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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1890.

ART. I.—THE LIFE OF A JOURNALIST.

James Macdonell: Journalist. By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., Editor of *The Expositor*, &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

IN England, the ablest and most accomplished newspaper journalists have almost always lived secluded lives and been unknown to the general public. They have influenced the world and its courses, from day to day, more than most men—a few of them, perhaps, at certain moments, almost more than men of any other class—yet among the *Men of the Time*, during the last quarter of a century, their name has found no place—and *Hazell's Annual*, year by year, ignores them. Some journalists, indeed, are well known—their personality is published aloud to the world—but these are not of the class to which we refer, they belong to the "new journalism." The subject of the present article was a very gifted and powerful writer for two of our most powerful newspapers; but James Macdonell was only known to his personal friends—the part he played first on the *Daily Telegraph*, and afterwards on the *Times* was a close secret, to which scarcely more than two or three were privy. The volume before us is specially interesting, because it discloses to us the part which this accomplished man played as a writer for the public, an oracle to guide the views of the multitude, an influential though

unknown counsellor, sometimes, of statesmen at home and abroad. His course was very brilliant and sadly brief. At twenty-four he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, and during nine years, as leader-writer, or as foreign correspondent, he lavished all his powers in its service, to the premature exhaustion, it cannot be doubted, of his physical energies. Afterwards, for four years he served the *Times* as one of its regular staff, writing very frequently on questions of foreign, and especially of French, politics and on ecclesiastical questions, although his versatility was equal to a much wider variety of subjects. In the first week after he wrote his last leaders for the *Telegraph*, he wrote six leading articles for the *Times*, the subjects of which were Burmah, Spanish Affairs, Russia in Central Asia, Canadian Affairs, Ironclads. His course came to a sudden and pathetic end when he was only thirty-seven years of age.

One of the special points of interest in this volume is that it admits us to see something of the interior arrangements of editorial work in the leading English newspapers, of the relations between the editors and their staff, of the daily routine of work on the part of the men whose labours furnish the unfailing supply of comment and suggestion on matters of public interest for readers in all parts of the world, readers whose numbers must be counted by many millions, and among whom are to be found the men who officially sway the destinies of the nations.

Such a position as James Macdonell attained at twenty-four, and retained, in growing development of mental force and faculty, till death cut him down in his brilliant prime of intellectual power, has hardly, we think, in the history of journalism, been attained and held by any other at so early an age. Delane, indeed, was no older when he took the editorship of the *Times*, which he held till increase of years and failure of strength obliged him to retire, a fact which bears witness to the remarkable sagacity, the practical business faculty, the range of general knowledge, and the swift and almost unerring judgment and insight of that great editor. But then, Delane himself wrote no leading articles. He confined himself to the guidance and supervision of his staff, and the general over-

sight of the paper throughout.* Hard enough work that was, and though he was naturally a robust man, he was worn out when he was little more than sixty years of age. But the case of Macdonell was remarkable, no less for the difficulties which he had already surmounted, before he came to London to serve the *Telegraph*, for the struggles and successes of his boyhood and youth, than for the position which he gained so early and maintained with increasing distinction to the end.

He was a Highland villager, educated at a parish school, his father a Roman Catholic exciseman, descended from the Glengarry Macdonells, his mother an Aberdeenshire Protestant villager. His colleagues on the staff of the *Telegraph* and the *Times* were most of them University men, but Macdonell had not the advantage even of a Scotch University education, much less of the liberal culture and fellowship of Oxford, or the exact discipline of Cambridge. Yet when he died, not only did Mr. Chenery, the editor at the time of the *Times*, write to his widow of "his inestimable qualities," and the "loss of his brilliant genius" as "irreparable," but, in a special article on his death, the *Times* spoke of him as "a man of the largest culture, remarkable for the extent and variety of his knowledge, especially in the departments of history and philosophy, and possessing the most graceful literary style, which adorned every subject he touched," while Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the great journal, bears witness to the "rare combination which his character presented of great intellectual endowments" with "remarkable modesty and sweetness of disposition;" adding that he had "looked with pleasure to the fuller cultivation and enjoyment of his society for many years to come." Among those who sent his widow touching tributes to his memory were not only such English friends as Richard H. Hutton and Meredith Townsend, but such French friends as Henri and Madame Taine.

Such was the last issue on earth of the life of the Highland boy, who was born at Dyce, in Aberdeenshire, in 1842,

* He was, however, "accustomed, to an unusual degree, to 'write in' paragraphs and revise the articles" of his staff. He managed, also, we are told, "always to put into his letters of instruction some epigrammatic phrase, which the writer would be only too glad to use, and round which thoughts might be ranged" (p. 298).

who got his best early schooling at Dufftoun, in Banffshire, and his best later schooling and intellectual development at Rhynie, a small and remote Aberdeenshire village, wild and frost-bound during its long and rigorous winters, of which district, we may note in passing, that George Macdonald, the novelist, is also a native. This village culture he gained —mostly during the long winters—in connection with local Presbyterian influences and organizations, such as have been described in a special volume by the Rev. R. Harvey Smith.* At the age of sixteen he left Rhynie for Aberdeen, not to go to college, but to become a clerk in Messrs. Pirie's paper-mills. This Aberdeenshire lad before he was five-and-twenty not only learnt, what comparatively so few Scotchmen in the past have learnt, and still fewer learnt early or easily —unless they have been domiciled and educated in England— to use aright his *shalls* and *wills* in writing, but habitually to write singularly pure, polished, and easy English—English both elegant and idiomatic. At sixteen he went from an Aberdeenshire village school to be a clerk in Aberdeen; at twenty-four he took rank at once as a first-class English journalist.

Those who desire to understand the nature of the associations and influences which made Aberdeenshire villages so fruitful a soil for the cultivation of the manly, self-reliant virtues, the warm home-affections, and the fine faculties of the energetic and electric Highland boy, must read the chapters devoted to the subject in the memoir. They will be reminded, we think, of some parts of Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls*. Here we can only note a very few points. The fact that the father of the future journalist, an exciseman in the notable whisky region of Glenlivet, was a chivalrous Catholic Highlander, intelligent as well as earnest enough to take in the *Tablet*, while his mother was a firm and truly religious Presbyterian, seems to have influenced him through life. Whilst yet in his teens he seceded from the Church of his father; but he was never a narrow Presbyterian. He had great sympathy with the Free Church in the "disruption" contro-

* *A Village Propaganda.* Douglas: Edinburgh.

versy and secession—his Catholic training, indeed, would bias him against Erastianism—and he was from his childhood familiar with all the details of the subject, for the parish of Rhynie lay within the limits of the famous Presbytery of Strathbogie, where was the *fons et origo* of the whole controversy that rent the Scotch Establishment in twain. Thus biassed and schooled from opposite sides, his faculties were enlarged and developed in different directions, and his sympathies were widened, clinging as they did, more or less, at once to the Church of his Catholic father, and to the Puritanism of his mother, while in one resultant line the influences from both sides concurred to determine his principles, namely, in dislike for the State-Church basis of the Anglican Establishment. Hence it is easy to understand what his sister-in-law, Mrs. James Macdonell—his wife's sister as well as his brother's wife, and a niece of Mary Howitt's—says in referring to his intimate friendship with Dora Greenwell. "She was much older than he; she was an English Churchwoman, and of the spirit of the English Church he had always, I think, little real understanding; his sympathies and associations led him nearer to the extremes of Puritanism and Romanism, which he both combated and loved, than that *via media* which to some of us is the true road of peace and safety" (p. 304). His early indoctrination into the intricacies of Scottish ecclesiastical distinctions, including a familiarity not only with the principles of Roman Catholics and all sorts of Presbyterians, but of Independents, and an extensive knowledge of Scotch Church controversies, past and present, was a training which, in his after life, made all contemporary ecclesiastical questions, whether at home or abroad, easy and interesting studies to him, and made him more competent than almost any of his journalistic colleagues to deal with such subjects as they emerged into public view.

Another effect of his early training was that he knew the reality of Christian character and principle. His was a godly training, and when he left home for Aberdeen he was happily introduced to high principled as well as highly intelligent godly families. The savour of such early influences never left him. In London, for many years, as we shall see, he

was closely and continually associated with able and brilliant men, his own immediate colleagues and others, who professed unbelief rather than faith; whose sole religion was the code of honour. He lived on the verge of a Bohemian community, among whom the divine law of faith "did not run," and the Christian standard of high morality had no sacred authority. But through all this perilous experience he retained his Christian faith and sympathies, and preserved his purity of life and character.

In Aberdeen young Macdonell rapidly developed. Mr. McCombie, the farmer-editor and the founder of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, "perhaps, after Hugh Miller, the most notable among the self-taught men of Scotland," became very literally and fully his "guide, philosopher, and friend." Self-taught himself, he had the fullest sympathy with the fine, energetic youth who had come to the granite city. He trained him to think, encouraged him to write, and introduced him to intellectual Christian society of the best kind. In Mr. McCombie's family circle the youth found the high and pure refining influences which, at the most susceptible age, helped to form his character for life. It was in Aberdeen, in his nineteenth year, that he finally and formally, in letters to his father and uncle, abandoned Roman Catholicism. Without becoming a Baptist he joined himself to a Baptist congregation, with which Mr. McCombie was united, and which at the time was under the charge of a very able and liberal, as well as earnest and godly, minister.

Macdonell seems to have soon exchanged his clerkship at Pirie's Mills for employment in the service of the Excise. His absences on this service gave him opportunities of writing long letters to his life-long friend, Miss Annie McCombie. Several are printed at length; it would have been better, as we think, to have given extracts—they are remarkable letters, considering the youth and limited advantages of the writer, but not so good or so wonderful as to warrant the great expenditure of type and space upon them—fourteen large pages, as we count—in this volume. They show that their writer had already read a large amount of English literature, and, through various translations, had made himself familiar

with the best part of *Faust*. Mr. McCombie introduced him to such writers as Hamilton and Mill. He began also to study French. He was by this time in his twentieth year, and his apprenticeship to journalism seems to have commenced by his writing occasional reviews and articles for the *Free Press*, Mr. McCombie's journal.

The account which is given in the memoir of Macdonell's actual entrance upon the profession of journalist (pp. 69, 82–3), is not only meagre, for which the biographer is not to be blamed, but obscure and disjointed. It would seem, however, that the death of his father, and the consequent dependence on him, as the eldest son, of his mother, with her nine children, the youngest being three weeks old, and he himself being only twenty, was the immediate occasion of his making the plunge into life which is involved in adopting the profession of journalist. Through one of his friends in Aberdeen, a lady of intelligence and culture, he obtained an introduction to the Edinburgh *Daily Review*, a respectable journal, with Free Church proclivities, which never recovered from the portentous error its managers committed when, in 1861, they engaged Henry Kingsley as its editor. In 1862, when Kingsley's brief connection with the paper had come to an end, Macdonell, for a few months, held a position on the staff of the *Review*. During this period, short as it was, he made some friends, who were of much value to him in his journalistic career. One of these was Mr. Gilzean Reid, then editor of the *Edinburgh News*, afterwards of the *North Eastern Gazette*, and now *President of the National Institute of Journalists*; another was Russel, of the *Scotsman*, the successful rival of the *Daily Review*. His work on the *Review* was very hard and his remuneration scanty. But he made his mark—gave satisfaction—and out of his poverty generously helped his mother. His favourite preachers were Dr. Hanna and Dr. Walter C. Smith. He made close acquaintance with Dr. Begg, of whom in a letter he gave a good description to his friend, McCombie. He wrote much, of necessity, on doctrinal and ecclesiastical subjects. Scotch Churches and Churchmen, and also English Broad Church heterodoxies, were the subject of earnest and vigorous articles. He went thoroughly into all

such questions. Edinburgh, after Aberdeen, furnished an important stage in his education as a journalist.

From Edinburgh he removed, in 1863, to Newcastle, to be no longer sub-editor but editor. His salary was still low, even on the scale of Scotland or the Border thirty years ago. The paper was not in a flourishing condition, and the young editor—he was but twenty-one—was expected to improve at the same time the position of the paper and his own finances. His modest stipend was £150. The paper was the *Northern Daily Express.*

To Mr. Reid he writes: "The fact is, before I got the *Express* it was going down rapidly, and our rival, the *Chronicle*, was rapidly gaining ground. Our leeway must be made up; we are straining every nerve to do so." "I've been pitchforked into the present position at a ridiculously early age, and so the work is telling heavily upon me." Certainly it was a severe task for a stripling hardly yet of age, to have the charge of a daily paper, with Joseph Cowen's *Chronicle* as his competitor. However, he did his work with great ability and thoroughness, and with marvellous energy and elasticity of spirit. The paper rapidly improved alike in character and in circulation. But the strain was very great, and the salary very small, especially for one who had to provide for his mother and her large family as well as himself. In 1864 he writes to his friend Reid, expressing his desire for a change in his work, so that he might have more money —not less than £200 a year—and some time for self-culture, and, as this Scotch youth of high ambition adds, might be able to "write for the quarterlies." His national modest assurance and business shrewdness are somewhat amusingly shown in one characteristic passage. "You might state," he says to Mr. Reid, whom he wished to act as his friend in the business of seeking the editorship of a weekly journal, "that satisfactory testimonials of ability as a leader writer and as an editor could, if desired, be forwarded from various journalists and literary men of high standing; and that, if necessary, I could send specimens of my articles. It would, of course, be very gratifying to me if to this you should add anything in my favour that you could conscientiously say. It would

be necessary to take the edge off the announcement of my youthfulness by letting —— know that I have been long a writer for the press, and that I became the editor of a daily paper at a very early age."

At this time he failed to obtain the change he desired. Meantime, his life in Newcastle was pleasant. His sisters from Aberdeen found a home in his house, and he made some warm friends, especially, as was usual with him, among cultivated and sympathetic ladies. He was, in fact, doing well with his "daily," and might have found a congenial abiding place in the energetic and intelligent northern centre, but that the proprietor of the *Express*, now that his paper was in a good and improving position, had in 1865 so advantageous an offer made for it, as led him to part with the property to a wholesale and enterprising journalist whose plan was to manage the paper himself from London. Macdonell's letter on this subject is of interest and value in connection with the history of newspaper enterprise. We, therefore, shall quote a considerable part of it. It is addressed to Mr. McCombie, and its date is May 1, 1865:

"I didn't imagine when I wrote to William lately, that I should so soon have to give another account than I then did of the *Express*. It is getting on very well, the circulation having risen a thousand during the last three or four months. But the fact is, the paper was sold to-day to a Mr. Saunders of London! Till about a week ago I was not informed that such a design was in contemplation, and I then heard the news with an amazement which is now shared by every one in the office. . . . .

"One of the indispensable conditions on which it was sold was, that the manager and myself should obtain a year's employment under the new proprietary. I found in my interviews with Mr. Saunders, the other day, that he was only too glad to accept the condition; and he has offered both of us an advance of salary if we consent to enter his service. . . . .

"It is not Mr. Saunders' terms that I object to, it is his system. That is so bad that nothing but absolute necessity will induce me to retain the editorship of the paper. Mr. Saunders, I must inform you, is the proprietor of an establishment in London in which a staff of journalists prepare the news of the day, and write leaders on the principal current topics. The matter thus obtained is put in type; then stereotyped three, four, or five times: and then the blocks are sent by afternoon train to Plymouth, Hull, and other places in which the firm have papers of their own, or an arrangement for supplying the papers of others with stereotyped matter. Eight

columns of such will reach the *Express* office at half-past twelve at night. These will include all the general news, most of the summary, *and even the leader*. The *Express* will every morning be an exact copy of other journals, except in having one, two, or at most three columns of local news. Not one single leading article will be written in this office; and nothing more important will come from the pen of the editor than occasional short *sub*-leaders, too mild in tone to offend any person or any party. For Mr. Saunders thinks, as he distinctly told me, that it is not the duty of a journalist to write strongly, or to commit his paper to the advocacy of any opinion or any principle. Under him the *Express* will have no creed, no principles, no anything but a sneaking determination to pay. I have conducted it on a different plan. While taking care that it should be the mouthpiece of no party, I have written as decided as I could on every question that has come up during the last two years. Whatever the paper has wanted—and I am conscious that it has wanted much—it has at least had a decided creed. All this is to be changed. And it so happens that the only question on which, so far as I could gather from Mr. Saunders, the leaders turned out of his mill speak with decision, is one in connection with which the *Express*, and even I personally, have won local notoriety, and incurred much abuse—the Permissive Bill. But then, my decision went in one direction—against it; his goes in another —for it. What a triumph this will be to the local Alliance party, who seldom lose an opportunity of having a fling at the *Express!*

"It will be obvious to you, I think, that for me to remain here, as the nominal editor of the paper, while I had no more power to shape its policy than the youngest boy in the office, would be very undignified, and very injurious to my professional prospects. It would be different supposing I were to join the paper, for the first time, under Mr. Saunders. But I am known as the editor of it. I am identified with the political opinions advocated in its columns—opinions which, in some cases, are very different from those which were expressed in it when Mr. Manson held the reins. . . . ."

The high-spirited young Highlander started at once to London—towards which city he had been gradually approaching *viâ* Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Newcastle. He took with him letters of introduction from his literary and journalistic friends in Scotland, obtaining one to Professor Masson from

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* Many of our readers will recognize the class of papers referred to in this letter, and which were for a number of years managed with so much energy and success by Mr. Saunders (now of the London County Council), and the late Mr. Spender, during many years a valuable contributor to this journal. Of this group of papers, the *Western Morning News*, so influential a paper in the West of England, has been the most successful. The *Eastern Morning News* and the *Northern Daily Express* do not, we believe, exhaust the list of the newspapers, which were at one time included under the same proprietorship and metropolitan management.

Mr. McCombie, and to Thornton Hunt, of the *Daily Telegraph*, from Mr. Reid. Mr. Hunt, to use Macdonell's phrase, took a fancy to him, and he was almost at once offered a good position on the *Telegraph*, while, at the same time, Russel, of the *Scotsman*, tried to secure him as his assistant, with the prospective reversion of the editorship of that high-class journal, the *Times*, as it has been called, of Scotland. It was a proud position in which he found himself for a young man of twenty-four, coming to London for the first time, and totally unknown to any one south of Newcastle. He was strongly attracted, as he well might be, towards the *Scotsman*, and after he had promised to serve on the *Daily Telegraph* he made an endeavour to obtain a release from his engagement that he might go to Edinburgh. But the *Telegraph* had him and held him. Mr. Hunt never asked to see any specimens of his leaders, but after a brief conversation saw what was in him, and that he was just the person Mr. Levy and he had been looking for, to train, practically, for the position of assistant-editor, in immediate co-operation with Mr. Levy, who was not only the proprietor, but the editor of the paper. "He always wrote and spoke to me," says Mr. Reid, "in the most grateful terms of the prompt and generous recognition by Thornton Hunt, and the liberal and dignified treatment he received at the hands of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was justly proud of the position in which he was placed, and the respect and confidence were mutual and complete" (pp. 116, 117).

On his return from London to Newcastle, after his agreement was settled, he wrote as follows to Mr. Reid, the letter being dated June 12, 1865:

"I go to the *Daily Telegraph* after all. Mr. Levy, on hearing of my preference for the *Scotsman*, invited me to London to see him. I went on Saturday, and had a long interview with him and Mr. Hunt, who, in a very kind letter, had earnestly advised me not to go to the *Scotsman*. Both were very kind, and did all they could to show how vastly better my prospects would be, as they conceived, on the *Daily Telegraph* than on the paper of my choice. I was firm, however, in my preference. I admitted that the situation on the *D. T.* would, in itself, be better than that on the *Scotsman*; but I denied that it would be better in relation to me. Did I feel then, asked Mr. Levy, that I could not discharge the duties that would devolve upon me in the *D. T.* office with the same zeal as I thought I could when I undertook

them? If so, he would recommend his father, who is now on the Continent, to release me. But I felt nothing of the kind; I felt, on the contrary, that if I entered the *D. T.* office at all, I should work with the same zeal as I should have done had Mr. Russel's letter not been received. Feeling so, I said so. 'Then,' said Mr. Levy, 'that settles the matter; I hold you to your agreement,' adding that he did so for my own sake as well as his.

". . . . I shall sit with Mr. Levy, and be his confidential helper. Gradually I shall be brought into contact with great people—statesmen, &c.—on the business of the paper. My salary, I was plainly told, would, if I gave satisfaction, rise without reference to the letter of my agreement, so that, if my health holds good, I shall face the future without fear. I have, as you say, had a wonderful run of luck. It is only three years since I joined the Press, and I'm only twenty-four years of age."

In another letter, dated July 9, to the same friend he describes the beginning of his work. He had written on the Scotch elections (1865), and says, in a sentence which shows that he had not yet mastered the English mystery as to the use of *shall* and *will*—though we have not found a later instance of the error—"It is probable that most, or many, of the Scotch articles which shall in future be published in it, will be from my pen." "Already," he says, "I choose the subjects for the leaders, and indicate what I think should be the line of comment—subject of course to the revision of Mr. Levy. At night I go over the articles, striking out and putting in what I choose—subject again to his decision. This is delicate work, and takes much time, especially as my superiors are so fastidious in matters of style that every clause of every sentence must undergo a rigid examination." Macdonell refers in the same letter to the "formidable men" he "has to compete with"—Edward Dicey and Edwin Arnold. Both these gentlemen were just ten years his seniors, both sons of English county gentlemen, Dicey a graduate of Cambridge, Arnold a brilliant Oxford "scholar" and prizeman. Both, we need not say, are now known wherever English literature is known—known not only as journalists, but as very distinguished authors. These writers with Macdonell were the "young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*," satirized by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and it was Macdonell who, *en revanche*, turned the laugh upon their satirist by describing him as an "elegant Jeremiah."

It might have been supposed that this successful young man would have been content now to cultivate the great opportunity which had come to him so wonderfully early, seeking at the same time quietly to repair the deficiencies of his early education, and not as yet aiming at other and larger tasks, especially as already the results of his early overstrain of work and care were manifest in the condition of his health. Perhaps, however, the foreboding which he describes as coming upon him "in his moments of gloom, that his tenure of life was frail," made him the more feverishly anxious to be doing greater work. His brain was "full of schemes." The plan of a work had been "simmering in it for years." He was brooding over two *Quarterly Review* articles which, if he had "the strength for six months' incessant work," he "could make readable." "Mine," he says in a letter to Mr. Reid, "will, I fear, seem a purposeless life—a life of dissipated effort—a life without a central idea; and yet I feel that it could be something better if I had not to pay for every stretch of prolonged toil with a languor that robs me of the power, and almost the wish, to carry further on the work of sustained thought or study." When he wrote thus he was not yet twenty-four; but his life was spent—his fire had burnt itself out—before he was thirty-eight. It must be remembered that, during all the intervening period, he was acting as a father to his brothers and sisters, eight in number, and largely supporting his mother. There can be no doubt that he lavishly spent his powers in the short life he lived—writing as he did very largely for other journals besides the *Daily Telegraph*, and especially for the *Spectator*. But the load he carried required him to put forth every exertion to increase his income. Not until his task of care and contribution for his nearest kindred had been virtually accomplished, and he himself, at the same time, had been promoted to a principal position on the editorial staff of the *Times*, does he seem to have been able to relax from his extra strain of literary toil. Then it was too late; a few brief years and all was over. Even so, however, it would seem to have been the special exertion connected with the preparation and delivery of a lecture in Bradford that dealt the final blow. Nor does he appear at any time to have

understood what is really meant and needed by way of rest for an overworked writer. His hours of recreation for many years seem to have been spent for the most part in animated and exhausting talk on the subjects which most deeply moved his excitable and eager spirit.

His work on the *Telegraph* grew heavier, not in any respect lighter, as time went on. In the following year, 1866, he thus describes it in a letter to the same friend:

"All the leaders pass through my hands; and often they have to be so altered, added to, subtracted from—sentences being struck out, others put in, sometimes the half of an article re-written, and often every second sentence re-cast—that the revision of four leaders frequently takes five hours. You will have some idea of the extent to which the corrections go when I tell you that they cost something like a thousand pounds a year. Such is my nightly work; but all the forenoon, from ten till nearly two, I am occupied reading MS. and letters, writing epistles to contributors, receiving people who wish to see the editor, revising proofs of articles, and talking over the most fitting subjects for discussion with Levy and Hunt. Then, perhaps, I write a leader, or go to the House, and, after listening to a debate, write an article on the subject. Of late, however, my routine duties have grown so much as to put leader-writing out of the question; so that my work is operating badly in two ways—first, by destroying my health; and secondly, by destroying my power of writing, through letting it fall into disuse. Accordingly, in a very short time I am to intimate, in the most civil but firm manner, that my position must undergo a material change. And such a change my principals will doubtless make, if they can; for, as I have said, they treat me with great kindness."

No doubt his position on the *Telegraph* was improved, as he had every reason to expect it would be, and continued to improve. "Practice makes perfect;" and so gifted and earnest a man, one so intent upon attaining as near perfection as possible, must have rapidly developed in all that belongs to the character and qualities of a first-rate leader writer. In other departments, also, besides that of the regular leader-writer, Macdonell had the full confidence of his employers. He was sent to France during the Franco-German war as war-correspondent with the French Army, whose centre was for a while at Orleans. A year later he went to Paris as the regular correspondent of his paper, returning to London in the spring of 1872. But all along, till he gained a place on the staff of the *Times*, his literary labour seems to have

gone on increasing. "The work," says his biographer, "was indeed hard—too hard to be continued. He was writing ten articles a week. Even to dictate as much in the most haphazard fashion is a sufficiently laborious task; to write them after his long preparation, and with his careful precision, meant a lavish expenditure of brain and heart" (pp. 281–2). What the actual work was like is vividly described by his wife's sister Agnes, Mrs. John Macdonell:

"Leader-writing of a responsible journalist taxes every faculty. Judgment, fluency, accuracy, literary skill, all must be there; and they must be always *ready*. No waiting for the happy mood. Write with speed, write at once, write well: only so many hours lie between you and the most critical and competent audience in the world. He was, I think, of all men I ever knew, most fitted for his work. He seized his subject—it seemed to seize him. He brimmed over with it; he thought, talked, felt nothing else. I recall his face sometimes, the keen light in his eyes, the pale, concentrated look as he raised his head. He wrote with careful minuteness in a close, exquisite, small handwriting, compact as black letter. The only rest he seemed to give himself was to occasionally change his pen, from a huge bundle that lay near him. But he was always ready to help others. I have seen him at his desk with a pile of MSS. beside him."

Before we follow the biography to the period when Macdonell left the *Telegraph* for the *Times* we must find place for some interesting quotations from his letters during his nine years' work on the *Telegraph*. In an early letter (1865) to a Newcastle friend, Mrs. Robins, the young Scotchman, fresh from God-fearing society, thus describes the society he finds in London:

"I wish I could run down to Newcastle to see you. If I could I should take the liberty of inviting myself. I have so much to say to you, to Mr. Robins, to Miss Quinlun, and to Miss Paige, that I'd talk you all blind or asleep. I never pass such evenings now as I used to spend at your house. Of course I like London—only too well, perhaps. The men I constantly mix with and talk with are widely read, accomplished, very clever, very witty. Dulness they hold to be the one cardinal sin. And they so rain down epigrams upon a poor fellow's head that one has constantly to carry a mental as well as a material umbrella. But, still, I long much now and then to escape for a few hours from all this desperate cleverness, this flippancy that holds nothing sacred, this determination that no feeling of reverence shall blunt a joke, this rasping spirit which exacts an apology for a belief in heaven or in hell. When I mixed in Scotland lately with God-fearing men who were not

at all clever, who had little reading and no wit, who could listen but not talk, I felt that, though they lacked much, they lived in an atmosphere of such purity as educated young London does not share. Educated young London is fast taking Heine for its model—Heine, the most brilliant intellect that Europe has produced since Voltaire, and also, perhaps, the most irreverent.

"What about educated men? What about the bar and medicine? What about the men who, through the newspapers and reviews, are forming the opinions of the generations springing up? 'Madam,' I was reluctantly obliged to tell an accomplished and pious lady who asked me these questions when I was last in Aberdeen—'Madam, I know a great many journalists, men of letters, and other educated people in London; but, to speak frankly, I don't know a single one who believes in Christianity. I know few who mention it for any other purpose than to ridicule its pretensions. And I know some who frankly shout out in a club-room that they believe neither in God nor devil.' I should, however, have made one exception. George Sala is the most orthodox man I know, for he believes in hell, and warns his unbelieving friends that they will feel it some day. This is what educated London means. And, while the very foundations of all religion are thus being sapped, the Ritualists think it the proper time for quarrelling about the number of candles that should be burned at midday."

Macdonell was not without his sympathies towards some points and tendencies in genuine Roman Catholicism, of the better sort; but Ritualism excited his contempt and disgust. The letter from which we have quoted above is the letter of a very young man to a lady. Perhaps it hardly affords a full or strictly accurate picture of the field of view. He would have been more competent to write on the subject some years later. Still it is a strictly honest transcript of London society in 1865, as it appeared to a young journalist fresh from strict and wholesome circles of Christian people in Scotland and the Northern border. He himself, at any rate, was an exception to the rule of irreligion and irreverence which he describes.

Four years later, in a letter to Mrs. Harrison, his future mother-in-law, an excellent and charming old lady, sister of Mary Howitt, he gives a capital picture of the Oxford of that date (August, 1869), a picture which, though not without some shades of inaccuracy, is on the whole as correct as it is clear and condensed:

"The question which you ask with respect to the Oxford Liberals is so interesting that, before rushing off to Switzerland, I must give it a brief

answer. Yes, that school is the effect of the reaction that followed the publication of *Tracts for the Times*. On the one side were Hurrell Froude, Rose, Pusey, Keble, and Newman, who were fanatical Churchmen, and who fancied that Christianity was inseparable from an extreme assertion of sacerdotal authority. As Newman says in his *Apologia*, what they fought against was "Liberalism," or the habit of mind which tests every belief and every institution by the standard of the naked reason. On the other side were such men as Copleston, Whately, and Arnold, who, although ardent Christians, detested everything like priestly claims to supernatural authority with all the fervour of healthy souls. Those men struck the 'note' of Oxford Liberalism both in theology and politics. About the time that they were gaining power over the minds of the young men, the influence of Bentham began to be felt within the walls of Oxford, and that thinker's hard utilitarianism helped to bring back the minds of Oxford men from sacerdotal moonshine to the prosaic realities of life. When students began to recoil from Bentham's narrow and acrid creed John Stuart Mill came to teach a broader system of ethics, and a system of political philosophy which, while sweepingly democratic, recognized the fact that man cannot live on such prosaic things as law, justice, and logic alone. In time the influence of Comte was added to that of Mill, and from Wadham College has come forth a race of men who are Comtists in religion as well as in politics. Such men as Congreve, Beesly, and Frederick Harrison represent the Liberalism of Wadham. Such men as John Morley represent that other phase of Oxford Liberalism which severs the religious from the political teaching of Comte. And men like Goldwin Smith, Freeman, and Thorold Rogers, speak in the name of that third school of Oxford Liberalism which aims at the creation of a Christian Democracy."

We cannot refrain from quoting some passages in which this fresh and honest witness describes the impression made upon him by some of the great Parliamentary speakers, whom he had the opportunity of listening to—listening with unjaded interest, and at the same time with critical intelligence. It must be remembered that Macdonell's political creed was advanced radical, not to say republican, though when he wrote the letter from which we are to quote (1866), he had not advanced so far as he went in later years. He is criticising the discussion on the Liberal Reform Bill of that year.

"What do you think of Lowe's speech? I had the good fortune to hear a part both of it and of Gladstone's. Gladstone's was very poor; Lowe's, though not equal to his famous speech of last year, was a good effort. On the whole, the Chancellor's oratory has much disappointed me; it is so roundabout, so wanting in directness, so like Pitt's in being filled with sounding sentences that mean little, so vitiated with what Carlyle calls 'perorating.'

When I used to read the speeches of Gladstone and Bright, I never could understand how the two men had been compared as orators; how the placid diction and rather commonplace thoughts of the one could be said to rival the terse, pointed sentences, the depth of feeling, the richness of expression, and the eloquent wrath of the other. Now that I have repeatedly heard both men, my surprise is greater still. Bright I regard as incomparably the greatest orator in the House—just as I think Lowe incomparably the greatest debater. After Mill, I hold him to be the acutest brain in the Assembly. Intellectually he is developed till his arm has an athlete's strength; and I feel convinced that in a fair stand-up fight between him and Gladstone, Gladstone would go down. At the same time, I am ready to admit that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has the greater mind, and that Lowe's most conspicuous qualities are those of a critic rather than of a statesman."

The view which he here expresses as to the contrasted character and merits of the oratory of Gladstone and Bright, he seems to have retained to the end of his life, although, in regard to general policy he was a follower of Gladstone.

As the correspondent of the *Telegraph* in Paris, Macdonell, as might be expected, was both in and out of his element. His impressible nature delighted in much of the life he found there —he was indeed, true to his Scotch Highland origin and prepossessions in having a great affection and admiration for France, whose history and literature he had made his special study. But the "lubricity" of Paris disgusted and sickened him. It was a part of his duty as newspaper correspondent to attend and report upon such new or revived plays, as were making a marked impression. On one occasion, it was his business to see a new piece by Dumas *fils*. Macdonell had the greatest horror of this writer. His biographer says that he had not words strong enough to stigmatize his writings; "he considered them more disastrous to France than the siege of Paris or the war indemnity." One of the plays that shocked him much was by this writer, *La Princesse Georges*. "Clever, witty, corrupt, it was as nauseous to him as a bad smell. The dialogues were brilliant, the actresses and actors were consummate artists, yet the verdict in any pure mind was that it was diabolical." (pp. 247, 251.)

In Paris he, of course, very often heard Bersier on Sundays. But he also visited Roman Catholic places of worship—he often went to Notre Dâme, and also to the Madeleine. "He at-

tended many courses of sermons for men only, delivered by famous preachers. He was amazed to find, Sunday after Sunday, Notre Dâme full, from end to end, and side to side, of black-coated men, that is, well-to-do men. The fact greatly impressed him, as it is a habit with Englishmen to say that in France only poor people and women go to church." (p. 242.) We quote this passage—the truth of which may be confirmed by any visitor to Paris, who is anxious to ascertain facts by actual observation, and the like of which will be found to hold good of other great and well appointed Churches besides Notre Dâme —because it bears witness to the wonderful revival in France of Catholic Church life during the last twenty years—a revival which the part taken by the Government and the Chambers against the Church seems to have greatly stimulated.

The account given of Macdonell's residence in Paris is very interesting. His serious studies of French affairs and French society, and the acquaintanee he made with earnest and able men of all parties—including the wonderful aged statesmen, once great rivals, Thiers and Guizot—added, no doubt, greatly to his competency as a public writer on continental, and especially French, politics, and prepared him for the position he was soon to gain on the staff of the *Times*.

Meantime, in the later summer of 1871, he had married. It was a happy, congenial marriage, and the correspondence contained in the memoir is brightened by many letters to his wife and members of her family, especially her sister Agnes, who became Mrs. John Macdonell. For several years after his marriage he remained on the staff of the *Telegraph*. At this period he seems to have worked harder than ever. Besides his family expenses as a married man, it may be presumed that considerable responsibilities yet rested upon him on account of his own family. Indeed, his biographer says he was never without such responsibilities. (p. 408.) "He was writing," we are told, "besides five or six leaders a week for the *Daily Telegraph*, articles for the *Levant Herald* and the *Leeds Mercury*, frequent contributions to the *Spectator*, and occasional articles in the *Saturday Review*, *Macmillan*, and *Fraser*." "Many of his most thoughtful and polished papers were contributed to the *Spectator*. He admired that journal, was an intimate

friend of both the editors, and counted it a privilege to help them." Among his special subjects in the *Spectator* were French and Scotch ecclesiastical problems. "For his very pronounced Radical views he found a medium in the *Examiner*, then under the editorship of Professor Minto, and owned first by Mr. P. A. Taylor and then by Lord Rosebery." (pp. 271–273.) In this way he continued to work, as long as he remained on the *Daily Telegraph*—with the variation of another spell as Paris correspondent, which was irksome to him because of his separation from his wife and child. In 1875 he gained his heart's desire by obtaining an appointment on the staff of the *Times*. This transition from one journal to another is thus described :—

"In March 1875, Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Delane. In reply Mr. Delane asked him to write a leader. This was done on the evening of March 25. He took great care and pains with the article, and when it was finished sent it to Printing-house Square by a special messenger. It appeared next day. Two days after Mr. Delane wrote, giving him a subject, and another article was carefully written and sent down. Every few days a fresh 'subject' was sent from the *Times* office, and in the meantime Mr. Macdonell sent in his resignation to Mr. Edward Lawson. During the next few weeks he wrote regularly for the *Daily Telegraph*, and occasionally for the *Times*. He took, characteristically, special pains at this time with his work for the *Daily Telegraph*, seeking that it should be as good as he could possibly make it. On July 4 his engagement with that paper terminated. That day was a Sunday. Every day during the following week he wrote a leader for the *Times*.

"In about twelve months he was appointed a regular member of the staff of the *Times*. It is, I believe, very rare for any writer to obtain a regular engagement so soon. He had thus gained what he always considered the blue-ribbon of the Press, and with this set in the happiest and most tranquil period of his life. He had now a handsome income—and one earned without burdensome toil. He wrote four or five leaders a week—never six. He always had a rest on Fridays and Saturdays, and in addition was allowed the great boon of two months' holiday a year."

The account of his day's work on the *Times* is as follows :—

"He rarely got to bed before half-past three. He lay late in the morning. The house was kept as quiet as possible, that he might not be disturbed. About ten o'clock the bell rang for the papers. He glanced through his leader and the important telegrams, and then got up. Breakfast awaited him downstairs. During breakfast he read the papers. He then wrote a note to Mr. Delane, with a list of subjects for leaders. He usually took the letter

himself; sometimes his wife took it, whilst he went to the London Library for books.

"After luncheon he usually read. If it were winter he sat by the fire, and had a small table by him with pen and note-book. He never read—and this was a life-long characteristic—without making notes. About four he went out, generally to Mudie's for books, and then to his club—the Devonshire—where he had a cup of tea. In the course of the afternoon a letter came with his subject and a few lines of instruction.

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"After dinner invariably came a game with his wife. His doctor had forbidden him to work or read directly after dinner. Sitting at a small table by the drawing-room fire, they played their game.

"At eight o'clock came coffee, and then playtime was over. He went straight to the writing-table, which always stood in the drawing-room, gathered his materials about him, and began his work. His leaders for the *Times* were mostly written at the office, but sometimes at home between eight and eleven o'clock. He was particular about the paper he used, and his pens and ink. The ink must be thin, new, and blue-black. No other, he said, ran so smoothly. The paper must be unruled, thin, and smooth. The first quarter of an hour was a trial. He would write a few lines, and then tear the sheet across, begin again, grow dissatisfied, tear the sheet across, and begin again. Then he would make a satisfactory start, and after that work proceeded without a pause. He rarely consulted any book or made any stop. Sometimes in a low voice he would ask his wife to verify a quotation or a date or a geographical point. His head was bent over the writing hour after hour while he laboriously filled sheet after sheet with neat writing. Sometimes he would complain of feeling exhausted, and be refreshed by a slight stimulant. He made no plan of work, no notes. He wrote smoothly and without a break. Sometimes he would get up, walk to the bookshelves, take down a volume, read a favourite passage, sometimes aloud, sometimes to himself. He said a fine piece of prose from De Quincey or Heine or Ruskin or Landor or Newman refreshed him. Then he would shut the book, take his place at the table, and the writing would proceed again without interruption. About eleven o'clock the leader was finished and sent to the office.

"But, as I said, the leaders were mainly prepared in his room at the *Times* office, where he found it best to write, for there he got the latest intelligence. It was only when he was dealing with subjects of secondary interest that he could write at home. If he wrote on any question of European concern, he had to be at the office, that he might get the telegrams as they came in. The routine of his evenings was then slightly different. After the playtime of bezique was over, he went to the writing-table, and usually wrote and made notes. About nine o'clock he would often lie down on the sofa and sleep for half an hour, looking, alas! often very worn and tired, so that it went to the heart of the faithful watcher to have to wake him

up at half-past nine. At that hour he started for Printing-House Square. He took with him a small flask of claret and a few sandwiches. He always walked to the office.

"His large and comfortable room was that whose windows are the two furthest west on the third tier in the new building, and that looks into the broad street. It was suitably furnished with writing-table and writing-chairs. At his right hand was an electric bell. After writing a few pages the bell was touched, a boy appeared, who silently carried away the copy. It was soon brought back in proofs, so he could correct the first half of his leader before he wrote the end. Often Mr. Delane and Mr. Walter would come in, perhaps from a great debate in the House, or from some dinner party where they had talked with the magnates of the hour. Or Mr. Delane would show him important letters from potent personages. He always waited to correct his whole leader before he left. About two or half-past he went home, arriving there about three. After a hot supper of bread and milk, he fell asleep at once. It is singular that he never suffered from sleeplessness, and no doubt his capacity for falling asleep whenever he wished prolonged his life."

Of Mr. Delane as an editor he had the highest admiration. One of Mr. Delane's characteristics was the care he took of his men. On definitively engaging Macdonell, seeing no doubt how dilapidated he was, the first thing he did was to prescribe three months' holiday. "Plenty of holidays" was one of his rules. Macdonell usually had no leader on Fridays. "This," we are told, "was a great boon, for it gave him two long nights, and enabled him to go out of town from Friday to Sunday afternoon." It would have been a greater boon, we may remark, if he had known properly how to use it. But to spend the greatest part of the Saturday in walking and pouring out "floods of talk," as we are told he did, to his wife on all sorts of interesting and exciting subjects, including "burning questions," was not the way to rest his over-stimulated brain and exhausted physical system. "That generous flow of talk," says his wife, "never failed. Exposition, epigram, argument, anecdote, followed on each other hour after hour in these long and happy rambles." *

* "Among the many sad changes," says Mrs. Macdonell, in very touching words, "that followed my husband's death, one of the most melancholy is the sense of silence that has fallen upon my life. There seems no one now to speak with; I feel sure that my husband did too much. In looking back I feel grievous sorrow

In the interesting chapter "On the Staff of the *Times*," from which we have been quoting, descriptions are given of the two editors under whom Macdonell served, Delane and Chenery. In regard to the former we must cull a few extracts.

"Mr. Macdonell's interviews with Mr. Delane about the work to be done for the paper gave him great pleasure. He became a different man after he joined the staff of the *Times*, often saying that he liked the feeling that he belonged to the great organization which helped to make English history; and the well-bred and gentlemanly tone of the whole management was also much to his mind. . . . .

"During the time of the war between Russia and Turkey, Mr. Delane was staying at Dunrobin Castle, the Prince of Wales being also a guest. Mr. Walter was out of town, and the assistant editor in command. Mr. Macdonell was writing the leaders on the Eastern Question. The excitement in England was very great, and Mr. Macdonell was most anxious to commit the *Times* to a policy of sympathy with Russia. He was enthusiastically on Mr. Gladstone's side. Night after night he put his own views into the clearest and most forcible English at his command. When he came home at three in the morning he used to repeat with glee to his wife the gist of that night's leader, and express his anxiety that it should go in, and say with a laugh, 'If they put this leader in, I think we are safe.' One night he said he thought the matter was settled; the paper was committed if the leader went in. The next morning he opened the *Times*. The leader was in. But there came a telegram with instructions that Mr. Macdonell was to write no more on the Eastern Question, but was to be shunted to safer subjects. This telegram was followed by a letter from Mr. Delane, in which he said how much he was shocked at the tone of the recent leaders, and that he himself was coming to town. He added that he would rather have crawled on his hands and knees from Dunrobin to London than that this last dreadful leader should have gone in. Mr. Macdonell was not much perturbed by this catastrophe. His state of mind was rather one of thankfulness that he had done what he could to keep England from committing what he considered would have been a crime—the support of Turkey in her struggle against Russia.

"But no difference of opinion ever affected Mr. Delane's kindness and courtesy."

Four years Macdonell served the *Times*—writing for that journal only. His work was thus diminished by nearly one-

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that I did not try then to lessen the strain of his life. He was so full of life and energy, and all exertion was so delightful to him that I did not recognize how hard he worked. I was young and energetic, and our busy life was charming to me." (p. 230.)

half. But this relief could not avail to replenish the exhausted springs of life; his end came at an instant; he had obtained a week's holiday, that he might visit the West Riding, and deliver a lecture at Bradford. He was ailing when he lectured; but returned to town early the following week, and early on the Saturday morning—the first Saturday in March 1879—died suddenly in bed. We copy his sister-in-law's words:—"At half-past six he wakened suddenly; starting up, he said he felt faint; his wife sprang up to get some brandy; but before she could give it him he fell back on his pillow, and with a word of endearment on his lips his life was ended, and his pure and noble spirit had passed to God who gave it."

"'The last time I saw him,' writes his sister-in-law, Mrs. John Macdonell, 'was two days before his death. He was bending over his desk correcting some of my proof-sheets. He looked very tired, but would not be persuaded to leave the work. How many times, on looking at the book, had the bitter, unavailing cry arisen, "Ah! had I wist, that last labour, so characteristic of his generous spirit, should have been spared him." Sick unto death he was at that time, but there was no sign of actual malady. It was all unsuspected. His eager mind worked on; his warm heart was busy, hurrying swiftly, as he was, towards the bosom of the great silence. His last sign and word were his own, full of energy and kindness. The news came to us in the stillness of the early Sunday morning. We knew that the happiness of our united lives, in which brotherhood and sisterhood bound still closer the ties of wedded happiness, was irrevocably broken. Of the sorrow which fell on the heart which had known most of his love and given most to his happiness there can be no word here.'"

The same loving and gifted relative thus describes the funeral:—

"The death of the just is as the opening of the sealed orders of God. It reveals the meaning of the past life. Though he may be called away in haste, with scarce time to say farewell to those who remain, even in the midst of irremediable sorrow there is the knowledge that God's will has been done, even to the last act, by his servant.

"His sudden death broke his life in its centre; but he had lived as if it were to be so. He had worked to the last day. He had done all that lay within his life's strength and time. He had cared for those he loved as if in preparation for his departure.

"He was buried on Thursday, March 6. There was absolute simplicity in his burial, such as he himself would have desired.

"His brother Alec and I drove down with the hearse to Beckenham, and

there were joined by the friends who had come by a special train from London. I do not know how many were there, but there were very many. I remember the look of the dark crowd that fell into line two and two and followed the coffin carried by bearers up the winding road from the station to the church. Several of those there had met the Thursday before—that day week—at Gower Street, and listened to his earnest talk. There were those who had worked with him, those who esteemed him and admired him, those who loved him—and they were many. Six of his oldest or nearest friends walked beside his coffin—the Rev. Dr. Gibb, Mr. Chenery, and Mr. Macdonald of the *Times*, Mr. Herbert Stack, Mr. Meredith Townsend, Mr. Smith Harrison.

"It was no formal pageant, no mere funeral ceremony. There were no carriages, either empty or full, no noise of wheels or shutting doors, only the sound of many feet. But every heart sorrowed, every face bore testimony to the inward cry, 'Alas, my brother!' The keen March sunshine, unshadowed by leaves, fell on the coffin and its gleaming flowers as it moved slowly along under the elm trees that lined the road to the old parish church, which stood then in its ancient simplicity in one of the sweetest churchyards in England. As it paused beneath the shelter of the lych-gate, the voice declaring 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' fell on perfect stillness, and the inward answer of the soul of those who heard was, 'Amen.' Under the same avenue of yews which joined the church porch, seven years before, he had walked a happy bridegroom, and the coffin rested beneath the rood where he and Annie had stood among the flowers to be married."

The fact that Macdonell was a self-taught Scotchman of humble birth, and that his early religious influences had been on one side strictly and devoutly Catholic, while on the other they had been strictly but not narrowly Presbyterian, gives a peculiar interest to his opinions when, in early life, being now a liberal Protestant, of no particular sect, he found himself in the midst of highly educated, but by no means strictly religious, London circles. It is curious to observe how fully, and yet with how little apparent reason, he shared that admiration of Newman which prevailed so strongly in English educated circles when he first entered London in singular antithesis to the view of his character which had prevailed twenty years before, and apparently as a direct result of the publication, then recent, of the *Apologia*, which was so charming in style, and so dexterous in the presentation of his case, and which was read as the appeal of an aged and saintly man to the candour and chivalry of Englishmen. Macdonell often refers to him, and gives at least one whole letter—writing to

his future wife—to a criticism of him and his influence. His admiration comes after a while to be qualified by closer study and better knowledge. The *Grammar of Assent* evidently perplexes and bewilders him, and, though he feels himself in reading it to be in the midst of strange fallacies and unaccountable assumptions, he fails to see through its scope and purpose. On the whole, however, in sending a copy to Miss Harrison of what, no doubt, proved to be to her a most disappointing book, he takes courage to say, "I confess that I never saw more painfully inconclusive reasoning come from a logical pen than that which I note on some pages." "Logic is good, and so is mysticism; but, as I find myself cast alternately from one to the other as Newman finds convenient, I confess that my sense of logical precision, and my faculty of faith, such as it is, are both irritated." He adds, "I once asked Froude, who was a pupil of Newman's, how it was that the great theologian wielded so potent an influence over the Oxford young men of his day." "Well," replied Froude, somewhat puzzled, "when we consulted him, he never told us anything out of books"; he always told them something that came straight out of his own head and heart. Hutton (of the *Spectator*) told me a kindred anecdote. Hutton, who knows Newman personally, sent him, some five years ago, a theological tract from his own pen. Newman did not read the tract until the other day; and, by way of excusing the seeming negligence, he said that, when writing on a particular subject, he never read anything on that subject written by other persons. Only when his book on *The Grammar of Assent* had been got out of hand, did he take up Hutton's tract." (p. 180.)

It is singular that throughout all his effusive letters, numerous as they are, and touching upon any and almost every point of public interest, political and religious, he scarcely even alludes to the Broad Church section of the Church. He cursorily mentions Maurice, but his biographer tells us that he could not understand his writings. Transcendentalism and theosophy seem to have been out of his range—wide as it was. He was perhaps too French in his intellectual tone and sympathies to be able or willing to intermeddle with such subjects.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, he thought, was out of his place in the Church of England. He greatly admired—and loved to hear —equally Canon Liddon and Charles Spurgeon. He also warmed his Scotch blood sometimes, by listening to Dr. Oswald Dykes.

This volume is very full of interest. We think, however, that the subject would have repaid more special pains than Mr. Nicoll has bestowed upon it. The character and life are a rare study, and might with the materials at his disposal and his personal knowledge of his subject, have been presented more clearly, symmetrically, and completely. Doubtless, the biographer is a very busy man. We ought to be and are grateful to him for having made time to put together this volume, in the midst of all his other engagements. But we could wish he might be able to restudy the whole. There are not a few traces of haste. In some places the narrative is disjointed, where it would have been easy to make the connection clear and closely consecutive. Some of the letters, also, as we have already hinted, might with advantage be abridged, if not, perhaps, in a few instances, omitted. There is, indeed, considerable inequality in the value of the letters. By far the best are those written in the holidays which came to the writer after he went to the *Times*. Some of these, though perfectly natural in style, could hardly have been better written, if they had been finished with a view to publication. Neighbouring upon these, also, are some very characteristic and most charming letters from Mary Howitt to her sister, Mrs. Harrison, after Macdonell had paid a visit to the Howitts, his wife's uncle and aunt, in the Tyrol.

Our review has been more extended than we expected or desired. But we found it impossible to give less space to one of the freshest and most interesting books of the season.

Art. II.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Compiled from her Letters and Journals. By her Son, Charles Edward Stowe. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, Limited. 1889.

"I OFTEN think, Why am I spared? Is there yet anything left for me to do?"

So wrote Harriet Beecher Stowe to a beloved elder brother in the autumn of 1887, when, looking around her, she, like many another aged pilgrim, perceived how few remained beside her out of the goodly fellowship of kinsfolk and friends who had begun life's journey with her. One bereavement had followed another, till, in 1886, widowhood had come to make her too keenly aware of the ever-widening solitude through which she was still travelling. It is characteristic of this devoted worker that she should seek in some yet unfulfilled task the secret of her lengthened life. The autobiography before us is her own answer to this questioning of her soul; and, reading this remarkable book, we cannot but be glad that its venerable author survived to direct and superintend its compilation, which "failing strength and increasing infirmities" compelled her to transfer to her son's hands. So much is there in this record that is noble and inspiring, so clear and beautiful is the light that it casts on a momentous career, and so well is it adapted to fulfil her own modest wish, and "lead those who read its pages to a firmer trust in God, and a deeper sense of His fatherly goodness throughout these days of our earthly pilgrimage."

The records of Mrs. Stowe's earlier years, from whatever source derived, are unusually full, and show with great clearness what forces went to the shaping of the womanly character which was destined to affect the course of the great world's history in a manner quite unprecedented. Among these influences we have to reckon, as not the least important, the unusual personality of Roxanna Foote, the first wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and the mother of ten of his children,

of whom Harriet, born in the June of 1811, was the eighth, and Henry Ward Beecher, two years younger, the ninth.

Roxanna Beecher died when her famous daughter was a mere child, but the memory of her heavenly goodness had life-long power over all who owed her birth. Hers had been one of those rare characters, firm as rock, pure as fire, soft as snow, which her daughter afterwards drew with such love; the mother of St. Clare, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "who was a direct embodiment and personification of the New Testament —a living fact, to be accounted for only by its truth," is confessedly a study from her; and we may boldly say that in Mary Scudder in *The Minister's Wooing*, in Mara Lincoln in *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, even in the childish figure of Eva in the most famous of her fictions, Mrs. Stowe was trying to reproduce the same traits of angelic tenderness, nobility, and fervent faith, associated with the beloved image of the departed mother, whom her sorrowing husband deemed, "intellectually and morally the better and stronger portion of himself," and whom "every person in the town, from the highest to the lowest," remembered with loving esteem, and dwelling on her perfections to her orphaned little ones, helped to perpetuate the living power of her example for them.

Dr. Lyman Beecher, the bereaved husband of this fair saint —the grand old Puritan divine, the man of granite character but tender heart, who "thought he was great by his theology, while everybody else knew he was great by his religion"— was, at the time of his wife's death, the Presbyterian pastor of the "characteristic New England town of Litchfield, Connecticut." This, the rural home of Mrs. Stowe's childhood, reappears with all its quaint charm in many of her fictions. In *Poganuc People*, the work of her old age, she has re-told, with hardly any modification, the story of her childhood, and has pictured the strongly individualised, sincere, and energetic men and women familiar to her youth. She undoubtedly drew also on her early recollections for *Oldtown Folks*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, and *The Minister's Wooing*—a remarkable trilogy of prose dramas, faithfully reproducing the social conditions amid which their author grew up.

New England, still vibrating with the forces that had made

the American Revolution, was at that time a very remarkable Christian commonwealth indeed. The thrift and energy of a God-fearing, hard-working, austerely moral people had conquered substantial prosperity for most of the citizens, while the less efficient were saved from abject poverty by the working of social laws, inspired with the humane wisdom of the Old Testament; and the ascendency of a creed resting not on authority, but on severely logical argument, the universal acceptance of an intensely vital form of religion, kept up constant activity of thought on the highest subjects, and gave an intellectual dignity to the everyday talk of the homeliest and simplest. New England theology might be ultra-Calvinist in its severity, but the society moulded by it was intensely human, realising, and respecting the brotherhood of man as, perhaps, no other society has ever done; and the passion for individual freedom, which allowed the quaintest eccentricities to develop unchecked, was the true parent of that great Abolitionist movement of which Harriet Beecher was to become the inspired mouthpiece. The Beecher household, under the mild, austere governance of Dr. Beecher's second wife, was a miniature New England, ruled by firm, wholesome laws, suffused by the "Christ-enthusiasm" that animated both the new house-mistress and her husband—a man richer in piety, integrity, and high Calvinistic lore than in the perishable riches of this world.

There was a peculiar depth and intensity in Dr. Beecher's character, which profoundly affected his daughter Harriet's nature, and helped to determine her action on the great Slavery question. This appears in her letter of remonstrance, written in 1851 to Frederick Douglass, who had condemned too sweepingly, as she thought, the ministry of the North American churches for timid subserviency to the Slave-power.

"I am a minister's daughter and a minister's wife, and I have had six brothers in the ministry; I certainly ought to know something of the feelings of ministers on this subject," she wrote. "I was a child, in 1820, when the Missouri question" (as to the territorial limitation of slavery) "was agitated; and one of the strongest and deepest impressions on my mind was that made by my father's sermons and prayers

and the anguish of his soul for the poor slave at that time. I remember his preaching drawing tears down the hardest faces of the old farmers in his congregation. I well remember his prayers, morning and evening, in the family, for 'poor oppressed, bleeding Africa,' . . . . prayers offered with strong crying and tears, which indelibly impressed my heart, and made me what I am from my very soul, the enemy of all slavery."

The figure of this father can be recognised very distinctly under the varying costumes of Dr. Hopkins in *The Minister's Wooing*, of Mr. Avery in *Oldtown Folks*, of Dr. Cushing in *Poganuc People*. It is in the latter sunny and humorous, yet serious story, that the relations between Dr. Beecher and his daughter, as well as her earliest visions of life, are most unmistakably reproduced. Like her own little *Dolly*, Harriet Beecher was a dreamy, impulsive, excitable child, who listened with profound interest to her elders holding high discourse on "fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," or talking with patriot pride of Washington's grandeur of character, and America's victorious struggle for Independence; like her, she thrilled and exulted in hearing the Declaration of Independence read aloud on the "Glorious Fourth of July," feeling ready to pledge her "life, fortune, and sacred honour" for the cause of liberty. Like Dolly, she loved to haunt the attic chamber, walled about with books, where her father read and wrote and mused, sometimes speaking to himself in a loud, earnest whisper, while the little maiden, lifting her eyes from Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, or the *Arabian Nights*—books, to her, alike weird and wonderful and enthralling—would gaze on him with a loving reverence and awe, as one engaged in a task so holy and mysterious that no movement or whisper from her must disturb it. Finally, it is her own spiritual experience that is transferred, with hardly any omission, to the wistful little heroine whose father has the happy fortune of becoming a true messenger from Christ to his own child.

There is hardly a more touching passage in the autobiography than that which tells of the bright "Sacramental Sunday," in the summer of 1825, when Harriet, a girl of thirteen, developed into a precocious thinker by a high-pressure system

of education, heard her father preaching with a deep pathetic earnestness on the Love of Christ, the soul's unwearied faithful Friend, and imploring his hearers to yield themselves to this guide so loving and so mighty. Generally, the sermons which the good man delivered in the "great, square, three-decker of a meeting-house" at Litchfield, were so rife with "hair-splitting distinctions and dialectical subtleties" as to be "unintelligible as Choctaw" to the intense, impulsive girl, whose longings after the Divine Life were constantly driven into dumb despair by the requirements of the creed which then ruled the noblest minds of New England. But on this memorable day the father was preaching direct from his own soul of love, and the child's soul responded gladly. She resolved to yield herself to that Almighty Friend, who surely could meet all her needs—could even give her the "conviction of sin," which morbid introspection had made her fear she lacked. Instant joy filled her heart, and went with her on her homeward way; and she seized the first chance of seeking her father's side, to whisper to him, "Father, I have given myself to Jesus, and He has taken me." Like the "sunlight breaking over a landscape," came a glory into the father's face at he looked down into the earnest childish eyes, and said, "Is it so? Then has a new flower blossomed in the kingdom this day!" and his joyful tears fell hot on the girlish head pressed against his heart.

The simple unquestioning joyousness of Harriet's trust in her Redeemer awoke a curious alarm in some of her spiritual advisers, who, less wise than Dr. Beecher himself, stimulated the child to a morbid self-scrutiny, and would have had her view her Heavenly Father as a terrible judge, propitiated with difficulty towards some few chosen members of a race that was hateful to Him, its Creator. These teachings of a grim theology caused her some years of self-torment. Yet she struggled through them without losing her treasure—her "intense, unwavering sense of Christ's educating and guiding presence and care"—a conviction deeper than all logic, which kept her firm in her faith in the divine-human Saviour, while, all around her, men were falling from that faith, which was the inspiring motive of all her warfare against the loveless, Christless, selfish-

ness embodied in slavery, and which enabled her, when most sorrowful, to be always rejoicing.

Two older members of that remarkable family nourished under Lyman Beecher's roof, aided Harriet in her soul-strife, with the loving wisdom they had attained through the same trust in the Almighty Love manifest in Christ. These were her brother Edward and her sister Catherine. Both had a very definite influence on Harriet during this transitional stage. What Catherine Beecher was may be seen in the carefully-finished, and but slightly idealised, portraits which Harriet drew of her in the *Esther Avery* of *Oldtown Folks* and the *Mrs. Marvyn* of the *Minister's Wooing*. In the bloom of her girlhood she lost her betrothed lover by shipwreck; and the appalling spiritual crisis that ensued for her is repeated in the story of *Mrs. Marvyn*, to whom Harriet has ascribed the same rare union of qualities possessed by her sister—exquisitely keen sensibilities, joined to masculine strength of soul and tastes severely intellectual. Catherine's final triumph over the torturing scepticisms to which her logical mind, incapable of illusions, had exposed her, and her attainment to a firm glad faith in the God of Love, enabled her to act most beneficially on the sensitive, yielding, dreamy nature of the young sister whose fortunes were long blended with her own. Miss Beecher found a refuge from her griefs and an employment for her rare powers in the work of education; and Harriet, first her pupil and then her assistant, enthusiastically entered into her plans. Catherine first began at Hartford a high-class girls' school, which she afterwards developed into a "Female College," at Cincinnati, Dr. Beecher having removed thither in 1832, to assume the Presidency of the "Lane Theological Seminary." Associated with him, as Professor of Biblical Literature, was a young Orientalist, whose name was Calvin Ellis Stowe. He was the husband of a beautiful and gifted wife; and therefore no dreams of impending change connected with him troubled the zeal for educational work which now animated Harriet Beecher.

There is something a little startling about the curriculum through which she herself had passed, with its classical, logical, metaphysical studies, its translations from Ovid, its ambitious

"compositions." One of these, reproduced for us, shows such precocious ability that it is some relief to recall her happy, hearty, natural child-life in rural Litchfield, full of all the wholesome delights that field and wood and open heaven, summer flowers and winter snows, can minister; otherwise the moral forcing-house she was long kept in must have told too cruelly on her poetic nature, her over-sensitive nervous organization. Ardently affectionate, imaginative, impulsive, her young womanhood poured itself out in romantically fervent friendships, which happily proved as lasting as they were enthusiastic. Her keen and quick sympathies wrought for her the happiness of her life, for to them was due her marriage in 1836 to Professor Stowe. He was bereaved of his wife, and very desolate in his childless isolation. Harriet had loved the lady; she pitied and partook his grief. Her compassion and his gratitude soon underwent the not unfrequent transformation into mutual love. The marriage was a singularly happy one, though the professor's wealth in learned lore far exceeded his worldly goods, which were too often a minus quantity; the slender salary guaranteed to him at the Lane Seminary falling in bad years to a mere half of its nominal value, and only the wife's busy pen being available to supplement the deficiency, which was the more keenly felt since the pair, poor in money, were rich in children, for whom their mother ardently desired the best physical, moral, intellectual training. She struggled on year by year, against sickness and sorrow and poverty and various discomforts, which must be studied in detail to be realised; but the little fragile woman, the mere "wisp of nerve" faced everything with a smiling courage. Not in vain had she steeped her spirit in the ice-flood of New England theology, and bathed it in immortal fires of celestial love and hope; it had attained the elastic strength of tempered steel.

She was fortunately mated. Professor Stowe, like herself a child of the Puritans, whose life-motto was "For God and freedom," had his own special gift of quaint humorous observation which enriched his wife's fictions with many an oddly original figure, and gave them much of that sparkling gaiety which relieves their sombre, fervid intensity of feeling; and

certain singular quasi-spiritualistic experiences of his, beginning in early childhood and enduring far into maturity, are introduced by her, with not a few of his boyish adventures, into the story of *Horace Holyoke* in *Oldtown Folks*, whose poetic and serious figure, however, is no portrait of the Professor, with his dry wit, his linguistic lore, his homely direct speech, and his passion for the literature of diablerie. He had the heartiest delight in his wife's gifts, the firmest faith in her ultimate success; an absolute oneness of spirit blended their very different personalities and made them doubly potent. But he never sank into the mere "husband of Mrs. Stowe" when her sudden surprising success lifted them once and for ever above poverty; he steadily pursued his own honourable, though not too highly-paid, career, until the infirmities of old age brought him his well-earned order of release from toil. He retained his post at the Lane Seminary until 1850, when he accepted a better paid Professorship at Bowdoin College, New Brunswick, and removed thither with his family.

Thus, for seventeen years, Mrs. Stowe's home was in Cincinnati, with slavery in full force just over the border, in Kentucky; and during all that time she was in the heart of the ever-growing agitation about that question. Lane Seminary was "a hot-bed of abolition;" the young and ardent men who were studying there became its propagandists; and Mrs. Stowe was irresistibly, though gradually, won to the same cause in its most energetic form by the dark revelations as to the true nature of slavery, and the aims of its advocates, which came to her day by day—with fugitives escaping over the border from vile usage of many kinds, fugitives whom the professor and his wife, poor as they were, managed to help and to speed on their way—or with unprincipled attempts to kidnap the free coloured women who were the best domestic helpers of the hard-pressed wife and mother in her gallant struggle against ill-health and narrow means, or in the pathetic and terrible life-stories of some enfranchised slaves. For the originals of *Cassy* and of *Eliza*, and of their hair-breadth escapes, Mrs. Stowe needed not to go far outside her own household. Her soul, so early imbued with the deep sense of human brotherhood, of the

dignity of individual man, of the equality of all ranks and races in Christ, burned within her as she saw the hard-won liberty of her country imperilled, and the principles she held sacred set at nought. Year by year the fire burned hotter as she mused; at last came the day when she must speak with her tongue.

The decisive touch was given by the passing of that *Fugitive Slave Law* which she has held up to deathless infamy—the deliberate legislative association of the Free States as accomplices in the crime of the Slave States. This measure was being agitated when, with her children, she passed through Boston on her way to her new home in Brunswick; it was soon an accomplished fact; and letters upon letters, full of wrathful pity, from her Boston kinsfolk, told her what misery it was working among the coloured population of that city. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Beecher, a helpless witness of these horrors, remembered the trained power of Harriet's pen, and appealed to her to use it on behalf of the oppressed—"to write something that would make the whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

Mrs. Stowe, as was her wont, read this letter aloud to her family. Her children never forgot the effect of this passage. She rose, she crushed the letter in her hand; she said, with a long-remembered look on her face, "I will write something; I will, if I live." She lived, and she wrote—with a passion and a fervour due to a personal grief, still "bleeding-new."

The last year of her life in Cincinnati had been marked by the outbreak of such a fearful visitation of cholera as is depicted in *Dred;* and among its victims had been Mrs. Stowe's infant boy, Charley, her "beautiful, loving, gladsome baby," taken from her under circumstances of peculiar distress. The direct effect of her mother-anguish was to fill her with intolerable sympathy for slave-mothers, bereaved of their little ones not by God, but by man, and unable to think of them as safe in heaven, too often aware that their darlings were in an earthly hell instead. This was the feeling that she poured out in *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* this it was that gave its unexampled power; this it is that still thrills us with a mysterious magnetism from its well-worn familiar pages—the electric fire

is in them yet, though the monstrous system against which that lightning was aimed is only a dead iniquity.

The genesis of her world-famous book, as revealed in the autobiography, is a consistently remarkable bit of literary history. She was brooding over the "thing" she meant to write, but which had not yet put on a clear shape in her mind, when, on a wintry Sunday in the spring of 1851, she was sitting at the Communion Service in the college chapel of Brunswick.

"Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture, the scene of the death of *Uncle Tom* passed before her mind. So strongly was she affected that with difficulty she could keep from weeping aloud. Immediately on returning home she took pen and paper, and wrote out the vision which had been, as it were, blown into her mind as by the rushing of a mighty wind. Gathering her family about her, she read what she had written. Her two little ones, of ten and eleven years old, broke into convulsions of weeping, one of them saying, through his tears, 'Oh, mamma! slavery is the most cruel thing in the world.' Thus was *Uncle Tom* ushered into the world, and it was . . . . a cry, an immediate, an involuntary expression of deep, impassioned feeling. . . . . 'I could not control the story; it wrote itself,'" the author often said.

She worked back from that high-wrought, culminating scene, as some other word-artists have done, but not with their deliberate skill. No thought of Art was in this writer's mind; she felt herself under the stress of an imperious inspiration that compelled utterance from her as a musician compels melody from an instrument. "The Lord Himself wrote the book—I am not its author," she would say, in moods of not unnatural exultation, speaking of the thing that was given her to do even at the Table of the Lord—the work whose effectiveness far transcended not only her own modest expectations, but all human probability.

The book appeared first as a serial story in the *National Era*, a periodical in which many of Mrs. Stowe's previous tales had seen the light. It had not run half its course when a discerning Boston publisher offered to issue it in book form. Professor Stowe, whose poverty forbade that he

or his should run any risks of loss in connection with the matter, arranged with this gentleman that the author should receive a 10 per cent. royalty on the sales; but neither husband nor wife looked for much profit from this bargain. Mrs. Stowe did expect to incur the bitter wrath of those whose interests were bound up with slavery, and she knew well to what lengths of malignity their passions might carry them. What she did not look for was the astonishing success of her inspired enterprise. Her mind, instead of dwelling on such matters as money loss or gain, was agitated by the dread that the dominant Southern States might get the *Fugitive Slave Act* to bear even on Canada; and she busied herself in writing letters on this topic to the Prince Consort, to the Duke of Argyll, to the Earls of Shaftesbury and Carlisle, to Macaulay and Dickens, and other leading English friends of freedom—letters accompanied by the very earliest printed copies of her book. Then, having "done what she could," she left the issue with the Almighty.

And now came the sudden rush of success, the vast, ever-increasing sale, the flood of congratulatory letters from men of the highest distinction, as well as from exulting personal friends, the cordial responses from prince and peer, lordly philanthropist and famous author in Britain, the high tide of good-fortune that bore her little household ark up to the summit of prosperity. No more pinch of poverty—no more struggling, with weary step and aching head and tortured nerves, to meet the "innumerable demands" of the dear little ones, over whose sleeping heads she had shed the tears of anguish, while she "thought of slave mothers whose babes were torn from them," and prayed God "to let her do a little, and cause her cry for them to be heard." Her cry was heard; the echoes of it came back to her in redoubling volume from the hearts of all honest lovers of God and man the wide world over. And in her single-hearted effort to aid the oppressed the poor Professor's wife had aided herself in a way she never dreamed of. The first four months' sale of her book brought her in royalties ten thousand dollars—a sum which must have seemed a little fortune to her, but which was only the earnest of her future gains.

Her lot was not to be all sunshine—deep and cruel sorrow were yet to be hers; the loss of a darling son, just blooming into manhood; the desolating war amid whose convulsions the possessing fiend of slavery was cast out from her nation; the bodily suffering, the mental enfeeblement, and at last the mysterious vanishing of another precious boy, so wounded in that savage contest that his mother received him back the mere wreck of the young soldier-patriot she had sent forth to do battle for freedom. Nor were these woes enough. The detraction she had looked for, when counting the cost of her contemplated protest, was unchained against her promptly and followed on her track for years, a very sleuth-hound—beginning with the letters from Southern zealots, enraged at the success of *Uncle Tom*—letters that in their "obscenity, brutality, and cruelty," made revelation of a state of society "perfectly incredible." The interests of common decency forbade her to reproduce exactly, in any of her fictions, the evidence with which her adversaries thus supplied her; it is a softened and humanized picture which she gave to the world, in *Dred*, of the peculiar kind of savagery that could flourish under the influence of slavery—a savagery that her vigorous indictment had roused into malignity against herself.

Therefore no one need envy the thorny crown which a world-wide fame pressed on the brows of this true servant of the Master. But the ills of poverty, its cankering cares and crippling straitnesses, were to be known by her no more for ever.

She greeted the strange guest, Prosperity, with a childlike, grateful joy. There followed, shortly on her own immense success, an "urgent call" for her husband to a Professorship in the Andover Theological Seminary; and the new surroundings to which his acceptance of the post introduced her filled her with delight. "It is almost too good to be true," she wrote of the quaint, charming home, the beautiful neighbourhood, the cordial friendly circle that received her. "HE knows it is best for us. I am so happy, so blessed!" The same frank, spontaneous gladness breathes through the candid records of her various European experiences, beginning with that visit to England in 1853, at the request of the Glasgow

Anti-Slavery Society, which was a triumphal progress from end to end, and initiated for her many much-prized friendships. Her later visits to England and Europe were hailed by no such roar of popular greeting; but her natural joyous letters show that she had only prized that overpowering enthusiasm for the sake of the cause she championed, and that she was well content to enjoy the wonderful Old World without it. It was with a true insight that Kingsley had written to her in 1853: "You will be flattered and worshipped. You deserve it, and must bear it. I am sure that you have seen and suffered too much and too long to be injured by the foolish, yet honest and heartfelt, lionising which you must go through."

He was right both as to the past and the future. She had suffered, and was yet to suffer, too much; and the contemporary records of her life show the same transparent simplicity, the same directness and earnestness, in the famous authoress as in the obscure hardly bestead writer toiling painfully to earn a few dollars for her children. People distinguished by rank and by genius took her into their friendship; she prized their regard because of their nobleness of character, and wrote about their great qualities with the same frank enthusiasm with which she would dwell on the strange glories of nature, the "wild and rugged savageness of beauty" surrounding the home that in later life she made for herself in Florida. Meanwhile, she did not falter in her devotion to the cause which she had found herself called upon to champion, while year by year the contest deepened in her fatherland till it blazed into civil war—a result almost inevitable in any case; but the depth and sternness of the purpose which upheld the Northern States through all the seemingly doubtful action of their Government, and which finally secured victory all along the line for the rightful cause, were undoubtedly much intensified by that inspired action of hers which had made the retention of slavery an intolerable reproach to free America, and which had compelled the Slave States to the attempt of justifying at the sword's point a position, become untenable otherwise through the aroused enmity and scorn of Christendom. A solemn joy was hers when the hour of dear-bought triumph

came, despite the anguish that she and thousands of others had had to endure before it could come.

"No private or individual sorrow," she wrote, "can ever make me wholly without comfort. If my faith in God's presence, and real living power in the affairs of men ever grows dim, this makes it impossible to doubt."

Her care for the oppressed race whose wrongs had cost her so much did not end with their enfranchisement. When Professor Stowe's long term of service to the Andover Seminary ended, and the pair were free to dwell where they would, Mrs. Stowe's choice of Florida as a refuge in winter from the icy rigours of the North American climate was determined chiefly by her anxiety to live in the midst of the newly-freed coloured people, who were still in the state of profound helpless ignorance imposed on them by slavery. She would do what she could to lead them upward, and to teach them the right use of liberty; and the slight incomplete records of the work she did during some seventeen years, of which the larger part were spent in her quaint sylvan home there, show that her hopes and aims were successful in this difficult enterprise also.

We are told that since the last bereavement of her life—the death of her husband in 1886—there has come over her being a certain cloud and shadow, the result of an apoplectic seizure; that her mental life, though evidently whole and strong, has gone inward, and is no longer concerned with matters of this life. Within that cloud there come to her doubtless, as in her sleep a year or two since, "strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual life near to Christ, and multitudes of holy ones, and the joy of it is like no other joy—it cannot be told in the language of this world. What I have then I *know* with absolute certainty, yet it is so unlike and above anything we conceive of in this world that it is difficult to put it into words. The inconceivable loveliness of Christ! . . . . I was saying, as I awoke:—

"'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
At Thy dear feet to lie.
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

So, as the few prefatory lines she has written for the autobiography testify, does the close of her life beautifully agree with its beginning; while the steady consistency of its course testifies how real was her youthful dedication of her powers to the service of the Lord she loved. Not only her famous contributions to the Anti-Slavery crusade, but all her writings alike are eloquent of the same glad entire devotion to the cause of God and goodness; and their influence can be only wholesome and gladdening. In this combination of high imaginative gifts with inspiring moral teaching, she has as yet no worthy successor among the more modern writers of her native land; but America may long be proud of having given to the world the most surprising proof, how mightily the purest womanly qualities—the love, the pity, the sympathy of one mother's heart—when reinforced by a rich pictorial imagination, and exalted to a wide extended fervour by deep Christian belief—can tell for good upon the destinies of humanity.

Art. III.—LIFE INSURANCE AMONG THE POOR.

1. *Reports from the Select Committee on Friendly Societies Act*, 1875 (1888 *and* 1889).
2. *Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies* (1888).
3. *Fourth Report of the Friendly Societies' Commission* (1874).

THOUGH open to grave objections on certain points, the Report of the Select Committee on the Friendly Societies Act, 1875, is a timely and valuable contribution on an important subject, which has hitherto hardly attracted the attention it deserves.

Despite the deep interest now manifested in the well-being of the working-classes, few probably are aware of the importance attached by the poorest among them to the duty of

insuring their lives, while still fewer know anything regarding the nature and extent of the associations to which they are wont to have recourse for this purpose. Much useful information with regard to these points has been collected by the Committee, which was appointed to inquire into the organization and general condition of registered and unregistered burial societies receiving contributions by means of collectors at a greater distance than ten miles from their registered place of business, and industrial assurance companies under the Life Assurance Act, 1870 receiving premiums by means of collectors at periodical intervals of less than two months, and at a greater distance than ten miles from the head office, and also into the operation of Section 30 of the Friendly Societies Act, 1875, by which they are governed. It is therefore to be regretted that the value of their Report is marred by the remarkable latitude with which, as will be shown later on, they have construed the terms of their reference, and also by the absence of any mention of previous investigations of the subject. Some twenty-five years ago the late Mr. Tidd Pratt, then Registrar of Friendly Societies, began to call attention in his annual reports to the unsatisfactory management of collecting burial societies, which, together with industrial assurance companies, were also made the subject of an exhaustive inquiry by the Friendly Societies' Commissioners, appointed in 1870, the results of which were published in their fourth and final report in 1874. Two such important sources of information deserved at least a passing notice from the Committee, and a comparison of the evidence contained in them with the results of their own investigations would have been of considerable value.

Life insurance among the poor is usually described as *burial* or *funeral* insurance, though, as pointed out by the chief registrar of friendly societies, it is in reality only the insurance of a small sum on life, which is payable not to the undertaker, but to the person legally entitled through the member of the society or company granting the insurance, and which the latter is free, if he chooses, to put into his pocket instead of spending on the funeral. This is due to the fact that the primary motive of the insurer is to make

provision for a decent funeral, and avoid being buried at the expense of the parish, and the societies and companies we are considering owe their existence entirely to the strength of this feeling among their clients, whose status and mental capacity are strikingly described by the Friendly Societies' Commissioners:—

"We need hardly take any other description of the members of general burial societies than the one given by Mr. Liversage of those of the Royal Liver, when asked if there was much difference in the character of its members in different parts of the country: 'They are all much of the same class, *principally the very poorest.*' A large proportion of them are Irish, who, in many cases, 'really do not know their age.' In the Royal Oak 'lots' cannot read or write, and 'not one in a hundred' knows what a proxy is. In the United Assurance, according to a curious piece of evidence already quoted, some 'make nothing at all a week.' Even in Scotland Mr. Culley, in investigating a gross case of swindling by an agent of the Scottish Legal on the Banffshire coast, found to his 'astonishment' that the fraud had been facilitated by the fact that a large proportion of the class to which the victims belonged could 'neither read nor write.' In short, the almost invariable expression used respecting them by officers and collectors as 'the poor,' 'poor people,' 'poor men' or 'women'—a mode of speech scarcely, if ever, used by those of the local societies—shows the class to which they are considered to belong."*

It is stated by the Commissioners that at least from 30 to 40 per cent of the gross total of the members are under 15—an age lower by three years than that usually required for admission to an affiliated order—and that in the Northern and Midland, as well as the Southern and Eastern Counties of England, sick societies are found to consist chiefly of male adults, while burial societies are largely composed of members who join with all their families, and especially desire to insure the funeral expenses of their children. It is evident therefore that their ignorance and poverty make it incumbent on the Legislature to extend an especial measure of protection to those who insure their lives with collecting societies and industrial assurance companies, and this will become still more apparent on an examination of the constitution and practice of these bodies. Both carry on a precisely similar business, work by the same methods, and have the same complaints

* Fourth Report, p. cxi.

urged against them, and the competition both between the two classes themselves and the individual societies of which they are composed is so keen as to have conduced, in the opinion of the Committee, to dangers which, "in the interest of the public as well as of the members," require to be met either by additional safeguards, or by an increased stringency in the administration of the Acts.* As, however, one of these classes is established under the Friendly Societies, and the other under the Companies' Acts, it will be convenient to consider them separately.

I. The group of societies into the condition of which the Select Committee was appointed to inquire is a small but important sub-division of one of the 17 great classes into which friendly societies were grouped by the Friendly Societies' Commissioners in their final Report.† Though some collecting societies provide for sickness as well as burial, and others for burial only, and though there are also a few burial societies which do not employ collectors, the great bulk of *collecting* societies are *burial* societies, and the great bulk of *burial* societies are *collecting* societies. The Commissioners therefore found it advisable to group both in one class and to divide it into two sub-divisions—1, *the local burial societies, and local sick and burial societies*, which alone possess something of the character of friendly societies; and 2, *the general collecting or burial societies*, which are really insurance offices—a classification adopted by the Legislature in framing Section 30 of the Friendly Societies, 1875, from the operation of which the *local* societies receiving contributions by means of collectors at a distance within 10 miles of their registered office are exempted.

Though the general collecting societies registered at the Friendly Societies Office only number 52, as against a total of 25,800 of all other varieties of registered friendly societies—47 as against 24,500 in England, 5 as against 900 in Scotland, and 0 as against 400 in Ireland—they comprise

* Report, Select Committee on Friendly Societies, 1889, p. vii.: and cf. Fourth Report, Friendly Societies' Commission, p. cxxviii.

† See Fourth Report, p. 24, *et seq.*

about *one-half* the total number of members,* and possess about *one-third* of the total funds. This small group of bodies is also further remarkable, as consisting virtually of only a few large societies, the remainder—amounting to about *three-fourths* of the group—being so insignificant in point of membership and funds as to be hardly worthy of consideration. Out of the 47 societies registered in England, *four*—the Royal Liver Friendly Society, the Liverpool Victoria and Legal Friendly Society, the Royal London Friendly Society, and the Blackburn Philanthropic Burial Society—consist each of over 100,000 members, being over 90 per cent. of the whole membership, and possess over 88 per cent. of the funds, while *eight* other societies have over 10,000 members. These twelve societies therefore together include nearly 98 *per cent.* of the members, and 97 per cent. of the funds, and as between the years 1880–1887 the membership of the four larger societies increased by about 52·75 *per cent.*, and their funds by nearly 66 *per cent.*, while the membership of the eight smaller societies only increased by 5 *per cent.*, and their funds actually decreased by 2½ *per cent.*, it seems probable that the keenness of the "struggle for existence" may ultimately lead to the merging of the whole group in half-a-dozen gigantic associations. In Scotland already the only one of the five societies which exceeds the limit of 100,000 members—the Scottish Legal Life Assurance Society—has upwards of 400,000 members, and upwards of £220,000 funds, while of the others only two have over 10,000 members.

As respects unregistered collecting burial societies within the operation of Section 30, no positive evidence was received by the Committee, and, as no mention is made of them by the Friendly Societies' Commissioners, it may be assumed that the Chief Registrar, though without means of substantiating it, is correct in his belief, as expressed in his examination, that there are no such bodies in existence.†

General collecting burial societies are distinguished from ordinary friendly societies by certain special characteristics.

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* Subject, however, to deduction for members insured in more than one society.

† Rep. Sel. Comm. 1888, Qu. 25; Rep. 1889, p. 7.

Firstly, they are limited to life insurance,* while ordinary friendly societies combine life insurance with relief in sickness. Secondly, while among the latter monthly, or, in some cases, fortnightly meetings are the rule, the members of the former practically disregard all meetings, whether general or district. Again, as the officials of ordinary friendly societies are generally appointed by the intelligent consent of the members, their management is inexpensive, while, owing to the fact that their members are practically excluded from any voice in the election of managers, the management of general collecting societies rarely costs less than 40 per cent. of the premium income. Lastly, and this is the most important of all the points of difference between them, ordinary friendly societies are promoted and conducted for the benefit of their members, and general collecting societies for the benefit of their managers.

The management of the latter is usually conducted by two classes of officials—the *general* staff, consisting of the committee, who are sometimes called "directors," and the permanent officers; and the *local* staff, comprising the collectors, sometimes styled "agents" or "officers," and the agents who superintend them, and are sometimes styled "district managers" or "superintendents." Between these two classes there is always a struggle for the mastery at the outset, almost invariably terminating in the victory of the local staff, but the collectors and superintendents who thus attain to power frequently succeed in curtailing the influence of the class to which they are indebted for it. These societies are therefore, virtually, almost always governed by actual or former collectors, "and the collector," to quote the Friendly Societies' Commissioners, "is the pivot of the whole system."

The society is divided into *districts*, which again are divided into *collections*, and the collectors, instead of being as they are in the local societies, directly superintended from, and directly responsible to headquarters, are under the superintendence of an intermediate officer, generally styled an agent, who has been, and usually, if not always, remains still a collector him-

* Relief in sickness appears to be given in some few cases to original members only. Rep. Sel. Comm. 1889, p. v.

self. As in the case of the local societies, these collectors are generally drawn from the working class, but while the collector of the local society undertakes the office merely to supplement his income, and collects in his evenings and odd spare time, the collector of the general society devotes his whole time to the work, and therefore requires a higher remuneration. The qualities required in him, according to one of the witnesses examined before the Commission, are those of "a shopkeeper or goods salesman;" and, according to another, he should be educated "just to the standard of the poor people," and "able to meet them from time to time." The last witness also stated that collectors are "persons not the best adapted for understanding figures or making additions," so that, "more or less, there are deficiencies in almost every collector's book." As this evidence was given respecting one of the largest and best managed of the English societies, it may readily be believed that collectors in those of an inferior type are generally "very unscrupulous in their representations to poor people." The collector has, doubtless, to work hard, especially at the outset of his career, but the following extract from the Report of the Commission will show that he is amply rewarded for his labour:—

"The collector's emoluments in such societies consist of: 1st, the entrance fees of members, being double one week's contribution, or, say, 2d. a head; 2nd, 25 per cent. on collections; 3rd, six weeks contributions . . . .; 4th, transfer fees, so-called, *i.e.*, a payment generally of 3d. in the pound on net collections, half yearly, for the trouble of transcribing members' names from one book into another; 5th, a varying profit on the sale of rules . . . .; 6th, something, perhaps, also for the sale of contribution cards. . . . . When contests arise between two or more societies, 'very large perquisites' or canvassing fees may also be given for obtaining members from other societies. . . . . If the collector rises to be an agent, he generally gets in addition a salary, with house or office rent, and payment of rates, taxes, and water, and travelling expenses in all or most cases; but so predominant an item of emolument is the 25 per cent. commission that it may, and often does, happen, we were informed that a collector gets a larger income than the agent."

Lastly, in addition to the income thus secured, collectors often earn large sums, both by the practice of collecting by deputy and also by the sale of collecting books, the value of

which varies indefinitely, but which, it was stated in evidence before the Commissioners, sometimes fetch as high a price as £675.*

The Friendly Societies Act, 1875, has done much to diminish the evils incident to this system by the checks it provides on the power of the collectors, the full publicity it enforces by means of annual returns and quinquennial valuations as to the real position of societies, and, above all, by the machinery it supplies for inspection into their affairs upon the application of a specified number of members to the Chief Registrar.

The usefulness of the latter provision is sufficiently proved by the fact that it has led to the holding of inspections into the affairs of the two largest societies in Scotland and England respectively—the Scottish Legal and the Royal Liver—both of which have been followed by decided measures of reform; but at the same time the startling revelations thus elicited fully justify the statement of the Select Committee that the legislation of 1875 "requires amendment, extension, and strengthening in more respects than one." Space does not permit us to attempt an examination of the Reports of the Inspectors, Mr. John Rankine and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, the latter of which was presented to Parliament, and which are well worthy of the reader's attention. It may, however, be noted that the grounds of the application for the inspection into the affairs of the Scottish Legal in 1881 comprise charges against the management of packing meetings with non-members introduced by means of "bogus" contribution books, of inducing members and non-members to vote by means of drink, of permitting their servants to retain and appropriate funds without punishment, and of increasing the salaries of officials without due explanation; while those for the inspection into the affairs of the Royal Liver state, *inter alia*, that in 1884, out of an income of £360,000 only £1533 was saved, owing to the salaries and commissions taken by the committee of management, who, with the two secretaries, received during ten years £124,595, while these

* Fourth Report, Friendly Societies' Commission, p. cix., *et seq.*

secretaries, who, Mr. Stanley states, practically governed the society, admitted having received £63,300 during this period themselves. That these and other equally serious charges were substantiated, shows that the statement of Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his Report for 1867, that "there is not, nor can be, any supervision of the affairs of these societies by the members," still remains practically true in 1889; and it is, in fact, repeated in almost the same words by the Select Committee on Friendly Societies. Owing to their immense development and huge membership, and the wide area over which their operations extend, the annual meetings of the larger societies are, to adopt the term applied to them by several witnesses, a mere "farce;" and though in some societies the system of delegates has been adopted, the Committee report that even in these the power "is practically in the hands of the management, subject to the remarkable influence which the collectors are able to bring to bear on the members." *

II. Industrial assurance companies which, as has been already stated, are established under the Life Assurance Companies' Acts, 1870 and 1872, not only compete with and employ the same methods as general collecting societies, but in some cases are offshoots from them, and the device of turning a bankrupt collecting society into a company attained at one time such a dangerous popularity that an attempt was made to put a stop to it by certain of the provisions of Lord Lichfield's Bill to amend the law of Friendly Societies, introduced in 1868. The British Assurance Company, established in 1865, sprung from the Scottish Legal, established 1852, which itself was a branch of the Royal Liver, the common progenitor of all the Scotch burial societies. The Friend in Need Society, founded in 1853, was, on its sudden failure, converted into a company about 1862, the business of which was bought in 1867 by the Empire Insurance Company, which failed twelve months afterwards. The Refuge Life Insurance and Sick Friendly Society, established in 1859, having by 1863 accumulated £2000, was in the following year turned

* Report, 1889, p. v i.

into a company, wound up in 1868, one of the articles of which contained, *inter alia*, the remarkable proviso that "no policy-holder or person assured shall be entitled to inquire into the correctness of any profits allowed to him under it, or to inspect or examine any of the books of the Society, or to call for an account of the profits."

These cases are, of course, now "ancient history," but those who desire to see the manner in which industrial assurance companies are formed in the present day will find that "history repeats itself" in the establishment and transactions of the Yorkshire Provident Assurance Company, the business of which was purchased for £500 by eight ex-agents of societies or companies, four of whom paid their shares of this sum by promissory note. We must content ourselves here with saying that the expenses of management of this company are over 90 per cent., and that in 1887 they spent about £400 more than their entire share capital and entire premium income, meeting the difference by the issue of new capital, and refer our readers for further particulars regarding it to the evidence given by Mr. Martin, the Divisional Manager, to the Select Committee.*

The struggle for existence seems to be producing the same result among the industrial assurance companies as that already noticed with respect to the collecting societies. *Three-fourths* of the entire business done by the fourteen companies in existence is in the hands of one of them, the Prudential, which began industrial business about 1854 with a capital of of £10,000, subsequently increased by bonuses to £200,000, and declared in 1887 a dividend of £389,000; while, of the other thirteen companies, seven have paid no interest or dividends at all to their shareholders during the last year, and the claims upon six exceed the amount of the insurance fund. During the ten years between 1878–1887, the premium income of the fourteen companies rose from £1,488,829 to £4,181,852; the life assurance funds from £726,743 to £5,982,601; the death claims paid from £508,012 to £1,664,281; the commissions paid from £480,373 to

* See Report, 1889, p. ix. *Martin*, Qu. 5764, *et seq.*

£1,146,265; and the expenses of management from £282,460 to £709,598. The two last items together fell from 51·57 per cent. in 1878 to 44·38 per cent. in 1887, but this reduction of the average cost of management, which varies from 41·47 per cent. of the premium income to 90·32 per cent. in the Yorkshire Provident, is due solely to the reduction shown by the Prudential.*

Companies established after the passing of the Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870, are required, by Section 3 of the Act, to make a deposit of £20,000 with the High Court of Justice, but as some of them commenced business prior to 1870, and others are what is termed "revived companies," several of the industrial assurance companies have altogether evaded this provision. As a company remains upon the register of Joint Stock Companies until it is formally wound up, a process which cannot be carried out unless certain steps are taken by its secretary, these "revived" companies have contrived to continue their existence without doing any business, until new shareholders have been found to take them over for a certain sum and resuscitate them. By this ingenious system the right to trade without making the deposit of £20,000 required by law has thus become a marketable commodity.

Industrial assurance companies are required to send to the Board of Trade annual accounts of their revenue, and also acturial valuations, made at certain prescribed periods, of their financial condition, but the Board has no power to reject them, if unsatisfactory, or to interfere with the companies at any stage, even when shown to be actually insolvent. As in collecting societies, the collectors of the companies derive their income from a per-centage on the contributions they collect, though, being servants of the directors, they can exercise little influence for their own benefit over the policy-holders, while the latter, who have no rights of membership, do not possess even the limited control over the management enjoyed by members of collecting societies. Hence "there is at present no guarantee of honest management; there is no

* Report, Select Committee, 1889, p. vii. *Cf.* Stoneham, 286, 406.

restriction on the proportion of revenue devoted to management, nor is there any obligation to employ properly certified tables of contribution and benefit;" while the accounts may be audited by persons who, however well-intentioned, are entirely without training and experience in the work; and even where there is no desire to hide the financial embarrassment of a company the legal remedies available are both "cumbrous and expensive."* Lastly, it was pointed out by Friendly Societies' Commissioners that, where companies, as in the case of the Prudential, combine ordinary with industrial assurance, "the industrial policy-holders contribute in an exceedingly large proportion to the profits of the company, though they receive no share in them, and that the ordinary, that is to say, the wealthier insurers, as well as the shareholders, derive an advantage from the industrial business to which it is difficult to see how the former, at all events, have a claim."†

In spite of these somewhat striking shortcomings in their constitution, the Select Committee on Friendly Societies express a decided preference for industrial assurance companies over collecting societies, on the ground that the influence of the collectors in the latter "appears in most cases to neutralise the theoretical superiority of constitution."‡ We venture to think, however, that their opinion on this point, which is diametrically opposed to that of the Friendly Societies' Commissioners,§ will not find many adherents.

The same must be said with regard to certain of the recommendations, many of them valuable, for the amendment of the law made by the Select Committee.

Their suggestion that the ten-mile limit should be abolished, and that all collecting societies—good, bad, and indifferent—should be merged in one class, is, for instance, extremely unfair and injudicious, while it is also not justified by the terms of their reference. It was clearly shown by the Friendly Societies' Commissioners in their report that a large number of local collecting burial or sick societies—with regard to which no

* Report, Select Committee, 1889, p. viii., *et seq.*, *Stoneham*, Qu. 318, 402, &c.
† Fourth Report, p. cxxxii.
‡ Report, pp. viii., ix.
§ Fourth Report, p. cxxxii.

evidence of any kind was taken by the Select Committee—need not at least be open to the evils of the larger societies. They also state that the practice of collecting is found in other classes of societies, such as county societies and general societies, and on this point the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, in his Report for 1888, observes that the experience of his office has shown that the employment of collectors is far more common than the Friendly Societies' Commissioners supposed. "It occurs," he says, "in many juvenile societies, in many parish ones, and also in the railway and mining societies. In many cases it is the cheapest and most natural way of working, *i.e.*, wherever large numbers of the members are employed together, so that it becomes an obvious economy of time for one to collect the contributions of his fellow-workers;" and he expresses his conviction that "nothing would be more pernicious than to assimilate, as the Committee's proposal would do, a large number of harmless and useful societies to the present class of collecting societies under Section 30" (p. 18).

Again, some of the powers which the Committee propose to confer on the Central Office are, as pointed out by the Chief Registrar, so autocratic that they would have the effect of seriously injuring its real authority. Thus, they suggest that it should be empowered, whenever the interests of members or policy-holders seem to require it, to appoint, *without notice to the Committee of Management*, an official receiver, who shall exercise all the powers of the Committee, "until such time as the Central Office orders otherwise;" and that, "if it appears from the valuation that any company is not in a position to meet its engagements, *or if it appears from the annual return that the business is carried on in an unsatisfactory manner*," the Central Office shall be empowered, if it deem it advisable, "to *withdraw* from the company *the privilege as to infantile insurance* (in respect of new contracts), and to advertise the withdrawal as widely as may appear desirable." They also propose that "no society shall hereafter be registered until the applicants for registry shall have deposited with the Central Office the sum of £500," to be retained till the annual income from the members' contributions amounts to £1000, and the first

valuation has been made; or, if this shows a deficiency, till the next valuation, when, if the deficiency still remains, the Central Office is "to order the society to be dissolved." And, lastly, they recommend "that all societies"—by which, presumably, is meant all societies employing collectors—"shall be registered,"* a recommendation frequently made of late years with regard to friendly societies in general, and which, as has been well said, really means "that every little knot of men who care to combine together for any provident purpose . . . . shall be held guilty of an offence for which they are to be punishable by imprisonment if they do not put themselves in a certain relation with a Department of the State."† However much these doubtless well-meant proposals may commend themselves to the advocates of State Socialism, it is manifest that they would inevitably render the Friendly Societies Office, which was designed by the Act of 1875, to be primarily the adviser and friend-in-need of the thrift associations of the working classes, an object of dread and dislike to them.

Lastly, the recommendations which the Committee, who devoted a large proportion of their time to an inquiry into its administration, make for the reconstitution of the Friendly Societies Office, and the extremely unjust strictures on the conduct of the Chief Registrar appended to them, not only deal with a subject which, like that of collecting societies in general, is altogether beyond the scope of their reference, but are also based on a striking misconception of the nature of the functions respectively assigned to the Central Office and the Chief Registrar.

The Committee recommend‡ "that the *sole official authority* upon which all powers be (*sic*) reposed, and all duties be (*sic*) imposed in the administration of the Act be known as the *Central Office*," which is to be "composed of the Chief and Assistant Registrar (or Assistant Registrars) for England, as laid down in the Friendly Societies Act, 1875; of *the Actuary*

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* See an able article on Friendly Societies in the *Quarterly Review*, April 1888, reprinted in the *Journal of Institute of Actuaries*, October 1889, p. 112.

† Report, 1889, p. xv., *et seq.*

‡ Report, 1889, pp. xv., xx. The *italics* are our own.

appointed under the said Act; and of the Assistant Registrars for Scotland and Ireland as provided in the same Act, the latter only to be members of the Central Office, so far as relates to matters arising in Scotland and Ireland respectively." By Section 10 of the Friendly Societies Act, 1875, all the powers and duties previously vested in the Registrar of Friendly Societies have already been "reposed and imposed" in a Central Office, consisting of a Chief Registrar and "one or more Assistant Registrars" for England, but the Assistant Registrars are subordinate to the Chief Registrar, who is thus directly responsible in important cases for the action of his department. Again, certain functions, such as reporting annually to Parliament, and receiving the reports of the Assistant Registrars, making orders for the transfer of stock in the absence of trustees, and—subject to the approval of the Treasury—cancelling or suspending registry, dispensing with quinquennial returns, appointing inspectors to inquire into the affairs of societies, and calling special meetings, are reserved for the Chief Registrar, though, as a rule, the authority under the Acts is that of the Central Office; and the Assistant Registrars for Scotland and Ireland are also subordinate to him, though they exercise in those countries the functions and powers given him by the Act. Hence the suggestion of the Committee simply means that the Central Office shall in future consist of the Actuary to the Office as well as the Chief and Assistant Registrars, and exercise all the powers hitherto specially reserved to the Chief Registrar; or, in other words, that the ultimate responsibility for the proceedings of the department shall be transferred from a single individual, recognised as its head, to a board of three or four persons, each possessing equal authority.

This proposal, as to the wisdom of which the reader must be left to decide for himself, appears to be founded on the assumption that the Chief Registrar constitutes in his own person the Central Office. Throughout their self-instituted inquiry they seem to have treated him as being solely responsible for the carrying out of the Friendly Societies Acts, and they refused altogether to take the evidence of his colleague,

the Assistant Registrar for England, who may, under delegation from the Chief Registrar, exercise all his functions and powers; while, oddly enough, the censures they have passed on his conduct relate not to matters as to which, as has been said, the Act gives him individual authority, but solely to those which are specially reserved to the Central Office. Thus, the Committee state that "it is the plain duty of the Chief Registrar, under Section 10, to publish information, either generally or in particular districts," where the valuation of any society reveals a deficiency in the funds, and blame him for not having done so in certain cases, and also for not having instituted proceedings fourteen years ago (1875) against one of these insolvent societies.* But both the duty of "circulating information" and that of instituting proceedings are functions not of the Chief Registrar, but of the Central Office, and can be exercised only with the sanction of the Treasury; and in addition to this, in the case referred to by the Committee, legal proceedings were barred by Jarvis' Act, owing to the fact that more than six months had elapsed since the date when the return showing the deficiency was made, while the opinion of the Solicitor to the Treasury as to the construction of Section 16 of the Friendly Societies Act, 1875, under which proceedings are taken, was such as precluded the possibility of instituting them.

Again, the Committee state that "the" Chief Registrar "refused to register" certain amendments of the rules of the Royal Liver Society, passed at a meeting held at Bristol, instead of at Liverpool, in order to guard against "packing" and intimidation on the part of former managers of the Society, and the due passing of which, when presented for registration, was consequently challenged by a portion of the members. They also blame him because, when application was made to compel him to register the amendment, no appearance was made for him in court, decision being given against him, and the amendment only registered in deference to a mandamus, and they "hold that it is his duty to appear in

* Report, Chief Registrar, 1888, p. 21.

such cases, and sustain his objection."* The function of registering rules, however, is vested, as regards England, not in the Chief Registrar, but in the Central Office; and in declining to appear the Chief Registrar not only followed the usual practice of the Office and the example of his predecessor in a recent case of a similar nature, but acted with the express sanction of the Treasury, while it appears that after all the chief action in the whole transaction was taken not by him, but by the Assistant Registrar for England, acting for the Central Office, whom, it will be remembered, the Committee refused to examine.†

But the most striking point with regard to the Committee's recommendation for the reorganization of the Friendly Societies' Office is the fact that it is based on investigations confined to a class of societies, whose business represents only from about three to four-tenths *per cent.* of the total business of the Central Office,‡ a small sub-division, as has been pointed out, of one of the seventeen great groups of registered friendly societies. In addition, however, to its functions with regard to the 25,852 friendly societies proper, the Office has to register the rules and supervise the affairs of 51 cattle insurance societies, 67 benevolent societies, 290 working men's clubs, and 286 specially authorized societies, all of which are registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, besides those of 1248 industrial and provident societies, 232 trade unions, 2321 building societies, and 347 loan societies, all of which four classes of bodies are governed by separate Acts. It has, moreover, to certify the rules of all trustee savings banks; and, lastly, it is the sole tribunal for deciding all cases of dispute that may arise in the 328 trustee banks, and the 9022 Post Office Savings Banks in the United Kingdom. The Committee, it is needless to say, received no evidence of any kind as to the nature and amount of the labour, and the various responsibilities involved in these other duties of the

* Report, 1889, pp. vi., xix.

† Report, Chief Registrar Friendly Societies, 1888, p. 19.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 20.

Central Office, or as to the mode in which they are performed. They therefore ignore them altogether, and on the strength of their examination, extending over less than six months, into a small fraction of its business confidently advise the reconstitution of the department, and severely censure the conduct of an old and tried public servant, who was entrusted, on the recommendation of the Friendly Societies' Commissioners, with the task of its first organisation in accordance with the suggestions of their report, and who has presided over it for fifteen years. The reputation of the Chief Registrar, Mr. Ludlow, who has devoted the best part of his life to the improvement of the condition of the working classes, is too well assured both among the various thrift organisations controlled by the Central Office, and among those who have studied and striven to aid their development to be injured by these unmerited strictures of the Committee; but it is none the less to be regretted that they should have marred their Report by passing beyond the limits of their reference in order to make them.

The greater part of their recommendations appear to be admirably designed to remedy the evils of the general collecting societies and industrial assurance companies, as far as it is possible to do so. They propose that a special Act should be passed for the government of these bodies, embodying the provisions of Section 30 of the Friendly Societies Act, with certain modifications, together with some additional provisions. Local self-government is to be introduced into collecting societies by a provision in the rules, requiring either the appointment of standing committees of members for specially defined areas, or the constitution of a central executive body with local trustees, and collectors are to be rigidly excluded from all share in the management. The Central Office is to have fuller powers of ordering inspections into the affairs of societies, and of ordering dissolutions. No society is to be permitted to use the title "friendly society" unless prefixed by the word collecting, and no person is to become a member of any collecting society until he has reached the age of sixteen. No industrial assurance company which was in

existence prior to the passing of the Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870, is to be permitted to commence industrial assurance business unless it has first deposited £20,000, as required from new companies, and all companies are to be required to separate their industrial from their ordinary assurance business. No company is to be permitted to distribute in any year a dividend, including bonus, amounting to more than £10 per cent. on the paid-up capital of the company, and the remainder of the profits are to be divided among the policy-holders of the company. All assurances effected with any society or company on or after the passing of the Act are to be entitled to a surrender-value when they have subsisted for at least five years; and, lastly, all societies and companies are to make valuation returns, in such form as it may prescribe, once in every five years to the Central Office.*

A measure framed on these lines could hardly fail to prove a great boon to those who insure their lives with the two classes of bodies we have been considering. In their present condition they must be regarded as necessary evils, and, doubtless, many will incline to the opinion that it would be well if they could be altogether swept away, and a substitute for them could be found, either in a system of burial by the State, or by public bodies, such as borough corporations or county councils, or else in an extension of the Post Office Insurance System. Suggestions to this effect were made by witnesses to the Committee,† but they were, by the terms of their reference, unfortunately perhaps, prevented from considering them, and though they are all well worthy of attention, it would be useless to discuss such schemes until they have been proved to be thoroughly practicable. At present, at all events, collecting societies and industrial assurance companies, which, with all their faults, have the merits of being "natural growths," and of being the only existing means of bringing the benefits of life

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* Report Select Committee, 1889, p. xix., *et seq.*

† Report, 1888, *Ludlow*, 15, 79, 102, 186; *Stanley*, 316, 490; and Report, 1889; *Sutton*, 220.

insurance to the poor, "hold the field," and it is therefore to be earnestly hoped that the Legislature will adopt these suggestions of the Committee for ensuring their financial soundness and protecting the interests of those who effect assurances with them.

ART. IV.—THE THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION CONTROVERSY IN METHODISM.

1. *History of Wesleyan Methodism.* Vol. III. *Modern Methodism.* By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D. London: Longmans. 1862.
2. *A Collection of Pamphlets and Leaflets,* in the possession of the Rev. John S. Simon. 1834–5.

IN a previous article * we have shown that a local attempt to improve the worship of a Yorkshire congregation led to disturbances which brought into distinctness certain principles that are essential to the stability of the Methodist Constitution. The "Leeds Organ Case" demonstrated the fact that the Conference, as "the supreme legislative and executive body" in Methodism, has, and must needs have, the right to interfere in the internal affairs of Circuits, by its District Committees, which might not improperly be described as Diocesan or Provincial Synods. In the present, and in a subsequent paper, we shall deal with events which accentuated the teachings of 1827. By these events new illustrations were furnished, affording larger and fuller vindication of the same essential principles. At this distance of time it seems strange that the right of the Conference to act through its District Committees, and by its action to direct its own preachers, should have been challenged. In reading the abundant literature of the Protestant Methodist Controversy we

* See No. CXL. of this Review (July 1888).

find that, in that discussion, while the right of the Conference to deal with local disputes in the Circuits was vehemently denied, its jurisdiction over the preachers was unhesitatingly acknowledged. The time came, however, when a minister was to raise the issue undreamed of by the Leeds dissentients, and even to carry the controversy into the Civil Courts for complete and final settlement.

In describing the events which are associated with the name of Dr. Samuel Warren, it will be found that the immediate cause of the outburst of disaffection which agitated the Methodist Societies in 1834–5 was akin to that which provoked the Leeds rebellion. In the latter case, as we have intimated, the passions of the disputants were excited by the attempt to improve the worship of the Brunswick congregation; in the case before us a similar effect was produced by an attempt to improve the preaching of the ministers throughout the Connexion. As briefly as possible we will record the facts of a memorable controversy, confining ourselves in the present paper to a description of the events which led to the establishment of the Wesleyan Theological Institution.

The proposal to establish a "Literary and Theological Institution" for "the improvement of the junior preachers in the Methodist Connexion" indicated that, in the opinion of the Conference, the hour had come when Methodism must assume its responsibilities as a distinct section of the Church, charged with the duty of teaching the whole circle of Christian doctrine and duty, alike theological and ethical, in principle and in practice. In the early days of the Methodist Reformation the preachers were confessedly "extraordinary agents" sent out to provoke the clergy to jealousy. Their special work was to direct attention to certain doctrines which were contained in the formularies of the Anglican Church, but which the regular clergy failed to preach, which, indeed, they did not apprehend, which they had not sight to see. These neglected doctrines, which concerned repentance, conversion, and the joyous experience of a conscious salvation, were the burden of the sermons of the itinerant evangelists. Wesley lovingly refers to them as "our doctrines." They had been explained

to the Methodist preachers by their own experience. Such experience was indispensable in the case of every man who offered himself, or was recommended by others, to Wesley for the position of a "helper." That condition being satisfied, then, if a man possessed gifts of popular address, and if, in a more private sphere, his appeals had been useful in bringing souls out of spiritual darkness, he was deemed a fit agent for the work of a Methodist preacher, and was forthwith sent to do it. As long as that work remained merely supplementary or auxiliary, it was not necessary to seclude the worker within the precincts of a college, in order that regular training might give point to his appeals, or polish to his exhortations. John Wesley "again and again declared" that, although learning "is highly expedient for a guide of souls it is not absolutely necessary." * On this canon he was compelled to act; and so he sent out his untrained, and frequently unlettered evangelists to proclaim in their mother tongue the gospel of the grace of God. It was fortunate for Wesley, and for his societies, that, even in the elementary stage of the work, he was not wholly deprived of the services of men who united in themselves "that pair so long disjoined, knowledge and vital piety." Indeed, not a few of the early preachers strikingly illustrated the advantages of such a union. But there can be no doubt that many of the earliest "helpers," when first employed, were quite innocent of any sort of scholarship. They could read and write; they could preach the Methodist doctrines with clearness and force; they had "all their wits about them;" they could endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; and so they were commissioned to make full proof of their ministry in the presence of infuriated mobs and in the far-extended "rounds" of Circuit life.

Whilst lack of learning did not in itself prevent a man from entering upon the work of a Methodist preacher, Wesley was in every way too wise to ignore the disadvantages of this deficiency. He saw that it was imperative that his helpers

* *Wesley's Works*, vol. xiv., p. 365, 8vo ed.

should not only read, but study. He gave no quarter to the intellectual sluggard. If a man had no taste for reading, he was dismissed from the work. Hard study had to be carried on amidst the activities of Circuit life. The young evangelist read as he rode or as he walked. In the inn or the cottage, where he rested for the night, he drew out his well-thumbed volume of Divinity; and sometimes by the blink of the dying embers on the hearth, or in the morning by the first glimmer of the dawn, he pondered those profound theological problems which suggested to him the infinite deeps of the wisdom of God. There is evidence to show that Wesley was not altogether satisfied with this mode of acquiring knowledge. He turned his eyes towards the "academies" in which young men were trained for the Dissenting ministry, and the idea of establishing a similar institution seems to have entered his mind. Henry Moore alleges that Charles Wesley was in favour of the intellectual training of the preachers in some such "academy," but that John Wesley opposed the plan.* How far this assertion is borne out by fact was a moot point discussed with passion in the years of which we write. We will deal with the indisputable evidence that lies before us, and then leave the question to be settled by individual judgment. At the first Conference, which was held in the Foundery, London, in August 1744, it was asked, "Can we have a Seminary for Labourers?" The recorded answer is: "If God spare us till another Conference." The subject was resumed in Bristol the next year, and the reply to the same question was: "Not till God gives us a proper Tutor." There cannot be the slightest doubt that Wesley permitted the discussion of this topic, and agreed with the conclusions that were reached. But the evidence goes further. After the Bristol Conference (1745) Wesley's mind seems to have been busy with the problem. He determined to consult Philip Doddridge, and to inspect the Academy over which the great Dissenter presided. It will be remembered that Doddridge had been trained for the Ministry under Dr. Jennings at the

* Dr. Warren's *Remarks on the Wesleyan Theological Institution*, p. 17, Note. Mr. Simon's Collection.

Academy at Kilworth, in Leicestershire. In 1729, urged by the advice of Dr. Watts and others, he accepted an invitation to Northampton, and discharged in that town the double duty of pastor of a large congregation and tutor to the "Theological Seminary." He was pre-eminently fitted to counsel Wesley at this crisis. Wesley tells us that he arrived at the Academy on the 9th of September, 1745, about the hour when Doddridge was accustomed to expound a portion of Scripture "to the young gentlemen under his care." The traveller was asked to take his place. In his Journal, he says: "It may be the seed was not altogether sown in vain."* In the following year Wesley wrote to Doddridge, asking him to furnish him with a list of books suitable for the purpose he contemplated; and, after some delay, Doddridge replied at great length, sketching a course of study in logic, metaphysics, ethics, history, natural philosophy, astronomy, natural and revealed religion, and practical divinity.† On March 4th, 1747, there is an entry in the "Journals" which suggests that, in the Orphan House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Wesley was working on the lines laid down by Doddridge. He says: "This week I read over with some young men a compendium of rhetoric and a system of ethics. I see not why a man of tolerable understanding may not learn in six months' time more of solid philosophy than is commonly learned at Oxford in four (perhaps seven) years." Again, on February 23rd, 1749, he writes: "My design was to have as many of our preachers here (Kingswood) during the Lent as could possibly be spared; and to read Lectures to them every day, as I did to my pupils in Oxford. I had seventeen of them in all. These I divided into two classes, and read to one Bishop Pearson on the *Creed*, to the other Aldrich's *Logic*, and to both *Rules for Action and Utterance*.‡ On August 24th, 1769, he showed his interest in the scholastic training of young preachers by journeying to Trevecca, and taking part in the anniversary of Lady Huntingdon's College. But whatever may have been his private opinions, it is undoubted that he did not establish

* *Wesley's Works*, vol. i., p. 517, 8vo ed.

† Tyerman's *Life and Times of Wesley*, vol. i., p. 516.

‡ See on this point *The Touchstone*, p. 7. Mr. Simon's Collection.

a "Seminary for Labourers." It should, however, be noted that after the establishment of Kingswood School he made occasional use of that "Seminary" as a place of preliminary training for some of his preachers. For instance, when John Bredin wrote to him concerning Adam Clarke, explaining that he considered that God had called him to the work of the ministry, we are told that Wesley "kindly offered to take him for a time to his great school at Kingswood, near Bristol, where he might increase his classical knowledge, have the opportunity of exercising his ministerial talents in the various societies in the neighbourhood, and thus be better qualified for the general work of the ministry."* At least two other preachers, Messrs. Brettell and Cooper, were sent to the school to be similarly trained.† The number of young men who enjoyed the advantages of Kingswood was, apparently, small. The rest had to avail themselves of the treasures of the "Christian Library," which Wesley compiled for their benefit, and to win intellectual culture by hard reading and thinking in the midst of their self-sacrificing and exhausting labours.‡

As long as Methodism retained its position as a supplementary agency in hypothetical relation with the Anglican Church, the question of the systematic education of its preachers did not importunately press for instant solution. But at the death of Wesley, an agitation was commenced which led to the acceptance and rapid development of the scheme which he had suggested, matured, and reserved against the time when it would be found impossible for the societies generally to remain in any sense linked with the Established Church. With wise foresight he had arranged for the separate existence of Methodism as one of the Churches of England. The societies were to become churches in which the Word of God was to be faithfully preached, and in which the sacraments were to be duly administered by men who possessed his transmitted "orders." When the events of 1795 and 1797 liberated the Societies generally from the control of those ideas

* *An Account of the Infancy, &c., of Adam Clarke*, vol. i., p. 121.

† Vevers' *Appeal to the Wesleyan Societies*, p. 15. Mr. Simon's Collection.

‡ For John Wesley's opinions upon an educated ministry, see *An Address to the Clergy*, Works, vol. x., p. 481, 8vo ed.

of subordination to the Church of England which had kept most of them in bondage, the responsibility of Methodism for the Christian education of its congregations immeasurably increased. It was not possible any longer to limit the topics upon which the preachers discoursed to a few favourite doctrines; the whole counsel of God had to be examined, understood, expounded, and enforced. Could this be done by imperfectly educated men? That was the question that confronted the Conference; and in the presence of the ever-increasing intelligence of the congregations which crowded the chapels rising on every hand it could not be ignored.

In one of the Conferences held during the lifetime of Wesley we catch sight of Thomas Olivers striving "with all his might" to secure the establishment of a "Seminary for Labourers." But Olivers contended in vain. In the year 1805, however, Adam Clarke wrote an impassioned letter which produced a lasting impression. From this letter we learn that, in a meeting of the London preachers, he introduced a conversation on this subject. The meeting was unanimously of opinion that, without delay, some strong efforts should be made to get such an institution established either at Bristol or London. All felt that the case was urgent. Clarke's words kindle as we read them; he writes:

"What can we do to get this matter set on foot? The people are getting wise on all hands. Socinianism, and other *isms* equally as bad, are gaining *strength* and *boldness*. As a Body, we cannot stand and speak with our enemies in the gate, much less turn the battle to the gate. Many of the preachers are in a state of comparative nonage, because they have had no help, no director of their studies, no pointer-out of method, no explorer of the paths in which they should tread. *Every circuit* cries out, 'Send us *acceptable* preachers.' How can we do this? . . . . The time is coming, and now is, when *illiterate piety* can do no more for the interest and *permanency* of the work of God, than *lettered irreligion* did formerly."*

The Conference of 1807 ordered that a pamphlet, embodying Dr. Clarke's letter, should be printed and published. It was entitled, *Observations on the Importance of Adopting a Plan of Instruction for those Preachers who are admitted upon*

* Crowther's *Defence of the Wesleyan Theological Institution*, p. 25; note. Mr. Simon's Collection.

Trial in the Methodist Connexion. The publication of this pamphlet placed the matter definitely before the mind of the Connexion; and for several years it was intermittently discussed. In 1823 opinion had so far ripened that the Conference directed John Gaulter, Jabez Bunting, Thomas Jackson, and Richard Watson to prepare a report on the subject. Richard Watson wrote the report, and it was submitted to the Conference. The project of an Institution was approved in its principle; but it was thought to be impracticable. In 1829, twenty-three years after Dr. Clarke's appeal, the Conference declared:

"We unanimously agree that the time is now fully come when some more systematic and effectual plan ought to be attempted for affording to those preachers who have been placed, after the usual examinations and recommendations, on the list of reserve, but are not immediately needed for the regular supply of our circuits, such means of instruction in the doctrines and discipline of Methodism, and of general improvement, as may prepare them for future usefulness."

It was suggested that such young men should be placed under the tuition of senior preachers, on different circuits, until a better plan could be devised. A committee was appointed to prepare such a plan. From year to year it was reappointed. Then, in 1833, it was specially directed to meet in London on Wednesday, October 23. In these days of swift legislation, it is difficult for us to appreciate the slow movements of the Conference towards the solution of this exigent question. We should have thought that less than a quarter of a century would have sufficed for the complete consideration of the matter. Still, from the quiet shore of the present on which we stand, it is not always possible to discover the reasons for the tackings and backings of the pilots of the past who knew the rocks which are hidden from our view, and who felt the force of baffling winds from which we are safe. A straight course might have meant shipwreck. We have too many evidences of the wisdom of the Methodist captains to criticize their seamanship too severely. We might be tempted, however, to a little impatience with this circle-sailing when we watch the smart manner in which the Methodist New Connexion was settling the question at the

same time, if we did not remember how much more nimbly a pinnace can be handled in a bay than a three-decker in a windy channel. "A Ministers' Preparatory Instruction Committee" had been appointed by their Conference; and on August 28, 1834, a circular was issued which stated that the committee had "resolved upon entrusting the work in question to Mr. Allin, at his residence in Sheffield." The "friends" were requested to pay their subscriptions in advance, and to forward them to the treasurer by the 25th of September; and the committee declared that the necessity of some such preparatory help for the young preachers was "indisputable."* There is certainly a precision and emphasis about this circular which we do not find in the halting counsels of the Mother Church. This is probably to be accounted for, in a considerable measure, by the remarkable combination of lingering Church of England predilections among old-fashioned laymen with popular "revivalist" prejudices against a fully developed pastoral order in the Church, which prevailed, more or less, in the "Old Connexion" for forty years after the death of Wesley, as was particularly explained in a recent article on Dr. Bunting and the Middle Age of Methodism.†

The committee appointed by the Conference met in the Wesleyan Mission House, Hatton Garden, on Wednesday, October 23, 1833, and continued its sittings by adjournments to the 30th of the same month. It consisted of about twenty carefully selected ministers. In glancing over their names we are specially arrested by that of Jabez Bunting. From 1806, when he was appointed the "sub-secretary" of the Conference, his impress is stamped on the legislation and administration of Methodism. We must refer our readers to his recently published *Life*, and to the articles on that book which appeared in this REVIEW, for an explanation of the processes by which he gained his almost unexampled influence. Next to Wesley, he must be considered as the chief "Maker"

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* Crowther's *Defence*, p. 26; note.

† *The Middle Age of Methodism and its Greatest Man.* See No. CXXXVII., October 1887.

of Methodism. From the time when he became an officer of the Conference, he had closely studied Methodism as an ecclesiastical system. His acute and sagacious mind searched the whole of the constitution. He espied the fragmentary legislation which lay scattered in the *Journals* and *Minutes* of the Conference, and he familiarized himself with the minutest details of administration. But he did more. His philosophic mind discovered the Idea which was hidden in Methodism, which was the secret of its existence and the explanation of its history. Having discerned that Idea, he saw that Methodism was a system of undeveloped possibilities. It was at this point that the scientific character of his mind proved of inestimable value. Instead of discussing the possibilities of Methodism in the spirit of the doctrinaire, he determined to realize them by acts of practical statesmanship. Taking up the work which had fallen unfinished from Wesley's hand, he reduced disorderly things to order, and succeeded in changing loosely organized societies into an intelligent, a strictly regulated, a well-officered, and a pre-eminently spiritual Church.

In pressing towards the realization of his ideal Methodism, it is needless to say that he frequently found himself in perilous positions. The people who walk too slowly and those who walk too fast are the obstructives of crowded pavements. Jabez Bunting, making moderate haste, often found himself in direct contact and collision with each of these classes of pedestrians. In his reforms the contenders for the *status quô* discerned designs of the most revolutionary character. Once, when he was advocating the cause of the laymen in Conference, he went even too far for Jonathan Crowther the elder, who was one of the most "advanced" men amongst the earlier Methodist preachers. At the close of the debate Crowther rose and said, "I always *suspected* Mr. Bunting of being secretly inclined to *Kilhamitism*, but now I am confirmed —he is a Kilhamite!"* On the other hand, his conflicts with precipitate reformers and reckless destructionists were innumerable. He curbed them, he overcame them in argument, and the incidents of his contests with them left bitter memories

* *Work for Dr. Warren*, p. 32; note. Mr. Simon's Collection.

in their minds. At the time of which we write he had just emerged from a strenuous controversy with the Radical revolutionists.* During the Leeds disturbances he had been the official adviser of the president, and since then he had taken a prominent part in the great battle against political action on the part of ministers, which ended in the resignation of Joseph Rayner Stephens.† He made many friends and many enemies. His enemies assailed him with boundless virulence. His friends were therefore naturally apt to be a little too extravagant in their praise. He took an intense interest in the attempt to improve the intellectual character of the Methodist ministers. Not only was he a lover of learning and culture for their own sake, but a well-educated ministry was essential to the perfecting of his Ideal Methodism. He saw that the time had come when laymen should take an increasingly important share in the administration of Methodist affairs. Perceiving this, he succeeded in opening the Connexional committees to them, and placed in their hands powers which have steadily grown until they have found their fit sphere in the representative session of the Conference. But for the full development of Methodism competent ministerial culture, both theological and general, was at least as necessary as lay co-operation in Church councils. Since 1823, when he had assisted Richard Watson to draw up the report we have mentioned, Jabez Bunting had specially pondered the problem of an educated ministry; and he entered upon the work of the committee with clear ideas and great hopefulness.

In judging of the proceedings of this epoch-making committee we must rely upon three sources of information. First, we must consult the *Report* prepared by John Hannah, one of the secretaries. Then, we must search the pamphlets which poured from the press in 1834–5, for all allusions and statements of fact which throw side-lights upon the course of events. Lastly, we must avail ourselves of the guidance of Dr. Smith's invaluable History of Methodism. Taking the *Report* in hand, we find that, after glancing at the

* See No. CXL. of this REVIEW (July 1888).

† See Smith's *History*, vol. iii. book viii. chap. i.

ways in which the Conference had attempted to secure the intellectual training of the candidates for the ministry and admitting their insufficiency, the committee considered the advisability of taking a house in some convenient part of the country to be regarded as an Institution in which "all the accepted candidates for the Methodist ministry, whether that ministry were to be exercised at home or abroad," should be received and trained for one, two, or three years, as circumstances might require. The committee unanimously decided to ask the Conference to take such a house, and to create an "Institution." One of the members of the committee demurred to the name "Institution." He insisted that the house should be called a "College." Time has justified his preference. Jabez Bunting, however, who had a better knowledge of the temper of the Methodist people, argued for the less ambitious title of the "Wesleyan Institution for the Improvement of the Junior Preachers," and his judicious counsels prevailed. We turn with interest towards the speaker who urged the committee to recommend the Conference to call the "Institution" a "College." Physically he was a rather small man, and he had been on the committee since 1828. He was well known as a prominent advocate of the scheme for the better training of the younger preachers, having, indeed, spoken in the Conference of 1833 in commendation of the project. He had a special right to be heard in the discussion. In the midst of the activities of circuit work he had succeeded in gaining a University degree. When he was the superintendent of Glasgow, he entered at the University, and prosecuted his studies in that city, and also in Edinburgh, with great vigour. Some of his Glasgow people were scandalized at the spectacle of their chief pastor rushing along the street with his little red gown flying in the wind. They said cruel things about him; but in spite of their censures he held on his way. After taking his M.A. degree he proceeded to his LL.D., and is now well known in Methodist history as Dr. Samuel Warren. We shall have to turn our attention to him from time to time, in order that we may understand the current of events. The important resolution which we have quoted being passed, the committee thought it

wise to reply to the objections which might be levelled against the Institution. As the project had been before the Societies for many years, the current objections were well known. They were considered in detail, and answered to the satisfaction of the committee. Then the "plan" of "tuition for resident students" was settled, and an arrangement was suggested whereby the junior preachers, during their probation, should be helped to continue their literary and theological studies. After indicating the neighbourhood of London as best fitted for the site of the Institution, and proposing that a committee of management should be formed which should include twelve laymen, a provisional committee, on which the laity were well represented, was appointed to make inquiries. It was then decided to adjourn at the close of the meeting until Thursday, July 17, when the report of the provisional committee should be received, and the plan to be recommended to the Conference be finally arranged.

The question of "ways and means" occupied "a considerable share of the committee's time and attention." It was estimated that the cost of accommodating sixty students, with their three tutors, together with the other expenses of the Institution, would not be less than £4500 per annum. As the Institution was intended as much for missionary students as for the candidates to be prepared for the "home work," it was suggested that the Missionary Society should bear part of the expense. It was proposed that the Book-Room, and those preachers who strongly felt the importance and necessity of the undertaking, should also contribute, and that £2000 should be raised by voluntary subscriptions from "our friends in different parts of the Connexion." That the Missionary Society should pay for the training of its students seemed reasonable. For about fourteen years that Society had been attempting, at considerable cost to itself, to give its young missionaries some preliminary training. They had been detained for months in London, or sent to returned missionaries in the country to be instructed and prepared for their work. This mode was expensive, and open to grave objection. The prospect of the establishment of a well-regulated Institution was, therefore, hailed by the missionary committee with satis-

faction. It was felt that the money spent in a desultory fashion might be saved, and given with advantage to the funds of the new Theological Institution. The need of training missionary candidates seemed pressing at that very time; indeed, the work of translation could not proceed on some mission stations, nor could the missionary committee avail itself of the liberal offer of the Bible Society to supply all the paper which might be needed for the printing of the Scriptures, for want of competent translators.*

Up to the point we have reached all the resolutions and suggestions of the committee had passed unanimously. In the course of the proceedings Jabez Bunting was called out of the room to attend to some pressing trust business, and during his absence a question was raised which led to prolonged discussion. It was held by some that the instruction "to arrange a plan for the better education of the candidates for our ministry," could not be carried out completely unless the committee submitted to the Conference the names of the tutors. It was finally decided that certain names should be suggested. It was also agreed without the slightest demur from any one, and "without his knowledge, and also without any previous concert," to request Jabez Bunting to allow himself to be nominated as president of the proposed Institution. The choice was excellent; the only objection to it being that Bunting was the senior secretary of the Missionary Society. When Bunting re-entered the room he learned what had been done; and at once protested against the naming of any officers "as being not included in the legitimate subjects of discussion" confided to the committee by the Conference. This objection, however, was overruled by the unanimous solicitations of the committee, in which Dr. Warren "personally and actively concurred." † As the office of president, to which no salary was attached, carried with it the duty of rendering occasional assistance to the theological tutor, it was no mere dignified sinecure.‡ After considering for a while, Bunting consented to the request of the committee. He yielded

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* *Fact against Rumour*, p. 3. Mr. Simon's Collection.

† Crowther's *Defence*, &c., p. 32. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 35.

on condition that the Conference should be asked to make such arrangements respecting the duties of the president of the Institution as should be compatible with his office of senior secretary of the Missionary Society. When the name of the president had been agreed upon, however, a most unwise proposition was made. It was proposed that Bunting should name the men who should be recommended as tutors. He distinctly declined to do so. The committee then proceeded to make its own selection. Some names were proposed and discussed, when Dr. Warren suggested John Burdsall and Jonathan Crowther as tutors. No one seconded his nominations, and they fell to the ground. The rest of the committee thought some other ministers more suitable; and ultimately John Hannah, Thomas Galland, and Daniel Walton, who were members of the committee, were recommended to the Conference, as ministers who might fitly be chosen tutors, Dr. Warren remaining neutral.* The rejection of his nominees seems to have disturbed Dr. Warren's temper. In his excitement he thought that he detected "a sinister design" in this part of the proceedings. Connecting the nomination of Bunting to the presidency of the Institution with the proposals concerning the tutorships, he came to the conclusion that a plot was being hatched to throw the whole management of the Institution into the hands of Jabez Bunting and his partisans. In his *Remarks* he affirms that "at once" he "openly" expressed "in the hearing of" Bunting himself, that "to such an extraordinary assumption of power" he would never give his consent.† It was unfortunate for Dr. Warren that, with the exception of his own assertion, he was not able to produce any evidence of the utterance of this protest. If any such witness had been forthcoming, his subsequent conduct would be placed in a rather more favourable light. But not only is his testimony unsupported, it is contradicted. Valentine Ward sat by his side throughout the October committee, and he affirms that at no time during its proceedings did he see or hear "the least symptom of alarm or dissatisfaction in him," except that he did not hold up his hand in favour of the nomination of the

* Dr. Smith's *History*, vol. iii. p. 233.

† Dr. Warren's *Remarks*, p. 8.

three tutors.* When it is remembered that Ward was one of the minority of five who voted against the resolution of the Conference, thanking the ministers of the two Leeds circuits for their conduct during the "organ" controversy, some idea of his independence and impartiality may be formed.† Whichever testimony is received, it is certain that the meetings of the October committee left a sting in Dr. Warren's mind. He became "a man with a grievance," and in a little time that fact was loudly proclaimed to the world.

In view of the meeting of the committee in July, John Hannah was directed to prepare a report of the October proceedings. In order to secure its accuracy, it was circulated in manuscript among such members of the committee as resided within a convenient distance of Liverpool, where Hannah was stationed. As Dr. Warren lived close by, in Manchester, it was of course sent to him. As some of those whose names had been recommended to the Conference objected to the publication of their names, the proposals concerning nominations were omitted from the body of the report, and written on a separate half-sheet of paper.‡ The report, however, contains the following reference to them:—

"A few proposals were made concerning the officers of the Institution; but, as the committee would not interfere with what appears to be the proper and exclusive prerogative of the Conference, and as these proposals related rather to the internal regulations than to the essential outline of the Institution, they do not feel themselves authorized to give publicity to them." §

At this distance of time, and with our present knowledge, it seems as if the secretary would have acted more wisely if he had incorporated the resolutions as to tutors in his report, and stated that they had been carried *nem. con.* As it was, having eliminated them, he first made the general statement that the "committee were unanimous in their conclusions," ‖ and then he quoted seriatim the resolutions "which were unanimously and cordially adopted." ¶

* Dr. Smith's *History*, vol. iii. p. 234. † *Work for Dr. Warren*, p. 9.
‡ Cubitt's *Observations on Dr. Samuel Warren's Pamphlet*, p. 34. Mr. Simon's Collection. § *Proposals for the Formation of a Theological Institution*, p. 30.
‖ *Ibid.* p. 4. ¶ *Ibid.* p. 30.

When the manuscript report was returned to Liverpool, the secretary saw that the word "not" was inserted in the general statement concerning the unanimity of the committee. No initials indicated the person who had taken this exception. The annotator, however, was soon revealed. In February, 1834, Daniel Walton, who was John Hannah's co-secretary, received a letter from Dr. Warren protesting against the circulation of the report. He especially objected to the sentence which attributed unanimity to the decisions of the committee, and denounced the "artifice" by which the points from which he dissented were omitted from the report, and inserted in the accompanying half-sheet, entitled "Additional proposals not now to be printed." Seeing that Liverpool lies so near to Manchester, and that the report with the half-sheet had been submitted to him, it is somewhat remarkable that Dr. Warren did not take train and seek an interview with the secretary. But he seems to have determined on his course; and the frank explanations of a personal interview would not have been favourable to the scheme of opposition which was forming in his mind. His letter was laid before the London members of the committee, and they replied justifying the action which had been taken. At the same time they offered to omit Dr. Warren's name from the list of signatories, if he objected to its appearance. Replying to this letter, Dr. Warren took up strong ground. He said: "That the proposals not now to be printed were as truly part of the deliberations of the committee as those which are intended to be printed, no one can deny." There is force in this contention, and it certainly confirms our impression that a separate report on the one point of the tutorships would have been permissible, although, even so, there would have been no real dissentient from the report, but only a few neutrals, including, of course, the three ministers nominated. The letter, which is dated March 16, 1834, is especially valuable, inasmuch as it contains a sentence which gives us a clue by which we are guided into some understanding of Dr. Warren's subsequent conduct. He affirms that had the proposals as to nominations been brought on at an earlier stage of the business, they would have materially

influenced his judgment on those points in which he concurred.* He altogether objected to the omission of his name from the report.

Notwithstanding Dr. Warren's objection, the committee published the report, which, however, only contained the resolutions upon which the October meeting had unanimously agreed. The provisional committee met on the 24th of June, 1834, and recommended certain modifications of the October proposals and plans. The general committee, enlarged by the addition of several laymen, assembled on the 17th of July. As soon as the meeting was constituted and the minutes of the provisional committee had been accepted as a correct record, the matter of Dr. Warren's dissent was broached. Before the committee met it was rumoured that he intended to "oppose the whole plan.† Anxious therefore to understand his position, Jabez Bunting put a question to him through the chairman. He asked him if he was still friendly to "the principle of an Institution," or whether, since the October meeting, he had changed his opinions. For a long time he refused to give a distinct answer. He endeavoured to satisfy the inquiry by saying, "I do not approve of this modified plan"; to which Bunting replied, "But do you approve of the principle of a Theological Institution"? George Cubitt, who was present at the committee, and who therefore was an eye-and-ear witness of all that took place, tells us that about an hour was consumed in a conversation which grew out of these questions; and his testimony is supported by twelve of the members of the committee, whose certificate to that effect appears at the close of the *Observations*. In the course of the conversation he says, "Mr. Bunting observed that this was not a question as between himself and the Doctor. 'It is not,' said Mr. Bunting, 'against me, or my connection with the Institution, that he objects.' The Doctor, so far from disputing this, *most unequivocally* admitted it, as well as that he had *fully concurred in recommending an Institution.*"‡ Failing to elicit any satisfactory reply to his question, which concerned the "principle" of a Theological Institution, Bunting at last said, "This is the

* Dr. Warren's *Remarks*, p. 26. † Cubitt's *Observations*, p. 36. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 37.

most unprincipled opposition I ever knew, and I speak advisedly." Then, lest his meaning should be misunderstood, he added at once, "Observe, I do not mean bad principle, but without principle." Cubitt informs us that this explanation of an ambiguous word was accepted.* At this point Lancelot Haslope, a layman, who was one of the general treasurers of the Missionary Society, observed, "After all that Dr. Warren has said, Mr. Chairman, I do not yet understand whether he has, or has not, changed his mind on the principle of the Institution." Dr. Warren replied, "In consequence of the disingenuous and interested conduct which has been practised, I have changed my opinion upon the entire project." This declaration cleared the air, and Bunting said, "We now know what we are about. Dr. Warren has a right to change his opinions, and so have we all. Only let us understand one another." The committee then addressed itself to business, and the modified plan was approved, and ordered to be presented to the ensuing Conference.

The Conference assembled in London on Wednesday, July 30, 1834, Joseph Taylor being president, and Robert Newton, secretary. After the opening of the proceedings, the president came forward with a bundle of papers in his hand, and said that he had a number of letters on various subjects to be laid before the Conference; that perhaps it would be sufficient if he stated what was the subject of each, and from whom it came; that if any preacher wished any one to be read at full length he would read it; and that if they wished all should be thus read. The Conference was content with hearing the subjects of these letters, with the exception of one which was read in full at the request of Dr. Warren. It was a memorial against the proposed Institution from twelve London trustees, one of whom was well known to be bitterly hostile to Jabez Bunting.† On the Tuesday of the following week the conversation upon the proposals for establishing a Theological Institution began. It was moved and seconded, "That the Conference should agree to the recommendation of the committee for the establishment of an Institution." The following

* Cubitt's *Observations*, p. 33. † *Ibid.* p. 46.

morning Dr. Warren rose for the purpose of moving an amendment. It is surprising to find that his right to speak against the adoption of the resolution was challenged. The objection was of course disallowed; and Dr. Warren addressed himself to his task. The difficulties of that task were sufficient to test the temper of the most practised and skilful debater. When a man attacks a cause which he has for many years advocated, it is impossible for him to escape a sense of embarrassment. His old arguments answer his new pleas; and in addition his apparent inconsistency, of which both speaker and audience are either dimly or clearly conscious, weakens the force of his most emphatic appeals. There is only one way in which he can nerve himself for such a contest. If he is entirely convinced that his old opinions were wrong, and that they were mischievously wrong, a sense of duty may so inspire him that his recantation may become a manifesto of a new and a fully illuminated creed. His downright honesty, after the first few broken sentences are spoken, will tone his speech, and that indescribable *timbre* which is the peculiar quality of a voice speaking the results of conviction will produce its effect. The attention of the listeners will be arrested, his past will be forgotten, and a blameless victory may be won. It was unfortunate for Dr. Warren that his task was to recant a creed which he had not abandoned. There can be no doubt that he was still in favour of the "principle" of a Theological Institution. As far as we can understand his position, his chief objection lay against the men into whose hands its management seemed likely to pass. He therefore wished to postpone action, in the hope that delay would frustrate the proposed personal appointments. This line of policy is quite intelligible; and we can understand how it might have been pursued without just censure. We turn with interest to Dr. Warren's speech, and examine it to see the manner in which he managed his delicate task. Those who take an interest in forensic discussion, and who perceive the available points of Dr. Warren's case, will share our disappointment when they observe the unfortunate method which he adopted. He opened by publicly displaying his grievances, and by a bitter attack on Jabez Bunting. In a moment therefore he

unveiled his motive, and discredited his opposition. In addition he roused the ill-feeling of his audience. The men whom he had to conciliate and convince clamoured against him because of his personalities; he got into conflict with the Chair; he disregarded its ruling; and finally he was obliged to abandon the line he had taken up, and speak exclusively to the question before the Conference. Being extricated from the self-made difficulties of his exordium, he at last faced the main issue, and proceeded to show cause why the recommendations of the committee should not be adopted. He began by defining his position. He said:

"Let me not be misunderstood. In the abstract of the question I cordially concur with the committee—that the better education of our junior preacher is highly desirable. Therefore it was that I acquiesced in being nominated a member of the October committee. Into that committee I went with the most unprejudiced mind, and with a sincere desire to co-operate towards the common object. Along with that committee I proceeded in most of the details which came before it, and in more than one instance gave way, where my opinion differed from that of the generality of my brethren, for the sake of preserving unanimity on the general question. "Previous, however, to the conclusion of the meeting *certain details* were brought into sight, so questionable in point of propriety, and, in my mind, so dangerous in their tendency and aspect upon the future welfare of the body that, notwithstanding my concurrence in the previous conclusions of the committee, I could no longer refrain from expressing my dissent, and from entertaining suspicions of the expediency of the entire project. The opinion which I then formed, in proportion as I have longer and more carefully considered, has become more and more confirmed—that the time is not yet come for adopting the recommendations of the committee; and that the only safe course which can be pursued at present is that which has hitherto been pursued with such signal success, in advancing the Connexion to so high a pitch of prosperity both at home and abroad."*

We cannot but regret that Dr. Warren's speech did not open with this paragraph instead of the invective against Jabez Bunting. It lays down a broad position which might not have been incapable of defence. But, once more, instead of keeping to his text, he suddenly turned round and attacked the principle of a Theological Institution. He marshalled worn-out objections against it, some of which he had himself assisted

* Dr. Warren's *Remarks*, p. 15.

to answer in committee; and he disfigured his speech by speaking of the "insalubrious fumes of a hot-house Institution." The Conference listened attentively to these remarkable utterances. His difficult efforts to "swallow his own words" were doubtless watched with surprise, but no unseemly interruption disturbed the process. After pointing out that the question of the Institution did not originate with the "people," he approached his chief objection to its establishment. His main thesis was, "That the Institution now proposed, has an obvious tendency to increase such power in the hands of a *few individuals* as is likely to be detrimental to the liberty of the preachers, and perilous to the unity of the Body itself." He began his impeachment by attempting to divest it of the personal element. "Far be it from me to insinuate," said he, "that any preconcerted scheme of infringing the liberty of their brethren or the rights of the people is in the contemplation of any of the honourable members of the committee." Still, he held that there was a dangerous tendency in recent proceedings, and he felt it his duty to point out that tendency to the Conference. In illustrating his meaning he gave his own version of the various incidents in connection with the transactions of the preliminary committees which we have already described. Then, at last, he reached the pith of his objection to the Institution. Although, as we have said, he had actively concurred in the nomination of Jabez Bunting as president, and distinctly affirmed in the July committee, according to Cubitt, that he did not object to Bunting's connection with the Institution, it turned out that nearly the whole weight of his objection rested on Bunting's relation to the scheme. He soon made this clear. He had detected episcopal tendencies in Bunting, and proceeded to paint a lurid picture of the consequences of permitting increased power to glide into his hands. If the president possessed such tendencies, then it would follow, "as a matter of course," that the Institution would become neither more nor less than a "dominant episcopal faction." "From hence," he cried, "the Connexion must prepare itself to receive a liturgical service, a splendid ritual, an illegitimate episcopal ordination, a cassocked race of ecclesiastics, and whatever else may

render this new, this improved edition of Methodism imposing and magnificent in the eyes of the world! But what, in the meantime, will become of our original characteristic simplicity and piety? In vain will you endeavour to supply their place by your showy chapels and your pealing organs! And where will be the liberty of the great body of the preachers?"* The Conference would doubtless recognize in this curious outburst the echoes of the Kilhamite and "Leeds organ" controversies, and those who had borne the stress of the strife would not fail to understand to what class of prejudices and to what spirit among certain sections of the preachers the speaker was making his appeal. Reverting once more to his private grievance against the secretaries in respect of the word "unanimous," Dr. Warren concluded his speech by moving the "order of the day."

Dr. Warren's amendment was seconded by James Bromley, who, as he did not indulge in personalities, was listened to attentively, as indeed were all those who subsequently spoke against the recommendations of the committee. The conversation continued during the greater part of the day. Then the Conference, having made up its mind, expressed a general wish to close the debate. There were calls for Bunting, but he contented himself with saying that, as Dr. Warren's insinuations had been so grossly and personally insulting, he would not speak to the question before the Conference. The debate was about to close, when James Everett and Joseph Beaumont rose to support the amendment. They had purposely reserved themselves to the last, in order to enjoy the luxury of answering their predecessors' arguments; but the Conference had heard enough. As there were speakers on the other side, a mutual agreement was made, and the debate came to an end. When the vote was taken it was found that thirty-one preachers were in favour of Dr. Warren's amendment. The original motion was carried by a very large majority. The recommendations of the committee for the formation of a Theological Institution having been adopted, the Conference proceeded to consider the suggestions concern-

* Dr. Warren's *Remarks*, p. 25.

ing officers. Now was Dr. Warren's opportunity for stating plainly his objections to Jabez Bunting; but the opportunity passed unimproved. It required the most earnest persuasions of the Conference to induce Bunting to accept the office of president; but, finally, he consented. Joseph Entwisle was elected governor, and John Hannah theological tutor, the president of the Institution being requested to render the latter such assistance as he might be able to afford. A committee was appointed, consisting of forty-eight persons, half being ministers and half being laymen, to whom, says Dr. Smith, "was confided the important task of bringing this new and much disputed agency into full and efficient operation." The Hoxton Academy, which had been used by the London Missionary Society for the training of their candidates, was taken, and the Wesleyan Theological Institution became an accomplished fact. Being established, even an antagonist like James Everett was constrained to declare that it was in "the most suitable place," that it was "formed on the best plan," and that it was "in the hands of some of the best men."*

It is exceedingly difficult to divine Dr. Warren's real motive for so suddenly opposing the establishment of a Theological Institution, of which he had been for many years one of the most strenuous advocates. We have allowed him to define his own position, but we are obliged to say that his description of the reasons which led him to adopt his course of action was not generally accepted by his contemporaries. He had the benefit of their opinions. Towards the close of the Conference Robert Newton, the secretary, had a private talk with him. In the course of it he said: "I will tell you candidly, Dr. Warren, what, perhaps, no other person has had the honesty to communicate to you, that all the brethren say had you only been proposed to fill one of the offices in the Institution, we should never have heard of your opposition."† This statement was resented by the listener; but there can be no doubt that it accurately represented the voice of public

* *The Disputants*, p. 52. Mr. Simon's Collection.

† Dr. Warren's *Remarks*, p. 6.

opinion. It will be as well to abstain from any final judgment on this point until we watch the further development of the events which are connected with Dr. Warren's name. It is fortunately possible for us to speak decisively upon the "principle" which he attacked. Time has settled that part of the controversy; and now we find that the training of candidates for the ministry engages the most serious attention of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The branches of the Theological Institution at Richmond, Didsbury, Headingley, and Handsworth testify to the zeal of the Methodist people in this cause. Nor does the Wesleyan Methodist Church stand alone. The sounds of the old battles have died away, and all sections of Methodists now conspire to secure for themselves the advantages of an educated ministry. The Œcumenical Methodist Conference revealed this fact. It was there seen that the other Churches of the Methodist family were by no means unconscious of the advantages which culture bestowed upon a ministerial representative. The Primitive Methodists had every reason to be gratified with the reception accorded to the ministers who spoke in their name with such conspicuous ability. In this REVIEW* we have made pointed reference to the remarkable spread of education and culture amongst the Primitive Methodists; and the fact is patent to all who step across the boundaries of their own Church, and heartily associate with the followers of Hugh Bourne and William Clowes. Then, as we have shown, the New Connexion Methodists have long been known as the friends of an educated ministry. Dr. Cooke's name has been recognized as that of a man of large and varied theological and general knowledge; Dr. Stacey occupies a still higher position; and there are others who are famous beyond their own Church for their intellectual strength and literary achievements. Nor are the United Methodist Free Churches enamoured of ministerial ignorance. However much Dr. Warren might protest against "a hot-house" Institution, his successors, and those who were amalgamated with the "Association" after the last "agitation," have a better understanding of the times. In September

* See No. CXXXIII. of this REVIEW (October, 1886).

1872, a Theological Institute was opened in Manchester for the training of candidates for the United Methodist Free Church ministry; it being arranged that men who showed signs of capacity for higher culture should attend certain classes at Owens College. Since then new premises have been provided, and evidences of enlightened enterprise are being exhibited from year to year. In this way do the loud-voiced waves of the ocean of controversy sway themselves to rest. In the presence of the educational activity of the other Churches bearing the Methodist name, a Wesleyan Methodist may be pardoned for expressing his profound thankfulness that the Conference in 1834 declined to commit the direction of its policy to the uncertain hands of Dr. Warren, who, having in immediate sequel to his action in the Conference, raised a virulent agitation within Methodism, which led to a serious secession, himself almost immediately turned aside from those he had led away, and having obtained "orders" in "a dominant episcopal" sect, passed the remainder of his life as a minister of the Church of England.

Art. V.—DEMETER: AND ASOLANDO.

Demeter, and other Poems. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, D.C.L., P.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Asolando: Fancies and Facts. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1890.

THE gladness with which lovers of true poetry hailed the double New Year's gift of new volumes of verse from Browning and from Tennyson, the two great master-singers of our Victorian era, has been changed into something like awe by the swiftly following departure of Browning. Of these two voices that have spoken nobly to us during more than half a century, one has said its last word here. How long shall we be allowed to hear the other? Such is the

thought that inevitably mingles a reverent melancholy in our mood as we try to judge rightly of these last additions to the great poetic literature of England.

As we study the volumes side by side, a certain likeness in unlikeness between the two writers impresses us: an unlikeness in manner and in mood; a deep oneness in teaching. The similarity and the dissimilarity come out vividly in the closing poems of both collections—in the *Epilogue* of Browning, the *Crossing the Bar* of Tennyson—wherein both poets have chosen to show us with what thoughts they confront the impending change from things temporal to things eternal. Perfect in exquisite melancholy grace, in rich haunting music, in steady stately flow, like the full majestic tide of which they tell, are the four verses of Tennyson; rough and broken and scornful of grace in their headlong energy, like a torrent shattering itself on stones, the quaint irregular stanzas of Browning; not stronger the glad confidence of the one, who "greets the unseen with a cheer," than the solemn hope of the other, who looks

> "To see his Pilot face to face
> When he has crossed the bar."

Nor can one, any more than the other, be classed with "aimless, helpless, hopeless" spirits; nor has either any of that sympathy "with the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly," which Browning so vigorously disclaims. The world has heard only noble and manly lessons from the lips of each. But of the two it is the consummate artist—who never misses the right word, the right accent, the right image—whose verse has the firm fine polish, the rich delicate colour of a sea-shell—it is Tennyson whose tone has become almost always sombre, and who prefers to handle gloomy themes, mysteriously suggestive. In this respect Time's changes have told on him more than on his brother poet.

The note of sadness is struck in his dedicatory verses to Lord Dufferin, wherein mourning for bright promises lost in a departed son is mingled with pathetic acknowledgment for "unspeakable kindness" shown to the lost one; and many of the ensuing poems are pitched in the same key. Now it is the weird old nature-myth of Demeter, the bereaved

Earth-goddess, whose mother-frenzy fatal to the hopes of the husbandman is calmed into a wistful gladness by the imperfect restoration of her lost Persephone; now it is, in *Forlorn*, the midnight anguish of a betrayed and forsaken mortal woman, at bay with the temptation to hide sin with sin, and hardly saving her soul alive by a bitter confession; now it is the bride of the leper seeking him out in his solitary hut, that she may share with him his death-in-life, his banned and hopeless isolation; and anon it is the death-bed remorse of Romney, the artist who "wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter," but whose "ideal was not high"; who, having forsaken the wife of his youth in deference to the mistaken dictum of Reynolds that "marriage spoilt an artist," at the end of his life went back, "old, nearly mad, and quite desolate," to the forsaken wife, who received with love the wreck of her husband, and tended him till he died. Or it is a little drama for two personages, enfolding the tale of a fated betrothal-ring with a curse and a blessing clinging to it—a story of true love bereaved and jealous cunning self-destroyed; or it is the measureless mystery of the great Human Tragedy with its appalling contrasts and its seeming futility—

> "All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy, with all that is fair;
> What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
> Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless past?
> What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?'—

most terrible of questions, fruitful of blackest despair to him who cannot answer it.

Lighter and brighter songs mingle with these; one of the dialect-poems that Lord Tennyson seems to delight in, "Owd Roä," written in praise of a faithful dog, and showing the old mastery of the humorous-pathetic and of the rough racy Lincolnshire speech; graceful and tender verses to personal friends; little snatches of lovely rhyme in praise of forest-tree or song-bird;—the *Throstle*—a bit of daintily-perfect mimicry of that "wild little poet" singing his welcome to

Spring;—artful and beautiful measures framed in honour of Spring by our poet himself fifty years ago, and showing beautifully what slight changes have passed over his style in that period; later lays, simpler in wording, but subtler in meaning, reproducing the unrhymed cadences of our first English bards. But hardly in any is the dirge-like undersong, the hinted wistful yearning, absent. This dark vein of thought, just perceptible in the rich and brilliant song of Tennyson's earlier day, has become more and more prominent in his work since the production of *In Memoriam;* and in the present volume its predominance would be far too great but for the "deeply interfused" presence of a divine hope, that gleams out even in the *Jubilee Ode,* that cold unwilling tribute to the material glories of an age with which the poet sympathizes imperfectly. Amid all its blaze of wealth and pomp of power his ear catches "thunders moaning in the distance," his eye glimpses "spectres moving in the darkness;" —still, he will

> "Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,
> Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
> And the Light is Victor, and the darkness
> Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages."

Still more is such a hope visible in the more delightful because more spontaneous poems. The *Demeter* is not only a noble setting of the ancient legend, giving full force to the tender Greek fancy of Earth as a Titanic mother bereaved and mourning in winter, comforted by the return of the lost child in Spring—a Life from the underworld of the Dead, re-arising to console her; it has also its forecastings of a better day for the whole world, of the approaching sovereignty of "kindlier Gods" than those throned on Olympus—Gods who shall yet

> "Send the moon into the night, and break
> The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven."

And what is Merlin and the Gleam that he has followed all through life—under whose shining "the dead man's garden, the mortal hillock, would break into blossom," and which now hovers before him "on the border of boundless Ocean, and all but in Heaven"—what are these but the poet-soul and the

blessed Spirit whose teaching has guided him—the light that led *not* astray, being light from Heaven?

The terrifying vision of cosmic Vastness and human insignificance loses its horror with the concluding strong affirmation of Love and Hope everlasting—

> "Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever;
> the dead are not dead, but alive;"

and the dying Romney catches in his last moments a hope for his own soul from his wife's noble goodness, her divine forgiving of his heartless desertion.

> "Human forgiveness touches heaven, and thence—
> For you forgive me, you are sure of that—
> Reflected, sends a light on the forgiven."

Parnassus shows us the poet holding all the more firmly to his faith in personal immortality because of the "deep double shadows" flung on the mortal fame of greatest poets by "Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses." *By an Evolutionist* proclaims that even if he should accept the theory of a brute descent for man's body, he would renounce belief neither in the Almighty Maker nor in the deathless soul inbreathed by Him, nor in man's duty to Him and to himself.

> "If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
> I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
> No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
> Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute."

These are noble words, though strangely like the impassioned utterance of the Leper's bride who contemns and reviles her own bodily beauty, lest care for it should avail to separate her from her suffering lord. Her lavish scorn of the Body—

> "This coarse diseaseful creature that in Eden was divine,
> This Satan-haunted ruin, this little city of sewers"—

is not only dramatically but historically true; for just so the Manichæan-ascetic piety of the Middle Age disparaged the Flesh that wars against the Spirit. It is singular to see that the last word of modern scientific theory can be made to sanction that mediæval way of thinking. But that the believing poet can snatch a divine and spiritual joy even out of

a dark materialistic-seeming theory may be justly credited to him as a triumph, and no fruitless one.

When we turn to *Asolando*, Robert Browning's farewell gift to the generation he has served so well, we find in it little or nothing of gloom, though the mysterious element in human life has full recognition. The fanciful title-name is fairly descriptive, being derived from *Asolare*—"to disport in the open air, amuse oneself at random"—a term "popularly ascribed to the inventiveness" of Cardinal Bembo, and pitched on by our poet as well for its significance as for the love of lovely Asolo, the place he has made famous as the scene of *Pippa Passes*. The various disconnected poems differ widely in subject, but agree in tone; they are cheeerful and fearless, though not wanting in reverent awe where that beseems. It is a strong and joyous spirit disporting itself under open sky, amid the glow of a cloudless eventide—well aware that night is coming, but so confident of a sunrise that shall follow, brighter even than this sunset, that it can spare time to smile or to wonder over the fair things, the quaint things, the grim things, of the passing hour—fugitive as they are and must be.

To say that some of the poems are stiff reading, and some of the verses too rugged in their strength, that the priceless gems of thought they enclose are too roughly set, is to say only that the book is by Browning.

We take the *Prologue*, written at Asolo last September, contrasting the poet's first with his last vision of the "rare o'errunning beauty" of the place. It is a new and daring, and certainly a valuable reading of the fact emphasized in Wordsworth's *Ode* on Immortality; that a glory which invests "meadow, grove, and stream, the earth, and every common sight" for the poet's eye in early life, does inevitably vanish with years; that the "vision splendid" that attends the Youth fades away for the Man "into the light of common day."

> "Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Browning gives us a solution of the problem not less noble in its way than Wordsworth's. The elder poet, as we know, found

in such youthful recollections "intimations" nowise obscure of the divine and deathless nature of the soul; from God, the home of our spirits, did we come, "trailing clouds of glory" with us, that transfigured this nether world. Browning deems that the aged eye is truer when it sees things "simply themselves," unclad of the lambent flame that once burned through them—when it recognizes the far-exceeding glory of their Maker—than when in youth it invested His works with the terror and splendour proper to Himself. "Call my works thy friends!" says the divine Voice. "God is it who transcends."

It is no injustice, then, to compare the two poems, so far as their inner teaching goes. But how different the expression! Between the lucid splendour of Wordsworth's majestic *Ode*, with its almost perfect music, its happy phrases that haunt the memory for ever, and the rich and rough obscurity of the *Prologue*—gold ore, only half-fashioned into serviceable shape—how surprising the contrast!

There is not indeed more ruggedness, but there is more difficulty, because more depth, in the penultimate poem of the volume, *Reverie*—wherein the poet's dauntless soul is seen yearning forward with intense longing to the day when he shall know as he has been known—

> "From the first, Power was—I knew.
> Life has made clear to me
> That, strive but for closer view,
> Love were as plain to see.
>
> When see? When there dawns a day,
> If not on the homely earth,
> Then yonder, worlds away,
> Where the strange and new have birth,
> And Power comes full in play."

The forty odd stanzas preceding those we have quoted are not exactly easy reading; yet, when the meaning running through them is mastered, they are full of delight; so contagious are the splendid courage and confidence of the writer, who looks forward, not with dread, but with desire to the Day after Death, and its revealings—to the unknown moment when he can say

"I breathe, I move,
I truly am, at last!
For a veil is rent between
Me and the truth which passed
Fitful, half-guessed, half-seen,
Grasped at—not gained, held fast.
I for my race and me
Shall apprehend life's law:
In the legend of man shall see
Writ large what small I saw
In my life's tale: both agree."

Thus, like the angelic intelligences whose mate he aspires and trusts to become, he "desires to look into" the mysteries of the divine dealings with man; he is not daunted thereby.

Rephan, a singular poem, "suggested by a very early recollection of a prose story by the noble woman and imaginative writer, Jane Taylor, of Norwich," has its own special attraction for those who, like Browning, remember the fanciful deep-thoughted prose original; the idea at the base of each is that Earth is one stage in the upward growth of created intelligences—a "higher school" to a spirit sated with the unvarying rightness, unshadowed, uniform, monotonous happiness of a remote world unvisited by the educating forces of Evil—the Star Rephan. To such a spirit, yearning for "no sameness, but difference," came a mystic announcement that his desire should be met.

"A voice said, 'Lo, wouldst thou strive, not rest?
Burn and not smoulder, win by worth,
Not rest content with a wealth that's dearth?
Thou art past Rephan, thy place be Earth!'"

Like *Rephan*, the poem headed *Development* is a parable in praise of the Providence that surely presides over human things, educating and guiding. It is a rather precious bit of autobiography, too, if we may recognize Browning himself in the boy so well helped up by gentle degrees to knowledge, and his own parent in the father, who "was a scholar and knew Greek," who loved the "golden Iliad," and stooped kindly to the childish apprehension of his inquisitive five-year-old, who asked him, "What do you read about? what is a

siege and what is Troy?" and got an answer couched in pretty make-believe, so level with his baby-powers as to prove "a huge delight," and fitting him well for more manly understanding of Homer when the day came for it.

In the noble piece of blank verse headed "*Imperante Augusto natus est*—," we are led through all Rome's glories under Augustus Cæsar, to come suddenly on that greatest emperor as he deprecates the envy of Fate in his one day's yearly secret masquerading as a beggar, asking and accepting alms in the streets of his own Eternal City—and we catch a dim prophetic glimpse of the day of Christ just dawning, in the quoted words of the "grey Sybil"—

> "'Cæsar Augustus regnant, shall be born
> In blind Judæa'—one to master him,
> Him and the universe?"

And this poem at least is perfect in manner as in matter; hardly the Laureate himself could have shaped it more clearly or led it so naturally to its surprising conclusion.

The slighter poems that help to fill the volume show no falling off in power or picturesqueness. Four or five Italian sketches, humorous or graceful, are full as ever of warm southern colouring, of the strong contrasted light and shade due to the sun of Italy. We do not profess to understand the odd freak of fancy which made the poet turn into rhyme the tale of Cardinal Crescenzio and the Dog-demon that haunted him, or the grimmer legend of Ponte dell' Angelo, Venice; more agreeable is the quiet satire or the kindly humour of *The Pope and the Net*, of *Beatrice Signorini*, of Pope Sixtus's *Bean-Feast*. There is refreshing gaiety, touched with mischief, in *Muckle-mouth Meg*, there is wholesome wrath and scorn for cruel cowardice and for cruel vanity in *Arcades Ambo* and in *The Lady and the Painter*. In the love-songs there is the old fire and sweetness; in the more fantastic pieces the familiar mingling of vivid pictorial flashes with dreamy subtlety, of delicate music with grating discord.

Indeed, it is curious to note how to the very last Browning's song remained inwardly and outwardly just what it was when it broke forth a life-time ago, already a full-grown stately

river. The art of Tennyson, always excellent, has changed somewhat in the fashion of its excellence, and a saddening change has passed upon his mood, though not over his heart's faith; in Browning, the only noticeable change is an added brightness and certainty. "Never say of me that I am dead," was his own word; and in truth one can neither say nor think it. He has only stepped lightly through the gate of Death into the "larger room" where he longed to be; and as he has bidden us, so do we say to his departing spirit—

"'Strive and thrive!' cry, 'Speed,—fight on, fight ever,
There as here!'"

ART. VI.—THE VIKING AGE.

The Viking Age: The Early History, Manners and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-speaking Nations. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. With 1366 Illustrations and Map. In two volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1889.

M. DU CHAILLU'S long promised work on *The Viking Age* is entertaining reading. The author is not, and does not profess to be, an authority on Norse literature. A traveller and a lover of the picturesque, he was captivated by the gloomy grandeur of the "Land of the Midnight Sun," and the present volume is an attempt to illustrate the life of the ancient dwellers in that land. A multitude of extracts from the Eddas, from Sagas, and Law Books, aided by one thousand three hundred and sixty-six illustrations, renders the exhibition very complete and attractive. We do not, however, look for refined art or minute accuracy in a panorama, and M. du Chaillu's work is essentially a panoramic exhibition, arranged by one who is a past master in his particular art, but whose habits of thought render him less able to deal with the literary and historical problems of the subject. The introductory chapter on the origin of the English, makes one

thankful that in the body of the work, the author has commonly avoided historical questions; for a more insufficient and halting argument was never written. It appears to have been prefixed to the book as an advertisement—a pressing invitation to all Englishmen to come and see the big Norse Show. Our connection with the Northmen is sufficiently close, and we have no need, in order to deepen our interest in them, of a conjectural theory which cannot be accepted without disregard to the evidence of history, and of language, for our speech in its Saxon form, is a dialect of low German, not of Norse. M. du Chaillu finds in the *Notitia Dignitatum utriusque imperii*, a catalogue or "army list," compiled towards the end of the fourth century, that there was in Britain, at that time, a Count of the Saxon shore. From this he argues that the Shore was already settled by the Saxons. Did M. du Chaillu never hear of the Hispanicus limes, the Danicus limes, the Saxonicus limes, the Sorabicus limes, and the Britannicus limes, so often mentioned by the historians of Charles the Great, which is an analogous expression to litus Saxonicum, denoting not a country settled by Danes or Saxons, but a frontier defended against them?* Even if we were to grant to M. du Chaillu that the Saxon shore was inhabited by Saxons, it would help him little towards his conclusion, that the so-called Saxons were not Saxons at all, but tribes of Sueones, Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, whom the Romans mistook for Franks and Saxons.

Norse literature and antiquities deserve, and in recent years have received, careful and critical treatment. They throw light not only on the early condition of Scandinavian lands, but upon the customs of the whole Teutonic family of nations. Our direct knowledge of the heathenism of central Europe is extremely scanty, and becomes intelligible only when compared with the relatively extensive remains of the northern Teutons who preserved their ancient faith and customs long after they had disappeared among their southern neighbours. Care, however, must be taken to distinguish between the original elements—common to all Teutonic peoples—and the

* Limes Saxonicus was sometimes employed as an equivalent to litus Saxonicum.

later additions of faith and custom which the Norsemen developed in later times, or received from foreign sources. M. du Chaillu gives an interesting, although rather uncritical, account of Norse Mythology, which, next to that of Greece, is the most instructive of all mythologies; and if inferior to the Greek in inventiveness and grace, it is superior in moral dignity. The licentious element, present in all mythologies, is in the Norse, reduced to small proportions. We may term it a Puritan Paganism, the work of men to whom the more serious aspects of nature and life were habitually present. Sometimes, indeed, we seem to be almost on Christian ground. For example, a singular liturgy called Háva-mál, of Odin hanging on the gallows tree, offering himself to himself, and receiving no comfort from man, looks like a far-off echo of Christian teaching. The Myth of Balder, although in some of its elements it may reflect the sorrow of the Norsemen for the disappearance of the short-lived northern sun, has an ethical depth and purity which removes it out of the category of ordinary sun-myths. The gentle, unvindictive God, whose death causes such sorrow in Asgard, seems rather a Christian saint than the divine ideal which the men would naturally have created, who imagined the joys of Valhalla. Ragnarok, or the "Twilight of the Gods," is a still more singular creation of the Northern imagination. The gods are represented as waiting in Asgard, with a saddened sense of guilt and sin, for the coming of the destroyers from the Under-World with whom they shall have a last great conflict during the conflagration which shall destroy heaven and earth. But the destruction will not be final; and the poet of the Voluspa gives a beautiful description of the renewal of all things, in which the joy in the return of spring blends itself with hopes of moral renovation.

"I behold earth rise again with its evergreen forests out of the deep. The Anses meet on Ida-plain, they talk of the mighty earth serpent, and remember the great decrees, and the ancient mysteries of the unknown God. There shall be found in the grass wonderful golden tables, their own in days of yore. The fields unsown shall yield their increase. All sorrows shall be healed. Balder and Hod shall dwell in

Wodin's Mansions of Bliss, in the holy places of the blessed gods."

Our view of the originality of the Norse faith must depend, to some extent, on the date we assign to the Eddas, or rather to the elder Edda. Extravagant views were formerly held of the antiquity of this "Bible of the North," as it was termed, even Grimm placing it long before the days of Charles the Great. Mr. Vigfusson was of opinion that its lays are not earlier than 800 and not later than 1100; and he gives some excellent reasons for believing that they were composed not in Scandinavia, nor in Iceland, but in Ireland, or in the Western isles to which so many Norsemen migrated. The Sagas were certainly composed in Iceland, and Mr. Vigfusson misses in the Eddic songs, what he finds in the Sagas, real flesh-and-blood characters, homely incidents, and the faithful presentment of a scene by small touches. In the Eddic songs on the other hand, there is an ideal of beauty, an aerial unearthly fairy world, and a love of nature, which are foreign to the more prosaic Sagas. If the Eddic songs were composed in the Western isles, they were the work of Scandinavian wanderers living side by side with Celtic Christians, which accounts for the trait of delicate imagination, and for the occasional approach to Christian ideas. The Voluspa, says Mr. Vigfusson, is the work of a heathen, with glimpses of Christianity. Sophus Bugge, a learned professor of the University of Christiania, has carried the theory of foreign and Christian influences to much greater lengths.* According to Bugge, the Eddic songs were largely suggested by Greek stories, and Christian ideas which reached the poets in the legendary forms of the early Middle Ages. The original form of the Balder Myth is not that of the Edda, but the ordinary hero-myth which we find in Saxo Grammaticus; and it was transformed by Christian influences into the beautiful divine Myth of the Eddas. Bugge's conclusions have not been adopted by Scandinavian scholars; and some of the resemblances he discovers, between the Eddas and Greek stories, are very fanciful. But even if we content ourselves

* See *Studien über die Entstehung der nordischen Götter-und Helden Sagen*, von Sophus Bugge. Uebersetzung von Dr. Oscar Brenner. München. 1882.

with the more cautious conclusions of Vigfusson, it is clear that the probabilities are strongly in favour of Christian influence on the Eddic songs. This conclusion detracts but little from the originality of the Norse poets. It proves only that they were moved, as the writers of all great literatures have been, by the ideas which were in the air. They were far from being slavish imitators, for they gave an eminently national expression to whatever they borrowed, so much so that only the most lynx-eyed criticism has discovered, or rather divined, some of the sources from which they derived ideas and inspiration.

The moral and social condition of the Norsemen during the Viking Age is illustrated by M. du Chaillu by means of quotations from the Eddic songs, and from the Sagas. The morality is mainly prudential, shrewd and sturdy, not unlike that of Hesiod. The moral poets give many warnings against drunkenness and gluttony; the former, they say, leads to incautious speech, and the greedy man eats ill-health for himself. Sloth is blamed, and early rising commended; men are counselled, however, not to be over anxious; for an unwise man is awake all night, and when morning comes the woe is as it was. Distrust of men is enjoined, and men are advised to cultivate the golden gift of silence, which is both wise and dignified:

> "The weary guest
> Who comes to a meal
> Is silent and talks little,
> Listens with his ears,
> Looks on with his eyes;
> Thus every wise man looks about him."

There are, as might have been expected, many counsels to be brave, and not to shun spears from an unworthy fear of death; old age will not spare the man who avoids a glorious death. Fame was the chief object of desire of Norse heroes, no less than of the Greek. Its superlative value is thus quaintly described:

> "Cattle die,
> Kinsmen die,
> One's self dies too;
> But the fame never dies
> Of him who gets a good name."

The Norsemen, wanderers as they were, were not without the Teutonic love of their homes. The poets praise home; "Though a man," says one of them, "has but two goats and a straw-thatched house, it is better than begging"; and he adds, "a man is master at home."

Feasts played an important part in the lives of the Norsemen, and these were celebrated with much rude splendour. The halls were hung with tapestry, and embroidered cloth was spread upon the benches. The food set before the guests was plain, for cooking had not attained to a high standard; but drink was liberally supplied. Poems and sagas were recited for the amusement of the guests; practical jokes were not uncommon, especially during the later stages of the feast. At the close, the host usually gave presents to his guests. But although still fond of feasts, the Norsemen of the Viking Age did not, like the Germans of Tacitus, spend their time at home in sloth and drinking. They were active and energetic; kings and high-born men looked after their estates and farms, and took an active part in their management. They were fond of hunting and hawking; to the latter pursuit, which had been introduced from the south, they were much devoted; and their hawks were sometimes buried with them in their graves. A game resembling chess was also a favourite pastime, and they played it not only at home, but on board ship, when they were on marauding expeditions.

The position of women was higher among the northern races, than among those of the south. The mistress of a household wore a large bunch of keys as a symbol of her authority, which was often buried with her in her grave. She not only ordered her household, but in the absence of her husband, governed the estate or district which belonged to him. These absences were long and frequent; for the landowners, after the spring cultivation, went on Viking expeditions, returned at midsummer, and attended to the harvest; then again, went on Viking expeditions, from which they did not return until winter. The authority with which they were invested made the Norse women hardy and somewhat masculine in their ways. There were precursors of Joan of Arc among them—women who wore men's

clothes, and proved themselves formidable soldiers; and the sagas tell of one young woman who went to the forest, and adopted the profession of a highwayman. The property and persons of women were protected by law. If a woman was divorced, her property was returned to her; and she could obtain divorce, if beaten by her husband. The legal position of women among the rude Norsemen was indeed more assured than in the days of chivalry, where they were the objects of so much poetical eulogy and sentimental admiration. There is not much of the sentiment of love in the Norse poems, and woman is often spoken of with scorn as false and fickle, but worthier conceptions of womanhood are not wanting; for example, in the poem of Gudrun, there is a picture of a noble northern woman which will bear comparison with anything in the romances of chivalry. Gudrun well deserves the eulogy of Mr. W. Morris, who expresses his wonder

> "That such a sweetness so well crowned should be,
> Betwixt the ice-hills and the cold grey sea."

Women of the humbler classes, had of course, to attend to lowly duties, to prepare food and drink, to work in the field, to look to the clothes, and to wait upon their husbands, even to pulling off their clothes when they went to bed; and this custom, says M. du Chaillu, is still prevalent in many parts of Scandinavia. The Norsemen, owing to their wandering lives, regarded children as a burdensome charge. The wealthier sent them to be trained in the houses of strangers; and the custom of exposing children, especially those who were weak or deformed, was common in all classes, but especially among the poor. The Christian priests had great difficulty in repressing this custom, and when Christianity was introduced into Iceland the inhabitants stipulated that owing to the barrenness of the island, and the great number of its inhabitants, it should be permitted to expose infants, and the Law Books show that the subject continued to be a difficulty and a subject of controversy long after Christianity was introduced.

The Norsemen possessed great political freedom, although it is erroneous to describe this freedom as the freedom of a

democracy, which was as unknown to the Norsemen, as to the Greeks. The thralls had no political rights; only baendr or landowners had a voice at the Things. These assemblies, which were local and general, possessed great powers, legislative and executive; and they watched over the laws and liberties of the land with jealous vigilance. No king could rule over the land without the consent of the Thing, and he had to promise to conform to the laws. We read for example in the *Heimskingla*:

"Some Fylkis-kings summoned a Thing, and Olaf made a speech wherein he asked the baendr to take him for king over the country, and promised to keep to the old laws and defend the land against foreign chiefs and hosts; he spoke long and well and was cheered. Then the kings rose one after the other, and all spoke in favour of this to the people. At last the name of king over the whole land was given to Olaf according to the laws of Upplönd."

Even after the appointment of the king, his power was limited, and the baendr united to resist any abuse of royal authority; this resistance was not regarded as revolution, but was expressly provided for by law. We read for example in the earlier Frostathing's Law:

"No man shall attack another with armed men, neither the king nor any other man. If the king does so, an arrow shall be cut and sent inland through all the Fylkis, and he shall be attacked and slain if taken. If he escapes he shall never come back to the country."

M. du Chaillu tells a story of the doings at a Thing at Upsala, and of the victory of the baendr over their king. When the King of Sweden refused the conciliatory offers of St. Olaf of Norway, one of the law men rose, and although the king manifested great anger, informed him that it was the will of the baendr that he should be reconciled with St. Olaf, and give him his daughter in marriage; if he refused, they would attack him and slay him, for they would not endure trouble and lawlessness from their king; and the spokesman added the significant hint, that at the Múlathing, they had thrown five kings down a well, who had shown themselves to be overbearing. The king overawed by the applause of clashing weapons, rose and said that he wanted everything to be as the baendr wished; for thus all kings of Sweden acted.

The law-abiding life of the Norsemen at home, formed a contrast to their doings when they embarked on the marauding expeditions which rendered them the terror of Europe. These were their pride; to sleep under a sooty rafter was thought a poor life, as compared with sailing the seas and robbing their more peaceful neighbours. The imagination of poets glorified the pirate life, and even its instruments were the subject of song. The ships were called by many figurative names, such as "The deer of the surf," "the sea king's sledge," "the horse of the gull's track," and "the raven of the wind." The launching of the ship was an important event, and the omens were carefully watched, lest evil luck should threaten it. The ships of kings and chiefs were painted in gay colours above the water line, and were ornamented with golden dragons' heads on the prow. The sails were often striped of different colours, red, blue, and green; sometimes they were embroidered and lined with fur. They, too, had figurative names, "the cloak of the wind," "the tapestry of the mast-head," "the beard of the yard," and the oars were termed "the feet of the horse of the sea." The ships, as they came into harbour, were often lined with shields; and the glittering shields added much to the splendour of their appearance when the sun shone upon them. The sight of a great ship kindled the imagination of poets, and brought many spectators to the shores. One of the poets thus describes a newly launched ship:

The sea howls, and the wave
Dashes the bright foam against the red wood,
While the roller-bison (ship) gapes
With the gold-ornamented mouth.

* * * *

Fair woman I saw a skeid
Launched into Nid (the river) out to sea;
Look where the long hull
Of the proud dragon rides near the shore;
The bright manes of the serpent glitter,
For it has been launched off the rollers;
The ornamented necks
Carried burned gold.
The warrior Baldr takes down
His long tent on Saturday,

When beautiful women look out
From the town on the serpent's hull;
The young all-wielder (king) is just steering
His new skeid out of Nid westward,
While the oars of warriors
Fall into the sea.
The host of the king can rightly
Tear the oars out of the water;
Woman stands wondering at
The marvellous oar's stroke.
The Northmen row on the nailed serpent,
Along the hail-stricken stream;
It seems to the woman who sees
An eagle wing of iron.

The weapons of the warriors on board were likewise called by poetical names; the sword is the "ice of battle," "Odin's flame," "the wolf of the wound;" the spear is "the sounding fish of the armour," "the venom thong of the fight," and the snake of the corpse;" the axe is named "the fiend of the shield," "the witch of the armour." Imagination has always had much to do with investing fighting with a glory which does not properly belong to it; and in the case of the Norsemen, it succeeded so completely that every other calling was regarded mean and sordid as compared with it In the battle the warriors were fierce, but also joyous and humorous, and received fearful wounds, with laughter and jests.

The expeditions of the Norsemen were conducted with skill and forethought. Their trading voyages had made them acquainted with many lands, and their fleets acted in concert in battle. They had a saying that the mind rules one half of the victory. The fleets with which they invaded foreign countries were very large, and they were usually victorious. Nor were they content with plundering the sea coast; they sailed up the rivers, took possession of large islands, fortified them, and wintered there. As they frequently brought cavalry in their ships, they were able to collect plunder from a large tract of the surrounding country. Little wonder that their name was feared and hated in the lands to which they went on their errands of plunder. An English monk of the eighth century describes them as stinging wasps and savage wolves

who roamed about biting, killing, and robbing, not only horses, sheep and cattle, but also priests, acolytes, monks and nuns. Yet it was these expeditions, disastrous as they were for the ravaged countries, which trained the Norsemen for the great part they were destined to play in European history. It was not those who stayed at home, but those who migrated to France, England, and Italy who were the true founders of the greatness of the race. Coming as savage warriors, they learned the language, manners and religion of the people among whom they settled, and became great civilizers by virtue of their energy and capacity for rule. There is no need to adopt M. du Chaillu's theory that the Saxons who invaded England were Swedes, Danes and Norwegians; the debt of England to the Norsemen can be proved without its doubtful aid. England was ruled by Danish kings for four generations before the Norman Conquest, and a part of it was possessed by Northmen for a much longer period; and it has certainly been customary to underestimate the influence which their rule must have exercised on the laws and manners of England. Still more important was the Norman invasion, which brought to England, rulers of wider ideas and more imperial views, who inspired fresh energy into the sluggish Saxon, and made England a great European power. We do not refuse to say with M. du Chaillu that it was through the invasions of the Northmen that Englishmen received that love of the sea which is so characteristically English; and perhaps we may add, that tendency to seize the lands of other races with as little regard for the injustice of the seizure, as for the danger of the enterprise.

M. du Chaillu gives many extracts from the Sagas regarding the deeds of the Sea-kings, especially of those who came to England; of Ragnar Lodbrok, whose death in the pit by means of snakes was so often celebrated by the Scalds. Not much is said in the Sagas of Hrolf the Ganger, or Walker, who left Norway to lay the foundation of a great empire; for he was forgotten by the Scalds at home. We are told, however, that he was a great Viking, so large that no horse could carry him, and that he walked wherever he went. One summer he returned from a raiding expedition and committed robbery in Vikin. King Harold,

who was then in Vikin, was very angry when he heard of this, and announced to the Thing that he had made Hrolf an outlaw from Norway. His mother pleaded, but vainly, for her son; when the king refused her request she sang:

"Disgrace not Nefja, namesake,
Nor drive the wolf from the land;
The wise kinsman of Höld,
Why dealest thou thus with him, king?
It is hard to worry
Such a wolf of Odin,
He will not be gentle toward
The king's herds, if he runs into the woods."

The banished Jarl went westward to the Hebrides, and afterwards to Vallaud, or France, where he wrested the land on either side of the Seine from the French king. "The land," says the Saga, "was afterwards called Normandi." Thus the outlawed robber became the father of the Dukes of Normandy, and of the Kings of England.

M. du Chaillu's work contains interesting extracts from the Sagas concerning the long struggle between the Danes and the English. In that conflict, Viking sometimes fought against Viking; for example, Olaf, afterwards king of Norway and known as Olaf the saint, came to the help of Æthelred the Second, who made the attempt to recover his kingdom after the death of Svein. The following description of London will be read with interest:

"They first sailed for London and entered the Thames, while the Danes held the Burg. On the other side of the river was a large trading town which is called Southwark; there the Danes had made great fortifications, dug large ditches, and built inside of them walls of wood, stones, and turf; and there had a large force. Æthelred caused a fierce attack to be made on it; but the Danes defended it, and the king could not capture it. There were such broad bridges across the river between the city and Southwark that waggons could pass each other on them. On the bridges were bulwarks which reached higher than the middle of a man, and beneath the bridges piles were driven into the bottom of the river. When the attack was made the whole host stood on the bridges, and defended them."

The introduction of Christianity into Norway was mainly the work of its kings; and the people clung to their fierce

customs and superstitions with a tenacity which it seemed at first impossible to overcome. In the tenth century, an attempt was made by King Haakon the Good, who had been christened in England, to induce his people to exchange the Asa-faith for Christianity. He sent to England for a bishop and priests, and published decrees forbidding the people to sacrifice to the old gods. But the king quailed before the storm of opposition which arose. The baendr told him at the Frosta-thing that their forefathers had been better men than they, and that the faith which had been good for them, was good enough for their sons. "If," continued the spokesman of the assembly, "thou hast this matter so deeply at heart, that thou wilt try thy might and strength against ours, then we have resolved to part from thee, and take another chieftain, who will aid us in freely exercising the religion which pleases us. Choose now, O king, between these two conditions, before the assembly has dispersed." The king, who was of the same mind as Henry IV., that a kingdom is more value than a faith, not only yielded to the demands, but took a reluctant part in the sacrificial feasts, making an attempt, however, to pacify his conscience, by making the sign of the cross over the horn consecrated to Odin. Not long after, he was slain in battle, and he died full of penitence for his unfaithfulness to the Christian Religion. When one of his friends offered to take his body to England, that it might receive Christian burial, the king replied: "I am not worthy of it. I have lived like a heathen, and therefore, it is meet that I should be buried like a heathen."

Christianity found a more resolute advocate in Olaf Tryggvesson, "an Apostle by the Sword," who recalls Charles the Great, in the violence of his missionary zeal. He called together his friends and adherents in Vikin, and told them that it was his purpose to convert the whole kingdom of Norway to faith in "Christ the White." The people of Vikin and of some other portions of his dominions yielded to the wishes of the king, nor did he meet with formidable opposition, until he came to Tröndelag, where was situated the principal sanctuary of Norse Paganism, which he destroyed. The Trönders responded to the outrage, by sending the war-

arrow from house to house; the king fled before the storm. Dissembling his anger, he made conciliatory advances, and promised to be present at the sacrificial feast at Yule-tide. He came with a large fleet to Hlade; he was present at the evening feast; but next morning his priests came on shore from the ships to celebrate mass, accompanied by a large number of soldiers. The people crowded rounded the service, and found themselves surrounded by soldiers. By the command of the king, six of the most powerful chieftains were seized; and the king informed the crowd that he had promised to sacrifice with them, and he now meant to fulfil his promise, and to sacrifice these men to Odin and Frey, for good crops. The sacrifice was not, however, completed; for the chieftains consented to receive baptism, and the king was satisfied.

The work was continued in a somewhat higher spirit by Olaf Haraldsson, or, as he was usually called, Olaf the Saint—the most remarkable of all the kings of Norway, and the Charlemagne of the North. A wise and strong ruler, he was a man of imagination, and of much devout feeling, and was guided by visions and revelations like the English Puritans. Scarcely less violent in his missionary methods than his predecessors, he had a better understanding of the character of religion, and did not content himself with destroying temples and images, but brought over priests from England to instruct the people; and he employed Bishop Grimkel, an Englishman, to revise the Norse legislation and bring it into accord with the teaching of Christ. Olaf made continual journeys through the land for the purpose of inquiring into the condition of Christianity, and his discoveries were often disheartening enough; for the people, after adopting the new faith, often continued to sacrifice in secret to Odin and Frey for good crops. It seemed as if the cause of Christianity in Norway was lost when Olaf was expelled by the Separatistic and anti-Christian magnates, who were opposed to his idea of a national and Christian kingdom. He returned, however, with an army, but only to die on the field of Vaerdalen. The sagas have preserved many strange details of his visions, and the prophetic words he spoke on the way to the fatal field—words which so impressed the Bishop who accompanied him that he dismounted

from his horse, and, embracing the king's foot, exclaimed: "It is a holy man whom we are following!" "Christ's men," as they were called, were defeated by the army of the baendr; and the king himself was among the slain.

The death of Olaf, instead of ruining the cause of Christianity in Norway, established it, and gave it a power which it never before possessed. The dead king became a saint; miracles were wrought at his tomb; the memory of the crusading martyr captivated the imagination of the whole people. He appeared to kings and warriors on the eve of battles and in times of difficulty, and gave them solemn counsels; and, while the power of Olaf increased, that of Odin waned and finally disappeared.

Some may be disposed to question if a Christianity, which brought forth the fruits of superstition and of immoral violence, was any advance on the Asa-faith. But Norse literature shows that the moral ideals and moral teachings of Christianity pierced through the gloom and shed some light at least upon the souls of the Norsemen. Instead of gods who delighted in blood and violence, they now heard of a God of peace and righteousness; and the influence of the new faith became apparent in their reluctant abandonment of many practices in which they had delighted in former days. A poem, called "The Christian's Wisdom," contained in the collection of Mr. Vigfusson, forms an instructive contrast to the heathen poems in the same collection. The following extract will show that the idea of the efficacy of repentance had become familiar to the Norse mind:

"The fierce highwayman took the life and goods of wayfarers; no man could pass with his life upon the road he watched. Day by day he ate alone, and never bade any man to sit at meat with him, till a weary and fainting guest happened to come by the way. Wet and cold, the stranger told him that he was hungry and athirst, feigning to trust, with a trembling heart, the man that had always been so cruel aforetime. He (the robber) set meat and drink before the weary one, all, with an upright heart; he was mindful of God, and gave him good cheer; for he bethought himself of his wickedness. But the other rose up with an evil heart, requiting good with evil; his sin waxed great within him; he murdered his host (the robber) in his sleep. He cried unto the God of Heaven for help when he was wakened by the death blow; and, lo, his sins passed from him unto the man that had slain him

treacherously without a cause. The holy angels came down from Heaven and bore his soul back with them; and he shall live a pure life for ever with Almighty God."

Perhaps we may trace the effect of Christian sentiment and teaching in the conduct of Magnus the Good, the son of Olaf, towards Edward the Confessor. Even if the tale in the sagas is not historical, it shows that admiration for forbearance was gaining ground among a people who had formerly associated it only with weakness. According to the saga, Magnus sent messengers to Edward, claiming the crown of England as the Hörda Knut. Edward replied: "That his right was good to the crown of England, and that he would not give up the kingship to which he had been consecrated while he lived." He added, however, the words: "If Magnus comes hither with his host, I will not gather a host against him; he can then take England, and first put me to death. Tell him these words of mine." When Magnus heard the message of the English king, he said, slowly: "I think it most just and best to let Edward have his realm in peace for me, and keep this which God has given me." The people amid which such a saga arose were not without some conception of Christian doctrine and Christian duty.

Art. VII.—TWO PRIME MINISTERS: MELBOURNE AND RUSSELL.

1. *Lord Melbourne's Papers.* Edited by Lloyd C. Sanders. With a Preface by the Earl Cowper, K.G. London: Longmans. 1889.
2. *The Life of Lord John Russell.* By Spencer Walpole, Author of "A History of England from 1815." In two volumes. London: Longmans. 1889.

THE two great Whig leaders named above, contemporaries as they were, afford ample material for both comparison and contrast. In physique, indeed, the contrast was especially striking. Lord Melbourne's finely set head, large handsome

face, and manly frame were in direct contrast to Lord John Russell's puny form, pale and delicate features, and far from imposing deportment. We speak, of course, of his earlier days: in later life, after Lord Melbourne had disappeared from the world of politics, Lord John expanded into a width and circumference better fitted for his dignity as a "belted Earl." But such contrasts in outward appearance must not be taken as indications of corresponding difference in mental calibre or moral courage. On the contrary, the hesitating utterance and the insignificant appearance of Lord John sadly belied the earnest, dauntless spirit which dwelt within the fragile framework; and to the historians of the future, who shall review from a distance his steadily advancing career of statesmanship, it will be a puzzling matter to realise that his "bodily presence" could ever have been considered "weak," or his "speech contemptible." Mr. Walpole's *Life* of the small-bodied, large-souled statesman gives fresh proof of his high courage and right principle, showing, as it does, that he bore in magnanimous silence blame totally undeserved, rather than betray official and personal confidences. These volumes, interesting *per se*, are all the more welcome to an English public because they set forth in yet clearer light the fine character of one of its foremost and, as a common corollary, best-abused statesmen.

Much the same may be said as to the *Papers* of Lord Melbourne. Their great value consists in their giving us a higher estimate of a man who, though he conducted with success the affairs of the country in critical times, has been greatly underrated, and was for a time credited not only with chronic inability to make up his mind, but with such nonchalance and easy-going indifference as were utterly incompatible with holding the Premiership of England in the difficult years 1835 to 1841. Recently, it is true, Lord Melbourne's merits have received fairer treatment, as the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee has led the nation to look back fifty years, and to note the admirable way in which he acted as Her Majesty's guide and counsellor in her inexperienced girlhood on the throne. The *Papers* tend to show that, far from being an idle, happy-go-lucky politician,

Melbourne thought out earnestly all the knotty questions of those troublous times, and was a voracious reader and hard worker; that, instead of being indifferent to matters of religion, he was exceptionally well-versed in theology, and could, at a pinch, either counsel or combat a weak or a pugnacious prelate; above all, that under the mask of a cynical lightsomeness was hid a strong abhorrence for the mean and the false. He had, without doubt, an unfortunate habit of weighting his conversation and pointing his letters with some coarse expletives that have happily ceased to disfigure the utterances of educated men of the present generation; but it must be remembered that he was brought up in circles which considered the use of such language rather as a mark of manliness, a sign of gentlemanly spirit, than as a badge of low breeding.

William Lamb, afterwards Viscount Melbourne, was the second son of Peniston Lamb, whose father, Matthew, flourished in the middle of the last century as a successful solicitor, was made a baronet in 1755, and died in 1768—a comparatively early example of the English millionaire. Following precedent from story-books and actual life, Sir Peniston Lamb, a young fellow of twenty-three at his succession, found no difficulty in squandering the half million of ready money which, besides landed property, his father had laboriously piled together. Aimless spendthrift as he was, however, he "had the good luck and good taste to marry Elizabeth, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, one of the most gifted and fascinating women of her time." Sir Peniston was rewarded by Lord North for his silent support in the House of Commons by being created an Irish Baron (Melbourne), and afterwards an Irish Viscount; but did not become an English peer till 1815. His successor in the title was his son William, the statesman and writer of these *Papers*, who was born on March 15, 1779; was his mother's favourite child; and at the age of ten was portrayed by Sir Joshua Reynolds as one in his group of "The Affectionate Brothers." After the usual schooling at Eton, William entered himself at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1796, and in the following year at Lincoln's Inn, keeping law and college terms simul-

taneously. In 1804 he was called to the Bar; went the Northern Circuit, and, having received a complimentary brief, used in after life to affirm that the sight of his name on the back of it "gave him the highest feeling of satisfaction he ever experienced, very far transcending his enjoyment on being appointed Prime Minister." In the following year he became member for Leominster, and married Lady Caroline Ponsonby, only daughter of the Earl of Bessborough.

He had not been long in Parliament when the death of Mr. Pitt admitted his friends of the Fox party to power. But the "All Talents" administration soon lost its leading spirit, and speedily ceased to exist. Now (1807) Lamb began to keep a diary, which displays keen observation of political events, and records sharp criticisms of men and measures, many of which in riper years he wisely softened or recalled. For instance, he writes of Canning—afterwards the object of his sincere admiration, and unquestionably, after Fox's death, the ablest statesman and most brilliant orator in the House of Commons—as "having made a speech of some ability, but pettish, querulous, and little, beyond his usual pettishness, querulousness, and littleness." The diary comes practically to an end in January 1811; but he had, in 1809, begun a Commonplace Book, which he kept up with more or less regularity till 1832, and which presents much interesting matter. Among the first extracts given from this book by Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders, the judicious editor of these *Papers*, are some profound reflections upon marriage, which would be simply amusing but that they were the outcome of the young writer's own painful experience of that blissful, or woful, estate. William Lamb's consort was not a "well assorted" one. Lady Caroline was gifted and fascinating, but capricious and volatile—in plain English, *flighty*. Indeed, in her disgraceful infatuation for Lord Byron, it is but charitable to try to believe that she was labouring under actual insanity. This was the grief that gnawed at her husband's heart, and led him to throw around himself that cloak of "jovial indifference" which served to keep at a distance the offensive sympathy and the prying curiosity which were alike galling to his proud wounded

spirit. Another permanent source of grief—yet not without ameliorating influence—was the affliction of his son, Augustus, who, though handsome and well-formed, was from childhood subject to fits, and never developed any intellectual powers. He lived into his thirtieth year, "the object of his father's constant care and affection."

From the cares and mortifications of married life Lamb found distraction in "sport," literature, and society. Literature was his chief comfort, and his Commonplace Book records a wide range of reading. An accomplished scholar, he read and re-read the Greek and Latin classics; and as he came to any passage of special importance or attraction he was accustomed to transcribe and translate it, and not unfrequently to illustrate it by passages from modern writers, or parallels of his own conception. For instance, he quotes from Thucydides a passage about the ambition of Alcibiades, and his indulgence in horse-breeding and expenses beyond his means; and then shows how Mr. Fox—once the idol of his admiration—had in similar ways lost the confidence and alienated the affections of a large portion of the nation. In the same book are to be found many sound maxims and smart sentences. Lamb was not wanting in literary ability, but made few or no appearances in print beyond contributing some reviews and poems to the *Literary Gazette*. His reasons for abstinence from publication may be gathered from the following extract:

"Persons who have industry enough to collect information have rarely ability enough to make use of it; and *vice versâ*, those who have ability to make use of it have not industry to collect it; and so by far the larger share of the talents of mankind is rendered useless. Before you decide upon writing, ascertain what is really wanted to be written—a task which will require a good deal of reading to enable you to perform.

"I have read too much and too little. So much that it has extinguished all the original fire of my genius, and yet not enough to furnish me with the power of writing works of mature thinking and solid instruction."

As the years passed on, his estimate of Canning had undergone a complete change; and when that statesman, on the illness of Lord Liverpool in 1827, had to form a Ministry, Lamb accepted office under him as Chief Secretary for Ireland;

and so entered the public service when nearly fifty years old. He proved a very efficient Secretary, acting with fairness to all parties in the distracting days which preceded Catholic Emancipation. But his tenure of office was brief. Canning died soon after he had obtained the proud position for which he was so exceptionally well fitted; and Lord Goderich, who succeeded him in the Premiership, resigned in the following January. Lamb, at the request of the new Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, continued at his post for a month or two; but when Huskisson and other Canningite friends resigned, he felt bound to do the same, although not agreeing with them on the special point in question.

On the formation of the Reform Cabinet in 1830, Lord Melbourne—for Lamb had now, by his father's death, become a peer—was appointed Home Secretary, and again gave proof of great administrative ability. Even Charles Greville, who had set him down as "too idle," altered his opinion, and records: "He has surprised all about him by a sudden display of activity and vigour, rapid and diligent transaction of business, for which nobody was prepared." The letters now given to the public show him to have been a painstaking investigator of all matters pertaining to his department, and a firm and vigorous administrator in those times of disorder and violence. When Earl Grey's Cabinet broke up on the question of a Coercion Bill, Lord Melbourne was charged by the King to undertake the formation of a Ministry, and "obeyed the royal command with characteristic nonchalance." On this occasion, Greville reports him to have said to his private secretary, Tom Young, that "he thought it a —— bore, and that he was in many minds what he should do—be Minister or no;" to which came the ready reply: "Why, —— it, such a position was never occupied by any Greek or Roman; and if it only lasts two months, it is worth while to have been Prime Minister of England."

"Bore" though he professed to think it, Melbourne rose to the occasion and formed a Ministry, which, like its predecessor, contained men of much "talent," but also of much readiness to quarrel with each other. It came to an end in a few months, and the ex-Premier—according to Samuel

Rogers*—wrote from Melbourne, "very naturally," "I was never so happy; but I suppose I shall soon be —— tired for want of something to do, as all are who leave office." There was now a short interregnum with Sir Robert Peel in power; after which Melbourne resumed the reins, and for two years, 1835–7, conducted the affairs of the country under great difficulties. The King was no *roi fainéant*, and was not backward in expressing his displeasure when measures were proposed or steps taken which did not fall in with his views. But the accession of Queen Victoria did much to strengthen the hands of the Whig administration. Instead of a stubborn old sailor King at the head of the State ship, who could never get rid of his quarter-deck style of government, and was as touchy about his dignity and prerogative as if he were an early Stuart or a naval martinet, the Premier had now to deal with an amiable young lady, who looked up to him as her "guide, philosopher, and friend." Her instinctive confidence in him proved to be in no whit misplaced. In indoctrinating and aiding the royal neophyte, his brightest qualities were brought into play, and he regarded her with a respectful affection; as to which Greville remarks: "I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her, as he might be of his daughter if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving without having anything in the world to love." When he finally resigned office in 1841, his political opponent, the Duke of Wellington, bore this remarkable testimony to his services to the youthful Sovereign:

"I am willing to admit that the noble Viscount has rendered Her Majesty the greatest possible service; making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the Constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of Her Majesty's Crown, teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country."

Lord Melbourne went into the "cold shade" with his wonted philosophical calmness. He had had a long spell of power in face of the formidable Opposition led by Sir Robert Peel; and *Punch*, then just commencing its brilliant career, produced

* *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, ii. 108.

under date October 23, 1841, a cartoon depicting his lordship in the act of contemplating a portrait of himself in official dress, and reflecting in Wolsey's well known words—

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

while on the wall hangs a picture which represents the young Queen at table with her Ministers. Probably, for a time, he felt real pleasure at being released from the weight and restraint of his high office; though Mr. Sanders tells us that he long "clung to the idea that he would be Minister once more." It is evident, however, that the cares of the Premiership had told heavily upon him, and that he had left office only just within the proper time, since, in October of the next year, he had an attack of paralysis, and, though it was slight, "was never the same man afterwards." His last vote in Parliament was given on the Jewish Disabilities Bill, in May 1848; and on November 24 of the same year he died. In Earl Cowper's interesting preface to the *Papers* he gives the following picture of his great-uncle in his later years:

"I can only myself remember him when I was a boy, and after he had been attacked by his first paralytic stroke; and I have visions of a somewhat massive though not corpulent figure reclining in an armchair, a white, or nearly white, head, shaggy eyebrows, and a singularly keen and kindly eye, fits of silence, occasionally broken by an incisive and rather paradoxical remark, accompanied by a genial laugh and a rubbing of the hands together. I remember also noticing how easily the tears came into his eyes, not so much, as I have heard it said, at anything tender or affecting, as at the expression of a noble or generous sentiment."

Amongst his greatest troubles in the management of the national affairs were the filling up of vacant appointments, the distribution of honours, and the allotment of pensions on the Civil List. With regard to the last, an extract from a letter to Lord John Russell, in July 1841, gives a laughable picture of his difficulties in portioning out satisfactorily a sum of £700:

"You wrote to me some time ago about Cary, the translator of Dante. I have forgiven his sonnet" [in condemnation of Lord Melbourne] "now, and should have no objection to give him something. The list of applications which I have comprises Mrs. James, widow of the writer of the Naval History; Leigh Hunt, distinguished writer of seditious and treasonable libel s

Colonel Napier, historian of the war in Spain, conceited and dogmatic Radical, and grandson of a Duke; Mr. Cary, translator of Dante, madman; Sheridan Knowles, man of great genius, but not old nor poor enough for a pension. Say what you think ought to be done."

In the matter of ecclesiastical preferments, Lord Melbourne by no means rejoiced when a vacancy presented itself. Like Æsop's old man with his ass, hitter experience had taught him the impossibility of pleasing everybody, or, indeed, almost anybody, in filling up such gaps. "D—— it, another bishop dead!" is said to have been his irreverent, but only too characteristic exclamation, when an occupant of the episcopal bench was taken to a higher sphere. Yet no Premier ever devoted more painstaking, thoughtful care to the right performance of this delicate duty. Unlike some Prime Ministers, he was usually well acquainted with the writings of those whom he promoted. The letters given among his *Papers* show sound sense and good knowledge of the diverse shades of theological opinion in the Establishment of his time. One of his objections to a candidate for promotion reflects rather unjustly on the brethren of the pen:

"I take —— to be a mere literary man; and literary men are seldom good for anything."

They must, however, derive what consolation they can from the epithets impartially bestowed on a prominently illiberal ecclesiastic of those times—the pugnacious, overbearing Bishop Phillpotts:

"There is much application for it" [the deanery of Exeter], "and —— writes in the greatest anxiety, saying that they want a man of the firmest character and the greatest abilities to cope with that devil of a bishop, who inspires more terror than ever Satan did. If it is in the gift of the Crown, Wrio" [Lord Wriothesley Russell] "shall have it, and I wish you would write and tell him so. I think his aristocratic name and title will be of advantage to him in his contest with the Prince of Darkness, of whom, however, it must be said that he is a gentleman."

Though wishful to do justice to Lord Melbourne in his public capacity, and ready to acknowledge the debt which England owes him as a staunch and able administrator, the reader of these "remains" will probably turn with some pleasure to the *Life* of his colleague in office and successor in

the Premiership, Lord John—afterwards Earl—Russell, whose character possessed a roundness and completeness, and his very failings a quaintness, that commend his memory to the hearts of his countrymen. Even in the bitterness of political life his mistakes, much exaggerated at the moment, were speedily forgiven by the nation, like the well-meant blunders of a favourite child. And this *Life* of him by Mr. Spencer Walpole, unfolding as it does much of his inner and home life, and clearing away the mists of misunderstanding from certain points of his honourable career, will fix him still more firmly in the affections of the nation which he served so well.

John, the future Premier, was the third son of Lord John Russell, afterwards sixth Duke of Bedford, and was born in Hertford Street, Mayfair, in 1792. He was a delicate child, and his education had to be adapted to the exigencies of his weakly constitution. But his intellect was by no means backward; and his literary instincts were apparent at an early age. At thirteen he was a ready versifier, and indited a political squib which in after years he himself described as "a very bad satire directed against the leaders of the Opposition." It opens thus:

> "Once on a time, by fate or fortune led,
> In Downing's well-known Street I chanced to tread.
> I saw a mob beset the Treasury gate.
> 'What's this?' I cried, 'what new parade of State?'
> Some one replied, 'A sorry one, no doubt;
> The quondam Ministers will soon come out.
> Good and great men, they gave my eldest brother
> A sinecure, and promised me another.'"

One of the chief events of his teens was a journey on the Continent with Lord and Lady Holland, in 1808–9, when he saw something of Spain at a critical point in its history. On his return, his studies having been sadly interrupted, his father sent him to Edinburgh, to continue them at the University under the superintendence of Professor Playfair, in whose house he was to reside, and whom, in his *Recollections and Suggestions*, he describes as "one of the best and the noblest, the most upright, the most benevolent, and the most liberal of all philosophers."

Of these and following years of valuable, though desultory, education and preparation for his future career, Mr. Walpole gives the following interesting epitome:

"We have seen him at a bad private school at Sunbury, for a few months enduring the rough life of a fag at Westminster, for some years living with a private tutor in Kent, and with Professor Playfair in Edinburgh. At these various places he acquired a knowledge of a good deal of Latin, and of a little Greek, and some acquaintance with mathematical and physical sciences. Yet, so far as education goes, his furniture was unusually defective. He had no pretensions to be called a scholar. His knowledge was, in fact, the exact reverse of that which an ideal scholar is said to possess. Instead of being so intent on the trees as to neglect the forest, he was so occupied with the forest that he knew too little about the trees. He read his Virgil and his Homer as he read his Dryden and his Young, and did not suffer his attention to be diverted from their thoughts and language to a study of the Greek digamma.

"Yet, if he had not much pretensions to exact knowledge, his reading was wider than that of most of his contemporaries; and he had not merely a large acquaintance with authors of many nations, he had thought on what he read. His mind, too, had been enlarged by intercourse with superior men, and by the opportunities of foreign travel. Few men of his age, standing on the threshold of a career, had seen so much that was worth seeing. He had knowledge of every division of the United Kingdom. In London he had breakfasted with Mr. Fox, he was a frequent guest at Lord Holland's dinner-table, he was acquainted with all the prominent leaders of the Whig party, he had already become a member of Grillion's Club. In Dublin he had seen all that was best in society; in Edinburgh he had mixed with all that was best in letters. He had already made the acquaintance of Mr. Moore in one capital; he was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Jeffrey in the other. He had dined with Mr. Parr at Birmingham, with Bishop Watson on Windermere; he had walked with Sir Walter Scott along the banks of the Tweed, and he had passed a night in the poet's home at Ashestiel. He had travelled through the Highlands of Scotland, and had carefully examined the great manufacturing industries of England. Abroad, his opportunities had been even greater. He had read his Camoens in Portugal, his Tasso in Italy; he had traversed the Italian Peninsula from Naples to Venice; he had journeyed through the length of Spain; he had ridden with the Duke of Wellington along the lines of Torres Vedras; he had watched a French advance in force in the neighbourhood of Burgos; he had gazed from a British position near La Rune over Southern France. He had conversed with Napoleon in Elba; and he had hurried home to denounce in his place in the House of Commons the inception of a new war. Was there another man in England, who had not completed the twenty-third year of his age, who had seen so much and who had done so much as Lord John Russell? His desultory education had

been appropriately ended by his leaving Edinburgh without taking a degree. But the deficiency had been amply repaired. He had graduated in the University of the World."

His entrance upon public life was hastened by the occurrence of a vacancy in the representation of Tavistock, through the death of General Fitzpatrick, when Lord John was not yet of age. His father, the Duke of Bedford, being patron and proprietor of the borough, "ordered" the free and independent burgesses to elect his son; and they, according to the usage of those days, readily obeyed. A few lines from an *Essay on Vanity*, which the youthful member wrote about this time, will indicate the aspirations which animated him at the outset of his Parliamentary career:

"May I not live to tread the earth alone,
But blend some other fortune with my own:
The smallest pearl, when in a necklace set,
Has gained a value from the pearls it met.
Thus in man's path of life may I have power
To smooth one rougher plant or single flower;
And if but once my cares can give delight,
If to the stock of joys I add my mite,
If to my heirs I can entail a name
That all my line may honourably claim;
If to my God my heart be alway true,
If tears of man my mouldering grave bedew,
Then life in glory ages shall renew."

The House of Commons, however, did not just then afford much scope for the display of generous sentiments; and seeing little likelihood of political opportunities, he availed himself of his leisurely liberty to renew his travels, and at the end of 1814 paid a visit—alluded to above—to the Emperor Napoleon, then in exile at Elba. His impressions of the great man are well given in his diary:

"He was dressed in a green coat, with a hat in his hand, very much as he is painted; but, excepting the resemblance of dress, I had a very mistaken idea of him from his portrait. He appears very short, which is partly owing to his being very fat; his hands and legs being quite swollen and unwieldy. That makes him appear awkward, and not unlike the whole-length figure of Gibbon the historian. Besides this, instead of the bold-marked countenance that I expected, he has fat cheeks, and rather a turn-up nose, which, to bring

in another historian, makes the shape of his face resemble the portraits of Hume. He has a dusky grey eye, which would be called vicious in a horse, and the shape of his mouth expresses contempt and decision. His manner is very good-natured, and seems studied to put one at one's ease by its familiarity; his smile and laugh are very agreeable; he asks a number of questions without object, and often repeats them, a habit which he has no doubt acquired during fifteen years of supreme command. To this I should also attribute the ignorance he seems to show at times of the most common facts. When anything that he likes is said, he puts his head forward, and listens with great pleasure; . . . . but when he does not like what he hears, he turns away as if unconcerned, and changes the subject. From this one might conclude that he was open to flattery and violent in his temper."

They conversed for an hour and a half on many subjects; and as Napoleon became interested in his visitor's intelligent talk, he fell into his old "singular habit," and pulled the young lord by his aristocratic ear! Presenting extreme contrasts in appearance—the slight, delicate Englishman, and the fat, unwieldy little Corsican—they yet had much resemblance in their indomitable "pluck," brisk self-reliance, stubborn hold upon their own opinion. It was, perhaps, the natural consequence of this pleasant interview, that when Napoleon, in the following March, had escaped from Elba, the young M.P., as soon as he had got back to England from Italy, hastened to protest in the Commons against "the new war," which he declared to be "impolitic in its origin, unjust in its object, and injurious in its consequences." Happily his protesting eloquence had not the effect of stopping the supplies: within a fortnight, Wellington won his famous victory, and long-lasting peace was secured to weary Europe.

Needful, however, as it was that the great disturber of nations should be subdued, the peace which followed Waterloo was no unmixed blessing to England. The resumption of cash payments, the consequent fall in prices, the discharge of large numbers of agricultural and other labourers, as well as of soldiers and sailors, with other causes, produced almost immediately a terrible amount of distress. "Those who were on the stage at the time," says Mr. Walpole, "heard the shout of triumph drowned by the wail of suffering, and saw the sunshine of victory obscured by a cloud of sorrow." It is difficult for us, in our present enjoyment of large and healthful

freedom, to realise the narrow restrictions under which our grandfathers laboured in public and political matters. Parliamentary representation, according to our standard, scarcely had a being, for the House of Commons consisted of about 150 county members, elected by the freeholders, and about 500 borough members, returned chiefly by private patrons, neither class being really "in touch with a suffering people." The right of public meeting and protest was virtually extinct. Still in Parliament there was scope for free speech, and Lord John availed himself of it to attack the extravagant expenditure of the nation, and to appeal against the excessive establishments, and the dangerous amount of patronage vested in the Crown and the Ministry of the day. He delivered his own soul on these matters; but he and the Opposition, with whom he sat, were unable to reduce the army estimates, though they were successful in putting a stop to the oppressive and unpopular income-tax. On this latter point he had the satisfaction of finding himself in the majority for the first time in his legislative function. Later on he made a forcible speech against the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, in the course of which he said:

"I am determined for my own part, that no weakness of frame, no indisposition of body, shall prevent my protesting against the most dangerous precedent which this House ever made. . . . We talk much—I think a great deal too much—of the wisdom of our ancestors. I wish we would imitate the *courage* of our ancestors. They were not ready to lay their liberties at the foot of the Crown upon every vain or imaginary alarm."

We can scarcely suppose that this plain speaking was uttered with much force of voice or grace of delivery; but it told upon the House, and deserved Sir Francis Burdett's compliment, that "the name of Russell was dear to every Englishman, and it was peculiarly gratifying to hear the noble lord, with so much manliness and ability, supporting those rights in the defence of which his revered ancestor lost his life." After the obnoxious Bill had passed into law, Lord John, either on account of his health or from a strong conviction of the uselessness, for the time, of Parliamentary protests, withdrew from active participation in debate. During the next two years his voice was heard but once in the House of Commons, and he

often expressed his determination to abandon political pursuits altogether. This drew from his friend, Tom Moore, a poetical *Remonstrance*, which begins on rather a high note:

> "What! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name!
> Thou, born of a Russell, whose instinct to run
> The accustomed career of thy sires is the same
> As the eaglet's to soar with his eyes on the sun;
> Whose nobility comes to thee, stamped with a seal
> Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;
> With the blood of thy race offered up for the weal
> Of a nation that swears by that martydom yet!
> Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted, and turn from the strife,
> From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,
> And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
> Is for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?"

But the appeal was in vain: Lord John yielded, for a season, to the charms of travel, society, and letters. To add to the attractions of the Continent, his brother William, to whom he was tenderly attached, had taken as his wife Miss Rawdon, a young lady of great beauty and high intellectual gifts, and was acting as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, who was then commanding the army of occupation in France. In the lively society of his brother and sister-in-law, and of the notabilities who surrounded the great Field-Marshal, he felt a strong fascination. But his chief passion was for literature, and he now turned with increased zest to this favourite pursuit. During the ten years, 1819 to 1829, besides speeches, contributions to periodicals, and political pamphlets, he published several important works; among which were: *The Life of William, Lord Russell; Essays and Sketches of Life and Character; An Essay on the History of the English Constitution; Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht;* and *Don Carlos, a Tragedy.*

Without attaining the highest rank as an author, Lord John fairly won good renown with his pen. His *Essays*, if too quiet for the taste of the present generation, have much of the ease and humour of Goldsmith. His tragedy, *Don Carlos*, was mercilessly criticized at the time of its appearance, especially, of course, by his political opponents; yet it

went through five editions in a year, and expounds with some spirit and dramatic interest the grand principles of religious liberty, which its author was never tired of enforcing, and which then had scarcely come to be fully understood and adopted in England. His work on the Constitution is perhaps the ablest of all his books. A clear exposition of the creed of an enlightened statesman, it laid down principles which not only served as a standard for his party, but visibly shaped the history of his country. Published nearly seventy years ago, it has gone through many editions, is still a high authority on its subject, and retains readable vitality and marketable value. His *Life* of his ancestor, William, Lord Russell, might, as Mr. Walpole points out, "be appropriately called 'The History of the Reign of Charles II. with some Remarks on the Trial of Lord Russell'." It lacks the personal detail, and the brilliant presentation of matter from sources far and near, which would now be expected in a work of its class; but it fell on those happy prædiluvian times when a book of weight by an author of some sense could command a fair sale, and it gained for him a solid profit of at least £200.

The writing of this and other historical works, whether the public appreciated them or not, conferred a double benefit on the author himself. It gave him congenial occupation in a long season of leisure; and it fitted him specially, and far above his fellows, to play the part of a statesman of high quality, conversant with the history and constitution of his own country. If his works did not meet with much favour from the reviewers of those days, their biting sarcasms were counterbalanced by the kindly congratulations of friends of his own, whose good opinion was well worth having. The following lines, from Lady Spencer, in 1819, must have been very gratifying to him:

"As I read your book [the *Life of Lord Russell*] I return grateful and cordial thanks to God that He has bestowed on its author every qualification so peculiarly called for by our country just now—venerable rank, joined to the strictest virtue, brightest talents, and highest principle. These, united so happily in you, my dear Lord John, make you indeed an object on which it is pleasant to dwell, and as I read your beautiful and striking sentiments I

know not which I most do, admire you as a public man, or love you as a private one."

His early experience at the hands of the critics seems to have suggested his poem on *Reviews*, the opening lines of which are as applicable to these times as to his:

> "Horace was wont in ancient times to scold,
> His Romans never read but what was old:
> Esteemed their volumes as they did their wine,
> And deemed an author young at ninety-nine.
> Far diff'rent our disease; our readers seek
> No classic but the classic of the week,
> Devour a novel reeking from the press,
> And hate old authors like old-fashioned dress."

The party to which he belonged was still in a miserable minority in the House—one Whig to about four Tories. But this state of things, though hopeless for would-be officials, afforded fine opportunities for the rising men of the Opposition; and Lord John, now fast recovering from his depression of health and spirits, began to speak more frequently, and soon took his place as the youthful champion of the moderate Reformers. His long consignment to the cold benches of Opposition was by no means fruitless. Besides keeping before the country the necessity of reform and retrenchment, he had, in 1828, the honour and satisfaction of gaining an important victory for Nonconformists and all lovers of religious liberty by the success of his motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

At length his great opportunity came. A new era began in 1830. George IV. died in June, and in July the Revolution in France stirred the very heart of England. Soon the Ministry resigned, and Earl Grey took office, and made Lord John Paymaster-General—a sinecure well suited to a man of his delicate health, and which gave him leisure to take part in drafting the first and most famous Reform Bill. This measure he introduced to the House of Commons in a speech which Mr. Walpole pronounces to have been, "in an historical sense," "not merely the most important he had ever delivered; it was the most noteworthy he ever made."

It is unnecessary here to narrate the vicissitudes and final

triumph of the Reform Bill, or to pursue in detail Lord John's political career, which from this period is identified with the ordinary history of the country. He was now (1832) at the height of his well-earned popularity. The herculean labours of "the resolute but weakly statesman"—as Mr. Walpole designates him—were rewarded by the enthusiastic gratitude of the great body of the people, and were celebrated by Lord Lyttelton in glowing lines:

"In England's worst days, when her rights and her laws
Were spurned by a prince of the fell Stuart line,
A Russell stood forth, to assert her lost cause,
And perished, a martyr at liberty's shrine.
* * * * *
And see where in front of the battle again
A Russell, sweet liberty's champion, appears;
While myriads of freemen compose his bright train,
And the blessing still lives through the long lapse of years."

Weakly as his frame was, it had a happy knack of quickly renewing its energies after excessive toil and exhaustion; and in this instance the sweet quiet and fresh air of Woburn, and the company at his own official residence of such choice spirits as Moore, Rogers, Luttrell, and Sydney Smith, recruited him in the intervals of dry labour and hot debate.

He has often been credited with a fatal facility for breaking up the Ministries of which he was a member. But this is an exaggerated imputation. The charge first arose in 1834, when he differed from the rest of the Cabinet on some clauses of their Irish Tithe Bill, and replied to a speech of Mr. Stanley, one of his own colleagues (afterwards Earl Derby); on which occasion the latter, in a note to Sir James Graham, made use of the celebrated metaphor, "Johnny has upset the coach." But in this, as in other instances, Lord John was simply staunch to his principles, if a little before the times; for the "Appropriation Clause," for which he contended, as Mr. Walpole remarks, was virtually the same arrangement for dealing with the surplus revenues of the Irish Church which was carried out thirty years later by Mr. Gladstone. It was in consequence of discrepancy of opinion on this point that Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and

Lord Ripon left the Ministry, and shortly afterwards Earl Grey resigned, and Lord Melbourne took the command. The new arrangement, however, lasted a very little while. The King had told Melbourne that he "could not bear John Russell"; and when the latter was chosen to succeed Lord Althorp as leader of the House of Commons, his bluff Majesty roundly affirmed "that he had not the abilities nor the influence which qualified him for the task, and observed that he would make a wretched figure when opposed by Sir Robert Peel or Mr. Stanley." Lord John, however, courageously undertook the difficult task; playfully remarking that "if he were offered the command of the Channel Fleet, and thought it his duty to accept, he should not refuse it." It was this expression, no doubt, that originated Sydney Smith's well-known illustration of his fearlessness and self-confidence, which, when published in a pamphlet paragraph, gave special pain to his friend Lord John:

"There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell, but his worst failure [? feature] is that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone, build St. Peter's, or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died, the church tumbled down, and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms."

The King soon gratified his personal dislike by dismissing the Ministry, which was replaced, for a short time, by that of the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, whose coach was upset on the same road as Earl Grey's—the Irish Church question. Then began that administration which Lord Melbourne conducted so skilfully for the long spell of six years, which saw the old King out and the new Queen in, and which included the most successful part of Lord John's public life; among the measures passed being the Municipal Corporations, the Tithes Commutation, the Registration, and the Marriage Acts. While Lord John Russell's name is honourably associated with the passing of these and other Acts, essential to the completeness of our civil and religious freedom, Lord Melbourne is entitled to no small praise for the cool head and firm hand with which he kept his rather unmanageable team well together, and

restrained his impetuous little Home Secretary from such impulsive speech as might again have "upset the coach."

From 1841 to 1846 Sir Robert Peel conducted the national affairs, aided by a strong and united Cabinet. When, in the latter year, Lord John came to be Premier himself, he found the position to be one of extreme difficulty. Irish troubles were culminating in the terrible potato famine, with its train of distress and disorder. Soon came the fall of Louis Philippe, and anxieties in the Foreign Office, which Lord Palmerston was carrying on, undoubtedly with the best intentions. but with a comical disregard of the judgment of his colleagues, especially of the Premier, as well as of the Queen, who declined to be totally ignored in the matter. The difficulty came to its height in December, 1851, when without consulting his colleagues he hastened to express his approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*—a thoughtless step, which gave great pain to his admirers, and led to his being requested to resign the Foreign Secretaryship. The loss of his ability and prestige fatally weakened the Ministry, which lingered but a few weeks longer. The final blow to it was given by the hand of Lord Palmerston, who moved an amendment to its Militia Bill, and thus pithily summarized the result: "I have had my tit-for-tat with John Russell, and I turned him out on Friday last."

Before this catastrophe took place, Lord John, who had a talent for writing telling letters on critical occasions—a talent which, even though legitimately called forth, led sometimes to the increase of his Ministerial difficulties—had penned the celebrated "Durham Letter," an eloquent protest against the Bull of Pio Nono, which, in the usual style of Papal insolence, divided England into twelve new Sees. At its first appearance the letter was received with general acclamation: its genuine John Bull tone delighted all ranks and conditions; the Pope, then upheld at the Vatican by French bayonets, being in special disfavour. But soon the enthusiasm cooled down: High Churchmen did not like one phrase, moderate Roman Catholics objected to another; and the legislative outcome of this rousing epistle, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, pleased no party, and became literally a "dead

letter"; while both letter and Bill served as thorns to be thrust into the Premier's side whenever other weapons of annoyance were wanting.

Before the end of the year, however, he was again in office, having patriotically consented to form part of a Coalition Ministry under Lord Aberdeen—a course which the Queen urged upon him in a flattering note, but which proved for him personally a mistake and a source of annoyance. There were now, in fact, three chiefs in one camp—Aberdeen, the mild and hesitating disciple of Peel; Palmerston, the dashing and popular Canningite; and Russell, the chosen leader of the Liberals in Parliament. The Cabinet was a divided one, when unity of counsel and decisive action were essential to the national welfare. It is the fashion to blame it for the Crimean war, and there can be little doubt that that war might have been averted, at least for a time, if Lord Aberdeen could have had *his* way—the way of perfect trust in Russia; or if Lords Palmerston and Russell could have had *their* way, when the Czar would have been told flatly that in case of war England would certainly act as the ally of Turkey, and the astute Nicholas would have held back, for a season, from bullying and aggression. Lord John's opinion is put plainly in his letter to Lord Clarendon, March 20, 1853:

"The Emperor of Russia is clearly bent on accomplishing the destruction of Turkey, and *he must be resisted.*"

This was the popular sentiment throughout England and great part of the Continent. It was felt that the Russian tyranny, which seemed to be spreading its fell shadow over Western as well as Eastern Europe, must be at once resisted; and never was a war entered upon by the English people with more hearty good-will than this Crimean one, which, spite of many mishaps and much mismanagement, did actually achieve its grand purpose of checking the Russian advance.

Early in 1855, having made strong but ineffectual protests against the sluggish conduct of the war, and the defective military arrangements of the Government, and feeling that he could not answer or oppose Mr. Roebuck's motion for

inquiry, Lord John resigned his post in the Ministry, and supported the motion. For this step—a thoroughly conscientious and straightforward one—much abuse was showered on him. But it is difficult to see how, as an honest man, he could have acted otherwise; and the words of his brother, Lord Wriothesley Russell, on the occasion, were well justified:

"It makes one sad, as well as indignant, to hear the world speaking as if straightforward honesty were a thing incredible, impossible. A man, and above all a man to whom truth is no new thing, says simply that he cannot assert what he knows to be false, and the whole world says, 'What can he mean by it? Treachery, trickery, cowardice, ambition—what is it?'"

The motion was carried; Lord Aberdeen resigned, and Lord Palmerston reigned in his stead. Subsequently Lord John agreed to act as British representative at the Vienna Conference of 1855. It proved a thankless post, for his plans for peace were rendered abortive by his having to yield to the necessities of the French Emperor's position—a fatal reason, which he could not publicly announce, but bore manfully the undeserved blame. Resigning his post as Colonial Minister under Palmerston, he now enjoyed a four years' rest from official turmoils; and in the ever welcome company of his growing family, and the choice society of friends and (political) enemies, as well as in writing a *Life of Charles James Fox*, he spent what time could be spared from his Parliamentary duties as an independent member. His independence, indeed, led to a remarkable incident, which served to bring out brightly the true spirit of the man. Lord Palmerston having been outnumbered on Mr. Cobden's motion as to Chinese affairs, a general election resulted. The popular feeling ran strongly in favour of Palmerston; even Cobden and Bright were defeated at the polls, and Lord John, who had voted with them, was told by his chief supporter that he would share their fate, and lose his seat for the City of London. Depressed at first by the desertion of his old constituents, he announced temporarily his withdrawal from the representation of the great city which had been so staunch to him. But within twenty-four hours he recalled his hasty decision, and resolved to stand to his guns and do battle for his seat. Calling a meeting of the electors at the London

Tavern, he made a spirited speech, humorously reproaching them with their unjust treatment of one who had represented them for sixteen years:

"If," said he, "a gentleman were disposed to part with his butler, his coachman, or his gamekeeper, or if a merchant were disposed to part with an old servant, a warehouseman, a clerk, or even a porter, he would say to him, 'John, I think your faculties are somewhat decayed, you are growing old, you have made several mistakes; and I think of putting a young man from Northampton in your place.' I think a gentleman would behave in that way to his servant, and thereby give John an opportunity of answering. That opportunity was not given to me. The question was decided in my absence; and I come now to ask you, and the citizens of London, to reverse that decision."

His speech at the nomination at Guildhall carried all before it. It was a scene not soon to be forgotten. Facing a semi-hostile audience, the little man rose to the occasion and became powerfully eloquent; so that it was difficult for those who had heard him years before, at the British School Society's meetings or elsewhere, weak in voice, limp in attitude, losing himself in long, entangled, parenthesis-laden sentences, to believe that this brilliantly effective speaker was the same man. He carried his election triumphantly, and this proved a turning-point in his career. His star had been eclipsed by that of his captivating compeer, Lord Palmerston, and his long services to his country had seemed to be forgotten. But now a reaction set in, and his popularity steadily rose through the rest of his unofficial life. When, after a short intervening administration, Lord Palmerston was called to form a new Ministry, Lord John, magnanimously forgetting old differences, took office under him as Foreign Secretary, and filled that responsible post with great ability during the exciting events of the years 1859 to 1865. To Italy, in its struggle for independence and consolidation, he gave sage counsel and many good offices; and if, in the American Civil War, he upheld a neutrality which seemed to the North very like partiality to the "Secesh" rebels, he yet was wiser than several other eminent statesmen, who wished hastily to recognise the South as a separate Republic.

The deplorable escape of the *Alabama* from our shores is certainly a weak point in his armour, just as it proved a costly mistake for England. Yet he appears to have been wishful to

stop its *exit* from this country, although his colleagues—with the honourable exception of the Duke of Argyll—were in favour of it. His mistake lay in waiting for an opinion from the law officers as to his right to stop it, instead of seizing it first and ascertaining any legal objections afterwards, as Palmerston would have done in like case.

In 1865 two ancient rivals, but of late years trusty colleagues, were parted by the death of Lord Palmerston, who, by representing, on most matters, the general *consensus* of English opinion, as well as by his tact, humour, cheeriness, self-reliant dash, and social advantages, had become the most popular Premier England has ever seen. During his last years his presence, as Mr. Walpole expresses it, "suffused a conservative calm over the political ocean," while Lord Russell was absorbed in dealing with great questions of foreign policy, and Mr. Gladstone was carrying out his brilliant financial schemes. But with the aged Premier's death the truce between parties ceased, and the strife of tongues was renewed with vigour. Lord John (now Earl) Russell became Premier once more, and soon found that the holder of that high office was not likely to repose on a bed of roses. The second Reform Bill, to carry which had for years been the desire of his heart, being once more defeated, his resignation followed, and his long official career came to an end.

He was now in his seventy-fourth year; and the remaining twelve years of his life he passed in comparative retirement, withdrawing himself gradually from the political arena, and addressing himself more and more to literary labour or recreation. He completed his *Life of Fox;* wrote a volume of Essays on *The Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe;* published selections from his speeches and despatches; and brought his authorship to an end in the best known of his later works, *Recollections and Suggestions;* to which he prefixed the appropriate motto:

> "Not Heaven itself upon the past has power:
> But what has been has been, and I have had my hour."

On the death of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, in 1861, he had succeeded to the Ardsalla estate, and his income, which,

during most of his tenure of high office, had been very inadequate to the demands of his position, was considerably increased. Having then nearly completed his threescore years and ten, he wisely sought relief from the late hours of the Commons in the quieter atmosphere of the Lords; and was raised to the peerage as Earl Russell, of Kingston Russell. His chief opponent, Mr. Disraeli, and his colleague, Mr. Gladstone, wrote him expressions of much regret at the loss which the Lower House would sustain by his retirement from it; and *Punch*,

"In an excellent caricature, made old Lord Brougham receive him at the door of the Peers' chamber with the exclamation, 'Oh, Johnny, ye'll find it mighty dull here!'—while, as a matter of fact, Lord Derby greeted him with the opposite dictum: 'Oh, Johnny,' he said, as he shook hands with him, 'what fun we shall have here!'"

His long and honourable life came peacefully to an end on May 28, 1878. A few days previously a large deputation of Nonconformists had come to Pembroke Lodge to congratulate him on the fiftieth anniversary of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—his first great achievement. The aged statesman was then too ill to see them, but his name will ever be associated with that grand step towards the consummation of our English liberties. Yet this was only one among the many enlightened measures which the nation owes directly to him. He was, besides, the originator of several enactments that were re-shaped and carried through by other hands. Throughout life he was an ardent promoter of national education; the voluntary schools owed to him the inception of the system of Government grants; he was an early supporter of the British and Foreign School Society, whose chair he occupied at thirty-one anniversaries; and he rejoiced exceedingly at Mr. Forster's success with his Education Act, in 1870. Reviewing his own long career, he cheerfully admitted that he had often been in the wrong. "I have committed many errors, some of them very gross blunders," he wrote in 1869. This was, of course, the right spirit for an old man, reviewing his own past, and fully conscious of his own fallibility. At the same time this *Life* shows that in several instances—the Schleswig-Holstein war is one—in

which the public held him to have blundered unaccountably, he had really not done so, but had been precluded from giving at the time a full explanation of his course of action.

Comparing him with Lord Melbourne, we find in his very persistency in certain ideas and measures the mark of a man of higher stamp of character. While Lord Melbourne was ready, at a pinch, to give up his own convictions and judgment in order to keep his Cabinet together, Lord John would never sacrifice principle to place or party. For his consistency he did not always get the credit he deserved, but was often charged with breaking up Ministries for personal ends — an utterly unjust imputation. Of his sturdy independence no better proof is needed than his correspondence with the Queen as to his intended resignation of office in June, 1866; after he had strongly suggested to her private secretary, General Grey, that she should postpone her projected visit to Scotland, on certain public grounds. The letters given by Mr. Walpole are creditable to both Queen and Minister; but certainly the latter was not wanting in ancestral backbone.

Lord Russell's domestic life was a specially happy one. He was twice married: to Lady Ribblesdale, in 1835; and, three years after her death, to Lady Fanny Elliot, who survives her husband. "What Lord John was to his wife and children, only they can tell." These volumes contain many indications of his hearty enjoyment of the dear home world, which was to him a sheltered paradise, to which he could retreat from the storm and worry of the great world outside. In its sunshine his seeming coldness melted away; his children brought to him all their troubles, and trusted him with all their thoughts; and in the sweet society of wife and children he found much of the pleasure of his long life.

With him the Bible was a favourite companion; and in religion he gained consolation and encouragement. While broadly liberal and full of love for all denominations of Christians, he "detested the doctrines of Rome, and the pretensions of the High Church party in the English Church." "My wish and hope is," he writes in 1871, "the rising

generation may be taught to adopt, not the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, but the Church of Christ."

Two days after her husband's death, Mr. Bright wrote to Lady Russell:

"What I particularly observed in the public life of Lord John—you once told me you liked his former name and title—was a moral tone, a conscientious feeling, something higher and better than is often found in the guiding principles of our most active statesmen; and for this I always admired and reverenced him."

Lord Houghton's tribute is even more express:

"Lord Russell has ever been to me the highest and most complete statesman of my generation. He is the only one whom I have known in whom the worth and dignity of the man never lost by public life and the conduct of national affairs."

And these golden testimonies will be endorsed by the unprejudiced reader of Mr. Walpole's valuable volumes, which not only throw fresh light on many points of the national history of the century, but set visibly before us the attractive portrait of a man of fine abilities and noble character, who acted well his part on the great stage of life, and left his country the better for the achievements of his long and active career.

Art. VIII.—THE NEW HIGH CHURCH MANIFESTO.

Lux Mundi: A Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House. London: John Murray. 1890.

THE publication of this volume is a significant feature of our religious history in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It can in no sense be said to make an epoch, but it undoubtedly marks one. To judge rightly of its significance, the student of religious thought in England must go back thirty years, to the appearance of *Essays and Reviews*. Whether we regard the contents of that once famous volume

or the reception accorded to it, we are struck by the contrast with its successor before us, and are thus enabled in some sort to estimate the distance we have travelled in little more than a quarter of a century. The spirit and tone of the two books are as diverse as possible, the standpoint and object of the writers diametrically opposite. Yet many things which the Broad Churchmen of 1860 did little more than hint at, and for their temerity were assailed on all sides by the orthodox, condemned by Church authorities, and dubbed by reviewers *Septem contra Christum*, are now more or less openly stated by High Churchmen of unquestioned orthodoxy, who, indeed, pose above all as defenders of the faith. Moreover, their utterances are accepted with a complacency as remarkable as the fury excited by the earlier volume. Protests against some of the tendencies of the book have, it is true been heard here and there. Canon Liddon, from the pulpit of St. Paul's, took the earliest opportunity of disclaiming one important feature of its teaching in a sermon which has since been published under the title of *The Worth of the Old Testament*. Archdeacon Denison, in a characteristic letter to the *Guardian*, banned the advocates of some of its doctrines without benefit of clergy. Here and there thoughtful writers, within and outside the pale of the Church of England, have given utterance to more or less serious misgivings, wondering "whereunto this would grow." But for the most part the volume has received a welcome which its literary ability, earnest and vigorous tone, and generous spirit abundantly deserve, with hardly a trace of the condemnation which a short time ago would have been unsparingly poured upon some of its teaching. What Pusey and Keble would have said to some passages in this volume edited by the Principal of Pusey House, and written almost entirely by representative tutors of Keble College, must be left to those who have a lively ecclesiastical imagination. But *Lux Mundi* possesses in itself so much of interest, and is in many ways so remarkable an index of the progress of religious thought, that it well deserves description and examination in these pages, and the attentive study of all who are interested in the religious problems of the day.

The book contains twelve essays, the topics of which range

over almost the whole field of theology, beginning with *Faith* and *The Christian Doctrine of God*, and ending with *The Church, Sacraments, Christian Politics*, and *Christian Ethics*. The central articles, as the sub-title indicates, are concerned with the doctrine of the Incarnation. This cardinal verity of the Christian faith is viewed in its relation to Preparatory History, to Development, and as the Basis of Dogma, while important discussions of the Atonement and Inspiration treat those subjects mainly in the light of the Incarnation as an article *stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. The authors of the essays are amongst the ablest and most prominent of the younger High Churchmen, including such representative men as Canon Scott Holland, Dr. Talbot, Vicar of Leeds, Mr. Gore, Principal of Pusey House, Professor Paget, the Revs. J. R. Illingworth, R. C. Moberly, and A. Lyttelton. Another noteworthy name is associated with these, the name of one perhaps not inferior to any of the rest in ability, Rev. A. L. Moore, Canon of Christ Church, Tutor of Keble and Fellow of Magdalen College, whose lamented death, since the publication of this volume, at the early age of forty-one, is a distinct loss to the little band of those who are at the same time accomplished students of science and devout and able Christian thinkers. Most of these gentlemen had been associated together as tutors at Keble College, and are so far of one mind that, whilst each disclaims responsibility for the form of any contribution but his own, they professedly do not write "as mere individuals, but as ministers of the same church," with common convictions on the great themes here separately handled, and they "desire this volume to be the expression of a common mind and a common hope." The more weighty, therefore, is their united utterance, and the more important this contribution to religious literature, proceeding from a body of thinkers and writers, who represent some of the best traditions of Anglicanism, and who now put forth no incoherent aggregation of individual speculations, but a carefully and unitedly prepared attempt to deal with some of the chief religious questions of the day. What used to be called the "High Church party," now forms the great body of the Anglican Church. It has altered its character, as well as enlarged its borders. Tractarianism has

had its day, Ritualism has perhaps found its limits, the future of the Church of England lies mainly with the body whose "coming" men here speak together and speak out. What have they to say on the great topics that just now more or less occupy us all?

The precise standpoint from which this "manifesto"—if the word may be permitted—is issued, is described in the Preface, written by Mr. Gore. The following are some of the expressions he uses, in defining the aims of himself and his coadjutors. The authors, we are told, found themselves compelled for their own sake and that of others "to attempt to put the Catholic faith into its right relation to modern intellectual and moral problems," and this collection of essays "represents an attempt on behalf of the Christian creed in the way of explanation." They believe that the Christian faith is as adequate as ever to interpret life and knowledge, but are no less convinced that, in order to do this, it "needs disencumbering, re-interpreting, explaining." The age in which we live they hold to be one of "profound transformation," full of new needs and new questions, and therefore certain to involve "great changes in the outlying departments of theology, where it is linked on to other sciences, and to necessitate some general re-statement of its claims and meaning." In other words, a "new development" is needed in theology. But the word "development" may be so misleading, both because of its proper meaning and its acquired associations, that we think it only right to let Mr. Gore state precisely what he understands by it.

"We grudge the name development, on the one hand, to anything which fails to preserve the type of the Christian Creed and the Christian Church; for development is not innovation, it is not heresy; on the other hand, we cannot recognise as the true 'development of Christian doctrine,' a movement which means merely an intensification of a current tendency from within, a narrowing and hardening of theology by simply giving it greater definiteness or multiplying its dogmas. The real development of theology is rather the process in which the Church, standing firm in her own truths, enters into the apprehension of the new social and intellectual movements of each age; and because 'the truth makes her free' is able to assimilate all new material, to welcome and give its place to all new knowledge, to throw herself into the sanctification of each new social order, bringing forth out of her treasures

things new and old, and showing again and again her power of witnessing under changed conditions to the Catholic capacity of her faith and life." (Pref. pp. viii. ix.)

These words describe very fairly the kind of work which the Church of Christ has been called in all ages to attempt, and which, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, has been in the main accomplished, though not without many imperfections and mistakes. To say that it needs to be done to-day is only saying that the Christian Church is still alive and moving with the moving world; but every one must agree with the authors of these essays that just now there is an imperative need for a fuller "development of doctrine"—if the phrase be rightly interpreted—than Christianity has known or needed since the Reformation of the sixteenth century. We sympathise heartily with the aim of the writers of this volume, but none the less does it appear to us of paramount importance to ask somewhat jealously at the outset how this most important, but most delicate and difficult work of readjustment is to be undertaken, and to watch most carefully the way in which the work is carried out. If the "Catholic faith" is not to be modified, but to be re-stated in light of contemporary problems, then everything must depend on what is meant by the Catholic faith; if great changes are necessary in the "outlying departments of theology," then everything will depend on what is considered to be an outlying department of a science, the parts of which are closely concatenated together, or rather vitally and organically connected. The writers avow themselves "not guessers at truth, but servants of a creed," anxious "to present positively the central ideas and principles of religion in the light of contemporary thought and current problems," but the process of disencumbering central ideas, like the process of removing all but the walls and main beams of a building, is not one to be lightly undertaken or easily accomplished. Especially does one who is interested in the integrity of a venerable building become very anxious to know which beams and joists are to be considered "central," and on what principles others may be discarded as superfluous or inconvenient.

It is not altogether satisfactory, therefore, to find that there are certain very considerable omissions in what ought to be

approximately a scientific treatment of a vitally important subject. Not, of course, that it was necessary to traverse the whole field of theology. The editor disclaims anything like formal completeness or exhaustiveness of theological treatment, and we are not unreasonable enough to expect this in a volume of essays. But the essays should show that the bearings of the whole have been worked out with something like scientific thoroughness. The doctrine of the Incarnation being asserted to be *the* fundamental doctrine of the Christian creed, a careful and accurate exposition of it might fairly have been expected, but this is not forthcoming. Mr. Moberly gives us, it is true, a very interesting essay on *The Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma*, but the doctrine itself is too much taken for granted, and no sufficient guide is given to the inquirer who is asking precisely what the retention of this doctrine secures, and how we are to know when it is safe to "disencumber," and when we must hold on for very life. The editor himself draws attention to some omissions, and instances the doctrine of Sin, which he thinks receives sufficient passing reference in two or three of the essays. But a clearer appreciation of what is meant by theological science would have shown that this is precisely one of those cardinal topics which he could not afford to pass over, and that there is no slight or unimportant lack of proportion in the treatment which devotes sixty pages to Christian ethics, and more than this space to the Church and the Sacraments, without making it clear what place sin holds in the history of mankind, and what relations between man and God are involved in it, especially in relation to the Incarnation. This is the more necessary because of the position taken up by the writers who deal respectively with evolution and the inspiration of the Old Testament.

Leaving however, the general plan of the book—for we must not needlessly complain of writers who set out to give us hints and suggestions because their contributions are not complete and scientific—let us examine the treatment of such topics as are here dealt with. It will not be possible to touch on more than a few of these, and we fix attention not necessarily upon the best and ablest articles, but on those which

occupy the strategic points of the argument. We have found, then, in reading this most interesting volume these several elements; certain valuable "aids to faith" on fundamental questions of religious belief; some weighty, though in certain respects deficient Christian statements upon the Doctrine of Incarnation and the Atonement in their relation to faith; a number of very questionable, if not dangerous admissions, particularly on the subject of the inspiration of the Old Testament; and lastly a temperately stated, but decidedly "high," theory of Church Sacraments. The writers seem agreed to make admissions on the side of the Bible, provided that the stand on the subject of the church be sufficiently maintained; by no means new, but none the less objectionable and unsatisfactory mode of dealing with unbelief. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the church is among the last, not the earliest links in the chain. The question immediately arises, what is the logical and practical effect of the concessions here made to criticism so far as the Bible is concerned? Can the outer line of defence be sustained, while the inner line is yielded? Will the criticism which is allowed to work its will upon the authority of the record, spare that which at some remote distance is based upon it?

The earlier part of the book offers much for admiration and enjoyment. On the fundamental question of *Faith* Canon Scott Holland writes a very interesting and helpful essay. The line of argument here adopted had already been sketched out by the author in the opening sermons of his *Logic and Life*, and it appears to us no less sound than it is strengthening and consolatory to those whose faith has been disturbed in the present distress. In substance his position is as follows:—The faith of many has been shaken by the very fact that under the multitudinous demands made upon it of late, it has found itself ill prepared to respond. Called on to meet new needs, assimilate new truths, conquer new regions of knowledge, it has trembled, and then men, frightened by being afraid, have accused themselves of unbelief. Needlessly in many cases, for they have not understood the nature of faith and have expected of it that which it was not to be expected to accomplish. Faith is quite consistent

with a large measure of perplexity. It is not a state dependent upon the bare conclusions of pure reason, but an act of the whole man, of that "elemental self" which lies deeper than reason, affections, judgment, will, at the point where all these distinctions have not yet begun to arise; and as an act of the basal self, in its relation to God and the Unseen, it cannot give account of itself to one faculty, and is not immediately and directly responsible to reason, as if it were lord of all. Reason is indeed one of the essential elements of sound faith, but it is so far from being its entire essence that faith must from its very nature transcend reason, and like love, is able to give only itself as a reason for its own existence. "I believe because I believe" sounds irrational, but it need not be so, or, it stands precisely parallel to "I love, because I love." In other words, the most reasonable faith always implies more or less of a venture.

"Faith looks to reason for its proofs; it must count on finding them; it offers for itself intellectual justifications. But it is not itself reason, it can never confuse itself with a merely intellectual process. It cannot therefore find in reason the full grounds for its ultimate convictions. Ever it retains its own inherent character, by which it is constituted an act of personal trust, an act of willing and loving self-surrender to the dominant sway of another's personality. . . . No argument, no array of arguments, however long, however massive, can succeed in excusing it from that momentous effort of the inner man, which is its very essence. Let reason do its perfect work, let it heap up witness on witness, proof upon proof. Still there will come at last the moment when the call to believe will be just the same to the complete and reasonable man as it always is to the simplest child—the call to trust Another with a confidence which reason can justify but can never create. This act, which is faith, must have in it that spirit of venture which closes with Another's invitation, which yields to Another's call. It must still have in it and about it the character of a vital motion, of a leap upward, which dares to count on the prompting energies felt astir within it." (pp. 52, 53).

Hence it happens that faith may sometimes appear shifty, plausible, unreasonable. It seems to be "always shifting its intellectual defences," and philosophers think they have reason to "growl at those humbugs, the clergy." But rightly understood, faith in God can use all kinds of convictions, employ all kinds of tools. "If it has ever implicated its own fate with that

of any particular form of knowledge, it has been false to itself. It has no more right to identify itself with any intellectual situation than it has to pin its fortunes to those of any political dynasty." Faith must perpetually readjust itself to new situations, which it may do without losing its own identity, for its essence lies in its personal character. So far as Christian faith is concerned, that certainly is personal. Our faith in Christ is the measure and standard of our faith in the Bible. "Our faith in Christ must determine what, in the Bible, is vital to its own veracity. There is no other measure or rule of what we mean by inspiration. . . . . The point at which criticism must hold off its hands is, of course, a most subtle matter to decide. But we can at least be sure of this—that such a point will be no arbitrary one; it will be there where criticism attempts to trench on the reality and the uniqueness of the Divine Intimacy, which those incidents served to fashion, and those books detected and recorded, and Christ consummated. . . . . We do not in the strict sense believe *in* the Bible or *in* the Creeds; we believe solely and absolutely in Jesus Christ" (pp. 44, 45).

Canon Scott Holland's argument has been but meagrely sketched, and doubtless has been marred in the sketching. But we have said enough to enable readers who have not seen the book to judge of the line on which the whole subject of the reconstruction of theology is here approached. There is much that is valuable in the above argument, much with which we thoroughly concur, much which those whose faith has been disturbed need to make their own, if they are to retain peace of mind in a time of great mental unrest. Our chief complaint of the essay is its vagueness at certain critical points. It is eloquent, almost too eloquent for the maintenance of close and accurate reasoning. The writer does not sufficiently distinguish between various kinds of faith. There is, for example, secular faith: for, as we all know, we are obliged in our most ordinary social and commercial life to walk by faith, and credit is the very soul of business. There is the faith of the Theist in the unseen God, faith in the God of revelation, faith in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the articles of the Christian creed, in addition to all which there is that personal act of trust which theologians call "saving faith," quite

distinct from intellectual conviction and confidence in the truth of a creed. We do not mean of course that Canon Holland needed thus to analyse and define the various kinds of faith, and much of what he says is true of faith, whatever its object, but in his vehement sentences concerning its elasticity, its not being bound to any special tenets, using all convictions as tools, he is writing of one kind of faith, and in what he says about Christianity towards the end of his article, of another. And the observance of this distinction is vital to his argument. "The point at which criticism must hold off its hands"—that is what we want to get at. How much in the Christian's faith may be accounted drapery, and where does the living form begin? The "difficulties of a complicated faith are the difficulties of a complicated life," we are told. We must expect at the end of a long and complex development to find complex doctrine. We are the heirs of all the ages that have gone before and cannot unwrite history. Precisely, and a little more definiteness with perhaps a little less eloquence would have enabled us to understand what in the Canon's view is the relation between what may be called the substance and the accidents of a living faith in Christ, and this would have made a suggestive and helpful essay still more helpful and suggestive. But we heartily agree with the writer in the attitude he occupies towards the questions in dispute, and the firm stand taken upon personal knowledge of Christ as the basis of all faith. "The dogmatic definitions of Christian theology can never be divorced from their contact in the personality of Christ." And the vindication here presented of the *final* and *dogmatic* character of Christianity, as based upon our belief in the absolute and final sufficiency of Christ's Person, is very fine, and to Christians—for whom alone the essay is intended—conclusive.

Quite as able, and much clearer and more definite in treatment, is the late Canon Moore's survey of the Christian doctrine of God. Even the most fundamental articles of faith are now being challenged, and the attitude adopted in panic is apt to be that of either unintelligent protest or unconditional surrender. Mr. Moore shows that the true attitude of faith is neither one of surrender nor of protest, but of assimilation. He holds "the full conviction that the revelation of God

in Christ is both true and complete, and yet that every new truth which flows in from the side of science, or metaphysics, or the experience of social and political life, is designed in God's providence to make that revelation real, by bringing out its hidden truths." (p. 58.) What is more, he enables his readers to follow the growth and development of the belief in God, and marks out clearly the relation between religion and philosophy, and between the Christian doctrine of the Trinity and other theistic beliefs in such a way as to verify his original thesis that Christian doctrine on this cardinal subject is at the same time final and progressive; absolute, yet capable of assimilating all the knowledge which pours in from various sides to deepen and enrich it. We are relieved, in the discussion of this much-debated subject, not to be confronted with the usual lines of "proofs"—cosmological, ontological, and the rest—of the existence of God. The value of these arguments in their place is great, but they have always been felt to be cogent chiefly to those already convinced. No one of them, nor all put together, will supply what the perplexed believer needs so well as the positive proof presented by Mr. Moore of the sufficiency of the Christian doctrine of God, and of that alone, to satisfy all the demands of reason and conscience, and to take up into itself all that physical, mental, and moral science have contributed to our knowledge of the macrocosm and the microcosm, the wonderful world without, and the equally wonderful world within. Mr. Moore does not allow as much weight as most writers to the arguments for the existence of God from conscience and from nature. He holds that each has been made to bear more than it can carry. It is justifiable to "appeal to conscience as a fact which can be explained by religion, but without religion must be explained away. But it is a mistake to suppose that we can take the untrained and undeveloped conscience, and argue direct from it to a righteous God." The true theology in the argument from nature, moreover, is "a confirmation, and not a proof, and taken by itself is incomplete." (pp. 104, 105.) By this moderate estimate of the arguments at his disposal, Mr. Moore does not really weaken his position, and he prepares the way for a more effective line of defence.

One of the most important features of this essay is the stress laid upon the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. It has repeatedly happened that some of the ablest advocates of Theism have undertaken the defence from the Unitarian point of view. In our own time, Dr. Martineau's volume on the *Study of Religion* has been an arsenal from which many defenders of the faith have drawn useful weapons, and we yield to none in our admiration for the ability and power of that work on the ground which it professedly occupies. But in a review of it which appeared in this journal not long ago,* we drew attention to the fact that at a certain stage of his argument, Dr. Martineau is hampered by the fact of his Unitarian tenets, and that nothing but a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity would suffice fully to meet the errors he endeavours to combat. Mr. Moore occupies safer and stronger ground when he says:—

"Devout Christians have come to think of the doctrine of the Trinity, if not exactly as a distinct revelation, yet as a doctrine necessary for holding the Divinity of Christ, without sacrificing the Unity of God. Ordinary people take it for granted that Trinitarianism is a sort of extra demand made on Christian faith, and that the battle must really be fought out on the Unitarian basis . . . . It is only our languid interest in speculation or a Philistine dislike of metaphysics, that makes such an unintelligent view possible. Unitarianism said its last word in the pre-Christian and early Christian period, and it failed, as it fails now, to save religion, except at the cost of reason. So far from the doctrine of the Trinity being, in Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate phrase, 'the scaffolding of a purer theism,' non-Christian monotheism was the scaffolding through which already the outlines of the future building might be seen. For the modern world, the Christian doctrine of God remains as the only safeguard in reason for a permanent theistic belief." (pp. 97, 98.)

And again:—

"We may be wrong to speculate at all on the nature of God, but it is not less true now than in the first centuries of Christianity that for those who do speculate, a Unitarian, or Arian, or Sabellian theory is as impossible as Polytheism. If God is to be personal, as religion requires, metaphysics demands still a distinction in the Unity which Unitarianism is compelled to deny." (p. 101.)

Here it is that deficiencies in the doctrine of God, not as

* See London Quarterly Review, July, 1888. No. 20, p. 221.

taught in the full Christian Creed, but as inadequately realised by passing generations of Christians, may be remedied by the revelations of physical science. It may well be held that it is better for man not to speculate at all on the nature of the Divine Being, that our safest eloquence here is silence, and that in answer to the question "What is God?" we may say "I know, if I am not asked." But it is impossible thus to still the activities of man's restless intellect, and it is becoming more and more clear, that though man cannot by searching find out God, and His nature must ever be a depth in which all our thoughts are drowned, yet the Christian doctrine of the Trinity alone suffices to meet the cravings of man and the requirements of the facts of the universe. What more dreary and unsatisfactory theory concerning God is there than the Deism so predominant in the thought of the eighteenth century? Even in the orthodoxy of the day, the doctrine of the Divine immanence, all that gives strength to the contentions of Pantheism, had fallen almost into desuetude. From the dangers attending a mechanical belief in a distant God, we have been delivered in a way the Church could never have expected, and certainly would never have chosen—by revelations of physical science. As Mr. Moore says:—"The one absolutely impossible conception of God in the present day is that which represents Him as an occasional Visitor." Darwinism, that seemed a foe, "has done the work of a friend. It seems as if, in the providence of God, the mission of modern science was to bring home to our unmetaphysical ways of thinking the great truth of the Divine immanence in creation, which is not less essential to the Christian idea of God than to a philosophical view of Nature. And it comes to us almost like a new truth, which we cannot at once fit in with the old." (p. 99.)

One great value of this essay is that it indicates the direction in which Christianity ought to meet the demands of modern science and philosophy, by bringing out of her treasure "things new and old." We must not be allowed to forget the doctrine of the Epistle to the Colossians, while we insist on that of the Epistle to the Galatians. Of the Word it is said: "In Him all things consist," that is, "hold together" (Col. i. 17). Of

the Word Incarnate we read: "In Whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden" (Col. ii. 2). Hidden indeed, not only from the eyes of the world, but too often from the eyes of the Church. It is many years now since Dr. Dale, in the preface to his volume on the Atonement, drew attention to this great gap in Christian teaching. If we do not fill up the breaches in the walls of Zion, it often happens that we are reminded of our negligence by the appearance of the enemy at the deserted posts. It is God Himself who sends them, for He has many ways of teaching His children that they do not recognise, and very many that they do not like. No greater help to faith can be given to-day than such as Mr. Moore gives, showing the comprehensiveness, sufficiency, and truly rational character of the Christian belief in God. We may well regret that he is no longer with us to give us more volumes like that on *Science and the Faith*, the single one that remains from his pen. We must quote the closing words of this article, perhaps the last published words of the author, as true as they are epigrammatic:—"Human nature craves to be both religious and rational. And the life which is not both is neither."

The central topic of the volume, *Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma*, has been entrusted to Mr. R. C. Moberly. Here, as we have already hinted, there appears to us to be a serious gap in the scheme of the volume. Granted that no scientific and systematic defence of the doctrine was undertaken, surely when so much is made to rest on the corner-stone of the Incarnation, that subject should have received separate, full, and as far as possible, complete consideration. It touches so closely the doctrine of God on the one hand, and the Atonement and all the human side of salvation on the other, that it is more than disappointing, it is a fatal flaw in the scheme of defence, that we have nothing more central to rest on than *Incarnation as a Basis of Dogma*. The essay, too, while containing much that is valuable, is by no means satisfactory in one or two important respects, which we proceed to point out.

It is, perhaps, not Mr. Moberly's fault that he is obliged to begin upon the basis, "If the doctrine of the Incarnation be

accepted." But it puts him to serious disadvantage to be obliged to introduce as a mere side-issue the evidence on which belief in that doctrine depends; various indeed in character, but with one definite historical fact as its "central heart and core"—the Resurrection. It is a further disadvantage that the writer's just contention that on the subject of the divinity of Christ we can recognise only absolute truth or absolute falsehood—either He was very God, or He was not, the highest form of Arianism no less than the barest Socinianism giving the lie direct to the Catholic faith—remains as his own dictum, instead of being carefully treated as an essential and fundamental part of the whole argument. But the subject undertaken by Mr. Moberly is the Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma, and we ought perhaps only to look to him for what follows from the acceptance of the doctrine, not for what precedes and underlies it. Here we find much with which we can heartily agree, the importance of the personality of Christ to every part of the Christian faith being strongly and justly insisted on. It is hardly possible to over-estimate in its relation to every part of Christian "dogma" the importance of the answer to the question, "Whom say ye that I am?"

But we think we are justified in complaining that Mr. Moberly so continually falls back upon the phrase, "the Creed," or "the Creeds," without more exactly defining what is therein included, and showing—as must be done in any reconstruction of theology—why the line is drawn so as to include certain articles of faith, and exclude others. The best brief statement of Mr. Moberly's position that we can find is the following:—

"Christian dogma does not mean a complicated system of arbitrary definitions upon a great variety of subjects of religious speculation, formulated one after another by human ingenuity, and imposed by human despotism upon the consciences of the unthinking or the submissive; it means rather the simple expression (guarded according to experience of misconception) of the fundamental fact of the Incarnation, together with such revelation as to the relations of the Divine Being and the wonder of His work amongst men, as is clearly lit up by the event of the Incarnation itself, and is required for such apprehension of the meaning and effects of the Incarnation, as Jesus Christ held to be meet and necessary for us." (pp. 247, 248.)

Now we may fairly ask for a much more definite comment on the last clauses of the above sentence than is contained in this essay. We read that all parts of Christian doctrine that are "necessarily contained" in a full unfolding of the great truth of the Incarnation are parts of our faith, and we are led to infer that no others are necessarily *de fide*. But in a volume which sets out with the express purpose of reconstructing theology, of showing why some parts of our traditional creed must be given up under stress of current controversies, while others must still be retained; surely if we look for clear and definite guidance anywhere, we look for it here. Mr. Moberly says in one place: "It must in simple candour be admitted that upon the appearance of any new form of thought, churchmen have not generally been quick of mind to discriminate the essential from the non-essential, so as to receive at first with any openness of mind, what they had afterwards to admit they might have received from the first." (p. 261.) Have the writers of *Lux Mundi* so discriminated? If so, they should have made it plainer to readers, who naturally shrink from loosing their hold upon old beliefs before they are quite persuaded of the new, upon what principles this discrimination is to be effected. The context of the above passage refers to beliefs about Genesis that may perhaps be discarded, but there is too much vagueness and uncertainty about the writer's treatment of the most cardinal questions. Did man fall or no? We have read these essays with great care, parts of them several times over, but we confess we could not say how the authors of *Lux Mundi* would answer the question; or, if the question were answered in the affirmative, what meaning they would attach to the answer.

We regret that we have not space to deal here with Mr. A. Lyttelton's careful and valuable essay on the Atonement. We are especially glad that this important part of Christian doctrine has not been passed over, because there are indications in these essays that the writers may be in danger of slighting its importance. They hold, as may be supposed, to the Scotist view that God would have taken upon Himself our nature, quite apart from the work of Redemption; and the Incarnation is regarded as the predestined climax of

creation, independently of human sin. Mr. Illingworth appears to be jealous of the too great attention paid by the Reformers to soteriology, and speaks of "the religion of the Incarnation being narrowed into the religion of the Atonement." But no abstract speculations should induce Christian writers thus to separate two great doctrines, and balance them one against the other, and it is perfectly clear why in dealing with sin and sinners, all the practical side of the Gospel and the work of Christ in Redemption needs continually to be put into the foreground. We the more regret, therefore, having to pass over this subject because Mr. Lyttelton's essay presents an admirable, if not complete treatment of the great theme of the Atonement, correcting many of the mistakes of a defective one-sided Evangelicalism, without falling into the opposite error of explaining away the central significance of this all-important doctrine, a doctrine which has always been, in spite of partial or even erroneous presentments of it, the very life and power of Christian preaching. But the topic needs, and we hope ere long will receive separate treatment. The publication of such works as Dr. Simon's *Redemption of Man*, and Mr. Mackintosh's *The Atonement Morally Viewed*, in his *Essays towards a New Theology*, shows how ripe the Christian Church is for a fuller treatment of the subject. No writer upon it can afford to pass by Mr. Lyttelton's essay.

But we must hasten to refer to what appear to us to be the chief objections to the position taken up by the writers of this volume, places where they have incautiously yielded to the temptation to modify Christian truth in order to accommodate modern theories. All will be agreed, we imagine, that new truths which need now to be assimilated, may modify the form of Christian doctrine, but cannot affect its substance. In formulating the doctrine of God, for instance, we may be called upon to lay more stress upon the immanence of God in creation, while still holding our belief in His transcendence; and in the doctrine of the Atonement, the vicariousness of Christ's sacrifice and the substitutionary character of His work, may need to be stated with greater caution, without giving up the fundamental view that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. All will agree, moreover, that

where the investigations of scientific men have established facts, or demonstrated, so far as the case permits, laws of Nature hitherto unknown, or where historical critics have discovered new facts, affecting biblical doctrine, and their hypotheses have been duly sifted and verified, it is necessary for theologians to take these into account and to modify traditional views and interpretations of Scripture which have proved to be mistaken. But to meddle with the *substance* of the Christian creed, and this in deference not to established facts but to current hypotheses, exhibits neither the fidelity to Christian tradition which is supposed especially to become High Churchmen, nor the prudence in ordering the battle with unbelief which becomes leaders of Christian thought. Such a policy may commend itself as wisely bold, but it may prove to be only rashly weak.

Two examples only of these undue concessions we will mention, and we have space to dwell on only one of these: Mr. Illingworth's views as to the attitude which Christian apologists should occupy towards modern theories of evolution and Mr. Gore's views on Inspiration, in relation to current criticism of the Old Testament. We do not differ very seriously from Mr. Illingworth, and are quite prepared to welcome in the field the appearance of Christian Evolutionists, when the doctrine of Evolution is carefully defined and limited. We by no means regret the strong stand that was made at the beginning against Darwinian theories, because it compelled a close scrutiny into the bearing of these views upon religion, and has necessitated a material modification in the claims of physical science and a strict delimitation of its boundaries. There is all the difference in the world between evolution considered as a *mode*, and evolution as a *cause*, in the history of the universe; and had it not been for the discussion raised by the relation of Darwin's doctrines to Revelation, a crude, materialistic, and essentially false view might have obtained general currency. We admit that it is a serious mistake to identify Christian apology with any position which may one day prove untenable. History is, alas! full of examples of stations thus rashly occupied only to be hastily and ignominiously abandoned. We confess, how-

ever, that in what Mr. Illingworth says concerning the evolution of man, including his mental and moral nature, he appears to us to be going to the other extreme, abandoning positions which not only might well be maintained, but are even necessary to an intelligent defence of a theistic, not to say Christian, doctrine of man.* Further, we must complain that Mr. Illingworth is by no means as clear as he should be on the relation of evolution to the Christian doctrine of sin and the reality and significance of the Fall. But the passages from his essay which we had marked for examination we are compelled to pass by.

More serious, because more immediately practical is the attitude assumed in this volume towards recent "higher criticism" of the Old Testament. Scattered indications of the loose way in which the subject of revelation and inspiration is regarded are to be found throughout the book. The discoveries of the physicist and of the philosopher are spoken of as "Divine revelations." (p. 197.) Doubtless there is a sense in which this is true, but the language is misleading. Elsewhere we read: "We speak of the religion of the Old Testament as 'revealed,' in contrast with all other pre-Christian religions. Is that distinction tenable?" and the answer given appears to be largely in the negative. (p. 71.) Mr. Moberly's language on this subject is more guarded than that of his colleagues, but it is to Mr. Gore's essay that we must turn if we would gain a full exposition of the views of the writers on Inspiration.

Mr. Gore's mode of approaching his subject is interesting and suggestive, and we have no objection to make to his general remarks on the Christian doctrine of the Holy Spirit, and his placing inspiration in its due place in relation to this. He quotes with approval a saying of Athanasius, that it was the function of the Jews to be "a sacred school for all the world of the knowledge of God and of the spiritual life," and repeatedly says that we must "put ourselves to school" with the writers of the books of the Old and New Testaments. But Mr. Gore shows himself in some respects much more inclined

* Mr. Wallace in his *Darwinism* supplies a much-needed corrective to the comparatively loose and careless way in which Mr. Illingworth deals with this subject.

to put them to school to himself. We have little space to quote, but will try to give as fairly as we can his own answer to the question: "Does the inspiration of the record guarantee the historical truth of what the writer records?" The following are some of the chief passages bearing on this point:—

"The church cannot *insist upon* the historical character of the earliest records of the ancient church in detail, as she can on the historical character of the Gospels or the Acts of the Apostles. . . . . Within the limits of what is substantially historical there is still room for an admixture of what, though marked by spiritual purpose, is yet not strictly historical—for instance, for a feature which characterises all early history—the attribution to first founders of what is really the remoter result of their institutions. Now historical criticism assures us that this process has been largely at work in the Pentateuch. . . . . If we believe that the law, as it grew, really did represent the Divine intention for the Jews, gradually worked out upon the basis of a Mosaic institution, there is nothing materially untruthful, though there is something uncritical in attributing the whole legislation to Moses acting under the Divine command. . . . . What we are asked to admit is not conscious perversion, but unconscious idealising of history, the reading back into past records of a ritual development which was really later. . . . . Thus, without pronouncing an opinion, where we have no right to do so, on the critical questions at present under discussion, we may maintain with considerable assurance that there is nothing in the doctrine of Inspiration to prevent our recognising a considerable idealising element in the Old Testament history." (pp. 352–354).

And again:—

"This we can vaguely call the mythical stage of mental evolution. A myth is not a falsehood; it is a product of mental activity, as instructive and rich as any later product, but its characteristic is, that it is not yet distinguished into history and poetry and philosophy. . . . Now has the Jewish history such a stage; does it pass back out of history into myth? In particular, are not its earlier narratives, before the call of Abraham, of the nature of myth, in which we cannot distinguish the historical germ, though we do not at all deny that it exists? . . . . The present writer, believing that the modern development of historical criticism is reaching results as sure, where it is fairly used, as scientific inquiry, and feeling therefore that the warning which the name of Galileo must ever bring before the memory of Churchmen, is not unneeded now, believes also that the Church is in no way restrained from admitting the modifications just hinted at, in what has latterly been the current idea of inspiration." (pp. 356, 357.)

We have probably done some injustice to Mr. Gore by thus

picking out sentences from his argument, but we think we have in no respect unfairly represented his statement of his own position. That position is one which cannot be discussed in a section of a single article. If we were criticising it, we should have to begin with the premisses upon which the results of this historical criticism, "as sure as scientific inquiry," are based, glancing at them at least so far as to ask: "What is the precise nature of the evidence upon which we are expected to give up the historic credibility of the Old Testament?" But leaving this, let us see what is the precise position taken up by Mr. Gore. He gives as a reason why "myth"—a "product of mental activity," which is "not a falsehood," but is certainly not a truth—"idealisation," and "unhistoric elements" may be admitted in the Old Testament, but not in the New, that "the Old Testament is the record of how God produced a need, or an anticipation, or an ideal, while the New Testament records how He satisfied it." What sort of a barrier is this to arrest the tide of rationalism at the boundary between the two covenants? Has it never occurred to the writer that what naturalistic critics are perpetually saying is that the Gospel narratives may be analysed and explained away in precisely the same fashion, that the New Testament also is the record of the production of an ideal rather than of actual fact, that the same process by which "myth" is established in the case of the Old Testament is traceable, *mutatis mutandis*, in the case of the New? True, the period is not so remote, the time for the growth of myth is far shorter, the materials for discussion are readier to hand, and the battle against rationalistic refinements of an historical narrative is in the case of the New Testament much easier to fight; and of course we are by no means asserting that the Old and the New Testaments stand to the Christian on precisely the same footing. But what we are concerned with is the exact nature of Mr. Gore's admission that the unhistorical, mythical element may be admitted in connection with a direct revelation from God without destroying its credibility. What a flimsy line of defence is left to such an apologist against (for example) the arguments of *The Kernel and the Husk!* What a point of vantage is here conceded to those who would explain away

revelation altogether, and contend that it matters little that the Gospels are unhistorical and idealising in details, and that the "sweet thoughts" of the "Nazarene peasant" remain, in spite of the myths that made him into a God! It is of little avail, so far as logical and theological consistency goes, to say that in the case of the Old Testament, we have to deal with the dim distance of three thousand years ago, and with far scantier historical remains. Our attitude towards divine revelation, and our defence against the subjective position of rationalism must not be allowed to depend upon the measure of our ability to argue from dates and documents. A writer who takes the position of Mr. Gore as to the Old Testament will be found, if he does not take care, undermining not an outwork of Christian faith, but a part of its central bulwarks.

Still, if facts imperatively demand it, this position as to the Old Testament must be taken, whatever the effect upon the New. That is why we are disposed to insist so strenuously upon such a threshing out of the arguments as has never been carried out in this country. Canon Driver states the case of the critics with great moderation in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, but his notice of the arguments of Professor Green on the other side is most shallow and perfunctory. One would think that he had hardly taken the trouble to read them, from the account he gives of their character, condensed almost into a single line. Canon Cheyne writes with cool contempt of "a literalistic theology which ought to be extinct,"* whilst blandly complimenting "the able editor of *Lux Mundi*" for being above such narrow and old-fashioned views. But neither of these writers has fairly discussed the subject all round, and the danger, as it appears to us, is lest opinion should be formed through the pressure of authority and fashion, rather than of thorough argument. Mr. Gore does not enter upon argument at all, and yet henceforth his expression of opinion will probably determine the views of hundreds of clergymen who will never dream of investigating the question for themselves, but will be content, as it is vul-

* *Academy*, Feb. 15, 1890; in a review of Prof. Margoliouth's book on Ecclesiasticus, which receives scant appreciation because this able scholar does not favour the "new criticism."

garly phrased, to "throw over" the Old Testament, the groundwork of their Christian faith being assured as they think by that all-sufficient authority, "the Church."

We hold no brief for a side. Historical criticism, as well as scientific investigation, must do its work, and students of the Bible must frankly face the results and abide by them. But history has abundantly shown that the professed "results" of historical and literary critics as well as of physicists need to be tested, as regards their bearing on religion, by the close and even jealous scrutiny of those who represent higher interests. Physical science may dogmatise in her own domain, but she must be compelled to keep within it. Historical critics may frame hypotheses and exhibit such "verification" as the case admits, but their verdict cannot be accepted simply because it commends itself to those who proceed on certain tacit, unwarranted assumptions. Mr. Gore's position in accepting the results of this criticism may appear to be marked by strength and boldness. Here, it may be said, is a Christian apologist who is not afraid to face facts, whose robust faith embraces and assimilates new truths. But strength and boldness would be just now exhibited in a far higher degree by a thorough examination of the "facts" and "truths" of critical hypotheses which appear to commend themselves to many rather because they are becoming fashionable, than because they have been clearly proved. The real question at issue is not concerning the literary composition of the books of the Old Testament, but concerning their trustworthiness and historical credibility. Before yielding the important position of the accuracy and trustworthiness of Old Testament narratives, we hope that High Churchmen will take counsel of Canon Liddon, a wiser leader of their own party, and an abler champion of the Christian faith than any of the writers of this volume. Rash concessions to criticism are at least as mistaken as unintelligent resistance to it.

But we must leave this subject, which only indirectly concerns a notice of *Lux Mundi*. The authors of these essays seem comparatively satisfied to give up the higher views of inspiration and the historic credibility of the Old Testament, because of their confidence in the secure foundation of "the

Church," and the dependence of faith upon "the Sacraments." In the two essays which deal with these subjects, there are many true as well as admirable remarks, but we doubt whether the writers, whilst complacently expatiating on the way in which the Church, amidst current perplexities will "go on teaching its children with an absolute but rational authority," have sufficiently faced the consequences of the admissions made elsewhere to the prevalent rationalism of the day. Do the writers seriously think that this kind of position is logically or morally tenable? Having yielded, not to the cogency of facts, but to the plausibility of critical hypotheses, based on rationalistic principles, as regards the Old Testament, do they think it likely that they can make a stand upon the authority of the Church? Certain Roman Catholics have made similar attempts, without perceiving that the process was that of deliberately sawing away at the bough upon which they were resting. It seems as if these able writers, in endeavouring to meet halfway current scientific and critical hypotheses, had hardly gauged the full significance of the concessions they are prepared to make, and the proverbial fate of new wine poured into old bottles, and undressed cloth sewed on to an old garment, is only too likely to overtake the somewhat crude mixture of old and new theological tenets, presented in some parts of this book.

For on the subject of the Church, as may be well imagined, there is no concession. There is but one Church of Christ on the earth, and those only can be recognised as true Christians who belong to it. The often repeated saying, that "the idea of an invisible church is an idea entirely at variance with Scripture and all pre-Reformation teaching," is made to do duty again, as if the occurrence of the phrase "invisible church" were the all-important thing, and as if the whole teaching of Scripture were not to emphasise the importance of the spiritual element of the Church in comparison with outward organisation, whenever the two are brought into contrast. But it is useless to re-argue this point. We do not depreciate organisation, or the importance of true Church unity. As Dr. Fairbairn says in a recently published sermon: "The man who says there is no Church, speaks falsely, but

not so falsely as the man who says, there is no Church but mine." The latter is, however, naturally enough the position of the writers of these essays. We do not agree with them, but that is not our point at present. It is rather to draw attention to the peculiar dangers attaching to the position of those who, while High Churchmen amongst the high, are also anxious to prove themselves Broad Churchmen amongst the broad. The position is a fascinating, but a perilous one. We have read many parts of this volume with pleasure, and we yield ungrudging admiration to the ability of the writers, but we cannot recommend them as safe and trustworthy guides in the slippery places of modern conflict between faith and unbelief. We much prefer the authority of the Book of Books in all its parts to the authority of the Church as set forth by the authors of *Lux Mundi*.

The publication of this manifesto seemed to demand prompt notice at our hands, and has therefore compelled us to intermit, for our present issue, the examination, on which we entered in our last number, into the nature and results of Pentateuchal criticism in the hands of Wellhausen and his school. We purpose, however, to return at the earliest period to this subject, the importance of which has received further illustration from the contents of *Lux Mundi*.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Permanent Elements of Religion. By W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Bampton Lectures for 1887 have been somewhat late in appearing, but bishops are busy men and have much to do besides revising proof-sheets. The interest aroused by these lectures on their delivery was, we believe, almost without precedent in Oxford, and their publication has been eagerly awaited. Readers of the volume will perhaps fail to find the charm which the attractive delivery of the eloquent Bishop, speaking without a single note, gave to his discourses before assembled dons and undergraduates. But even in their printed form the lectures are by no means devoid of charm. They are full of interesting and valuable thoughts on the great theme of the Permanence of Religion, expressed with ease and grace, and often with considerable vigour. An Appendix contains notes which show that the Bishop has devoted no slight attention to the literature of his subject, at all events in its later developments. The volume affords profitable and suggestive reading to all who are interested in the comparative study of religions.

We fear, however, that it will not be found to furnish an original, lasting, or in any sense important contribution to the study of the subject. Bishop Carpenter's mode of treating it is more likely to confirm those who are already persuaded of his conclusions than to refute or convert opponents. He bases his opinion that religion must prove a permanent element in man's nature on the existence of four spiritual principles or laws—the Law of Environment, "As we think, we are;" the Law of Organism, "As we are, we see;" the Law of Sacrifice, "Progress is through sacrifice;" and the Law of Indirectness, "Sacrifice to be pure must be inspired by something higher than the desire to be self-sacrificing." The Bishop further finds in all religions the three features of (1) Dependence, (2) Fellowship, (3) Progress, and proceeds to argue that the religion which most thoroughly provides for man's needs in these three respects will be the religion of the future. Rejecting other religions as comparatively undeserving of examination, he passes in review Islam, Buddhism, and Christianity, and has little difficulty in showing that while Islam amply provides for the first of these features of religious life, it is

markedly deficient in the second and third, while "Christianity alone of these three universal religions possesses originally and indigenously the three elements of religion which the history of religions shows that man's nature demands."

In the course of this exposition Bishop Carpenter draws an interesting sketch of the religious history of man from his own point of view, and Christians will find in the study and comparison that is here presented much that is suggestive. But the lecturer undertakes nothing like a scientific inquiry; the four "spiritual conditions" and the three "essential features" form no firm, objective basis for an argument, and a philosophical student of religion, writing from an Agnostic or a Pantheistic point of view, would make short work of this somewhat flimsy foundation. Much surer ground is made in the sixth lecture, which deals with "The Necessity of Religion," and examines the proposed substitutes for it. The sixth and seventh lectures appear to us the best in the book, though there are valuable thoughts in that which discusses "Religion and Morality." A specimen, however, of the Bishop's somewhat loose mode of dealing with his subject is found in this lecture, where we read at some length of "the shadow of religion—*religionism*" and of religion "giving a sort of *eternalism* to righteousness." Similar unfortunate phraseology is found in the next lecture, where the danger of "*moralism*, the shadow of morality," is pointed out. Current Pantheistic tendencies are ably dealt with in the lecture on "Religion and Personality," in which it is contended that the religion of the future must be based on a Person, not a Creed or a Code.

We have read the volume with great interest, though with considerable disappointment. It contains so much that is good, that we are sorry to say the main impression left upon the mind is that its speculations on the religions of the past and the probable religion of the future, while in some respects finely conceived and always eloquently expressed, are too vague and subjective to possess the cogency and permanent value which we had hoped to find in Bishop Carpenter's work. But it cannot fail to interest and profit every devout and earnest-minded reader. We can make room for only one extract to illustrate this:—

"It is well to take these three glances—to look around with compassion to see where and how we can help the faint and the hungry; to look inward for the wisdom which is born of self-knowledge, and to look upward that we may see that above the ladder of daily duty is the Lord God of all duty. Upward, yet not upward only, lest we adopt an indolent faith whose motto is "All for us." Around, yet not around only, lest, forgetting God, we should rely only on self, and adopt the life whose motto is "All by us." Around, yet inwards also, that we may learn all that needs to be wrought within us, and win the precious gift of true humility. Then, as from the sad glances, within and around, we turn our eyes upward once more, we shall see that, notwithstanding the darkness, heaven is still open, and that the angels of God are ever ascending and descending; for, rightly understood, even the sighs, the self-judgments and the aspirations of men are angels which lift them heavenward and bind them to God" (p. 73).

If the Bampton Lectures for 1887 do not prove a bulwark of the Christian faith, they provide abundant matter for profitable thought, and cannot but awaken admiration for the earnest and catholic spirit and the attractive and eloquent utterance of their author.

The Epistle to the Hebrews: The Greek Text, with Notes and Essays. By B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of Westminster, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

This is indeed a great work, the greatest work, we think, even of Dr. Westcott. Many of the views expounded or implied in it will be questioned by many, but none will deny the profound study of the whole of the epistle, the wonderful and perfectly digested learning, the completeness of mastery and of method, the scholarly finish of style, the richness of suggestion, the devoutness and spirituality of thought and feeling, the extraordinary closeness and fulness of expository treatment, which are characteristics of this masterpiece. That it is overlaboured may be true; that, owing to the minute and detailed completeness of method, unwaveringly worked out, there is considerable repetition of statement and interpretation, is undeniable; such defects as these, if they are defects, are the almost necessary consequence of the exhaustive method of analysis, exposition, comparison, and combination which Dr. Westcott has adopted in his determination to leave no text of interpretation unapplied and no detail unworked. But the volume remains unrivalled in thoroughness and certainly unsurpassed in all that marks the prayerful and sympathetic student of a book in which the lessons of the Old and of the New Covenants are wrought into one illuminated tissue of profound and systematic exposition as in no other book of Holy Scripture.

As to the authorship of the epistle, Dr. Westcott has little new to tell us. The date he would place between 64 and 67 A.D. He follows the general stream of interpreters in regarding the epistle as addressed to Jewish Christians, probably the Church or Churches of Jerusalem or Palestine. The writer, who, he is convinced, was not St. Paul, whoever else he may have been, expresses the final Christian doctrine as to the fulfilment in and by Jesus of the whole purpose and meaning of Old Testament Revelation, and especially of the Jewish religion with its ritual. The object was to confirm the Jewish converts in their Christian faith, and to show them that though the Jewish people had not, as a whole, been converted, and Christ had not returned, yet the divine covenant and the prophecies had been completely accomplished. One deficiency, as it seems to us, we venture to note. Certainly the danger and the terrible sin of apostasy from Christianity on the part of Jewish converts were thoughts which gave a special colouring of awfulness and horror to the parallel passages in the sixth and tenth chapters (vi. 4–9, x. 26–31), as was admirably shown, fifty years ago, in Treffry's fine treatise on the "Eternal Sonship" of Christ. Of this special colouring Dr. Westcott seems to us to give an inadequate explanation, because he has not fully realized the point of

view to which we have referred. As to the *crux* connected with the *covenant* and *testament* connexion of passages—we are referring to the language of the Authorized Version—in the ninth chapter, Dr. Westcott does his duty, and comes as near giving satisfaction as any commentator we know, adhering, of course, to the same sense of *διαθήκη* throughout. We shall not venture to express some doubts that we entertain as to the exegesis or the interpretation of several passages. This is not a journal of Biblical criticism, nor are we disposed without much thought or except with modest misgiving to controvert Dr. Westcott's decisions on questions of exegesis. Special views are set forth or indicated on questions of high and deep theology—as, *e.g.*, the doctrines of Incarnation and Sacrifice—as to which many, like ourselves, will desire to reserve their judgment. The volume is enriched with a number of supplementary notes on such subjects or on passages of the Epistle, and with an essay "On the Use of the Old Testament in the Epistle," which is most carefully worked out and very suggestive.*

The Prophecies of Jeremiah. By Dr. C. Von Orelli, Basel. Translated by Rev. J. S. Banks. T. & T. Clark. 1889.

It is a great boon to have a commentary upon Jeremiah within moderate compass. Expository literature has become of late unreasonably diffuse. A book of the Bible containing only a few chapters claims a good-sized volume, and the long book of Jeremiah might be supposed to need two or three. Commentaries on this prophet, moreover, are not abundant. In English, Canon Cheyne's excellent exposition is buried amidst a quantity of questionable expository matter in two large volumes of the Pulpit Commentary. The volume in Dr. Schaff's *Lange* series also is cumbrous, and the exposition overlaid with other matter, though Nagelsbach is a careful interpreter. Keil is in two volumes and somewhat out of date. The amount of information given in Mr. Streane's notes in the *Cambridge Bible for Schools* is considerable and sufficient for many readers besides the "schoolboys" for whom it is professedly intended. But Orelli's brief commentary contains exactly what was wanted for the English student of these prophecies;—scholarly, clear, condensed exposition, giving substantial assistance to the Hebrew student, but not enough to repel the English reader, and explaining the whole book within the compass of some 350 clearly printed pages. A new, independent translation is furnished of each section of the text; then a few clear, carefully selected notes are given on the details; and this is followed by a useful running "Exposition" of the whole passage, giving the general drift and connexion of thought.

Many of Dr. Von Orelli's views challenge discussion; for example, his remarks in the Introduction on the relation between the Greek and the Massoretic texts are decidedly open to criticism. But on this and other

* Since this notice was written Dr. Westcott, a not unworthy successor of Dr. Lightfoot, has been made Bishop of Durham.

complex questions only a few sentences are possible in a commentary of this size, and though we often cannot agree with the author's opinions, we have been struck with the judiciousness of his few well-chosen remarks. The book is admirably translated by Professor Banks, and will form a valuable addition to the library of the English Bible-student.

1. *Judges and Ruth.* By the Rev. ROBERT A. WATSON, M.A.

2. *The Revelation of St. John.* By P. W. GRANT.

3. *Biblical Commentary on the Psalms.* By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D. Vol. III. Translated by the Rev. DAVID EATON, M.A.

4. *The Sermon Bible. Isaiah to Malachi.* London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

1. There have lately been several books published dealing with this interesting and difficult period of the history of Israel. Among these books, this of Mr. Watson's seems to be one of the best. It is clear, firm, and eloquent, very straightforward and truth-speaking. Whether Mr. Watson succeeds in solving every dark question that comes under his attention we will not undertake to determine, but at least he shirks nothing. Many readers will certainly disagree with his view as to Jephthah's vow. There is one drawback to this as to some other books of the same class that have come under our notice. The volume seems to be made up of pulpit lectures. The need of popularizing and adapting for the benefit of a congregation tends, as we think, to undue enlargement, and also to a sort of lesson-grafting on the subject in hand which is somewhat strained. But in this volume there is less of that defect than in most that have come under our notice.

2. This is a devout and able book. Unlike Dr. Milligan, Mr. Grant views the book as directly predictive. This is one of the many interpretations which make the *Apocalypse* a synoptical series of historical prophecies. To us it is not more satisfactory than other such interpretations. Mr. Grant, in short, does not seem to us to have found the secret of this magnificent mysterious book.

3. This third volume completes Dr. Delitzch's valuable commentary, which we have twice already highly commended to our readers.

4. These sermons on the prophetic books will often suggest suitable themes to a preacher and provoke thought. They are drawn from the best sermons of the best preachers, and are often racy, always spiritual and evangelical in tone. This volume closes the Old Testament Section. The four volumes now published make up a capital sermonic library, and the references to noteworthy discourses on the various texts will be helpful to many preachers.

A Treatise on Predestination, Election, and Grace—Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical: to which is added a Bibliography of the subject. By W. A. COPINGER, F.S.A., Barrister-at-law. London: Nisbet & Co. 1889.

A truly remarkable work in many respects. We had thought the Calvinistic or Predestinarian controversy so completely a part of the past, that no one would care now to write or read its history; but here we have a bulky exhaustive account of the famous conflict, one of the greatest in Church history, from first to last. The work is remarkable also for its thoroughness, its minute acquaintance with every turn and winding of the story, its clearness and impartiality. It would perhaps be hopeless for either Calvinist or Arminian to be quite impartial. The author is evidently neither in an extreme form. He condemns much that is essential to Calvinism, and he does not accept much that goes under the Arminian name. His judicial training contributes to the impartiality, and perhaps to the lucidity of his treatise. The work must have cost years of research, and has plainly been a labour of love. The subject is not attractive in itself; but to theologians it can never lose interest, and in the author's hands it almost loses its native dryness. The volume can scarcely fail to take its place as a standard history of a famous conflict.

Let us briefly glance at the contents. The Historical Introduction of above a hundred pages gives a review of the whole controversy, from its rise in Augustine's works, through the disputes of the Middle Ages, and the new phase the question took at the Reformation, down to Principal Cunningham's essays. The theory of Augustine, the Schoolmen, the Jansenists, the Reformers, the Reformed Creeds, the Puritans—all pass in compact array before us. What adds to the clearness of the story is that the author does not confine himself to general criticisms, but gives synopses of the opposing arguments, supported by sufficient quotations. Here is a specimen of the way in which he holds the balances evenly: "The Wesleyan Methodists hold the doctrines of election, predestination, and grace as the same were held by Arminius; but they, equally with their great leader, Wesley, have universally rejected the Pelagianism which has infected so many of Arminius' followers. They have always stood forth strenuously in support of the great Catholic doctrines of the atonement, of original sin, and of grace." The bulk of the work consists of two parts, doctrinal and practical. There is an elaborate chapter on Predestination and Foreknowledge. Almost all that has been written on this difficult, yet fascinating subject, is assimilated, and then presented in quite attractive style. The subjects of Election, the Object (or Purpose) of Election, the Cause of Election, Free-Will and Grace, Final Perseverance, "Other Schemes of Election Arminianism and Calvinism," are then discussed in as many chapters, (*a*) Generally, (*b*) in the light of the Old Testament, (*c*) of the New Testament, (*d*) of the Early Church. The practical part, in five more chapters, expounds

the application to be made of the Doctrine of Election. All is supported by ample quotation and exposition both of Scripture and of writers of all ages. There is no sign anywhere of weariness or neglect. Each detail is carefully worked out.

And this is not all; not the least surprising part of the work is the Bibliography of the subject in 216 pages, double columns, the works being arranged according to the year of publication from 1467 to 1889 A.D., the first being Augustine's *De Civitate*, and the last Canon Liddon, reported in *Church Times*, Jan. 4, 1889. The early Fathers appear when the editions of their works were published. Where collected works are mentioned, only the part bearing on the question is indicated. Sometimes the authors or their works are characterised, the notes being occasionally as severe, though not perhaps as pungent, as Spurgeon's on *Comments and Commentators*. It was, however, hardly worth mentioning "an exceedingly silly work." To one work by James Jones, 1820, is appended, "suppressed by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference." Tho. Chubb, 1717, is "a literary tallow-chandler. He had great natural ability, but no learning, and usually attempted more than his qualifications enabled him to accomplish." The Bibliography shows remarkable acquaintance with books and editions. Finally there is an Index Nominum, facilitating reference to the Bibliography. The work is excellently printed on the whole, at a provincial press; but the small Greek at the foot of the pages while accurate, has often a very ragged look.

The Way: the Nature and Means of Revelation. By JOHN WEIR, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

It is not easy to discover, and still less easy to describe, the purpose of this work. The author avows in the preface the intention to discard the modern historical method of treating Scripture, and to review its teachings in the light of its own words. Accordingly, the entire field of Scripture is covered, and there is abundance of quotation. The Beginning and the Ending, the Seers and Prophets, the Son of Man, the Risen Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, are discussed at length, a sort of system of theology being brought in under these heads. But, on turning to the chapters, we find that every subject is discussed from the standpoint of the natural, psychical and spiritual states or spheres. We fear that many readers will here find themselves out of their depth, and will often be at a loss to extract meaning from the pages. Thus, on the Tri-personality of God and Man, we read, "The Spirit individualized in a divine soul is the Son, and that divine soul is the Holy Ghost." The author evidently accepts the tripartite view of man's nature and interprets all Scripture truths and facts in its light. "Body, soul and spirit are distinct in substance, though correlated, all are combined in the constitution of the regenerate man." We have said enough to indicate the drift of the work, and as much as we understand.

The Philanthropy of God. By Rev. H. P. HUGHES, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

The series of Sunday afternoon addresses which Mr. Hughes here publishes under the title *The Philanthropy of God*, naturally bears strong resemblance to his previous volume *Social Christianity*, noticed by us at the time of its appearance. The subjects are mainly those of current interest, such as "The Secret of John Bright's Career," "The Deadly Militarism of Lord Wolseley," "Woman's Wrongs," "Father Damien," and "London Pauperism." On these and other topics Mr. Hughes' remarks are brief, pointed, lively, and practical. His utterances are not remarkable for their weighty, well-considered character, but they are admirably adapted to arrest the attention, awaken the conscience, and point to the Lord Jesus Christ as the one Sovereign Helper and Saviour of men. Addresses like these will, no doubt, in their printed form, as they did when delivered in St. James's Hall, reach many who would have no patience with a carefully thought-out sermon. The very exaggerations of Mr. Hughes's style help largely to attract those whom a more sober and guarded utterance would repel. We cannot profess, as a matter of taste, to admire the breadth of the brush with which Mr. Hughes paints most of his pictures. But we gladly and heartily recognize the valuable service which he is rendering to Christian truth by bringing home its practical bearings to many who would not otherwise have been reached by it, and we hope that the area of usefulness covered by these addresses when delivered will be very largely increased by their publication in this volume. The book tells in earnest, vigorous words of the love of God in Christ to sinful men. This is a theme which can never be exhausted, never grow stale; but the truth must ever be made fresh by its being applied, as Mr. Hughes applies it, to the new needs of a new generation, and by the employment in its service of the endlessly varied faculties and talents of all who have felt and proved its power.

The Higher Criticism. By CYPRIAN T. RUST, Rector of Westerfield, Suffolk. London: Simpkin. 1889.

The writer of this pamphlet gives an account of the results of recent "Higher Criticism," as regards the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, pointing out the serious consequences of accepting the analysis of Wellhausen. He refrains, however, from attempting an argumentative reply, partly because the critics are amongst the greatest scholars of the age, and partly because he thinks that ere long the theory will fall by its own weight. We fail to see, however, why a thoughtful student of Scripture, who has been watching the progress of criticism "for forty years," should not have set forth the chief arguments on the side of the traditional theory. Many of the questions involved do not require profound scholarship, and the undeniable incompleteness of this pamphlet, which is not without ability, would thus have been remedied.

Bethel: and other Sermons on Old Testament Subjects. By the Rev. A. O. SMITH, B.A., L.Th. London: J. F. Shaw. 1890.

Mr. Smith's neat little volume is a fitting memorial of the opening of his curacy at Hoylandswaine. His seven sermons are full of evangelical truth, expressed with much clearness and force. Wise use is sometimes made of anecdote, incident, and poetry, but the reader is most impressed with the preacher's effective use of Scripture, and his well-balanced reasoning and appeal. The sermons on "The Protecting Blood" and "The Vindictive Vitality of Vice" are good illustrations of Mr. Smith's style. Such a book cannot fail to do good.

The Language of the New Testament. By the late Rev. W. H. SIMCOX, M.A., Rector of Harlaxton. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

This is another volume of "The Theological Educator" series, which includes such books as Prebendary Row's *Manual of Christian Evidences*, Professor Warfield's *Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*. It is not a grammar, but an attempt to show in what points "the language of the New Testament differs from classical and even post-classical usage." The writer says: "I have given, as a rule, greater proportional attention to points that struck me in my own reading, than to such as I only noticed when my attention was called to them by grammarians." After two introductory chapters, on "The Greek Nation and Language after Alexander," and "The Language of the Jewish Hellenists," Mr. Simcox treats, in successive sections, the characteristics of New Testament Greek in the forms of nouns, verbs, and particles; in the use of articles, pronouns, and the various parts of speech. The book is crowded with details, and will be of great service to all students of New Testament Greek. None but a painstaking scholar could have produced such a compendium.

The Expositor. Vol. X. Third Series. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

In this volume we find the stream of contributors fully maintained, representing types of interpretation of opposite schools, some of whom go a long way in the direction, if not into the territory, of Rationalism. We welcome heartily some new names, in particular those of Professor Beet and the Rev. T. G. Selby. There are two contributors to this volume who have passed beyond our sight—Dr. Elmslie and the Rev. W. H. Simcox. The veteran Dr. David Brown, however, still writes. Dr. Chadwick and Dr. Godet are

among the contributors. As usual, the names of Dr. Bruce, Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Dods, Dr. Milligan, and others equally well known to fame, are found in the list of writers. The tone and tendencies of their contributions remain as heretofore—of very various quality and merit.

Imago Christi: The Example of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. JAMES STALKER, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

Mr. Stalker is well and favourably known by his *Life of Jesus Christ* and *Life of St. Paul.* The present volume will also, we have no doubt, be welcomed, as full of careful thought and suggestive lessons, interestingly and attractively set forth. The first chapter is an appropriate introduction, consisting of remarks on the world-famous "Imitation of Christ." Then follow chapters on "Christ in the Home," in the State, the Church, as a Friend, in Society, as a Man of Prayer, and under many other aspects, including the aspect of a Controversialist and a Philanthropist. We sincerely recommend this useful book.

Covenant Comforts: A Companion and Supplement to "The Form of Covenanting with God." Extracted from the Works of JOSEPH ALLEINE, and edited by G. OSBORN, D.D. London: C. H. Kelly. 1890.

We know few devotional manuals so profitable as this. It is well called "Covenant Comforts," for every word seems to inspire hope and courage. The body of the book, entitled "The Voice of the Lord in the Promises," is laden with suggestive sentences, in which faith will find strong consolation. In felicity of expression these pages compare favourably with Rutherford's Letters, but they have greater strength of thought, and do not become wearisome as Rutherford's luscious expressions do. Dr. Osborn's brief history of the book raises expectation to a high pitch, but we can safely say that it will not be disappointed. The little volume ought to have a place in every devotional library.

Joshua: His Life and Times. By the Rev. WILLIAM J DEANE, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

We can heartily recommend this careful, learned, and reverent contribution to the series of histories of the "Men of the Bible."

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Letters of Horace Walpole. Selected and edited by CHARLES DUKE YONGE, M.A., Author of *France under the Bourbons*, &c. Two vols. London: Fisher Unwin. 1889.

"THE gossiping letter of a profound politician or a vivacious observer often" (says the elder Disraeli) "reveals the individual or unriddles a mystery." Horace Walpole was certainly not the former: his chief contribution to politics was a set of squibs on Pulteney, who had overthrown his father's administration; but he certainly was the latter. He took an interest in all that went on in the *beau monde*, whether here or in France. Leaders of fashion, scholars, poets, antiquarians are among his correspondents; and thus the side-lights thrown on men and things are varied and manifold. He was in the very position to focus all that was going on. His father, "not a genius of the first class" (says Burke), kept the new dynasty on the throne by his strict adherence (along with Cardinal Fleury) to a peace policy. And royal gratitude enabled him to give his youngest son, while yet a schoolboy, several "patent places." Before his father's resignation, Horace's income from this source exceeded the then large sum of £8000 a year. He was able before he was thirty, to buy Strawberry Hill, and to enlarge it into a little baronial castle, filling it with curios till it became a South-British Abbotsford. Here he had his own press, from which issued that *Mysterious Mother*, which he admits is "disgusting," but which Byron, indiscriminating in his praise, because he thought Walpole had been decried owing to his social rank, calls "a tragedy of the highest order"; *The Castle of Otranto*, of which the wits said:

> "A novel now is nothing more
> Than an old castle and a creaking door";

Historic Doubts about Richard III., the first of that long series of "white-washings" of which Mr. Froude's *Henry VIII.* is a notable instance; and his *Anecdotes* of various kinds. On his letters he set a high value, was careful to insist on their being preserved, and predicted that in 150 years such "trifles relating to considerable people" would be esteemed. And, indeed, even Macaulay, who belittles him as "frivolous in his tastes and scarcely above mediocrity in his abilities," admits "the irresistible charm of the letters, and the light that those to Sir H. Mann at Florence throw on a period of which common readers know the least." Against Macaulay's disparagement we may set Scott's verdict, "A man of great genius;" but, whether or not, it is unquestionable that "history waits for its last seal from genuine letters," and that such letters give the best notion of contemporary manners.

Mr. Yonge begins with letters to the Montagus written before the age of

nineteen, and showing that Horace's liveliness of style was born with him. As we read "'tis no little inducement to make me wish myself in France that I hear gallantry is not left off there," we wonder how he and Gray, the society man and the recluse, could have got on together as long as they did. He is very severe on the Parisians: "A meanness reigns through all the French love of show—a room hung with damask and gold, and the windows mended in a dozen places with paper;" but when he spoke of "people of the first quality in Paris living by public gaming-houses," he forgot that much the same is charged on English noblemen and women by our comic writers. Of Versailles he writes: "It fell so short of my idea of it, that I've resigned to Gray the office of writing its panegyric. He likes it." Everywhere he pokes very poor fun at "the friars with all their trumpery;" near Florence he is shown "a set of gnashing of teeth, the grinders very entire; a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful again at Easter; the crisping and frizzling of Mary Magdalen, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that showed these was got into such a train of calling them the blessed this and the blessed that, that at last he showed us a bit of the blessed fig tree that Christ cursed." At Florence, where he staid over six months, he was "so lazy that I've not seen so much as one of the Great Duke's villas." Yet he was already a keen collector, paying seven guineas for a medallion of Severus, which the peasant who found it sold to a dealer for sixpence. *Far niente* was his delight at home as well as abroad. When he speaks of "being shut up in the House till one A.M., and coming away more dead than alive," we wonder how he would have fared during a session of all-night sittings. Yet his account of the famous debate on Pulteney's motion for a secret Committee to sit on Sir R. Walpole, the debate when 503 members voted, "men of crutches, Sir W. Gordon from his bed with a blister on his head, Sir C. Wager looking like Lazarus at his resuscitation, and other sick and dead being brought in," is one of the liveliest things he ever wrote. Pity that a man so full of fun should so often dip his pen in gall. What he says of Louis XV.'s Court (propped up, we must remember, by his father's *entente* with Fleury) was deserved. A King who had so sunk as to have Du Barri presented at Court might well be made the butt of coarse jokes. But nothing can excuse the way in which Horace speaks of Swift, notably the passage too gross for citation about him and Vanessa (ii. 56); while less inexcusable, because the lady bitterly attacked him, but still unspeakably mean, is his treatment of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu Moll Worthless. In one place he speaks of a whole ball-room, "laughing at her old foul tawdry painted plastered personage"; then he accuses her of "cheating horse and foot when playing at pharaoh." Of course he is hard on the Jacobites. Here is a sly hit: "Sir Watkin Williams at the last Welsh races convinced the whole principality (by reading a letter) that the King was not within two miles of the battle of Dettingen." But his satire is pretty impartially distributed; thus, speaking of the Mediterranean failure, for which Admiral Matthews, though he escaped the

fate of Byng, was cashiered ("a most disgraceful business," says Mr. Yonge), he says, "the inquiry was moved by a Major Selwyn, a dirty pensioner, half-turned patriot by this Court being overstocked with votes." What a picture this gives us of the Walpole plan of Government. And this of the Court and its quarrels: "However coolly the Duke may have behaved" (Cumberland at Fontenoy) "and coldly his father, the Prince has outdone both. He not only went to the play the night the news came, but in two days made a ballad in the Regent's style to sing when he acts Paris in Congreve's Masque." The '45 he began by belittling: "sure banditti can never conquer a kingdom. . . . No men of quality or fortune have joined the Boy but Lord Elcho, and the Duke of Perth, a silly race-horsing boy;" but he can't resist telling how at Derby "the Scots had the books brought and obliged everybody to give what they had subscribed against them. . . . They got £9000, and then came back a few days after and got £10,000 more. . . . They are in Staffordshire, miserably harassed, with twenty waggons of sick. They must either go to Scotland with great loss, or to North Wales, where they will all probably perish. . . . We dread them no longer. . . . Here in London the aversion to them is amazing. . . . The weavers offered the King a thousand men; and the whole body of the law formed a little army to guard the royal family in the King's absence. . . . Young Mr. Radcliffe, taken on the *Soleil*, was thought to be the young Pretender, and the mob could scarce be restrained from tearing him to pieces. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at Dettingen." "Culloden lasted only a quarter of an hour. . . . It is a brave young Duke." Yet, before long, he tells how, when it was proposed to make the Duke free of one of the London Companies, an Alderman cried, "Then let it be the Butchers."* His cynicism comes out markedly in his account of the trial of the rebel lords. Not a word about their fidelity to a grand old cause. Lord Kilmarnock, "a Presbyterian with four earldoms in him, often wanted a dinner," and joined the Prince owing to his extreme poverty. Lord Balmerino's devil-may-care behaviour pleased him vastly; and he cannot help sneering at Chancellor Hardwicke, "whose behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasions to bow to the Minister (Pelham) and to the prisoners peevish, and instead of keeping up the humane dignity of English law, whose character is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them and almost scotched them at any offer they made towards defence." Wilkes; the American war, the gravity of which he recognised ("How can we, with a handful of men, suppress or pursue in such a vast region; and, for the fleet, can we put it upon castors and wheel it from Hudson's Bay to Florida?"); the unsatisfactory state of France (how in a letter to Gray, ii. 37, he notes the mental inferiority of the men: "I have a little more respect for English *heads* than I had")—these are a few of his

* "'Oh, that it were but the butcher,' said they on 'Change, when Prince Frederick died" (i. 123).

political topics. In literature, he seldom agrees with modern critics. His belittling "the arch-fiend Bolingbroke, with his falsely-boasted abilities" (ii. 219), was due to party rancour; but he calls *Tristram Shandy* "a very insipid and tedious performance, the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards" (i. 193). Of Voltaire's tragedies, however, he thought as most Englishmen think; though to Voltaire himself he wrote with satirical politeness: "Whatever opinion I may have of Shakespeare, I should think him to blame if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down" (ii. 91). His own poetical powers were shown chiefly in epigram. This, on that octogenarian beauty the Duchess of Queensberry, is not bad:—

"To many a Kitty Love his car will for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair, obtained it for an age."

His taste was of a very mixed quality. He lined the hall at Strawberry Hill "with paper painted in perspective to represent Gothic fretwork, the most particular and chief beauty of the castle—the breakfast-room—papered to imitate Dutch tiles." Yet he could admire and imitate Chichester Cross; and he saw (while on his northern journey) "the charming situation of Sheffield," and noted how ill the gods and goddesses scattered about Chats worth grounds, "as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited everybody she saw," suited the scenery. On the whole we agree with Macaulay; one must read Walpole, but a good deal of him is poor stuff. His chief value is that he brings so clearly before us such a different time, when "Lord North was stopped by highwaymen and his postilion wounded, and the Ladies of the Bedchamber didn't dare to go in an evening to the Queen at Kew" (ii. 161).

Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries: an Attempt to illustrate the History of their suppression. By FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B. Vol. I., Fourth Edition. London: John Hodges. 1889.

The Dark Ages; Essays illustrating the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries. By S. K. MAITLAND, D.D. With Introduction by Frederick Stokes, M.A. New Edition. London: John Hodges. 1889.

The "Catholic Standard Library," of which these volumes form part, is one section of the Catholic propaganda which is being carried on with so much zeal and at such expense. Politics, education, the newspaper press, literature, are all pressed into the service. It is hard to believe that the "Fourth

Edition" of the first volume represents *bonâ fide* sales. The sole object of the author is to justify the old monastic system by discrediting the witnesses and the evidence against them. If is quite safe at this distance of time to point out flaws and gaps in the evidence, because so much of the evidence has perished, especially the details by which contemporaries formed their judgment. Endless ingennity is expended in glossing over, and explaining away, and suggesting difficulties. In fact, the line of argument adopted throughout reminds us of nothing so much as of the methods used by Rationalists to prove their case against revelation and Christianity. Nothing can stand before such methods. Two chapters are devoted to Thomas Cromwell and his agents. Everything discreditable ever said or written against them is carefully collected in order to blacken their character, often on the very sort of hearsay which Mr. Gasquet says is the sole ground of the evidence against the old monasteries. After describing an Englishman present at the sack of Rome, 1527, "of low vicious habits and infidel principles," the author adds, "This is thought by some to have been Thomas Cromwell." Any gossip of Charles V.'s agents in England is gospel, but the evidence of men who were responsible to the law is the veriest falsehood. Even on the author's own showing if Cromwell and others were often bribed, monks and abbots and abbesses were the bribers. But we have no patience to go into details. The explanation of great revolutionary changes by personal greed and corruption and ambition is ridiculous. We might as well explain the French Revolution or the Great Rebellion in England in the same way. No doubt impure motives and agents played a large part in these changes, but after all their place is very secondary. Politicians were no better then than they are now. Our author proves too much. If his account both of the monastic system and its assailants is even approximately true, the downfall of the system is an effect without a cause. Dr. Bright is a much fairer and better judge. He says, "The proof" of the bad state of the smaller monasteries "is indisputable. Cromwell no doubt employed coarse and eager instruments, but the stories given of proved immorality, and of monks and abbesses surprised with the evidences of loose life about them, are too circumstantial." The author's animus is well indicated in the following sentence from the Introduction: "The voices raised against the monks were these of Cromwell's agents, of the cliques of the new men and of his hireling scribes, who formed a crew of as truculent and filthy libellers as ever disgraced a revolutionary cause." "Hireling scribes," forsooth!

The second volume is a well-known work, reprinted in the same series, with the same end in view. So far as Dr. Maitland helped to remind us of the good which existed in the Middle Ages, his work was useful. We do not care to ask whether he pushed his contention too far or not. One of the chief mischiefs of the indiscriminate, wholesale misrepresentation of the Reformers and Reformation as a whole and in detail, which is now being carried on with such energy by Romanist writers and their Anglican allies, is that it makes it difficult for us to acknowledge as we should like to do, the good on the side

opposite to our own. Of course, such writers are not bound by the Ninth Commandment, or Christ's parable of the beam and the mote. But such extravagance, to say nothing of its immorality, will defeat itself. Men are not and never were so black on one side or so white on the other as the revilers of Luther and the other Reformers represent. The Introduction, by the editor of the reprint of Dr. Maitland's work shows, that the school which is so ready to appeal to liberty and enlightenment for its own ends, would restore, if they could, the ages which ended with the Reformation. The Introduction is an open indictment of everything distinctive of modern life.

Ireland and the Anglo-Norman Church. A history of Ireland and Irish Christianity from the Anglo-Norman Conquest to the Dawn of the Reformation. By the Rev. G. T. STOKES, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

This book is a companion volume to Dr. Stokes' *Ireland and the Celtic Church.* It embodies his lectures as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Trinity College, Dublin, and is a mine of information as to the religious life of Ireland between the Norman-Conquest and the Reformation. Dr. Stokes selects the chief figures or great central epochs round which to group his facts. This style of treatment adds much to the interest of his book. One of his most graphic scenes is a description of the way in which Giraldus Cambrensis, Archdeacon of Brecknock in 1175, and historian of the Norman-Conquest of Ireland, defeated the Bishop of St. Asaph, when he sought to make a raid on the churches of St. David's. Dr. Stokes gives an amusing account of the fashion in which the two ecclesiastics tried to excommunicate each other. Giraldus' stentorian voice, aided by the clanging church bells, carried the day, but the same evening all became fast friends over the archdeacon's best wine. The sketch of John's follies when sent over as Lord of Ireland in 1185 is another striking passage. The boy prince and the party of boy courtiers who accompanied him, insulted the natives shamefully and sent them away from the court determined enemies. The whole book breaks up, what to most English readers is fresh ground. Ecclesiastical history is full of striking incidents, and Professor Stokes seizes on these with great skill, so as to make his lectures popular as well as instructive. The passage which compares the friars and the early Methodists, supplies a good illustration of the catholicity of spirit pervading the lectures.

Warren Hastings. By Sir ALFRED LYALL, K.C.B. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

At length we have a Life of Warren Hastings among the gallery of England's "Men of Action." Few have the right to hold a more distinguished place than the great Indian proconsul, who built up into permanent strength

and solidity that fabric of English dominion in India which the great Clive had founded. By degrees the calumnies which had been heaped upon his character have been sifted. What remains now in view is a character and course not indeed free from blame—under pressure of sore difficulties and temptations things had been done by Hastings, as by most rulers under equivalent difficulties, which are not to be justified—but, on the whole, great and patriotic, and, it must be added, incorrupt. James Mill was a bitterly prejudiced historian. He misrepresented the conduct and career of Rumbold, the Governor of Madras, simply adopting the accusations of his enemies and ignoring the defence. That character was vindicated twenty years ago by the filial labours of Miss Rumbold, as Marshman has acknowledged in his *History of India*. Impey's fair fame has since been vindicated from Mill's charges by Sir James Stephen, whose work on this subject was not long ago reviewed in this journal. Now the publication of the present volume may be taken to show that the reputation of Hastings has emerged from the thick clouds of calumny with which, adopting and heightening Mill's unsparing invective, Macaulay's partisan eloquence had surrounded it. The eloquence and passion of his great accusers, Burke and Sheridan, had far more weight with a Radical historian, like James Mill, and with Macaulay, the brilliant Whig essayist, than the acquittal by a large majority of the Peers, after a seven years' trial, of Hastings on all the sixteen counts of his impeachment. Sir James Stephen speaks of this protracted trial and "torture" as a "monstrous" thing, and of the impeachment as a "blot on the judicial history of the country." Sir Alfred Lyall refers to the "custom of the age," which "still permitted Chancellors and Secretaries of State to accuse each other of heinous political crimes" as partially explaining the violence of the language used by his accusers against Hastings, "a man who was precluded from replying upon equal terms." Sir Alfred Lyall, himself a learned and eminent Anglo-Indian official, is no blind partisan of Hastings, although he acquits him of the most serious charges that have been brought against him, and vindicates the principles and general policy of his government, and in particular his high patriotism and personal integrity. His book is written in a spirit of judicial impartiality. The too narrow limits of space at his disposal have prevented him from doing detailed justice to all the important incidents in Hastings's government, but for that deficiency the author cannot be blamed. Hastings was acquitted in 1795, and, after twenty-three years of absolute retirement and comparative obscurity, died at Daylesford, in Worcestershire, his birthplace, in 1818.

The Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. By Mrs. JULIAN MARSHALL. Two vols. London: Bentley.

Surely we have had too much Shelley literature already. The whole wretched *dramatis personæ*—Mary Wollstonecraft, Capt. Imlay, Mrs. Clairmont, and her daughter Jane, afterwards Clara or Claire, and the rest—

have been dragged out *ad nauseam* from the obscurity in which seventy years had enwrapt them. Professor Dowden may claim the vivisectionist's privilege; he was working in the interests of literature. But, though Mrs. Marshall writes "at the request of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley," we cannot help asking *cui bono?* The only possible good is the disenchantment of those whom the glamour of Shelley's verse may have blinded to the cruel unpracticality of his theories and to his own baseness in regard to them. Believing in "Free love," at any rate inculcating it in melodious nonsense, he married Harriet Westbrook, who would not run away with him on any other terms; and then, soon tiring of her, after flirting shamefully with Mrs. Boinville, he ran away with Godwin's daughter; and, after a wild trip on the Continent, the pair reached London penniless, and had to come to poor discarded Harriet for money. More dastardly still is the needless blackening of Harriet's character. If she became all that Mrs. Marshall's narrative implies, she was but acting on the lines laid down by Godwin as the path of duty, and preached by Shelley as a new evangel. She might be deeply guilty, wholly degraded; but at whose door lies the guilt and the degradation? Her husband had thrown her over in the cruellest way possible, after proposing that the three should live together; the father of her rival, that apostle who always carefully avoided acting on what he taught as Gospel, never held out a finger to her as soon as she ceased to be able to help him financially. What could be expected of the "philosopher," who drove his adopted daughter, Fanny Imlay Wollstonecraft to suicide by his sordid grumbling at his money difficulties? Of all the "superior persons," who, when tested, sink below the line of humanity, Godwin is the most contemptible. He got what he deserved; his vulgar scheming next-door neighbour, Mrs. Clairmont, made him, "the apostle of free love" gainsay his creed by marrying her; and thenceforward his life must have been a burden. "Money" was his constant cry All that Shelley could raise by pledging his name, was poured in vain into that sieve. To the last he worried his daughter for some of her allowance, nay, even for "ideas" to fill out his books. To Shelley, the connection must have been most painful; to Mrs. Shelley even more so. How the poet came to make a will, leaving £6000 (which either the astuteness of her lawyer, or the negligence of his, doubled) to Jane Clairmont, Byron's cast-off mistress, mother of poor Allegra, passes comprehension. To pay these £12,000 must have been a bitter pill for mother and son, after Sir Percy had come into the property. Everybody in these volumes is unpleasant. Even the impetuous enthusiast, Trelawny, comes in for castigation, because in his *Recollections*, he found Mary Shelley less of an angel than he had deemed her—dares in fact to speak of her as "conventional, jealous, worldly." Her condemnation is in her own handwriting (ii. 289), "Hogg has written me an insulting letter, because in editing *Queen Mab*, I left out the dedication to Harriet." Was it not her most sacred duty to preserve this dedication? Does not her striking it out prove her to have been far worse than the hard

things Trelawny says of her? But we have no wish to pursue the subject. The only glimpse of light amid the witches' gloom, in which all these strange folks disport themselves, is that which is thrown off from the figure of the single-minded enthusiast Fanny Wright. No wonder "in Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter, this practical negro-emancipator found a friend but not an adherent. Neither mentally nor physically had Mary Shelley the temperament of a revolutionary innovator. She was too scrupulous, too reflective, too tender." What unconscious satire all this is. For Mrs. Shelley it was more natural to strive to have her allowance of £300 a-year increased, and to write for the *Keepsake*, and occasionally to follow up *Frankenstein* with such dreary fashionable romances as *Lodore*, and such patchwork as *Perkin Warbeck* than to throw in her lot with the foundress of Nash settlement, the friend of Robert Owen. We are sorry to demur to Mrs. Marshall's verdict that Mrs. Shelley's character shows rare nobleness. We do not think that in anything her conduct rises above mediocrity. But, be this as it may, we regret that the work was written, save in so far as it exposes the hollowness of the Godwin-Shelley scheme of life.

Benjamin Hellier: His Life and Teaching. Edited by his Children. With Portraits and Illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Hellier was a very original man—there never was another like him—he was also a man of sure excellence, and, though this might not always be seen from a distance, of rare lovableness. This memorial from the hand of his children is written in the best taste as well as in excellent style. It would indeed have been a pity if so thoroughly English a man as Mr. Hellier had not been described in pure unaffected English. There was very little indeed of incident in Mr. Hellier's history; it was by no means eventful. To us the most interesting part of this biography is the account of his early years, and his "country home" in one of the most secluded parts of Somersetshire. That corner of old Wessex—as it was sixty years ago—must have been exceedingly quaint as well as wonderfully quiet. There, if anywhere in England, it may be said to have been "always afternoon," and all the slow life of the region to have been continually steeped in the "soft dews of kindly sleep." In a letter to a friend, written five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Hellier thus describes his father's house: "After a walk of two miles across green fields and certain primitive bridges formed of single poles four inches in diameter, you come in sight of my father's house, with magnolia, bignonia, clematis, vine, and other plants covering its whole front from top to bottom. As you approach it you can readily imagine that its inmates are all sleeping, there is such an air of repose about the houses. In that same farmhouse, looking out upon the Bristol Channel, Mr. Hellier" ancestors had lived for two centuries. How Benjamin was brought up, went to school, beginning with the village school, became a Methodist, forewent the prospect of a University course and a clerical career in the Church of England

and chose instead the vocation of a Methodist itinerant minister, all this and more is charmingly told in the memoir. With the exception of six years, all Mr. Hellier's ministerial life was spent at college. He went to Richmond as a student in 1844. There, as student, assistant tutor, and classical and mathematical tutor, he spent eighteen years, leaving Richmond for Headingley College, near Leeds, in 1868. At Headingley he spent twenty years, partly as tutor and partly as house-governor. Of course a life so bounded afforded little variety. We should have expected, however, what we do not find: notices of his intercourse with such colleagues as Thomas and Samuel Jackson, John Lomas, John Farrar, Samuel Coley, to mention only those whom he survived, and correspondence also with some of the able students who passed under his care. The almost entire absence of correspondence in this memoir is a somewhat remarkable feature. With the exception of a few letters to his early friend, the Rev. M. C. Taylor, who died more than twenty years ago, and still fewer to Dr. Moulton, there is scarcely any correspondence in the volume. A life without events and without correspondence is reduced to a few elements. His early days, his last illness, his character as described—very beautifully, and with the modesty of truth—by his family and intimate friends, make up the main substance of the memoir. To those are to be added some account of his work as a governor, and a touching narrative of his "Later Headingley Days, 1884-1888." More than one half of the volume is taken up by his Remains, under the the title of "Part II. The Teaching," to which his accomplished son-in-law, the Rev. George G. Findlay, has contributed an introduction. To his personal friends and to many of his former students these writings will be of special interest and value. Some of the pieces are excellent, and all combine to show how true and godly a man, and how close a student of Scripture, was Mr. Hellier. His views as to entire sanctification were somewhat peculiar. They were, however, not more peculiar than those of some others who assume to be lights and leaders as to this point of Wesleyan theology. He was at least himself a rare example of Christian simplicity and consecration.

John Hannah: A Clerical Study. By J. H. Overton, Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Epworth. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

This is the record of a man who was a close student, a good scholar, a man of immense reading, an acute thinker, but who failed to make any impression on his age. He was Bampton Lecturer, and his lectures were well written, but on the subject of his lectures—a most important one, "The Relation between the Divine and Human Elements in Scripture"—he had nothing fresh to say. Indeed he appears to have been totally wanting in originality. He was headmaster of Edinburgh High School and of Glenalmond College, the Perthshire High Church school for the sons of Scotch Churchmen. On his resigning the latter appointment, he accepted the Vicarage of Brighton, where he proved himself an energetic and successful administrator, and he became

first Rural Dean, and afterwards Archdeacon, of Lewes. He was an exemplary man in all relations of life, a man of poetical taste, and he edited a volume of *Courtly Poets*. The son of Dr. Hannah, the eminent and beloved Wesleyan minister, he imbibed at Oxford very High Church views, to the no little disappointment and concern of his father, and kept strictly aloof from all recognition of his father's church or ministry, even when visiting the paternal home. So strict and irreproachable was he as a Churchman. He was, indeed, otherwise a dutiful and affectionate son, and for his ignoring of his father's ecclesiastical position, it is to be presumed he would have pleaded conscience—or, at least, pressing considerations of ecclesiastical expediency. But his attitude is painful to contemplate, and must have given pain to his parents, however meek and good they were. Canon Overton has, of course, done his part well as the writer of this memoir of one who, we gather, was his intimate personal friend. But Archdeacon Hannah's name is not likely to be historical in the Church of England. His scholarship and his start in life were of higher promise for his after career than those of his brother-in-law and bosom friend, Canon Gregory, himself originally a scion of the Methodist tree, but the Canon's has been the more forcible and influential personality. The Church of England in Brighton, however, has reason to remember with gratitude the self-denying energy and liberality of its vicar, who ruled it for seventeen years, and who was also for a time Chairman of its School Board. We should not forget to note that Mr. Hannah was for some years a somewhat intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, and that Mr. Gladstone wrote to him the famous letter as to the question of Irish Church Disestablishment in which he spoke of it as a mere abstract question, as to which his personal opinion was of no practical account, and trusted that his friend would "see and approve his reasons for not wishing to carry his *own mind* further into a question lying at a distance he could not measure." This was in 1865. Two years later Mr. Gladstone brought forward his resolutions for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

Two Centuries of Border Church Life: with Biographies of Leading Men, and Sketches of the Social Condition of the People on the Eastern Border. By JAMES TAIT. Kelso: Rutherfurd. 1889.

The Kelso Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church has found a painstaking and skilful chronicler in Mr. Tait, whose former position as editor of the *Kelso Chronicle* has evidently given him much of the local knowledge necessary for the preparation of such a volume as this. Pastors and people have also lent him valuable aid, so that his book is both complete and well authenticated. It opens with a sketch of the character and work of the Rev. James Ramsay, twice chosen Moderator of the General Assembly. Some painful glimpses of the disciplinary action of Kelso Kirk session are given, but there is a comic side to the measures taken against the barbers who "carry wigs

thorow the town on the Lord's Day morning." Walking on the Sabbath, or "vaguing," as it was called, was also strictly prohibited. There are some capital stories scattered up and down the pages. We have been specially interested in the account of Allie Scott, wife of the anti-burgher minister at Jedburgh, who told her husband when he returned from the Synod, which had excommunicated her father and uncle, "I can no longer wait on your ministry." We are glad to have a portrait of that strong-minded woman, and as we look at it we can well believe the story. The scene in Morebattle churchyard and other struggles against patronage described in the book show how jealously the Scotch have guarded their rights in the call of ministers. Any one who reads these pages will see the great Disruption of 1843 in a clearer light. Some quaint descriptions of Church life and local customs are given, and many notable men and women appear on the stage. Mark King, the cooper, is a fine character. Mr. Tait's book, though it appeals first of all to a local circle, will well repay perusal from all who wish to study Church life on the border. His work has been done in the best taste, and with much literary skill. It has some good portraits and sketches of meeting-houses.

English History from Contemporary Writers. Thomas of Canterbury. 1118–1220. Edited by Rev. W. H. HUTTON, M.A. London: Nutt. 1890.

This is by far the most valuable volume as yet published in this series, the fullest of matter, the closest in connection, and the best edited. Those who, in the pages of our standard historians, study the interesting and important history of the Canterbury "Martyr," will find excellent stores of well-arranged illustration in this volume. It would be a mistake, of course, to make such a selection of extracts from contemporary writers, all more or less partisan, most very much so, as we have here, a substitute for the study of the period in the pages of one, or, better, of more than one, of our standard historians of the period.

The Life and Work of Charles Henry von Bogatzky. Author of *The Golden Treasury.* A chapter from the Religious Life of the Eighteenth Century. By the Rev. JOHN KELLY. London: Religious Tract Society. 1889.

An unexceptional authority states that Bogatzky's *Golden Treasury*, "without doubt has had an incomparably larger circulation than any German classic." In England, the usefulness of his book has been almost as great as in its native country. About the writer of such a manual all Christian people will be glad to read, Mr. Kelly has prepared his excellent life from Bogatzky's own autography and other sources; he has also given extensive

quotations from the *Golden Treasury*, from the author's less known devotional works, as well as from his hymns. The life is devoid of what one may call stirring incidents, but its spirituality and its abounding usefulness are evident in every page of Mr. Kelly's memoir. As Bogatzky's fame spread people everywhere turned to him for religious counsel. The pages are crowded with illustrations of his tact and tenderness in dealing with such inquirers. An interesting account is given of the circumstances under which his *Golden Treasury* was produced. Mr. Kelly's work is done well, without show, but with full knowledge and good taste.

Personal and Family Glimpses of Remarkable People. By EDWARD W. WHATELY, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

Mr. Whately's book is crowded with celebrities. His father's position at the University, and afterwards as Archbishop of Dublin, early introduced the writer into the choicest circles. He has nothing startling to tell, nothing that will make his readers revise their judgments as to the leaders of university or the other great men to whom we are here introduced. But these pages are both instructive and entertaining. Many little touches, many bright sayings, and some excellent anecdotes will be found here. There is an odd slip on page 10, "vox et *prætoria* nihil," and some commonplace remarks in the earlier pages would be better expunged. But the book improves as it goes on, and these are only slight blemishes in a volume which lingers lovingly over a bright past, and will give real pleasure to many readers. The men to whom these pages are devoted seem to come nearer and grow more human as we read these reminiscences.

William George Ward and the Oxford Movement. By WILFRID WARD. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

We are not surprised to find that the volume before us, which we reviewed at length in a recent number of this journal, has already passed to a second edition. The present edition is not only revised but somewhat enlarged. In particular, there are inserted ten new pages on the principles of Religious Faith as these principles were expounded by Newman and Ward during their life at Oxford. These additional pages show the same power of comprehensive and sympathetic insight into the views of various and more or less contrasted schools of religious thought both within and beyond the Oxford circle, which in our previous review we noted as characteristic of the whole volume. They certainly add not a little to the interest and value of the biography.

Minerva Library of Famous Books.

The Bible in Spain. By GEORGE BORROW. With a Biographical Introduction.

The Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1889 and 1890.

We do not wonder at the success of the Minerva Library after seeing these volumes. Mr. Bettany has certainly done well to include *The Bible in Spain* and Dean Stanley's *Arnold* in his collection of famous books. It is a wonderful thing to get such books, neatly and strongly bound in cloth, with some capital full-page illustrations, for a couple of shillings. There is a short, but adequate and readable, sketch of Borrow's romantic life prefixed to this edition of his *Bible in Spain*. Dean Stanley's *Life of Arnold* is now for the first time put within the reach of the masses, and we hope they will show their good sense by securing a copy of it, and of *The Bible in Spain*.

BELLES LETTRES.

Art in Scotland: its Origin and Progress. By ROBERT BRYDALL. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.. 1889.

MR. BRYDALL at first meant to confine himself to printers. We are glad he decided not to do so; for we could ill spare passages like the romantic story of Strange, the engraver, who "went out in the '45" at the bidding of the lovely Miss Lumisden, sister to Prince Charles's secretary. Strange, with the help of a Highland carpenter, made a press and printed bank-notes on the eve of Culloden, in which battle he was one of the Life Guards. He had several hair-breadth escapes, once hiding under his betrothed's hoop while the soldiers were ransacking the house. The drollest part of the business is that when, at last, after he had been *fêted* in Italy and France ("needing a chest to hold his presents and diplomas"), he got tardy recognition in England, and was knighted by the King for engraving West's "Apotheosis of George III.'s Children," his Jacobite wife, who in her prayer-book had struck out the Georges and put in the Stuarts, was very proud of the distinction! Equally interesting is the notice of Berry, the seal engraver, whose prices were as small as his work was excellent. For the Bucclengh seal, with its 32 quarterings, his price was only 32 guineas! The architects Adam, to

whom we owe the Adelphi, were worthy successors of James Gibbs, of Aberdeen, who built St. Martins-in-the-Fields, part of King's College, Cambridge, &c. Sculpture in Scotland began late, and "struggled against the most adverse circumstances" (p. 185). Little was done till Chantrey's visit in 1818. The painters, of course, are better known. Mr. Brydall tells us all about the Nasmyths—Alexander, with his "peach stone grey," founder of Scottish landscape and of the "Poker Club;" about "the Academy of St. Luke" (1729); about Geddes, and Wilkie, and, in modern times David Scott, whose vast pictures remind one of Haydon, as his style does of Blake. More than once, both when speaking of George Jamesone (born 1587) and of Raeburn (born 1756), Mr. Brydall insists on the close parallel between Spain and Scotland in regard to painting. In Jamesone's day Aberdeen (his town) traded largely with half-Spanish Bruges; and Wilkie writes from Spain that Velasquez's heads were so like Raeburn's that one might be mistaken for the other. This is curious, when we remember the parallel that Mr. Buckle drew between Scotland and Spain. Harvey's Covenanting subjects have the earnestness with which Spanish artists portray the agonies of martyrs (p. 218). The whole book is not only a history of art, but a collection of delightful anecdotes—the life, for instance, of Mrs. Blackwell, who rescued her husband from prison by painting a flora for Sir Hans Sloane and others. The husband, afterwards physician to the King of Sweden, was broken on the wheel and beheaded in 1747, on a false charge of treason which the agony had caused him to confess. We must notice the valuable introductory chapter on "Sculptured stones," Celtic churches, &c., and the descriptions of the glorious sculpture and painting in the mediæval Scottish churches, so recklessly destroyed by the Knoxites. The second destruction of Elgin (1640), when the screen that had escaped the earlier iconoclasts and had stood for half a century under the bare sky, was torn down and burnt (p. 83), is worth reading. Glasgow Cathedral was happily saved by "the Craftsmen assembled by tuck of drum," who (1579) beat off the Knoxites. The book is one of the best and most interesting histories of art ever written.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS.

*L'Art** gives its subscribers an unusually beautiful present in M. Giroux's noble etching of Millet's noble picture, "L'Angelus." There is nothing more serenely beautiful in art than this picture, with its two statuesque figures in the foreground, bending in simple piety by their barrow and pitchfork as "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day"—types of that conscientious devotion to daily duty which is the life, the real religion of the best French peasants, white sheep and distant spire glimmering behind them in the luminous haze of the sunset; and we have seldom seen an etching which makes one regret the original so little. As regards the letterpress, the most notable thing in this quarter's issue is a series of articles on Byzantine

* *Libraire de L'Art.* Paris.

mosaics in Sicily, by M. Diehl. In an admirable historical *aperçu*, M. Diehl shows how the Hellenic culture, which had never quite died out in Sicily during the two centuries of Saracen domination, was quickened into new life by the wise and generous policy of the Norman conquerors of the eleventh century, who not only tolerated the Greek Church, but employed Greek architects to embellish their churches and palaces, thus developing a peculiar composite style of architecture—Norman in general plan and structure, Byzantine in decorative detail; rich, like the Venetian Gothic of the same period, in serpentine and porphyry, and marble and mosaic; of which the most perfect example is the *Chapelle Palatine* at Palermo, which M. Diehl does not hesitate to put in comparison with St. Mark's. M. Diehl also minutely describes the Cathedral of Monreale, another great historical monument of this epoch—an epoch great in achievement, greater still in promise, terminated by the death of the Emperor Frederic II. and the devastation of Sicily by the Papal hireling, Charles of Anjou.

The Treasury of Sacred Song. By FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Thirty years have elapsed since Mr. Palgrave issued his *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrical Poems*, a book which still holds its own as the best anthology in the domain of the secular lyric. It is therefore with much satisfaction that we record the publication by him of a treasury of sacred song, and we could wish for no choicer outcome of the maturest literary judgment of the Oxford Professor of Poetry. The work has been produced in a manner which enhances the reputation of the Clarendon Press. The collection includes 423 lyrical compositions, extending in time from the mediævalism of the later years of the fifteenth century to the present day. These four centuries are divided into three periods by the handy dates 1680 and 1820. Each period is characterized by the dominant work of twin-singers, the first by George Herbert and Henry Vaughan, the second by Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley, the third by John Keble and John Henry Newman. The thirty-four specimens of Herbert's will be generally acceptable, but it is probable that Mr. Palgrave has been induced to find space for so many as thirty-eight of Vaughan's by the fact that no edition of his poetry has yet taken the popular fancy. If he were better known, he could more easily be represented by a smaller number. Side by side with these generous selections, the three or four specimens from Herrick, Quarles, and Habington, and the two from Wither, seem meagre.

The second book, which covers the period of the Evangelical Revival, gives no such prominence to individual writers, for it cannot be said that the eight specimens from Charles Wesley, and the nine from Watts, suggest all that was most characteristic in the work of the founders of English hymnody. But the explanation given by the compiler in a note on Watts is fair:—

"As with C. Wesley and other good men, fluency, want of taste and finish,

the sacrifice, in a word, of Art to direct usefulness, have probably lost them those honours in literature to which they were born. But they have their reward."

Charles Wesley, in fact, is the object of a more stringent revision at the hands of Mr. Palgrave than any other lyrist of the last four centuries. While "Wrestling Jacob" and "Jesu, lover of my soul," are given in full, the child-song, "Gentle Jesus," is cut down to four quatrains only; and the hymn, "Come, let us join our friends above," is so altered (by the elimination of parts of two stanzas) as to make up an entirely unauthorized octave.

The general reader will be grateful for the full selections from Keble, of whose lyrics forty-two are given, and from Newman, of whose there are thirty-two. Yet one cannot help applying to many of these the dictum laid down by Mr. Palgrave himself in respect of the hymnody of the Evangelical school:—

"The manner of one age is always the conventionality of the next: and they to whom this quality is repulsive in our eighteenth century writers should remember that the styles which seem natural to us will probably, under the same law, seem artificial to those who live in the "summers we shall not see.'"

Amongst recent writers we observe the inclusion of a Mr. H. D. Sutton, whose work we could very well spare, especially if it were replaced by specimens of Mr. Palgrave's own excellent efforts in sacred lyrical verse. And we may be permitted to doubt whether Lord Tennyson's rhymed narrative, "In the Children's Hospital," wholly responds to the test of the lyrical.

But although, in a fuller notice, we should desire on these and other grounds to offer a more qualified judgment as to the manner in which the compiler observes his own principles, we would yet seize the present opportunity of expressing our gratitude to the acutest lyrical critic of this generation for a piece of workmanship so excellent and so sound.

The Poets and Peoples of Foreign Lands. By J. W. CROMBIE. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

This elegant volume has for its subject Folk Lore. The current songs of the Spanish people, the life and poems of Frederi Mistral, who has made the all but absolutely extinct Provençal of Languedoc again to live and bloom in charming poems, doing for his native dialect far more than Mr. Barnes did for the ancient speech of Dorsetshire; the songs and idylls of Klaus Groth, the poet of the Low-German province of Ditmarsh; the sweet and finished, though homely, poems of Van Den Wildenbarch, who wrote in the purest and raciest Dutch vernacular; and, in the midst of all these, the story, with specimens of the poetry, of "A Royal Moorish Poet," of Seville, in the eleventh century, are the subjects dealt with by Mr. Crombie. This is a book of real literary merit. The work is careful, skilful, and marked by critical taste and feeling. The translations, as far as we can presume to judge—the originals

of the verses rendered, except the Moorish, are in all cases given—seem to us to be happy reproductions—they are certainly pleasing and elegant. The volume also does not deal with a hackneyed subject, but with one very little studied, and with chapters of research which few besides the author have attempted to master.

1. *By Pike and Dyke: A Tale of the Rise of the Dutch Republic.* By G. A. HENTY.

2. *The Hermit Hunter of the Wilds.* By GORDON STABLES.

3. *Miriam's Ambition. A Story for Children.* By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Blackie & Sons. 1890.

1. Mr. Henty has given the boys a fine, stirring tale which popularizes some of the more striking events in the great history which Motley has made his own. The tale only deals with the earlier period of that history. Another story—or a continuation of this—in which the later period is to be commemorated, as we gather, is to follow. The story is of the adventures of an English youth, whose mother is Dutch, and who cannot rest until he has obtained leave to go and fight on the side of his mother's country and against the Spanish tyranny. Very wonderful adventures the lad has, interwoven with the general history, and excellently these adventures are told by Mr. Henty. A capital tale for English boys.

2. Dr. Stables manages to compress a good deal of not very probable adventure into his pages. Tom, the Scotch boy, who finds his captain's lost son, is a fine character, and the whole book has a manly tone about it. There is no lack of interest or movement in the story, so that it will be welcomed by all boy readers.

3. We cannot undertake to analyse Miss Everett-Green's charming school story, full as it is of life and movement. The writer knows how to describe children and their ways. "Babs" here is delightful. We have not met with any of Miss Green's books that has pleased us so much as this.

Eric's Hymn. By EDITH GREEVES.

Elise Fontaine: A Story of Life in Belgium. By ALICE BRIGGS.

Tatters and Jennie's Schooldays. By LILLIE PETTYBRIDGE. Illustrated by J. L. PETTYBRIDGE.

Young People's Birthday Text Book. London: Wesleyan Sunday School Union. 1890.

In *Eric's Hymn* Miss Greeves has won a distinct success. The book is very simple in style and thought, so that the smallest child will understand it, but it is also brightly written, with vivacious dialogue and a considerable faculty for reading and expressing children's thoughts. It is a book which will help boys

and girls to be humble, earnest, patient and loving. *Elise Fontaine* is a pretty story of a Belgian girl who has been brought up a Roman Catholic, but is drawn by bright singing to the Protestant Church, and learns to love her Bible. It is a well-written and useful little book, which will greatly please small boys and girls. "*Tatters*" is the name of a favourite dog which is lost by its young mistress, brightens the life of a poor dying boy, and eventually leads the boy's father to a happy marriage. The story is well told, and is full of happy lessons. *Jennie's Schooldays*, the companion tale, shows what one good girl may do for her schoolfellows. Some unusually good illustrations add to the charm of a delightful little book. Miss Greeves' *Birthday Text Book* has been compiled as the means of supplying a daily text for its young owners. The verses are well chosen, and the book is very neatly got up.

Old Crusty's Niece. By J. JACKSON WRAY and T. JACKSON WRAY. London: Nisbet & Co. 1889.

This partnership story is a capital one. It is full of incident and adventure, with a charming girl whose father had been a convict, and a true-hearted village carpenter as its hero and heroine. The interest is well sustained throughout. There are some stirring scenes, and a good love story with a happy ending. The Abram Hardale, "Old Crusty," as he was called in the village, and his strong-minded housekeeper are two of the best characters in the book.

Essays. In Three Kinds. By THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A. London Trübner & Co. 1890.

These essays are written in the thoughtful and suggestive vein so familiar to readers of Mr. Sinclair's books. He discourses on leisure, on the Mediterranean, and on many other topics, with acumen and freshness. His idyl entitled "Furlough," the chronicle of a holiday cruise, will be the most popular piece of the book.

The Leper of Chorazin. Barnstaple: A. Laurie. 1889.

This New Testament story is told in artless verse, and illustrated with some striking pictures which display skill and taste, both in design and execution.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Behind the Bungalow. By the Author of *Tribes on my Frontier*. London and Calcutta: Thacker.

A Suburb of Yedo. By the late THEOBALD PURCELL, Chief Medical Officer to the Japanese Government. London: Chapman & Hall.

Two little books much to be recommended to any one who is going, or who has friends gone or going, Eastward. Both are admirably illustrated, and in each there is a note of real humour, which in Mr. Purcell's sketches has every now and then (as real humour so often has) a pathetic ring. "Eta" describes every kind of Indian servant and underling, from the very low-caste or no-caste "sweeper" to the half-white Goanese cook. India has its servant-difficulty, though of a wholly different kind from what worries so many English housekeepers. But though Indian servants have their own code, and hold that lying is an amiable accomplishment—as when your dog-boy asks leave to go home and bury his mother, whom a month later you are accidentally introduced to, and find her the picture of health; though they hold that a certain margin of perquisites is not only permissible but laudable; outside this they are scrupulously honest, and in their own fashion high minded. A high-caste man, whom you have unwittingly insulted, will sometimes stalk off, though you owe him two months' wages, and never be heard of again. Best, where all are good, is "Eta's" "Moonshee" (teacher of languages). The contrast between the new man, "useful chiefly to those young subs. who want to pass their examination for a staff appointment and then to forget every word they have been learning," and the honest teacher of the old school, who insists on *teaching*, and whose occupation is therefore well-nigh gone, is excellent. How the Moonshee of the new school manages, of course for a consideration, and a heavy one, to touch up the sub.'s papers, and to prime him for his *vivâ voce*, we cannot tell; but we are assured that it is done. The old-fashioned Moonshee is usually very poor, very honest, and (being a stout Brahmin) much given to theological discussions. Of Mr. Purcell's sketches we know not to which to give the palm. The blind boy kite-flying is evidently true to nature; the kindness of his playfellows who, when top-splitting is the game, always make his fingers touch his adversary's top, is touching. They are equally kind when the leaden-counter game is played. "Whenever it is the blind boy's turn, he is made to touch all the counters rapidly; and when he makes his throw the excitement is great, but when he is a winner it is trebled." Powerfully written is the prelude to "The Fortune-Teller," itself one of the most graphic of the sketches. The way in which the houses, in one of which the blind priest, who tells fortunes with bundles of

little sticks, has taken up his abode, got the reputation of being haunted, is the saddest of village tragedies. One feels as if one had actually spent a day in Yedo, after reading Mr. Purcell's book. The contrasts are great to European town-life, and so are the resemblances. Even our street artist, who chalks shipwrecks and resplendent fish on the pavement, is represented, only, instead of crayon, he works with sand dyed in various colours—a medium which a shower converts into a muddled mass of tints. We fear the following, anent the gateway of a palace burned down some years ago, is too true:—"Gone, with its feudal state, its family traditions, its friends and enemies, its courtesies and hospitalities. The world of to-day is work-a-day. Romance and ornament are out of place. Take off your cloth of gold, good friends, and don the workman's apron. Forget your old traditions. Tear down your landmarks, and—save the mark—get civilised!" Yes, many a Daimio, many a Samurai, has had to turn worker; and the old traditions are disappearing so fast that we owe a debt of gratitude to those who, like Mr. Purcell, preserve some of them They form a solid background to his picturesque sketches. Very interesting, for instance, in connection with the stone-worship so universal in old Europe and Western Asia, are the "holy stones" in Yedo, famous for working various cures, and resisting all efforts of unbelievers who have tried to dig them up. Indeed, the man who tries is happy if he escapes with only a mild touch of fever. *A Suburb of Yedo* takes rank with *Tales of Old Japan*.

Froudacity; West Indian Fables. By J. A. FROUDE. Explained by J. J. THOMAS, Author of *The Creole Grammar*. London: Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Froude has the knack of making enemies. His maxim, often repeated, "that might makes right" offends, if not the moral sense of readers in general, at any rate, the feelings of all who belong to the weaker races. As the Apostle of Force he cannot expect his doctrines to be palatable to those who have been its victims. To this class belong Mr. J. J. Thomas and his negro countrymen. In their own country they still suffer wofully from the raids of Arab slave-dealers; in almost every part of the American continent they have until lately been subject in various degrees to brutalising treatment. Mr. Froude went to the West Indies and wrote his *Bow of Ulysses* in the interest, one would almost fancy at the instigation, of the white minority, just as he wrote *Oceana* (the book which the Australians stigmatized as "Froudacious") to prove that the squatters are right, and the Australian working man is selfishly wrong. Trinidad and the other Crown-governed islands wanted some sort of an elective legislature, such as had been again granted to Jamaica; there were even rumours of West Indian Federation. "If you give the Trinidad negros a vote," said Mr. Froude, "you run the risk of creating another Hayti with its devil-worship, cannibalism and obeah." This reference to Hayti Mr. Thomas calls "perversity gone wild in the manufacture of analogies. The Haytians, when they threw off the yoke, were tortured slaves,

desperate under the oppressors' lash; they were perfectly illiterate, impotent to work out the technical details of a highly-developed national existence. . . . . Liberia would be a fitter standard of comparison in respect of a coloured population starting a national life. . . . . Moreover, the fatal want of confidence between races which has kept Hayti backward had its origin in the action of the mulattos attempting to secure freedom for themselves at the sacrifice of their darker-hued kinsmen." In islands like Trinidad and Grenada all these conditions are changed. The blacks have been free for nearly two generations; very few survive who were actually in bondage. With the existing population the idea of any scheme of retaliation, legislative or social, is so absurd that one feels Mr. Froude's "Danger to the Whites!" cry is only raised in support of his anti-reform manifesto.

Mr. Froude's jaunty way of pronouncing on a population which he has studied from a hotel balcony or during a carriage drive reminds us of the off-handedness with which, after a few trips on a jaunting-car, some English statesmen have thought themselves qualified to settle the whole Irish difficulty. At Grenada, for instance, he landed in the afternoon, drove three or four miles to dine with a "passing resident," looked in at the cottage windows as he went by, and was "astonished to see signs of comfort and, even, of taste—arm-chairs, sofas, prints on the walls." This is galling to one who, like Mr. Thomas, knows that all the official and intellectual work of Grenada has for years been carried on by men of colour, and, so far from sinking below her neighbours, Grenada with admirable foresight avoided the sugar crisis, and with great pluck sustained her credit during an agricultural emergency. Naturally, being by Mr. Froude, the *Bow of Ulysses* is full not only of unconsidered statements, but of laughable mistakes. These Mr. Thomas is content to italicize (in that *grandiose* style which is the only drawback to the full enjoyment of his book, he "elects to be content with indicating them by typographical differences")—the astounding statement, for instance, that "in front of a house at Port of Spain stood a cabbage-palm *a hundred feet high*." One point on which Mr. Froude strongly insists is "the sleekness and content of the West Indian negros and of those of Trinidad in particular." To this Mr. Thomas replies by adducing several cases of the grossest injustice on the part of magistrates—mostly briefless English barristers, one of whom, Mr. R. D. Mayne (Mr. Thomas gives names, and is ready to abide by the consequences), "announced from the bench soon after his arrival that in every case he would take a constable's word in preference to that of any one else." Another stipendiary "consummated the addling of his brain by persistent practical revolts against the maxim of the Nazarenes in the matter of potations," and had to be "clandestinely shipped off on six months' leave," after doing a vast amount of mischief, and causing much heart-burning by his flagrantly unjust decisions. "Once he not only allowed a lady to sit near him on the judicial bench, but also to take a part—loud, boisterous, and abusive—in the proceedings of the day."

It cannot but be galling to contrast such magistrates, abetted by governors like Sir H. T. Irving, of evil fame, with "the scores of brilliant coloured officials who adorn the civil service of France and Spain, which countries deem every loyal and law-abiding subject a citizen, worthy of all the rights, immunities and privileges flowing from good and creditable citizenship" (p. 118). Mr. Thomas is justly proud of the fact that not only did the negro-soldiers in the Federal army do excellent service (they alone made the success of the North possible), but also that in the other camp their fidelity permitted the whole Confederate male population to leave women and children and property, and carry on a war which else must have been very speedily terminated; and in no single case did they dishonour the trust thus reposed in them. It is impossible to do more than call attention to a book which, from any author, would claim careful reading, and which is doubly interesting as the work of one of those whom Mr. Froude imitates Carlyle in systematically disparaging. Among facts which will be new to most readers, Mr. Thomas reminds us that in 1838, when emancipation came, there were nearly as many black and coloured slave-owners as whites in the West Indies, and that they, of course, received their quota of the indemnity. As to Mr. Trollope's charge of laziness, repeated by Mr. Froude, a Moravian minister fully explained it in a talk with the latter gentleman: "What could be expected when women servants had three shillings a week and no food, and men a shilling a day, kept in arrears, that if they came late or irregularly it might be cut down to what the employer chose?" The fact that hundreds went to the Darien canal, mostly to die, proves rather an over-willingness to work. It is on Mr. Froude's suggestion of an exoteric "religion for negros" that Mr. Thomas is most severe. He is merry over "Mr. Froude's own spiritual plight, as set forth by himself," and is sure that "a certain old Book will, despite Semitic scholarship and modern criticism, always retain for the world's spiritual guidance enough and to spare of Divine suggestions." "In spite of the white priests," says Mr. Froude, "child-murder and cannibalism have reappeared in Hayti" (alas, the former is not unknown in England), "without them things might have been much worse." This passage naturally arouses Mr. Thomas's ire. He quotes from a West Indian negro some fine lines:

> "Dogma and Descent, potential twins,
> Which erst could rein submissive millions in,
> Are now spent forces in the eddying maze
> Of Thought enfranchised. . . . . See Salvation's plan,
> ——'Tis serving God through ceaseless toil for man."

He names Josiah Henson and Sojourner Truth as exponents of the practical negro creed, and Professors Blyden, Crummell, Hyland, Garnet, &c., as a few among the coloured men of intellect, while Mrs. S. Harper he cites as a poetess second only to Mrs. Browning. And then he points out that "to circulate malevolent writings whereby the equilibrium of sympathy between good men of different races is sought to be destroyed through misleading appeals to

the weaknesses and prejudices of readers," may be relatively a more heinous sin than even cannibalism. Very significant is the hint that by and by the irrepressible black race will demand Africa for the Africans, instead of allowing it to be the prey of all kinds of contending adventurers. We have rarely met a book which so thoroughly combines freshness of view with forcible reasoning as this. The author's death since the above was written is a distinct loss to literature.

The Islands of the Ægean. By the Rev. HENRY FANSHAWE TOZER, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

This book contains the notes of three spring tours in the Ægean. In 1874 Mr. Tozer visited Delos, Rheneia, Tenos, Crete, and the Southern Cyclades. The single inhabitant of Delos was an old shepherd, who spoke a strange dialect of Greek. The travellers spent the night in some deserted shepherds' huts, where the profound stillness suggested an impressive contrast with days when crowds of worshippers flocked to the sacred island. The two chapters on Crete are full of pleasing details. Mr. Tozer and his friend passed through meadows full of anemones. "For size, number, brilliancy, and variety of colour, I have never seen such a show. Every tint was to be seen—crimson, rose pink, faint pink, purple, light mauve, and white." But the people were in a lamentable state of poverty owing to the insurrection of 1866–9 and the failure of the olive crop for three successive years. Happily the state of things has since improved through more prosperous seasons and better government. Mr. Tozer spent the spring of 1886 among the islands near the coast of Asia Minor. Excellent descriptions are given of the olive groves of Lesbos and the famous monastery of Patmos. The history and antiquities of Rhodes supply two of the most instructive chapters. Last year, Lemnos, Thasos, and Samothrace, were visited. Here Mr. Tozer found himself more than ever out of the beaten tracks of commerce, but he managed to carry out his bold programme in almost every detail, and was well repaid. His book will be prized by all who wish to have the fresh impressions of a thoroughly equipped traveller as to the ancient sites and temples of these isles of Greece. Still more interesting are his descriptions of the condition of the people. There is much commercial activity in some of the islands, and where freedom from Turkish misrule is enjoyed there is no small prosperity. Mr. Tozer seems to have been fortunate, both as to food and the cleanliness of his sleeping quarters, compared with Mr. Riley in Mount Athos.

Marriage and Heredity; or, View of Psychological Evolution. By J. F. NISBET. London: Ward & Downey.

Heredity has come well to the front in the discussions of the British Association; but these, following Professor Weismann's lines, were rather concerned with physiology than with psychology. Weismann is *par excellence* an

embryologist, *i.e.*, he deals with a subject in which the specialist has it all to himself. Mr. Nisbet's inquiry is mainly limited to possible psychological evolution. Man goes on mentally developing, he holds, though selection with regard to physical form and structure have long ceased, "because all changes in his environment are met by mental instead of corporeal adaptation." He is, therefore, a Wallaceite instead of a Darwinian, and accepts the undeniable fact that men in cold climates make clothes instead of growing fur, &c. He asks: "Is marriage like other social institutions, subject to development; and if so, along what lines will it develop?" and what leads us to notice his book is the attitude which he is thus forced to take with regard to Christianity. While stoutly denying, as by his thesis he is bound to do, that marriage is more a "divine institution" than monarchy or universal suffrage, he is forced to admit that "the influence of Christianity, with its practical equalization of the sexes, has been healthful and regenerative." Other civilizations notably failed; the Athenian, *i.e.*, the flower of Greek culture, failed worst of all. Here marriage was essentially an arrangement for securing the purity of the race. "This led to in-and-in breeding; the wife was condemned to a narrow round of domestic interests, which she shared with her husband's concubines; and in Athens, at its most brilliant period, prostitution was the only career open to an ambitious woman." "In Greek tragedy love is admitted only as a form of relentless fate." Andromache's story, as told without a word of protest by Euripides, strangely contrasts with its necessarily modified treatment by Racine. Athenian society became like a neuropathic family; and the breed died out, the unnatural love so strangely prevalent among the most cultured Greeks being, thinks Schopenhauer, "Nature's device for extinguishing a vitiated race." We recommend all Mr. Nisbet's chapter on Greek marriage relations to our moral phil-Hellenes and prophets of the Renaissance. Testimony from an evolutionist like him cannot, by any possibility, have a Christian bias; and yet the agreement between him and St. Paul in Romans i. is full and complete. In imperial Rome things had come tobe a shade better. Confarreatio and Coemptio were only *mariages de convenance:* but Usus, which began merely as a legalized concubinage, being based on free choice, opened the way to Christian monogamy just as the *Pax Romana* made the rapid spread of Christ's religion humanly possible. Christianity, then, *teste* Mr. Nisbet, based marriage on the true foundation—on human nature instead of on social convenience; and thereby "its doctrines of purity have practically implanted a new instinct in our nature" (p. 47). This, from such a source, is very important testimony; nor is it invalidated by what Mr. Nisbet says about the action of the early Church. It is easy to pick absurd passages out of the Fathers; we might do so from Milton, who in *Paradise Lost* is only versifying Chrysostom when he laments that some other way of peopling the earth had not been found. But even Mr. Nisbet is careful to distinguish between the Church and Christianity. "The German barbarians were fertile ground into which fell the seed of the great Christian

doctrine that a man should have but one wife, and should cleave to her. . . . . But, alas for the blindness and misdirected zeal of the early Christians! They wholly misconceived the value of the new faith as an instrument for reorganizing society. The potential good that was in Christianity was opposed by the whole weight of authority of the early Church, whose attitude towards marriage is, during ten centuries, the most painful spectacle in history. . . . . For a thousand years the Church collectively refused to recognize marriage as anything but a civil contract, till Peter Lombard discovered the seven sacraments, to which is due the confusion in many worthy English people's minds between the divine origin of marriage, and the performance of the ceremony by a clergyman. . . . . The early Church did its best to throw women back into a state of serfdom, and succeeded only too well." From this widely different influence of Christianity, as taught by its Divine founder, and as perverted by the traditions of men, Mr. Nisbet is led into a contradiction. He says (p. 3), "the important group of sentiments comprised under the term chivalry or platonic gallantry has in the main been developed under the influence of the purity doctrines of the Christian Church," yet (p. 64) he finds in chivalry, "the first protest raised against the retrogressive policy of the Church; the beginning of the movement which has resulted in the Married Women's Property Act, giving the Christian woman, for the first time, the right enjoyed by her pagan sister, through Usus, in Imperial Rome." But our concern is not with paradoxes like this, nor with the proofs that moral characteristics are as certainly transmitted as physical, though the tendency is, of course, modified by throwing back, by variation, by the obscure principle of metamorphosis. Nor do we care to inquire if the stress of over-population is really the most powerful of civilizing agencies (p. 215), since under it we are forced to go on improving the arts and appliances of civilized life. Everybody must feel how much there is to be said on the other side, and how hard and unchristian the civilization must be which by its improvements breeds mouths which it neglects to fill. Equally beyond our scope is Mr. Nisbet's definition of chastity, in regard to which he holds both the intuitives and the utilitarians to be partly right: "like honesty, it has grown up simultaneously with the notion of property, chastity being demanded of women as soon as men develop the desire to transmit property to their children. It has thus become an instinct; and, therefore, it is futile to condone the position of fallen women. They have swerved from a standard of right and wrong set up by society for its own protection, and so long as this standard exists the claims of the courtesan to consideration stand on no higher level than those of the defaulting cashier."

Our aim has been to show that a scientist, writing from a purely scientific point of view, is forced to admit the value of Christianity and its answer to the higher instincts of our nature. "Free love, and other new-fangled substitutes for monogamy, are bound in natural course to fail. . . Father Noyes' community would, on his own showing, revert to monogamy which is obvi-

onaly meant to be the ultimate condition of the race. . . Polygamy is debasing —neutralizing the working of selection as a source of cumulative capacity, making intellectual advance impossible when each generation is dragged down to the level of barbarism by maternal influence. . . . Mr. Herbert Spencer is wrong in assuming that mere sexual affection can ever be a bond lasting enough to safeguard the interests of the offspring." On every side Mr. Nisbet finds the way barred, save along the line of Christian marriage. His proposed changes are simply in the direction of divorce, and of selection, which he would base chiefly on psychological, *i.e.* moral considerations. And for this end he would have families keep "exact genealogies, showing the moral pedigree of all their members" (p. 220). These are trifles; the all-important fact at a time like this is that an evolutionist, looking at the matter scientifically, finds in Christian marriage the sheet-anchor of human progress.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Part V., Cast—Clivy. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

The *New English Dictionary* has now advanced far into the letter C, and shows no sign of falling off in any respect. We are, indeed, more and more impressed, in turning over the pages, with the careful, scholarly, exhaustive character of the work, and the even level of the several articles. The number of meanings and shades of meaning which are distinguished in some of the longer articles is truly astonishing, and testifies no less to the ingenuity and laboriousness of the writers than the flexibility of the English language. The article on *Cast*, the substantive, *e.g.*, branches out into fourteen main and forty-two minor divisions, while in the corresponding verb twelve principal and no less than eighty-three subordinate senses are distinguished. From the article on *Castle* we learn the curious fact that in old English it frequently has the sense of village, the term *castellum* being used in the Vulgate to render the Greek *κώμη*. Thus Wiclif in one of his sermons says: "Jesus went about . . . . to more places and lesse, as citees and castellis;" adding, "castels ben understonden litil touns." With this may be compared the Scottish use of *toun* for *house*, with which Sir Walter Scott made southerners familiar in *Waverley*. We turned with intense interest to the article *Cat;* but alas! only to find that its etymology is still a problem. "The name is common European of unknown origin," says the Dictionary. *Caviar*, too, it appears, is "of uncertain origin;" nor is the vexed question of the derivation of ceiling, whether from *celare*, *cælare*, or *cælum*, set at rest. Under *Chancellor* we have an admirably concise, clear, and condensed account of the origin and history of the term in all its significations, legal, political, ecclesiastical. *Chapel* also furnishes an extremely interesting, learned, and valuable article. Those who are interested in the history of banking will find the article *Cheque* very instructive. It appears that the term originally meant the counterfoil of an exchequer bill, and so gradually came to be applied to any

bill or order having a counterfoil. Students of the Bible will find the article on *Cherub* fascinating reading. But time and space would fail us to indicate all or even many of the points of interest in the latest instalment of this magnificent work. We can but recommend our readers, if they do not already subscribe to the Dictionary, to lose no time in doing so, and can promise them that they will then find pleasant occupation for many a vacant hour in turning its pages.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *By Canoe and Dog-train among the Cree and Salteaux Indians.* By EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG. With an Introduction by MARK GUY PEARSE.
2. *The Apostle of Burmah. A Memoir of Adoniram Judson, D.D.* By Rev. JABEZ MARRAT.

Severn to Tyne: The Story of Six English Rivers. By E. M. EDWARDS.

3. *My Black Sheep.* By EVELYN EVERET GREEN.
4. *Heartsease and Morning Glories.* By JENNIE CHAPPELL.
5. *King Alfred's Last Christmas and other Stories.* By FANNY SOPHIA HOLLINGS.
6. *Village Chimes and other Stories.* By EDITH GREEVES.
7. *The Class Meeting. Its Value to the Church, and Suggestions for Increasing its Efficiency and Attractiveness.* London: C. H. Kelly. 1890.

Mr. Pearse's brief introduction to Mr. Young's *By Canoe and Dog-train* is one of his happiest pieces of writing. It well prepares the reader for the treat in store for him in this unique record. Mr. Young's opening chapter contains a brief statement of the work of Indian evangelisation since the time of the Spanish explorers; the second gives some account of his chief predecessors in the missions of the Canadian Methodist Church. These chapters supply the historic setting for the personal narrative which follows. In 1868 Mr. Young set out with his bride, who has always been his best colleague, for his work to the north of Lake Winnipeg. The Mission at Norway House had been founded in 1840, so that on the Sunday after their arrival they were delighted to see scores of Indians in church with their Bibles. Then follows the story of daily work enlivened by quaint descriptions of Indian customs, of the way canoes are made from the bark of a birch-tree which must be peeled off in one piece with great skill, and a host of novel

details. The account of the dog-train by which the missionary travelled in winter will be very interesting for most readers. The whole book is indeed a precious record of devoted work richly owned of God. We are glad that this narrative has been prepared, and trust all who love missionary work will hasten to read it. The book is handsomely got-up, and is full of striking portraits and wood-cuts, which add very much to the charm of an exceptionally attractive book. Mr. Marrat's brief memoir of Dr. Judson is a fresh and attractive putting of the story of the pioneer of Christian missions in Burmah. That stirring narrative of heroic zeal and fearless trust in God can never fail to rekindle missionary enthusiasm. The chief facts are concisely given, and a valuable chapter on the notable successes of the Karen Mission closes with an appropriate reference to Mr. Winston and the Wesleyan Mission in Burmah This little book ought to be extensively used as a reward for juvenile collectors It will please older readers better still.

Severn to Tyne will be a welcome present for thoughtful boys and girls Some racy chapters on the formation of rivers serve as an introduction to the main body of the book. These will well repay reading. The story of the rivers is as follows: Father Thames naturally holds the chief place. His whole course is traced with abundance of historic incident, and a whole gallery of capital pictures. The Severn, Tyne, Trent, Yorkshire Ouse, and Humber are the other rivers which Miss Edwards selects. It is a capital idea to treat English geography and history in this novel and racy style, and few more enjoyable or more instructive reading books could be put into the hands of young scholars.

My Black Sheep, by Miss Green is a story which ought to be popular with boys. It strikes out a new line in story-telling, and is a book which excites interest from first to last. Miss Liddell is a fine character, and "the black sheep" himself wins the reader's heart from the first. The tale shows that love is the true secret of power even over the most wayward. *Heartsease and Morning Glories* is a clever story, briefly written, and with the happiest ending. The scapegrace, who personates his elder brother, and wins Marion Clare's heart, is unmasked by her father's ruin, and in due time the elder brother takes his place as the accepted lover. Miss Hollings has gathered a sheaf of tales under the title *King Alfred's Last Christmas and Other Stories*. The two historical tales give variety to an entertaining and useful little book. *Village Chimes* and the other stories of Miss Green's volume are well suited to little readers, and will leave a blessing behind them. They are very simple, yet full of feeling, and put true religion in a very attractive dress. We are glad to see this new edition of the Prize Essays on the *Class Meeting*. Some slight but needful revisions have been made, and the size and style of this edition make it more attractive than the first. The papers will give many useful hints to readers and members. They provoke thought and are full of valuable principles and practical suggestions.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (January).—M. E. de Pressensé opens this number with an article on Alexandre Vinet and his unedited correspondence with Henri Lutteroth between the years 1832 and 1847. Many of these letters were only business notes as to articles in the journal *Le Semeur* (the precursor of the *Revue Chrétienne*), of which Lutteroth was editor, but others deal with the pressing questions of the day in the religious world and the world of letters. Lutteroth was one of the chief leaders of the Protestant Church in France, a man of fine judgment, broad sympathies, and simple faith. He and Vinet were of one heart and mind. The editor often encouraged, aided, and stimulated his friend to the production of his works. In March 1832 Vinet wrote that he was not able to express all the sweet and edifying thoughts which Lutteroth's correspondence had suggested. "Vinet [M. de Pressensé is quoting his own words in the *Journal des Débats*] was indeed the Pascal of the Reformed Churches. It is the very name for him, whether we consider the greatness of his view of religion, his character as a writer, his absolute sincerity, or that mournful vein which we find in all great Christians. We must add that Vinet, like Pascal, whose most faithful interpreter he was, had been placed in the school of sickness, and only accomplished his immense intellectual work by subduing a frame that was broken by disease." After a brief account of Vinet's life up to the opening of the correspondence, when he was filling a modest post at Bâle as Professor of Literature, extracts are given from his letters. The loss of his only daughter before she was eighteen calls forth a letter full of tenderness and of Christian resignation. The girl's two years of declining health had been lighted up with the Saviour's grace. Her father says: "Peace unspeakable filled her heart; each day seemed to bring new light to her mind, new comfort to her heart. The sufferings of Christ helped her to bear her own sufferings. Prayer was a never-failing source of help. After one sharp attack she said to her mother, with a smile, 'I have suffered much, but I am very happy.'" After these private letters come glimpses of Vinet's public life. In 1837 he was called to the Chair of Practical Theology at Lausanne, whence many of his letters are dated. Vinet died in 1847. In the March number some letters of Lutteroth's are given, which show how active a part Vinet took in the journal of which his friend was editor. Extracts from Vinet's letters prove how anxious he was that the journal should be made more rich and varied. We see also his scrupulous care to be impartial in all his critical work. He was a truly Christian critic and journalist, in whose death *Le Semeur* lost its true head. The January number also contains a memorial sermon for another great leader of the French Church—Pastor Bersier. It was preached by M. Babut, in the "Grand Temple" at Nimes, on November 24, last year. He shows that though Bersier owed much to nature, he also owed much to hard work. His family was poor. There was no scholarship by which he could secure an education for the ministry, but he went to America, where he gained enough by giving lessons to provide funds for his own studies. Even when he mounted the pulpit he felt so embarrassed that he could scarcely preach. There was nothing to indicate that he would become the popular preacher of Paris. Only constant effort enabled him to overcome this weakness. He not only won fame in the pulpit: he was honoured as a public man, an historian, an influential member of various Societies and religious assemblies. Whatever he did he did with his might. In pleading for the reform of worship, in securing the erection of the Coligny memorial, organizing an ambulance during the war, and establishing a professional school for

girls, he showed the same enthusiasm, and won the same success. The sermon is a worthy tribute to Bersier's memory.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (January).—Herr Gützfeldt writes a suggestive article on "The Education of German Youth." It deals with principles in a way that will be very helpful to parents. A great educational struggle is raging in Germany. It is not merely a question of the training of the mind, but also of the body. Nor is it here a struggle of the masses against the classes, as in the Social-Democratic struggle, for each grade of society is split into parties on this question. After this introduction comes a timely reference and tribute to the mother's place in all true schemes of child training. "No one can contemplate," the writer well says, "without pious gratitude, the love and care of his parents." He urges "that every child is an original, and must be treated according as its special character may require. We often do children an injustice because we do not understand them. Their helplessness as to practical matters must not be overlooked, nor their lively feelings. We must remember that in the questions of a child there is almost always a sacred earnestness, a first effort of the striving after a solution of the puzzles of the world of things." The writer holds that a proper training of children compels us to use punishment at times. Punishment by hunger or shutting up a child often develops a mischievous disposition; wise chastisement is better. These quotations will show the tone and style of this article. The writer holds that sound health, physical strength, a pure mind and a humane disposition, strength of character, a sense of duty, quickness of understanding, and a certain amount of knowledge are necessary for success in life, and that all true education should promote the development of these qualities. Sound principles are stated with much conscientiousness in this judicious paper.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (February 1).—The first article in this number, "African Italy," bears witness to the current of opinion in Italy. Signor, Sidney Sonnino found on his return from Massowa that every one he met was eager to know what his impressions of Africa were. He was thus led to write the present paper. After a brief description of the country round Massowa, he says that he does not know exactly how far the Italian colony extends; but though he is not behind the scenes, he is able to make a somewhat reliable estimate of its extent, and to show that within such limits the colony has room to develop the commerce which drew it towards the Soudan and Mussulman countries, and to plant a flourishing agricultural settlement. Signor Sonnino is not a soldier, but he gives his impressions of the troops employed at Massowa. There is an Italian force, a native force commanded by Italian officers with native subalterns, and, lastly, a native force, one part of which, composed of Assaortini, did not make a good impression on Signor Sonnino. The fact is, all the people of Assaortini, civilians or soldiers, seemed undisciplined and riotous, "without sufficient respect" for their Italian masters. They are a race of nomad robbers, fortunately not very numerous, who know neither law nor rule, whom the Italians have armed to fight against the Abyssinians, but whom it will not only be necessary, says this candid writer, to disarm some day or other, but also to overawe by some not to be forgotten use of power. The article also discusses the business and agricultural prospects of the colony, and shows that no statesman can venture to neglect the emigration movement which is seeking to extend the bounds of the mother country and to render possible a vast Italy, which shall embrace people far from her own shores, but all Italian in blood, language and sympathy.

METHODIST REVIEW (January, February).—Dr. Walsh of Louisville deals with a difficult question in his article on "The Methodist Episcopal Church in the South." He believes that "the Southern Church will come to desire organic union with the Methodist Episcopal Church at no very distant day, though for the present there is no such desire expressed by her leaders." He shows, however, that before there can be organic union between the two Churches some grave questions must be settled. The Southern papers are opposed to the policy of the Methodist Episcopal relative to the Negro both in

churches and schools. The relation between the two races is the most pressing and perplexing question. The *Christian Advocate* for March 29, 1889, says: "One of the many grave crises which confront the American people is that growing out of the relation between the white and coloured people of the South. This question wears a more serious aspect now than ever—unfortunately, the antipathy of the two races occupying the same territory threatens to precipitate serious conflicts. . . . . The attitude of a large number of the whites in the South toward the Negro is one of growing hatred and hostility. They oppose the education of the coloured citizen; they insist that he is essentially inferior to the white man. . . . . That the position of the Southern whites is exceedingly embarrassing no intelligent man will deny. . . . . It is idle to say there is no cause for uneasiness in the South. But however difficult it may be to deal justly with the Negro, it is, nevertheless, the only safe course."

After a careful historic statement of opinion in the South as to slavery, Dr. Walsh quotes from a tract published in 1888 by Dr. Anderson, editor of the *Florida Christian Advocate*, the following expression of opinion as to what he considers the intrusion of the Methodist Episcopal Church into the South:

"The Methodist Episcopal Church is a grand agency for good in its own field, but in the South it comes as a superior to an inferior class; comes with the conviction that Southern people are disloyal citizens; comes engaging in the work of reviving sectional feelings by talking about secessionists and rebels, and calling up old recollections of the past; comes with impracticable plans and exciting views of Negro equality; comes as the special favourer of a particular political party—and coming thus, it cannot have a mission of usefulness in the South and must fail."

"The writer of the foregoing [passage] would not [he says] be willing to admit that there is one political party in the South that is endeavouring to help the Negro to rise to intelligent citizenship, and another political party that opposes that party for this very cause; and yet his accusation against our Church is not true unless such a state of things does exist. The Methodist Episcopal Church draws no boundary line of politics or geography. The plans he calls 'impracticable' are those which provide for keeping the Negro in the Church, while the Southern Church has set him off into a separate organisation. We have been much advised to follow their plan. The 'existing views of Negro equality,' as he calls them, were definitely set forth in the settlement of the Chattanooga University trouble. It is well remembered how deep was the interest awakened in the North and South when the coloured students were denied admittance to a university established by the Freedmen's Aid Society. But what has happened since the Church decided that no person should be excluded on account of colour, &c.? The school goes on, these two years, and no coloured students have applied. It may be that in Chattanooga the time will come when the presence of an occasional coloured student in a school of whites will cause no more trouble than in Harvard or Yale to-day. Many things have come to pass that the Southerners said could not be done; and something more remains to be accomplished.

"Our Church is as much at home in the South as it is in New England. About 90 per cent. of our membership is native to the South. It is probable that the Southern Methodist Church has more members who were received from our Church in the North than our own Church here has received from the same source. The great increase of our churches in regions very destitute of houses of worship has been made with about the same amount of aid from the Church Extension Society as that given to churches in the North-west. The money expended by the Missionary and the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Societies has been more largely furnished by our Church in the North. But our quarter-million white people in the South have contributed more money towards the $2,300,000 expended in our educational work here than the whole million white members of the Southern Church have put into the same kind of work since the war. The *Atlanta Constitution* has recently complimented the 'Northern Methodist Church' for giving more money in

the South for higher education than the South is giving for her colleges. But the great need of our schools that have been already planted is additional *endowments*. If two million dollars were given in one year to endow the schools already begun in the South, the results of our labours here in ten years would prove to the South that none of the dreadful things predicted would result from pursuing the policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And this is the only road to pursue to reach organic union."

CENTURY MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—"Emerson's Talks with a Schoolboy" form one of the salient features of the February number. Mr. Woodbury has done well to collect these sagacious and piquant sayings. Emerson regarded Wordsworth as the greatest poet of England since Milton. He could repeat almost the whole of the *Prelude* and the *Excursion*. "There are no books," he said, "like the poems of Sir Walter Scott. Every boy loves them if they are not put into his hands too late. *Marmion*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *The Lady of the Lake*—they surpass everything for boy reading." "A Corner of Old Paris" contains many interesting facts, and is illustrated by some facsimiles and likenesses. Mrs. Van Rensselaer deals with "Gloucester Cathedral" in the March number. Her paper will be eagerly read by all lovers of English churches. It is admirably illustrated by Mr. Pennell. Mr. Edward L. Wilson gives a series of graphic traveller's notes in his paper entitled, "Some Wayside Places in Palestine." Jacob's Well, the traditional tomb of Joseph, Shechem, Nain, Jezreel, and Cana in Galilee are the chief places he describes. Mr. Schwatka's account of "The Sun-dance of the Sioux," which he saw a few years ago in Nebraska, should not be overlooked. At a given signal which announced that the sun had risen the mounted Indians charged against a tree called the Sunpole, which had been cleared of its lower branches. When they came within a hundred yards a sharp report of rifles sounded along the line. Every shot, arrow, lance was directed against the tree, and bark and chips were soon flying from it in all directions. Then the Indians gathered round it and shouted "as only excited savages can shout." The dances lasted for several days. Many accidents happen during this mad frolic, but the worst part of it is the self-inflicted torture which disgraces the festival.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—Any one who reads Mr. Lathrop's "Talks with Edison," in the February number, will see, from the story of his early exploits as a newsboy, what material the great electrician is made of. He found a friend in one of the compositors in the *Free Press* office, who used to show him a "galley-proof" of the most important news article. Edison thus knew how to gauge the demand for papers. After the battle of Shiloh he made a great *coup*. He got a friend to telegraph to the various stations which he used to visit with his paper, that there had been a great battle, and that newspapers would come by a certain train. At the town where the train first stopped he usually sold two papers. On the day in question he saw a big crowd on the platform, and as the train drew up he began to realise that they wanted his papers. He sold a hundred or two at five cents apiece. At the next town he sold three hundred at ten cents. By-and-by he got a quarter of a dollar or more per copy. One church he passed was emptied in ten seconds. "All of them, including the parson, were clustered around me, bidding against each other for copies of the precious paper." Some racy incidents of his early experiences as an inventor are given. The article on "New York Banks," and General Wolseley's valuable descriptive article on "The Standing Army of Great Britain," will be read with much interest. Viscount Wolseley says: "I long to see all bad characters, and those who have no love for their trade, driven from the army." The colonel of one regiment told him, not long ago, that he had thirty sons of gentlemen in the ranks, whose influence had improved the whole tone of the regiment. Many of them had failed to obtain commissions by competitive examination. The paper on "The Army of the United States," which stands first in the March number, shows that although Congress is not prepared to increase the force to the extent which military experts desire, there is plenty of fine material for future war-making. Mrs. Pennell's description of

"Venetian Boats" is freshly put and attractive. The illustrations will greatly assist English and American readers to understand and enjoy the article. Mrs. Ritchie's sketch of John Ruskin's life and books will perhaps be most enjoyed. It contains many interesting details of his somewhat sombre childhood, his Oxford days, and his early authorship, as well as of his lovely home at Brantwood.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—Mr. Church's first paper on John Ericsson, the engineer, gives a remarkable account of the lad's careful training in his Swedish home, and his early precocity as a mechanician. It is a capital chapter in the annals of great engineers. "A Day in Literary Madrid" introduces the reader to the chief novelists of Spain. Mr. Bishop visited their homes, and has introduced many pleasant details about Spanish life into his article. Mr. W. H. Mallock's sketch of Hungarian houses and castles, is a very readable paper. The March number has three articles which deserve perusal. "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb" is a well illustrated paper, which tells Lamb's touching story with great skill and effect. It would not be easy to pack all the chief passages into such small compass as is done in this admirable *résumé*. "A Forgotten Remnant" is an account of the Seminoles of Florida. There are about three hundred of this Indian tribe left in their old home, The Seminole is "bright copper colour, tall, straight, and clean-limbed. His carriage is that of a thoroughly independent, self-reliant son of the forest. and his every attitude, save when he trammels his limbs with the habiliments of a rude civilisation, is full of grace, and suggestive of supple strength." The jet black hair is close cropped, save at the crown of the head, where the scalp-lock grows. It is carefully braided, and ornamented with bits of bright finery, but is generally hidden underneath an immense turban. The second paper on Ericsson is full of particulars of his inventions. His steam-engine, the *Novelty*, competed with Stephenson's *Rocket*. The *Times* greatly admired Ericsson's engine. "It was the lightest and most elegant carriage on the road yesterday, and the velocity with which it moved surprised every beholder. It shot along the line at the amazing rate of thirty miles an hour." A series of unfortunate accidents caused its withdrawal from the competition, but it made a great sensation. His famous *Monitor* made its mark in the American Civil War, but the victory would have been much more decisive if the naval authorities had not been frightened at the charge of powder Ericsson urged them to use. They only put a fifteen-pound charge, whereas it could have borne three times that quantity of powder.

ST. NICHOLAS (January, February, March).—The most thrilling paper in the February number is Mr. Dunning's description of the "Great Storm at Samoa" last March. He was sent to the islands by the American Associated Press in order to keep the papers informed of the course of events during the disturbances in Apia. No one dreamed that he would have to record such a battle with the elements as that which is chronicled in this stirring paper. One learns to admire more highly the heroic feat performed by Captain Kane of the *Calliope*, in taking out his ship in the teeth of the storm. It is a paper which every one should read. "On a Mountain Trail," in the March number, is an exciting story of two men pursued by grey timber wolves. They had only one pistol, and though its six shots kept the pack of wolves off for a time it was to the dynamite which they were carrying for the miners at Gulch City, in Montana, that they owed their escape. We do not wonder that the editor made special inquiry as to the truthfulness of the remarkable "Fifteen Minutes with a Cyclone." It is almost too much to ask one to believe that the father and one of his boys were pitched head-foremost into the well, the house wrecked, and yet none of the family hurt. "George and Nellie Custis" is a capital paper on Washington's step-children and their descendants.