would be as fatal as fallacious. Such a charge cannot be brought against Mr. Wilson. The analysis which he gives of the genesis and growth of the individual life is as faithful and true as it is graphic and poetical. There are few thoughtful readers who will not recognize themselves in the portrait drawn. Interspersed among the main arguments are many happy asides which every one will appreciate. The key-note of the work is struck in a quotation from à Kempis, "Noli foras abire, in te ipsum redi: in interiore homine habitat veritas," and from the Genevan Amiel, who is several times referred to, "The removal of Christianity from the sphere of history to that of psychology is the wish of our epoch."

The first part, "Self-knowledge the Key to Truth," expounds the genesis of the individual life, its conditions and constituents, and keenly yet gently touches the pessimistic, agnostic and scientific explanations of them. The part played by determinism and freedom respectively is finely discriminated. The old northern myth of the three "Norns" who preside over the cradle—Urd, Werdandi, and Skuld, representing past, present and future, or fate, progress and ideal—is used parabolically with fine effect. "Every man," it is truly said, "whether he professes it openly or not, has some religion, noble or base. That of Comte and of Mill was among the nobler, and may be put on a level with the higher forms of Madonna-worship, where all that is most beautiful, tender and sacred in womanhood is adored." The second part, treating of the development of the individual life, under the title of "First Steps of Ego's Pilgrimage," is fully and beautifully worked out. The educating influence of the mother, of nature, of family relations and society, of love, is well described.

'The time comes when that mother is no longer the centre and sun of the child's world; but he is no true man, who, having been endowed with the priceless boon of a true mother, can forget his immeasurable debt to her. The true man is loyal to the memory of her who at first was in the place of God to his youthful Ego, and who taught him, not by precept only, but by her own self, the pathway to true life, as when she led up his simple child-thoughts in opening, unquestioning wonder and reverence towards the higher Father, of when, at eventide, they bent together by his little cot. No need has he of any Madonna-shrine placed at every corner of his way to remind him of things sacred; that face, so benignly meek, may have passed beyond the veil of things visible, but it has not vanished from his spirit." The third part, "The Path-way to God by Knowledge," is the richest of all in solid thought. The part played in knowledge by sympathy, often forgotten, is well expounded. The chapter-headings, Knowledge by Affinity, Function of Will in Knowledge. Autonomy of Consciousness and Authority, indicate the line of argument taken. In the last part, "The Goal of the Finite Ego," the Christian doctrines of Original Sin and Atonement are defended, not by name and formally, but implicitly.

This is the baldest summary of the contents of a richly suggestive work The "local colouring" of Swiss scenery, amid which the author is dwelling in search of health, is used with great pictorial power, especially at the beginning and the end of the volume. Professor Huxley is quoted in one place as criticizing the structure of the eye. Unless we are mistaken, the critic was a German scientist. We wish that the author had added the references to the apt quotations made. The work might be entitled "Spiritual Law in the Spiritual World," and to minds of a philosophic rather than a scientific turn it will be as great a treat as another celebrated volume.

Earth's Earliest Ages, and their Connection with Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy. By G. H. PEMBER, M.A. Fourth Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

A work which has passed into a "fourth edition," must needs possess considerable interest and value. Unless we are mistaken, it is scarcely the first half of the volume, which alone answers to the title *Earth's Earliest Ages*, that has proved so attractive. This part of the work, with much that is good, contains also much questionable speculation. By the help of the theory that Gen. i. 2 describes the ruin of a pre-Adamite world and race, and that the work of the following days was simply a restoration, the author thinks that he can give a quite literal and natural interpretation to the first chapters of Genesis, and at the same time meet all geological difficulties. Much ingenuity is shown in piecing together scattered hints in the Old Testament, and attaching startling interpretations to certain passages—as, *e.g.*, where "the king of Tyrus" (Ezek. xxviii. 11) is identified with Satan. "The sons of God," in Gen. vi. 2,

are fallen angels. To the objection of the inconceivability of such a union the author replies that the objection supposes too great acquaintance with the angelic nature. But might not the same be said of the author's position? We fear that in all this the writer, whose spirit and aim we greatly respect, has forgotten his own numerous cautions against being wise above what is written. He has really given us a history of the entire pre-Adamite world with Satan, still unfallen, as its prince, or rather as its prophet, priest and king. Cherubim is explained (p. 175) as "as the many," which is called an "obvious derivation." We hope that he greatly exaggerates Satan's power. In p. 52 he seems to describe the earth at present as a realm of Satan, "the whole earth divided into provinces by the Prince of this world, and sytematically governed and administered under his direction by his viceroys, with their officers and subordinates, countless in number; this organization, perfect in itself, but continually disturbed by interferences from a mightier Power for the protection of individuals, of churches, and occasionally of whole nations." This dark picture serves, as usually, to prepare the way for bright Millenarian hopes.

The second half of the volume has probably been the chief attraction, giving as it does a very full and detailed exposure of modern Spiritualism in all its forms and relations. These relations are traced in all ages, in Scripture and elsewhere. The spread of such impieties, puerilities, and blasphemies is deplorable enough. The course described is one of gross degeneracy. Chaldean astrology, Jewish witchcraft, Egyptian magic, Greek and Roman oracles are pure and respectable in comparison with modern Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Buddhism. We are asked to exchange the Bible for Zadkiel, prophets and apostles for Mrs. Guppy and Madame Blavatski, for mediums and mesmerists! The author tells of a "young and accomplished English lady" and an English clergyman in Ceylon being converted to Buddhism.

The Evolution Hypothesis: A Criticism of the New Cosmic Philosophy. By W. TODD MARTIN, M.A., D.Lit., Presbyterian Church of Ireland. Edinburgh: Gemmell.

This "Criticism" is admirable alike in design and execution. Taking Herbert Spencer as the greatest exponent of the evolution theory, the author, instead of going into detail, confines his attention to the essential points of the theory. He has no quarrel with evolution as a part of the true explanation of things; his only quarrel is with its claim to be the sole and sufficient explanation. "My purpose is to deal with the theory as it aims at the unification of all knowledge." Such unification, he argues, is impossible, because of the divers objects of knowledge—inorganic, organic, sentient, rational, divine. The Unknowable, the claim of the Persistence of Force to be "a primary datum of consciousness," the assumptions involved in the Postulates of Evolution, the failure of evolution to explain the several regions of existence just indicated and their

connections, especially in reference to the origin of consciousness and morality, are all briefly but forcibly dealt with. According to Mr. Spencer, the Unknowable is "an essential part of the exercise of thought," is objectively real, is related to the world as noumenon to phenomenon, and is beyond the reach of human thought. We know all this about it, and yet it is unknowable!

The work is not a compilation of other men's opinions, but a piece of original thinking by one who is no novice in philosophical study, and who commands a clear, terse style. The tone is perfectly dispassionate and courteous. The breadth and firmness with which the evolution theory is seized as a whole are perfect. The writer says, truly enough, "The evolutionist is the schoolman of our day. He will have his hypothesis prevail everywhere. He constitutes it the criterion of truth. Observations are recorded and experiences read in the light of it. Everything that will not fall into position under it is condemned." The table of contents is a syllabus of the whole work. The volume is earnestly to be commended to students as giving a clear survey of the popular theory of the day. Its value is increased by a very full table of contents and index.

The Self-Revelation of God. By SAMUEL HARRIS, D.D., LL.D., Yale University. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1887.

The author's former volume, *The Philosophical Basis of Theism*, vindicated the principles which underlie the theistic argument; the present one applies the principles and constructs the argument. The two works together are an exhaustive survey of the field, a survey remarkable for philosophical acumen, grasp, and learning. The ease with which the immense array of material is handled bespeaks the hand of the master. The discussion is thoroughly up to date, and so supersedes previous works. Any one who possesses Dr. Harris's two volumes is in a position to know the best that is to be said for and the worst that is to be said against the Theist's faith.

We have spoken the more freely in commendation because the order in which the author arranges the argument is not the one that we prefer. He takes what is conveniently called the *à priori* or intuitional order. He starts, in the first of the four parts, with the knowledge of God as given in "experience or consciousness," using the latter term, not in the strict sense of self-consciousness, but to denote the general undiscriminated knowledge which comes through perception, internal and external (p. 30). We might quarrel with the author for his adoption in a philosophical treatise of the usages of "popular language." But, passing this by, how is the knowledge of God given in "experience or consciousness?" Not directly, but indirectly, in our knowledge of ourselves and the universe. God is made known to us as an artist is made known in his works, by way of inference. The majority of men admit, and have always admitted, the inference. But supposing it to be denied, we can only fall back on the usual arguments, which are discussed in the author's third part. These arguments are there treated as confirmations or explanations of the knowledge previously received. But, as used against the atheist, they must be more:

they are grounds on which we demand his faith. Does not the author's order put the last first and the first last? Moreover, the knowledge of God given "in experience or consciousness" is not of great extent. It is not so much knowledge as the elements or factors of knowledge. "It is not pretended that God presents himself in consciousness in the fully rounded and complete idea of Him." The two factors are contained in the two terms, "absolute Spirit." Here the difficulty recurs, if the existence of absolute Spirit is denied, how is it to be proved on this basis of argument? If the existence of the artist were denied, we should have to prove it by reasons analogous to the cosmological and teleological arguments. The intuitional order closes the door against such reasoning.

The substance of the author's argument is thoroughly sound and very masterly. Merely as an exercise in dialectics his work has no slight value. The chief theme of the first part is the divine action in revelation and man's capacity to apprehend revelation, both ideas being illuminated in a very suggestive way. The second part is an equally fresh and cogent discussion of the opposing systems of Positivism, Agnosticism, Pantheism, and Materialism. There is nothing absolutely new to be said on such questions, but they are here put in new and striking lights. "Mr. Spencer's own principle that the absolute is omnipotent power manifesting itself in the universe in all phenomena, as well as his habit of reasoning from facts, should have led him to adopt the theistic method, and study what the absolute is by observing what it has manifested or revealed of itself in the universe. While he approves the agnosticism of Hamilton and Mansel, and adopts large extracts from them as expressing his own views, he criticizes and rejects their position that we have only a negative knowledge of the absolute Being; he insists that the knowledge of it is positive, and declares in various particulars what is known of it." The strongest portion of the book, however, is the third part (pp. 233–440), in which the revelation of God in nature and man is discussed. The discussion is marked by superb breadth of view and strength of thought. No extracts or summary would adequately represent the wealth of suggestion here opened to the student. In the lofty form and language we scarcely recognize our old friends, the objects of so much controversy and criticism. We have before indicated our opinion that these arguments should come first. Dr. Harris, however, looks at them under another point of view. The last part treats of God's revelation of himself in Christ, the last chapter being headed the Unity and Continuity of the Revelation of God in Nature, Man, and Christ.

Dr. Harris sharply rebukes Mr. Harrison's sneers at Christian unworldliness. "As to the alleged withdrawal of religion from actual life, the contrary is true. The most distinctive characteristic of the Christianity of this age is its humanitarianism, its application of Christianity to the removal of abuses, the reformation of men, the progressive improvement of society in all spheres of human action." Where, on the other hand, are Agnostic missions, ragged schools, charities? Where are Agnostic missionaries, evangelists, and martyrs?

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité. Par GEORGES PERROT, Membre de l'Institut, &c., et CHARLES CHIPIEZ, Architecte du Gouvernement, &c. Tome IV.: Judée, Sardaigne, Syrie, Cappadocia. Contenant 394 gravures. Paris: Hachette.

MM. PERROT and Chipiez have outdone themselves. By their former books, notably by that on Phœnician art, they have earned the gratitude of all archæologists; but the matter of the present volume, dealing as it does with that never-failing object of interest, the Temple, commends itself, not only to the student, who will find the latest discoveries embodied, the latest conjectures discussed, in M. Perrot's text, but also to the general reader. It is not too much to say that such a monograph on Jewish art, filling more than 350 pp. quarto, is not to be found elsewhere. In the opening chapter, Judæa's Place in History, the Jews are carefully compared with their cousins the Phœnicians, whose place they have gradually taken since the Dispersion, as the traffickers of the world. "True, the Tyrians and Carthaginians were merchants and seafaring traders, while the Jews have gone in for money-lending in its various forms; but both show the same mercantile and practical genius: each gained—if not by the same, at any rate by analogous, means, by the use of the self-same faculties—a power of the same kind. So long as they were independent, the Jews did not show this side of their character. Cut off from the sea, hemmed in by petty kingdoms and warlike tribes, they had no opening for development in any of the lines which led Tyre to greatness; by-and-by the opportunity came, and then the true national character was not slow to show itself." The whole chapter, which owes much to Dr. Bernhard Stade's *Geschichte der Volker Israel* (contained in the *Allgemeine Geschichte*, edited by Oncken), is deeply interesting.

Among other questions touched on is that very vexed one—Who were the Philistines? M. Perrot discards the old theory which supposed them to be Semites, driven back from Kaphtor (Crete) by Greek colonists, and inclines to M. Maspero's view that they were Aryans, kinsmen of the Hellenes, a fragment of that great maritime confederation which, beaten back from its attempt on Egypt, settled on various points of Mediterranean seaboard. There must have been a radical difference between these Plichté (rendered ἀλλόφυλο by the LXX.) and the Phœnicians, for the influence of the latter never reached further south than Joppa. The Canaanites (*Amar*, Amorites, in the Egyptian inscription) M. Perrot holds to have been undoubtedly Semites. The name Hebrew he explains, after Stade, as the *Ibrim—i.e.*, "people from the other side" (of Jordan). Needless to say that, with such guides as the Giessen

professor and Dr. Kuenen of Leyden, M. Perrot (whose vivid pictures of what he himself has seen in Palestine and Lesser Asia are beyond all praise) wholly gives up the accepted views of the conquest of Canaan. The book of Joshua, he thinks, took its present shape in Nehemiah's day; and the invaders, instead of beginning with Jericho, turned that frontier fortress on the north and south, and for several generations spread themselves over the thinly peopled country (much as Kurds and Bedouins do nowadays) until they came in contact with the better organized coast tribes. "Il n'y avait en Palestine que quelques Bédouins de plus, transfuges du désert et s'essayant obscurément aux travaux de la vie sédentaire," is a startling way of summing up the result of the settlement in the Promised Land. M. Perrot's aim is to show that Jewish art owed nothing directly to Egypt. Till the time of David the Jews had no art; their places of worship were the *bamoth* (high places—query βωμὸς), sometimes marked by a sacred tree, sometimes by a single stone (like our *menhir*), sometimes by a *dolmen*, or by a circle of stones (cromlech). These, therefore, which M. Reclus believes to be wholly sepulchral, M. Perrot is sure were used in worship. Did not Jacob (Gen. xxviii. 18) pour oil on the stone which had been his pillow? Do not the carpets with which the tombs of Moslem saints are nowadays covered give us an idea of how the *maggeba* were decorated when the people gathered "to eat and drink before the Lord?" M. Perrot finds in the "rock basins" and channels (*rigoles*) proof positive of the sacrificial use of the dolmens, ignoring the modern opinion that, in Western Europe at any rate, these "rock basins" are simply due to weathering. We wish we had space to follow him to Medaïn-Saleb, a valley near Medinah, where Doughty discovered along with a multitude of tombs "a rock-temple" of the primitive Semitic type, which, though its pilasters show it to be of comparatively late date, contains in its niches upright stones (*betulæ*, Hindoo *lingam*), such as marked the high places of Palestine. Even more interesting to the general reader are the restorations of the Temple and its courts, &c., by M. Chipiez, set side by side with the existing remains as they have been sketched by every explorer from De Vogüé to Conder. It is remarkable that, if there were no remains of the Parthenon, for instance, we should find the description in Pausanias—a very poor guide compared with that given in Kings and repeated by Ezekiel. The Jews had only one Temple, and they wrote of it with a devout exactitude impossible in a Greek, to whom temples were commonplace things. And this temple, built close to the palace (Ezek. xliii. 8), was due to "l'orgueilleux caprice du monarque." Solomon, succeeding to his father's conquests, determined to have a temple as grand as those of his neighbours. All the work came from Phœnicia, and is Egyptian only in the sense in which all Phœnician art owed much to Egypt. With the *bâma* and its stone fetish it has no more to do than with the teraphim. One thing the excavations on Mount Moriah have done: they have shown us undoubted samples of Phœnician art. So imitative was the genius of the Phœnicians, and so mixed was the population of Cyprus—hitherto the great

storehouse of their remains—that no one has ventured to say positively of such and such a specimen, "it is undoubtedly Tyrian work." The pottery, however, which has been discovered in such abundance in the lower rubbish strata at the foot of Moriah, must be Phœnician or Jewish imitations of Phœnician, and a great deal of it is singularly like that found in Cyprus. While treating of pottery, M. Perrot tells the story of the Shapira fraud; and certainly the "Moabite pottery," of which he gives an engraving, is such a palpable forgery, that how Mr. Conder and Herr Schlottmann could, in spite of M. Clermont Ganneau's warning, have pronounced it genuine, surpasses belief. Of course our author is naturally triumphant that the Prussian Government could have spent 20,000 thalers in buying such rubbish.

From the Jews M. Perrot passes to the Hittites, about whom we shall soon have a whole literature. Here he has his own *Souvenirs d'un voyage en Asie Mineure*, in addition to what Wright and Sayce, and those very minute explorers Hermann and Puchstein (*Reisen in Klein-Asien*), have written. For Marach and Gargamiel he has the photographs of Dr. Gwyther and Capt. Marmier; for the Pteria of Herodotus (Boghaz-keni, discovered by Texier, who was sent out by the French Government in 1833), he gives Dr. Delbet's photographs and the drawings of M. Guillaume the architect. At Boghaz-keni are the wonderful sculptures of Jasili-kaià; at Euiuk, five leagues to the north, discovered by Hamilton, and visited by Barth and others, the sculptured remains are still more remarkable. Thence M. Perrot passes to Lycaonia, where the bas-reliefs of Ibriz have a very Ninevite look; and after a glance at the Lydian rock inscriptions, he sums up with a chapter on Hittite civilization in general. But we must not forget the 120 pp. devoted to Sardinian art, including of course those *nouraghes* which have been such a crux to the archæologist. These M. Perrot unhesitatingly pronounces to be neither tombs nor temples, but (like the Irish round towers) places of refuge in case of sudden inroads. Similar towers (*talayots*) exist in the Balearic isles, while in South Italy every village had till lately its *truddhi* towers of loose stone, in which the husbandmen shelter during the season of tillage. The position of most of the *nouraghes*, bearing on the question of successive immigrations from Africa—these towers being built for protection against the savage aborigines—is interesting. They are always found in connection with "giants' graves" (dolmens), menhirs (some of them with phallic emblems, which may of course be later, *i.e.*, Phœnician); and bronze objects are frequently met with in digging round them. Here, as elsewhere, M. Perrot goes to the latest authorities. M. Gouin, a local antiquary, has sketched nearly all the remaining *nouraghes*; M. Pais has described them carefully. Then there is the work of La Marmora, who, by the way, was deceived by a wholesale forgery of "Sardinian bronzes" almost as cruelly as the Prussians were by Shapira. Altogether, this monograph on Sardinia is by no means the least readable part of a very readable volume. It treats of a subject of which most English readers know far less than they do of the Jewish Temple or even of Hittite civilization.

Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. X. CHAMBER–CLARKSON. Smith, Elder & Co.

Any volume of biography must be interesting; but some are more so than others; and this cannot compete in this respect with its immediate predecessor. Chatterton, by C. Kent, is judiciously done. The Earls of Clare, by P. A. Archer, are a poor substitute for the Cavendishes of vol. ix. Rev. W. Hunt's Chaucer is fair compiler's work, brightened by a gleam of insight. Mr. Hunt knows his author well. The best lives are those of Churchill the poet, and of his namesake the Great Duke, both by the editor, who also contributes a brief but sympathetic notice of Chubb the Salisbury deist. Professor Gardiner's Charles I. is of course the valuable monograph of one who knows more about the subject than any other living person. We are glad he does not even mention the coarse scandals about the ill-fated king which Milton was ill-advised enough to publish. Charles's untrustworthiness he attributes to the want of imagination. He could not put himself, however imperfectly, in another's place; and he spoke of things as they appeared at the time to himself, without regard to the effect his words might have on the hearer. "He made promises which could be understood to mean one thing, and he neglected to fulfil them without any sense of shame, because when the time for fulfilment came it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be convinced that they ought to be taken in a sense more convenient to himself." In Professor Ward's Charles II. we should like to have found something more about Pregnani, the monk magician who was sent over by Louis XIV. in 1668 to work on Charles's mind and prepare him for proclaiming Catholicism in England. The Popish plot, too, of ten years later, is dismissed with scant notice. Charles was clear-sighted enough to see through this so-called "plot;" yet he was mean enough to allow victim after victim, including the Earl of Stafford, to perish without lifting up voice, or endeavouring to stem the tide of popular frenzy. Mr. Ewald writes the life of Prince Charles Edward, to whom George III., with graceful generosity, set up a monument in St. Peter's. Mr. Garnett contributes an appreciative notice of Chorley, the Lancashire Quaker, who for many years was musical critic to the *Athenæum*, and whose hostility to Schumann, Berlioz, and Wagner helped to hinder their music from making way in England. His book, *Music and Manners*, has given the title to a much less important production by a living newspaper correspondent. Chorley was an intimate friend of Dickens. His brother made Spanish plays his specialty, and bequeathed to the British Museum his splendid collection. Carlyle writes of him to his brother: "He could have written like few men on many subjects, but he had proudly pitched his idea very high. I know no man in these flimsy days, nor shall ever again know one, so well read, so widely and accurately informed." Of the Christian family (Manxmen) it is curious to read that Thomas, Vicar of Kirk Marown, was "chiefly dis-

tinguished for his utter unfitness for the clerical office in every respect;" while Edward, Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely (of one of whose *nisi prius* decisions Lord Ellenborough said, "he's only fit to rule a copy-book"), died in 1823 at Downing, of which college he was Law Professor, "in the full vigour of his incapacity." His brother Fletcher was the mate of the *Bounty* when Bligh's tyrannical conduct caused the well-known mutiny. Christison, the Scotch medical professor, is an instance of how a life is shaped by circumstances. He was medical adviser to the Crown during the Burke and Hare trials, and was thus led to ascertain accurately the distinctions between signs of injuries inflicted before and after death. He thus became the great authority on this point. It is not generally known that Christy, the inventor of the penny receipt-stamp, was devoted to prehistoric studies. He travelled with Dr. Tylor in Mexico, &c., worked with M. Lartet in the Dordogne caves (finding all the money for the diggings), and died in 1865 of a chill caught in the Dinant caves. Chillingworth by Professor Creighton, and Chaucer by the Rev. W. Hunt, were sure to be well done. The life of Cowden-Clarke, whose father was Keats's schoolmaster at Enfield, and who married Novello's eldest daughter, is one of the happiest recorded in any of these volumes. The editor's life of Dr. Samuel Clarke, of Norwich, is full of detail, with little attempt to fix Clarke's position among theologians. Mr. Stephen tells the story about his Act for D.D., at the close of which the Regius Professor instead of *probe te exercui* said *probe malproquisti*, and a D.D. who heard it said, despite his seventy-seven years, he would ride from Hertford to Cambridge to hear such another Act. W. Clarke's epigram on seeing *Haec est domus ultima* inscribed on the Richmond vault in Chichester Cathedral is worth recording:

> "Did he who thus inscribed the wall
> Not read or not believe St. Paul,
> Who says there is, where'er it stands,
> Another house not made with hands?
> Or may we gather from these words,
> That house is not a house of lords?"

Tourists in Normandy should remember that the picturesque village of St. Sauveur le Vicomte, not far from Bayeux, formed part of the estate given by the Black Prince to Sir J. Chandos, of whom Mr. S. L. Lea's life is scholarly and interesting.

The Story of the Nations: Alexander's Empire. By JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY, D.D., Professor of Ancient History in the University of Dublin. With the collaboration of ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

Dr. Mahaffy's reputation is well known. We have in this volume as clear and complete a view of perhaps the most tangled skein of ancient history as

we can well expect to obtain in a limited compass. Such a book was greatly needed and will be very welcome. It is a spirited narrative, and many parts of it are full of interest. We could wish, however, that Dr. Mahaffy's English were more correct and idiomatic. Anglo-Irishmen have often been distinguished among our English classics for their idiomatic purity, as in the case of Swift and Goldsmith; but this merit hardly belongs to our modern Irish writers, taken generally, though among these also there are some notable examples of pure and good English writing. In this book we find a number of expressions which, from a writer of Dr. Mahaffy's learning and academical distinction, would not have been expected. "A small fraction, though soldiers and officials of the new cities, were Greeks—Macedonians, when founded by Alexander himself—generally broken down veterans, &c.," is a sentence which cannot be construed. A few lines lower down on the same page (94), a sentence closes with the statement that "the extraordinary colonizing genius of the Greeks once more proved itself." On page 142 occurs the following remarkable sentence: "It is the bane of history that we are obliged to set down so much about wars and alliances, about the follies and prowesses (*sic*) of princes and generals, and so the better part—the development of ideas, the progress of culture and letters, the advance of political and moral knowledge—in fact, the life of peoples and not that of their accidental governors, is left out or pushed into a corner." A clumsier sentence than this it would not be easy to find in a modern English writer of any reputation. On page 266 we are told that "an uneducated people came suddenly to dominate around them." It is not pleasant to note such blemishes, of which we have only given a few specimens, but it is our duty to point out a fault of slip-shodness which detracts so greatly from the quality of a volume that otherwise deserves praise, and that supplies a desideratum in our literature.

The Church of the Early Fathers: External History. By ALFRED PLUMMER, M.A., D.D. London: Longmans. 1887.

This is a careful and useful sketch of Christianity during the first three centuries. It avoids controversies, as was indeed required by the limits of space imposed; but it equally avoids adroit assumptions on controverted questions, which is a great merit. It is not analytic, but synthetic, and presents in clear and orderly view the main facts of the history. The second chapter, though very brief, is well done, and will be useful to young readers as an introduction to all that follows; its subject being "The Causes of the Rapid Spread of the Gospel." We heartily recommend this unostentatious but valuable manual. It contains two hundred rather small pages, and has a good index.

History of England for Beginners. By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY (Mrs. FISHER), Author of "The Fairy Land of Science," &c. &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

This is a capital book—very well proportioned and very well written; that is to say, written in just the right style for "beginners." There is also a very full index, which greatly adds to its value. If, however, the authoress will look at p. 354, she will see that it is not quite correct to cover *all* that follows in one of the paragraphs by the introductory phrase, "since the Indian Mutiny."

A Short History of England. By CYRIL RANSOME, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1887.

This is not, like the volume noticed above, a history intended specifically for children or young people who wish to obtain a general view of the subject. It is intended for exact instruction in schools, and for candidates for the public services, and includes a narrative of the growth not only of the Empire but of the British Constitution. As the whole had to be brought within 450 pages, popularity of treatment needed to be sacrificed, and everything compacted into the closest possible compass. It is a summary of such knowledge as is essential in order to pass the necessary examinations. The name of the author is a guarantee for care and accuracy. It may be trusted as a high-class manual of its kind.

Told for a Memorial: the Story of Mary Ann. With a Preface by Canon MASON, of Barking. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1886.

This small book is dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in virtue, it must be presumed, of his having been Bishop of Truro. It is a remarkable story of a woman who, after being Bible Christian and Wesleyan, was brought into close intercourse with some devoted Friends, and at length found a placid anchorage for her later years in the communion of the Church of England. She was a characteristic Cornishwoman, and her life is full of wonderful experiences. Those who enjoy Mr. Haslam's books will delight in this little biography. The writer is the wife of the clergyman in whose parish Mary Ann spent her last years.

A Christian Philanthropist of Dublin. A Memoir of Richard Allen. By HANNAH MARIA WIGHAM. With Portrait and Illustrations by J. FINNEMORE. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

A pleasant memorial of a happy and holy life. Mr. Allen embodied

the best traditions of the Society of Friends, to which he belonged. His efforts for the cause of temperance, and for the abolition of slavery, with his unnumbered acts of charity are modesty chronicled here. Journals and letters describing visits to the Continent, to Palestine, and to America, are not the least interesting parts of the volume. Mr. Allen was born in 1803, at Harold's Cross, near Dublin. His father was famed for the beauty of the muslins and linens he sold in his shop. His son was brought up to this business, which he greatly improved, and to which he added the woollen and tailoring trade. The Dublin guilds set themselves to prevent this development of the old business. Their laws forbade any one to adopt a trade to which he had not served a seven years' apprenticeship. The sturdy Quaker, however, was not to be meddled with. He enlisted help, engaged counsel, and secured a Bill abolishing the guilds. Mr. Allen became the warm friend and supporter of Father Mathew in his temperance crusade. The story of the priest's conversion to that cause, and the ejaculation, "Here goes, in the name of God," with which he signed the pledge, is well told. In 1860, Mr. Allen began to labour as a minister among the Friends. The story of this happy life interwoven with the lives of such men as Father Mathew, William Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Clarkson and Wendell Phillips, deserves a place on the shelves of all who love the lovers of our race.

Lectures and Essays. By Sir STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, first Earl of Iddesleigh, G.C.B., D.C.L., &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

The twelve lectures or essays, and the poetical appendix which make up this volume, may be described as milestones which mark their author's life. We see the future statesman in his first thoughtful and suggestive essay competing with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley for the English prize at Oxford; whilst in his quaint ballad, the "Clerk of Oxenforde," we trace the recreations of his University life. Another poem, on the Duke of Wellington's statue, marks his residence in chambers whilst reading for the bar. The lecture "On the Study of Political Economy," written after he had been for three years Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, brings him to the threshold of political life. "Taste" and "Schools and School Life" bear traces of his lifelong interest in art training and in education. The racy pages devoted to "Desultory Reading"—the subject which he chose for his address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University—the lectures on "Molière," on "Names and Nicknames," and on the "Archæology of Devon and Cornwall," introduce us to a statesman's recreations; while the striking lecture on the "Closing of the Exchequer by Charles II. in 1672," delivered in 1865, bears witness to the intelligent study of all details of our financial system. We may safely say that there is not a dull page in this volume. We have read it from beginning to end with un-

flagging interest. Lord Iddesleigh touches no subject which he does not adorn with apt illustration and quotation. Strong sense and true Christian feeling are as conspicuous in the earlier as in the later productions of his pen and his muse. The poetic charades which are given in the appendix afford glimpses into the home circle at Pynes, which show that the late Earl was beloved at home as he was trusted in every political circle. The lecture on the "Closing of the Exchequer" is perhaps the freshest of the volume. We should like all young English men and women to study it carefully. The whole volume will inspire its readers with a more lively interest in the subjects which are so happily and so luminously handled in these pleasant pages.

BELLES LETTRES.

The Woodlands. By THOMAS HARDY. Three Vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

WE have read this clever novel with great pain. The description of the Dorset peasantry, as to their character and manners, and the painting of the local scenery, may be perfect; but the moral of the story is very bad. An attractive, unprincipled, "stylish" sort of woman steals away the affections of a weak, susceptible, medical man, from the sweet, virtuous, well-educated woman of good property, but inferior family, whose love he has gained, and to whom he has been united in marriage. He forsakes his wife, and lives a disreputable life with his abandoned paramour, on the Continent. She casts him off first, and then comes to a miserable end. The husband then returns to his forsaken and all but divorced wife and seeks reconciliation. He professes no moral repentance, no shame or sorrow for his sin; only a measure of regret for his infatuation, giving passionate assurances that his first love is more than renewed. On this profession he is restored. The lesson of this pernicious novel is that his regret was sufficient, and that his wife and himself might well both regard it as such. Neither into the consciousness of the husband nor even (monstrous to say) of the wife does any thought of the moral enormity, the sin against divine and human law, against all that is sacred and all that is decent, involved in the husband's flagrant and callous and long-continued infidelity, seem to have dawned. Her feelings were cruelly hurt and needed to be healed; that is all. Such novels as this should not be praised by our critical organs merely because of their artistic ability and finish. We honour the *Spectator* because that journal at least—though, so far as we have observed, alone—has justly condemned this book.

Sabina Zembra. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. Three Vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

Mr. Black cannot write otherwise than gracefully, nor does he show any failure in his pictorial power. But this work is not, we venture to think, one of his best. The heroine is a fine woman—strong, gentle, compassionate, and supremely beautiful, with whom to nurse and tend is a passion, and who seems not to care for love from man, because she seeks not support or sympathetic correspondence of nature, found in one who stands in contrast of position to herself—like a symphonic contrast in harmony which makes richer music than mere unison; but seeks only to lend her strength to the weak and give her love to those in pain and need, or else to sisters of her heart's choice. This woman is insensible to the passionate love of a noble artist—whom nevertheless she admires and esteems—and is led, through an accident, to give her affection to a good-for-nothing gentleman rider, every way miserably inferior to herself, whom she nurses during weeks of helpless confinement. Hence a wretched life for some years, ended by the suicide of the irreclaimable man of the turf. The book is unpleasant, although there are some beautiful scenes and more than a few fine passages. In the end, the heroine, having come to grief and trouble, and almost to humiliation, accepts the love of the artist who had never ceased to love her, and who, having lost his sight, had become thereby a fit object for her love and tending.

A Garden of Memories; Mrs. Austin; Lizzie's Bargain. By MARGARET VELEY. Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

Here are two small volumes that are truly delightful, containing three exquisite short stories. They are but sketches, but at every point they show the instinct and the master-touch of genius. This writer does not need a sensational story or a cunning and wonderful plot to excite and to enchain the interest of her readers. Every paragraph is fresh and engaging, and her writing is as sweet and pure as it is charming.

The Cæruleans. A Vacation Idyll. By H. S. CUNNINGHAM, Author of "Chronicles of Dustypore," &c. Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

This is not an ordinary novel. It is worth the while of a man or woman of intellect to read it. It is full of ideas, and is a work of art. The scene is laid in India, and the author is an old Indian. The characters are very various, and they live; the scenes are vivid and Oriental; the events—though there is no sensationalism—are lively enough in their character and succession to prevent any touch of dulness; the conversations are brilliant. Probably if the

author had had to fill three volumes his book would not have been so good. These two volumes, however, he has filled with life and movement. Of plot there is not much, nor does there need to be; the book has a vein of sadness in it, but it is not too pervasive or overpowering; and if the end brings sorrow, it allows one also to see love and hope dawning brightly beyond. Throughout, the moral tone is high and pure. There is, however, one blemish. A man represented as full of gravity and honour makes, on board a P. and O. steamer, a proposal of marriage to a lady whom he knows to be engaged to a visiting acquaintance of his own in India, and at the same time makes a vague but damaging accusation against his absent rival such as no man of honour could have made.

The Feud of Oakfield Creek. A Novel of Californian Life. By JOSIAH ROYCE. Boston and New York: Haughton & Co. 1887.

This is an unwholesome story, and it is unformed and sometimes stilted in style. Californian life should yield some literature of a higher quality than such a book.

1. *A Tale of Oughts and Crosses; or, Mr. Holland's Conquest.* By DARLEY DALE.

2. *The Roses of Ringwood.* A Story for Children. By EMMA MARSHALL.

A Tale of Oughts and Crosses is a delightful book, which combines freshness of plot with force and high moral tone. No one will like to lay this story aside till it is finished. Mr. Holland and his mother have their quiet home at Dover turned inside out by two young relatives whose mother has gone to India, and left them to the charge of her half-sister—Mrs. Holland. The boy and girl, who were almost insupportable at first, and even ran away from their new home, became its comfort and ornament. The bright and clever girl at last finds a happy place as the wife of Mr. Holland.

The Roses of Ringwood is an attractive children's book. Just the story for little people to relish. It is prettily bound, and well illustrated.

Our Homely Comedy and Tragedy. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," &c. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1887.

Dr. Boyd has prepared some pleasant pages for the wide circle of readers who have learned to linger over his volumes. Some of the brief chapters are

almost too "homely," but others, like the touching little paper on Tulloch's death, entitled "A Dark Sunday at St. Andrews," will preserve the memory of hours of joys and sorrows which touched a wide circle. "Ayrside Sundays Long Ago" is a prose idyll with the fragrance of the solemn, peaceful, and, despite all their long-drawn devotions, the happy Sabbaths of the writer's boyhood. The good cottager who had risen above the stiff observance of Sunday so far as to take a quiet stroll with his wife in the lane, took care to carry his Bible under his arm, and excused himself by the quaint saying: "I tak' a wee daunder on the Sabbath night; but I aye tak' the Book with me." "Among the Good Wesleyans" gives the writer's impressions of his host and audience at the May anniversary. Though these papers are somewhat "drawn-out," they are full of pleasant glimpses of the past and the present.

Morality in English Fiction. By J. A. NOBLE, Author of "The Pelican Papers." London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1887.

This essay of some sixty pages is reprinted from a magazine, and has been delivered as a lecture. The subject is an interesting one, and Mr. Noble's treatment of it is marked by intelligence, sympathy, and a considerable measure of insight. We fail to find, however, underlying the whole such principles of guidance as in our opinion one who is to speak with authority upon "morality in fiction" ought to possess and announce. Mr. Noble claims that "didacticism" should be excluded from the novel as a work of art, but admits that "it is almost a necessity that a work of even the purest art should bring with it breathed suggestions of the moral atmosphere in which it was produced." But he nowhere satisfactorily deals with this "moral emanation," as he calls it, proceeding rather to illustrate its varied existence in certain well-known masters of English fiction.

We cannot follow him into his detailed treatment of Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot. He seems to us unjust to Thackeray, and quite to miss the point of this lay-preacher's frequent homilies as he turns upon his reader with "*De te fabula narratur.*" It is not fair to Thackeray to set this down as cynicism. And Mr. Noble is as undiscerning of George Eliot's deficiencies as of Thackeray's excellences. In the "moral atmosphere" of George Eliot there are some elements present and some elements wanting which make the air, while occasionally bracing, as Mr. Noble contends, to be often little less than poisonous. But the subject is a large one, and our space is scanty. Mr. Noble's essay is suggestive, thoughtful, interesting; it does not and cannot command our assent in its fundamental principles, though in parts it secures our sympathies.

The Holy War. By JOHN BUNYAN. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. JOHN BROWN, B.A., Author of "The Life of Bunyan," &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

Macaulay has said that if the *Pilgrim's Progress* did not exist, the *Holy War*, from the same pen, would be the best allegory ever written. It is, in truth, wonderfully clever and suggestive, and instinct throughout, in thought and style, with the genius of the great allegorist. This edition is a careful reproduction of the first edition of 1682, with only the correction of some small illiteracies which still remained with Bunyan from his earlier days. The valuable references and marginalia, so full of suggestion—the authorized key, indeed, to the interpretation of the whole—are all in this edition. Mr. Brown's Introduction is what might be expected from the biographer of Bunyan—clear and scholarly and instructive. The notes also are valuable aids, being explanatory of the text, and especially of obsolete words and phrases.

Poems. By A. B. S. London: T. Woolmer. 1887.

This little volume contains several short pieces marked with devout feeling and poetic expression. The first and longest poem, "Magdalene," is in a higher strain, and gives proof of fine imaginative faculty. The same may be said of another blank-verse poem, "By Jordan's Bank." A few of the smaller pieces—"Blue Eyes," "Gorse Blossoms," &c.—are in a gayer tone, and show that the authoress—for this is evidently a lady's handiwork—is qualified to write good ballads as well as pious meditations. We quote a few lines from "The Bundle of Life," the poem which concludes the volume:

"Oh, might I be
To Thee just like some organ standing mute
In solitary stillness in Thy house,
Until some skilled musician touch the keys,
Then truly answering to the Master's hand
And sending music forth through nave and aisle
In wave on wave of thrilling harmony,
Which swells and widens out until it fills
The farthest corners where the shadows hide,
And then in swift vibrations beyond count,
Like breezy ripple on some wind-kissed pool,
Flings back upon the ear a melody
That penetrates the soul! Now soft and low
The subtle strains float out with subtle force,
And melt the ice-cold heart to chastened tears:
Or launching forth in grandly crashing chords
The full-toned diapason fills the church
From carven roof to tesselated floor,
And stirs the inmost hearts of those who hear
Like sudden thunder storms on sultry days,
Which make the careless feel Thy presence near
And cry aloud for help."

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

In *L'Art* (Paris: J. Rouam. London: Gilbert Wood & Co.) for April, that which interests us most is M. Edmond Bonaffee's paper on the extinct art of sculpture in wood, of which, as he says, the history is yet to be written. It grew up at the close of the Middle Ages, and seems to have died out in the seventeenth century. The few monuments that remain show that there were at least five schools—viz., Flemish, German, Italian, and Northern and Southern French. Its motives appear to have been chiefly religious, while the treatment was very frankly realistic. Its principal patrons were of the humbler bourgeois class, and it was displaced by work in marble and metal. The interesting and valuable article on "François Rude," by M. Alexis Bertrand, seems to us to be marred by a little exaggeration. Rude was a sculptor of undeniable power, but he hardly merits the designation of "the French Michael Angelo." The May issues are occupied with the Salon, with the engineer Ferdinand Gaillard, and Japanese decorative art. The first June issue continues the review of the Salon, and contains another article on Japanese art.

MISCELLANEOUS.

La France et ses Colonies. Par ONÉSIME RECLUS. Tome I.: "En France." Paris: Hachette.

MESSRS. HACHETTE are the French Cassell & Co. Whatever they publish is suited to its purpose; and their marvellous activity is as remarkable as the average excellence of their productions. Of course, both firms use up old plates; but a good old plate retouched is surely better than the crude work which disgraces some of our illustrated books. Whether any of the 250 engravings in this small quarto have done duty before, we cannot say; at any rate they are all good, and some of them of singular merit. The names of artists such as De Neuville, Whymper, Vuillier, Riou, Taylor, &c.; and engravers—Kohl, Mennier, Thiriat, &c.—are a sufficient guarantee of excellence. Of the twenty-one maps, some—*e.g.*, those pointing out the average density of population—are on rather a small scale, but they are clearly printed. The letterpress is, of course, far above what we expect in illustrated books. The brothers Reclus have long had a world-wide reputation. To this they owed their safety when the Versailles army was wreaking vengeance on the Commune. Both were condemned to death; but so strong a protest was made

by the learned societies of Europe that the sentence was mitigated. M. Reclus is many-sided; his geology is fully up to date, and he has an admirable way of describing, as he traces the course of a river, the various formations through which it passes. He is a good ethnologist, and the chapter on "Origines des Français," with types of face and costume, is the most interesting part of the book. At the same time he shows not a trace of the ethnologist's tendency to dream and to dogmatize. He is not afraid to say "I don't know," generally adding, "nor does any one else." What he says of the Basques, sober and to the point, contrasts strongly with the vague maunderings which would affiliate them with the old Egyptians, with the Mexicans, and the inhabitants of an imaginary Pacific continent. In etymology he is bolder, assuming that Carnac is probably Cairnaec (hillock of bones); and that *plou* (the Cornish *pol*) has the same root as *populus*. He will not admit that Cornouailles is *cornu Galliae*, referring it to *kerné*, the land of horns—*i.e.*, capes and headlands. In history he is reticent. Neither in the brief sketch of Brittany, among "the old provinces," nor when treating of it geographically, does he say more about the Revolution than to note that the river d'Auray winds past the Champ des Martyrs, the Chapelle Expiatoire, and other places famous in our civil wars. At Nantes he says not a word about the *noyades*, but enlarges on the great dredging works to which the port owes its prosperity, and on the causes of the disastrous Loire inundations (chiefly due to the impenetrable nature of the soil in the upper courses of the river). About the Dragonnades he does say a very little, hinting that the numerous cliffs called "Priest's Leap," prove reprisals on the part of the Camisards. He thinks the Alsace-Lorrainers will remain "Francophones," despite the German schools and the passagère tyrannie du Nord. Terse and compact, M. Reclus' style is a sample of French at its best; and a tour through France with such a guide is sure to be a pleasure to those who have faith to go along with him. We should like to see the book in the libraries of our big schools, for girls as well as for boys. Works of this kind would do a great deal to make our school French a reality, instead of (as it too often is) a dreary farce. And the book would teach so much besides French. The "Druidic stones," for instance, M. Reclus holds to be undoubtedly sepulchral; a menhir or a dolmen (what we wrongly call cromlech) marking the chief's burial-place, a group of stones that of the tribe.* A sentence is for him enough to teach a chapter in history; thus of the Allobroges he says: "They were half the nation of the Broges. The other half, the Isobroges, lived in Bresse or the Saone." We spoke of the illustrations; De Neuville's coal-pitmen of Creunt is a good example of the animated style; Grandsire's harbour of Pont Aven—a land-

* How large must have been the population represented by the avenues of Carnac. France, by the way, sadly needs a Monuments' Protection Bill. The menhir of Saintonge (the largest of all, nearly thirty yards high) was broken up for building stone; the Breton Men-ar-Hrock (Fairy's stone) is thrown down and cracked into four pieces.

locked Breton bay, and Taylor's exquisite Bouillon du Loiret—the present source of that river which burst out here in 1672 having previously flowed from a deep hole called l'Abiure, are among the best of the still-life pictures.

Pioneering in New Guinea. By JAMES CHALMERS. With a Map, and Illustrations engraved by Edward Whymper from photographs taken by Lindt of Melbourne. London: Religious Tract Society. 1887.

The delightful volume entitled *Work and Adventure in New Guinea*, which we reviewed recently, has already made many readers familiar with the heroic labours of Mr. Chalmers. To quote the words of his coadjutor in the earlier volume, his arrival in 1877 formed an epoch in the history of the New Guinea Mission: "He is wonderfully equipped for the work to which he has, under God's providence, put his hand, and is the white man best known to all the natives along the south coast. From the first he has gone among them unharmed, and though not unfrequently in imminent peril, has been marvellously preserved." Mr. Chalmers is both a missionary and explorer. No one knows New Guinea so well as he. No one is so intimately connected with its recent history. The handsome volume which he has just prepared is accompanied by numerous excellent illustrations, together with a map prepared by the Royal Geographical Society to illustrate a paper which he read before that learned body. The future historian will find valuable material in the chapters which Mr. Chalmers devotes to his journey with Commodore Erskine to proclaim the British protectorate over New Guinea, and to his tour of inspection with the late lamented Sir Peter Scratchley. One of the most valuable chapters in the volume is that on "The Habits, Customs, and Beliefs of Motu and Motumotu." The answers given by the natives themselves in these two districts are set side by side, forming a valuable and reliable picture of life and character in New Guinea. The missionary's voyages, his long journeys in the interior, with all his diversified experience among the cannibals of the Gulf, are artlessly told. Nine sketches of New Guinea celebrities, which afford some strange glimpses of heathen customs and superstitions, add largely to the value of a book which every student of missionary work, of native customs, or colonial history, will find stored with information such as no other Englishman is in a position to give.

A new English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Part III. Batter–Boz. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1887.

This part is, if possible, of even greater interest and importance than its predecessors, containing as it does an unusually large proportion of words of

native English origin. Amongst these the verb "to be" naturally occupies the most prominent place. It is an interesting evidence of the immense antiquity of human speech, and of the subtle influences which are ever at work to modify it, that this familiar auxiliary should be compounded of three several roots—viz., *es*, which appears in the Latin *est*, the Greek ἐστι, the German *ist*, and the English *is*; *wes*, traceable in the German *weser* and *waz*, and the English *was*, and *be*, seen also in the German *bin*. In the twelve columns devoted to this verb the history of each of these three roots is carefully discussed, the article being thus an extremely valuable contribution to philological science. Separate treatment is accorded to the prefix *be*, which is, we learn, simply a light form of *by*, which originally meant *about*, and is connected with the second syllable of ἀμφὶ. The compounds in which this prefix occurs are then exhaustively dealt with under separate headings. The unphilological reader will be astonished to find how much he has to learn about the most familiar words in the language, such as, *e.g.*, *bed* and *board*. It is interesting to be informed that *bonfire* has nothing to do with the French *bon*, but meant originally *fire of bones*. Doubts are cast on the ordinary derivation of *book* from the old form of *beech*, but no satisfactory alternative is suggested. The *etymology* of *box* is also left in some uncertainty. Indeed, one of the best features of the work is the caution which characterizes it. It is also highly satisfactory to find that the hermeneutical part of the work is not unduly subordinated to the philological. Quotations by which the history of the various senses which a given word has borne, ranging from the earliest period of written English in which the word is met with down to the present day, are furnished in almost excessive abundance. Particularly interesting articles are those on *bias*, *bow*, *bill*, *blackguard*, and *bombast*. The quotations given to illustrate the rare word *bombinate* are curious. The first is from Rabelais, the second from Mr. Swinburne, and the third and last from the *Daily News*; the two last being merely allusions to the passage from Rabelais.

Manual Training. The Solution of Social and Industrial Problems. By CHARLES H. HAM. Edinburgh and London: Blackie & Son. 1886.

This book has much reality about it, although it is not wanting in some of the characteristics which too often mar American works relating to education, those especially (and there are too many such) that are not written by men of real literary culture and training. We have sounding platitudes, and vague, yet questionable, dogmatisms, and unprofitable digressions in considerable proportion. But we have also the honest work of a real enthusiast, who is also a practical organizer. America feels just now, above all things, and more, perhaps, than any other country, the need of manual training

for her rising population. In our own country, though little is said on the subject, the need and the best way of organizing instruction in manual labour as a part of elementary education has for a long time been occupying the attention of educationists, and is one of the special points to which the inquiries of the Royal Commission on Education are at present directed. This volume, intended to stir up and guide American opinion, contains interesting information on a subject which is no less difficult than important. It shows the usual misapprehension of Americans, who are not real educational experts, as to the condition of education in England. The true leaders of educational ideas and progress in America have always been modest and accurate in writing about the condition and progress of their own country, and have usually been well informed as to education in England. Mr. Ham is not an authority of this class. If he were, probably he would not have a chapter entitled "The Majesty of Tools." But his book, notwithstanding, is a contribution of some value on the important subject to which it relates.

Juarez and Cæsar Cantú. A Refutation of the Charges preferred by the Italian Historian in his Last Work against the American Patriot. Official Edition. Mexico: Printing Office of the Federal Government. 1885.

The Mexican authorities here come forward as the champions of President Juarez. Cantú, who was the personal friend of Maximilian appointed by him to various important offices, stated in his history that Juarez sold "two provinces to the United States under the title of a pledge for two years, as a guarantee for a loan," and also sold the body of the murdered Maximilian for money. The pamphlet, by copious quotations from various sources, sets itself to disprove these statements of the partisan historian. Any student of Cantú will need to weigh its statements. The concluding remarks are strangely unbecoming. Such flimsy rhetoric is in the worst taste. Mexico may defend her President against Cantú's statements, but the murder of Maximilian will always be a foul blot on her escutcheon.

Mathematical Wrinkles. For Matriculation and other Examinations. By Dr. W. F. KNIGHT. London: Blackie & Son. 1886.

Six Mathematical Papers, set at the Matriculation Examination of London University, are here carefully worked, with some valuable notes. The book will be of great service to all students, but especially to those who do not attend classes or who have no private tutor.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Praise: Meditations in the One Hundred and Third Psalm.* By MARK GUY PEARSE.

2. *Skipper George Netman: a Story of Outport Methodism in Newfoundland.* By the Rev. GEORGE J. BOND.

3. *The Joy of Her Home.* By LIZZIE JOYCE TOMLINSON. London: T. Woolmer.

1. Mr. Pearse's meditations are in his best style. They form a suggestive devotional book, brimming over with pleasant illustrations, and may well brighten the life of every reader.

2. Skipper Netman is a sturdy Newfoundland fisherman, fearless and devout. His adventures are well told in this neat and tastefully got-up volume, which gives some pleasant glimpses of Methodist work and fisher-life. It is a capital tale likely to do much good.

3. *The Joy of Her Home.*—The tone and moral of this little book is all that could be desired, but it is wanting in incident, and not very well written.

1. *Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher: A Tale of the War of 1812.* By W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

2. *Stephen Blakemore's Problem.* By EDITH CORNFORTH.

3. *Chips from a Temperance Worship: Readings, Recitations, and Dialogues for Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies.* Edited by OLIVER PACIS.

London: Wesleyan Sunday School Union.

1. Mr. Withrow's book is a history rather than a story. The heroic struggle against invasion from the States is well described, and a thread of incident supplies interest to the narrative. The story is too slight, however, for most young readers.

2. Miss Cornforth has written a graceful tale which will please all readers, and leave a blessing behind it.

3. The temperance selections are somewhat dry and stale, but the idea is good, and the book will no doubt be useful. It is a pity that the compiler had

not taken a wider range, and given temperance societies a more worthy selection of readings and recitations.

1. *The Family Council: Conversations on the Events of Home.* By EDWARD GARRETT.

2. *Inches of Thought for Spare Moments.* By G. S.

3. *Uncle John's Talks with His Nephews.* Edited by E. J. HARDY, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1886.

1. Mr. Garrett is at home in the sphere to which his new book introduces us. Such subjects as the Christian training of children, the education of daughters, the boys' start in life, and the first marriage are treated in a racy, simple style, which will win the book a welcome in all homes. It will give useful hints in many a perplexity.

2. *Inches of Thought* is an appropriate title for these brief papers. The subjects of a few of them may best introduce the book to our readers. "The Danger Flag," "Perhaps," "If," are some of the many topics treated in anecdotal fashion, with racy illustrations. It is a suggestive little volume.

3. *Uncle John's Talks* appeal to another circle. Boys will here learn much about moral pluck, school games, a taste for reading, and kindred topics of unfailing interest. This book may be put into the hands of all boys in the confidence that it will help them to become more manly and more truly Christian.

The Story of my Life and Missionary Labours in Europe, Africa, America, and the West Indies. By the Rev. WILLIAM MOISTER. London: T. Woolmer. 1886.

This is a plain, unpretending, but interesting and often affecting record of nearly sixty years' labour as a Methodist minister, principally in the mission field. It is of the best old-fashioned sort and style. If any one desires to have a true and real specimen of the earnest, faithful, unwearied, very useful and very happy life of a genuine Methodist preacher, whose living spirit is that of the age which preceded railways and savoured of ancient simplicity, and yet who has known how practically to adapt himself and his work to modern conditions, let him read this book. It will yield him pleasure and instruction. Above all, it is likely to touch his heart for the best.

A Cry from the Land of Calvin and Voltaire: Records of the McAll Mission. With Introduction by the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

The title will sufficiently commend this interesting little book to all who know anything of the needs of France and the work of Mr. McAll.

Edwin Bainbridge: A Memoir. By T. DARLINGTON, St. John's College, Cambridge. With Preface by the Rev. W. F. MOULTON, D.D. Morgan & Scott. 1887.

Let our last notice be of this most touching volume, written by the old School-fellow at the Leys School, Cambridge, of the young hero—the unconscious hero—whose memory is enshrined in this little book. All the world heard of the eruption and earthquake which, twelve months ago, overwhelmed the Wairoa Terraces in New Zealand, and of the brave English Christian lad who prayed, exhorted, and was singled out for destruction. He was a bright young Methodist, and the affecting history of his simple goodness, of his fair youth and early death, is here briefly and modestly related.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (May 15).—M. Rochard, of the Academy of Medicine, contributes a sensible paper on "Hygienic Education and Intellectual Overstrain." He notices the physical exercise which the ancient world and the mediæval nations required children and young men to take. With the revival of learning and the Reformation, letters, principally Latin and the study of law, became the basis of education for all liberal careers, and even for those who were intended for the army and other public service. The encyclopædists began an attack on the study of the dead languages, and by substituting the study of the natural sciences paved the way for a political and social revolution. After this historical review, M. Rochard goes on to show that children have special need of fresh air and movement. To require prolonged attention and close study is unreasonable and unnatural. He protests, however, against exaggeration. To call the French system of education homicide, is quite unwarranted by the facts. Most of the young people escape, thanks to their youthful flexibility, but they exhaust that force which should be stored up in readiness for the struggles of the future, and their physical development is checked. Among the young men exempt from military service by feebleness of constitution the graduates are 575 per 1000, the others only 460 per 1000. M. Rochard would like to secure a law to regulate the studies of schools and lyceums. It should limit the length of classes, the hours spent in home work, in recreation and other exercises, and render them obligatory; it should set a limit of age to the admission into the different classes of the lyceums, move back that for obtaining diplomas, and especially for studentships; the examinations should be limited, and special inducements given to cultivate athletics. By this means, he holds that the whole physical tone of the youth of France would be improved.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE (April 15).—M. Léo Quesnel gives an interesting sketch of contemporary Spanish literature. Up to twenty-five years ago the peninsula was almost barren of historians, though the national life was rich beyond almost any other in material for such studies. The torpor of those days is past. Societies of history and archæology have been formed, and the activity has borne splendid fruit. In France the archæologist may glean some scattered facts from coins or wait for the results of excavations, but in Spain it is only necessary to open the library doors to bring out treasures of history which have lain buried there for generations. In the convents, in the municipal archives, and in the libraries which belong to the Spanish grandees, there is almost inexhaustible material. The Royal Academy of History in Madrid has published its tenth volume of Memoirs. These bulky volumes of 700 to 800 pages can be had for ten francs in Madrid. The last contains an account of the relations between Columbus and the brothers Pinçon, and other important papers relating to the conquest of America, which have been edited by the learned Captain Cesar Fernandez Duro, who has made a special study of this period. Still more interesting is the correspondence between Philip IV. of Spain and Marie d'Agreda, who founded the Convent of Agreda. The king, drawn by the fame of her virtues, paid her a visit which made a profound impression on his mind. During twenty-two years this gifted woman became his trusted counsellor. Her lofty views of the claims of justice and of the rights of the people made her a fit counsellor for the weak prince in that dark age. 1886 has been a year of great literary activity in all departments. An eighth and ninth volume have been added to a series on Spanish folk-lore, and other subjects are well represented. In fiction the year has been prolific. Galdos has published nothing, though he has an important work in preparation. Madame Pardo Bazan, who has unfortunately lent her influence to form a Zola school in Spain, has been very busy in that debasing work.

(May 1).—M. Paul Fontin, in a paper on "The Consular Question," discusses

the report of a special commission appointed by M. Challemel-Lacour, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, to consider the modifications which ought to be made in the diplomatic corps. The commission sat from June 1, 1883, to July 10, 1884, but its report has been quietly shelved for the last three years without producing any effect. M. Fontin shows the need of prompt action. The consuls are the greatest travellers in the world, he says. They go on and on, like the wandering Jew, without ever finding a settled home. A consul who has had twenty years' service will have passed from Turin to Montevideo, Moscow, Tangier, Shanghai, and Melbourne. The result is that the consul can form no lasting connections. He has to get acclimatized, and become familiar with his new surroundings; then, before he has well managed to do this, he must move on. M. Fontin complains, too, of the want of interest and help for French travellers and settlers. The consul will discourage the new-comers, or receive them with marked coldness. This interesting article shows forcibly the need of reform if French commerce is to be fostered in all parts of the world.

Deutsche Rundschau (April).—The readers of this review owe their thanks to Alfred Dove for some interesting reminiscences of Leopold von Ranke's early life. They were composed by the great historian himself at Venice in 1863. Ranke was born in Thuringia—a lovely valley bowered in its luxuriant woods. The quaint little town of Wiehe, where he first saw the light on December 21, 1795, is lovingly described. Ranke's forefathers were clergymen in the county of Mansfeld. Israel Ranke was pastor at Bornstedt, a village near Eisleben, from 1671–1694. His son, the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, died early, scarcely leaving enough for his widow to live upon. Their boy, Johann Heinrich Israel Ranke, was then six years old. His friends, who saw no way of training him for the Church, wished him to learn some handicraft, but the family instinct was too strong. He set out for Halle to enter the Latin school of the Orphan House there; then he passed to Leipzig University. He afterwards became pastor in the little village of Ritteburg, where he preached for more than a generation. He was a thrifty man and made a good marriage, so that he raised his family in the social scale. He died at his son's in Wiehe at the age of eighty, when the future historian was four years old. He left behind him a large library of theological books, which belonged to the earlier half of the eighteenth century. His Hebrew Bible and copy of the Septuagint with the New Testament were provided with a Latin version written in his own neat and clear handwriting between the lines. His son, not at all to the satisfaction of the father, resigned theology in favour of law whilst a student at Leipzig. He settled as a practising jurist at Weihe, where his mother had left him a house and a little estate. The duties of his profession and the oversight of his estate kept him busy enough. He was a devout man, simple and homely in his habits, and not without some scruples as to his refusal to enter the Church. His wife was unwearied in her devotion to her family, and had some poetic tastes to which her more prosaic husband was a stranger. The glimpses of life in the little town are strangely interesting. The kernel of society was composed of a few old families, who sometimes bore the same name, and were distinguished from each other as "Köhler behind the town-hall," "Köhler in the street," "Bremer at the church." The bürgerschaft, including the clergyman and the schoolmaster, ranked next. Still more interesting were the squadrons of military quartered in the town. Their doings formed a daily topic of conversation in the little town. Young Ranke needed no pushing forward in his studies. He did too much rather than too little. But he was not backward in games, and climbed the trees as eagerly as any of his young friends. He passed from the care of the town schoolmaster to two cloister-schools in the district. The picture of the master and his boys returning from their afternoon ramble, and kneeling down for evening prayer in the wood, is one of the gems of these recollections. In the dim wood, with the glittering stars above, the teacher bowed in prayer with his scholars, and sang the evening hymn, then all returned with deepened feeling to their home. The effect of Schiller's and Goethe's works on the boy's mind is well described. At the second cloister-school he passed from Ovid to Virgil, which they not only read but committed to memory. Some of the boys could repeat the Æneid from beginning to end. The Iliad and Odyssey were read through three times during Ranke's stay. One of the masters introduced him to the lyric poets and dramatists of Greece, whom he read with intense delight. From this school he went up well prepared to the University of Leipzig.

(May.)—Herr Geffcken's series of articles on "The British Empire: its Political-Military Position," closes with a study of our naval and military position. He points out that the defence of our coasts is of supreme importance, and for this our fleet must mainly be responsible. Our extensive colonial empire divides our forces, while France is able to concentrate her ships of war at Toulon, Brest, and one or two other ports. The writer refers to the devastation wrought by the Alabama, and quotes the opinion of Admiral Aube, that twenty such cruisers would completely destroy our British commerce. As to our army, he holds that our adherence to the system of enlisting which all other great Powers have abandoned has been a mistake. The reducing the time of service he also considers a serious error. Soult said, "The British infantry is the first in the world, and happily there is not much of it." That our critic thinks has been entirely changed. The infantry of which Soult spoke so highly perished in the Crimea. Herr Geffcken shows the important bearing of parliamentary policy on this question. He bitterly bewails Mr. Gladstone's conduct of foreign and colonial affairs; he is not even satisfied with Lord Salisbury's policy. The present Premier repudiates the theory of non-intervention, but holds that other States must take care to pull Castania out of the fire for us. Lord Salisbury may be said to be prevented from pursuing a more vigorous course by his relation to the Liberal Unionists, but Herr Geffcken holds that this union really strengthens his hands for such a line of policy.

(June.)—An anonymous article on the elections for the Reichstag in Alsace-Lorraine deals carefully with all phases of these returns. The conquered provinces have shown decisively at the poll that after sixteen years of German rule they are still as much opposed to it as on the day of the annexation. Copious quotations are given here from the addresses issued by the parliamentary candidates. Various plans for securing results more satisfactory to Germany are discussed. The writer thinks that the elections might be made septennial instead of triennial for these provinces, so as to avoid the too frequent recurrence of the disturbing element. In any case he comforts himself with the reflection that Germany is strong enough to hold, without reference to the wishes of the inhabitants, the provinces which were united to the Fatherland against their own will.

North American Review (April).—A series of articles entitled "Letters to Prominent Persons," is appearing in this journal. Arthur Richmond takes James Russell Lowell somewhat sharply in hand. He reminds Lowell that "as a representative of the highest culture, a stern advocate of the loftiest moral principles in politics, this Republic welcomed your advent into the public arena." Of slavery Lowell proclaimed himself the eternal foe. His position and talent won him the high position of presidential elector for his own district and university when the first President was to be chosen after the civil war. The writer says that Lowell was only kept faithful to his duty to vote for the Republican candidate by the influence of another politician. He was sent to represent his party abroad, but Mr. Richmond complains of his want of hospitality and attention to his compatriots. He says that Lord Salisbury's invitation left at the American legation for Secretary Evarts, his wife and daughter, to visit Hatfield, was suffered "to lapse so grossly as to be conveyed for Mr. Evarts only." When the Republicans were turned out of office, Mr. Richmond taunts Mr. Lowell with his want of loyalty to his old comrades. This is the sum of the charges. They are somewhat biting, but we do not doubt that Mr. Lowell can give a good answer.

(May.)—"Beecher's Personality" forms the subject of an enthusiastic article "by his physician," Dr. Searle. His genius, it is said, was oratorical, linguistic, poetic, humanitarian. "He sounded all the depths of emotion, all the heights of inspiration. As an analyst of character he was as great as was Shakespeare as a synthesist. As a student and reader of Nature he could have rivalled an Agassiz or an Audubon. In wit and humour he was the peer of the most celebrated. In short, history records no man who outranked his fellows in more directions and to a greater extent, and who fell below the average in fewer elements and developments of mind and soul." There is a careful description of the orator's physique. He was five feet eight inches high, and for several years his weight averaged about two hundred and twenty five pounds. His digestion was uniformly good, his habits regular and temperate. "He was immoderate only in sleep. This he must, and would, and did obtain in generous proportion. In the full tide of work an afternoon siesta was always insisted

upon, and he could compose himself to peaceful slumber even amidst much confusion." He was specially fond of coffee; mild ale and wines he took sparingly, and only when his health seemed to require them. He ate lightly before speaking—a cup of coffee or tea, with a scrap of toast. His Saturday holidays, spent among the picture galleries, shops, or museums were his great means of recreation. His farm at Peekskill proved a very valuable health-resort. The quinsy from which he suffered much in his earlier years grew less troublesome in the last ten years of his life. Hay-fever prostrated him every year unless he resorted to the White Mountains or to distant journeys. He spent thousands of dollars on precious stones. They afforded him the same pleasure, he used to say, as flowers, and were fadeless. He was scarcely ever without unset gems in his pocket, and haunted the shops of jewellers, from whom he sometimes borrowed their gems. The ruby, opal, carbuncle, and emerald were among his favourite stones. "No lady of taste could derive more satisfaction from a shopping expedition than he. From his recent visit to England he returned laden with spoils of this description for his relatives and friends, silks and plushes and velvets fit for a queen." His memory, which was wonderful in its hold on facts of Nature and details as to men and their history, was absolutely at fault in reference to phrases, dates, and other things. "The only thing of this sort that he could recall was the list of Latin prepositions that govern the ablative case. . . . . Not a couplet of any hymn, though sung in his ears and by his tongue for a lifetime, not a passage of Scripture, not a scrap from the most celebrated authors or orators, could he quote with even a probability of accuracy." He was incautious even to heedlessness, Dr. Searle says: "He could not understand or be made to believe that he could have an enemy who would lie in wait to trip him, and glory in deceit." The doctor endorses the saying of a friend, "that to know this man was not only to admire and enjoy him, but to love him with an affection that in every true and honest heart grew deeper and fonder with every hour, every day, and every year."

Methodist Review (May).—A portrait and memorial sketch is given in this bi-monthly of John Price Durbin, one of the greatest orators of the Methodist Episcopal Church during this century. Born on a Kentucky farm, and apprenticed when he was only fourteen to a cabinet-maker, Dr. Durbin had no educational advantages. Such, however, was his application, that he was qualified after seven years in the active ministry to accept the Professorship of Ancient Languages in Augusta College. He was appointed President of Dickinson College in 1834, and saved that institution from shipwreck. After eleven years at Dickinson he returned to ordinary pastoral work, till he was made Corresponding Secretary for Foreign Missions in 1850. This post he held until failing strength compelled him to resign it in 1872. His reputation as a preacher was not gained by meretricious or sensational methods, but by "the wise, the weighty, and the eloquent presentation of essential truth." His special sermons were often an hour and a quarter or even an hour and a half long. When he returned to the pastorate he reduced them to fifty minutes, so that he might be able to deliver two sermons a day. He retired to rest after the morning discourse in order that he might come to his work at night with the freshness of morning.

The Century (April—June).—Mr. Eggleston gives some amusing pictures of American worship in his article, "Church and Meeting-house before the Revolution." The New Englanders refused to apply the name church to a building. Their disused meeting-houses were given to the minister for barn or stable. One in Long Island served as the town gaol. This was a protest against the notion that holiness could belong to wood or stone. After the log and thatch meeting-house came the squarish frame building, with roof sloping on all four sides to a point in the middle. This was called a tunnel-roof. The belfry crowned it, with its rope hanging down in the middle of the preaching-place. Bells, however, were comparatively modern. The people were generally summoned by beat of drum. In New Haven the drummer stood on the top of the meeting-house that his summons might be heard by all the people. It was more usual, however, to blow a conch-shell dinner-horn in the streets. A signal-flag hoisted above the meeting-house warned the more distant worshippers. Some pleasant illustrations are given of the hospitality shown to those who came from distant parts to the services. The officers of the church sat in conspicuous positions in front of the congregation. When the minister entered with his family the people rose, and remained standing till he had mounted to his place. In Lynn, the tithing-man

went about with a long wand with a ball at one end to tap any man who was droway; at the other end of the wand was a fox's tail, with which he brushed the faces of the women who thus forgot themselves. One frequent sleeper struck this official for disturbing him, but he gained nothing by his rash deed. He was sent to the whipping-post for "common sleeping at the public exercises." We are sorry that we cannot quote any more of the curiosities of worship in this delightful article.

(June.)—Mr. Kennen's visit to Count Tolstoi is the feature of this month's magazine. In 1885, the writer, an American traveller, visited the convict mines in Eastern Siberia, where the exiles entreated him to find the Count and lay before him the story of their sufferings. He bore with him a manuscript describing a "hunger strike" organized by four educated women in the Irkoutsk prison, who sought by starving themselves to secure better terms from the brutal prison authorities. This MS., with the terrible descriptions which the American gave, failed to shake Tolstoi's principle of non-resistance. So far he may be right, but the dreamy philosophy of the great novelist makes one smile. His mode of life is still more grotesque. The wealthy noble and novelist had spent the morning in spreading manure over the land of a poor widow who lived near his estate. In the evening he brought his tools and lap-board into the Countess's sitting-room, where he put heels to an unfinished pair of shoes, discussing learnedly about shoemaking as an art. It will surprise no one to find that all the members of the novelist's family do not sympathize with his views. His eldest daughter, however, is one of his converts. The stranger and her father met her returning from the hay-fields in peasant dress. She had been at work there with the village girls.

Scribner's Magazine (April—June).—This magazine is steadily improving. The April number is very attractive both in fiction and in general articles. Mr. Washbourne's "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris" describe his visits to Archbishop Darboy in his cell at La Roquette. The unfortunate prelate had then been two weeks in prison without seeing any one save his jailer. Mr. Washbourne, entreated by the Papal Nuncio to use his interest on behalf of Monseigneur Darboy, gained admission with difficulty to the cell. He found the prisoner cheerful, though his face and person bore the marks of ill-health. "He was one of the most charming and agreeable of men, and was beloved alike by the rich and poor. He had spent his whole life in acts of charity and benevolence, and was particularly distinguished for his liberal and catholic spirit. The cruelty of his position and prescience of his coming fate had not changed the sweetness of his disposition nor the serenity of his temper. No words of bitterness or reproach for his persecutors escaped his lips, but he seemed desirous rather to make excuses for the people of Paris, to whom he had been allied by so many ties during his whole life." "The unpublished letters of Thackeray," written to his friends the Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Brookfield, will be eagerly read. The great novelist was a man born for friendship. It is a privilege to read his heart through these graphic notes, which sparkle with humour, not unmixed with sadness. "I should like to see," he writes, "before I die, and think of it daily more and more, the commencement of Jesus Christ's Christianism in the world, where, I am sure, people may be made a hundred times happier than by its present forms—Judaism, Asceticism, Bullarism. I wonder will He come again and tell it us." The letters in the May magazine are not less interesting. His enthusiasm over *David Copperfield* does equal honour to himself and his great contemporary. In 1849 he writes:—"Have you read Dickens? O! it is charming! Brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens' touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good."—The article on the development of the steamship is an admirable view of the enormous progress made in ocean navigation during this century. The Thackeray letters in the June number are even more racy than those that have previously appeared. The novelist's true tenderness of heart is seen in the playful passage: "The tones of a mother's voice speaking to an infant play the deuce with me somehow; that charming nonsense and tenderness work upon me until I feel like a woman or a great big baby myself—fiddledee." His comments on the women he met in Paris show that he looked on society with the eye of a novelist, and worked up the material he found there. Mr. Stimson's article on "The Ethics of Democracy" is based on an extensive study of the State legislation of America. He points out that

democracy has deemed intoxication more perilous than incontinence or commercial dishonesty, and tends to regard marriage as a contract easily made and ended, whilst it strictly punishes offences against the marital relation so long as it lasts.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (April—June).—Theodore Child's article on the Comédie Française gives a detailed account of the origin, growth, and present position of the first theatre in the world. The palatial buildings are adorned with the finest busts and pictures, so that they form a museum of the drama. Ralph Meeker's "Through the Caucasus," gives some pleasant sketches of Russian life. The heads of peasants and Polish Jews which illustrate the article are singularly good. Every feature, almost every line of these faces, seems to stand out from the paper. Russian tea costs from one to forty dollars per pound. The ordinary tea of the country is far superior to any drunk in England or America. It is brought overland by merchants in the caravans. The best quality used for the imperial table is put in leather bags enclosed in carefully sealed cases, to prevent contact with the air. Cream or milk is never used. Crystallized white sugar and a slice of lemon are the only ingredients added. The samovar is a kind of urn with a hot charcoal fire in its furnace. A straight pipe runs right through the centre of the samovar, and projects at the top. When the water boils a few spoonfuls of black tea are put in a small china teapot. This is filled with hot water from the samovar, and set over the top of the pipe. When the tea has been thoroughly steeped a little of the dark liquid is poured into the guest's glass, which is then filled with water from the samovar. Bohemian cut-glass tumblers are used instead of our cups. Tea-gardens happily take the place of our beer-gardens. The article gives illustrations of the unhappy restrictions which annoy all intelligent people. You must uncover your head when you give your despatch to the Government official. The region between the Volga and Dnieper is underlaid with the best anthracite coal, but the corrupt tyrannical, and meddlesome policy of the Government effectually crushes all enterprise. In the May number there is an article on "The Recent Movement in Southern, Literature." The sketch of George W. Cable will be read with interest. The death of his father and financial reverses threw him early on his own resources. After some years of clerkship he joined the Confederate army, devoting every available moment to the study of mathematics, Latin, and the Bible. After the war, he returned penniless to New Orleans, where he became an errand-boy. Then he studied civil engineering. In 1869 he married, and soon became a member of the staff of the *Picayune*, a New Orleans paper. His refusal from conscientious motives to take charge of the theatrical column, lost him this place. He then found employment as accountant and correspondence clerk to a firm of cotton factors, with whom he remained until 1879. Whilst in this employment his inimitable stories on Creole life began to appear. His chequered career has happily left its imprint on all Mr. Cable's pages.

ST. NICHOLAS and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE maintain their reputation for quaint woodcuts, pleasant reading, and ingenious conundrums.

PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW (April).—Dr. Witherow pays a brief tribute to Dr. Croskery, of Londonderry, who for some years acted as one of the associate editors of the *Presbyterian Review*. The deceased minister was born in County Down, Ireland, of a Unitarian family. He entered Belfast College as a Unitarian, but the influence of two companions, who lent him Dwight's Theology, and above all set him a noble example, led him to join the Presbyterian Church at the close of his first session. The famine of 1847 impoverished his father, so that the young student was compelled to supplement his scanty allowance by work for the Belfast Press. After he was licensed to preach he spent two years in America, where he lectured and delivered sermons. On his return to Belfast he became reporter and afterwards editor of the *Banner of Ulster*. He was not popular in the pulpit. He preached in twenty-six vacancies before he received a call. At last, in 1860, he became pastor of a small congregation at Creggan, in a remote corner of County Armagh. Thence he removed in 1863 to Clonakilty, in Cork, where he laboured, until three years later he was invited to become pastor of a new congregation in Londonderry. In 1875 he became Professor of Logic in Magee College. He was afterwards Professor of Theology. He enjoyed a high reputation in later life as an instructive and practical preacher. His chief literary work was for the periodical press. Seven of his articles appeared in the *London Quarterly Review*.

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