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LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1894.

ART. I.—DEAN STANLEY'S LIFE AND INFLUENCE.

The Life and Correspondence of A. P. Stanley, D.D., late Dean of Westminster. By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A., with the co-operation and sanction of the Very Rev. G. G. BRADLEY, D.D. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1893.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was born December 13, 1815. He died July 18, 1881. In other words, he lived through the greater part of the nineteenth century, and was in his prime during its middle and later middle portion. During that period, he was successively a Rugby boy, Dr. Arnold's favourite and typical pupil; a brilliant undergraduate of Oriel, who carried off successively almost every prize the University of Oxford could give him; a Fellow and Tutor of University College, active in all the Oxford life of the eventful years 1834–1848; for seven years a Canon of Canterbury; for several more Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford; a companion of the Prince of Wales during his tour in the East, and trusted friend of the Queen and several members of the Royal Family down to the time of his death; a versatile, accomplished, and attractive writer, the mere record

of whose books, pamphlets, and articles occupies eight full pages of close print; a practised controversialist, who wrote, spoke, and took an influential part in almost every theological discussion during a period notable for theological and ecclesiastical controversy; a great traveller, with exceptional powers of observation and picturesque description; a social personage of importance, well known and always welcomed in the highest circles; finally, he was for more than eighteen years a Dean of Westminster, with a quasi-episcopal position and more than episcopal influence, and he so filled his high post as to be perhaps the most distinguished of a long and distinguished line of Deans of the venerable Abbey. Such a man evidently occupied no ordinary position in the life of the English Church during the present century, and such a life possesses more than ordinary interest for the student of contemporary religious thought.

The twelve years which have elapsed since Stanley's death make it desirable to consider his life and work from a point of view which it would not have been possible to occupy had we been writing a review within a few months of the end of his career. Twelve years is not a long period, but much may happen in it in such a rapidly travelling age as ours. Much has happened since 1881. The decade is enough and more than enough to show the nature and extent of the influence which Stanley exercised upon his own generation and those immediately next him in age. What will be the effect upon the next generation still, remains to be seen. We are not foolish enough to attempt to anticipate the verdict of the twentieth century. But amongst the many aspects from which this busy and brilliant life may be studied, the one which is most interesting to us and the one which perhaps most truly belongs to this REVIEW, is to estimate the value, and the probability of permanence, of the influence of this typical Broad Church leader. This is the aim we shall keep chiefly in view. The interest which belongs to the variety and picturesqueness of the scenes through which Stanley passed, the good stories told of him or by him, the ability and characteristic charm of his correspondence, his confidential relations with royalty—these and other topics will not be altogether

passed by. But they must be kept subordinate to the endeavour to answer the most important question of all concerning this remarkable man, What was the nature and worth of the influence he exerted upon religious thought and life, how far does it continue and how far is it desirable such influence should continue in the days upon which our lot is cast? In our last number we were called upon to answer a similar question in relation to the great High Church leader, Dr. Pusey. At one time Pusey and Stanley stood very close together, and were on terms of pleasant, if not friendly, intercourse. Afterwards, the streams of their lives diverged as widely as was possible within the limits of the same Church and the same Christian ministry. Both were good and able men, of marked ability and commanding influence. We were compelled three months ago to state our reasons for believing that the learned and saintly recluse of Christ Church had in many respects seriously misled that great body of English churchmen who have honoured his name and followed his guidance. What are we to say of the genial and attractive Dean of Westminster and those—be they many, or be they few—who have followed his guidance? The attempt to answer this question will lead us to the very heart of Dean Bradley's and Mr. Prothero's interesting pages, but it will also lead us considerably beyond them, into the heart of some of the chief religious and ecclesiastical problems of this harassed and anxious time. Of the truth and value of the answer given our readers must be the judges.

For many of the finer qualities of his mind and character Arthur Stanley was indebted to his mother, (born) Catherine Leycester, the sister of Mrs. Augustus Hare, well known through the *Memorials of a Quiet Life*. Her son describes her as possessing "a spiritual insight which belonged to that larger sphere of religion which is above and beyond the passing controversies of the day." The purity, delicacy, vivacity, and quick, responsive sympathies which were so characteristic of the son's intellect, seem to have been largely inherited from his gifted mother. His love for her, his intense grief at her death, which took place while he was in Palestine with the Prince of Wales, and his reverence for her memory, constitute

one of many beautiful features in Stanley's character and give a charm of their own to many pages of his biography.

He was a winning child. As the years passed his life did not pass into that more decidedly animal and coarser stage which is characteristic of boyhood. He never was a thorough English boy. Shy, reserved, delicate, *spirituel*, he had little interest in games, and none in the horseplay which formed so large a part of school life sixty years ago. He was always helpless with his hands and feet. Rugby without football is like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. "I *think*," he writes in 1830, "I kick the ball, whereas before they told me I only pushed it with my foot." But his football was little more than "running backwards and forwards after a crowd for the space of two hours," and the running itself was a feeble and unsatisfactory performance. It speaks volumes for Arthur Stanley's character that in spite of all this he was liked as well as respected, and before he left was a school-hero. He carried off prizes innumerable. Not that he was an Admirable Crichton. He seemed incapable of mastering mathematics, all his life he was a bungler at accounts, he was ignorant of architecture and indifferent to music, and during the earlier years of his life was incapacitated either by his constitutional reserve or some unreadiness of utterance, so that it was a difficulty to him to express his thoughts in conversation or in public. But prizes for Latin verse, English poem, Greek iambics, English essay, he won them all, and one of his contemporaries recalls after fifty years his "vivid recollection of the Speech Day, when after reciting his beautiful prize poem, *Charles Martel*, he returned from Arnold's chair so loaded with prize-books that he could hardly carry them—his face radiant, yet so exquisitely modest and free from all conceit, that we outsiders all rejoiced at 'little Stanley's' successes." These school honours were crowned by his winning for Rugby the blue ribbon of the Balliol Scholarship, beating Lonsdale of Eton and others, and on the last Speech Day he attended at Rugby, Dr. Arnold stood up and said to him: "Stanley, I have now given you from this place every prize that can be given, and I cannot let it pass without thanking you thus publicly for the honour you have reflected upon the school,

not only within these walls, but even already at the university."

The speaker of those words exercised perhaps *the* formative influence which shaped Stanley's mind and character. Predispositions there may have been, after-influences of great potency there undoubtedly were, but the man who more than any other made Stanley what he was, was his almost idolised master, Dr. Arnold. The strong language which describes the enthusiastic devotion of the schoolboy is fully borne out by the careful judgment of later years, and by the testimony of those best qualified to estimate the real character of Arnold's influence. At eighteen Stanley says of one of his sermons, "I cannot describe it to you, but I never heard or saw anything which gave me so strongly the idea of inspiration." And again, "I certainly feel that I have hardly a free will of my own on any subject about which he has written or spoken." But it was half a century later that Dean Vaughan, his lifelong friend, wrote of "that growing and absorbing devotion to his great headmaster, of which he sometimes accused himself as tending to the idolatrous. . . . . The influence of Arnold's character, at once so high above him, and so powerfully in contact, gave to this early period of life a sort of fire of zeal (if I might so express it) at which Oxford undergraduates might afterwards smile, but which had in it the making of the future man, with that unresting energy, that forthright purpose, that resistless attraction, that clean and pure soul." Mr. Prothero describes this influence upon Stanley's youth of a great character as "permeating his mind, remodelling his ideas, inspiring him with manly intents, earnest feelings and large thoughts, which grew with his growth." It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the scholar was a mere echo of the master. Even during his undergraduate days, Stanley is found criticising the severe tone and language of Arnold's *Edinburgh Review* article on *The Oxford Malignants*, and his famous biography of his master is far from being the eulogium of a disciple who was so enthralled as to be incapable of forming a judgment of his own. Arnold's method of education was not likely to turn out pupils who presented nothing but a series of pale reflections of his own vigorous personality. Stanley was *himself*

all his life, from the time of boyhood before he knew Arnold down to the days when the name of Arnold was only a venerated memory. But the vigour of his energetic character, and the whole set and bias of his thoughts on theological and ecclesiastical subjects, must be traced to the period of the Sixth Form at Rugby, and the commanding influence of one who proved himself, both in the little world of school and the larger world outside, to be a true leader of men and maker of heroes.

It would not be difficult to gather from Stanley's letters, written before he was twenty years of age, passages which describe his theological views to the very end of life. It is not so much that the germs of later opinions are to be found in them, but the opinions themselves, expressed in the very language of maturer years. Before he is out of his teens, he writes upon Church and State, upon subscription to Articles, upon Apostolical Succession, upon Biblical criticism, and the true principles of Church unity, in language which might have fallen from his lips almost at any portion of his career. It is noteworthy enough amidst the discussions of our own time to read the following words written in 1835 by a youth of nineteen:

"God did not intend Genesis to be a revelation of geology, and, therefore, we are no more likely to find geological accuracy in the account of the Creation than astronomical accuracy in the account of the stars, &c., in Joshua, Psalms, or Job. If Genesis be in its first chapter a revelation of geological truth, it is an exception to the general rule of Scripture revelation. . . . . What we ought to look for there is our relation to God as our Creator—that we and all the world were created by God and not by chance, and all that we enjoy comes from God and God only.

"This is the great point to bear in mind, that even though Genesis be proved altogether fabulous (which God forbid), yet your faith and the faith of every poor Christian in this world remains unshaken; your rule of life, your object of faith, your fear of judgment, and your hope of happiness, remain the same" (i. 150).

Even at this stage of his mental development the youthful Broad Churchman is found lamenting what seems "the curse of every man that he cannot be liberal on one point without being illiberal on another," and judging even his father, the liberal Bishop of Norwich, because in his desire to do justice to Roman Catholics he was unjust to Evangelicals. But the

most remarkable example of this early maturity of judgment that Dean Bradley presents is the fact that a celebrated passage on schism in his father's installation sermon, which excited much angry comment, was really written by the son, then an Oxford undergraduate. The passage is too apposite to present-day controversies for us to pass it by in silence. The voice of Bishop Stanley uttered in Norwich Cathedral the language of young Arthur Stanley of Balliol when he said that Christ

> "Told us clearly that there might be a perfect unity of form, with the most utter division of spirit. It is, then, against the spirit and not the form of division that the denunciations against schism are directed. If the heart of man be full of love and peace, whatsoever be his outward act of division, he is not guilty of schism. Let no man then think himself free from schism because he is in outward conformity with this or any other Church. He is a schismatic, and he only, who creates feuds, and scandals, and divisions in the Church of Christ" (i. 182).

But we are anticipating. Stanley's undergraduate career was exceptionally brilliant; not so much as regards the actual university honours actually carried off, though the list of these was enough to rank him among the highest of his contemporaries, but in the prestige of the man himself and the hopes of future distinction aroused by the promise of his early manhood. The story of his winning the Ireland scholarship is tolerably famous. He succeeded so well in the papers of the first day that the examiners came to the conclusion that the candidate in question, whose name they did not know, must have seen the papers, and they took the unusual and rash course of cancelling the first day's papers and determining the result by the work of the remaining days. The candidate in question, however, retained his pre-eminence, and great indignation was excited by the injudicious conduct of the examiners, who were compelled by public opinion to make a satisfactory *amende*. Of his Newdigate prize-poem on the Gipsies, Dean Bradley says that it "was no doubt one of unusual—it is perhaps not too much to say, of extraordinary—merit, and from the first line to the last there is scarcely a thought or a passage that is not eminently characteristic of the writer." Certain it is that it was enthusiastically received by an audience not predisposed in favour of prize-poems as such, and the applause of the Sheldonian Theatre only expressed the popularity which had followed

Stanley from Rugby to Oxford and which in a measure remained his through life. When Lord Melbourne was hesitating about the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Divinity Professorship, a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury was despatched to young Stanley at Oxford to ask "your own opinion of comparative merits and also of the feeling of the place" in reference to the appointment. It was of course a very indirect form of consultation, if consultation it could be called, but he could have been no ordinary undergraduate whose opinion on such a subject was taken even for a moment into the account by a Prime Minister about to nominate one of the highest dignitaries of the university.

It was a bitter disappointment to Stanley that his career at Oxford was not crowned by a fellowship at Balliol. It seems almost incredible now that his election should have been opposed on the ground that his religious views were not of precisely the right shade of orthodoxy. He refused to stand both at Balliol and at Oriel because it was certain that the election of a pupil of Arnold would be opposed, but he felt keenly this exclusion from the circle he cared most to enter. His election as Fellow of University College for some time failed to console him; it was to him as "the Bishopric of Man, instead of the Archbishopric of Canterbury." But he came ere long to a better mind, and after an interval threw himself heartily into the work of a college tutor. In the years 1844–1854 University College rose with remarkable rapidity in the class-lists. Many young men were entered at the college solely because Stanley was teaching there; and amongst them was G. G. Bradley, now Dean of Westminster, who thus graphically describes the young tutor's intercourse with his pupils:

"He was—need I say it?—a singularly attractive and inspiring teacher; but in saying this I feel I have said little. The fascination, the charm, the spell were simply irresistible; the face, the voice, the manner, the ready sympathy, the geniality, the freshness, the warmth, the poetry, the refinement, the humour, the mirthfulness and merriment, the fund of knowledge, the inexhaustible store of anecdotes and stories, told so vividly, so dramatically—I shall not easily enumerate the gifts which drew us to him with a singular, some of us with quite a passionate, devotion. We walked with him, sometimes took our

meals with him—frugal meals, for he was at the mercy of an unappreciative college 'scout,' who was not above taking advantage of his master's helplessness in arranging for a meal, and his indifference to any article of diet other than brown bread and butter. We talked with him over that bread and butter with entire freedom, opened our hearts to him; while his perfect simplicity, no less than his high-bred refinement, made it impossible to dream that any one in his sober senses could presume upon his kindness" (i. 356).

Even in those days he delighted to bring extremes together, and he mingled at his table and at the gatherings in his rooms hard-working "saps" and sporting gentleman-commoners, just as in after days he brought together the orthodox and the heterodox, High Churchmen and Evangelicals. His range of subjects was wide, his sympathy prompt and unfailing, while already his brilliant historic imagination lit up the treatment of the most abstract subjects in a way which fascinated his hearers and kindled in them a kindred interest and enthusiasm.

He was chosen Fellow of University in 1838. In 1841 he was exulting over the appointment of Arnold to the Professorship of Modern History and the cordial greeting he received in Oxford at the delivery of his inaugural lecture. In June 1842 Arnold died. The blow was crushing in its suddenness and terrible unexpectedness. Arnold was in the prime of manhood—only forty-six years of age—and he appeared to be entering upon a new and yet more influential stage of his career. Readers of *Tom Brown's School Days* are not likely to forget the description there given of the effect upon old Rugby boys of that overwhelming blow. Stanley was so stunned by the intelligence that he was compelled to keep his bed for some hours. He then hastened to Rugby, and was received by the mourners as one of themselves. Forty years afterwards he wrote to a friend: "Always on that 12th of June I have written, first to Mrs. Arnold and then to Fan. And the 'eye' of that anniversary recollection is not dim, nor its natural force abated." We must not stay to speak of Stanley as Arnold's biographer, though the *Life* is perhaps the work by which he is most widely known and by which he has accomplished most positive and lasting good. "For nearly two years," says Mr. Prothero, "he abandoned for it every other

occupation that was not an absolute duty. The labour was great—by far the hardest, he used to say, that he ever went through in his life. At times it hung, as he told Pearson, 'like a millstone round my neck.' Yet it was truly a labour of love; and when, on the last day of May 1844, the *Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold* appeared, and when he found that it was everywhere greedily devoured and everywhere awakening or intensifying a feeling of profound admiration for Arnold, he had his reward." Stanley's later literary work was done more easily, and much of it was comparatively superficial and unenduring. His veneration for his master had graven its mark deeply upon him, and his sympathetic nature enabled him to throw his whole soul into the portraiture of one he so fervently loved and honoured. The virile force of Arnold's own character, presented with all the sympathetic grace and charm of Stanley's style, made an impression upon the readers of the *Life* which Stanley's own views and character failed in after years to produce. Boswell's *Johnson* stands in its own place among English biographies, unapproached, perhaps unapproachable. But Lockhart's *Scott* may claim its own niche as a great biography of another order, and Stanley's *Arnold* is certainly entitled to a place of its own, in some respects more complete as a portrait and more finished as a work of art, than either. If Stanley had never done any other work than this, he might claim high rank as a literary craftsman.

His first sermon was preached at a village near Norwich in 1840. The story of the impression produced upon some of his auditors is, in the light of the preacher's subsequent reputation for vague and unsatisfying doctrine, too good to be lost. After the service, two old women of the parish were overheard discussing the sermon and the preacher. The first old woman observed to her friend, "Well, I do feel empty-like!" "And so do I," returned the other; "that young man did not give us much to feed on." He had not entered upon his sacred office without many misgivings, especially in relation to the Athanasian Creed. Stanley, in his examination for ordination, drew special attention to his answers on the subject of the "damnatory clauses" of the creed, and obtained the express sanction of the archdeacon, in the name of the bishop, to his

own somewhat free interpretation of them. It is noteworthy that in the full account which is given of his hesitation concerning subscription, there is no hint whatever of any doubt as to any of the leading doctrines of Christianity. It was not the theological statements of the (so-called) Athanasian Creed which staggered him, but the language of the Eighth Article and the condemnation to eternal perdition apparently pronounced upon all who do not accept the minute definitions and metaphysical distinctions of that ancient hymn. Very characteristically Arnold wrote to Stanley, during this period of of mental disquietude, endeavouring to persuade him that "Ordination was not meant to be closed against those who, having been conscientious members of the Church before, and wishing in earnest to be ministers of the Church now, holding its truths and sympathising in its spirit, yet cannot yield an active belief to the words of every part of the Articles and Liturgy as true, without qualification or explanation." He justifies this both on historical and on *a priori* grounds:

"For otherwise the Church could by necessity receive into the ministry only men of dull minds or dull consciences; of dull, nay, almost of dishonest minds, if they can persuade themselves that they actually agree in every minute particular with any great number of human propositions; of dull consciences, if exercising their minds freely and yet believing that the Church requires the total adhesion of the understanding, they still, for considerations of their own convenience, enter into the ministry in her despite" (*Life of Arnold*, p. 493).*

We have quoted from this letter, to which Mr. Prothero makes only a passing reference, partly because it illustrates the way in which Arnold shaped his disciple's thoughts, and partly because its leading principle appears again and again in Stanley's speeches on Subscription and his Essays on Church and State. The letter expresses the very pith and essence of Broad Churchism, combined with a deep and reverent religious feeling, which was characteristic of Arnold and more or less present in Stanley, but which was more marked in the master than in the pupil.

* The letter is dated Fox How, Dec. 20, 1839. It is numbered ccxvi, in the Sixth Edition, from which we quote. Mr. Prothero refers to it as cxc.

Thus far we have followed, not, we fear, quite consistently, a chronological order and have brought Stanley to the threshold of his more public career. It will be quite impossible, however, thus to accompany his biographer to the close. A few sentences must suffice to present an outline of the chief events of his life, and its characteristic features will be more conveniently described if the discussion be not fettered by a close observance of the order of time. In 1846 Stanley was appointed Select Preacher, and delivered in the university pulpit a course of sermons, afterwards published under the title of *The Apostolical Age*. He took great pains with these sermons, and issued them as a kind of declaration of his theological position. They marked a crisis in his life, says Mr. Prothero, and henceforth he was regarded both by Evangelicals and High Churchmen with suspicion and antipathy. It is strange, in turning the leaves of the volume to-day, to read such words as these. But the plea for free inquiry which the sermons contain has so far been successful, that the original utterances sound mild and tame, and raise a simple wonder what there was in all of them to brand the preacher as of doubtful orthodoxy. The sermons, however, sufficed to prevent Stanley from obtaining the Regius Professorship of Divinity which became vacant in 1848. During 1850–1852 he was busily occupied as secretary to the Oxford University Commission. In 1851 he accepted a canonry at Canterbury, and though he felt the wrench of parting from Oxford, there can be little doubt that the years which he spent in the comparative seclusion of his new home were both enjoyable and advantageous to him. Here he wrote his Commentary on Corinthians and the *Memorials of Canterbury*. From Canterbury he started on his tour in the Holy Land, and on his return he there completed his *Sinai and Palestine*.

In 1856 he received from Lord Palmerston and accepted an offer of the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. The appointment was in many respects an excellent one. But Oxford did not receive him with open arms. He received *one* letter of congratulation, and one only, from an Oxford resident, Professor Jowett. Pusey viewed the appointment "with sorrow and fear," and Pusey rather than

Jowett represented the university of the day. From this time forwards is to be dated that more overt and pronounced opposition to Stanley and his views which followed him through the remainder of his course. His *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, the main work of his professorship, remain his most characteristic production, but the generation which is fascinated by them to-day, which thinks them very interesting but rather old-fashioned, cannot understand the shudder with which High Churchmen and Evangelicals alike regarded such a treatment of the Old Testament thirty years ago. The instinct of Oxford was right, however, when it regarded the three introductory lectures by the new professor—who characteristically began his course with a quotation from Bunyan—as indicative of a new spirit and a new method, the end of which it was impossible to see. Already in these lectures a characteristic keynote is being strongly struck, insisting on the breadth and comprehensiveness of the Christian Church, and the impossibility of understanding it apart from the history of the world. Ecclesiastical history to this least dry-as-dust of professors did not mean the annals of a clerical caste or an abstract of extinct theological controversies, but part of a world-wide movement, partly secular, partly religious—these two elements being inextricably intertwined—by which the Kingdom of God is being established upon earth. This was indeed to pour new wine into old wine-skins, and those who prized the old skins grew very wroth against the introducer of new wine. "Whatever ground your and Professor Jowett's pupils occupy," wrote Dr. Pusey in 1858, "it will not be yours. It must be onward or backward." The prophecy has proved true, and the movement has been onward.

The great change in Stanley's life did not come till 1863. In 1862 he, at the special wish of the Queen, accompanied the Prince of Wales in his tour to the East, and began to be admitted into intimate relations with the Royal Family. During the next year he became engaged to Lady Augusta Bruce, a sister of General Bruce who had been his close companion in the East. On the same day that his engagement was announced, it was also announced that he was appointed Dean of Westminster. He had more than once expected a

bishopric, or his friends had anticipated such a position for him, but the announcement of his acceptance of the deanery was received with general satisfaction. R. W. Church wrote: "The Deanery of Westminster seems made for you," and it was felt that "the Blue Ribbon of learning and scholarship" would be worn by a man eminently fitted to fill a post as important as most bishoprics and much less laborious and exacting in its requirements than the work of a bishop in these busy days. For eighteen years he so filled the position as to appear an almost ideal dean and to create a kind of tradition as to what a Dean of Westminster ought in future to be. The years from 1863 to 1881 were eventful in ecclesiastical affairs. During that period he took part in the many theological controversies which agitated the Church. He was already a practised controversialist. At Oxford he had taken an active part in the discussion which arose over the degradation of Mr. Ward, and again in the Hampden controversy. He had had his say in the Gorham controversy, and had written one of the most brilliant and telling of the many articles called forth by the publication of *Essays and Reviews*. Henceforth by his speeches in Convocation and his use of the press he took an active part in the Colenso controversy, and the discussions which arose on such subjects as the Ritual Commission and the Public Worship Regulation Bill, the Revision of the Athanasian Creed, and the Revision of the Authorised Version of the Scriptures, the Pan-Anglican Synod, "Ecce Homo," and kindred subjects too numerous to mention. His literary activity was very great, and we cannot refer to all the books, to say nothing of the articles and pamphlets, which he wrote during this period. The most important productions of his pen were the successive volumes of the *Jewish Church*, the *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, *Essays on Church and State*, and *Christian Institutions*.

But Dean Stanley's literary work formed but a part of his busy life. He was a great traveller. He had been everywhere and seen everything. One of the chief charms of Mr. Prothero's volumes is to be found in the long and graphic descriptions of the most diverse scenes, sketched by a pen that was as sure in its portraiture as it was rapid in its work. He was a notable figure

in society. A *persona grata* at Court, he charmed every circle in which he appeared. At Her Majesty's request he performed the Protestant ceremony at St. Petersburg on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh in 1874. He was indefatigable in his attention to the interests of his beloved Abbey, and devoted no small portion of his time to care for the building and making known its treasures to the world.

"In Westminster Abbey as a whole, and in its minutest details, his life became more and more centred. His love for the national sanctuary which had been entrusted to his care showed itself in a variety of ways—in his refusal to permit unnecessary restorations, in his respect for the monuments of every age as parts of the history of the country and of the Abbey, in his eagerness to make new discoveries in or about the building, in his boyish delight at finding the monogram of Izaak Walton scratched with the angler's own hand on the tomb of Isaac Casaubon, in the labour which he spent on tracing out the story of 'Jane Lister—dear childe,' in the pleasure with which he brought from Ticonderoga the point of a rusty bayonet which had been dug up on the battle-field, and reverently placed it on the tomb of Colonel Townsend. But the two most important structural changes which commemorate his tenure of the deanery were the restoration of the Chapter House and the completion of the altar in the Abbey itself. . . . . If Stanley had enjoyed no other title to distinction than his love and care for the building, he would have left his mark on the ancient Abbey as one of the most memorable in the long line of abbots and deans who have held the keys of the Abbey of St. Peter" (ii. 277, 278).

His happy married life lasted but twelve years. What Lady Augusta Stanley was to her husband during those years no biography, however excellent, can describe. She was indeed a woman of a thousand. "Is it possible," asked one of the Canons, who was struck by the warmth of her manner, "that all this can be sincere?" "Yes," was the reply of the Duchess of Buccleuch, "it is the echo of her heart." "Every day," says Mr. Prothero, "Stanley learned to lean more and more upon his wife, who was to be his 'inseparable partner in every joy and struggle,' and whose 'sustaining love,' 'inspiring courage,' and 'never-failing faith in the enlargement of the Church and the triumph of all truth'* supported him for the next twelve eventful years of his life." She died in 1876,

* Dedication of vol. iii. of the *Lectures on the Jewish Church*.

and Stanley never recovered from the shock. He regained, after a period of crushing sorrow, some of his natural cheerfulness, but his physical strength seemed to have been sapped and one of the main cords of his life broken. He rallied sufficiently to take one or two more tours, including a somewhat extended one in America, but he seemed gradually to lose his old interest in life, his figure shrank, his spirits were depressed, and he who had lived in the sympathies of others, as he had ever been ready to extend his own, sank into a mental as well as physical weariness which showed that the lamp of life was nearly exhausted of its oil. From time to time he brightened into his own self, but the death of his sister Mary and of his lifelong friend Hugh Pearson told upon his strength, and an attack of illness in 1881 showed that his power of resistance was gone. He died on July 18, and was buried in his beloved Abbey on July 25, 1881. Upon his tombstone, as upon his wife's, were engraven by his own desire the words from the Prayer-book version of the 119th Psalm—"I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad."

And now we may ask, what constituted the influence of this brilliant and many-sided man, and how far is that influence likely to be permanent, how far has it been beneficial or the contrary? Foremost in every estimate of Stanley's character and career there is certain to be placed first the indescribable but very potent charm of his personality. That charm was felt by every one who knew him personally, but it would not be easy to say in what it consisted. He was not a man to be described as "not one, but all mankind's epitome," yet his prompt, gracious, and winning sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men seemed to multiply his personal existence, and impart a far-reaching, magnetic influence to that slight, frail figure, as if it radiated light and warmth in all directions round it. He was an aristocrat by birth and a welcomed guest in Royal circles, yet his genuine kindliness of nature—that benignity which is well represented by the Greek χρηστότης—enabled him to enter with unaffected interest into the affairs of Giles the lighterman, and other working men to whom he explained the treasures of the Abbey. The very deficiencies which were characteristic of him and over which

he would sometimes make merry seemed to add to his lovableness. His physical senses were blunted in maturer life, his taste and smell, his ear for music, and even his eye for the beautiful in landscape. Princess Beatrice, when a child of six, was particularly interested to know whether it was true that Dr. Stanley could neither taste nor smell. His handwriting was atrociously illegible. He often told how, after long delay in reply to a note of his on business, a tradesman sent back the answer, "Not being acquainted with the caligraphy of the higher orders, I asked a friend to decipher parts of the note." He could never understand or keep accounts, and that is perhaps hardly to be wondered at when we are told that he considered himself "not so very bad an accountant," but that he could never quite appreciate the difference between eighteen pence and one-and-eight pence! Mr. Locker-Lampson tells of him a good story. On one occasion it was told him that Mr. Hallé's cook had fixed on a lucky number, twenty-three, in a lottery, because she had three times dreamed of the number seven, and "three times seven, you know, sir, is twenty-three!" "I observed," says Mr. Lampson, "a wistful expression on Arthur's countenance, as if he were ready, nay anxious, to be amused, but could not for the life of him quite manage it. Then suddenly his face brightened, and he said, but not without a tinge of dejection, "Ah, yes, I see; yes, I suppose seven times three is *not* twenty-three."

The occasional awkwardness which marked him from childhood is well illustrated by a story told of him as a college tutor. In order to make his lectures more interesting he would illustrate them in every possible fashion, and often punctuate them, so to speak, with questions. These questions were enforced by touches, or even by pokes with a long stick, used to indicate the person from whom an answer was expected. "Once, as a pupil remembers, he addressed a very ordinary question about the parent of a patriarch to one of those who were sitting near him. The stick touched the head which was leaning forward over a note-book. The head rose, and disclosed the blushing features of a well-known Oxford tutor, who could *not* answer the question. After this accident, the use of the stick was discontinued." But such indications of deficiency

or awkwardness in lesser matters, combined as it was with perfect good breeding and an instinctive grace of manner, never interfered, from his childhood onwards, with his popularity and personal influence; in a sense perhaps they increased it. Our readers will prefer Mr. Prothero's description of this personal fascination to any words of ours:

"It was blended of physical, mental, and moral characteristics. It lay partly in the slight, shadowy figure, the rare beauty of his smile, the refined alertness of his delicate, expressive face, the well-bred courtesy of his manner; the rapidity of his quick, eager movements, which suggested that he *must* find and communicate to others what he sought; the quaint, endearing dependence which gave an almost pathetic touch to his appearance. It consisted still more in the wide range of his ready sympathies, in the share that he claimed in every healthy form of human interests, in his eagerness to gain and impart knowledge, in his constant endeavour to discover something that was excellent in the most unpopular of characters or of works. It was heightened by his sunny vivacity, his active imagination, his picturesqueness as a *raconteur*, his ready command of appropriate anecdote, felicitous illustrations, or apt quotations. Most of all it lay in the charm of purity and simplicity, of nobility of sentiment and original innocence of soul—in the charm of a chivalrous nature, that was free from vanity or jealousy, full of genuine enthusiasm for all that was good and pure—a nature which harboured nothing mean or sordid, and which strove for truth and loved justice with a veritable passion" (ii. 347, 348).

We should be ourselves disposed to emphasise strongly this last feature of character as a potent factor in the charm of Stanley's presence and character. Purity and unselfishness of soul, high-bred generosity and chivalry, have a way of making themselves felt in a manner of which the possessor is quite unconscious. The encomium of the last sentence in the above extract is high, exceedingly high; but we imagine it would be most fully sustained by those who knew Stanley best. The courage, amounting to fearlessness, which characterised him from a boy, in spite of a frail physique and a highly sensitive nature, could only spring from a soul marked by what Aristotle called μεγαλοψυχία —a high nobility of spirit, which in Stanley's case, however, was combined with a truly Christian lowliness—as Giles the lighterman called him, "the dear, good, humble Dean Stanley."

The Deanery was, during the years 1864–1876, the centre

of a remarkable social influence. There were gathered ecclesiastics of every shape and colour, High Churchmen side by side with Nonconformists, dignitaries of foreign churches, and the lepers and pariahs of home-orthodoxy. But literature, art and science were as freely represented; Americans of eminence might be met there at a time when eminent Americans did not appear so frequently as they now do in English society. During the sessions of the Committee of Revisers of the Authorised Version of the Bible, the Deanery was hospitably open to its members, and men and women representative of widely different classes and interests might be met together in a single evening, such as, for example, Robert Browning, Cyrus Field, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Oliphant, Dean Vaughan, Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Allon, Dr. Rigg, and Mr. Arthur. Much of this genial commingling was due to Lady Augusta Stanley. Herself of Scotch extraction, she had been brought up in France, and at one time was, we believe, in the habit of attending with some regularity the Wesleyan services then held in the Rue Royale. There was at least nothing narrow or sectarian about her. She specially requested that after her death there should be no diminution in the hospitality that had ever been extended at the deanery to Nonconformist ministers. But the catholicity of the large-hearted Dean and his noble and devoted wife extended far beyond the limits of English ecclesiastical distinctions. The kind sympathy which each one felt to be precious because it seemed so personal to himself, all valued for the same reason. It was as genuine and complete in the case of the working man as towards the prince or sovereign, and was as fully illustrated to the militant Atheist, Mrs. Besant, as to the High Church Dr. Pusey or to Dr. Stoughton or Dr. Rigg. Such real and many-sided sympathy may well be called unique, and it is not surprising that it enabled Dean Stanley to exercise an almost magical personal attraction and influence.

But, after all, this does not take us very far in our analysis. The very potency of influence which attaches largely to personal presence is necessarily transient, and it must be confined to a comparatively small circle. But Stanley made himself felt far and wide during his lifetime; he was hated and feared, as well

as loved, and the effects of some of his work abide and are visible to-day in numbers who never heard his voice or saw his face. J. R. Lowell once said of him: "I think no man ever lived who was so pleasant to so many people." But that might pass as a doubtful compliment. He himself quoted against himself Aristotle's words, that one who has many friends is not φίλος to any, only ἄρεσκος to all. In his Oxford days and afterwards he complained that his time and attention were dissipated by his πολυφιλία, his delight in touching pleasantly at many points a large number of persons. This might become a weakness of character, and, joined with a certain irresolution which marked him from boyhood, would only enfeeble, while it might extend, his influence. But whatever Stanley was or was not, he was not feeble. He may have been mistaken, he may have been indefinite as a teacher on many points, stretching toleration to its utmost limits and beyond them, but he was not weak, uncertain, vacillating, ineffective. *Quicquid vult, valde vult.* Whatever Stanley willed, he strongly willed, and what many Englishmen specially enjoyed in him, was the splendid courage with which he was prepared to encounter any odds in defence of what he believed to be right. Once at Rugby he, as præpostor, took part in quelling a school rebellion, and he said of the incident later: "It is the only row in which I have been in the right and at the same time in the majority, which last makes a great difference in the comfort." He was in many "rows" after that, but seldom did he take the humourist's advice, always to shout with the crowd, or, when there were two crowds, to "shout with the biggest." He not only dared to stand alone, but sometimes seemed to be happiest when standing and fighting alone, in behalf of an unpopular man or unpopular cause. No one ever thought that Dean Stanley's many-sided sympathy sprang from lack of individual character, or that his geniality meant time-serving.

It is time, therefore, to ask exactly what was meant by Stanley's toleration, comprehensiveness, Broad Churchism, latitudinarianism, or whatever name may most appropriately describe his characteristic attitude on theological and ecclesiastical questions. "Broad" may mean so many things. It

may mean large, or it may mean loose, it may mean wide, or it may mean shallow, it may be synonymous with comprehensive, or it may be only another word for empty and meaningless. Carroll's nonsense-verses very aptly caricature the negative "breadth" which attracts some minds:

> "He had brought a large map, representing the sea,
> Without the least vestige of land;
> And the crew were well pleased when they found it to be
> A map they could all understand.
>
> "What's the use of Mercator's North Pole and Equators,
> Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?
> So the Bellman would cry, and the crew would reply
> 'They are only conventional signs!'
>
> "Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes!
> But we've got our brave captain to thank
> (So the crew would protest) that he's brought us the best—
> A perfect and absolute blank!"

The word "Broad Church" was probably first used by Stanley himself in an essay published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1850, in which he says: "There is no need—although if need there were it could be amply satisfied—for minute comparison of the particular formularies of the Church [of England] to prove the general truth that it is, by the very conditions of its being, not High, or Low, but Broad."* This is a suitable point from which to start our investigation, because Stanley's contention throughout was for the breadth of the Church of England. It was not a question of his own personal beliefs or tendencies, though he would doubtless have admitted that he himself was broad in the sense of not attaching high importance to intellectual distinctions of creed. But he fought for breadth in the sense of comprehensiveness for the Church of England. He rejoiced in the Gorham judgment, in the Bennett judgment, and in the Wilson and Rowland Williams judgment, decisions of the Privy Council which successively vindicated the right of representatives of the Evangelical, the Anglo-Catholic, and the Liberal sections of opinion in that Church to

* *Essays on Church and State*, p. 8. Stanley says in a note that the phrase was suggested to him by A. H. Clough.

hold their place and continue their teaching. But he rejoiced in all alike. It is a curious fact that the argument of the essay which he wrote to vindicate the Gorham judgment and the position of Evangelicals had really been written, though not published, years before in behalf of the Tractarians, who were then an unpopular and, as he thought, in danger of becoming a persecuted party. He took the same attitude in relation to the attack on Hampden in 1836, and the attack on Newman in 1845. "The wheel is come full circle. The victors of 1836 are the victims of 1845; the victors of 1845 are the victims of 1836. The assailants are the assailed. The assailed are the assailants. The condemned are the condemners. The condemners are the condemned. The wheel is come full circle. How soon it may come round again!" It went round more than once after that passage was written, but Stanley's attitude, whether right or wrong, was always consistent. Live and let live, he always preached. The Church of England was no more made for the Evangelical than for the Ritualist, for Dr. Pusey than for Dr. M'Neile, and for neither of them more than for Dr. Colenso. This was with him no mere theory; he spent his life in fighting, sometimes at sore disadvantage, for the practical application of his principle.

It is to be observed that this does not imply either that Stanley took a sort of middle position between contending parties, or a negative position outside both parties, still less that he took up a position antagonistic to both parties. Compromise sometimes means trimming between extremes, and usually implies a negation of both extremes. Stanley was for an inclusion of both extremes. He desired not compromise, but comprehensiveness. No doubt he was sometimes dreaded, sometimes hated, and always shunned by partisans on both sides. "Neither party was interested in upholding his orthodoxy," says Mr. Prothero, "because neither could claim him as its own." Parties exact service in return for support. Stanley attacked both and was denounced by both. There was no lack of missiles to hurl at him. The epithets "Latitudinarian" and "Rationalist" were amongst the mildest of these. It was in vain that he invited Pusey and Liddon to preach in the Abbey, that he entertained distinguished Nonconformist minis-

ters, and himself suggested a memorial in Westminster to honour John and Charles Wesley. The party which had opposed his election to a fellowship at Balliol opposed him throughout. When some one said, in Newman's hearing, that such an interpretation must be Christian because Dr. Arnold took it, he interposed, "But is *he* a Christian?" Such was the attitude throughout of High Churchmen, and for the most part of Evangelicals, towards Arnold's distinguished pupil. That this bitter opposition did much towards determining Stanley's own course we think to be almost certain. The feelings which in earlier life made it possible for him *positively* to sympathise both with Evangelicals and Tractarians—we have marked passages from the *Life* which would establish this point, but have not space to quote them—changed in later life to a *negative* attitude of comparative reticence on great doctrinal questions. Disowned, and often denounced by the representatives of the leading schools of thought in the Church, he was partly driven to the unsatisfactory position which in his later life he consistently occupied and strenuously defended.

But this is by no means the chief explanation of that position. Stanley's doctrines of Board Churchism may be traced to several sources. They sprang from, or were bound up with (1) his Erastian views of Church and State; (2) his comparative inappreciation of the meaning and significance of theological distinctions; (3) a habit of mind which led him always to dwell upon likenesses rather than differences; (4) a belief in the importance of the secular for the true elucidation and development of the sacred in human life; (5) an earnest faith in the importance, nay, the necessity, of free and unfettered enquiry in matters sacred as well as secular, if truth is to be attained; (6) a strong inclination to dwell upon the practical element in religion, as its most important, as well as most Scriptural element, and one which men are always in danger of postponing to doctrinal and ceremonial considerations. There were other reasons arising from personal temperament and intellectual conviction which made the course which Stanley took the only one possible for him, but we must not stay to specify them, and there is no room to illustrate even those we have enumerated. His want of power to

appreciate the importance and sometimes even the meaning of theological distinctions grew upon him, till it seemed as if the very faculty had atrophied. He was essentially a humanist; the secular, the historical, the pictorial attracted him as strongly as the abstract, the metaphysical, the mystical, repelled him. Lord Bacon distinguishes between the tendency of the mathematician and metaphysician to discern differences, and the facility of the poet in discerning likenesses. Stanley's imagination was as lively to detect historical parallels as his reason and understanding were slow to perceive exact lines of theological definition. He was as apt at presenting historical pictures and drawing practical conclusions as he was inapt at doctrinal speculation or perceiving the value of doctrinal distinctions and their bearing upon faith and practice. The following is Mr. Prothero's description of his breadth :

"Different ideals float before the minds of different men, which represent to them the highest aspects of religious life. To some it is the ideal of depth, or power, or height; to Stanley it was the ideal of width—of all-embracing breadth. Nor did the pursuit of this ideal mean, in his case, the surrender of point after point, which had been hitherto held sacred, for the sake of superficial agreement. With him the attitude was not negative, so much as positive. It meant the enlargement of the Church by gaining and embracing new truths, till nothing that was true was omitted. It was the spirit of the prayer,

Open wide our narrow thought
To embrace Thee as we ought.

A dogmatist in his abhorrence of dogma, and a bigot against intolerance, this attitude of detachment distinguished his whole career. . . . . His protests in favour of breadth are directed, not only against narrow ranges of belief, but against narrow limits of practical application. He pleads that religion should not be left alone, as something to be studied apart, but should be connected with everything which can make it appeal more strongly to the human heart, and which can extend Christian principles to the whole range of practical duties" (ii. 376-378).

That Stanley's was in many respects a high ideal, we are not disposed to deny. Was it practicable, and if practicable, in all respects desirable? Has it proved its practical character by the results of the efforts put forth by the valiant and energetic Dean and those more or less associated with him? In

answering these questions, there is one point on which we wish to speak with considerable reserve. What was Stanley's own creed; how far did he himself accept and teach the cardinal doctrines of Christianity? This is a matter on which those who knew Stanley best were in his lifetime unable or indisposed to speak. Not much additional light is shed upon it by the biography. Probably the fact was that in regard to his precise doctrinal belief there was much haze in Stanley's own mind. Even the nucleus of the comet, we are told, is nebulous, and one may readily suppose that Stanley shrank from defining even to himself the sense in which he believed Jesus Christ to be Divine. Mr. Prothero ascribes his reticence on points of doctrine to his special desire to emphasise the practical side of Christianity, but this explanation is hardly sufficient. After a careful reading of all that is most positive in Stanley's creed as set forth in his writings and in the *Life*, we should find it hard to define what he did actually hold—*e.g.*, on the subject of inspiration, or miracles, or on the divinity of Christ. His essay on *The Theology of the Nineteenth Century* has been mentioned by some of his friends as conveying the more positive side of his creed. But we fail to find in it an answer to the questions which we think a teacher, a leader of thought, ought to be prepared to answer, in a time of theological unrest and perplexity. The following passage might perhaps be fixed upon as characteristic, and probably contains nearly all the religious creed to which Stanley would have cared to commit himself:

"Consider what a resting-place this gives to our speculations; reflect how many of the theological questions which vex the present time, respecting this life and the next, must begin and end in this—that God is, above all else, a Moral Being; that He is Love; that He is a righteous Judge, Who will deal with us according to truth; that Obedience is greater in His sight than outward ceremonies; that the Good, the Faithful and the True, is above every other offering that can be made in heaven or on earth" (*Essays on Church and State*, p. 468).

In his latest work, *Christian Institutions*, we find what were perhaps Dean Stanley's most mature utterances on these great questions. In the chapter on the Creed or the Early Christians he undertakes, more fully than in any other part of his writings, to expound what is meant by belief in God the Father, Son,

and Holy Ghost. We need not quote his language concerning the Fatherhood of God, though it is significant that here he finds no words more appropriate to express his meaning than a sentence taken from Renan's *Hibbert Lectures.* But on the second point he says:

"To believe in the name of Christ, the name of the Son, is to believe that God is above all other qualities a Moral Being—a Being not merely of power and wisdom, but of tender compassion, of boundless charity, of discriminating tenderness. To believe in the name of Christ is to believe that no other approach to God exists except through those same qualities of justice, truth, and love which make up the mind of Christ. 'Ye believe in God, believe also in me,' is given as His own farewell address. Ye believe in the Father, ye believe in religion generally; believe also in the Son, the Christ. For this is the form in which the Divine nature has been made most palpably known to the world, in flesh and blood, in facts and words, in life and death" (*Christian Institutions*, p. 341).

Far be it from us to disparage this creed. It is a high and in its practical bearings a purifying and elevating creed. Whether it represents the Christianity of the English Church, of the Catholic Church, of the Reformed Church, of the Apostolic Church, is another matter. We doubt whether Stanley would have consented to go one step beyond such statements as we have quoted. Mr. Prothero says:

"His piety was practical and personal, not doctrinal or speculative. He set before his eyes the Person of Christ—not His church, not his sacraments, not His teaching, not even the truths about Him, but Christ Himself—as the one Being who combines all ideas of perfection in their just harmony, forbidding idolatry and fanaticism on the one side, and on the other giving life and strength to all morality. . . . . In the study and imitation of that divine life lay the truest wisdom and the highest happiness. To have His character was to be a Christian" (i. 382).

Again, we have set before us a lofty and an elevating form of belief. But is it sufficient? Sufficient, if on the one hand we take the teaching of Scripture as our guide; or if, on the other, we seek for what will satisfy the needs of sinful man in an evil world? That Stanley's own heart and life were pure beyond the average standard of purity; that he set a noble example of charity, sympathy, humility, and many another Christian virtue; that the influence of his teaching and life

was and is exceedingly valuable, as helping to redress the balance of opinion in the Church of England and to counteract the strong tendency in favour of Anglo-Catholicism with its semi-materialised Christianity and its essentially schismatic spirit; all this and much more we are prepared not only to admit but to urge. We go further. In our view Stanley's battle for free enquiry, especially in reference to the Scriptures, has been productive of great and lasting good. Such freedom is not without its dangers—what good thing in this world is? We are not blind to the encroachments of Rationalism, or to the need for carefully guarding against its advances. But the history of Biblical criticism in this country since the time when Stanley imbibed its elementary principles from Arnold has on the whole more than justified all that he claimed for it. The Bible is better known, better understood, and more intelligently obeyed than it was fifty years ago. It may be said that while we have gained in intelligence we have lost in reverence, and that religion on the whole is the loser. But for our own part we have little fear of the future. The diminution of dogmatism is leading to the diminution of scepticism, and the hope of the Christian Church now lies with those who are at the same time thoroughly reverent and thoroughly open-minded students of Holy Scripture.

But more serious questions lie in the background. Will such "practical" teaching as Stanley's suffice for the Christianity of the twentieth century? Let us waive all debate concerning the relation between Church and State, and the possibility of including in one community clergymen ranging from Dr. Pusey to Mr. Voysey, or from Dr. Jowett to Canon Knox-Little, held together not by the bond of Articles—which may be subscribed alike by Crypto-Romanists and by virtual Unitarians—but by the one bond of endowments depending on certain external compliance with law. Whether Erastian Broad Churchism is the solution for the difficulties of the Church of England we may leave to its members to discuss. Or rather, it has been already settled by the fact that in this respect Stanley left no disciples worth mentioning, and his rope of sand has long since dissolved into a number of scattered and useless grains. Between Pusey and Stanley the English Church

has judged for itself. The one is taken and the other is left. Stanley is nowhere; Pusey is everywhere. But there are questions raised by Stanley's life which concern Christianity rather than Anglicanism. His mode of stating and preaching Christianity is common enough to-day, and in this sense he has left many disciples. His opposition to dogma, his utter disregard of the intellectual elements of the Christian creed, his dislike of authority, his insistence upon the ethical teaching of Christ as if it were separable from the rest of the teaching of the New Testament—all these things are familiar to this generation largely in consequence of Stanley's teaching and influence. He himself looked forward to the future. "This generation is lost," he said; "I look forward to the generation which is to come." In one of his addresses at St. Andrews he said: "The morrow, the coming century, belongs to the catholic, comprehensive, discriminating, all-embracing Christianity, which has the promise, not perhaps of the present time, but of the times that are yet to be." Is that prospect borne out by the record of the years that have elapsed since Dean Stanley's death? Does the hope of the century of which we are standing almost upon the threshold lie in the direction he anticipated?

In one sense, we believe it does. A simpler, more spiritual, more genial and practical Christianity than that of either the High Churchism or Low Churchism of Stanley's earlier years is on its way. In it lies the hope of the future, and the work which the generous and energetic Broad-Church Dean accomplished in preparing the way for it should be freely acknowledged. But it must not be, it cannot be, a Christianity emptied of its vital doctrines. Nor can it be a Christianity which men are ashamed or afraid to teach plainly and boldly. So far as Stanley did not himself hold these central doctrines, or, as Mr. Prothero states, while holding them, was systematically reticent about them, he was a blind leader of the blind. The world needs a Gospel. It is not a Gospel to bid men imitate the virtues of Jesus of Nazareth, and so offer the only acceptable sacrifice to a "God who is primarily a Moral Being." Mankind is sinful, conscious of sin and of inability to cleanse itself from the stain and deliver itself from the power

of sin, and it cries out for help. *Si quis porrigat manum*—if some one would but stretch out a hand! In Christ the hand of a Divine Saviour is more than stretched out. Christianity is not a "system of metaphysical subtleties." Nor is it a code of practical ethics. From its earliest days onwards, it has been primarily a message, an announcement of glad tidings Divinely given and Divinely authenticated. It proclaims not merely an example, but a Saviour. It is based not merely, not mainly, upon the Sermon on the Mount, but on the Sacrifice of Calvary and Christ's Resurrection from the dead. If the Cross of Calvary means little more than the death of Socrates—as Stanley sometimes seemed to indicate, though of course he recognised to the full the infinitely more sacred associations with which it is invested for Christians—and if the advocate of the new, "broad" Christianity is afraid to speak of Christ as dying for our sins and rising again for our justification, his Gospel is not likely to regenerate the world. Mr. Prothero says of the pure and amiable Dean: "Neither the darker and sterner sides of human nature, nor their affinities in the truths or ordinances of religion, fell within the range of his spiritual experience. To him pure habits came more easily than to other men; the childlike innocence of his character retained its freshness unsullied, as its cheerful gaiety remained unsoured by disappointment; a sunny atmosphere, which he carried with him from his early home pervaded his whole view of human life." In other words, he did not seem to understand, and hardly ever set himself as a teacher to grapple with the deeper problems, the darker phases, the sterner necessities of human life. His theology might be nebulous, for it was never compelled to come to close quarters with sin and the problem of deliverance from it. The Evangelicals who surrounded him had their way of dealing with these questions; he held their watchwords to be merely the set phrases of a decaying orthodoxy. Dr. Pusey and his followers had their way, and it seemed to him to be a mere compound of asceticism and superstitious ceremonies. But Stanley never breathed new life into the old truths about sin and salvation; he "smiling, put the question by." And, therefore, he has been

both by his own and succeeding generations, weighed in the balances and found wanting. He was able by his brilliant historical imagination to quicken interest in Old Testament history and geography, and the spirit of his life was, in many respects a reflex of the mind of Christ. But when it came to positive teaching on the deepest problems of human life, he was silent, or vaguely discursive. Consequently, as a religious teacher, his name is written in water, and his "broad" Christianity cannot be, as he imagined, the Christianity of the future.

It is natural to compare Dean Stanley's catholicity of spirit with that of John Wesley. Stanley always had a good word to say for Wesley. Few who attended the simple but impressive ceremony when the Wesley tablet was unveiled in Westminster Abbey will forget his touching and sympathetic address on the occasion. None knew better than Stanley how truly broad and catholic was Wesley's spirit and how much he did to break down sectional distinctions among Christians. But Wesley's catholicity rested upon clear and definite principles. It did not imply the explaining away of differences of opinion upon central truths as unimportant, provided there was a general desire to follow the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. When Charles Wesley sang,

> "Names and sects and parties fall;
> Thou, O Christ, art all in all!"

he was celebrating the uniting power of a Saviour concerning whom in the former part of the same hymn he had made definite assertions which were to him as the very breath of life. If any one had proposed to the Wesleys to be silent about these truths, in order that there might be a closer approximation amongst men who believed neither in Incarnation, nor Atonement, nor Resurrection, but who wished to follow the beautiful ethical teaching of Jesus, it would be easy to imagine their answer. Breadth of sympathy need not imply indefiniteness of creed, and it will not make the progress of the Christian religion more rapid or more effective to empty it of all save that which is held in common by Liddon and Martineau, Canon Carter and Mr. Stopford Brooke.

We must take leave of two fascinating volumes to which we have done scant justice. Both Dean Bradley, who has consented to the condensation into a few chapters of a whole volume which he had written on Stanley's earlier life, and Mr. Prothero, who is really responsible for the work in its present form, have done their work well. If the latter had been able to take the position of a coeval, and from time to time to indite reminiscences instead of filling his pages with very just, but somewhat barren generalisations, the book would have gained in interest. But as it is, it is full of an interest of which we have given but little idea. The whole subject of Stanley's travels, and the picturesque descriptions contained in his letters has hardly been touched in our review; and we have said all too little concerning his literary work, his hymns, his intercourse with the Royal Family and other topics of general interest. But this article is already too long. Stanley is gone, and, as Dean Bradley says, he "has left no successor." A teacher so indefinite could not expect to found a school; and if he had been able to found one, it was the very last thing he wished to do. But his influence has not perished. We have been compelled to point out what appear to us to be serious deficiencies in his teaching, but we need not be blind to so much that was pure and gracious, noble and generous, catholic and Christian, in his character, his influence, and his life. Matthew Arnold's elegy on him is well known. In it he makes a happy use of the legend concerning the consecration of Westminster Abbey, and applies it to the influence of his departed friend:

> "Yet in this latter time
> The promise of the prime
> Seemed to come true at last, O, Abbey old!
> It seemed, a child of light did bring the dower
> Foreshown thee in thy consecration-hour,
> And in thy courts his shining freight unrolled:
> Bright wits and instincts sure,
> And goodness warm, and truth without alloy,
> And temper sweet, and love of all things pure,
> And joy in light and power to spread the joy."

The description is just and the eulogy deserved. "Charity never faileth," and a life which so largely and variously illustrated the spirit of Christian charity cannot fade uselessly away. Broad

Churchism as a theory is dead, if, indeed, it ever lived. Broad Christianity, as Stanley preached it, has proved itself sterile as a creed and impotent as a motive power. But the breadth of Truth, the glorious amplitude of Love—what St. Paul calls "the length and breadth and depth and height" of the love that passeth knowledge—abides, and shall abide for evermore. So far as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was its servant and apostle, his name will not wholly perish.

ART. II.—ROMAN PORTRAITS.

The Tragedy of the Cæsars. By S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. Two vols. London: Methuen & Co. . 1892.

"HAVING been obliged by lack of health to spend two consecutive winters in Italy," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "I found my attention arrested, and then engrossed, by the collection of portrait busts of the ancient Romans in the various museums. . . . . With the faces of the Cæsarean house before me, I thought of the men and women themselves. . . . . I lived among them, spending day after day looking into their faces, comparing them, and I felt as though I had made a personal acquaintance with them, and had come to understand them in a way none could, apart from these galleries of speaking likenesses. To read Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dio in England, and to read them looking up into the eyes of those whose acts are recorded, are two very different things. It seemed that the study of these faces helped me to understand the characters and personal histories of these Julians and Claudians in a way impossible apart from them, and that it enabled me to correct many a partial judgment and explain many a psychological puzzle." By the help of the numerous faithful reproductions of statue, bust, medal, and gem which enrich his pages, this writer can be followed through many of his researches by home-dwelling Britons, who can judge

whether he has rightly read the meaning of these pictured countenances, and found in them a legible hieroglyph of the mind within.

Very curious is the history of the art which has made such investigations possible, associated in its origin with sepulchres and with funereal pomp; for from the ancient Etruscans, who had some skill in modelling portraits in clay, and who loved to adorn their tombs with terra-cotta images of the dead, the Romans are said to have derived their passion for portraiture, which in them became intimately connected with patrician pride. The "jus imaginum"—the right to a gallery of ancestral images—was granted only to families illustrious through holding office in the State, and during long generations these families cared only to possess representations of such members of their race as had attained civil or military distinction. "A Roman family was as proud of the number of busts of ancestors, all office-holders, which it could show, as an English family now is of the quarterings in its shield." The art which ministered to this pride developed very rapidly. The characterless Etruscan images of terra-cotta were succeeded by waxen masks, carefully modelled from casts of the actual face, and coloured after life; these the Roman noble attached to the family tree painted on the walls of his atrium, and these on funereal occasions were taken down, to be worn by slaves, who, suitably attired, marched ahead of the bier, personating the ancestors of the dead man, conducting him to his final home. Full-sized waxen figures of departed great ones were not unknown; such effigies graced the memorable funeral rites of Julius Cæsar, the pompous obsequies of Augustus. But the waxen masks, however carefully guarded, were too perishable for a pride that dreamed of earthly immortality; they were soon replaced by busts and statues in metal and in stone, shaped and coloured with admirable skill and realistic faithfulness; these crowded the hall of the noble and were paraded in long array at the pompous funerals of his race; these were raised in public places as tributes to popular warriors and statesmen; and as Roman wealth and luxury increased, even bronze and marble sometimes gave way to silver and gold—a vain display, complained Pliny; one-half the value of the

portrait was lost if it were executed in the precious metals, for colour was discarded.

Portraits of dictator, triumvir, emperor, were engraved on gems, chased in gold, worn in rings, figured on medals and on coins; and when Republican Rome had become Imperial Rome, when the representations of the lords of the world were multiplied everywhere by ostentatious loyalty, the children and even the women of the reigning house were deemed worthy of having their august lineaments reproduced in like fashion—a distinction previously withheld from the stately Roman matrons of loftiest standing, and reserved for their sons and their husbands eligible to high office in the State.

Of the thousands of such effigies produced by the patient skill of unknown artists many must have perished, but many fortunately remain; and these surviving trophies of their greatness form a series of almost priceless historical documents. By their aid it is possible to follow not a few famous or infamous personages through successive stages of their career, to note the developments of character, to see what traces sorrow or sin left on their countenances, and to judge in some measure if partisan historians, writing long after the death of their subjects, have dealt fairly or otherwise with their memory.

"Broad-fronted Cæsar, mightiest Julius," stands foremost, and we may, if we please, watch him from early manhood to grand maturity, from the day when he was a dauntless captive in the hands of Mediterranean pirates, to that in which the well-beloved champion of the Roman people fell under the daggers of conspirators who called themselves Liberators. We may even contrast the majestic head of the victim with that of the most famous of the assassins, and note in the busts of Brutus the angular oblong skull flattened at the top, the brow without breadth, the high cheek-bones, the peevish mouth, the small protruding chin, the sidelong distrustful glance. No heroism is apparent here; but the hero-look is very visible in the earliest portrait of Cæsar, with its fine yet rounded outlines; the breadth and height of brain, the steady gaze, the resolute mouth, the attitude and expression formidable in their calmness—all tell the same story. Thus might the young Julius have looked as he assured his pirate captors, with a

tranquil smile, "When I am out of your hands I will not rest till I have hanged the last man of you."

Let a few years pass, and it is another Cæsar, yet the same, that we look upon. He has entered on his long strife with the selfish oligarchy that was dominant in Rome, and deep thought and far-seeing anxiety have banished the mere physical and animal beauty of youth: the cheeks are fallen in, the eye-sockets hollowed out, a few wrinkles mar the smoothness of the vast forehead, the eyes have an intent, unfathomable, forward and upward gaze. One bust gives us Cæsar's battle-face—intellect concentrated, resolution formed, watchful, determined, strong and keen; another, wonderfully attractive, full of power and gentleness, is a spiritually true portrait of Cæsar as a man of peace; a third, grim, deep-wrinkled, lean and yet massive, shows us the Pontifex Maximus wearing the peculiar veil-like head-dress of his office, which accentuates the baldness of the ample brow and the channelled hollowness of the wasted cheeks—hard warfare and heavy responsibility have aged the Dictator more than years. In the most admirable of these likenesses there is an almost superhuman grandeur; there is, too, "a wondrous expression of kindliness, sincerity, and patient forbearance with the weaknesses of mankind, also a little weariness of the strain of life"; the delicately formed lips wear a sad gentle smile, the eyes have the far-off look, peculiar to Cæsar's image alone among these Roman portraits, as of one searching the heavens and trusting in the Providence that reigns there. Was this man an atheist? An unbeliever certainly he was in the mob of deities adored by Greek and Roman alike, and such unbelief was held for atheism by the vulgar. Perhaps the eyes that gazed with such longing into the depths of the unseen could discern therein no hope of a life beyond this life; but there is evidence that he cherished faith in a Divine power reigning over him and directing him, and that a sincere homage to this power dictated his action when, on the day of his triumph, he ascended the steps of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on his knees. Was he a tyrant? Self-restraint, patience, mercy, courtesy, and kindness, such as he showed, are traits not often associated with tyranny; and if the known public acts of his career be estimated without

reference to the malignant gossip of a corrupt aristocratic society that hated him and his reforms, we may find the mute witness of his aspect, growing ever grander and gentler with advancing years, trustworthy, we may endorse the judgment of Mommsen, who finds that Cæsar was ruled throughout life by one aim: "the highest that man can strive after—the political, military, intellectual, and moral regeneration of his deeply depraved nation, and of that Hellenistic people most intimately related to his own, but one still more depraved."

The daggers of Brutus and his fellows made the full realisation of this lofty aim for ever impossible. The men who avenged Cæsar and who seized on his well-earned power could not make such use of it as he might have done. Looking on Marc Antony's face, his immeasurable inferiority to the master he loved is instantly apparent. His is the thick curled hair, the full-fleshed countenance of a laughter-loving Hercules—a man fond of pleasure, kindly, not cruel, and not without resolution, nor without conspicuous ability; but the iron of his nature is mixed with miry clay. So witness the massive features, the heavy jaw, the keen eye and humorous mouth; the taint of sensualism is upon all; and the brow over which the crisp locks cluster so thickly lacks the width and height of the vast Cæsarean forehead.

Not his would it ever be to cherish through life one high aim and subordinate the gratification of selfish desires to an unselfish purpose. Yet it is easy to believe that this Antony was affectionate and impulsive, capable of enthusiasm for that which is great, and prone to cling to one of higher nature than his own. Cæsar held him by the magic of his mental and moral superiority; and the passionate indignation which the slaughter of his master and friend aroused in Antony raised him above himself, so that in a situation of extraordinary difficulty he acted with consummate skill, such as neither friend nor enemy had suspected he could display, nor did craft or resolution fail him till he had seen his desire on the murderers. But no loftier motive mingled with the intense personal feeling that upheld him for a time, and the ambitious voluptuary sank again to his own level.

One glance at the calm cold beauty of the young Octavius

shows how easily possible it was for this untried youth to dominate the mature and experienced Antony; the almost feminine delicacy of the finely modelled features only serves to emphasise the iron resolution that is throned on the smooth broad brow, and speaks from the firm lips. The upper portion of the head, abnormal in its development, tells of exceptional brain-power; the steady eyes, with their cold, intent gaze, would read the secrets of other hearts without betraying their own. There is no insincerity, but no frankness; there is no suggestion of cruelty, no trace of any deep tender feeling. To such a man the absolute self-mastery by which he reached sovereign power would come easily.

We can watch this beautiful, powerful face through the successive stages of a difficult and triumphant career, and we see it assuming a maturer and somewhat more masculine character, and wearing occasionally slight traces of the storm and stress through which Octavius attained to the various objects of his ambition. "A cloud is on the brow, a cloud that deepens," during the years of civil strife and ruthless proscription; one may justly attribute it to "the distress of a conscience driven to acts of violence and wrong," which could be justified on no plea but that of necessity. But the cloud is not heavy; it passes completely away; and on the brow of Cæsar Augustus a lofty serenity is enthroned, an Olympian tranquillity that is unique and surprising, and that indicates the belief he had adopted in a superior Power shaping his destiny and protecting him. "The nations proclaimed him a deity, and he accepted the adulation"; not that he deemed himself superhuman, but because he had learned to think that a divinity wrought through him, saving Rome from rottenness and ruin, and bringing peace and prosperity to a bleeding world. But "divine Augustus" was after all a mortal man, vulnerable through his domestic affections; and there he was stabbed with an incurable wound. At the height of his fame and of his happiness there came on him the long-deferred retribution for the sins he had lightly committed when, for political reasons, he entered into a loveless marriage, and when he broke the bonds of that marriage at the dictates of selfish passion, putting away his wife Scribonia that he might take

to himself Livia, spouse of Tiberius Nero. By such conduct, heartless and cruel even for a Roman, Augustus unwittingly wrought the ruin and extinction of his own race and that of Livia, for it sowed in the imperial family the seeds of murderous discords that far outlasted his own life. But almost more revolting and more significant of blunted moral sensibility is the cold policy with which, having arranged more than one "marriage of convenience" for his beloved only child, Scribonia's daughter, he finally compelled his stepson Tiberius to put away the well-loved wife of his youth and take in her stead the twice-widowed heiress of the imperial family, whom Tiberius loathed with too much reason. Blinded long to the evil nature of the woman who called him "father," Augustus endured the extremity of anguish when his eyes were opened; deep lines of distress, marring the serenity of his latest portraits, tell what he suffered, when of the descendants in whom he had gloried two were swept away by death, and three out of the four who remained—daughter, granddaughter, grandson—were rated by him as "three cancers," because of the moral insanity they evidenced—a hideous exaggeration of his own moral blindness. The penalty was terrible, but not undeserved, although this emperor had anxiously desired to stand on the side of righteousness and to restore republican virtue, with republican simplicity of manners, to the corrupt and wealthy society over which he ruled with a kindly and a gracious despotism.

This social reformer failed even in setting a right example to those whose evil ways he wished to amend; this opportunist statesman, endowed with every gift that could ensure success—tact, suppleness, patience, determination—lacked the creative genius, the constructive ability, of his mightier uncle, whose vast schemes of constitutional reform he was incompetent to carry out. The new Imperialism that took shape gradually under his forming hand was but "the product of a series of compromises," and held in itself fatal elements of decay. The witness of his beautiful countenance—hard, cold, unimaginative, and unsympathetic in all its beauty—is little at variance with the facts of his career.

"Have I played my part well in the drama of life? Then

clap your hands and applaud with joy"! The dying utterance of Cæsar Augustus is characteristic enough in him; but the impossibility of such an utterance on the lips of Julius Cæsar gives us the measure of the difference in the men.

Turning from the world-worn face of the fortunate Emperor, we are confronted by a countenance, rarely beautiful in form, touchingly sad in expression. The head is nobly formed, full of intellect, the forehead remarkably wide and advancing; large pathetic eyes look out wistfully under finely traced brows; the sensitive mouth, the small chin, have an exquisite feminine delicacy; full and rounded outlines tell of the freshness of youth; but the distress that is written on brow and eye and mouth speak of a suffering, apprehensive boyhood. We may look on many reproductions of this beautiful face, for statues and busts, representing its possessor at every stage of life from early adolescence to old age, abound in the museums of Rome. Sometimes the breast is clothed with armour; sometimes the hands sustain the soldier's sword, the general's baton; sometimes a civic crown, heavy with clustering oak-leaves, is pressed down over the thick short locks, for this is a commander of distinction who has merited well of his country and saved the lives of his fellow-citizens. But there is little change in the moral significance of the broad majestic brow, the finely modelled features; always there is the wistful glance, the almost visibly tremulous mouth, expressing kindliness restrained by timidity and self-distrust; and sadness, deepening into melancholy with advancing years, tells us that high achievement has not brought happiness to the mysterious being who is only once presented to us wearing a calm smile eloquent of inward tranquillity. Then, so commanding is his aspect, so serenely radiant his look, that we can well understand the impression he made on the barbarian chief who, admitted to his presence, exclaimed: "By the grace of Cæsar I have this day been admitted to gaze upon a god"!

Were we bidden to look on this singular and beautiful face, and required to say to what character famous in antiquity it corresponded, whom should we name? Who possessed the vast intellectual capacity indicated by the exceptional width of the brow, the exquisite refinement and sensibility shown in

the delicate modelling of every feature, the weakness and irresolution betrayed by the lower face, "moulded like that of a nervous woman"? Whose soul looked so mournfully out of those deep eyes, seeking for affection and comprehension in vain? Who is it whose aged face has stamped on it the gloom and sorrow of utter disillusion?

It would not easily occur to the student of history, as set forth in the average school-books, to answer, "The Emperor Tiberius." But that name is the only answer to our riddle. Look at that antique gem engraved with two portraits in profile: one shows us the exquisite childlike loveliness of the Empress Livia; the other, closely resembling her in pure aquiline outline and large lustrous eye, has her grace exalted into dignity, her affability into serious sweetness, her womanly tact into lofty intellect. They are mother and son; but Tiberius is weak where Livia is strong; happy she in bright self-confidence, while diffident timidity mars the masculine strength of *his* grander features.

Those modern writers who have accepted the conventional view of Tiberius as a "monster" have been honestly puzzled how to reconcile that view with the mute witness of his many effigies. Did all the Roman sculptors of that day agree to falsify the face, to produce portraits that should be something much more than flattering? But these sculptors have represented, with a painful fidelity, the sinister and dark characteristics stamped on the features of a Caligula and a Nero. Why should they have been less faithful in delineating the predecessor of these tyrants? We may take exception, more wisely perhaps, to the highly coloured descriptions of historians who wrote long after the facts, than to the contemporary evidence of artists only concerned to depict a living prince with their best skill, for the gratification of his own subjects. The latter show us a grave, sad-hearted man, of gentle nature and great mental power, who might be reserved and unsocial through a sort of nervous timidity, but who could hardly be cruel; the former describe a character full of the strangest contradictions —a man who did the noblest and the foulest acts; who, during fifty-five years of a difficult existence, lived a blameless life in the full blaze of publicity amidst a suspicious, corrupt, malignant

society; who, when endowed with sovereign power, used it for the good of the country he had already served with remarkable ability; who maintained the appearance of austere virtue until threescore years and ten had passed over his weary head; and then—bereaved, lonely, broken in health, and expecting death—sought a solitary retreat from a world that had never loved him, in order that he might practise "acts of atrocious villainy and revolting depravity"—revealing at last the true character which, with a dissimulation quite unparalleled, the master of the world had succeeded hitherto in concealing during sixteen years of his supremacy! Such a picture has elements of grave improbability. It is possible to admit that a great and good man, austere and clement, might become suddenly insane, and show himself the very opposite of what he had been; but this excuse is hardly to be accepted for a prince who continued, during the last years of his life, to direct the foreign policy of Rome with steadfast wisdom. But let us suppose that Tacitus and Suetonius, no contemporaries of Tiberius, accepted without investigation libels and slanders as facts; that they attributed to the Emperor crimes actually committed by the Senate; that they perverted the significance of many of his acts; then there results an intelligible record "of a man of noble aspirations, tender heart, sincere desire to do his duty, pursuing his course in the midst of every discouragement, dogged by slander and misapprehension of his purpose at every step, till he sank under years and infirmity, when all the evil that had festered in the rotten social and political system came to a head, and all the pains and fevers it produced were charged upon him by those who were in reality to blame. . . . . That is a consistent picture; the other is not."

Various considerations may be advanced in support of such an estimate. The charges made by Tacitus of wholesale executions, of immense slaughter under the forms of justice, are disproved by the records of State trials during the years in question, which Tacitus himself has preserved. Often it appears that the prince interposed between the Senate and its victims; and neither those cruelties nor the supposed excesses of Capreæ find a place in the pages of Pliny the Elder, whose youth was contemporary with the old age of Tiberius, and who collected

many little homely details of the Cæsar's way of life. The lampoons and satires on the cold, reserved, unpopular Emperor that circulated freely in the vicious high society of Rome, from which he shrank, may have found a place in history because the victim sometimes sought to refute them openly; but their untrustworthy character is evident from the vile motives they assign to worthy acts. It was "barbarity" in the monarch when he forbade the indecent dances on the stage that the populace loved; it was "barbarity" yet greater when he "compelled those to live who wished to die," earnestly endeavouring to restrain friends and relatives from self-murder; it was a proof of degeneracy of soul, or of guilty consciousness of unusual demerit, when he steadily refused to be adored as a god, and deplored having once permitted the erection of a temple to himself. Yet on the darker calumnies conceived in such a spirit and accepted by Tacitus; on kindred misrepresentations dictated by family hatred, such as breathes in the "Memoirs" of Agrippina the Younger, much of the evil fame of Tiberius depends. The son of Livia and of Tiberius Nero, a scion of the Claudian, not of the Julian line, his every act was "suspect" to the partisans of the rival house. Scribonia had been displaced for the sake of his mother, and the descendants of Scribonia held him in enmity; his wife, Julia, transmitting her contemptuous aversion unimpaired to the two Agrippinas, her daughter and granddaughter, so that hereditary hatred warped their judgment where he was concerned, and the worst interpretation was always put on his actions, often against all probability.

If we accept this view, no more tragic figure can be found in Roman history than that of Tiberius Cæsar. Even as a child he was placed in an almost intolerable position; adopted into the imperial family, but regarded as an intruder, and exposed to the dislike and mockery of its privileged members. The shy, grave youth, driven in on himself, found some joy in his first happy marriage; but that marriage was violently broken that the woman might be forced on him who shamed and dishonoured him, while his own beloved Vipsania was given to his worst enemy. When his loveless second marriage came to an end, he remained from his thirty-fifth year unwedded and alone.

His only brother, whom he tenderly loved, the handsome heroic Drusus, was taken from him by death. So also was his only son, well loved and worthy of love; and he had to learn how the wife of that son had been his murderess, how the daughter of that son had betrayed her husband. His kinsfolk of the Julian branch, Agrippina and her sons, repaid his care for them with black ingratitude. He had a friend whom he loved and trusted, to whose integrity and ability he looked for help under the weary burden of governing Rome; but Sejanus proved a traitor, and his treachery completes this picture of measureless misfortune. One hope remained to the sufferer, even when the gloomy earnestness of his natural temper had intensified into contempt of mankind. Aware of the general misapprehension with which he was regarded, he yet believed that posterity would judge him rightly, would remember his acts and not the slanders of his foes, and would do justice to his memory. So he said and thought, Tacitus tells us. For eighteen centuries his hope remained unfulfilled.

Hardly less unhappy as a patriot than as a husband and father, Tiberius despaired of the future of Rome. He had loyally tried to carry out the compact of compromise made by Augustus with the Senate and the people, but one fatality after another cut away the props of the dynasty, and what seemed the integral element of the scheme failed as the heirs of Augustus disappeared. The graceful, brilliant Germanicus, whose fair gracious face looks on us from bust and graven gem, followed his father too soon; and his far more able cousin, Drusus, whose finely cut features show the mental power, but not the nervous weakness, of his father Tiberius, passed away in his prime, the unsuspected victim of poison. Then the two elder sons of Germanicus vanished in a cloud of disgrace, their youthful promise of ability made void by sensual excesses which developed in one of them at least the germs of insanity. There remained at last only that Caius whom we call Caligula, a wayward, violent youth, to represent the great Julian House in the direct line: of his half-imbecile uncle Claudius no thought was taken. The dying Tiberius hesitated a little between Caius and Tiberius Gemellus, his own grandson—one incompetent to rule by youth, the other unfit in character—

but finally bowed to what he deemed the fatal necessity of leaving the sovereignty to Caius, whose perverse character and mental obliquity he divined. Was there hope in the Senate? It had ruled almost unchecked for several years, and had proved itself cruel, servile, incompetent; a mere arena in which the great Roman families fought for pre-eminence, and destroyed and plundered each other. It needed to be ruled; it could not govern. A young man of genius might have found a remedy for these evils; the aged Emperor saw them clearly, but had no power to amend. "The saddest of men," he passed away in lonely despair, yet with a tragic calmness.

The image of "the old lion," as men called him, fades before us, and is rapidly succeeded in the camera obscura of history by three others, widely different, but all stamped with the one brand of brain disease. First, Caius, whose regular beautiful features and broad sombre brow are marred by a sinister expression at once violent, cruel, and sardonic; his slim neck and well-formed head twisted to one side, his eyes looking askant beneath contracted brows, the lips of his fine mouth pressed wrathfully together. An epileptic subject, developing homicidal mania, his successive portraits witness to the rapid advances of the malady, which expressed itself in fantastic and murderous freaks such as would be incredible were they not too well attested by eye- and ear-witnesses; but here the face and the record are in absolute agreement, and the dark story is told by writers friendly to the Julian race and its wayward representative. In this wild worker of violence some gleams of clouded grandeur are visible; he had flashes of cruel insight; he could rebuke with ferocious wit the cringing baseness of his Senate; and when he was swept from the face of the earth that was weary of him he had not yet reached such depths of degradation as were sounded by the last representative of the House that exalted itself to heaven, only to be cast down into the abyss.

To the gloomy Caius, frowning in sullen menace, succeeds that *empereur malgré lui*, the "quaint, unhappy Claudius," whose broad brow, painfully contracted over dull, anxious eyes, expresses distress and perplexity, but not wrath. There is a certain clouded beauty of feature, telling of an intelligence

bewildered and half-ruined, but not without some native nobleness; he is heavy in form, ungainly in movement, his soul is entangled and lost in the gross material body; yet it gleams out with a sad uncertain light amid all the grotesqueness of his aspect; and in his persistent efforts to do his duty rightly, and in his piteous lapses into half-imbecile follies, there is something profoundly touching. Through all his life his spirit strove painfully with the flesh; often it was mastered by it; yet his record is free from the vicious blots that disfigure the story of all his Julian kinsfolk. Sickly and dull-witted from his infancy, he was scorned and disliked even by his mother, the fair and pure and gracious Antonia, sweet and sad daughter of that good and pure Octavia who was wasted on Marc Antony; for not yet had Christianity softened mother-hearts towards children who could not minister to mother-pride; and his maimed intellect was left to struggle on its way amid general mockery and contempt, which was still his portion when enthroned and adored as an earthly god. But under every disadvantage he could often act so as to merit, not pity only, but admiration; and when his distressful existence ended, the Romans lost not the worst nor the worst-intentioned ruler whom they were doomed to know.

Of far other and terrible significance are the effigies of Nero. Even when in early youth he is seen looking out on the world with unclouded brow, with smiling mouth, and fresh simple aspect, as of one confiding in a rosy future, yet the face inspires little confidence, and behind the joyous smile is a dark possibility of passion. Manhood arises and brings a formidable beauty: the low forehead, the rounded head, the heavy handsome features, wear the nameless stamp of inferior intellect and evil instincts; and soon we see on his full-bearded face the signs of vicious indulgence, and something more—it is massive, sensual, yet more cruel than sensual, and darkened by insane suspicion. Then comes, following the murder of his mother, the first of the three well-marked fits of madness which befell him in his reign of fourteen years; and we see his faced lined with anguish, his brow deeply furrowed, for he has passed through a period of unspeakable, remorseful, yet

unrepenting terror. Finally, his aspect is awful and inhuman; the evil spirit is visibly throned on the massive face, with its lowering glance, its heavy jaw, its air of heaven-defying cruel pride, its mouth deformed by wrath and suspicion. It is no longer the face of a man; it is that of a fiend-possessed human brute. So might he have looked after the burning of Rome, when in his ivory chariot he drove on the golden-sanded circus of his gardens, attended by dancing Bacchantes and nymphs waving wreaths and scattering incense, while the crowded seats were thronged by the Roman rabble, and over all streamed the dreadful glare of torches that were living men and women—Christians, falsely accused as incendiaries—fastened to stakes, and wrapped in flaming garments steeped in combustible matter. He who wrought that crime was not much longer to offend heaven and earth; but first he had to fill up the measure of his degradation, and make himself as ridiculous as he was odious, through his cormorant vanity.

Those giant vices, that hideous egotism, that low intelligence warped by measureless wickedness which have made the name of Nero immortally odious, are too faithfully mirrored in his effigies. But the numerous portraits of his mother agree less perfectly with the common verdict of history on Agrippina. Had we but these images to guide us, we must ask, How was this monster of evil the son of that pure, proud, and stately matron, masterful and lofty of mood it may be, but surely not degraded or treacherous, who, worn with trouble and withered with age, wears yet the queenly air of self-possession which was hers in the bloom of youth? "The character given in history is not so attractive as the statue," says one perplexed critic; "surely the artist has gently toned down the individuality of the infamous wife of Claudius." Were all the artists, then, who portrayed her in a conspiracy to present her other than she was? Those who were called in to immortalise the sinister beauty of Messalina, her predecessor, while yet that empress was unfallen, had no such care to soften away the meaning of the low brow, the massive jaw, the evil smile, and the cruel expression of the full eyes and thin lips. And when we remember how men, not otherwise infamous, toiled to blacken the memory of Agrippina after her

murder, that the guilt of her matricide son might seem less heinous, when we recall how many enemies her successful ambition and her perilous power had raised for her, we may doubt whether historians have shown us the true woman, whether they have not buried the fine outlines of her character under a foul heap of scandal almost demonstrably false, resting on unauthorised imputations of motives, and on imaginary accounts of scenes at which no reporter can have been present. The tragedy of her life grows darker when we note how honestly and desperately she strove to train her son in manliness, virtue, and sobriety, giving him in Seneca the best teacher Rome knew, setting him the example of an austere and simple life. Vain were moral maxims, vain parental example, to check the strong passions of a youth too soon invested with despotic power, or to heal the moral insanity he inherited through his mother, if not directly from her. We need go back but one generation more to find the taint in Nero's ancestry, and to see at the same time how in him the family type had degenerated. For there is a stormy grandeur in the aspect of Agrippina the Elder, the vengeful widow of Germanicus, which accords well with her character and the facts of her career. "Hungry for power, panting to rule, implacable in wrath, freed from womanish vices by masculine ambitions"—so contemporaries describe her; history shows her the slave of a fixed idea that ended in madness and self-murder, regarding with dark hatred and suspicion all who stood in the way of her ambition, and making void by her restless intrigues the very hopes to which she clung. Her nobly shaped head tells of the mental power so conspicuous in her daughter; but on her eager eye, her agitated mouth, her lowering brow and heavy jaw, sits a cloud of wrath and suffering. The unbridled passion that wrecked her life took another aspect, a more odious one, in her elder sons, whom not she only regarded as the hope of the State. Vain was every effort to teach them self-restraint, dignity, and virtue; only imprisonment could prevent their rushing into the wildest excesses, and becoming the shame of the Rome they should have ruled, the disgrace of the mother whose spotless matronhood was her chief glory.

Other forms of womanly grace and grandeur are not wanting in the Cæsarean portrait gallery. Fair and gentle and good are the two Octavias—the forsaken bride of Antony, the murdered wife of Nero. Gracious, dignified, unblemished in her stately sweetness is that mild proud Antonia who lived into the reign of her doomed descendant, Caius; a "true and royal lady" she, whose calm features might well belong to some high-bred Englishwoman of to-day, so modern is the type; and we know they did not stand quite alone, these imperial women, that their virtues were now and then exemplified by other women and by some few men in the profoundly corrupt society over which a Poppæa, luxurious, unscrupulous, treacherous, ruled by virtue of her demoniacal arts and insolent beauty, while its "unblushing dames" vied with each other in wasteful pomp and cruel vanity and murderous rivalry. But these lovers of righteousness had little power for good even over their kinsfolk. The mother of Germanicus remained as helpless to check the ruinous vices of her grandsons, as the mother of Nero was to make *him* a wise and noble ruler. Starlike shine the few examples of surviving Roman virtue amid the blackness of later Roman vice; but the surrounding gloom seems almost deeper for their scattered rays.

What is the secret of their helplessness? and why was it that the most strenuous efforts to arrest the moral degeneration of Rome proved futile? We may see Augustus toiling hard at that task. Like other patriotic Romans, he looked backward with a wistful pride to the early days of the Republic—"the brave days of old, when Romans were like brothers"; he saw them arrayed in illusory splendour, and dreamed that it would be possible to re-create the lofty honour, the moral purity, the severe simplicity of the olden time. Wise enactments, he thought, might do much, good example in high places would second them efficiently. So the laws he promoted were carefully framed in favour of purity in domestic life, of moderation, of civic virtue; and he himself lived in antique fashion, in a modest humbly furnished house, its proudest ornament the civic wreath of withered oak leaves that rustled over the door; his fare was temperate, his garments, spun and woven by his wife and daughter, were nowise too

splendid. There remain to-day, almost untouched and untarnished, two small dwellings once inhabited by his wife Livia, that prove in their exquisite dainty simplicity of adornment how much grace and charm might be associated with the austerity affected by the Emperor; and his own letters heighten the impression.

But his example, though it might win a certain admiration, found few imitators even in his own family; his reforming enactments were not only unpopular, but impossible to enforce; they provoked murmurs, but did not win obedience. Tiberius, with his fatally clear insight, understood better the futility of all attempts to restrain luxury by law, and to turn back the rising tide of vice by imperial authority. Requested, in his day of power, to initiate remedial legislation, he pointed out the impossibility of assimilating the manners of a great and rich empire, having commercial relations with half the world, to those of a poor and contracted State, supplying its own needs from its own fields and flocks. Yet this had been more easy than to arrest the process of moral decay in the very heart of the mighty and flourishing State. Augustus attempted the double reform; he failed conspicuously, within his own family and without; and the spectacle of his failure was, as we may be sure, one potent factor in producing that unconquerable melancholy that marred the whole life of his successor.

Vain had been the appeal to love of country, to the passion for the past, to religious feeling. The ancestral religion that the Emperor invoked was a dead thing; it had never possessed a divine life; "it came up out of man, it was not sent down to man." At its best it was a vague sentiment; at its worst a grovelling superstition. Born of a shapeless fear of the Unseen, and of a dim belief in superior Powers that possibly might favour righteousness, and possibly might be propitiated by the traditionary observances, it had almost ceased to command the homage of thinking men, it did not restrain the vulgar. Nor was there more potency in reverence for an illustrious past, in dreams of a glorious future for Rome, to subdue the selfish passions of those who lived in and for the present. Such considerations were wholly powerless on Cæsar's daughter,

mad for pleasure and power; on his grandsons, encircled by insidious and interested flatterers; more than powerless were they on the sons of Germanicus. What though the Emperor Tiberius might desire, no less ardently than Agrippina their mother, to see the heirs of empire show themselves dignified, self-controlled, virtuous?—the motives that could make the wild young princes choose the higher life were lacking; ambition, the only incentive they knew, proved insufficient to teach them integrity. And what of the lofty Stoical philosophy which for many a noble spirit replaced the outworn creed of heathen Rome, and which found an able exponent in the tutor of Nero? It relied much on human self-respect, it dwelt on the personal dignity which forbade the godlike man to soil himself by base indulgences and sins that degrade the soul. But since the Stoic also taught that man, an integral part of the universe, is ruled by the decrees of fate, his doctrine made it easy for the perverse to disclaim moral responsibility for their actions, while it bred evil and towering pride in those whose natural bent was nobler. What cared the insensate Nero for personal dignity? Dearer to him the hired applause which rewarded his exertions as public singer, harp-player, actor, charioteer—functions deemed only worthy of a slave before the degenerate Cæsar found in them the fittest exercise of his power. What considerations of self-respect could be potent with the rabble of Rome, that loved and regretted the tyrant who had fed them to the full with the cruel and shameful shows in which was all their delight? Some stronger lever than the self-reverence they had never known was needed to raise them from the sensual slough where they wallowed.

Even to the princes and nobles every incentive to good life had been presented vainly, save in a few instances. Neither patriotism, nor self-esteem, nor religion, had proved cogent. The better spirits, seeking in distress for some basis of principle by which life could be ruled, did not suspect that the motive power they needed would be supplied by the "foreign superstition" that was invading Rome. Its votaries were regarded with distrust and dislike; they shrank in horror from blood-stained circus and licentious theatre; they would not join in the

riotous public feasts given by the Emperor; they were said to worship a Man who had died on the cross, and who was surely guilty of treason, for He had said He was a King. Their unsocial ways were imputed to hatred of mankind; and the populace, resenting the withdrawal of the Christians from the sanguinary public shows and shameless stage-plays, accused them of practising monstrous rites in their secret assemblies—calumnies easily accepted by the higher classes, who themselves had accounted on similar principles for the retirement of the sovereign from their uncongenial society.

But not long could that cloud of misconception veil the rising sun of righteousness. The minds of men, by their very despair of good, were ripe and ready for that new, lofty moral code delivered with authority by Him who spake as never man spake, and whose disciples found in personal devotion to their Divine Lord, who had bought them, an adequate motive for obeying His words to the uttermost. Without this heavenly gift the world must have reeled down to destruction; but the law of love revealed by the Lord of Love was found to have in it the power that men had been seeking so long in vain—the force that could transform and regenerate society.

Strange history of the Julian House, with its rapid, terrible, mysterious degeneration, in the brief space of a century and a half, from the mighty Julius, grandest and most gifted of merely human beings—clement, wide-thoughted, sovereign over himself—to the demon-possessed, hateful, and despicable Nero, the eternally infamous embodiment of every vice. We might dwell on the doom which came on those who—unwillingly, like Tiberius; or languidly, like Claudius; or insolently and blasphemously, like Caius and Nero—allowed themselves to be adored as divine, or insisted on such adoration. But better it were to insist on the nobler lesson, so clearly written on the story of the earlier Cæsars, of the difficulty, the impossibility, of establishing a moral law without the aid and sanction of a divinely revealed religion. Failing this, men cannot even deem aright of what is excellent; much less can they succeed in persuading others to follow the better which they approve, and leave the worse which their conscience condemns. So much

assuredly results from these records, which show us men of commanding genius vainly seeking to accomplish the regeneration of a people, and failing wretchedly in the attempt to lead their own kinsfolk and friends into the paths of righteousness, which it was every way advantageous for them to follow.

Art. III.—W. H. SMITH.

Life and Times of the Right Honourable William Henry Smith, M.P. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. Two Volumes. Blackwood & Sons. 1893.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH was not by nature a great, or even a gifted man, but yet he was a very remarkable, we might almost say, a wonderful man, and a man of wonderful power for good. He possessed no natural faculty which, regarded singly and separately, was above the average, yet he was a man of extraordinary influence, and he wielded a power alike in business, in civic life, and, finally, in the House of Commons, such as few men in our history have ever acquired, a power won without any urgency or display of remarkable energy, by character, common sense, and industry. His was the victory of a plain man, of homely speech and simple ways, in whose whole course there was never a flash of brilliancy or a sparkle of genius, and who was totally free from ostentation or pretence. Unfailing good sense, untiring industry, invincible patience, steadfast energy, profound and prayerful religiousness, manifested, though never displayed, in unobtrusive, practical godliness, these were the qualities which gave the late First Lord of the Treasury his singular personal influence, and secured for him his unbroken success. He was not a man of "culture," though he read diligently as he was able; he never went to a great public school or entered a university; he was not born into a place in "society," for his parents were Wesleyan Methodists of the middle class, and his own religious connections were

with the same religious communion till he was approaching middle life; he was the son of a newspaper agent, and himself carried on the business which his father founded; even when he was "First Lord" he can scarcely be said to have given up his connection with the great agency which under his management had so wonderfully developed. He had no gift of speech to charm or sway assemblies, no art or faculty of the demagogue. And yet this tradesman, for many years before he died, had been the colleague, companion, and confidant of great and brilliant statesmen, had become a distinguished member of society, bore his part worthily in the counsels of royalty, and led in the most famous Parliament in the world the most distinguished and brilliant assemblage of the world's politicians.

The writer of this article knew the deceased statesman at different stages of his course, first, slightly, as a young man, afterwards in his early days in Parliament, during his service on the London School Board, and throughout his Parliamentary career. The last communication he received from him was a long and characteristically serious and painstaking letter on the opium question, written not very long before his death. The first time he met him was forty-six years ago, at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Richard Marsden Reece, after the May Anniversary of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. He had then been some months admitted to partnership with his father. His brother-in-law was one of the secretaries of the Society—secretary for the Great Queen Street Branch—and Mr. Smith was his assistant-secretary. He was bright, kindly, and modest, but reserved. He gave the impression of cautiousness, and of a sense of responsibility. Once or twice he made an observation which showed that he had already visited the Continent—or, at least, Belgium—and carefully acquainted himself with matters that the casual observer is not apt to inquire into. Of those who met him, a young man of two-and-twenty, at that miscellaneous gathering of London Methodists, very few, if any, could have known or suspected the great and masterful business powers by which he was already beginning to transform and develop the important and lucrative business which had grown up under

his father's push and energy, much less could any have imagined the possibility of his becoming the leader of the House of Commons, against the brilliant Mr. Gladstone. Unlike his father, the son was always calm; but his controlled energy was a stronger force in business than even his father's push and rush had been. All this time, as is shown by some letters to one of his sisters, which his biographer has fortunately been able to quote—and has been bold and wise enough to quote—the grand sustaining and regulative force in his character was —strange as it may seem to say it—his praying faith—as, indeed, the same regulative force was his master-power to the end of his life.

Sir Herbert Maxwell is a Scotchman and is a good deal puzzled by the special religious element in Mr. Smith's life. Not that he betrays any want of respect for religion or the religious character—quite the contrary. But the form of Mr. Smith's religious character and the nature and intensity of his religious feeling, as revealed to his oldest and most intimate personal friends to the end of his life, constitute a peculiarity which evidently fills the biographer with wonder as he meets with it again and again, and not less impressively when Mr. Smith was a leading statesman, companion of the most famous among the great men of the realm, than when he was an obscure young man, writing letters to his Methodist sister. The biographer does not understand what the Methodism meant which formed the atmosphere of Mr. Smith's home in the earlier years of his life, nor does he seem to have clearly made out how or why, having been brought up as a Methodist, he came to part company with his early religious associations and become a member of the Church of England. And yet there is no mystery about it whatever. The best principles and the religious faith and devotional feeling which he had imbibed at home, he retained to the end. His faith and religious feeling were deeply imbued with the evangelical simplicity and fervour of early Methodism, and this savour of Methodism he never lost; at the same time it is evident that, like other good Methodists in every period of Methodist history, his temperament strongly inclined to the contemplative side of Methodist worship and experience rather than to the

fervidly demonstrative or the revivalist side. His father was never, it would appear, a member of the inner circle of the Methodist Society, or, if he was so at any time, it was not for long. He was a rough and driving man of business, engaged in a line, to succeed in which, especially in the early stages of its development, and as life and means of transit were in the early years of the century, was a very hard battle under conditions sometimes of fierce competition. But his mother and her relatives were thorough Methodists of an earnest spiritual type. Methodists, however, eighty years ago were very seldom unfriendly to the Church of England; for the most part they were well-disposed to it, and did not count themselves to be Dissenters, although they belonged to the Methodist Society. Hence it was by no means uncommon for younger members of Methodist families to form friendships which took them occasionally to Church, or to contract ties which led them to leave the Methodist chapel and to become professed members of the Church of England.

In the case of William Henry Smith nothing could have been more natural than the steps and stages by which he was led into the Church of England. If Sir Herbert Maxwell had been able to follow up hints which may be found in the facts he relates, he would have discovered this. But his information as to Mr. Smith's early life seems to be defective. He mentions that Mr. Beal, a clergyman, married a sister of Mr. Smith's, and became his tutor. How this came to pass, is not uninteresting. The father of this young clergyman was a Methodist minister, of a fine mind, a man of much knowledge, knowledge of science as well as of theology and ecclesiastical subjects, and a preacher of deep suggestiveness, and of a rich and racy gift of natural eloquence. During six years the family of Mr. Smith were brought into close and friendly relations with this minister, while he was stationed in London, first in the Great Queen Street "circuit," their home being in Duke Street, Adelphi, and afterwards in the Hinde Street "circuit," not far away. The six years were 1833–1839, when William Henry Smith was from eight to fourteen years old. During this same period, Mr. Beal's son, having left Kingswood School, a few years before his father came to London, and being an able

scholar, had completed a successful course at Cambridge. He was intimate with Mr. Smith's family, and became attached to one of his sisters. His destination was the ministry of the Church of England. In the meantime, what was so natural as that this friend of the family, this son of their esteemed pastor, should, whilst waiting for a permanent settlement, be intrusted with the charge of young Smith's education—what so congenial as that he should thus be brought into a close and familiar intercourse with the lady to whom he was attached? Naturally, young Mr. Beal gained an ascendency over his younger friend's mind, and imbued him with his own views as to the Church of England, and as to the happiest and most honourable course of life for a Christian youth. Afterwards when Mr. Beal, having "taken orders," obtained the appointment of Headmaster of Tavistock Grammar School, and married Miss Smith, Mr. Smith, senior, entrusted William to his care, as a boarder for a year. In one respect, Mr. Beal's influence over the son was unsatisfactory to the father. The son, being of a studious, quiet, and retiring disposition, and deeply devout, was captivated with the idea of following his brother-in-law's example, going to Cambridge, and entering the ministry of the Church of England. To this idea the father, happily for the world, was resolutely opposed. He meant his son to be his own partner.

There was another powerful influence which drew the future newsagent and First Lord towards the Church of England and a University Course. Sir Herbert Maxwell refers several times to Canon Ince as an early and lifelong friend of Mr. Smith's, and quotes from letters that passed between the friends. Canon Ince, of Christ Church, has long been one of the lights of Oxford. In his boyhood, his family—his father was a druggist in Southampton Street, Covent Garden—and the family of Mr. Smith were neighbours and friends; and both boys worshipped at Queen Street Chapel. By what steps the Canon found his way to Oxford, and attained his present eminent position, it is not for us here to tell. His family home was one of the most esteemed and attractive resorts, sixty years ago, of Methodist ministers, and all the most eminent of the brotherhood stationed in London were intimate with that godly and

intelligent circle. William Ince's successful and honourable career excited the emulation of his younger friend, who, however, if at fourteen he had entered upon a course of preparation for Oxford, would hardly have been likely to distinguish himself as his friend soon gave promise of doing, and has done since through a long course of years. At the same time the influence of two such friends as his brother-in-law Beal and William Ince, fully and naturally explains how it was that his preference for the Church of England began early to show itself, and that at first he cherished the desire of proceeding to one of the Universities, and of entering the ministry of the Church of England. In this connection, it is interesting to read the extract of a letter from Mr. Smith to Canon Ince, when he had received from Mr. Disraeli his first political appointment as Financial Secretary to the Treasury:

"I am myself surprised at my position when I compare it with the time to which you refer when we were both young together, and yet I can say most confidently that I never set to work aiming at personal advancement in the slightest degree. One circumstance has led to another, and I have gradually found myself of more account in men's eyes, simply from doing the work of the day as it presented itself to me."

We have intimated that Mr. Smith retained to the end of his life strong traces of his Methodist bringing up. Throughout his life he was an earnest evangelical Christian and eminently a man of prayer, although he did not belong to the distinctively Low Church evangelical school; he was, in fact, too deeply imbued with Methodist doctrine ever to incline towards Calvinistic views.

About the time that he came of age Smith entered in his journal a list of subjects about which he prayed daily. They are fourteen in number, and among them, besides personal and family blessings to be prayed for, we find included "a right understanding of the Bible, and a thorough knowledge of it," "Missionaries," and "this place"—meaning, it may be supposed, the office and warehouse where his business was done. Some years later, as it would seem, during a journey to Dublin, he wrote a letter in pencil to a favourite sister in which occurs the following passage:

"I sometimes feel that father's happiness in his later days, and the comfort of the family, depend on me, and then I feel and know I am absolutely blind, and can really do nothing whatever of my own judgment; but I know also that if I, and we all, desire absolutely and without reservation to be guided aright, that guidance will be granted to us, and we need not and ought not to fear or doubt in the darkest night of uncertainty and human difficulty. I do sometimes tremble lest I should fail to do a man's part in the order of God's providence, for although He orders, guides, and directs, there is still the responsibility of action with us after all, and therefore I pray that my eyes may be opened to comprehend what He would have me to do, and I am assured that a way and means and strength will be given for any and every occasion. The confidence that all things are absolutely right, however painful and difficult now, turns what would otherwise be troubles into sources of thankfulness—so I feel of all the unsettled circumstances of the past and present. They are necessary to some good and right end if we (for I believe there is a power in man to thwart Providence) will have it so."

Such were young Smith's religious views and feelings in early manhood. When he was old and had long been familiar with the work and burdens of life, both as the head of a vast business and as a leading statesman of the greatest empire in the world, he retained the simple faith of his mother's home and of his early years. Miss Giberne seems to have been the friend to whom he could the most confidentially unbosom himself as to points of religious experience, and from his letters to her we cannot refrain from making some extracts. After referring to a "birthday dinner to Prince Albert Victor and a number of Peers and Privy Councillors" which he "had to give" the night before, and to family anxieties and fears, he goes on:

"Help us, my dear friend, by prayer. I should be dismayed and faint if it were not that I believe my God is very near to guide and strengthen me, and to give me the wisdom I need, and to comfort and sustain those who are in sorrow and sickness and need. But two or three should ask. The work is heavy and the burden great, and you and others who are far off can ask and believe that you have the petitions which you ask.

"I am amazed when I look around me and realise some of the causes for thankfulness which exist, and I tremble for myself and for my wife and my children lest any of us should fail to live up to our duty, and to the right use of the talents intrusted to us. . . . . All I say is, God help me to do my work, and take me out of it when I am no longer fit for it."

This letter was written in 1888, when he was First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the Commons' House. Still later, when, in 1890, he was too evidently beginning to fail in health, he refers to his state of health and his doubt as to whether he ought not to retire from public work, and adds: "but all these things trouble me less than they did, as I have complete trust that a higher Power will give light and guidance from day to day." So in writing to Mrs. Smith from the House of Commons at about the same time that he wrote the earlier of the two letters to Miss Giberne from which we have quoted, after referring to "Harcourt mouthing, declaiming, and denouncing in violent language," he closes his note by saying: "Good-night. God bless and keep you and my dear children! And pray for me every day, that I may have wisdom and strength to do what is right. It is a hard and difficult task." Two other deceased statesmen of our own age we have read of who were pre-eminently men of prayer—one was Lord Chancellor Hatherley, the friend of Dr. Hook, an exemplary but not superstitious High Churchman; the other was the great Chancellor, Earl Cairns. With these two must now be ranked, as an example of continual prayerfulness and deep spirituality of mind, William Henry Smith, the man of old-fashioned Methodist training in his youth, and who never outgrew the habits of simple faith and constant prayer in which he had been brought up. Nor, though Mr. Smith found in the decorous and devout Church order and worship of the Church of England a more congenial religious settlement for himself than in the Wesleyan Methodist Church—which can be no matter of surprise to any who knew his constitutional peculiarities—did he ever lose the spiritual savour of his early religious home, or exchange its evangelical doctrines for the superstitions of ritualistic Anglicanism. He retained also to the end his respect for his mother's Church. His father had given £300 to the Wesleyan Methodist Centenary Fund in 1839, and William Henry's name was attached to £10 of the amount. When, in December 1878, the Thanksgiving Fund of Methodism was inaugurated at City Road Chapel, by which more than £300,000 were raised, Mr. Smith sent a donation of £25 to the meeting over which his former colleague on the

London School Board, then President of the Methodist Conference, presided, accompanying his donation with a few lines to the effect that his name was in the list of contributions for £10 as Master W. H. Smith to the Centenary Fund in 1839, and he should not like it to be wanting from the list of contributors to the Thanksgiving Fund.

There is no need for us to deal in this notice with his political career. The chief points of the biography have been well noted in the general press, and the "plums" have been made common property. We shall not repeat what all the world knows. We may, however, illustrate the gradual character of his transition from the moderate Whiggish Liberalism which he professed in earlier life, but which blackballed him at the entrance to the Reform Club, to the opposite camp which, somewhat later, but whilst his opinions were still in a process of gradual change, welcomed him into the Carlton Club. In the General Election of 1868, when Smith was opposing Stuart Mill, he called twice at the house of an elector in Westminster who was a Wesleyan minister, but on both occasions the voter was from home. He saw the minister's wife on his second call, talked very pleasantly and persuasively, but could not gain any encouragement from her. She assured him that, whilst feeling all respect for him, her husband, she was sure, would never give a vote to a supporter of Mr. Disraeli. "If I could but see him," he said, "I am sure he and I would not disagree. I could meet his difficulty on that point." That answer of his shows truly and justly what was his actual attitude when he entered Parliament, and is indeed in complete harmony with the intimations of the memoir. He very resolutely held at first a sort of Liberal-Conservative or Conservative-Liberal attitude. Even when party ties began to gather round him, and up to the very day when he accepted office after the election of 1874, he never concealed his own strong desire that a coalition party should be formed, to include the most candid and moderate leaders on both sides of the House. Indeed, after he had been five years in Parliament, he said in a letter to a friend, called forth by an imprudent letter of Mr. Disraeli's to Lord Grey de Wilton: "Disraeli has ruined himself, and rendered re-

construction of parties—a new choice of leaders—almost inevitable. I was going to speak at a dinner at Hertford on Thursday next, but I have begged off. I have no heart for it now, and I don't want to talk." And still later during his first term of office in the Cabinet, in conversation with Sir Henry Acland, at Oxford, he expressed his dissatisfaction with party government, as carried on, and his desire that an Administrative Committee could be formed, including the best men on each side in Parliament, naming six men as among the best and fittest, of whom W. E. Forster and Northcote were two (vol. ii. 340).

If, however, Mr. Disraeli's imprudent words in 1873 risked the ruin of his party, Parliamentary proposals and the course of events, within a few months after, had ruined the Whig-Liberal party, which, indeed, in its proper integrity can hardly be said to have maintained its existence since. In 1874 Smith took office as Secretary of the Treasury. Every one knows his history from that period. During the later years of his life Mr. Smith was, by consent of all parties, the most generally respected and the best personally liked member of the House of Commons. His high character and fine spirit secured for him universal regard. His personal relations were friendly with his keenest political antagonists. "Stoutly as Smith had opposed, time after time," says his biographer, "the policy of Mr. Gladstone on many subjects, and plainly as he sometimes expressed his disapproval at the inconsistency of that statesman's course with the principles which, as Smith held, should lie at the base of all government, it is pleasant to record an instance of the personal regard which endured to the end between these political opponents." In April 1891, Sir William Harcourt invited Mr. Smith to meet Mr. Gladstone at dinner. Smith wrote to the party whip, Mr. Akers Douglas, saying that he was "much inclined to go," and asking whether his doing so "would frighten our friends"; and three months later, in a letter to Sir Henry Acland, he says that "Gladstone is more kindly in his personal relations than he had ever known him," but "physically much weaker."

Pleasant and kindly to all, Mr. Smith was all through his life a reserved man, except with a select circle of intimate

friends. He does not seem to have been intimate with many of his Ministerial colleagues. His early training and his occupation until middle life had scarcely fitted him for familiar friendship with some of the most distinguished among them. But the friends of later years with whom he was really intimate, though comparatively few, were men of the very highest character; among them were Lord Harrowby, who had been his colleague on the London School Board, Colonel (afterwards Lord) Stanley, and Sir Henry Acland. These men were good company—and, remembering the old proverb *Noscitur a sociis* —we may say that the intimate friend of such men and of Canon Ince was a man to be trusted and honoured.

We should not close this article without referring to Mr. Smith's kindly and liberal relations with those in his employment, of which there is full evidence in the biography, and of his strictly regulated but munificent generosity. He seems to have much enjoyed giving anonymously. To one scheme alone, of church-building, which cost altogether £42,000, Mr. Smith gave £29,000, the secret of his generosity being strictly insisted upon and sacredly kept throughout. But he had a horror of charlatanry and of sensational proposals, which made him exceedingly careful and critical as to the objects to which he contributed.

How practical and conscientious was Smith's kindly consideration for others is shown in the following anecdote. When asked by his private secretary why he made up his papers himself, and carried them from the Admiralty to his country residence in his despatch-box, instead of leaving them to be sent by post, he answered, with hesitation, and something like a blush, "Well, my dear Wilson, the fact is this; our postman who brings the letters from Henley has plenty to carry. I watched him one morning coming up the approach with my heavy pouch in addition to his usual load, and I determined to save him as much as I could." With this "good story," we take leave of the two interesting volumes in which Sir Herbert Maxwell has written the history of William Henry Smith, the first scion of a Methodist family who has led the House of Commons, a man whose goodness and simplicity of character—though he was, withal, a wise man of the world—

raised him above the level of sect or party, whilst he retained strictly his principles as a Christian man. Surely of all the records of self-made men, there is none more remarkable or more honourable than that of William Henry Smith. In some respects, it reminds us of his friend, William Edward Forster. Both sprang from a religious family of the middle class. They were equally destitute of the advantages of high-class education, or distinguished social advantages in early life. Both were helped by suitable marriages to women whose connections lent them help in their early progress upward. Both retained through life their simplicity of character, and though raised to familiarity with the best English society, never lost their place or their social hold on the broad level of middle-class citizenship. Smith rose to the higher place as a statesman and Minister of the Crown, for Forster was never First Lord, and never led the House of Commons, although he was at one time looked upon as a likely candidate for that high position. Both wore themselves out prematurely in the service of their country. But Forster was intellectually a man of superior faculty and larger information than Smith, although inferior to him in tact and suavity of manner. They pair well together. Smith is the first, and indeed the only middle-class tradesman that has led the House of Commons. Forster, the manufacturer, and the son of a great Quaker philanthropist and preacher, takes his place between his friend Bright, the Quaker manufacturer, and his friend Smith, the newspaper agent; all middle-class men, and great servants of the State and their fellow-citizens, each of them an honour to his class, his country, and to the Christian faith. Those who have personally known all three, may well cherish their memories, and wonder whether the English commonalty will count an increasing proportion of such men among their sons and servants in the generations which are now surging onward.

Art. IV.—MODERN VIEWS ON INSPIRATION.

Inspiration: Eight Lectures on the Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1893. By W. Sanday, M.A., D.D., LL D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

THE Bampton Lectures for 1893 were awaited with high expectation on account both of the just fame of the lecturer and the present urgency of the subject. There will be no disappointment in regard to the first point. The lectures amply justify the high opinion previously held of the learning and earnest Christian faith of the author. It is doubtful whether the satisfaction will be as complete and general in regard to the second point. The lectures give both more and less than the title, as generally understood, promises. They give more, inasmuch as they include a history of the growth of the Canon both of the Old and New Testament. This portion of the work is really the largest; some will doubtless think the most valuable. They give less, in so far as inspiration is not the main subject, and is not discussed theologically and formally, but rather on practical and historical lines. The discussion is ample, running side by side with the exposition of each section of the Canon. This division of the two subjects greatly conduces to the clearness of the work. Without question, any one who would help to settle the present unrest on the subject of inspiration would be a benefactor. We hope the present volume will help to do this by supplying materials for conclusions and checking extreme theorists, but it will scarcely do more—probably is not intended to do more. There is great and reasonable dissatisfaction with the old presentations of the subject as too *a priori;* recent analysis and investigation have put many of them out of court. Still, the theological or philosophical discussion, which Dr. Sanday does not touch, will have to be undertaken some day; *i.e.*, the implications and bearings of the new position which is being taken up will have to be considered in full. When the exegete has done his work, the theologian will have his say. We may

mention Rooke's *Lectures on Inspiration* (T. & T. Clark) as a specimen of what is meant by the theological treatment of the question in the light of modern research.

It is, of course, impossible for us adequately to discuss the great mass of material which the volume contains. We can only touch such salient points as will sufficiently indicate its general character and leanings. A writer in the *Guardian* (Dec. 28, 1893) thus justly and tersely outlines the contents of the work: "The first two lectures give us an account of how the books of the New and Old Testament have been regarded in tradition and by the Church of the first centuries; the next five tell us how, in fact, we ought to regard them in the light of their origin and literary character, so far as these can be ascertained by the help of our present scientific methods. The last lecture compares the old traditional view and the new scientific one, and gives us an equation of the two from the religious point of view."

It is gratifying to note the general agreement which obtains respecting the date of the completion of the different sections of the Old Testament Canon: the Canon of the Law in B.C. 444, in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah; the Canon of the Prophets, about 250 B.C.; the Canon of the Hagiographa, about 100 B.C. These results do not differ very widely from "traditional" views, and are shared by writers like Ryle (*History of Old Testament Canon*), Buhl (*Canon and Text of Old Testament*), and Wildeboer (*Die Entstehung d. alte Testament Kanons*). The final completion of the work is ascribed to the Rabbis at Jamnia, about 100 A.D.; but this only relates to the settlement of particular doubts, and does not affect the main elements. With respect to the completion of the New Testament Canon, there are two schools of opinion: one represented on the Continent by Professor Harnack, and inclining to date the completion as late as possible; the other represented by Professor Th. Zahn, and putting it at an earlier point. We are glad to say that Dr. Sanday agrees heartily with the latter school. In the case of both Testaments there are books which are the occasion of special difficulty, as we shall see; but these books are few, and can scarcely be said to belong to the central mass of the documents of our faith.

The reader will be struck at once with the attitude of the author to the new theories respecting the Old Testament. The attitude may be described as one of provisional approval. The order followed in Lectures II., III., IV., in discussing the Canon, is, significantly, the Prophets, the Law, and the Hagiographa. Dr. Sanday himself tells us that the Old Testament is not his field of special study; and one is conscious in reading Lectures VI. and VII., which treat of the New Testament, of the pressure of a firmer hand. In the earlier part of his task he is giving us the conclusions he has drawn from the data supplied by others. We are, we confess, surprised to find that extreme men like Wellhausen, Stade, Cornill, Budde, are the authorities chiefly relied on; König, who is more moderate, is less prominent;* and Riehm, who seems to us better to deserve the epithet "judicious" than Budde, to whom the author applies it, is only mentioned in connection with his least considerable work, *Messianic Prophecy*. Dillmann is only mentioned once. Driver, of course, is constantly quoted, as well as Robertson Smith. We can scarcely wonder at the conclusions arrived at when we see the writers who are the author's trusted guides. The author's position is given in the following sentences: "The writer's own position is tentative and provisional." "It is impossible to resist the impression that the critical argument is in the stronger hands, and that it is accompanied by a far greater command of the materials. The cause of criticism, if we take the word in a wide sense, and do not identify it too closely with any particular theory, is, it is difficult to doubt, the winning cause." To two general and two particular propositions the lecturer says: "I must, so far as my present judgment goes, confess my own adhesion." The two general propositions are: "the untrustworthy character of Jewish traditions as to authorship, unless confirmed by internal evidence," and "the composite character of very many of the books"; the two particular propositions, "the presence in the Pentateuch of a considerable element which in its present shape is held by many to be not earlier than the Captivity, and the composition of the Book of Deuteronomy, not long, or at least

* The author, however, regrets that König's *Introduction to the Old Testament* did not reach him a little earlier (p. xi.).

not very long, before its promulgation by King Josiah in the year 621, which thus becomes a pivot-date in the history of Hebrew literature." "In such a position of things it has seemed best to start from the critical theories, not as something fixed and absolute, but provisionally and hypothetically." Accordingly, as we have seen, the three sections of the Old Testament are discussed on this basis. The English caution appears in the following words: "In any case, whether the theories are true or not, it concerns us to know how far a full belief in Divine revelation is compatible with them. We may reasonably say that what they offer to us is a *minimum*, which under no circumstances is capable of being reduced much further, and that the future is likely to yield data which are more, and not less, favourable to conclusions such as those adopted in these lectures."

There are still further qualifications in the author's position to be noted. "His impression is, that the criticism of the near future is likely to be more conservative in its tendency than it has been, or at least to do fuller justice to the positive data than it has done." He calls attention to the one-sided, arbitrary methods of advocates of critical theories: "Kuenen wrote in the interest of almost avowed Naturalism, and much the same may be said of Wellhausen." It is evident from more than one expression that the author does not go the full length of Dr. Cheyne's theories. Still, despite such qualifications, we are assured, "Kuenen and Wellhausen have mapped out, on the whole, I believe rightly, the main stages of the development in the history of Hebrew literature."

Even this "tentative and provisional" endorsement by an Oxford professor of such eminence and such evangelical sympathies is a notable fact; we may go further and say, it is an act of doubtful wisdom. It will be trumpeted far and wide without the author's qualifications and reserves. We need not further discuss the theory here beyond noting that the traditional view is supported by the fact, mentioned before, that the law was the first part of the Canon definitively settled. We should also state that in the author's opinion the inspiration or Divine authority of the Old Testament loses little or nothing by the change of ground. Whether Wellhausen and

others would allow that the doctrine of supernatural revelation remains intact, is another question. Dr. Sanday at least takes this ground. He says: "The working out" of the positions he accepts "has not deprived the Old Testament of any of its value. On the contrary, stumbling-blocks have been removed; a far more vivid and more real apprehension of the Old Testament, both as history and religion, has been obtained; and, as I also hope to be able to show, the old conviction that we have in it a revelation from God to men, is not only unimpaired, but placed upon firmer foundations."

Dr. Sanday calls attention, in passing, to a consideration which has not always received the notice it deserves. At every stage of the Old Testament religion there is an argument backwards as well as forwards. "The question at each successive stage is, What does that stage imply? What are its antecedents? How must it have been reached? What an amount of religious preparation is implied—*e.g.*, in the writings of Amos and Hosea!" Drs. Davidson, Robertson, Robertson Smith, Driver, are paying special attention to this important test of date.

It is not always easy to ascertain the author's views of inspiration in distinction from the views of others which he describes, but we must try to do so. It is evident that he lays great stress on the old notion of different degrees of inspiration. The typical inspiration is the prophetic. The same divine law which elected the Jewish nation to be the organ of revelation and religion in the world elected individuals in that nation to the high dignity of prophets. Even in the gift of prophecy there is growth, development, from the earliest rude forms to the strains of an Isaiah! Still, even the earliest forms differ profoundly from the prophets and prophecy of heathenism:

"Why was not the worship of Jehovah like the worship of Baal, or Tammuz, or Cybele, or Astarte, or Mylitta? Why was it not like the worship of a race so nearly akin to Israel as the Moabite? The Christian has a simple answer ready. He seeks it in that which is the subject of these lectures. He believes that there has been a special Divine influence at work, not making out of Israel an altogether new creation under wholly new conditions, but taking the conditions as they were, sifting and straining out of them something

purer and higher than they could produce of themselves, guarding the precious growth from contamination, guiding its upward progress, filling it with a vital and expansive power which none can give but God. And if we are asked to define the measure of this special influence, we can see it reflected in that wide margin which remains when the common elements of the Biblical religion and other religions have been subtracted, and that which is peculiar to the Bible is left."

This is the most definite description we can find of the nature of inspiration. As an argument for the supernatural character of the Bible the statement is unanswerable. The author goes on to show that, as prophecy develops, the features of the lower stages fall away. "Ephod and teraphim are consigned to the owls and to the bats." Ecstasy and passivity cease. The prophet becomes a conscious, intelligent coworker with God in the fullest sense. The following account of his function is well worthy of attention:

"The prophets are, before all things, impassioned seers of spiritual truth and preachers of religion. They are often described as statesmen and as social reformers. Some of them were statesmen. More were social reformers. But in either case it was only as it were incidentally, in the discharge of a higher mission. The fields of statesmanship and of social reform were but departments in that economy of life which took its shape from a true insight into the nature and attributes of God and the duty of man. This insight was granted to the prophet, and he followed it out into all its consequences. Especially in the crisis of the national history he came forward to warn, to threaten, and to reassure, not because the nation as such was the first thing in his mind, though doubtless his kinsmen according to the flesh had a strong hold upon him, but because at such times a deeper view was obtained into the method of God's working and a stronger incentive was given to the performance of human duty."

The prophets were not like the scribes: "They do not reason, but command. They do not conjecture, but announce. The moods which they use are categorical, imperative, and future. Their insight takes the form of intuition and not of inference. Whence did they come to have these characteristics? What is it that lies in the background of their teaching? If we listen to them they will tell us. With one consent they would say that the thoughts which arose in their hearts and the words which arose to their lips were put there by God." Were they right in this belief? This is the essential

question. The author then states in forcible language the grounds on which we must hold that they were right (p. 147). The grounds are five: (1) the evident sincerity and competence of the prophets themselves; (2) the universal belief of their contemporaries; (3) the extraordinary harmony of their testimony; (4) the absence of all other explanation; (5) the nobility of their teaching. Then follows a passage which is only a sample of many equally wise: "It is often assumed that Christianity has superseded the teaching of the Old Testament; but we really need the Old Testament to correct, I do not say Christianity itself, but the very imperfect conceptions we are apt to form of it. It was an inevitable consequence of the Incarnation and of the contact of the Gospel with the Greek mind that recourse should be had to metaphysics. The Church of the early centuries employed the best metaphysics to which it had access, and it employed them upon the whole wisely and well. But in order to moralise our metaphysics, to fill them with warmth and emotion, we need to go back to the Old Testament and to that part of the New which is not Greek but Hebrew." Thus the author puts prophetic inspiration highest, and assigns to it whatever is most spiritual in any part of the Old Testament. Let it be remembered that Moses, who comes so early in the history of Israel, was a prophet, and a prophet of the highest order (p. 175). In the Hagiographa, again, prophetic inspiration of the highest strain abounds.

We must not linger on the graphic characterisation of Hebrew historians, their modesty, *naïveté*, naturalness. As to their inspiration, it did not include "preternatural exemption from error," or "suspension of ordinary psychological laws," but lay rather in the clear recognition of the divine leading and religious purpose of Israel.

What of the inspiration of the law on the new basis? Three main strata are recognised in the Pentateuch: a twofold narrative, Jehovist and Elohist; the work of prophets, variously dated between 900 and 750 B.C., in Genesis, Exodus, and Numbers; the book of Deuteronomy; the Priestly Code at the end of the Exile, or existing latently before it. Omitting details (p. 173), it may be said that we have here a Mosaic, prophetic and priestly inspiration. Moses has a place

by himself. The prophetic inspiration present here is not of the highest stamp (p. 178). The priestly order, too, had its inspiration. The oldest code of all, "the Book of the Covenant" (Ex. xx. 23, xxiii. 33), shows two marks of this—its essentially religious character, referring everything to God as the author, and the strong sense of justice and humanity pervading it, even humanity to animals. "An eye shall be exacted" probably meant "only an eye." Animals belonging to an enemy were to be prevented going astray, an important step towards loving our enemies. The ceremonial law is the part which has excited the strongest opposition, partly because of its condemnation by the prophets, and partly because of its express abrogation by Christ. But the condemnation was of abuses of the law, not of the law itself; and the Christian abrogation was quite consistent with the preparatory mission of the law in the divine economy. The law was, after all, the embodiment of two great moral ideas—the sense of gratitude for divine gifts, and the sense of sin. The Levitical system was abolished, because its function had been discharged, its work done. "The sacrifices of the old covenant were types and shadows of a yet greater and more efficacious sacrifice." The spirit of the present age seems to be against the notion of expiation and sacrifice. Dr. Sanday earnestly defends it. We may not understand the necessity of sacrifice in order to forgiveness, but we must hold to the fact. "If anything could appeal to the Father's heart, if anything could possess an infinite value, surely it was the death, so undertaken out of boundless love and compassion for suffering humanity, of the Incarnate Son." *A priori* theories as to the necessity of atonement a cautious Christian will avoid. "But at the same time he will feel that to reject the idea of a true sacrifice is to evacuate of its meaning much of the language of the New Testament which speaks of the death of Christ not only as a sacrifice but as propitiatory." This interpretation also fills with meaning the old Levitical sacrifices.

As might be expected, the inspiration of the Psalter is maintained in glowing terms, the critical questions not being overlooked. "The organ-music of the Psalms is of wonderful compass and range. It has its low notes as well as its high,

But taken altogether, and when due allowance has been made for the imperfection of the human medium, it remains the classic to all time of prayer and praise." "If we were to take away from our hymn-books all they contained which was the mere echo and shadow of the Psalter, how much of value would be left? The insignificant book of 150 sacred poems—truly the product of a nation, because every one of them is to all intents and purposes anonymous—has been teaching the world, dictating to the world, its prayers and its praises, ever since it was first composed! Shall we not say—*must* we not say—that the book which has done that bears the outward stamp and sign of the Spirit of God?" The inspiration of the other books of the Hagiographa is dealt with in a similar spirit.

There is less distinct teaching in regard to the inspiration of the New Testament, perhaps because there was less need. The different questions which arise with respect to Paul's utterances on the question, and several difficult books, are discussed with much clearness and mastery. We may transcribe a sentence or two: "The Gospels are what the attempts to unravel the history of their origin would lead us to expect that they would be—not infallible, but yet, broadly speaking, good and true records of those words which are the highest authority for Christians, and of that life on which they base their hopes of redemption." Degrees of inspiration are thus conceived:

"In all parts of our subject alike the same phenomenon meets us: here a blaze of light—the central orb shining in its strength; there a *corona* of rays gradually fading—fading away and melting into the darkness. It is thus not only with the limits of the Canon of the Epistles, but also with their inspiration. St. Paul does not go out of his way to claim inspiration. It seems to be almost an accident that he says anything about it at all. And yet it is impossible to read the first few chapters of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, or the first chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, without feeling that his own inspiration is an axiom of his thought, and not only an axiom of his own thought, but that the inspiration of himself and others is an axiom in the thought of Christians generally."

We have said enough to show that the author has treated the burning question of the day throughout in a practical rather than in a speculative spirit. He gives us, not a doctrine

of inspiration, but materials for a doctrine. If it were said that many points are left in obscurity, he would perhaps reply that this is inevitable in the nature of things.

It seems to us that more consideration is due to the early faith of Jews and Christians in inspiration than is often given to it. Dr. Sanday is clearly of this opinion, for he devotes two of his eight lectures to an elaborate exposition of the subject. The titles of the first two lectures are—"Estimate of the New Testament by the Early Church," and "Estimate of the Old Testament in the First Century of the Christian Era." The account given of early opinion is the fullest and clearest we know. The tendency is all one way; there is no counter-current. The drift is all toward what would be called, now, high, strict views of inspiration. There is no need to give examples where the evidence is so abundant. We may mention in passing the curious Jewish idiom which makes canonical books "defile the hands." Here the Western phraseology is reversed. We speak of the hands defiling sacred things: Jews spoke of sacred books defiling the hands. A non-canonical book had not this effect. In the same way, the allegorical method, which saw religious meaning in the least minutiæ of Scripture, arose from belief in the divine origin and character of the sacred books. Dr. Sanday is inclined to say a word for the patristic arguments (or illustrations) from numbers, on which so much ridicule is poured: "The idea is no doubt connected with the revival of Pythagoreanism and the doctrine of the value of numbers. It is of course not at all a specially Christian idea, but is simply an application to Christian subjects of intellectual methods current at the time. . . . . But those who infer that because Irenæus uses arguments such as this in regard to the Four Gospels, he is therefore a puerile and contemptible writer, probably in most cases have not read Irenæus at all, or, if they have read him, have done so without eyes to see, or imagination to enter into, a phase of civilisation in any way different from their own." However this may be, the strength and consistency of the early Jewish and Christian faith on the subject is a fact which has to be accounted for. That weak arguments are sometimes used in support of it, is no difficulty. To ignore the fact as the fruit

of superstition or traditionalism is mere trifling. It will of course be said that to accept the substance of the early faith commits us to all the absurdities of Rabbis and Fathers, of Hillel and Shammai, Josephus and Philo, Origen and Irenæus; but this by no means follows, any more than it follows that the adherents of a Church in our days are committed to all the eccentric notions of other members of the Church. It ought not to be difficult to distinguish between the substance and accidents of doctrine.

An interesting point discussed is that of the tests of inspiration relied on in early days. In regard to the New Testament the chief criterion was apostolicity. Even in the case of books like Mark, Luke, Acts, and the Hebrews, which do not claim an apostolic origin, it was held that they are indirectly traceable to Apostles—Mark to Peter, and the others to Paul. A subsidiary test was reception by apostolic churches. In the later stages ecclesiastical usage was appealed to. Lastly, the test of doctrine was used. "It is often objected that this is an argument in a circle, because the Scriptures are used to establish Church doctrine, and then Church doctrine is used—not as the only test, but as one of the tests—to determine what is Scripture. But there is not really a *petitio principii* here any more than there was in the testing of a prophet's message. There was enough New Testament Scripture, as there was enough Old Testament teaching, established on a firm and unshakable basis to be used as a standard in judging of the rest." Then comes in the use of sacred numbers, but evidently in a quite subordinate way. Our author thinks that the associations of the number seven helped the reception of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, because we then have fourteen (2×7) Pauline letters. St. Paul and St. John alike wrote to seven churches. The part which apostolicity played in the formation of the New Testament Canon was played in the case of the elder Canon by the idea of prophecy. All Jewish writers agree in applying this test. One tractate says that no book written since the ceasing of prophecy "defiles the hands." Here also the significance of numbers had its influence. One enumeration makes the Old Testament books twenty-four, which the Rabbis connect with

the twenty-four watches in the temple; Christian writers think of the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet, and the twenty-four elders of the Apocalypse. The usual enumeration, however, is twenty-two, which naturally suggests the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Both enumerations seem to be of Jewish origin. Dr. Sanday traces these numbers back, beyond the alphabet, to Jewish cosmological speculations. According to Dr. Edersheim, the ten numbers denote in Jewish thought the substance of creation, the twenty-two letters the form and shape. "Are we not at once reminded of Origen comparing the four Gospels to the four elements, and Irenæus to the four winds and four quarters of the globe, if not of anticipations of both in the Shepherd of Hermas?"

We may notice now the way in which the lecturer deals with the more difficult books of the Canon—Ecclesiastes, Canticles, Esther, in the Old Testament; 2 Peter, Acts, Revelations, in the New Testament. Ecclesiastes has often been a subject of debate even in Jewish schools, as among the Rabbis of Jamnia in the first century. Dr. Sanday takes a very firm line in regard to it: "Of course it is not to be contended that Ecclesiastes is on the highest plane of Old Testament revelation, still less on that of the New; but it has a plane of its own. Just as there was room, and more than room, for a St. Thomas among the Apostles, so also there is a fitting place for this grave and austere thinker among the wise men of Israel." One conspicuous feature about him is his absolute sincerity. He will be honest with himself, look the worst in the face, hear the best that atheism can say for itself. Another striking characteristic is, that he returns at last to the simple faith of Israel. The genuineness of chapter xii. 13 has been questioned, but with little reason. The book would never have been canonised without it; the sentiment, too, pervades the whole book. "For this reason we may be glad to have Ecclesiastes included in our Canon, because of the assurance which it gives that even a pessimist may have a place in the kingdom of heaven. It is possible to go down to the grave without a smile; it is possible not to shake off the burden of the mystery in all its oppressive weight to the end; and yet,

provided there is no tampering with conscience or with primary truth, to be held worthy to help and teach even from the pages of Holy Writ those who have a like experience and like difficulties." The very austerity of the teaching is its recommendation. There were similar doubts among the Jews about Canticles, though they were finally overruled. Rabbi Akiba, as quoted by Ryle, says: "God forbid that any man of Israel should deny that the Song of Songs defileth the hands; for the whole world is not equal to the day on which the Song of Songs was given to Israel. For all the Scriptures are holy, but the Song of Songs is the holiest of the holy." The place of the book in the Canon is attributed to the allegorical method of interpretation, which is now given up. The poem is simply the praise of faithful human love. If it were a question of now receiving the book for the first time, we might hesitate. "But now that it has been in the Canon so many centuries the position is different." At least it shows the catholicity of Scripture. *Nihil humani a se alienum putat.* Even the allegorical use of the book need not be abandoned, if thoroughly understood. The lecturer is in greater doubt as to Esther, which also had its opponents among Jews. He has much to say against it, and nothing for it. It is one of the books of which he says, "the divine element is at the *minimum*" (p. 398). It is not, he thinks, strictly historical, it fanned a spirit of Jewish *chauvinism*, has no sanction from the New Testament, adds nothing to the sum of revelation, does not point a very exalted moral. The author, however, prints a defence of the book by a friend, the Rev. W. Lock (p. 222). As to the book of Daniel, he thinks that the date assigned by the critics is the right one—namely, the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, 164 B.C. (p. 215)—adding the incontestable reflection: "The human mind will in the end accept that theory which covers the greatest number of facts, and harmonises best with the sum total of knowledge." Supposing this to be one of the proved results of the higher criticism, we would point out how it accords with the "traditional" theory, which always placed Daniel outside the Canon of Prophets, nearly at the end of the Hagiographa (p. 216). Surely the critics will now have a good word to say for Jewish tradition. On this supposition,

Daniel is the name of the subject, but not of the writer; and the book is not wholly or exactly historical. The author says all that can be said in defence of assumed authorship in the case of a canonical book (p. 216). Solomon's name, put at the head of Ecclesiastes, was in no sense a deception, but only a suggestive title, which may be supposed to have facilitated the reception of a book that otherwise would have met with greater opposition.

In the New Testament the author is clearly of opinion that the balance of evidence is against the genuineness of 2 Peter (pp. 346–349). He suggests that the Epistle and the so-called Revelation of Peter may possibly be by the same hand: "For some time past there has been a sort of tacit consent, wherever criticism is admitted, to use the Epistle with a certain reserve." A special note (pp. 384, 385) sums up the arguments on both sides. Dr. Sanday warmly defends the book of Acts, which has long been a battle-field of criticism (pp. 318–330). He expresses a strong wish for an English or American commentary on the Acts, on a scale like that of the works of Lightfoot, Westcott, or Mayor's recent work on James. His own brief discussion of the objections brought by German scholars against the book is exceedingly helpful. Professor Ramsay's work, *The Church in the Roman Empire*, is warmly commended as a solid contribution to one side of the question. "It touches only a limited section of the subject. But within that section its result is to put the Acts on the same level with the Gospel as deriving its materials from those who were 'eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word,' and as a sober unsophisticated historical record." The defects of the German criticism, despite all its high merits, come out most strongly in the discussion of the Acts, which is treated entirely from the standpoint of modern ideas. In a similar way the Apocalypse is vindicated against recent criticism. The proposed double (Jewish and Christian) authorship is disapproved: "I think that we may safely dismiss this idea of a Jewish base and Christianised redaction, as raising worse difficulties than it removes. It is indeed in many respects in direct contradiction to the facts." In respect to the date, Dr. Sanday inclines to the period between the death of Nero

and the fall of Jerusalem, despite Professor Ramsay's support of the traditional reference to the time of Domitian.

The question of the Apocrypha is treated in a very judicial spirit. The term itself at first bore the quite innocent sense of esoteric, withdrawn from public use; its evil connotation dates from the days of Irenæus and Tertullian. Our author emphasises the fact that the boundary between the canonical and uncanonical is fixed rather by external than intrinsic reasons. Why, one may ask, are Chronicles, Esther, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, on one side of the line, and Maccabees, Judith, Wisdom, and Ecclesiasticus on the other? In the case of most of the books the difference is broad and palpable, but in others it shades away. "Just as there is a descending scale within the Canon, there is an ascending scale outside it. Some of the books in our Apocrypha might well lay claim to a measure of inspiration." Yet he allows that the writer of Ecclesiasticus shows a self-consciousness which is absent from the Canon. "The books of Daniel and Ecclesiastes probably gained their place in the first instance under cover of the names which they bore. . . . . Perhaps, if Ecclesiasticus had been anonymous, and had not revealed its true date and character so plainly, it might have had the same fortune as Ecclesiastes." "The Book of Wisdom, which would otherwise have had the strongest claim, would be excluded because it was written in Greek. That fact alone would be sufficient to decide against it. Hebrew was the holy language. And the highly centralised scribism of Palestine would require as a first condition in any book which claimed to be regarded as Scripture that it should be written in it." By the way, the author doubts the existence in the Psalter of Maccabean psalms: "It seems to me, as well as I can judge at present, that the difficulties caused by the assumption that there are, outweigh the arguments for them" (p. 256). He strongly defends the Anglican use of the Apocrypha "for example of life and instruction of manners." "For this there is excellent historical foundation. The article does but follow the precedent of the choicest spirits in the ancient Church, both Jewish and Christian. It connects the Church of our day directly with them. And, besides, it does, at least roughly and approxi-

mately, correspond to the facts." He is not averse to the Roman term Deutero-canonical, "if we may put our own sense upon it." There is a long and sensible note on the use of this term (p. 273). The term seems to have arisen in the sixteenth century. On this, as on some other questions, the Anglican spirit of moderation, not to say compromise, is prominent.

One of the best points in the volume is the independence with which Dr. Sanday criticises the theories of Dr. Harnack as to the rise of the New Testament Canon. Harnack's great knowledge of the early Christian centuries, and his brilliance in suggesting hypotheses, are beyond doubt, and deserve all admiration; but no writer of our day calls for more discrimination and caution in his readers. Dr. Sanday points out many weaknesses in his theories; and fortunately the English scholar, like the German one, is at home on New Testament ground. Nothing seems more surprising than that a leader of the critical school should advocate a "sudden" development in anything; and yet Dr. Harnack advocates the sudden emergence of the New Testament Canon at the end of the second century. What gives a colour of probability to the theory is the comparative scantiness of Christian literature about the middle of the second century. But there is evidence enough before the middle of the century. It is well said that "the whole case for the sudden emergence of the Canon only needs to be stated to refute itself." An account of the changes which are supposed to have taken place suddenly is given in Harnack's own words (p. 22): "Such changes are not really wrought in a day." The criticisms on pages 12–21, 61, 68, 379, are well worthy of notice: "It is impossible not to be struck by Harnack's great powers, but he sorely needs to learn to weigh degrees of probability, and not to build upon pure conjecture as if it were certain" (p. 25).

Other strong portions of the work, which want of space forbids us to notice, are the characterisation of Hebrew history in Lecture III., the Wisdom books (Job, Proverbs), as well as the Psalter, in Lecture IV., the account of the growth of written revelation in Lecture V., and the discussion of the Gospels in Lecture VI. The way in which on the last question the fall

of Jerusalem is used as a test of date is very striking. That historical event draws a sharp line across Jewish history. If it had occurred before the Gospels had been written, it must have left a deep mark on them. They could not have been written as they are at a later date.

The last lecture, giving general conclusions and results, is the one that will cause the most doubt, and even regret, in many minds. One may even call in question the accuracy of the title, "The Traditional and Inductive Views of Inspiration Compared," which does not express any real antithesis. The traditional view may have been as truly formed inductively as the modern one. But, letting this pass, there is much even in this lecture which all will at once accept. The author earnestly maintains that the "inductive" view needs supplementing, especially by the supposition of a higher mind to explain the marks of unity so apparent in the separate books. The writers are evidently working together for a common purpose, of which they are severally unconscious. The last part of the lecture discusses the argument from the usage of Christ and the Apostles. Brief and guarded as the discussion is, it strikes many doubtful notes, and, in fact, suggests more difficulties than it expresses. Two preliminary cautions are to the effect that our Lord's sayings all come to us "through the medium of persons who shared the current views" about the Old Testament, and that the sayings on the subject are occasional, incidental. The effect of the latter feature is, that we have no complete statements, however much we might wish for them. We are rather surprised to find so sincere an admirer of Butler expressing such strong wishes for the impossible. We give the effects of the former feature in the writer's own words: "We must be prepared for the possibility that His dicta in regard to it have not been reported with absolute accuracy. Some allowance should be made for this, but not, I think, very much allowance. The sayings which bear upon the subject of inspiration, perhaps with just one or two exceptions, have every appearance of being faithfully preserved" (p. 407). It is obvious what a wide door is opened here for conjectural emendation. This is illustrated on the very same page. In a special note (p. 432) on Matt. xii. 40, 41, it is shown that

the reference to the sign of the "three days in the whale's belly" has nothing corresponding to it in the parallel passage in Luke xi. 29–32, which suggests the probability ("highly probable") "that the allusion to this is a gloss which formed no part of the original saying, but was introduced, very naturally though erroneously, by the author of our present Gospel." So the strong saying in John x. 35, "and the Scripture cannot be broken," may, it is said, be the words of the evangelist, not of Christ. "The mode of argument is so peculiar, and so well suited to the historical situation, that we may be sure *something like* it really happened. At the same time, the memory of this had lain for some sixty years in the mind of one who was himself a thorough Jew, and we cannot be equally certain that it came out precisely as it went in." This is precisely the sort of conjectural criticism by which extreme writers, with whom Dr. Sanday has little in common, get rid of inconvenient texts. Has not an Oxford Professor of Archæology recently written a pamphlet to prove by similar comparison of texts that the account of the institution of the Lord's Supper in the Gospels is most probably borrowed from St. Paul's account in 1 Cor. xi., an account of what took place in a vision?

After every deduction Dr. Sanday acknowledges: "There still remains evidence enough that our Lord while upon earth *did* use the common language of His contemporaries in regard to the Old Testament"—Daniel, Moses and the Pentateuch, Jonah, Noah. "What are we to say to this?" He gives two answers, one theological, the other economical. The former is substantially the one given by Mr. Gore in his Bampton Lectures. Agreeing with Dr. Bright in the position that Christ was incapable of error in anything that was the subject of positive teaching, he questions whether the points in dispute fall within this class. "It may be maintained that all those points on which there may seem to be any collision between the language used by Christ and modern inquiry are not of the nature of direct affirmation or explicit teaching, and were in no way essential to His Messianic office, but that they all belong to the presuppositions of His humanity; like the Aramaic or Greek which He spoke, with its peculiarities of

vocabulary and grammar." Thus, the theological and economical explanations blend together. They amount to this: In Christ's teaching there is a "neutral zone," to which belong such questions as the date of the Last Judgment and Jewish traditional opinions on matters which did not bear upon Christ's central Messianic teaching. Christ did not need to correct (or even to know) what was erroneous in Jewish opinion on these points. Just as His ministry was rigidly limited to the Jewish nation, because the time of the Gentiles had not yet come, as in the story of Dives and Lazarus He neither endorsed nor condemned the popular ideas about Hades and Abraham's bosom, as in after days God permitted the allegorical system of interpreting Scripture, with its wild fantasies, to prevail in His Church for many centuries, so He may have left matters of Old Testament authorship and date to be cleared up in later days. "What are we to say to this?" It may be quite true that the difference is only one of "the extent of the human element" in Christ's life and teaching. Still, the extent may be pushed so far as to be quite inconsistent with intelligent faith in our Lord's higher nature. There is a great difference between the limited and guarded extent to which ignorance has so far been admitted, and the extent of liability to error now suggested. In the former case it was limited to the one point expressly stated in Christ's own words; in the present case it is applied to matters of inference; we may even say of doubtful inference, for no one will suppose that the last word has been said on the questions in dispute. If the proposed reconciliation relieves the strain in one direction, it intensifies it in another. If it makes faith easier to some, it makes it harder to others, and by others again will be used to justify unbelief. There seems to be needless haste to build bridges between two positions, one of which is as yet quite undefined.

Among the minor excellences of the work are the ample Synopsis of Contents, filling ten pages, the Chronological Table of Data for the History of the Canon, the careful Index and the noble Dedication, which, roughly translated, runs: "To the larger Anglican Church—namely, all those who, belonging to the English race under whatever name, from the heart

reverence and worship Christ; to the larger Anglican Church, of which I wish that lesser Church of which I am a minister and son to be a leader and standard-bearer; to the larger Anglican Church, which, with hope and solicitude, yet with more hope than solicitude, I have ardently loved and still love, I dedicate these lectures, praying that she may not prove unworthy of herself, but, losing none of her ancient piety, may with God's help bravely and hopefully gird herself for new tasks and new conditions of things."

ART. V.—FOUR ENGLISH SOCIALISTS.

1. *Minutes of Evidence taken before the Labour Commission sitting as a whole.* Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Sidney Webb. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1892.
2. *Socialism: its Growth and Outcome.* By WILLIAM MORRIS and E. BELFORT BAX. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU, in the quiet room off Leicester Square, had the incomparable advantage of a listener in whose brain was no fermenting scepticism. Unharassed in discourse, Browning's Prince delivered one of the most profound and ingenious defences of the Conservative principle to be found in literature. But we cannot afford, in an actual crisis in our national history, to allow sanguine theorists and prophets to deliver themselves, uninterrupted and unquestioned, whilst they continually propound the most extreme views in favour of the socialistic revolutionising of our national life. Our modern saviours of society are fluent and apt, and they have a large audience in this country who are keenly alive to injustice, too ignorant of history to know how painful and laborious effort must precede every advance made by the race, and prepared by an amiable sentimentalism to believe that this old world can become the perfect home of a virtuous democracy.

But unless we desire to commit again the mistakes of a century ago, we shall meet our regenerators with a vigorous, though candid, criticism.

The new book on Socialism by Mr. William Morris and Mr. Bax is a very good example of the comparative ease with which the undisturbed reformer can make taking and attractive his golden schemes. Here are no awkward questions to be answered, no difficult problems constantly recurring, and the destructive criticism passes uncriticised, the constructive narrative flows evenly along. The book follows the historical method, and contains a review of the whole history of European society in a very brief compass, for though there are many pages there is little print. "A neat rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin," as on Sir Benjamin Backbite's beautiful quarto page. This historical review has been done so many times that we confess we think it was scarce worth while to perform the task again. The only new matter is in the brief Introduction and in the last chapter, which is called "Socialism Triumphant," and as these open a window into the Socialist mind they are worth attention. The Introduction in eighteen pages convicts modern life of hypocrisy and sham "in its family relations, morality, religion, politics, and art." It reads more like the diatribe of a dyspeptic than the writing of a poet and a metaphysician, and though it ends on a note of hope (in the prospect of Socialism), the final consolation is hardly more convincing than the dyspeptic's trust that to-morrow his indigestion will be gone. Out of very bad things are to come forth very good. The special characteristic of modern society, it appears, is universal hypocrisy. This is evident in "our present family of blood relationship," where the brotherhood of blood almost extinguishes the sense of duty in friendship, and where, if a strange child be adopted, "the proceeding is cloaked by change of name, assumption of mystery, and abundance of unconscious ceremonial." This last is one of the freshest and most ingenious grievances we have encountered! The ties of kinship must give way before the "reason" of mature life, and it were hypocrisy for the maturely reasonable man to allow them to restrain any personal desire or taste. Yet these stern writers would make some

allowance; they would allow us to wear "a light and easy yoke of sentiment," since even maturity admits that "it is not unreasonable" to wish to "pay back with some little kindness" those who have cherished us before reason and maturity came, and "not unreasonable, too, to look with some special sentiment on brothers and sisters," because we lived familiarly with them "when they and we were innocent and undeveloped"! The conclusion of the whole matter is:

"The family professes to exist as affording us a haven of calm and restful affection and the humanising influences of mutual help and consideration, but it ignores quietly its real reason for existence, its real aim—namely, protection for individualist property by means of inheritance, and a nucleus for resistance to the outside world, whether that take the form of other families or the public weal, such as it may be" (p. 7).

We presume the Socialists desire that affection arising from kinship should be no stronger than the affection felt for the race, except for the "light and easy yoke of sentiment," which itself will disappear when the municipal nursery receives the infant, and boys and girls live familiarly with those of other parents in innocent undevelopment. Yet all art, which is the true record of humanity, attests that the love of child for parent and of parent for child is elemental, and the grave and beautiful piety which the Latins built upon the claims of kinship still restrains and humanises men not undeveloped and not innocent. Human nature may be affected by changes in the conditions of life, but the elemental emotions are to-day what they were when Homer wrote, and we very much doubt whether even the abolition of pocket-money, and the teaching of the solidarity of mankind by a representative of the State, will make a boy forget that his mother bore him. But for fear of seeming irreverent we should accuse the Socialists of a joke when they talk so glibly of changing human nature, brutalised and degraded as it is, in their eyes, by the influence of commercialism; but we presume this miracle of change is a serious article of their optimistic faith.

It is hardly necessary to follow these Jeremiahs in their view of religion or morality, which "is simply commercial necessity masquerading in the forms of the Christian ethics," a fact

"illustrated by the predominance amongst the commercial classes of a debased Calvinistic theology, termed Evangelicalism"; nor do we learn from them with any surprise that politics and art share the prevailing unreality to the full. That there is considerable ground for this vigorous philippic no man would deny, but that the impression they convey is a fair one very few men would care to assert. We turn to the picture they draw of society as it will be, with the hope that their description of the future will be drawn with some more show of discernment than their caricature of the present. They are careful to state that they merely give their own view, and that their sketch has received the approval of no great Socialistic council, endowed with prophetic power. We start well, with the disappearance of civil law, "an institution based essentially on private property," and a tendency on the part of criminal law to become obsolete, as it would "concern itself only with the protection of the person." Burglary, for example, of the community's food and drink would be wholly unknown. The great organisation that would direct production and distribution would be a system of federal councils, and "it would be the necessary duty of the central body to safeguard the then recognised principles of society," to stereotype perfection, in fact. We next have a description of the new conscience, which will render criminal law unnecessary:

"As regards the future form of the moral consciousness, we may safely predict that it will be, in a sense, a return on a higher level to the ethics of the older world, with the difference that the limitation of scope to the kinship group in its narrower sense, which was one of the causes of the dissolution of ancient society, will disappear, and the identification of individual with social interests will be so complete that any divorce between the two will be inconceivable to the average man. . . . . The religion of Socialism will be but the ordinary ethics carried into a higher atmosphere, and will only differ from them in degree of conscious responsibility to one's fellows. Socialistic ethics would be the guide of our daily habit of life; socialistic religion would be that higher form of conscience that would impel us to actions on behalf of a future of the race such as no man could command in his ordinary moods" (pp. 298, 299).

This is a very tempting passage, but we will only make one remark. Even supposing that this new morality took the place

of the old one, and the conscience of the race had a lodging in every man's nature, what reason is there to suppose that the new morality would be more universally *acted upon* than the old? *L'homme moyen sensuel* of to-day has a conscience which he very frequently disobeys; why should the average man of to-morrow be always obedient to the conscience of to-morrow? The answer, we presume, is, that he would be obedient because of the "identification of individual with social interests." But the passions and desires of men to-day often make them act in a manner very adverse to their interests, and it is entirely inconceivable that the social interest would always accord with each man's temporary interest. One point where the Socialistic scheme fails is this: they neglect to provide that power which the world has always desired, the power that will make men do the right when they know it, even under the stress of temptation. Unless they can banish temptation from their world, we fancy the average man will hardly be so automatically obedient to the social voice as they hope. A society has not been redeemed when it has been made comfortable. We have not space to follow this Utopia through all its streets, which will be very beautiful—it is enough to say that the chapter details the arrangement which will convert the country into a picture by Burne-Jones. Marriages would be associations that might be dissolved at will by either husband or wife, and no disgrace would attach to either party, in cases of dissolution of the voluntary tie, since we presume neither would have committed any act contrary to the social interest. Labour would be made pleasurable for all. And, finally, so peaceful and happy would mankind be that fiction would die for want of material. That material is to be found apparently, not in the nature and passions of man, but only in the "futilities of a society of inequality wielded by a conventional false sense of duty." No suspicion of Satan is allowed within the precincts of this paradise. It is a beautiful dream, though as a reality we fancy it would be rather tiresome to face always "the eternal calm," and we only regret that the writers should so consistently "reckon without Dame Nature, their hostess." The one serious aspect of the matter is that many uncritical readers of this and such-like books are led to call themselves

Socialists, and to take political action in various ways on the ground that such action tends to Socialism. From the reverie of these two Communists we turn to the practical proposals of more hard-headed men.

The two collectivists examined before the Commission whose evidence we desire to consider were Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Sidney Webb, both men of knowledge, regarding or trying to regard social questions with the eye of students, and not given to the dangerous habit of allowing the heart to rule the head. Yet they are men of different types, and though both are partisans, Mr. Webb approaches the scientific type while Mr. Mann is more of an evangelist. Consequently we find Mr. Webb much the more wary witness, and he seems to have become even more strenuously cautious when Mr. Gerald Balfour was asking questions. Particularly he refused to consider what would happen if the collectivist principle had been completely realised. "I am sorry to say," he replied, taking refuge in lofty regions, "I cannot visualise heaven at any time; it always seems to me to be a becoming." In passing we may express the hope that the collectivist principle will not lead our posterity to speak frequently about "visualising heaven" —simpler phrases will, we trust, suffice to express the failure or success of their imagination. But Mr. Webb is a very convinced man, and is prepared to follow his principle to the end. "I do not wish to defer the realisation until human nature is perfect. I wish to realise it to-day in my actions to-day, and to-morrow in my actions to-morrow."

"Mr. GERALD BALFOUR.—Apart from the success or failure of any particular experiment in collectivism, you would pursue that experiment, because the adoption of a socialistic policy in any given instance would lead you nearer to the ideal that you are following?

Mr. WEBB.—That is the distinction between a statesman of principle and a merely empirical politician, in my view.

Q.—It is also a distinction, is it not, between a mere theorist and a practical man?

A.—No, it is not.

* * * * *

Q.—Is it not true that this principle, which presents itself to you as having for its essence a superior organisation of industry, presents itself to the uneducated as a spoiling of the rich for the benefit of the poor?

A.—I think that has been true in all ages of reformers from Jack Cade downward.

Q.—You use a phrase in this essay with regard to the attitude of the working classes at the present time. You say Samson is feeling for his grip on the pillar?

A.—Rather an unfortunate metaphor.

Q.—If I remember right, Samson 'pulled down the same destruction on himself'?

A.—I believe he did. I abandon the metaphor."

Mr. Webb is nothing if not scientific, and he claims that the whole trend of affairs is towards collectivism, and has been in that direction at least since the Municipal Act in 1835. The movement is shown specifically in four ways, the regulation by Government of private enterprise, the absorption of industrial functions by the State and the municipalities, the shifting of the burden of taxation more and more upon rent and interest, and the growth of collective philanthropy. All these movements are evident enough, but we cannot see that they will, if continued, land us in collectivism, the essential feature of which is the abolition of all industries managed and owned by private capitalists. They are undoubtedly a departure from the opposite principle of individualism, and from the theory of Liberalism, that freedom is the one vital need of society. But the fact is that society has never accepted that theory, and the brief period, at the beginning of this century, when some attempt to carry out the theory was made, was little more than the pause after the final break-up of the feudal system. Order, regulation, subordination, have at all times and among all races been recognised as the "invisible foundations of society," and the movement of the century has been a gradual relaying of those old foundations, a return to the beliefs of days before Rousseau. Any application of such principles may in a sense be called Socialism, when contrasted with the opposite theory, but while we admit that a movement away from anarchy and towards regimentation has taken place, we fail to see that there is any approach towards the abolition of the individual capitalist, and as a consequence of private property. The basis of private property appears to us to be a moral basis, and to be securely laid in the acquisitive nature of man.

It is true that private enterprise has been interfered with by Factory Acts and Truck Acts, but the regulation of labour is one of the oldest duties of a polity. The municipalities have taken upon themselves many industrial

duties by controlling gas, water, tramways, and other matters in the interest of the community, but as a general rule this is only done in the case of monopolies, or of articles needed for the use of the municipalities themselves. Mr. Webb professed himself unable to find any limit in principle to the duties they have assumed, and quoted the fact that the Manchester Corporation make their own bass-brooms as an extreme instance of what they may do; but the limit seems to lie in the fact that the municipality never goes out as a trader in the open market to compete with private traders, and it is by such an extension that the Socialists hope to substitute gradually State production for private production. Obviously that is a large step yet to be taken. And it is noticeable, too, that while municipalities control an enormous capital, that is largely because they have borrowed on the security of the immense wealth produced by private industry. That is to say, municipal extension is based upon individualist energy, and the first is great because the second is greater.

Rent and interest may be made to bear heavier taxes, but that again might mean not that they are wrong in themselves, but only that the rich who possess them should sacrifice more than the poor, which was the principle of Bentham. The principle of "collective philanthropy" also might thrive as well in a society where there were rich and poor as in any socialistic state, and indeed it is recognised, though possibly not adequately recognised, in that very Poor Law of 1834, which came from the centre of the individualist era. There is another sign which is generally interpreted as a prophecy of collectivism: the growth of large syndicates and trusts which combine under one management many separate businesses. This again seems capable of another interpretation, for very often these great trusts are the property of innumerable shareholders, each of whom is an evidence that private capital remains. We think indeed that these various tendencies show a gradual recognition of the belief that the State must be more than a mere aggregate of individuals, that it must imply a polity ordering and controlling affairs in the interest of all; but we fail to see any evidence that such a belief involves that

superseding of private production and property which must be taken as the very basis of collectivism as a general theory.

The nobler conception of the State may lead to the adoption of measures which in themselves are socialistic, but that is because the State, being a society made up of individuals, cannot in the nature of things adopt either of the extreme theories. If it adopted Socialism, it would injure individual well-being, by restricting freedom, by taking away property, which is the material basis of man's development, and by destroying the natural incentive to effort, whatever substitute for that natural incentive it might evolve; if it adopted complete individualism moral anarchy might result, and grievous loss in many ways to the communal well-being. Happily it is not necessary, it is impossible, to commit the State to either extreme, and we may consider and adopt reforms of a socialistic tendency without fear of landing ourselves in that heaven which Mr. Webb failed to visualise. Of the measures immediately proposed it is impossible to give any general judgment, but to one advocated by Mr. Webb we can give sincere support. His proposal is to extend the Factory Acts so that they should apply to work that is given out. The measure appears a small one, but it would have very wide effects, as it would bring under the inspectors the homes where work is done by the women employed by tailors, shirt-makers, and other such traders. The Sweating Commission revealed that this work is often done under very unsanitary conditions, and often for very much longer hours than would be permitted in factories. Anything that would tend to improve the conditions of life in the East End of London, as this reform would undoubtedly tend to improve them, is to be warmly welcomed. About the larger measures proposed there are very much greater difficulties, and we confess that the facts do not seem to favour them. Mr. Mann's evidence is full of suggestions, and is very well worth reading. The scheme for the rearrangement of the London Docks, which is especially his own, can only be judged by engineering experts. He advocated also a wide extension of municipal activity; for instance, that the municipality should build its own Board-schools and make the furniture for them; but he had no very satisfactory

answer when it was suggested that, as municipalities cannot always be engaged upon work of the kind, it seemed an unnecessary expense to provide the organisation and factories, which would be sufficient for a permanent trading concern, for only occasional work. Moreover, it was pointed out that no better treatment of the labourer could be secured, as the municipality already has power to impose full conditions on a contractor. He argued also in favour of nationalising the railways, though he was forced to admit that English railways are better managed than those in Germany and France. His great point was, of course, that the community would secure the profits; but these profits would be taken from private pockets, and a large part of them may be assumed to be now invested in such a way as to afford employment for labour.

Passing to the general collectivist system, he argued that by putting the whole trade of the country under one central control it would make it possible to distribute employment evenly, and also by careful management to avoid those periods of slackness which follow periods of excessive pressure. This is the strong point of the system, but it is impossible to forget that even if the difficulties of establishing such a system could be overcome, even if a central body could be found having the necessary knowledge, foresight, and wisdom for their business, there would still remain fluctuations in demand that could not be provided against. There is no doubt, however, that something might be done at the present day, by the establishment of labour bureaus, to prevent men from remaining out of work at one place when there is work waiting at another, and to prevent the ceaseless immigration to particular centres. Mr. Mann also urged that much useless and mischievous work is done at the present day which the collectivist state would prevent by forbidding it, and he gave as an instance of this "spurious literature." This brings out a very interesting feature of the collectivist state. Having complete control of production the majority would be able at any time to say, "You may buy this but not that, you may read this but not that"; and we can well imagine that either a perversion or an exaggeration of what is called the Nonconformist Conscience might secure a majority in the State, and so forbid the pro-

duction of books or pictures not to its taste. We confess we do not regard this practical censorship by the majority as a desirable thing. Mr. Mann, of course, holds that Government management of industry is to be preferred, but he admitted that so far it has had no effect in England, as it has secured advantages in some instances and disadvantages in others. He advanced also the bold proposition that the present "sectionalised" system of industry prevents the adoption of scientific improvements in machinery and the like, and that under a collectivist system this would not occur. His argument in favour of this was that the object of manufacturers now is to secure the trade of other firms, and not to make their articles in the most excellent way. He granted that the best way to secure this trade was to adopt the best machinery, but he said that from his own experience he knew many firms which were willing to "scrape along" with old machines rather than make the necessary effort to enlarge their undertaking by adopting new ones. This may be true in detached instances, but it is the effect of too little rather than of too much competition. When asked what special inducement under collectivism would lead to the immediate adoption of new inventions, the answer was given in the spirit of that vague optimism which is so characteristic of Socialists:

> "The enhancing of the general well-being, the raising of the standard of living. I should think that that would manifest itself by those who were responsible being on the alert continuously to make use of every advantage that accumulating knowledge could say would be an advantage to the community."

Against Mr. Mann's contention there are to be set the facts that Government works at the present day copy their inventions from private works; that the present age, which has been distinctively competitive, has been the great age for inventions; and that America, the most individualistic of all countries, has been the country most fruitful in inventions. There is also to be considered the danger that the community, absolved from competition, would not care to encounter the risk of loss inseparable from every new experiment. Mr. Mann invariably fell back on the improvement in human nature which is to take place, and on which he admitted all the advantages of his

system depend. With three questions which explain his position on this matter we take leave of him:

"Q.—The result (a more equitable distribution of wealth) depends upon the improvement in human nature, like every other advantage to be obtained under your system?

A.—Yes, but the development of human nature will secure that which is right without any conditions, and I have no concern for collectivism or any other ism other than in regard to the equitable relationship between men.

Q.—Which is to come first, the improvement in morals or the Government control of industry?

A.—The improvement in public morals comes first from a section of the community and not from the mass, and then that section endeavours to influence Government in a wise direction and helps the Government; and I think I am correct in saying that Professor Marshall concedes this in his book that I have recently read, by saying that an enlightened Government may lead the mass of the people in those directions, that is—may be a little ahead of them, but it cannot be ahead of the best people, of course.

Q.—Supposing this perfection of human nature was achieved which you look forward to, would it not cause any system to work well?

A.—Yes, undoubtedly."

Before leaving the general question of collectivism, which Mr. Webb regards as "the obverse of democracy," we may note that he does not desire the whole machinery of organisation to be under the control of voters, but would appoint the vast army of industrial governors as the present Civil Service officers are appointed, some by patronage, some by competitive examination. There would thus be at least one relic of competition! We pass now to a somewhat fuller consideration of a question nearer to us and more pressing than these large and vague schemes for social reconstruction.

The whole question of the economic effect of the limitation of working hours by law is a very good example of the extreme difficulty in arriving at convictions. The argument proceeds with so even and perfect a give and take that a clear practical conclusion seems unattainable, and the average mind is fain to take refuge in that wisdom of quietness which Lord Melbourne concentrated into his famous query—"Why can't you let it alone"? Economists and politicians, from Professor Marshall and Mr. Gladstone downwards, would probably prefer that

attitude, but inaction is no longer possible, since we have taken to counting heads even more religiously than we weigh arguments. "Will you vote for it or not"? extorts the plain yea or nay understood by all sections of the electorate. There never was a reform which was not overpraised by its advocates, and this particular one of eight hours comes to us with the persuasive promise that it will absorb the unemployed, raise wages, and spread culture by increasing leisure. We fear that the advocates have been unable to make out their full case, and indeed the proposal for one universal law may be said to have yielded under analysis and to have been abandoned by its supporters. We propose briefly to restate the economic arguments urged by the advocates, to inquire whether any safe general conclusions can be reached, and to detail the means by which it is proposed to set the law in operation. We need not linger over the point of increased leisure. It is a matter on which prediction is futile, and except for the fact that the granting of a boon has sometimes called into being the capacity to appreciate it and use it wisely, the following question and answer give the matter in a nutshell:

"Mr. LIVESEY.—As to your third reason in your statement as to the desire for shorter working hours. When you say that it is due to the spread of culture, which is more extended, we are, of course, all very glad to hear that, but you have already admitted that there is a section, and I am afraid it is a very large section, whose culture is in the public-house rather than anywhere else?

Mr. MANN.—Yes, I am sorry to have to admit that that is so. Where, I think, distinctly that hope comes in, and what I really believe to be the case is, that the proportion now who are thoughtful, and who are becoming more thoughtful, who are students in fact, is on the increase."

The really important matter is whether a limitation of hours would lead to the absorption of the unemployed, because the effect upon wages is closely related to that. The best consideration of the economic question in the abstract, before the Labour Commission, was in the very able examination of Mr. Tom Mann by Mr. Gerald Balfour. He first assumed that the reduction of hours would have no effect on the average output per man, and therefore no effect upon the aggregate produced, and Mr. Mann admitted that in such a case there

would be no absorption of the unemployed and no rise in wages, though he did not admit that such a case was a probable one. The next assumption was that reduced hours would diminish the aggregate produce without diminishing the average wages per man employed. Under such circumstances Mr. Mann maintained that enough of the unemployed would be absorbed to bring up the aggregate produce to its normal amount, and that the decrease in the competition of labour caused by such absorption would probably result in a rise of wages. This gain for the labourers would come from employers' profits, and also from the better organisation of industry. Asked how better organisation would follow from the limitation of hours, Mr. Mann was not very clear. "That is one step," he said, "towards improved organisation which would bring the latent energy into activity." The third abstract case considered was that increased efficiency on the part of the workers would cause a greater aggregate to be produced even in the shorter hours. In such an event Mr. Mann admitted that, supposing organised effort on the part of the workers to continue, wages would rise and there would be a greater demand for labour and consequent absorption of the unemployed. The following question and answer summed up a very artistic piece of cross-examination:

"Q.—Now, does it not seem to you rather a curious conclusion that an increased aggregate and increased efficiency will raise wages and will create a demand for employment, and that the same result will follow, according to your view, from the opposite cause—namely, diminished production?

A.—It does not commend itself to me as so very contradictory. It is possible to work it out as I suggest. It does work out in both ways."

To the unbiassed reader there certainly seems to be some inconsistency here, and as it is perfectly clear that, in the third case, increased inefficiency would lead to a rise in wages, it will be well to consider a little more closely the case of a decrease in the total production, which, treating the matter generally, would be the most probable first result of legal limitation. Mr. Mann seems to hold that employers would be forced to take on more hands in order to raise the production to its former quantity; that the men would succeed in keeping

wages up to their former rate; that therefore the increased wages would be paid at the cost of employers' profits (unless prices were raised, which free trade and foreign competition forbid); and that, notwithstanding the sum subtracted from profits, the total effective demand would be increased by the demands of the men freshly employed. The fallacy in his argument, as it appears to us, is the forgetfulness of the fact that demand depends upon purchasing power. A passage from his examination by Professor Marshall brings this out very clearly:

"Q.—Suppose that in any particular place fifty more baker's workmen are taken on in consequence of the reduction of hours of labour there, and they receive between them £70 in wages, which is not taken from the wages of the other working bakers, but comes from the profits of the other master bakers, these new working bakers spend £70 a week more, and that is a demand for tram fares and other things to the extent of £70; but the master bakers have lost exactly £70 of purchasing power; wherefore, there is a mere redistribution and no increase of purchasing power. Is not that so?

A.—A mere redistribution and no increase, showing again the inadvisability of dealing with that subject on sentimental lines.

Q.—But I am supposing the change to be simultaneous in all trades?

A.—Then the argument is not applied in the same way.

Q.—But that is what I want you to show?

A.—The argument loses its force. . . . It seems to me it loses its force when we cover the entire trade of the country.

Q.—But I want to know where the particular point in that argument I have gone on is wrong. The working bakers get £70 a week more . . . and spend it in making a new demand for goods, and that £70 comes out of the pockets of the master bakers, and they therefore have to withdraw an old demand for exactly £70. There is therefore, in my view, no change in the aggregate amount? At what step is there a change? . . . I want you to point out what fallacy there is in that particular argument, because it claims to be conclusive?

A.—I want to see human energy get to work upon the raw material to create and give value, a portion of which value will come to those whose energies have been set free to engage upon it, giving them what they require, and allowing the requisite margin of profit and interest, if need be, for we are under a condition of things under which profit and interest are allowed.

Q.—But we are not supposing that more bread is baked?

A.—Oh, yes. I want to suppose that more bread is baked. I must contend that more bread would be baked because of the increased demand, which demand is made possible by the opportunities

of the workers for getting into contact with the raw material. That brings it to this again, simply an improvement upon the present methods of organising industry.

Q.—But do not you see that what we are trying to find out is whether a diminution of the hours of labour would cause an increased demand?

A.—I may say distinctly, yes; because it would improve the present organisation of trade.

Q.—And what you say, if I understand you rightly, is that there would be an increased demand because there would be an increased production, that increased production being to meet the increased demand. That seems to me to be arguing in a circle.

A.—It may; but it seems to me to be perfectly sound."

We may fairly conclude that if a diminution in the aggregate produce occurred, and a consequent increase in the number of men employed was paid for out of employers' profits, that this would mean the withdrawal by employers of capital invested elsewhere. That, of course, would result in the dismissal of men in one place to secure the employment of other men in another place.

Mr. Sidney Webb, who is a much sounder and clearer economist than Mr. Mann, and the ablest of all the advocates of eight hours, when confronted with the same point, took a much wiser course as it seems to us. He holds the view, to a great extent confirmed by facts, that in nearly all the great manufacturing trades a diminution in the hours of labour and the abolition of overtime would so improve the efficiency of the workers as to prevent any increase in the cost of production. The same amount of work would be done in a less time by the same number of workmen. There are other trades, however, of which tramways and railways are the chief, where it would be obviously necessary to take on new hands. This, to some extent, would tell on the unemployed problem, and—on this Mr. Webb lays great stress—would tend to raise the standard of living among the working classes throughout the country. As a result, wages would rise, and the increased cost of labour might kill some trades that can only live by "sweating," and might also close a number of establishments at present on "the margin of cultivation." This might add new numbers to the unemployed class, but to a very small extent, as Mr. Webb supposes that the demand would remain the same, and

therefore, when such factories were closed, larger ones would extend their business. That seems to us a modest statement of the extent to which the number of unemployed would be affected, through the trades of the tram class, though the truth of it depends upon how far the railway and tramway companies could afford to employ fresh men and yet continue to pay the old rate of wages. And obviously the measure would leave practically untouched the large and permanent causes which from time to time throw men out of work—the fluctuations of credit, the uncertainty concerning the extent and nature of demands depending on the caprices of fashion or the vagaries of climate, the uncertainty which embarrasses every firm as to the extent of their future trade, and as to their relations with the men and their unions; all these uncertainties and fluctuations seem inevitably to involve equal fluctuations and uncertainties in employment. The effect upon wages need not detain us. In so far as the standard of living was raised, as there is an undoubted possibility of its being raised by increased efficiency, increased employment, and the abolition of overtime, as well as by the better organisation of labour and the individual improvement of character which Mr. Mann cheerily expects, so far it would be possible for the workers to demand higher wages. But if this is one side of the shield, we cannot forget that there is another side—the possibility that trade on some lines would be so crippled that England's foreign competitors could oust her from many of the markets. Another element in the question which ought to be carefully considered is best illustrated by a concrete example given by Mr. Livesey. The Gas Workers' Union successfully promoted in 1889 a movement for eight hours, and since that time there has been such a development in machinery for doing stokers' work as never before. Messrs. Bert & Holden obtained the patent for this machinery in 1860, but until 1889 it was rarely taken advantage of by the gas companies, who have, however, since the year of the strike widely adopted it:

"Mr. LIVESEY: The effect is that whereas by the alteration from two shifts to three the men who previously were on duty eleven hours only worked about five and a half hours, the men now working eight hours do more work per hour; but the effect of it is that there is an

increase of about one-sixth to the number of men, and that the shift has been in many cases, and will be in a great many more, very largely reduced; so that now, with the introduction of machinery, considerably fewer men would be employed, and, in some cases, are employed, than there were when they were working on the longer hours.

Mr. MANN: I may mention to you, as indicating my state of mind, I would say that if I should see that by the application of the eight hours' principle, the chief result would be the stimulating of invention, then for that reason alone I would go in for it."

Mr. Mann is undoubtedly right on this point, for though better machinery would cause temporary dislocation and much hardship to individuals, it would in the end benefit the country, and cheapened production would, whether it increased wages or profits in the particular business, augment the purchasing power and so create a greater effective demand.

As to the means of effecting this reform, the old simple plan of a general law briefly enacting that no man shall work more than eight hours has departed for ever. Not so much from an enlarged respect for freedom in the abstract as from a recognition that elasticity is vital to trade, various proposals for local option, local exemption, trade option and trade exemption have been made. So far have these proposals gone that it is reasonable to ask whether it would not be better to dispense with a law altogether, and leave the matter to the trade unions. But Mr. Mann met this with the very true remark that strikes are always evils even if they are sometimes necessary, and Mr. Webb with the equally sound proposition that the people as a whole ought to have a voice in the matter. If a law is to be adopted, the two most likely suggestions are those made by these two witnesses. Mr. Mann is in favour of a general Act fixing the maximum of hours, and making overtime, except in cases of emergency, a punishable offence; the Act to be administered by the local authority, who are to apply it on the application of a three-fifths majority of the adult workers in that district. Mr. Webb, on the other hand, would leave the matter in the keeping of the Home Secretary, who would have a very large discretion, and who would only apply the Act if it seemed wise to him, and if a clear majority of a trade throughout the kingdom desired it. We confess we prefer the latter plan, both because of the

discretion it leaves and because it removes the decision from the direct control of the vote. It is noticeable that Mr. Webb recognises that each trade must be treated by itself. Both Mr. Mann and Mr. Webb considered it advisable that employers should be consulted, and on this matter a rather important point was made. It was shown that employers could secure for themselves a very influential voice by meeting any vote for the application of the Act by a notice that the reduction of hours would lead to a reduction of wages. This possibility does not, we fear, point to industrial peace; at least it would tend to conflict if the employers were not allowed to make themselves heard. The ideal method, which was touched on before the Commission, is that of an international settlement, and though its difficulties are obvious it should not be forgotten. The latent hostility of governments, the varying degrees of civilisation in different countries, the temptation to agree to a law and then allow it to remain in operation—these are some of the difficulties in the way of a common agreement among nations. But considering the great advantages which would accrue, we trust that the move of the German Emperor will be many times repeated, since these labour questions involve the whole future of civilisation, and that diplomatists may exercise their trained intelligence upon problems which have become to us what the balance of Europe was to our ancestors. Remembering the difficulties overcome by them in the past, by Kaunitz for instance, when he reconciled Bourbon and Hapsburg, one cannot be altogether without hope that they would render great service. And the labourers already have some organisation, though it appears at times to be incomplete, as the other day when Italian and French workmen attacked one another, in momentary forgetfulness of the solidarity of mankind.

The whole matter, as we have said, is one of great difficulty, one on which enthusiastic convictions seem out of place. The conclusions arrived at after careful thought scarcely amount to a definite opinion, but, to a certain extent, they are a guide. The first is that separate trades should be separately considered, since some are more than others exposed to foreign competition; some are "seasonal," others steady; some unhealthy,

others not; some machine, and others labour trades. The second is that the economic arguments on the general question are fairly evenly balanced, and that, without experiments, certainty is impossible, seeing that one of the main factors in the result would be the increased or stationary efficiency of labour during shorter hours; thirdly, we hold that the advantages to health and to mind likely to result are so considerable that an experiment should be made on general social grounds, seeing that the economic effects are uncertain; and that the trades which should have an early consideration are those pursued under difficult and dangerous conditions, such as mining, and those of the "tram type."

A working politician in a democracy might fairly say, "Let others make the nation's laws, if I can make their catchwords." A taking and easily remembered phrase is one of the most effective of all political weapons, as Lord Beaconsfield, who never initiated a new policy without summing it in an epigram, well knew. In the last few months it would be difficult to say how much sympathy has been gained for the miners by the frequent use of that dexterous phrase, "a living wage." Indeed, the phrase was so successful as to secure the unwonted honour of a discussion in the Jerusalem Chamber. It may cover many meanings, but some useful light was thrown upon the argument which it conveys in a brief passage between Mr. Livesey and Mr. Mann before the Labour Commission. Mr. Mann, as a Socialist, believes in the "Iron Law," as Lassalle called it, which keeps all wages at or near the subsistence level. Facts, which show conclusively that real wages have risen during the present reign, are not very favourable to this iron law, and Mr. Mann was confronted with the fact that the drink bill of the working classes comes to at least £80,000,000 a year. He regretted that it should be so, but held that teetotalism would not secure any great financial gain, for this significant reason—the general demand for beer makes a man consider the expense of it as a "necessary," so that he will not work unless the wages offered him are sufficient to provide that among other necessaries. We entirely agree that that is so; indeed, it is merely a part of the conclusion familiar to the old political economy that wages are regulated (where

there is organisation among the men) not according to the subsistence level, as Socialists hold, but according to the "standard of comfort." The "living wage" really means, in most cases, a wage sufficient to secure all those commodities which workers have come to regard as *necessary according to their existing standard of comfort.* Obviously many of these things are not necessities for the support of life. No one would wish to interfere with the gradual rise of wages, but if whenever employers make a demand for a reduction in wages the cry of a "living wage" is to be raised and accepted, it is as well to remember that that is tantamount to saying that the standard of comfort is never to be lessened—that is, that bad times are never to affect workmen, however much they may affect the comfort and well-being of employers.

We echo the desire of Mr. Mann that all should approach these questions as students, and, as far as possible, without heat or bias. There can be little doubt that the Socialists "hold the field" as reformers, and moderate men should be willing to adopt their best ideas, though they are not led away by their great hopes. "It is the mark," says Mr. John Morley in a very characteristic passage, "of the highest kind of union between sagacious, firm, and clear-sighted intelligence, and a warm and steadfast glow of social feeling, when a man has learnt how little the effort of the individual can do, either to hasten or direct the current of human destiny, and yet finds in effort his purest pleasure and most constant duty." There are times when the thought of

"The sad continual companies of men,"

the generations that pass and return like the leaves of the trees, fills the mind with the same melancholy which Homer felt. So many brave hopes come to naught, from beautiful dreams so many awakenings into the grey dawn! Still, justice remains unrealised, and good and evil mingle in man and in the world. The long view forbids us the hope of perfection, and if we are wise it will teach us that there are limits to man's powers, though there are no bounds to his aspirations.

ἀλλ' ἀναγκάσαι θεοὺς
ἂν μὴ θέλωσιν οὐδ, ἂν εἰς δύναιτ' ἀνήρ

remains as true now as when Œdipus spoke it in the play. But the passionate belief in justice lives on, though in this world the conflict between good and bad is never ended.

Art. VI.—THE POETRY OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

ONE of the most distinguishing charms of Rossetti's poetry springs from that mediæval spirit of Romanticism with which he was in such thorough sympathy, and the modern revival of which received its latest impulse from his richly symbolical fancy. It may be said that the golden threads taken from the charmed fingers of Coleridge and Keats were elaborated by the author of "The Staff and Scrip" and "Sister Helen" in a variety of designs—new and beautiful and strange. "Many poems are set to music," says Novalis, "why not to poetry!" It is as though Rossetti had taken the spirit of these words as a suggestion; and following out the idea had determined to set his poems to poetry. His rare expressive art is not merely first but paramount. Ideas have relatively a very subordinate position. The exquisite workmanship of the setting is supreme, and as though independent of any gem of thought that may be concealed within. At times, it would almost appear that Rossetti had broken away from one of the traditions of his school of art, and, as a poet, let himself be satisfied with excellent execution to the injury of the "story" it should unfold. "The Stream's Secret" might be quoted as an instance of the naturalistic poet being content to forego the "conscientious presentment of incident," and leave the flow and fascination of the verse to wander on "at its own sweet will." Single stanzas, indeed, often occur in the longer poems without any easily apprehensible idea to suggest a nucleus, so to speak, for their nebulous beauty.

Although Rossetti's poetry is not distinctly veined with

ideas, the expression of his fancy is rich in what some may confuse with them and others gladly accept in their place. It is rich in descriptions of the heart's impressions and inmost moods and choicest delights; rich in the experiences of a passionate fancy. Rossetti was a consummate master of some intricate forms of metrical expression, in which passion, regret, despair, and the narrative of pathetic and tragic incidents find a fitting and tuneful voice. His genius was deeply introspective, although limited in its searchings and only thoroughly at home in the intricacies of one of the most absorbing of human feelings. On its imaginative side there was a taint of morbid sympathy with subjects that belong to a region of art which is apt to verge on the forbidden and repulsive; a tendency to exhibit what allured his fancy in too free and unveiled a manner. But there is always so much of the genuine artist, that we are warranted in believing that the subject has not been chosen from any merely sensual reason. Regarded as the expression of his deeper imaginative experience, Rossetti's erotic poetry may be said to represent the strength and compass of his genius.

In illustration of this we may, at the outset, refer to the impassioned devotion with which all his noblest efforts are freighted—a devotion of which "The Portrait," "The Blessed Damozel," and "Love's Nocturne" give us the earliest and in some respects the loveliest examples. More spontaneous and glowing, and in the instance of "Love's Nocturne" even more subtle, these poems have all the fascination if not the imaginative scope and mature treatment of the sonnets of "The House of Life." Indeed in "The Blessed Damozel" the wing of the poet's flight is more assured and daring, the sweep of his mental vision more exalted than in any later effort. Moreover, richness and variety of poetical description do not go unaccompanied by finished workmanship even in this comparatively early work. If we next turn to "Love's Nocturne" and pass to where

> "Dream world lies forlorn of light,"

we are at once struck with the difference of conception and treatment, and the contrast between the two poems will

suggest the mystic as opposed to the realistic element in Rossetti's genius. If we may call "The Blessed Damozel," on account of its rare and lovely picture-vividness, an artist's poem; we may perhaps not inaptly term "Love's Nocturne" the musician's—so mellifluous is the flow of verse, so interpretative, not of ideas, but emotions.

"The Portrait" forms, as it were, the third division of the poetical triptych which exhibits the earliest essential manifestation of Rossetti's genius. In order of time this poem was probably produced before the other two. The date of the original version is 1847, when Rossetti was only nineteen, but in its present form the piece no doubt owes much to additional touches received after the death of the poet's wife. It at least affords us a singularly distinct and beautiful picture, executed with all the grace and finish of a consummate artist, of the loveliness identified with so many exquisitely tender impressions. The poem stands, so to speak, in a world between the mystic and the real, with the warmth and freshness of Rossetti's youthful imaginings, touched with an after-glow of sadder years, when there remain to memory—

> "Alas!
> Less than her shadow on the grass,
> Less than her image on the stream."

After this brief glance at the exquisite early works, it may not seem premature to pass to the one which contains unique illustration of the poet's handicraft. "The House of Life," or "The House of Love," as it has been termed, may be regarded as the most finished expression of Rossetti's genius upon the "Power" which, according to his own view, is paramount, enthroned in the first sonnet above Truth and Life itself. Wordsworth long ago taught us that life was energy of love, divine or human, to be exercised in ennobling struggle and to result in endless joy. Rossetti's "supreme ideal," as illustrated in the sonnets, limits its energy to refined but sensuous beatifications, with here and there a passing reference to more exalted experience, leaving the issue in a lovely indistinctness of language. His idea of love, however, whatever of suggestion or inspiration it may have received from Dante,

is essentially a different and less exalted one than that of the Italian poet. Dante's conception, as we understand it, is a sublime and spiritual ideal towards which his mind turned for consolation and guidance in this world and for spiritual communion hereafter. Dante never lingers in description or allusion over Beatrice's beauty of form or feature. Rossetti's conception, whether we regard that of "The Blessed Damozel," or the matured example of the sonnets, is rich in description of personal charms and attributes, interwoven with the delight which these afford; and at times seems akin to what has been termed "l'égoïsme à deux personnes." Other and nobler influences are indeed referred to, but so inadequately as to be out of all proportion to the descriptions of mere palpable charms. However fascinated we may be with the manner in which the supreme idea is treated in the sonnets, we cannot help feeling impatient with the poet for lavishing so much of his eloquent language upon sensuous perfections, and this with such minute analytical care. Indeed, Rossetti might not inappropriately be described as the poet of the details of love, the poet of its passing delights and fantasies, of its graceful and touching allurements, its charming, adorable moods and caprices. These varieties of fascination—as many as the long summer day of love can suggest—are celebrated throughout the sonnets—the poise and finish and exquisitely supple rhythm of some of which may go far to make them imperishable.

In reading "The House of Life," it is not easy to escape from the misty incense of adoration which envelops the charms of his conception; an incense which has the effect of rendering his fancy even more indistinct than by its supremely idealistic nature it already is. But as, in a measure, it is necessary that we should apprehend the devotion which inspires the poet, we are favoured from time to time with descriptions of the conception with which he associates so many delightful impressions. From his study of the early Italian painters, especially the Primitives, Rossetti probably derived suggestions as to the form and features of her who was to be the shrine of his exalted fancy; and in "The House of Life" we are presented with an elaborate picture which stands out distinctly enough, notwithstanding the ethereal mists floating near.

"High grace, the dower of queens; and therewithal
Some wood-born wonder's sweet simplicity
A glance like water brimming with the sky,
Or hyacinth-light where forest shadows fall;
Such thrilling pallor of cheek as doth enthral
The heart; a mouth whose passionate forms imply
All music and all silence held thereby;
Deep golden locks, her sovereign coronal;
A round reared neck, meet column of Love's shrine,
To cling to where the heart takes sanctuary;
Hands which for ever at Love's bidding be,
And soft stirred feet still answering to his sign:—
These are her gifts, as tongue may tell them o'er.
Breathe low her name, my soul; for that means more."

As we pass from sonnet to sonnet of "The House of Life," it is difficult to avoid one recurrent thought. A poem such as these form as a whole, should have its component parts more distinctly connected; the golden thread stringing the beads of the rosary together should not be allowed to escape so often. Masterly and lovely as some of the sonnets individually are, their loveliness would be enhanced by their relation to one another being more easily discernible. Judged as a work of art, "The House of Life" has this defect—it is not sufficiently luminous with regard to the connection of detail and plan. In fashioning the various parts the poet's genius worked independently, as it were, of the central fire which should have been their direct and unifying inspiration. When brought together and presented as a complete work, the parts do not always harmonise, nor is the effect of the whole that of a spontaneous conception. From this springs a sense of dissatisfaction, a feeling that there is something wanting to the poem. Fashioned in fragments collected together after each had had separate existence, "The House of Life" lacks the imaginative perfection that it would have possessed had it sprung from the poet's brain—Athena-like—entire and resplendent with its array of incomparable charms.

One final consideration suggests itself as we leave this shrine of sensuous adoration and throw off the spell of the poet's subtly sweet and enthralling descriptions: how incapable is the influence of this lovely conception of nerving or encouraging us to any nobler effort, or inspiring us with any

sublimer faith in existence; how inadequate, in other words, is the passion, syllabled so sweetly, to satisfy the spirit of man working, struggling, aspiring in this century of time. Then again is pressed home to us the limit of the poet's vision. Love, as Rossetti celebrates it, is still a mediæval conception, such as might have floated before the eyes of a chivalrous knight, or the inmate of a monastic cell, rather than an idealisation of what should satisfy the foremost intelligence of a thoughtful, progressive age. The exalted image of her above whose

> "enthroning throat
> "The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
> The shadowed eyes remember and foresee,"

may survive, enshrined in a sacred niche of its own, as long as mediæval fantasies linger in the air, but will it remain clear cut upon the "marble of memory" living and shining for ever?

Passing to another distinctive expression of Rossetti's genius, we find that his charm in sustained narratives is evidenced throughout his ballads, of which "Rose Mary" is the most elaborate and splendid, the crown, it may be, of the poet's work in this direction. The pathetic beauty and mystical romanticism of "The Staff and the Scrip" render it one of the loveliest of his works. More thrilling and concentrated than either is "Sister Helen"—perhaps, the most powerfully original of all the ballad poems. With these, although hardly their equal in breadth or imaginative fascination, may be mentioned two other stirring and finely conceived examples, "The White Ship" and "The King's Tragedy." It is noticeable how in both poems the affinity of Rossetti's genius to the weird and tragic seems to bring out sympathetically, as it were, his strong point, and evoke the most enthralling notes of his deeper inspiration. The parts of "The King's Tragedy," which are most profoundly conceived and subtly worked out, are those in which the witch "who spoke by the Scottish sea," is interwoven through the prophetic warning with the mighty issue of the story. In "The White Ship" nothing surpasses in vivid interest or effect the description of Berold's prolonged struggles

upon the water after the ship has sunk, with the incidents attending the end of the two who drifted with him "on the bitter winter sea."

Notwithstanding the pre-eminent grace and vigour and harmony of verse which give charm to the scenes and incidents so distinctly pictured, Rossetti's work of this kind lacks in some essential particulars the highest excellence of the true ballad. We miss that homely human feeling which chains the heart from the first and holds it captive to the end; that simple, incisive directness of language which even more than refined and elaborate workmanship helps to produce a vivid sympathetic interest.

Notwithstanding the fact that Rossetti was a poet of exclusive rather than expansive originality, of graceful and concentrated rather than varied imaginative power, he has left us three or four works of such exceptional power and interest, an interest apart from the peculiar inspiration pre-eminently his own, that these claim individually a few words of special reference.

First of all we may mention "A Last Confession," which is remarkable not only on account of its being Rossetti's one sustained effort of decided dramatic force, but also for the singularly grave and dignified eloquence with which the vehement self-accuser narrates the history of his love and the circumstances that led up to a fatal catastrophe. In this confession passages occur as suggestive of Byron as of Browning, although in the introspective workings of the guilty man's mind just before the deed, as described by himself, we have a conclusive instance of the later poet's influence. The blank verse, however, reminds us more of "The Dream," than of "Strafford" or the "Ring and the Book," although, in addition, it possesses a poise and finish that are Rossetti's own. Individual passages might be quoted of rare beauty and vigour, such as the description of the heroine, or that of the scene at the village fair, with the fatal ending—sombre, distinct, and startling; but the poem is eminently powerful throughout, with a depth of shadow from the certainty we are made to feel that the tragic close is inevitable. The vehement intensity of the guilty man's narration keeps up the interest to

the end, and the fatal termination is described with well-devised effect.

To pass to another, an exceptionally lovely poem, "The Stream's Secret" in its wave-like poise and impulse of verse, its exquisitely supple and sensuous descriptions, rich with the mystical rapture which pervades the whole, has always seemed to us one of the most intensely individual expressions of Rossetti's genius. In this, as in other pieces with a similar motive, Rossetti's emotional delights find subtle and mellifluous expression, touched with the softness of a tender longing. If at times we notice the artifice that has its roots in intellectual effort, the warmth of passionate feeling, the vividness of the imaginative phantasy, for the most part, chain and absorb our interest. It is this imaginative phantasy which is the especia charm of the poem, and gives to it its unique loveliness.

Throughout the study of Rossetti's poems the absence of any enlarged or sustained note of meditation is a constantly recurring want. Except in one notable instance, to which we are about to refer, there is no link to connect so many exquisite phrases and delightful fancies with the more vigorous and practical interests of humanity. Instead of feeling any fiery impelling faith in the destined perfection of mankind such as rushes through Shelley's poetry; or the deep personal sympathy with the living spirit, working through nature and constantly acting upon the human mind, such as inspires Wordsworth's finest work; or an intellectual revolt against the conventionalities of the world, such as gives a higher interest in the later writings of Byron, we are as much away from the life and world of the nineteenth century in Rossetti's poetry as we are in that of Keats. No modern progressive aspirations vibrate in the verse of either minstrel; its symbolisation, to use an expression of Mazzini's, is not connected with any great idea for the advance of the age. To keep to Rossetti, however, he at least has not "dipt into the future far as human eye can see." Rather has he kept his glance turned towards the past, on the myths and legendary conceptions of mediæval times, fascinated with the shadowy unrealities of the twilight days of old. His is the poetry of tradition and romance rather than that of progress and the future.

If, however, we seek sympathy and interpretation for our deeper moods in the natural world around, in that event "The Sea-Limits," "Cloud Confines," and "Sunset Wings," would afford distinct and ennobling assistance. To criticise such a poem as "The Sea-Limits"—the most profound and suggestive of the three—is impossible; the mood and temper required to appreciate it is antagonistic to the critical. A poem, like a musical symphony, may leave a profound impression upon the mind without our being able to account for the peculiar fascination. To attempt to describe the impression left by "The Sea-Limits" would be but to attempt a feeble echo of "those voices of twin solitudes" that "have one sound alike." "Cloud Confines," again, although as indefinable, is full of reserved strength for those who can read between the lines. Of the three, "Sunset Wings" is the most distinct, with a vivid presentment of natural objects rare in Rossetti. It may be that the poet's sympathy with a voice universal and enduring as that of earth or sea may endear these suggestive poems to many who are not attracted by those flushed with the glow of passionate devotion to idealised love, and lead to a due appreciation of Rossetti's undoubted powers many for whom at first the "House of Life" and the Ballads possessed only a passing or an unsatisfying splendour. It is, indeed, deeply to be regretted that in his erotic poems Rossetti now and again strains very severely the limit of the sensuous, so that the heated imagination of youth will be likely sometimes to find in his verse an unwholesome stimulant. This is the fault of which one, at least, of his most admiring and attached friends did not fail to warn the poet; and we should be unfaithful if, in doing what justice we can to his exquisite genius, we omitted to note that serious blemish.

Art. VII.—SACERDOTALISM AND THE SUCCESSION.

Anglican Orders and Jurisdiction. By Edward Denny, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1893.

Sacerdotalism, if rightly understood, the teaching of the Church of England, being a Letter, addressed in Four Parts to the Very Rev. William J. Butler, D.D., Dean of Lincoln. By W. J. Knox Little, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

IT is a sign of the times that the S.P.C.K. has "published under the direction of the Tract Committee" a handbook upon Anglican Orders and Jurisdiction. It indicates that interest in the question is no longer confined to students of ecclesiastical history or to the clerical profession, but has extended, if not to that vague entity "the general reader," at least to those who find it convenient to use short summaries and ready-made arguments. The position of High Anglicanism, with regard to both the internecine warfare within the Established Church and the controversy with Nonconformists, demands proof that the apostolical succession, and power and authority to consecrate and offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice, have been duly conveyed through Rome, as the head and centre of Western Catholicism; and unless "jurisdiction" can be substantiated, the defence against the Papal criticism and claims falls into hopeless confusion. With this last matter we have no sort of concern. It busies itself about the veriest shadows —technicalities that loom large but have no real weight. If we admit Mr. Denny's premisses, we must admit also that he makes the most of a fairly good case. But he does not attempt to decide whence "jurisdiction" actually springs. He cannot accept either of the alternatives so fiercely debated at the Council of Trent—viz., that jurisdiction proceeded from the Papal See or from Divine appointment; and he dares not acknowledge the only other possible solution of his problem—viz., that jurisdiction is conferred by the State. He therefore

blinks the question entirely. This method—the refusal to look behind assumptions which are not only unproved but untested—is characteristic of High Anglican polemic.

The dispute between the Romanist and the Anglican as to the validity of the orders of the latter has somewhat more practical importance than the logomachy about jurisdiction. Not merely official pronouncements, but the immense preponderance of the expressed judgment of theologians and other experts, declare Anglican orders invalid from the standpoint of Romanism; and this not simply on account of alleged schism in separation from the Papacy, but because of insufficiency of conveyance. Romanists, that is to say, contend that the material as well as the spiritual succession is broken. If this is so, Anglican pretensions vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision. By universal consent, failure here is failure everywhere.

Upon this point, therefore, Mr. Denny spends his utmost strength. Certainly, in our opinion, he does show that Archbishop Parker most probably received all of the succession that digital contact with bishops duly ordained after the Romanist ritual could bestow. Beyond this he does not venture. He lessens but does not disperse the doubt that hangs over the entire transaction. Where less than assurance is worthless, he reaches probability. And the probability itself extends only to the outward form; he is compelled to accept the baldest and emptiest doctrine of "intention," and, seemingly, is content therewith.

More remarkable still, even as a confession of weakness, is Mr. Denny's treatment of another set of Anglican difficulties. In the course of a strenuous effort to cleanse the Edwardine Ordinal from the Genevan taint, he stumbles against the notorious fact that men in Presbyterian orders were admitted to benefices in the Church of England. Somehow or other this must be removed. The method adopted cannot easily be described without some strain upon courtesy. In the first place, nine-tenths of the evidence is ignored. The instances and arguments adduced by Mr. Child and Dr. Drysdale, the admissions of Mr. Pococke, Dr. Lee, the *Guardian*, the *Church Quarterly Review*,* are not even referred to. Attention is

* See *The Apostolical Succession* in this REVIEW, October 1893.

confined to cases urged by Roman Catholic writers of several years ago. The reason of this startling omission we do not care to seek. It is enough to notice the fact, and to remark that Mr. Denny's quotations from the *Church Quarterly* are very numerous. In the next place, we are gravely told that Whittingham was appointed to the deanery of Durham and that Morrison was "licensed by Aubrey, Grindal's Vicar-General, in 1582, to preach and administer the Sacraments" as "mere laymen." Let us grant the contention for a moment. It follows that the pure stream of Anglican orders has been polluted by the admixture of other than the episcopally consecrated element, just as much as though Whittingham and Morrison were not in Presbyterian orders. Nay, the very conclusion follows which Mr. Denny is most anxious to avoid, his horror of which blinds him to the inevitable inferences from his own argument—that these ecclesiastical authorities of the given date did not consider (episcopal) ordination necessary to the exercise of ministerial or pastoral functions in the English Church.

But the contention itself is nothing less than absurd. That Dean Whittingham did perform ministerial acts is undeniable, is borne on the face of the project to deprive him of his deanery. As to Morrison, that preaching and the administration of the Sacraments were deemed ministerial functions nobody will deny. Besides, he was licensed definitely to "preferment." Mr. Denny's desperate determination to escape only leads him further into the mire. He seizes upon the fact that at the date of Morrison's ordination imposition of hands was not practised in the Kirk, and argues that "Morrison was thus from *any* point of view a mere layman, and certainly not in 'Scotch Presbyterian Orders.'" The plea, and a reference to the *Book of Discipline*, show that before using it Mr. Denny must have acquainted himself with the facts of the case. Why, then, does he conceal the essential fact that at the date in question, 1577, "Scotch Presbyterian Orders" were conferred by the shaking of hands in the presence of the congregation? Morrison was not, therefore, "from any point of view a mere layman." Moreover, the license itself actually cites his ordination as the reason for his admission to prefer-

ment, proving that Grindal did not regard him as "a mere layman." After all, what is the good of arguing with a controversialist who can argue that the issuer of a document did not hold that a man was ordained because the document itself states that he was ? *

Of course no formal act of either Parliament or Convocation declared Presbyterian orders sufficient for admission to ministry in the Church of England, but this does not weaken the testimony of the admission of such orders as to the views of the framers of the various Reformation Ordinals, nor as to the danger, for an Anglican, of interference with the actual succession of Bishops in his Church.

Many of Mr. Denny's pages are spent in a wearisome discussion whether certain words were spoken at certain times in the course of an ordination or consecration service: whether the arraying in particular vestments, the bestowal of a ring, and so on, are or are not essential to a valid ordination or consecration. We will not trouble the reader with the barest summary of these trivialities. It is enough to observe that the chosen champion of Anglicanism, whose work bears the *imprimatur* of a carefully selected committee of the S.P.C.K., considers them of very high, of almost the highest, importance. If fresh proof is needed that sooner or later the succession theory reduces qualification for the sacred ministry to material elements, it can be found in the pitiable spectacle of learning, patience, and earnestness wasting themselves in the strenuous and painfully anxious effort to demonstrate that a number of purely ceremonial rites were fulfilled with technical accuracy.

Within the Established Church itself many grave and strong protests have been uttered against the entire doctrinal system of which apostolical succession is one corner-stone. Recently the Archdeacons of Westminster and London have, by both pen and voice, condemned sacerdotalism, and argued against it as contrary both to the Scriptures and to the teaching of the Anglican Church. Other names and utterances might easily be mentioned, but perhaps these have reached the widest circle.

* This is actually the argument. If Morrison had been ordained episcopally, the ordination would not have been mentioned. Therefore *Grindal did not believe*, &c.

On the other hand, Canon Knox Little has issued a fourfold answer to Archdeacon Farrar, which, for plainness of speech, temper, knowledge of its subject, and controversial ability, cannot easily be surpassed. The Canon boldly declares that "Sacerdotalism, if rightly understood," is "the teaching of the Church of England," and of Holy Writ. Under the head of "Sacerdotalism," he includes "Confession and Absolution," "Fasting, Communion and Eucharistic Worship," "the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice," and the "Apostolic Ministry." In each case, the *argumentum ad hominem* bears the brunt of the battle. Canon Knox Little is never weary of repeating that "the real question before us," "*the* point of the question," is whether or no Sacerdotalism is the doctrine of the Church of England. There is nothing unfair in this procedure. Vindicating the right of himself and of those who agree with him to remain in the Anglican Communion, the course he follows is perfectly legitimate. He is quite within his right also, as a High Anglican, in contending that his Evangelical and "Broad" opponents are false to the formularies to which they have solemnly professed their assent. We cannot examine his reasoning link by link. He makes it abundantly clear that sacerdotalists can adduce in their support a mass of evidence, which only too amply warrants their continuance in the Church of England as by law established. He does not seem to us to be so successful in his effort to show that those who reject and abhor sacerdotalism have no rightful place within the Anglican fold. Both the principal parties to the controversy fail to appreciate the strength of the antagonistic position. Each can make its own case sufficiently good from the positive side of the question. The Archdeacon and the Canon between them demonstrate that upon the entire question of Sacredotalism the doctrine of their Church is in a condition of hopeless muddle and glaring inconsistency—not to be remedied by Broad Church comprehension, because some of the doctrines taught are mutually exclusive. Here one party has the better of the argument, there the other; neither can win a decisive victory, or perhaps not even any clear advantage, along the whole line. How men of reason and religion can reconcile themselves to this anomalous, illogical and uncomfortable state is their own affair.

When the appeal is carried to the Scriptures, Mr. Knox Little finds himself in much more serious difficulties than when he treats of the formularies of his own denomination, or appeals to a certain class—and a large one—of ecclesiastical writers. He struggles manfully—nay, Christianly—with his herculean task; and he does help us to understand the mental processes by which the school he represents believes it can reconcile its cherished tenets with loyalty to the Bible. His real refuge, however, is the right of the Church to interpret Scripture authoritatively, and the consequent duty of submission on the part of individuals.

Let us glance at his treatment of "the Apostolic Ministry." By "the Apostolic Ministry" is meant a ministry of the three orders derived in uninterrupted manual succession from the Apostles. Although it is acknowledged that the entire theory of sacerdotalism breaks down unless this succession can be established, and although Dr. Farrar had placed this matter in the forefront of his protest, the Canon leaves it to the last. The cause is obvious: the sacrificial system needs a priest, and this priest must belong to a definite and traceable order. Thus a *primâ facie* case on behalf of the succession is thought to be made out. In reality, nothing is created but an unfair and misleading prejudice.

Despite our admiration of Canon Knox Little's lucidity and outspokenness, we are compelled to complain of his suppression of evidence—now audacious and now dexterous—when he sets himself to exhibit the teaching of his own Church with regard to episcopalian orders. Artfully—we cannot use any less objectionable word—he assumes that every statement respecting episcopacy in Articles or Liturgy, every law forbidding the exercise of ministry in the Church of England by those who have not been episcopally ordained—assertions and regulations, at any rate, conceivably intended for employment "within the frontiers of the Church of England" only—necessarily and absolutely condemns all non-episcopalian orders and unchurches all non-episcopalian denominations. Then he cites freely the witness of great names to his own opinions, and is totally silent about the great names that might be quoted in opposition to him. Indeed, he so presents the testimony of ecclesiastical authorities

as to insinuate the inference that next to nothing could be alleged on the other side. How far this is serious truth-seeking discussion, and how far it is a mere trick of controversy, we are not careful to inquire.

The Biblical argument follows very familiar lines, though there is some freshness in the putting of it. We have first, however, after the fashion of Mr. Gore's *Church and Ministry*, a series of *principles* supposed to involve the Episcopalian succession, principles unimpeachable in themselves, until we reach the fatal leap, when no logical *nexus* can be discovered between the premisses and the conclusion. As those principles play a very prominent part in literature and vocal deliverances provided for popular consumption, it is worth while to examine them briefly. The first three assert that "Christianity implies, in fact, a revelation of supernatural *truth* and a gift of supernatural *grace*." Then it is argued that "the church is a *visible* body, that it is the appointed witness in this world to God's *truth*, and *the* appointed channel in this world of God's *grace*." We might demur to this phraseology, but we will let it pass. Next it is urged that the full benefit of these spiritual gifts cannot be received ordinarily "without being in communion with the Church." And then, "that in order to the ministration of *grace* and the witness to *truth*, this Church has a ministry. This ministry can only be exercised—as the work of the ministry is God's work—by an appointment from God Himself. God Himself has appointed a way for handing on the supernatural graces necessary for the exercise of the ministry. . . . . There is by the Divine Will a necessity of the *grace of orders* given by a proper and apostolically valid ordination."

Here, again, exception might be taken throughout to both thought and language; but we will content ourselves with a single reference to the halting logic which reasons that, because supernatural grace must be communicated (from God) to individual church officers, it must necessarily pass through human channels. The underlying assumption of the whole argument verges upon blasphemy—viz., that the Ascended Lord cannot convey "the grace of orders," that these orders must have been conferred by His physical touch whilst He

was still in bodily presence upon the earth. It is silently taken for granted that "a proper and apostolically valid ordination" *must* be episcopal, though the sole justification of the principle is that "ministers need an *outward* call and a regulated manner of appointment." Hence "*the grace of orders must be handed on* . . . . by *spiritual* generation."* Surely the apology has destroyed itself. Spiritual generation is to be effected, and can be effected only by physical contact! Let the High Anglican ponder Mr. Denny's congeries of technicalities, and then talk about "*spiritual* generation," if he can.

Equally loose and disjointed is the exegetical buttress built up by the Canon. The Pastoral Epistles *can* be explained on Episcopalian principles—therefore no other explanation can be possible. Archippus *may* have been Bishop of Colosse, and Epaphroditus "the 'Apostle' of the Philippians"—therefore it is indisputable that they were. The Jewish economy had priests and visible sacrifices, and Christianity superior to Judaism—therefore Christianity must have its human priests and material sacrifice. And so on. Instead of a solid structure we are given an ingenious display of cobwebs, differing solely in their respective degrees of flimsiness.

Our space will not permit us to remark on the other elements of the proclaimed sacredotalism. We are fain, however, to add one word on Confession. Mr. Knox Little describes confession as the purely voluntary unburdening of the soul to a minister concerning special sins and troubles; no leading questions are asked the penitent; no suggestions of evil are made to him or her; no one is persuaded to attend it; it is not a regular or stated observance. But *is* this the sort of confession practised by Romanism or Anglicanism? There can be but one answer to this interrogatory. The Canon's description condemns the practice he endeavours to defend†—

* All the italics are Mr. Knox Little's.

† To the knowledge of the present writer, a young man and woman about to be married were persuaded to come to confession by an Anglican celibate priest. Both of them were living, not merely scrupulously moral, but religious lives. To each were put such questions that both separated themselves from the Church of their birth and training and joined another Christian communion.

condemns the actual practice which has for more than thirty years increasingly prevailed in the Established Church, a practice inseparable from the Puseyite doctrine of priestly absolution.

ART. VIII.—LABOUR AND THE POPULAR WELFARE.

Labour and the Popular Welfare. By W. H. MALLOCK, Author of *Is Life Worth Living?* &c. London: A. & C. Black, 1893.

MR. MALLOCK, whom no one will suspect of Socialism in any of its forms, would like to see the whole of the present income of the nation, amounting to something like thirteen hundred millions, pass into the pockets of the working classes, and in this brilliant book he shows us "how it may be done." Within the next thirty years, he thinks, with ordinary prudence on their part, they will be able to nearly double their present income of £660,000,000, without injustice to individuals or disturbance to society.

During the first sixty years of this century the income of the "workers" (by whom is meant those whose earnings are less than £150 a year) rose to such an extent that in 1860, after making all deductions for increase in population, it was equal to the income of all classes in 1800. Still more striking is the fact that the income of the "workers" in 1880, after making similar deductions, was more than equal to the income of all classes in 1850. What had taken sixty years to accomplish in the earlier was accomplished in thirty during the later period. At each of these later periods (1860 and 1880) the same number of "workers" and their families as formed the whole of the labouring population at the earlier periods (1800 and 1850) received amongst them every penny of the income of the entire kingdom at those earlier periods. Since 1880 the process has been continued at an accelerated

rate. The workers have continued to receive an ever larger proportion of the national income. So rapid and so enormous has been the rise in the earnings of the masses of our people since the first great Exhibition, that if the same forces that have been at work since 1850 continue for another thirty years,

"the labourers in this country will have nearly doubled the income they enjoy at present. . . . . So far as money goes, they will be in precisely the same position as if, by some unheard-of miracle, the entire income of the country were suddenly made over to them in the form of wages, and the whole of the richer classes were left starving and penniless. This is no fanciful calculation. It is a plain statement of what will happen and must happen if only the forces of production [and distribution, Mr. Mallock should have added] continue to operate for another thirty years as they have been operating steadily for the past hundred."

Before inquiring into the nature of these forces, and estimating the probability of their continuing to operate, it may be well to glance at a fact which casts a doubt in many minds upon the reality of this unparalleled prosperity. It is notorious that at present there are in the United Kingdom 700,000 families, or three million persons, either destitute or in a state not far removed from destitution, and it is not unnatural that, in an age of growing humanity, the eyes of most men should be fixed upon this mass of want and misery. But nothing is gained, and much is lost in hopeful energy by one-sided views. In proportion to the population, the mass of poverty is continually diminishing. The poorest classes are not "becoming poorer and more numerous," and all other classes, except the richest, are getting further and further removed from poverty. The poor are becoming richer and the rich, on an average, poorer, and the means of the middle classes are increasing fastest of all. For at least two centuries the "unfortunate class," though it has increased absolutely, yet, relatively to the population, has continued steadily to decrease. In 1615, for instance, "a survey of Sheffield, already a manufacturing centre, showed that the 'begging poor,' who could not live without charity, actually amounted to one-third of the population, or 725 households out of 2207." Or, to take a wider

illustration from more recent times, "Whereas in 1850 there were nine paupers to every 200 inhabitants of the United Kingdom, in 1882 there were only five." The proportion is still too large to be regarded without grave concern. The problem of the unemployed and indigent is still, and will for many years remain, the most insistent and, from many points of view, one of the most important social problems of the time; but there is no need either to mistake its meaning or to exaggerate its dimensions. It is not peculiar to our time; it is neither a sign nor a product of anything peculiar to our present industrial system; it does not become larger and more difficult, but, relatively, smaller and more soluble as the years go by. It is concerned, not with the prosperous masses who constitute the bulk of the nation, but with the less fortunate classes who form a small fraction of the population. Nine-tenths of our people have thriven, and are still thriving, under existing conditions, and the real problem for philanthropists and statesmen is, not how to alter present economic tendencies, but how to bring the other tenth beneath the influence of their beneficent operations. The three million exceptions must not hide from us the five and thirty millions whose prosperity has been the rule. Grave as it is, the most important question is not how we are to account for the exceptions, nor even how they may be gathered into the rule, but how we are to account for the rule, and prevent its being turned into the exception. How is the increasing prosperity of the masses of the people to be explained? What are the economic forces which have been at work producing such an astounding increase in the national income, and distributing that increase amongst the people in such gratifying proportions? In studying this question, we find ourselves in presence of one of the most remarkable phenomena in the social history of the world, and, if we are not able to follow the author in all his deductions, it will not be because we have not profited at every step by his luminous analyses and careful generalisations.

In order to place the case for labour in the most advantageous light, Mr. Mallock omits Ireland, which was then in a very backward condition, from his estimate of the national income at the close of the last century. The income of Great Britain

at that time, with a population of 10,000,000, was £140,000,000, or £14 per head; the income of the whole kingdom is now £1,300,000,000, or £35 per head, so that each 10,000,000 of the population is now receiving £350,000,000 instead of £140,000,000. What has caused the difference? Labour, say the Socialists, echoing the orthodox Economists; and so says Mr. Mallock, if by labour we mean, as the Economists manifestly mean, not mere manual labour, but human exertion in all its forms. Land, of course, counts for something, but only because of what has been put into it or made of it by man. Land, in the sense of Nature, produces no more now than it did a hundred years ago. If the earth yields more now than it did then, either as agricultural land or as building land, or as land employed for any other purpose, the result must be attributed not to Nature but to some other cause. And so with manual labour. It is pretty much the same in its productive power as it has always been. If the exertions of the labourers are more productive now than they were a hundred years ago, the increased productiveness must be attributed to some external cause. What is that cause? If we were to grant, for the sake of argument, that the total income of Great Britain at the earlier period was produced by manual labour, we could not fairly credit more than the same amount to the same cause at the present time; and yet the same number of people now "produce" a much larger amount. The production for each 10,000,000, as before observed, is now, not £140,000,000, but £350,000,000; and the point on which Mr. Mallock insists with urgency and cogency and quite a marvellous display of illustrative fact is this: "If labour is to be credited with producing the whole of the smaller sum, the entire difference between the smaller sum and the larger is to be credited to ability operating on industry through capital."

We very much regret that we are not able to reproduce the various stages of the argument, and especially that we are obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of transferring to our pages some of the author's rarer and more striking illustrations. Much of the force of the argument turns, of course, upon the definitions given to labour and ability—the two constituents

of human exertion. By labour is meant "the exertion of a single man applied to a single task," and by ability is meant "the exertion of a single man applied to an indefinite number of tasks and an indefinite number of individuals."* The instrument employed by ability in directing and assisting labour is capital, whether fixed, as in machinery, or circulating as wages; and this instrument, as Mr. Mallock clearly shows, is itself the product of ability:

"Capital is the vehicle by which the exceptional qualities of the few communicate themselves to the whole industrial community. The real principle of progress and production is not in the capital, but in the qualities of the men who control it; just as the vital force which goes to make a great picture is not in the brush, but in the great painter's hand; or as the skill which pilots a coach and four through London is not in the reins, but in the hand of the expert coachman."

So that the causes of wealth are not three, as commonly said, Land, Labour, and Capital, but four, Land, Labour, Capital, and Ability; "the two first being the indispensable elements in the production of any wealth whatsoever; the fourth being the cause of all *progress* in production; and the third, as it now exists, being the creation of the fourth and the means through which it operates." Capital in itself is inert and unproductive. Ability animates it, vivifies it, makes it operative and fruitful, and by means of it "produces at least two-thirds of the national income." The possessors of ability, if they have no capital of their own, pay the owners of capital for the use of it, and the justification of this payment lies partly in the fact that unless interest could be obtained for the loan of it no capital or very little capital would be produced, but chiefly in the service which is rendered by the owners to the borrowers, and through them to the whole community. Men do not create capital merely for the sake of creating it. Nor do they create it merely from the desire of enjoying the income they are able to produce by means of it. They create it with the

* It should, perhaps, be added that character is included in the author's definition of ability. It is not merely intellect, whether inventive or organising; it is something which commands confidence and capital as well as something which initiates, directs, and perfects the various operations of industry and commerce.

expectation that either they or their heirs will be able to enjoy some portion of the income produced by means of it when employed by others; and if this expectation were rendered impossible, if capital were prevented from yielding interest, the principal motive for making or saving it would be gone, and one of the mainsprings of progress and civilisation would be destroyed. Some of the owners of capital (and what is here said of capital applies to land) may be "idlers" so far as the actual production and distribution of commodities are concerned; none the less do they render substantial and essential service to the community, and are justly entitled to remuneration. They render as real service and are as truly factors in the creation of wealth as either the "workers" or the directors of labour, and, so long as private property is permitted at all it will be as impossible as it would be impolitic either to prevent those who want capital from offering, or to prevent those who own capital from accepting interest for the use of it. The rate of interest varies with the supply of capital, as related to the demand for it, and it is in the constantly decreasing rate of interest that Mr. Mallock finds the chief explanation of the prosperity of the labourers during the present century, and on this he largely bases his hopes for their future welfare. This, however, is the weakest point in his long argument. It is quite true that labour has profited immensely by the growth of capital and the consequent reduction in the rate of interest, but it does not follow that this source of revenue to the working classes can be indefinitely augmented.

Their present income is about £660,000,000; but even on the absurd assumption that the total income of Great Britain in 1800 (£40,000,000 for a population of 10,000,000) was the product of labour, the product of labour in the whole kingdom cannot now be more than £500,000,000. On the other hand, the product of capital in the hands of ability is about £800,000,000; but the income of capital and ability is only £640,000,000. And one of the ways in which the author accounts for this excess of income over product on the part of labour, and of deficiency on the part of ability, is by the fact

that the interest on capital has been decreasing, and that, partly by combination amongst themselves, but chiefly through competition among their employers, the labourers have been able to appropriate to themselves an ever-enlarging share of the fund created by this decrease. Before the advent of the modern industrial system the average rate of interest was ten per cent.; as that system developed, as ability was more and more diverted from war and concentrated on trade and industry, capital was multiplied and the rate of interest fell, until, by the middle of the century, it was not more than five per cent.: now it is not more than three. Profits often rise much higher, but the average rate of interest cannot now be said to be much more than three per cent. While interest has been falling wages have been rising, so that the advantage has been reaped, not by ability but by labour; and it is to this source chiefly, as we have said, that labour is to look for further additions to its income. But the rate of interest cannot go on falling for ever. From three per cent. to zero is not nearly so far as from ten per cent. to three, and long before zero has been reached capital will either have ceased to be created or have found more profitable investments in other lands. For this reason, if for no other, we cannot be so sanguine as the author seems to be. Even if the other conditions continue under which the labourers' prosperity has increased so marvellously in the recent past, the impossibility of much further reduction in the price of capital will of itself considerably limit that increase for the future.

But, although we cannot altogether share his optimistic outlook, we fully share in Mr. Mallock's deep anxiety that the masses of our countrymen should not destroy the other conditions on which increased employment and augmented wage depend. The chief of these conditions is the continued and increasing activity, industrial and commercial, of the small minority amongst them who are possessed of exceptional powers of intellect and character. The working classes are fully entitled to any increase in their wages, no matter from what source it springs. It may be true that "96 per cent. of the producing classes produce little more than a third of the

national income, and that a minority consisting of one-sixteenth of those classes produces little less than two-thirds of that income." It may also be true that the remuneration of these two sections of the producing classes, instead of being as one-third to two-thirds of the national income, is nearly equal. But if all this be true, it is none the less true, as we could have wished that our author had noted, that there is no injustice in this apparently unequal equality. The possessors of ability have been willing to give, and have found it worth their while to give, the possessors of labour-force the benefit of the increment in the value of their labour as it has arisen from time to time, even though it may have arisen from no additional exertions of their own. The increment in the value of labour, as of all other things, has arisen from the increased demand for it, and the labourers, like the owners of all other commodities, are entitled to the market value of their services, whatever that may be. There is no such thing as unearned increment of wealth, whether the wealth take the form of wages, or interest, or rent. No one can get wealth (save by gift or theft) except by supplying in some way the wants of others; and for this service he is entitled to whatever others may be freely willing to award him.

The great thing, however—and this is the practical outcome of Mr. Mallock's discussions, as it should be the constant teaching of all who have the welfare of the people really at heart—the great thing for the labourers to aim at is to work in amity and harmony with those from whose ability and enterprise alone their future progress in material things can come, as the great thing for capital and enterprise to aim at is amity and harmony with those workers by whose labour only capital and enterprise can be made productive and profitable. The conflicts between "capital and labour," so called, are as senseless as they are ruinous. The interests of all classes are mutual and reciprocal. Everybody is affected for the better by the prosperity of everybody else. It is to the interest of labourers especially that the men of exceptional industrial and commercial gifts should be encouraged by the amplest remuneration to put forth all their powers. So long as the nation grows in riches in proportion to the number of

"workers," no power on earth, apart from their own action, can prevent those workers, under the present system, from obtaining a considerable share in the increase. It will come to them, as it has come to them in the past, by a natural and spontaneous and inevitable process, by the simple operation of the ignorantly derided law of demand. The process may be accelerated by prudent combination and co-operation, not only amongst themselves, but with their employers, and by well-considered schemes and measures of reform. It can only be retarded, but it may be easily retarded and prevented, by a course of action which would lessen or divert the ingenuity, the energy, and the activity of those from whom all progressive results in the world of trade and industry must spring. Such a course is recommended to them by the advocates of Socialism. For as Mr. Mallock, with much penetration, sees, "State Socialism would be merely the Capitalistic system minus the rewards of that ability by which alone capital is made productive." Unless, however, both the sense and prudence of our working men have suddenly forsaken them, they will not readily abandon a system under which, in spite of its defects and drawbacks, they have greatly prospered, for a system which has never yet been tried, but which, by discouraging ability without removing the burthens or breaking the bonds of labour, would paralyse production and dam up or else destroy the fountain whence the most abundant streams of labour and remuneration flow.

"The real parties, then"—to let the author now sum up his book for us in one impressive paragraph—"the real parties to the disputes of the modern industrial world are not active labourers on one side, and idle, perhaps idiotic, owners of so much dead material on the other: they are, on the one side, the vast majority of men, possessed of average powers of production, and able to produce by them a comparatively small amount, and, on the other, a minority whose powers of production are exceptional, who, if we take the product of the average labourer as a unit, are able to multiply this to an almost indefinite extent, and who thus create an increasing store of capital to be used by themselves, or transmitted to their representatives, and an increasing income to be divided between these and the labourers. In other words, the dispute is between the many who desire to increase their incomes, and the few by whose exceptional powers it is alone possible to increase them. Such has been the situation hitherto; it is

such at the present moment; and the whole tendency of industrial progress is not to change but to accentuate it. As the productivity of human exertion increases, the part played by ability becomes more and more important. More and more do the average men become dependent on the exceptional men. So long as the nation at large remembers this, no reforms need be dreaded. If the nation forgets this, it will be in danger every day of increasing, by its reforms, the very evils it wishes to obviate, and postponing or making impossible the advantages it wishes to secure."

ART. IX.—OLD NEW ENGLAND.

Customs and Fashions in Old New England. By ALICE MORSE EARLE. London: David Nutt. 1893.

THERE is no greater refreshment for a mind wearied with the noise and worry of the present than to be carried out from itself into the far-away past, and to be enabled to realise the daily life, participate in the joys and sorrows, and revel in the quaint and strange humours of remote ancestors, with a zest proportioned to their dissimilarity to the men and women, the customs and fashions of to-day. Even the woes, sad yet comical, of a New England baby in the fresh and hardy days of the Puritan colonists, may be contemplated with a healthy tendency to thankfulness that life in these later times is not so bad after all, especially for the neophytes.

To such a healing transmigration Mrs. Earle's dainty little book gracefully lends itself. Indeed, she herself strikes the keynote of this grateful mood in the artless yet artful motto on her title-page: "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank Him not less fervently, for being one step further from them in the march of ages."

But the book by no means confines itself to a detail of the sufferings of King Baby in those early New England days. Beyond the charming chapter on "Child Life," 350 pages are devoted to no less, if not still more, interesting topics, ranging

from "Courtship and Marriage" and "Domestic Service" down to "Raiment and Vesture," "Doctors and Patients," and the unavoidable sequence and close, "Funeral and Burial Customs." If the reader is contemplating a grand historical romance, the accessories filled in with the beautiful accuracy of Sir Walter Scott, the scene laid in New England in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, here is the very volume for him, an indispensable guide to most of the picturesque peculiarities of the period, a handbook wholly free from dulness and dryness.

When the Puritan baby opened his eyes in the raw New England atmosphere, he began his hard struggle for life. If it were summer, he probably would be warm enough. But if it were winter, his transition from the hot fireside, where his tiny face was scorched by the roaring wood fire, to the distance of a few feet, would bring him within range of a temperature that would grievously discomfort him, and possibly benumb and stupefy him by its severity.

When but a few days of his sojourn in a strange world were over, a rude shock was in reserve for the tender little colonist. On the very next Sunday after his birth he was carried through the frosty air to the damp and chilly meeting-house, there to be baptized. And he might consider himself fortunate if he was simply sprinkled or touched with the freezing fluid, and not bodily immersed in it. Often the ice had to be broken in the christening bowl; and of one hard parson it is recorded that he persisted in infant immersion till his own child nearly lost its life thereby. It certainly is to his credit that after that experiment he broke away from his hazardous routine. A living heart evidently was hidden under his iron exterior.

In the diary of Judge Samuel Sewall—a New England Pepys or Evelyn, of whose journalistic gossip Mrs. Earle has made judicious use—we find proof that rough, bitter weather was not allowed to defer the performance of this initiatory rite. One of his own children was baptized when four days old. "Day was louring after the storm but not freezing. Child shrank at the water but Cry'd not." So with another little fellow, on a blustering windy Sabbath. "Small wonder," reflects our author, "that they quickly yielded up their souls after the short struggle for life so gloomily and so coldly

begun." The majority of Sewall's numerous children died in infancy; and of Cotton Mather's fifteen, only two survived him.

Infant mortality was appalling in its amount in those stern Puritan days. Mrs. Earle playfully suggests that "its natural result—the survival of the fittest—may account for the present tough endurance of the New England people." Large families were the order of the day. Twenty children were by no means an abnormal number. Sir William Phips was one of twenty-six, all of the same mother. Green, the fourth Bostonian printer, had thirty children; the Rev. John Sherman, of Watertown, twenty-six. It would be unfair to attribute the excessive juvenile mortality to any want of affection on the part of Puritan parents, who were sincerely anxious for the welfare of their children both in this world and the next. But their treatment of the young, however well-intentioned, was sadly wanting in judgment and in tenderness with respect both to body and soul.

It might be thought that the parents of such a large tribe would be puzzled to find names for these dozens of children. But this, at least, was no trouble to those devout men and women. Instead of rummaging the Bible for fresh appellations, they felt free to manufacture or adopt names expressive of such qualities as they admired or hoped for. For example, the children of Roger Clap rejoiced in these singular prefixes: Experience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Unite, and Supply.

These large families, it is to be feared, were lessened off, in a great measure, by bad nursing and unsuitable diet. "Rickets" was one of the principal diseases of children; and for this and other complaints they were dosed with a nauseous mixture called "snail water" or "snail pottage." In this concoction the ingredients ranged from baked and pounded snails and salted worms, to rosemary, agrimony, the strongest ale, &c. Two spoonfuls of the diluted product of this fearful compound were to be given to the little sufferer in four spoonfuls of small beer morning and afternoon. The recipe might well call him "the patient," for so he or she had to be in every sense of the word.

As to the food of these children we possess little information. A writer in an eighteenth-century almanack throws some light on the subject in his advice about the "Easy Rearing of Children." He recommends a thoroughly Spartan regimen. As soon as boys can run alone they are to go without hats, in the bitter air of New England—like the Blue Coat boys in the milder atmosphere of Old England—to harden them. To make the feet tough, he advises that children's feet should be wetted in cold water, and that they should wear thin-soled shoes, "that the wet may come freely in"! A few such recipes for the hardening process certainly were well adapted to keep down any redundancy of population in a rising colony. The diet recommended by this sage for these small probationers sounds a little strong in these degenerate days. He tells parents that it is best to feed young children on "milk, pottage, flummery, bread and cheese, and not let them drink their beer"—which was to be a little heated—"till they have first eaten a piece of brown bread."

Surviving these preliminary ordeals, the little pilgrims were speedily committed to the tender mercies of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress. "The Youth in this country are verie Sharp and early Ripe in their Capacities," says Cotton Mather in one of his sermons. The New England settlers were, for the most part, men of intelligence and good education, and they paid early attention to the establishment of schools for their precocious offspring. Both girls and boys began with dame schools, where the girls were taught to cook, to spin, weave, and knit, and all other housewifely accomplishments. Fine embroidery was the special delight both of young girls and grown-up ladies; and their devotion to this pursuit gained for the latter the title of "lazy squaws" from the Indians, who thought they should have been digging in the fields instead of embroidering coifs.

"The boys were thrust at once into that iron-handed but wholly wise grasp—the Latin Grammar. The minds trained in earliest youth in that study, as it was then taught, have made their deep and noble impress on this nation," says our author; and we do not feel inclined to dispute her *dictum*. Mathematics did not make much show till later years. Pen-

manship claimed the greatest attention. In spelling much latitude was allowed, and little heed seems to have been paid to the use of "simme colings nots of interiogations peorids and commoes." The reading and parsing books included the Bible, the Catechism, the Psalm Book, and that specially cheerful string of rhymes, *The Day of Doom*. Mrs. Earle is curious to know how the sharp little colonists managed to parse such lines as these from the Bay Psalm Book:

> "And sayd He would not them waste; had not
> Moses stood (whom he chose)
> 'fore him i' th' breach; to turn his wrath
> lest that he should waste those."

The Puritan schoolmaster carried out *con amore* the Solomonic precept not to spare the rod. Every instrument of chastisement was employed by the stern masters and mistresses, from

> "A beesome of byrche for babes verye fit
> To a long lastinge lybbet for lubbers as meete."

Altogether we cannot but join in Mrs. Earle's thankful conclusion to her chapter on "Child Life":

"I often fancy I should have enjoyed living in the good old times, but I am glad I never was a child in colonial New England—to have been baptized in ice water, fed on brown bread and warm beer, to have had to learn the Assembly's Catechism and 'explain all the Quaestions with conferring Texts,' to have been constantly threatened with fear of death and terror of God, to have been forced to commit Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom* to memory, and, after all, to have been whipped with a tattling stick."

Yet, with all these drawbacks the child life was not usually an unhappy one. The clear sharp New England air ordinarily kept the spirits of the children up to concert pitch; and there must have been much fun and frolic and cheery chat in these large families of lively, irrepressible girls and boys. In the course of a generation or two the over-strict primness and morbid gloom of adult life gave place to "frivolity and worldliness," and a growing passion for amusement. And in this transformation scene the young shared with their elders, whether for good or evil. On one excellent point in the

children of old, now too much lost sight of in New and Old England alike, Mrs. Earle remarks:

"Of the demeanour of children to their parents nought can be said but praise. Respectful in word and deed, every letter, every record shows that the young Puritans truly honoured their fathers and mothers. It were well for them to thus obey the law of God, for by the law of the land high-handed disobedience of parents was punishable by death. I do not find this penalty ever was paid, as it was under the sway of grim Calvin, a fact which redounds to the credit both of justice and youth in colonial days."

Passing on to a more engaging subject, we find that in the infant days of New England bachelors—confirmed ones—found themselves in a sad plight. Rare as they were, they were looked upon with intense scorn and disfavour by the whole community, instead of being regarded with the kindly interest accorded to them in the present day. If a man was not married, ladies, lawyers, parsons and laymen were all against him. He was a suspected character. There *must* be something wrong with a man who did not set about getting a wife in a land where such a blessing was so essential. Bare and bleak would life on the shores of New England be without a good helpmeet.

Confirmed bachelors were not often allowed to live alone, or to make themselves comfortable where they chose, but had to take up their abode wherever and with whomsoever the "Court" thought fit. In Hartford they had to pay a fine of twenty shillings a week! apparently in order that the single bliss of these "lone-men" might not advantage them by saving the cost of a wife. On the other hand, the mysteriously comical regulation of Eastham, a Massachusetts town, in 1695, seems to be more concerned about the killing of crows and blackbirds than about the promotion of marriages:

"Every unmarried man in the township shall kill six blackbirds or three crows while he remains single; as a penalty for not doing it, shall not be married until he obey this order."

This was rather hard upon the short-sighted man; but apparently he could take his time over the job, and live and die a bachelor.

Over such misguided men—the unmarried—the constable,

the watchman, and the tithing-man had to exercise special supervision; and no doubt these busybodies would "lose the duty in the joy" of spying and tattling and reporting about the "scirscumstances and conuersation" of these odd fish. In many towns, however, "incurridgement"—it is the choice phonetic spelling of a lawmaker of those days, when every sturdy citizen had his own theory of orthography, and Pitmanism triumphed gloriously—was given to wedlock by the assignment of home lots to bachelors upon marriage.

In those primitive times old maids, maidens "withering on the virgin stalk" in single blessedness, were not easily found. That wedding-loving race was ungallant enough to fix the Rubicon of old-maidism at an absurdly early age, about five-and-twenty, and to bestow upon unmarried ladies of thirty the ungracious name of "thornbacks." Still, scarce as unchosen ladies were, we find record of one or two who adorned the world to a fine old age. In the Plymouth Church record, under date March 19, 1667, is this entry of the death of a lady of this category:

"Mary Carpenter sister of Mrs. Alice Bradford wife of Governor Bradford being newly entered into the 91st year of her age. She was a godly old maid never married."

Josselyn, an Englishman who travelled in the colony in 1663, gives a glimpse of Boston process of courtship in those days:

"On the South there is a small but pleasant Common, where the Gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their Marmalet-Madams till the nine o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations."

But the Boston youth had to be very cautious how he ventured on this demure promenade in public with his fair sweetheart. The Puritan lawgiver, who, as our author says, "interfered in every detail, small and great, of the public and private life of the citizen," had his eye on the young gallant, and fines, imprisonment, or the whipping-post, were the rocks on which he would be wrecked, should he attempt to "inveigle the affections of any maide or maide-servant," without the parental leave and approval. The prenuptial settlements were sharply looked after by those keen New Englanders. A most amusing account is given of Judge Sewall's many courtships,

taken from his diary. Whether he was as eager after filthy lucre in his first matrimonial venture with Captain Hull's daughter, Hannah, as in his subsequent ones, we cannot tell. His record is all too brief:

"Mrs. Hannah Hull saw me when I took my Degree, and set her affection on me, though I knew nothing of it till after our Marriage."

No doubt he managed the matter discreetly, for we find that this good wife had as her dowry her weight in silver shillings! Forty-three years of matrimonial happiness were terminated by her death; and then, like a true Puritan, the grave old judge must marry again. He lost no time about the business. In less than four months from his wife's demise he makes this demure entry in his diary: "Wandering" (? wondering) "in my mind whether to live a married or a single life." And even before that date he had a look about among the comely, well-dowered widows of Boston.

"Such an array of widows! Boston fairly blossomed with widows, the widows of all the 'true New England men,' whose wills Sewall had drawn up, whose dying bedsides he had blessed and harassed with his prayers, whose bodies he had borne to the grave, whose funeral gloves, and scarves, and rings he had received and apprised, and whose estates he had settled. Over this sombre flower-bed of black-garbed widows, these hardy perennials, did this aged Puritan butterfly amorously hover, loth to settle, tasting each solemn sweet, calculating the richness of the soil in which each was planted, gauging the golden promise of fruit, and perhaps longing for the whole garden of full-blown blossoms. 'Antient maides' were held in little esteem by him: not one thornback is on his list."

The particulars of his several courtships, with their encouragements, successes, and rebuffs, are given in the judge's own words, and yield amusing and edifying reading. Amongst his love gifts to Widow Denison we find: "Dr. Mathers Sermons neatly bound and told her in it we were invited to a wedding": a good way of popping the question by book. The amiable widow duly responded with "very good Curds." Other gifts from the judge followed: "K. Georges Effigies in Copper and an English Crown of K. Charles II. 1677." Then something for the palate: "A pound of Reasons and Proportionate Almonds." Again a higher style: "A Psalm-

book elegantly bound in Turkey leather." "A pair of Shoe Buckles cost five shillings three pence." "Two Cases with a knife and fork in each; one Turtle Shell Tackling; the other long with Ivory Handles squar'd cost four shillings sixpence."

In Judge Sewall's case, of course, the difficulties and risks of courtship were small. He was rich and a lawyer, and knew how to sail clear of pains and penalties if his matches were broken off by himself. Besides, in the Boston of those days his domestic affairs would be discussed as minutely as in an English village of our own day, and no end of officious friends would offer their services as matchmakers for such an excellent mate. In some localities, however, the ancient art of courtship laboured under serious disadvantages. In the Connecticut Valley the sweethearts, primly seated on opposite sides of the great fireplace, had to "whisper their tender nothings" through a "courting-stick," a long hollow stick fitted with mouth and ear pieces. This telephonic mode of courtship, conducted under the eyes of the whole family circle, must have had a chilling effect on the heart and nerves of the ardent suitor.

In the early years of New England a formal ceremony of betrothal took place in public a little before the actual marriage. "A pastor was usually employed," says Cotton Mather, "and a sermon preached on this occasion." At one such solemnity Ephesians vi. 10, 11, was taken as the text by the officiating minister, "to teach that marriage is a state of *warfaring* condition." Such it certainly proved to some wives. One poor lady stated, in a Connecticut paper, that her loving spouse "cruelly pulled my hair, pinched my flesh, kicked me out of bed, drag'd me by my arms & heels, flung ashes upon me to smother me, flung water from the well till I had not a dry thread on me." No doubt, after this catalogue of her wrongs, she claimed the protection of the laws, which were justly severe on bad husbands.

For the discourse delivered on the Sunday of the bride's first appearance at church or meeting, her "coming out" or "walking out" day, she was allowed to prescribe the text. This custom led to the exercise of much ingenuity in the selection of pointed passages. Among those chosen for these interesting occasions was Ecclesiastes iv. 9, 10: "Two are

better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow." Still more personally appropriate was the text selected by a Hephzibah of that period on her marriage with a young man rejoicing in the name of Asa: 2 Chronicles xiv. 2: "And Asa did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord." From such a tempting text the good minister could spin out a long sermon, while the bride and bridegroom sat up with pleased and proud attention. Indeed, we are told, in some communities the happy couple gratified the public still farther by occupying a prominent seat in the gallery, and in the midst of the sermon rising to their feet and turning round slowly several times, so that their gaping, gossiping friends and neighbours might admire their bridal finery from every point of view.

Though the wooing in those days displayed much cold calculation and great lack of sentiment, Mrs. Earle thinks that Puritan husbands and wives "were happy in their marriages, though the love was shy, even sombre, and 'flowered out of sight like the fern.'" Some of their loving letters after marriage still exist; and certainly the one we quote below goes far to prove that in the early New England days there were wives as tender and true as the Lucy Hutchinsons and the Lady Fanshawes of the old country. It is to Governor Winthrop from his wife Margaret:

"My own dear Husband: How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved and how he is pleased with her poor endeavours? I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may always be pleasing to thee, and that these comforts we have in each other may be daily increased so far as they be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord; I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed and rest contented. I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I shall name two: First, because thou lovest God; and secondly, because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse and go about my household affairs. I am a

bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in good time, for which time I shall pray. And thus with my mother's and my own best love to yourself I shall leave scribbling. Farewell my good husband, the Lord keep thee.

"Your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

We pass on to a subject interesting to ladies in all ages—that of domestic service. It would be a mistake to suppose that the present generation of English and American housewives suffers more from the scarcity of feminine "helps" than any previous one. In old New England the difficulty was a very trying one. Listen to the sad complaint of the Rev. Ezekiel Rogers in 1656:

"Much ado have I with my own family, hard to get a servant glad of catechizing or family duties. I had a rare blessing of servants in Yorkshire, and those I brought over were a blessing, but the young brood doth much afflict me."

Later on, savages—Indian captives taken in war—were employed in the fields, and in the houses too, to the discomfort and danger of the distracted housewives. These wild helps were divided into lots and assigned to housekeepers. It is rather discouraging to find a man like Roger Williams begging for "one of the drove of Adam's degenerate seed" to be assigned him as a slave. It is less startling to observe the notorious Hugh Peters, of Salem, writing to a Boston friend: "Wee have heard of a diuidence of women and children in the baye & would bee glad of a share viz. a young woman or girle & a boy if you thinke good." Lowell makes humorous comment on these doubtful aids:

"Let any housewife of our day who does not find the Keltic element in domestic life so refreshing as to Mr. Arnold in literature, imagine a household with one wild Pequot woman, communicated with by signs, for the maid-of-all-work, and take courage. Those were serious times, indeed, when your cook might give warning by taking your scalp or chignon, as the case might be, and making off with it into the woods."

It was not likely that these wild creatures of the plains and forests could "cotton down" to the cramped and sombre

routine of a New England homestead. The china and earthenware must speedily have suffered. The unfortunate infants committed to the care of Pequot nurses had need to be of indiarubber elasticity to preserve them from broken backs and fractured limbs. A Massachusetts minister, the Rev. Peter Thatcher, in 1674, bought an Indian girl for five pounds down and five pounds more at the year's end—a high price in those days. Soon after the purchase, Thatcher, who, Mrs. Earle assures us, was "really a very kindly gentleman and a good Christian," makes the following entry in his diary: "Came home and found my Indian girl had liked to have knocked my Theodorah on the head by letting her fall. Whereupon I took a good walnut stick and beat the Indian to purpose till she promised to do so no more." If such was the discipline practised by this specially "kindly gentleman" on his captive maid, we may conclude that the general treatment of these caged creatures of the woods did not err on the side of too great mildness and mercy.

It is not astonishing, then, that in early New England newspapers we find frequent advertisements offering rewards for the recovery of runaway servants, or slaves as we should now call them. In these premonitory advances towards negro slavery, it is, however, pleasant to note that the poor Indian girls were able to get some alleviation to their hard lot by adorning themselves with the striking variety of colour dear to the wild feminine heart. So, in the *Boston News Letter* of October 1707 we get the following advertisement:

"Run away from her master Baker. A tall Lusty Carolina Indian woman named Keziah Wampum, having long straight Black Hair tyed up with a red Hair Lace, very much marked in the hands and face. Had on a strip'd red blue & white Homespun Jacket & a Red one. A Black & White Silk Crape Petticoat, A White Shift, as Also a blue one with her, and a mixt Blue and White Linsey Woolsey Apron."

A more startling conglomeration of finery is thus catalogued in an advertisement for the recovery of another Indian lady twenty-one years later:

"She wore off a Narrow Stript pinck Cherredary Goun turn'd up with a little flour'd red & white Callico. A Stript Homespun

Quilted Petticoat, a plain muslin Apron, a suit of plain Pinners & a red & white flower'd knot, also a pair of green Stone Earrings with White Cotton Stockings & Leather heel'd Wooden Shoes."

The male Indians who clandestinely "sloped" were not a whit behind the females in this matter. They often disappeared rigged out in their masters' best clothes, and even wearing their flaxen, beribboned wigs, which must have had a fine tragi-comic effect when crowning those brown, saturnine, "hatchet" countenances.

To make up for these Indian imperfections, sons and daughters of some of the early hard-working settlers took service with their friends and relations, and thought it no dishonour. Thus, Roger Williams writes in his enigmatical style, that his daughter "desires to spend some time in service & liked much Mrs. Brenton who wanted." But this neighbourly form of kindly assistance was necessarily limited in extent; and soon the colonists began to consider whether negro slavery was not a better way to solve the domestic difficulty. "A. K. H. B." has shown us long ago that there is a great deal in "the Art of Putting Things," and we may reckon Emanuel Downing as an early master of that ingenious art. For in 1645 that prominent Puritan wrote that he considered it "synne in us, having power in our hand, to suffer them (the Indians) to maintain the worship of the devill," and so, animated of course by the best motives, introduced his suggestion that Indians should be exchanged for negroes, or "Moores," as they were called: "I doe not see how wee can thrive vntill wee in to gett a stock of slaves sufficient to doe all our business."

The suggestion was soon put into practice, with a sad train of evil results. As our author remarks:

"Though the early planters came to New England to obtain and maintain liberty, and 'bond slaverie, villinage,' and other feudal servitudes were prohibited, under the ninety-first article of the Body of Liberties, still they needed but this suggestion of Downing's to adopt quickly what was then the universal and unquestioned practice of all Christian nations—slavery. . . . By 1687 a French refugee wrote home: 'You may also here own Negroes and Negresses, there is not a house in Boston however small may be its means, that has not one or two.'"

It was not long before the African slave trade throve and

flourished in New England, "the land of the free," just as strongly as in Virginia, and was attended with all the horrors of the middle passage. The loss of life was great. The hardening, degrading influence of traffic in fellow-beings was soon proved by the heartlessness, the indifference to common humanity, displayed in the newspapers and letters of the day.

"I have never seen," says Mrs. Earle, "in any Southern newspapers advertisements of negro sales that surpass in heartlessness and viciousness the advertisements of our New England newspapers of the eighteenth century. Negro children were advertised to be given away in Boston, and were sold by the pound as was other merchandise."

Surely these Puritan colonists and their descendants had sadly forgotten the spirit and the ways of Him

> "Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,
> To break the chain from every limb,
> The bolt from every prison door!"

"Negro-stealing by the Americans" did not come to an end till as late as 1864—only thirty years ago! Then a brig bringing from Africa a cargo of "black ivory" was lost at sea, crowded negroes and cruel captors going down in one hapless mass—"a grim ending to three centuries of incredible and unending cruelty."

All honour to good old Judge Sewall! We pardon his garrulity, in his private journal, where he was simply chatting confidentially to himself about the courting adventures to which we have alluded. We overlook his childish gossip, because he wrote the first anti-slavery tract ever published in America, *The Selling of Joseph*. His brave protest did not avail. Other colonists were deadly opposed to the diabolic traffic, but were willing to buy slaves in order, forsooth, "that the poor heathen might be brought up in a Christian land, be led away from their idols," quoting Abraham and other patriarchs as their justifying referees. One respectable elder at Newport, whence the New England slavers set sail, was in the habit of giving thanks in meeting on the next Sunday after the arrival of a slaver, "that a gracious overruling Providence had been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted

heathen to enjoy the blessings of a Gospel dispensation." But what could be said to such hypocritical self-deceivers by ministers who themselves were slave-owners? In that category, alas! were to be found such names as Daillé, Hopkins, Williams, Cotton Mather, and Jonathan Edwards. Mather possessed a negro worth £50, the gift of his congregation; and the good man, in his gratitude, devoted the black bondsman to God's service, with the sincere desire to save his soul through God's grace. At a later date, however, he records that he had found his unregenerate slave "horribly arrested by spirits," by which, says our author, "he did not mean captured by the dreaded emissaries of the devil who pervaded the air of Boston and Salem at that time, but simply very drunk."

Many of these stolen blacks, however, made faithful and loving servants. One such, a freeman, lived in the service of Judge Sewall, who really deserved well of the children of Ham. Of him—by name "Boston"—Mrs. Earle gives this pleasing account, carefully gleaned out of the Judge's diary:

"We see Boston taking the Sewall children out sledding; we see him carrying one of the little daughters out of town in his arms when the neighbours were suddenly smitten with that colonial plague, the small-pox. We find him, in later years, a tender nurse, sleeping by the fire in languishing Hannah Sewall's sick chamber; and we can see him as he sat through the lonely nights with his dead and dearly loved mistress till she was hidden from his view. It is pleasing to know that though he lived a servant he was buried like a gentleman; he received that token of final respect so highly prized in Boston—a ceremonious funeral, with a good fire, and chairs set in rows, and plenty of wine and cake, and a notice in the *News Letter*, and doubtless gloves in decent numbers."

On another such worthy, but one who died a slave, this touching epitaph is to be found at Attleborough, Massachusetts:

"Here lies the best of slaves
Now turning into dust,
Cæsar the Æthiopian claims
A place among the just.

"His faithful soul has fled
To realms of heavenly light,

And by the blood that Jesus shed
Is changed from black to white.

"Jan. 15th he quitted the stage
In the 77th year of his age.
1781."

New England slave-owners and witch-hunters and Quaker-whippers receive their deserts in the scathing strains of John Greenleaf Whittier, whose honest soul rebelled against their being held up as models of Christian freemen.

But there was still another class of servants—in reality, white slaves. These were bound or indentured men, women, and children, sent out to the new colonies in large batches. They were of three classes: voluntary emigrants, called "free-willers," or "redemptioners;" "kids," or kidnapped innocents; and convicts, transported for their crimes. The last were consigned chiefly to Virginia. The "kids" were trepanned from Scotland, Ireland, and England; and their captors drove a bold and money-making trade. It is rather a satisfaction to learn that these indentured servants were "just as trying as the Indians and the negroes." A plaintive letter from John Winthrop to his father, in 1717, details his troubles and his wife's vexations with a wearisome wild Irish bondmaid:

"It is not convenient now to write the trouble and plague we have had with this Irish creature the year past. Lying and unfaithfull; w'd doe things on purpose in contradiction and vexation to her mistress; lye out of the house a nights and have contrivances w'th fellows that have been stealing from o'r estate and gett drink out of ye cellar for them; saucy and impudent, as when we have taken her to task for her wickedness she has gone away to complain of cruell usage. I can truly say we have used this base creature w'th a great deal of kindness and lenity. She w'd frequently take her mistresse capps and stockins, hankerchers, etc., to dresse herselfe, and away without leave among her companions."

A still more terrible indictment against a maid, Priscilla Beckford, is to be found in a letter from John Wynter, head agent at Richmonds Island in Maine, to Mr. Trelawny, of the London Company, in 1639. Its racy old English phrases and delightfully unfettered spelling render it emphatically good reading. We extract a few sentences:

"You write of some yll reports is given of my Wyfe for beatinge the maide; yf a faire waye will not doe yt, beatinge must sometimes vppon such Idlle girrels as she is. Yf you think yt fitte for my Wyfe to do all the work, and the maide sitt still, and she must forbear her hands to strike, then the work will ly vndonn. She hath bin now 2½ yeares in the house & I do not thinke she hath risen 20 tymes before my Wyfe hath bin vp to Call her, and many tymes light the fire before she comes out of her bed. She hath twice gone a mechinge in the woodes which we have bin fain to send all our Company to seek her. We can hardly keep her within doors after we are gonn to bed except we carry the kay of the door to bed with vs. She couldc never milke Cow nor Goate since she came hither. Our men do not desire to have her boyl the kittle for them she is so sluttish. . . . Her beatinge that she hath had hath never hurt her body nor limes. She is so fatt & soggy she can hardly do any worke. Yf this maide at her lazy tymes when she hath bin found in her yll accyons do not deserve 2 or 3 blowes I pray you who hath the most reason to complain my Wyfe or maide. My Wyfe hath an Vnthankefull office. Yt does not please me well, being she hath taken so much paines and care to order things as well as she could, and ryse in the morning rath & go to bed soe latte, and have hard speeches for yt."

Poor "soggy" slavey! we should like to have heard her side of the question.

Leaving these living movables, these black and white chattels, we will glance, for a moment, at the inanimate belongings of the primitive settlers. In the early colonial houses of the better sort the first room beyond the threshold was the entry—bare of furniture, simply the vestibule to the rest of the house. Then came the hall, which in Puritan houses was not a mere passage, but the living-room, the keeping-room, the dwelling-room, where the family sat and ate their meals. The old inventories give full particulars of the customary furniture of this useful apartment. That of Governor Eaton is often quoted. From it Mrs. Earle draws a pretty picture of a New England interior in 1657:

"Now, this was a very liberally furnished living-room. There were plenty of seats for diners and loungers, if Puritans ever lounged; two long forms and a dozen stools of various heights, with green or embroidered cushions, upon which to sit while at the governor's board; and seven chairs, gay with needlework covers, to draw around his fireplace with its shining paraphernalia of various-sized andirons, tongs, and bellows. The low, heavy-raftered room, with these plentiful seats, the tables with their Turkey covers, the picturesque

cupboard, with its rich cloth, and its display of the governor's silver plate, all aglow with the light of a great wood fire, make a pretty picture of comfortable simplicity, pleasant of contemplation in our *bric-à-brac* filled days, a fit setting for the figures of the governor, 'New England's glory full of warmth and light,' and his dearest, greatest, best of temporal enjoyments, 'his vertuous, prudent and prayerful wife.'"

On the other side of the entry was the parlour. It was sometimes used as a dining-room, sometimes as a state bedroom. It often contained, besides furniture like that of the hall, chests of drawers to hold the family linen, and "that family idol—the best bed." Also the escritoire, or *scrutoire*, which Phillips, in his *New World of Words* (1696), defines as "a sort of large Cabinet with several Boxes, and a place for Pen, Ink and Paper, the door of which opening downwards and resting upon Frames that are to be drawn out and put back, serves for a Table to write on."

The discomforts of these picturesque dwellings, with their sanded floors, roomy chimneys, and bare-raftered ceilings, were, of course, very great in the sharp New England winters. The icy blast blew fiercely in and through them. Cotton Mather, on a Sabbath in January, 1697, notes, as he shivers before a great fire, that "the Juices forced out at the end of short billets of wood by the heat of the flame on which they were laid, yett froze into Ice on their coming out." And some years later he records: "'Tis Dreadful cold, my ink glass in my standish is froze and splitt in my very stove. My ink in my pen suffers a congelation." But the big chimneys shrank in size as the forests disappeared, and sea coal, in some measure, took the place of logs. Stoves came into use in the towns as early as 1695, and other appliances followed to "drive the cold winter away," or, at all events, keep it out of doors.

Holidays and festivals, in the first century of the New England colony, were few and far between. Its laws forbade the observance of the holy days of the Church of England. Christmas, now so highly prized and hailed by saint and sinner, was then spent in hard work. Later on, when its observance as a Christian festival seemed likely to creep in, a fine of five shillings was inflicted on any one who observed it as a holiday

by forbearing of labour, feasting, or any other way. Good Judge Sewall watched jealously the state of popular feeling on the subject, and grimly rejoiced when business and bustling traffic went on as usual. On December 25, 1685, he has this uncompromising entry:

"Carts come to town and shops open as usual. Some somehow observe the day, but are vexed I believe that the Body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it."

It was only in the beginning of the nineteenth century that Christmas established its position as a New England holiday. However, the early Pilgrims made up a little for this deprivation by the occasional appointment of a Thanksgiving Day, or week, as a grateful break in their plodding round of labour. The first Thanksgiving Week of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was held in November, 1621. We find a brief account of the brave little company's feast of body and soul in a letter from Edward Winslow to a friend in England:

"Our harvest being gotten in our governor sent four men on fowling that so we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labours. They four killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week. At which time among other recreations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and amongst the rest their greatest king Massasoyt with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer which they brought and bestow'd on our governor, and upon the captains and others."

Mrs. Earle, with a few deft touches, gives a bright bit of colour to the scene:

"The picture of that Thanksgiving Day, the block-house with its few cannon, the Pilgrim men in buff breeches, red waistcoats, and green or sad-coloured mandillions; the great company of Indians, gay in holiday paint and feathers and furs; the few sad, overworked, homesick women, in worn and simple gowns, with plain coifs and kerchiefs, and the pathetic handful of little children, forms a keen contrast to the prosperous, cheerful Thanksgivings of a century later."

But Thanksgiving Day, in those primæval times, was not the chief New England holiday. Election, Training, Commencement (of the colleges), claimed their respective days.

The last-mentioned was one of their proudest holidays. Sewall always makes a note of the Harvard Celebration, with its exercises, dinner, wine, and Commencement cake, which he regularly took round to his friends. The fasts were another occasion of holiday. And they were portentously numerous:

"The God of the Puritans was a jealous God, and many fasts were appointed to avert His wrath, as shown in blasted wheat, moulded beans, wormy pease, and mildewed corn; in drought and grasshoppers; in Indian invasions; in caterpillars and other woes of New England; in children dying by the chincough; in the 'excessive raigns from the botles of Heaven'—all these evils being sent for the crying sins of wig-wearing, sheltering Quakers, not paying the ministers, &c."

Sports and diversions were not many in those olden days, when, as Froissart writes of some in a former age, "they took their pleasures sadly—after their fashion." The great alleviation to each busy week was the "lecture" on the Thursday, when the religious exercises sometimes lasted five hours. This mid-week gathering, sober and solemn as it was, afforded a welcome interval from labour. Accordingly it was seized with avidity, and soon became a vehicle of "furious dissipation." Young people gladly availed themselves of these meetings as "a pretext and a means for enjoyable communion," and attended in such numbers as to inflict a rather heavy tax on the hospitable friends who kindly provided food, and cooked it, for the lecture-lovers from a distance.

But we must take our leave of these Old New England times, and of the worthy people who figured in them. Limits of space forbid our following Mrs. Earle through the other interesting topics which she has treated with enviable ease and skill. Her command of rare material, in the shape of old letters and diaries, scarce books and newspapers, and amply annotated almanacks, inaccessible, for the most part, to us on this side of the Atlantic, and the tact and humour which mark her handling of a difficult subject, render her volume invaluable to the lover of old times and quaint people. We shall look with hopeful anticipation for other books from her pen, treating of other phases of the olden life, with which she is so genuinely familiar. Not the least valuable page of the work before us is the last, in which she does justice to the sincere piety which

lay deep down in the hearts of those stern and often mistaken men. "The accounts," she concludes, "of the wondrous and almost inspired calm which settled on those afflicted hearts, bearing steadfastly the Christian belief as taught by the Puritan Church, make us long for the simplicity of faith, and the certainty of heaven and happy reunion with loved ones, which they felt so triumphantly, so gloriously."

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Incarnation and Common Life. By B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., &c., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

"IT can very rarely happen," says the author in his preface, "that one who has spent long and busy years as a student and teacher should be suddenly called at the close of life to the oversight of a diocese in which the problems of modern life are presented in the most urgent and impressive form." Seldom indeed has any one been called to a post so entirely in contrast with his occupations during the busy years of a long life preceding. The recluse biblical student and critic is suddenly launched into the midst of a teeming industrial population, occupied mainly with mines, ironworks, shipbuilding, and allied trades and handicrafts. His illustrious predecessor's case was, of course, strictly parallel, and he made a good and efficient bishop. When Bishop Lightfoot, however, was appointed to the see labour questions were not quite so pressing, industrial claims and controversies were not quite so keen or so full of threatening conditions as they have been since Dr. Westcott succeeded him. The success of Bishop Westcott under the difficult conditions which have surrounded him has been very remarkable indeed. He has shown himself a master of the questions, so far as main principles are concerned, with the sound of which his diocese has been ringing. He has come out of his favourite circle of study and research, and mingling freely, not only with his clergy and with the laymen of his Church, but with the working people in great public gatherings, on every fair opportunity, has preached all round to every class the gospel of Christ's code of duty and well-doing as between man and man and as between class and class. The remarkable volume before us contains the record of his chief utterances.

In his inaugural address on the "Social Obligations of the National Church," delivered at the Darlington Diocesan Conference in the autumn of 1891, he explains how it came to pass that the Biblical student and critic, secluded in his university life, was found, when suddenly removed to a bishop's seat, so apt and ready for the work which crowded in upon him. "The circumstances," he says, "of my youth at Birmingham gave me a keen interest in the later stages of the Chartist movement. From that time forward I have followed as

a Christian student the course of social theories, revolutions, growths, at home and abroad, and now at the close of life I am called to occupy a place where the questions which they raise profoundly affect the conduct of my work, so that as one who has spiritual oversight over a diocese stirred from end to end by the fluctuations of industrial competition, who is pledged to be 'merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help,' who believes that Christ is the Light and Life of the world, I must strive to the utmost of my power to press on those who share my faith the social obligations which it involves." A principle of Christianity—as he conceives it—a principle which is part and parcel of the gospel of the Incarnation, lies at the basis of all his teaching and all his pleadings on social and industrial questions. "We must carry," he says in his primary charge, delivered in Durham Cathedral, and in the Chapel, Auckland Castle, "we must carry our thoughts of the body and the members yet farther. Man, we believe, was broken into men that in every variety of relation he might work out his separate powers before all were summed up in the Christ." All who read will not be able to follow the Bishop in this fundamental point of his characteristic realism or mysticism. But when he comes to break up into distinct propositions what he conceives this principle to involve, few large-souled Christians will hesitate to follow him in his applications. The doctrine of the Incarnation—taking the Incarnation to include the Redemption—so unites mankind to Christ, and man to man, class to class, in Christ, as to lay a basis for the grand and solemn teachings as to Christian responsibility in all that relates to social well-being and true human progress with which this volume is filled. The lessons taught are solemn, searching, and impressive, in a very high degree; they are most faithful and most comprehensive. Among the most valuable of the sermons or addresses are those entitled respectively "Social Obligations of the National Church," "The Incarnation a Revelation of Human Duties," "Socialism," "Ideals," "A Quiet Life: its Joy and Power." But there are many more scarcely, if at all, less valuable.

Biblical Essays. By the late J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

The late lamented Bishop of Durham, cut off in the midst of work, left behind him many minor writings, of which even the smallest seem to be precious; the treasure of his "remains" "hath dust of gold." The trustees appointed under his will, of whom the present Bishop of Durham and the Archdeacons of Durham and Auckland are trustees *ex officio*, have it in charge to publish, according to their discretion, all his copyright works and remains, the pecuniary proceeds of which are to be devoted to a special fund which is to be known by the name of "The Lightfoot Fund for the Diocese of Durham." The present volume is the first which has been published under the Bishop's will

by the trustees, and includes a number of interesting and valuable biblical arguments or illustrations, of which some have been previously printed, while others are now for the first time printed from the Bishop's lecture-notes, which represent the work which he did in lecturing as Professor at Cambridge before he was appointed bishop. He did not write out his lectures, but, in speaking to his classes, trusted very largely to his memory. Hence it has been a difficult and somewhat delicate task to make out from the notes what was the purport and pith of his lectures. This, however, the learned editor of the volume has undertaken to do. On the evidence in support of the fourth Gospel there is much that is of great value. Besides the well-known argument on the "Internal Evidence," which was published first in the *Expositor* (1890) and has since been reprinted, there are two distinct arguments—one on the "external," the other on the "internal," evidence—for the authenticity and genuineness of the Gospel, with some pages of additional notes, all printed from the lecture-notes, which occupy together more than 130 pages (octavo), making, with the previously printed argument, very nearly 200 pages of close thought and learned argument given to this cardinal subject. From lecture-notes, again, there are printed brief and condensed papers on "St. Paul's Preparation for the Ministry," "The Chronology of St. Paul's Life and Epistles," "The Churches of Macedonia," and "The Church of Thessalonica." A paper on "The Mission of Titus to the Corinthians" is reprinted from the *Journal of Sacred and Classical Philology* (1855). "The Structure and Destination of the Epistle to the Romans" is an article reprinted from the *Journal of Philology* (1869), in which Renan's theory as to the Epistle is refuted, and another paper, more general but brief, on the Epistle, is reprinted from the same journal. Along with these is printed a paper by his intimate friend, the late Professor Hort, in which he takes a view as to "the end of the Epistle to the Romans" which differs from that which the Bishop had propounded. From lecture-notes are given papers on the "Destination of the Epistle to the Ephesians," on the "Date of the Pastoral Epistles," and on "St. Paul's History after the Close of the Acts." Biblical students will need no words of ours to impress them with the value of this most instructive and suggestive volume. The editorial initials, J. R. H., no doubt, modestly intimate to a circle of learned fellow-labourers that it is to the Dean (Harmer) of Corpus Christi College, who is also one of the chaplains of the present Bishop of Durham, that we owe our thanks for the pains and labour which have gone to the preparation of this volume.

The Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. By HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, M.A., Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894. *7s. 6d.*

Principal Moule was marked out for the work entrusted to him by the publishers of the *Expositor's Bible*, by his Commentary on St. Paul's

greatest Epistle, published as one of the volumes of the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. He has done his work in this volume with great ability and with wonderful freshness and energy. He has not, indeed, resolved the difficulties of those central mysteries which are peculiar to this grand Epistle. But he could not be expected to succeed where every one has failed. He does not profess to have accomplished this. He does little more than admit the difficulties to be insoluble, and echo the Apostle's own exclamation: "Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" But at any rate he has not attempted to disguise them by far-fetched assumptions or hypotheses, nor has he aggravated and complicated them by setting up private dogmatisms of his own or of any teacher of a school. Where he deals with the broadly evangelical or the glorious experimental teaching of the Apostle he is excellent. The exposition throughout is, with rare exceptions, luminous and felicitous. We are surprised, however, that in the sixth chapter he does not see that the phrase "buried in baptism" can have no reference whatever to the mode of baptism by immersion, but refers distinctly and with striking fitness to the meaning of baptism, as a public separation of the believer, who is dead to the world, from the world in which he had been living. Burial among either Jews or Romans was in no respect a "plunge." The very lively imagination, also, of the expositor, which supposes the Epistle to have been all dictated to Tertius in one full day of early spring, does not commend itself to us as probable. Between the eighth and ninth chapters we should at least allow a day's pause. The whole might well have been done at three spells, the third beginning with the twelfth chapter. This would fit in more easily also with the supposition that the Apostle's dearest friends at Corinth were gathered with him at the close of the Epistle. We commend the volume as a fine, fresh, realistic, and well thought-out exposition, worthy of an eminent and truly evangelical Biblical scholar and divine.

The Truth of the Christian Religion. By JULIUS KAFTAN, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated by GEORGE FERRIES, B.D. With Prefatory Notes by ROBERT FLINT, D.D., LL.D. Two vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1894. 16*s. net.*

Dr. Kaftan is one of the leading representatives of the new Ritschlian school, which is asserting itself so prominently in German theology. The way in which the school has within a few years taken possession of theological chairs at Berlin, Marburg, Jena, Kiel, Tübingen, to say nothing of semi-theological chairs, is significant both for the present and future. In these circumstances it is well that we should have in

English an authoritative exposition of its aims. Dr. Flint speaks of Kaftan as an independent follower of Ritschl. The independence, however, is merely in details; the main ground taken is that common to the whole school.

The first volume is entirely taken up with criticism of the present dogmatic theology of the Church. The criticism is unreserved condemnation of the aim, methods, and form of dogmatic teaching from the earliest centuries down to the present. According to the new school the Church at the very beginning of its reflection in the contents of its faith turned in the wrong direction, and has kept in it ever since. Greek thought and philosophy misled the Church from the first. The Greek passion was for knowledge, truth, right conceptions of things, and this became the passion of the Church. Knowledge, right intellectual conceptions of God, were put in the first place. From this source arose the definitions of the Trinity and Christ's Person which became the tests of Christianity. The Middle Ages continued the tradition. Protestantism inherited and handed on the mistake. The Reformation broke with the old system practically, but not theologically. Its theology has always kept in the old grooves. The Logos-idea also was an importation from heathenism, and it ruled the thought of the Church on the central subject of its belief—Christ. Not knowledge, but moral conduct, not the Logos-doctrine, but the doctrine of the Kingdom of God, should have been the ruling, central ideas. In the latter part of the volume the author argues that modern science, and chiefly Kant's empirical philosophy, have broken to pieces the entire structure of the old dogmatics. This is the gist of the first, critical and destructive, part of the work.

No one doubts that Greek thought greatly influenced the form which dogmatic statement took in the early Church. But Kaftan goes much farther than this, maintaining that the influence extended also to the matter of belief. If the charge of over-valuation of knowledge had been brought against Gnosticism, we could have understood it; but to charge the Church with it is strange. According to this view the Church and Gnosticism stood on the same ground; the difference between them was only one of degree. But certainly the historical relation between the two was one of antagonism. If Irenæus and Tertullian were really one in principle with the Gnostic leaders, it is strange that they and the Gnostics stood in opposition to each other. It is easy now to understand why Harnack, the Church historian of the Ritschlian party, in his *History of Dogma*, treats Gnosticism not as antagonistic to the Church, but as one of the chief moulding forces of its life. The Fathers, Scholastics, Reformers were all Gnostics without knowing it! The Church has all and always been so in the same way!

The consequences are far-reaching. Kaftan holds that the course taken by theology was inevitable. Still it is essentially wrong; the centres of gravity must be shifted from knowledge to practice. True Christian theology, *i.e.*, theology in harmony with evangelical

Christianity, has yet to begin. How right knowledge can be dispensed with as the basis of right conduct, how it can be other than first, we fail to see. This contention, that knowledge, science, truth has been put too high and must be dethroned, is a strange phenomenon. Will is to take the place of intellect; but how will is to act rightly without the light and guidance of intellect, it is hard to see.

The second volume is more constructive, giving us some insight into the Ritschlian substitute for what is taken away. It is extremely significant that the first long chapter, filling more than a third of the volume, consists of an account of the Kantian theory of knowledge, according to which our only knowledge is of phenomena; we know nothing of what things are in themselves. The same applies to our knowledge of God, Christ, sin, morals. After condemning the alliance with the old Greek philosophy, the new philosophy is made the very foundation of the true theology. The second chapter also argues for the primacy of the practical reason a well-known Kantian formula. Thus Ritschlianism, so far from being averse to metaphysics and philosophy, puts a philosophy of its own in the foreground. We do not therefore quite understand Dr. Flint when he says of it, "It would keep theology independent of philosophy, free from all contamination of metaphysics." What then is the meaning of the first two chapters in the second volume? Every Ritschlian first swears allegiance to Kant, as Fathers and Scholastics never swore allegiance to Plato and Aristotle. It follows from the philosophic standpoint taken up, that all Christian articles of faith are judgments of worth, not of reality or fact. Christ has the value of God to us; but whether He is God in Himself we do not and cannot know, if Kant is right. The writer, editor, and translator of this work have the value of honest men to us; but whether they are so in themselves we can never know. It is evident what a revolution the application of such a notion would make in our ordinary life as well as in Christianity.

We must content ourselves with this indication of the general bearings of the new theory without going into detail. The volumes abound in acute argument. We can appreciate much that is noble and suggestive in their spirit without accepting the main thesis. For example, the account given of the idea of the Kingdom of God and its importance is unexceptionable, altogether apart from the attempt to identify it with man's chief good and the essence of Christianity. We venture to think that Christian truth has a deeper content and wider range. The work is admirably translated throughout.

Darwinism: Workmen and Work. By JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING, F.R.C.S., LL.D., Author of *As Regards Protoplasm.* Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1894. 10*s.* 6*d.*

It seems scarcely to accord with the fitness of things that a master in speculative philosophy should criticise a master in natural science. One cannot expect to find much sympathy in the criticism, and little

is found. The first part of the volume describes Darwin's life, going back to Erasmus Darwin and his anticipations of the grandson's work. The teaching of the two men is itself a good illustration of evolution in the genuine sense, as the author abundantly shows. The second part examines the chief ideas of Darwinism, the struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest, natural selection, six chapters being devoted to the last question. Weak points, excepted cases, absurd consequences are detailed in ample store. The ability shown is immense. The liveliness, even discursiveness, of the style may have the effect of concealing the amount of knowledge and research that has gone to the writing of the work. On one page alone we find references to Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Jules Verne, and *Temple Bar*. These are the lighter ornaments of style. The Darwin literature has been ransacked for materials. We could have wished that the style had been more orderly and the sentences more simple and complete in structure. Sentences which defy all grammatical construction abound. Still the philosophic keenness is unmistakable. The chapter on "Contemporary Philosophy" in the first part, dealing with Brown's doctrine of causality, shows us the writer at his best on his own ground. It is a pity for students that his *Secret of Hegel* is out of print.

Village Sermons. Preached at Whatley. By the late R. W. CHURCH, M.A., D.C.L., some time Dean of St. Paul's, Rector of Whatley, Fellow of Oriel College. Second Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

The village sermons of the English clergy at their best are the best of village sermons. These best, unfortunately, are few in number. The average village sermon is dull and ineffective; while not a few sermons preached in village churches are helpless, useless productions, devoid of instruction, without any soul and without any style. But when a scholarly man, of earnest Christian spirit, and who has made theology and common life equally his study, gives himself to the work of a village pastor and preacher, living among his people, knowing them in all their grades, and in all their relations of intercourse and life, such an English clergyman is able to write sermons for villagers which for perfect fitness, and for unpretending power and persuasiveness, are not to be equalled. Such a clergyman was Augustus Hare, and such sermons were his "Village Sermons," which Henry Rogers marked out for unqualified commendation in an article contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* nearly fifty years ago, and since published in his essays. Such a village parson was Charles Kingsley, whose "Village Sermons," for simplicity, depth, freshness, and perfect adaptation to villagers' minds and needs, are not to be surpassed. And such, in general, though with marked individuality of character and gifts, was Dean Church. The volume before us is admirable in its simpli-

city and spirituality of doctrinal teaching, teaching which is unpretendingly theological, but always practical and touching. Dean Church was a High Churchman, but there is no sacramentarian superstition in this volume. The "things of Christ," the "things not seen and eternal," the "deep things of God," the practical application of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, the nature and the perils of sin, the besetting sins of villagers, all the experimental truths of salvation, religion in common life and common duties, these things, and such things as these, are faithfully, touchingly, and persuasively set forth in these *Village Sermons*.

The Imitation of Christ. By THOMAS À KEMPIS. With an Introduction by Canon W. J. KNOX-LITTLE, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

This excellent reprint does equal honour to publisher, printer, and editor. It is a facsimile reproduction of the black-letter folio impression in which the *Imitation* first issued from Gunther Zainer's press at Augsburg in 1470. It has the antique toned paper with rough edges and broad margin so dear to the book-fancier, and the chapters are invariably introduced by red initials, and the issue is limited to five hundred copies. The Introduction by Canon Knox-Little is in admirable taste and, without entering into controversial matter, places the reader in possession of all that is necessary to enable him to form his own judgment as to the authorship of this rare product of mediæval mysticism. The editor's own mind is made up in favour of St. Thomas à Kempis, of whose life he gives the few facts that are certainly known with becoming brevity. We need hardly add that the Canon's appreciation of the ἦθος of the *Imitation* is truly catholic in spirit and discriminating in tone. He sees the dangers to which the mystical habit of mind is liable as clearly as he perceives the perils which beset the formal theologian, and he shows how the firm dogmatic basis on which the faith of the author of the *Imitation* reposed enabled him to avoid the former while his deep spirituality saved him from the latter. The book should be highly prized by all lovers of a noble piety enshrined in language of imperishable beauty.

How to Read the Prophets. Being the Prophets arranged Chronologically in their Historical Setting. With Explanation and Glossary. By the Rev. BUCHANAN BLAKE, B.D. Part IV., Ezekiel. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 4s.

This beautiful serial publication has already gained high distinction. This fourth part does not involve any complicated questions of chronology. But the historical illustrations and the chronology and

glossary, here supplied, are of course of essential importance. The translation also has been carefully revised. As the text of Ezekiel has come down to us in a singularly imperfect condition, many changes are necessary, not a few of which have been passed over even in the Revised Version. Altogether the contents and the getting up combine to make this a very convenient and attractive volume.

From Malachi to Matthew: Outlines of the History of Judea from 440 *to* 4 B.C. By R. WADDY MOSS, Tutor in Classics, Didsbury College. London; Chas. H. Kelly. 1893. *2s. 6d.*

This is one of the excellent and very useful series of "Books for Bible Students" now in course of publication by the Wesleyan Conference Office; and it is worthy to rank with such other volumes of the series as Findlay's *Epistles of St. Paul* and Davison's *Praises of Israel.* The tutors in the colleges of Methodism are, in fact, providing for the young people not only of Methodism but of all the Churches just such books as have long been felt to be a great *desideratum.* The three we have now referred to are only part of a considerably larger number of very valuable volumes published during the last few years by members of the tutorial circle of the Methodist Theological Colleges. They are not ambitious productions, but they are learned and able, sterling and timely. These epithets may justly be applied to Mr. Moss's account of the history of Judea during the interval between the last of the prophets and the birth of our Lord. The work is very carefully and painstakingly done, with no display of learning, but is the result of much reading and research; the arrangement is clear and orderly, and the style is as succinct and finished as it is plain and unaffected.

The Earliest Life of Christ ever compiled from the Four Gospels: being the Diatessaron of Tatian (circ. 160 A.D.), *literally translated from the Arabic Version and containing the Four Gospels woven into one Story.* With an Historical and Critical Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By the Rev. J. HANALYN HILL, B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1894.

This most precious relic of antiquity, famous and longed after for centuries, lost for so long itself and yet known the while to have been the primitive source of Gospel light and knowledge for far-off lands and strange and remote races, is here for the first time presented to English readers in a full and literal translation by the liberal enter-

prise of Messrs. Clark and the scholarly labour of Mr. Hill. The volume contains not only the Diatessaron itself but also a detailed history of the movements and chances by which, most providentially and just when its testimony was most needed, the treasure was at length a few years ago brought to light. Every New Testament student will feel that his library is incomplete until it contains this volume.

The Gospel according to Peter. A Study. By the Author of *Supernatural Religion.* London: Longmans & Co. 1894.

The Akhmim fragment of the Apocryphal Gospel of St. Peter has gathered round it a considerable literature in German and English. The new "study" before us is useful chiefly as showing how a writer whose mind is made up to certain conclusions concerning early Christian records is disposed to deal with a fragment which points in an entirely different direction. Since the volumes entitled *Supernatural Religion* were published, evidence has been rapidly accumulating against the late date of the canonical Gospels (especially St. John), which that work professed to establish. The newly discovered fragment of "Peter" is held by the large majority of critics to exhibit a knowledge of the Four Gospels, and to have been written somewhere between 150 and 170 A.D. The work before us seeks to prove that it is an early, independent narrative, not presupposing the canonical Gospels, but by its remarkable variations from them showing the "fluidity" of the early reports concerning the Crucifixion. Dr. Swete and Mr. Rendel Harris, the chief critics who have discussed the fragment in English, come to the conclusion previously mentioned. Professor Harnack in his first edition took the same view, and more recently he has only slightly departed from it.

The evidence on either side is too technical to reproduce here. It is always a difficult matter to determine priority of date, where two writings possess common features. But when one of the writings in question is a fragment, the difficulty is greatly increased. The account of the Crucifixion given in "Peter" is, however, long enough to warrant a probable conclusion, and we wonder how any unbiassed critic could fail to see distinct traces of at least the Synoptic narratives in "Peter." Of St. John's Gospel the traces are fewer in number, but they are important in character. The relation of the fragment to Justin and to Tatian's *Diatessaron* is much less easy to determine; but that Tatian used "Peter" and composed his harmony from five Gospels, as this anonymous author seems to suppose, is little short of incredible. The bias with which this "study" is conducted appears from time to time in such remarks as these: "It is quite undeniable that the whole narrative of the Gospels grew out of the suggestions of supposed prophetic passages in the Old Testament" (p. 34); "It is

obvious that the name 'Memoirs' [the ἀπομνημονεύματα of Justin] cannot with any degree of propriety be applied to our canonical Gospels" (p. 22); while the author takes for granted the "flagrant contradictions of the three Synoptics where independent narrative is attempted" (p. 97). The value of this writer's arguments is best estimated by an examination of the tables published in Dr. Swete's edition of the points of contact and of difference between the canonical Gospels and the fragment of Peter, or better still, in an edition published for the very purpose of presenting such a comparison in parallel columns specially prepared by von Schubert (republished in this country by Messrs. T. & T. Clark). The whole subject is full of interest to scholars, though, as we have said, the evidence is too minute and technical for our pages. We can only record our conviction that the author of *Supernatural Religion* in his judgment in this matter is about as trustworthy as he was in his judgment of Tatian's *Diatessaron*—in which, as the discovery of the fragment has proved, he was entirely and hopelessly mistaken.

The Epistles of St. Peter. By J. Rawson Lumby, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Lumby is a learned divine, and also, if we may judge from the present volume, an able and eloquent preacher. The volume possesses qualities which belong to the theologian, and which reveal the practised preacher. It need hardly be added that the writer is master of the sacred text as a scholar and grammarian. But we cannot assign to him the qualities which belong to the interpreter who is specially and thoroughly an exegetical and contextual expositor, who, seeing into each passage so as to discern that precisely which it is in itself and in its relations to what precedes and follows, and to the life and personality of the writer, makes it thus a living and speaking text. Dr. Lumby sometimes brings much to his text, throws side-lights upon it, quotes parallel passages, but he does not always succeed in making it live and shine in its own light, from within and down to its utmost depths of meaning. What a passage for such interpretation, for example, is 1 Peter 9: "Whom, not having seen, ye love, in Whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Dr. Lumby dismisses the passage in two or three lines of commonplace statement. We miss, here and elsewhere, the suggestive touch, the luminous point, the "vision and faculty" of the revealing interpreter, the insight, at once spiritual and intellectual, of the profound and sympathetic exegete. But he has given us a learned, orthodox, and instructive exposition.

The Gospel of St. Mark. By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893. 3*s.* 6*d.*

We need do no more than direct attention—which we do earnestly and emphatically—to this further volume of International Sunday

School Lessons, originally prepared for the American Sunday School Union, from the pen of Dr. Maclaren, a name than which none is more eminent among expositors at once able, learned, and popular, on either side of the Atlantic.

The Gospel according to St. Mark. Edited by H. R. HEATLEY, M.A. London: Rivington, Percival & Co. 1893. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Tischendorf's text is given here with useful notes on the chief variations and explanations of difficult points. These brief but closely packed notes are all that a student needs. The vocabulary at the end is complete and conveniently arranged, whilst the three pages of introduction give the chief facts about St. Mark and the various Codices. The "Summary of the Life of our Lord" puts dates and facts in a way that will greatly help a young student. We know no more helpful and compact edition of the Greek text of St. Mark for a beginner than this.

Phillips Brooks' Addresses. With Introduction by Rev. JULIUS H. WARD. London: Dickinson. 1894.

Mr. Ward's Introduction is overstrained, for he actually calls Phillips Brooks the "greatest of modern evangelists," but it forms an interesting preface to this little volume. He is a modern hero-worshipper who says that the Bishop "was the noblest and manliest person, with the largest heart, the largest charity, the most comprehensive spirit that I have ever known." The addresses themselves are not always well expressed. They seem as though they had not received any final revision, and there are roundabout phrases and repetitions which might have been improved or removed; but the lofty Christian tone, the tenderness, the insight, the earnestness, and the force of these addresses give them permanent value and interest. The last sermon on Abraham Lincoln, preached in Philadelphia whilst the body of the President was lying in that city, is very fine, worthy even of the subject and the time. Many passages might be quoted to show how much rich and suggestive material is gathered into this little volume. In dealing with "The Duty of the Christian Business Man" Dr. Brooks has some noble words on prayer and Bible study. "Pray, the manliest thing that a man can do, the fastening of his life to the eternal, the drinking of his thirsty soul out of the great fountain of life. . . . . And then read your Bible. How cold that sounds! What, read a book to save my soul? Read an old story that my life in these new days shall be regenerated and saved? Yes, do just that, for out of that book, if you read it truly, shall come the Divine and Human Person. If you can read it with your soul as well as with your eyes, there shall come the

Christ there walking in Palestine. You shall see Him so much greater than the Palestine in which He walks, that at one word of prayer, as you bend over the illuminated page, these shall lift up that body-being of the Christ, and come down through the centuries and be your helper at your side. So read your Bible." Mr. Ward has certainly done us all great service by the preparation of this richly helpful little volume.

The Revelation and the Record. Essays on Matters of Previous Question in the Proof of Christianity. By Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D., Columba Church, Oamaru. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1893. *7s. 6d.*

Dr. Macgregor's volume is one of a series of three dealing with Christian Apologetics. He treats here under "Revelation" of supernaturalism as involved in the system of things (*e.g.*, free will, and the fact of religion); under the head of "Record" he discusses the "proof of the New Testament Canon, the New Testament Scriptures generally, the Gospels in especial, Mark in particular." There is no lack of learning or of argumentative force in the volume, but it is disfigured by its conceits and stilted phraseology. Dr. Macgregor cannot be content to be simple. "As for the civilised peoples," he writes, "we saw that religion, so far from being in their history only as a tadpole or grub condition of manhood in inchoation, is highest when they are at their highest—*e.g.*, as represented in literature, the consummate blossoming of man's rationality in articulate manifestation." Such passages, and the attempt to be witty and clever, mar the effect of an able writer's work. "The Tübingen School has 'left a name at which the world grew pale, to point a moral or adorn a tale.' 'It went up like a rocket, and came down like a stick.'" That is not the happiest way to treat such a subject. The way, however, in which Professor Huxley is handled shows that Dr. Macgregor is master of his subject.

Nature, the Supernatural, and the Religion of Israel. By JOSIAH GILBERT, Author of *Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert (Ann Taylor), Cadore, or Titian's Country, Landscape in Art*, &c. &c., and joint Author of *The Dolomite Mountains*. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

The late Josiah Gilbert belonged to a very distinguished Dissenting family, the family which has counted among its members on one side, Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, and the authoress of the *Hymns for Infant Minds*, and other poetry of similar character, very famous among wise

Christian parents fifty years ago and more; and on the other side, the Gilberts, of whom one was long a highly esteemed pastor at Nottingham, and was also an able writer. Mr. Gilbert himself was an artist, as his own valued works of art and also his writings bear witness; he was recognised as an excellent writer, he was a man of science, and he had the family taste and capacity for theological study; in this volume he carries his high faculties as artist and man of science, and his great general gifts, into the grandest field of thought. In this posthumous work he has left a valuable legacy to Christian students. The question as to the Revelation and the Theology of Scripture cannot be settled *merely* by literary criticism, whether exegetical or so-called "higher." High philosophy and high theology have something to say as to the platform—the "plane"—of thinking and the elements of judgment to which literary criticism must recognise its relation in dealing with the books of Scripture. We confidently commend this volume to the study of those who would be helped to take a reasonable, but large and reverent, view of the Christian Revelation as regarded especially, but not exclusively, in the light of present-day questions. Mrs. Gilbert, we observe, gratefully acknowledges her obligation to Dr. Reynolds, of Cheshunt College, her husband's "dear friend," for his services rendered in conducting the work through the press.

The Gospel of Righteousness: or, Short Studies, Homiletical and Expository, on the Sermon on the Mount. By the Rev. JOHN HARRIS. With an Introduction by Rev. JAMES CHAPMAN. London: C. H. Kelly. 1893.

Happily for the Church, expository preaching is again in fashion, popular with the multitude as it always has been with the few. Young preachers who are to meet the demands of the day will have to be Bible-moths. Mr. Harris has chosen an excellent subject and handled it in a sensible way. His work has many of the requisites of good exposition—method, directness, force. He holds that the preacher is more important than the pulpit: "Better infinitely a mountain with manly robustness, genuine sincerity, soul earnestness, and spiritual reality, than a pulpit of gold and a scarecrow in it." There are many vigorous sentences like: "An undecided, hesitating and halting man is like a jelly-fish without a backbone in it. Straighten the back of your moral courage. Be manly; for you cannot serve God and mammon." "For a helpful book on prayer, see my work entitled *Does God Break His Pledges?* including the Lord's Prayer." The volume covers the entire ground of the Sermon. Mr. Chapman prefixes a thoughtful Introduction, rightly protesting against those who wish to make the Sermon on the Mount the whole of Christian doctrine. "It cannot be received without drawing the cardinal doctrines of Christianity after it. He who in such an environment conceived this

lofty morality, and set it forth with so much charm, and rested it so calmly and confidently on His own authority, and illustrated it so completely in His own life, cannot be a mere man. To present it to men without telling of a grace which abundantly pardons and a Spirit which effectually helps is only to mock and torture them."

Studien zur Hippolytfrage. Von Lic. Dr. GERHARD FICKER, Privatdocenten in Halle, A.S. Leipzig: J. A. Barth. 1893. M. 3. 60.

Dr. Ficker began his studies on Hippolytus before the great works of Lightfoot and Neumann were published, and modestly hopes that those monumental books may not have made his pamphlet superfluous. He discusses the state of the question, deals with the various works that have appeared, and examines the alleged martyrdom and bishopric of Hippolytus. He thinks that if the whole matter is carefully studied we must come to the conclusion that the historian Bishop Hippolytus mentioned by Eusebius is the author of the Philosophumena; that he is the Presbyter-martyr of the Inscription of Damasus, and of the hymn of Prudenz; that he is the Presbyter of the Liberian Catalogue, who was banished to Sardinia with Pontian in the year 235. These points are carefully worked out in a way that shows Dr. Ficker to be master of the whole subject. His monograph is certainly a valuable contribution towards the solving of the Hippolytus problem.

Christianity in the Home. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Week-Day Religion. By the Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D. 3*s.* 6*d.*

London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

The characteristic of Dr. Cuyler's book is its sanity both of thought and expression. He treats many themes on which American writers have written wildly enough, but here they are discussed with fully balanced judgment and good sense. There is a helpful paper on "The Witness of the Holy Spirit," which we heartily commend to all who are troubled by this question. He holds that "a sensible Christian will seek for the evidence of his being an accepted child of God in the same way that he seeks for evidence in any other great vital problem." The paper on "Consecrated Christians" is a timely antidote to the American perversions of holiness teaching. "Consecration," he says, "is a wide, a deep, a far-reaching, and a soul-surrendering process. It is not to be done by a few good resolutions in a meeting for the promotion of holiness, or by any cheap methods." The brief papers cover a wide field and will be found both bright and helpful.

Dr. Miller's *Week-Day Religion* deals with many suggestive themes, such as the Beauty of Quiet Lives, Kindness that comes Too Late, Books and Reading, The Choice of Friends. The papers are always fresh and graceful, and are full of good points. Both books are very daintily bound and neatly printed on rough paper.

The Pilgrim's Progress and Its Lessons. By Rev. S. WRIGHT. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

Mr. Wright, who is this year the President of the Assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches, tells us in his preface that, in publishing this volume, he "has had no higher aim than general Christian edification." This motive is conspicuous throughout the sermons of which the book is substantially composed, and the author's end will, we trust, be abundantly answered. Many preachers have thus used Bunyan's allegory, and neither the Church nor the world is tired of it yet. Mr. Wright's exposition is practical and hortatory; his style plain and for the most part well suited to his subject. We have noted some slips, as "*Who* does the Interpreter symbolise?" (p. 104). In many families a book of this kind will furnish both interesting and profitable Sunday reading.

Septem Ecclesiæ. Being Thoughts on the Epistles of Christ to the Seven Churches in Asia, together with a Supplemental Poem on the Tragedy of Jezebel. By HENRY H. ORPEN-PALMER, B.D. London: Elliot Stock. 1894.

These chapters have grown out of brief pulpit addresses. They are strictly faithful to their purpose of practical edification. No one can doubt the author's earnest spirit. More exposition would have given force to the persistent vein of application. The pages are brightened by excellent quotations both in prose and verse, the latter being both numerous and uncommon.

Skeleton Sermons. For the Sundays and Holidays in the Year. By JOHN B. BAGSHAWE, D.D., Canon Penitentiary of Southwark. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1893. 3*s*. 6*d*.

These Roman Catholic *Skeleton Sermons* have been prepared by Dr. Bagshawe to help his brother priests in emergencies. He has made them rather fuller than is necessary for one discourse in order that each man may have a choice as to the subjects. He can thus pick out what is most congenial to himself. Many texts of Scripture are quoted because Dr. Bagshawe says "I think it most expedient, when we can, to enforce our teaching by the very words of the in-

spired writers. . . . All preachers ought to have the Word of God in their minds and on their lips whilst addressing their flocks." The outlines are suggestive, the quotations apt. There is abundant material here for priests who want a little help. The outlines are intensely Romanist in spirit and tone. For Protestant students a book where we meet such sentiments as these cannot fail to be an interesting study. As to carnal desires we are told, "No holiness or station is a guarantee against this—nothing but the spirit of penance." The history of the desert hermits and monks might have taught Dr. Bagshawe that penance sometimes opens the door to mischief.

The King's Highway. A Journal of Scriptural Holiness. Vol. I. New Series. Vol. XXII. from the commencement. London: C. H. Kelly. 1893. 3*s.* 6*d.*

There is a great deal in this volume which will help those who are following after holiness. The monthly notes deal with topics of various interest, whilst leading articles, expository papers, convention reports, doctrinal and practical essays, testimonies, letters, and book notices take a wide survey of the whole subject. The devout tone and the good sense of the papers deserve a word of praise. The *King's Highway* is the best magazine we know dealing with the subject of Scriptural holiness.

Religion in History and in Modern Life. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

At present we do no more than direct attention to this important and suggestive volume. We hope in our next issue to review it at some length.

The Expositor. Vol. VIII. Hodder & Stoughton.

This is a particularly valuable volume. Professor Ramsay's theory as to St. Paul's Galatia is the subject of acute criticism by the Rev. F. H. Chase, and Professor Ramsay himself contributes papers on "The Pastoral Epistles and Tacitus," and on St. Peter's First Epistle as part of his special subject "The Church and the Empire in the First Century"; Lord A. C. Hervey (Bishop of Bath and Wells), Dr. Driver, Professor Dods ("Recent Biblical Literature"), Dr. Dale (on "Sin"), Professor Bruce (on "St. Paul's Conception of Christianity"—a series of papers), Mommsen on "Christianity in the Roman Empire," with reference to Professor Ramsay, Professor Beet, Professor Findlay, and others not less eminent or able, are contributors to the volume.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

History of the Philosophy of History. Historical Philosophy in France, and French Belgium, and Switzerland. By ROBERT FLINT, Professor in the University of Edinburgh. 21*s.* Vol. I. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

IT is twenty years since Professor Flint published a volume dealing with the principal attempts in France and Germany to arrive at some philosophical explanation of the history of mankind. Soon after it appeared he found himself compelled to undertake other studies which left him no leisure to deal with the course and succession of historical philosophies in Italy and England. Before he could resume his work he became convinced that it must be undertaken in a different way if it was to be an adequate or worthy discussion of the subject. Instead of a series of connected studies, such as were given in his earlier work, Professor Flint has tried to produce a real and comprehensive history. It forms a singularly interesting study of the development of four great nations—France, Germany, Italy, and England. Professor Flint discusses and explains his method at considerable length in his Introduction. He has treated each nation separately. Under French historical philosophy, that of Belgium is surveyed; under Germany we shall have some account of the Dutch writers; and under British we shall see something of American thought. Such an arrangement enables the reader to follow more closely the development of thought in each country, though it will no doubt be necessary to compare and contrast the writers of different nations by-and-by. The present volume gives something like a history of France as well as of French philosophy of history. Professor Flint says: "I mean, then, not merely to pass in historical review the more famous of the many attempts which have been made within the last century and a half to discover the laws of order which regulate human affairs, but also to pronounce judgment on the truth or falsity of what is essential and characteristic in them, and to indicate their chief merits and defects." The Introduction gives a luminous survey of history among the Oriental nations, and the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs, with a sketch of early Christian writers. In Egypt and Assyria history never rose above the humblest stage—the dull, dead form of mere registration. Intense exclusiveness and unlimited pride pervade it. The monarchs were in their own eyes and in those of their subjects veritable gods on earth. The Chinese far surpass all other Oriental people in the wealth of their memoirs and biographies, their vast historical dictionaries and compilations; but even here we scarcely rise above the stage of annals. The paragraphs devoted to Japan and India are also of much interest. It was in Greece, however, that

history first attained the dignity of an independent art. Herodotus had no abstract notions of humanity, but he described with sympathetic care and zest all the aspects and manifestations of human life. His great canvas is impressive and lifelike in every part. Thucydides stands immeasurably above all his predecessors "as an impartial, independent, critical investigator." The course of history in Rome is lighted up in the same discriminating manner as that of Greece. When he reaches mediæval times Professor Flint shows how incapable its chroniclers were of dealing with the historical facts which were accessible to them. The mediæval historian was "in the highest degree credulous, uncritical, and prejudiced. Ignorant of his ignorance, ignorant of what knowledge was, he readily accepted fictions as facts, and believed as unquestionable a crowd of legends regarding Greece and Rome, and even the States that had risen on the ruins of Rome, which made everything like a correct notion of the course of human development impossible. . . . As regards stories of miracles, men of such general soundness of mind as Gregory of Tours and Bede were utterly unable to distinguish truth from error. Thousands on thousands of miracles were vouched for by the mediæval chroniclers, and yet there is no warrant for supposing that a single true miracle was wrought during the whole mediæval period." Such an extract will give some conception of the suggestive style in which the whole subject is discussed. The first writer who treated history as the proper subject of a special science was Mohammed Ibn Khaldun, born at Tunis in 1332. His claim to be the founder of the science of history is more valid than that of any other author previous to Vico. Had he known the classical and Christian worlds as well as he knew the Mohammedan his work would have been one of the greatest and most valuable in literature. After surveying the general field in an extended Introduction, Professor Flint turns to France. Bodin was the first Frenchman who took a philosophical view of history. His *Historic Method*, published in 1566, is not, however, a philosophy of history, but a method of studying and appreciating history. Bossuet's *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* is the only work of the seventeenth century in France which claims separate and special consideration. The genius displayed in it is not scientific or philosophical, but oratorical. "The profundity, the penetration, the originality which have been ascribed to the book are not in it. What one really finds in it are elevation of thought, admirable arrangement, and a magnificent style." His originality is not that which makes discoveries and produces new views, but that which "apprehends with perfect clearness the highest thoughts in general circulation, separates them with extraordinary judgment from antiquated and inferior notions, and expresses them with surpassing skill." Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* did more than any other book to facilitate and ensure the foundation of the historical method. It "showed on a grand scale and in the most effective way that laws, customs, and institutions can only be judged of intelligently when studied as what they really are, historical

phenomena; and that, like all things properly historical, they must be estimated not according to an abstract or absolute standard, but as concrete realities related to given times and places, to their determining causes and condition, and to the whole social organism to which they belong, and the whole social medium in which they subsist." Turgot, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Condorcet are treated in much detail. The nineteenth century leads to the study of the Ultramontane and Liberal Catholic schools, the Socialistic schools, the Spiritualistic movement and Democratic Historical school. Under the Historical Philosophy of Naturalism and Positivism we find Comte, Saint Simon, and their successors. Professor Flint's volume still partakes too much of the nature of a connected series of studies, and it lacks that final survey of the whole field which does so much to gather up the results into one impressive whole. Perhaps in later volumes this lack may be supplied. Clear-sighted and impartial criticism is a striking feature of this masterly work, and its interest is vividly maintained throughout.

Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1894.

Every lover of Sir Walter Scott, kindly valiant man and illustrious writer, must hail with delight these two beautiful volumes of his *Familiar Letters* which form a valuable supplement to that *Life* by Lockhart, justly ranked among the few perfect biographies which we can boast. If in the immortal *Journal*, so lately printed in its entirety, we have "Sir Walter's confession to Sir Walter—a piece of self-revelation unique in literature"—in these *Letters* exchanged with more than forty correspondents we learn, as never before, to know the author of *Waverley* as his intimate friends and his own family knew him; we are made free of the great, highly cultivated, and brilliant society amid which he moved, during eight-and-twenty years of his busy, happy married life; and we have, in all their freshness, the impressions which the successive productions that he poured forth with splendid facility made upon minds of rare intelligence. *Noscitur à sociis* being taken for a true motto, we have reason to think more highly of our beloved Sir Walter as we make better acquaintance with those whom he delighted to number among his friends, some of whom stand self-revealed to the public for the first time.

Nothing can be more vivid, graceful, sparkling, than the letters of Lady Louisa Stuart, granddaughter of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose spirit, sense, and brilliancy reappear in her descendant, united with a refinement unknown to the *grandes dames* of the Augustan age. Joanna Baillie herself, whom we see here to great advantage as a correspondent, does not show finer critical intuition, nor Maria Edgeworth a nicer sense of the humorous; and there are other persons, but little known to fame, whose communications with Scott stamp them as not less worthy of his esteem than his more

celebrated brothers of the pen—Southey, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, *et hoc genus omne*—of whom we are afforded many a pleasant passing glimpse. Scott's own letters are, as they should be, the preponderating element; and while they justify Lockhart's remark that he could beautifully adapt the style of his letter-writing to the character of his correspondents, they express him as he was without disguise—always the same Walter Scott, whether he be addressing with chivalrous deference a Duchess of Buccleuch and a Marchioness of Abercorn, giving gentle advice and aid to "Miss Smith, from Covent Garden Theatre," and graver counsel to the daring young Lockhart—or smoothing, with anxious considerate care, the way to happiness for his timid little daughter-in-law; and it were hard to say whether one admires most the sagacity or the sympathy, the stately independence or the exquisite tenderness—impossible to a man whose hands and heart were not alike clean—which arrest the attention at every turn.

We hope ere long to return to this alluring subject, and to deal more fully with the book before us and with the claims on our national gratitude of the great writer who is one of the finest examples of the sanity of true genius, and whose works in their wholesome strength, their high and sweet morality, exercised a purifying and elevating influence on our literature commensurate with their immense popularity. The secret of the beneficent power which he wielded lay in the essential nobleness of the mind and character which expressed themselves in his writings, which were lovingly and skilfully portrayed by the biographer who owed so much to him, and of which we shall find fresh and singularly attractive illustration in these *Letters* that admirably supply whatever was still lacking to complete the beautiful unconscious self-portraiture of the *Journal*.

Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny, 1857–59. Including the Relief, Siege, and Capture of Lucknow, and the Campaigns in Rohilcund and Oude. By WILLIAM FORBES-MITCHELL, late Sergeant Ninety-third Sutherland Highlanders. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893. 8*s.* 6*d.* *net*.

There is probably no book on the Indian Mutiny which brings home the grim reality of that embittered struggle more vividly than this. Mr. Forbes-Mitchell takes up his pen where Lady Inglis laid hers down, and writes of the historic scenes of the Mutiny as one who actually fought in the ranks through some of the hottest hand-to-hand engagements. He tells a strange story about the arrival of their regiment in the Hooghly on its way to the scene of action. All the men were in full Highland dress, with the pipers playing on the poop. In passing a certain house one of the men said, "Forbes-Mitchell, how would you like to be owner of a palace like that?" Without a thought Mitchell replied, "I'll be master of that house and garden yet

before I leave India." His friend rejoined that he believed this would be so, but that he himself should fall in the struggle. All came to pass as the friend foresaw. He died of his wounds at Lucknow, whilst Mitchell lived to be master of the house in Calcutta. The realism of this chronicle—although perfectly artless—is almost overwhelming. We would advise all whose nerves are weak to pass lightly over the pages which describe the slaughter-house at Cawnpore, where the English women and children were barbarously murdered by the Sepoys. These pages, however, explain the feelings aroused in the Mutiny, when neither side asked for quarter or dreamed of showing mercy. The stories of dare-devil courage at Lucknow are thrilling beyond description. "Plucky wee Bobs"—the soldier's pet name for the present General Roberts—greatly distinguished himself as a young lieutenant; whilst the way in which Lieutenant Wood pulled more than a score of men out of a deep ditch, grasping their loaded rifles by the muzzle, is a memorable illustration of that fearless heroism which has been the secret of British victory. Officers and men vied with each other in their efforts to rescue the garrison at Lucknow, and avenge the horrible murders committed by the mutineers. Many incidents, such as the story of the five-foot captain who made his stalwart Highlanders kneel down to see if their ears were clean; and the ruse by which "the camel"—a rapacious private—was kept from sharing the savoury mess which he would soon have almost wholly appropriated, relieve the grim record of butchery. Any one who wishes to see what the Mutiny really was ought to read this book. It is full of hair-breadth escapes, such as Forbes-Mitchell's own adventure in the room where he waded through gunpowder with a dripping light. And it contains some sensible suggestions as to military matters which ought to be carefully studied by the authorities.

Rulers of India. **Sir Thomas Munro and the British Settlement of the Madras Presidency. By JOHN BRADSHAW, M.A., LL.D., Inspector of Schools, Madras. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1894. 2s. 6d.**

Since this work was printed Mr. Bradshaw has died of cholera at Madras, after a quarter of a century given to educational work in India. His valuable monograph forms a fine tribute to Sir Thomas Munro, one of the most sagacious, enlightened and honourable of the long succession of able men who have devoted their lives to our Eastern Empire. His father was a Glasgow merchant, who was reduced to comparative poverty by the Act of Confiscation passed by the Congress of the United States. His son was glad to get a midshipman's berth in the mercantile marine of the East India Company, but this was changed for a cadetship just as he was about to sail. The future Governor of the city had to work his way out to Madras

as an ordinary seaman on board the *Walpole*. Unfortunately he fell into the hands of a plausible thief on his arrival in India and lost all his clothes. It was nearly six months before he could save enough money to buy a few suits of linen. From such modest beginnings Munro rose to be one of the most honoured servants of the Company, whose name was under discussion for the great post of the Governor-Generalship. The story of his work is mainly told in his own letters and journals, which are often very racy. He had to face many discomforts and hardships in his early years, and even when he had become Collector in the Baramahal he had to depend largely on porridge, "for the expansion of his genius." He rendered conspicuous service in the settlement of Kanara, working from daybreak till eleven or twelve at night, never alone except at meals, and these put together did not take up an hour per day. The bread that he had was almost as heavy as the stones in the brook, but as he had seen none for three months he found it less insipid than rice. Such were the surroundings under which he carried on his work with conspicuous tact and unflinching integrity. His last seven years were spent as Governor of Madras. He died of cholera whilst on a tour through the Cuddapah district on July 6, 1827. Mr. Bradshaw's volume is a fitting tribute to one of our ablest Indian administrators.

Sir Robert A. Fowler, Bart., M.P.: A Memoir. By JOHN STEPHEN FLYNN, M.A., Rector of St. Mewan. With Etched Portrait by Manesse. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893. *7s. 6d.*

This unaffected record of a manly life ought to have a large circle of readers. Sir Robert Fowler was so sincere and good-natured that he won the hearty goodwill even of his stoutest opponents. Dr. Ellicott pays him a high but well-deserved tribute: "Never was a nobler-hearted or higher-minded man. Respected and beloved by men of all parties, a true Christian and a sterling Englishman." Every page of this biography bears out that testimony. Sir Robert belonged to an old Quaker family, whom we find settled at Stretton-on-the-Fosse, in Warwickshire, in 1550. He was an only child, but the place of brothers and sisters was filled in some measure by many young cousins, who lived near them at Tottenham, and joined him in his lessons and play. His little diary, written in a large, round, boyish hand, still tells of the inward struggles of the Quaker lad. At the age of twelve we find him writing, "Lord, forgive my sins, which I hope thou hast done, and, oh, may I be made a much better boy!" At the age of eleven he had already become an enthusiastic politician and hater of Radicalism. His clear head and wonderful memory made him a very successful student, though his preparation for London University was laborious and long. Learning was not easy to him. He could commit long passages of verse and prose to memory without effort, and once learned

they were never forgotten, but applied mathematics and Greek made large demands on his brain and his time. He owed all his successes to a good memory, a strong constitution, and indomitable perseverance. Of brilliancy of intellect he had nothing. In 1846 he took fourth place in mathematical honours at the London University matriculation, and in 1848 won his B.A.—second in mathematical, and fifth in classical honours, besides being in the second class in the Scriptural examination. After a tour in Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, he became a partner in his father's bank. He found time to read for his M.A. at London University, and was soon busy with a boys' class in the Sunday-school, and took an active part in helping and guiding various philanthropic and religious societies. His father's death, in 1851, threw on his shoulders a heavy load of responsibility, but he was fully equal to the burden. Next year he formed a very happy marriage with Sarah Charlotte Fox of Falmouth. Mr. Richardson, of Bessbrook, gives an amusing picture of the young banker in the early years of his married life. He was gradually being drawn towards the Church of England, but still kept up his attendance at the Friends' Morning Meeting at Tottenham, going usually to church in the afternoon or evening. Friends were in those days somewhat afraid of doing right for fear of doing wrong. Mr. Richardson says that after one morning meeting Fowler set out to attend a theatre service. He stalked out of the place, shook hands all round, then lit a cigar, mounted a magnificent horse, which a groom had in waiting, and then shouted to the man: "William, where's my Prayer Book?" As years passed on his divergences from the Friends became more marked. He was strong in favour of a Church rate, and believed in a State Church. Unwillingness to grieve his mother and part from old friends held him back for some time, but when he took the decisive step he never regretted it. He greatly loved a Gospel sermon, and was gentle in his judgment of Ritualism, though exceedingly severe on Broad Churchism with its laxity of belief. He much enjoyed reading the lessons in church, and became an active lay-preacher, though he had only one sermon, and never accepted a second invitation to the same place. As Lord Mayor and M.P. for London he served the City with conspicuous fidelity and success. His merry laugh and *bonhomie* won him a host of friends. He was the stiffest of Tories, but was beloved and trusted by all his retainers and friends. The "first and last literary Lord Mayor," he added fresh distinction to that great office. Religion was woven into every part of his life. He was a man of prayer, who sought Divine guidance at every step of his life. Eager though he was to strengthen his own political party, his position on the Opium Question and the Protection of Aborigines, showed that for him there were higher interests even than those of party politics. Sir Robert Fowler did honour to every position he filled. He was no ascetic, but a hard hunter, and a splendid horseman—a man who loved the world, and rejoiced in its blessings, but walked every day in the fear of God and in the faith of the Gospel. His son-in-law has done his

work as biographer well, and given us a vigorous portrait of a man whose name will take rank among the true philanthropists of the nineteenth century.

A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation. By M. CREIGHTON, D.D. Oxon. and Cam.; Lord Bishop of Peterborough. London: Longmans. 1894. 15*s.*

Though the author of this great work has left his university professorship behind him, and is now burdened with the duties and cares of an episcopal see, the work itself continues to unfold and advance in its successive stages. The present volume covers ten of the most momentous years in the period embraced within the author's plan, from 1517 to 1527. Luther rises to his full heroic height, and at the Diet of Worms towers in view, between the Pope and the Emperor Charles, in terrible peril, and in his peril terrible both to Emperor and Pope. The Humanism of Germany gives colour and character to the background of the picture. Wolsey and Henry VIII. are conspicuous, but hardly central figures in the history. The desperate conflict between Charles and Francis in Italy occupies a large section of the vast canvas that comes into view, with the savage and terrible sack of Rome, in which the horrors inflicted by the fifth century Northern hordes on the glorious city of the nations were paralleled, or worse than paralleled, by the imperial soldiers led by Bourbon. Papal policy in the hands of Leo X., Adrian VI., Clement VII. is exhibited in its true character and colours. The history throughout is clear, condensed, accurate, judicial—a great work.

The Life of Mahomet from Original Sources. By Sir WILLIAM MUIR, K.C.S.I. Third Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1894. Imperial octavo, pp. 536. 16*s.*

Sir William Muir's *Life of Mahomet* still holds the field. It was published originally in 1861 in four volumes, and for the verification of particular statements the student is still referred to that standard work. Not only, however, is this edition the one most suitable for private libraries, but it is in certain respects superior to the original edition. It is so condensed and so printed that the whole substance of the four volumes is here presented, with valuable improvements and additions. This was true of the second edition; it is still more true of this, which has been very carefully revised. The important essay on the "Sources for the Biography of Mahomet—the Coran and Tradition," which in the second edition was printed as an appendix, is here placed at the beginning of the volume.

From the closing pages of the volume we take an extract which is particularly appropriate to some present questions: "Three radical

evils flow from the faith in all ages and in every country. First: polygamy, divorce, and slavery strike at the root of public morals, poison domestic life, and disorganise society; while the veil removes the female sex from its just position and influence in the world. Second: freedom of thought and private judgment are crushed and annihilated; toleration is unknown, and the possibility of free and liberal institutions foreclosed. Third: a barrier has been interposed against the reception of Christianity. They labour under a miserable delusion who suppose that Mahometanism paves the way for a purer faith. . . . . There is in it just so much truth, truth borrowed from previous revelations, yet cast in another mould, as to divert attention from the need of more *Idolatrous* Arabia (judging from the analogy of other nations) might have been aroused to spiritual life and the adoption of the faith; while *Mahometan* Arabia is, to the human eye, sealed against the benign influences of the Gospel. . . . . The sword of Mahomet and the Coran are the most stubborn enemies of civilisation, liberty, and truth which the world has yet known."

Reality versus Romance in South Central Africa. By JAMES JOHNSTON, M.D. With Fifty-one full-page Illustrations from Photographs by the Author, and Map. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893. 21*s*.

Dr. Johnston is a Scotchman, whose love of Africa was kindled long ago by the writings of Moffat and Livingstone. Pulmonary trouble led him in 1874 to seek a home in Jamaica, where he has been working at his medical profession until his adventurous journey across the Dark Continent. He wished to ascertain how far the natives of Jamaica might be employed in the civilisation of Africa, and took with him six likely young fellows, who rendered him excellent service in his wanderings, and proved that they were well adapted for such work. On April 17, 1891, he and his party set out from London. They took steamer to Lisbon, whence they embarked for Benguela on the West Coast of Africa, and travelled through Bihe, Ganguella, Barotse, the Kalihara desert to Mashonaland, Manica, Gorongoza, Nyassa, and by the Shire Highland to the mouth of the Zambesi on the East Coast. During the twenty months thus spent Dr. Johnston travelled four thousand five hundred miles, mostly on foot without a white companion, "passing through numerous hostile and savage tribes, traversing areas hitherto reported too pestilential for exploration, surmounting natural obstacles which have been represented as insurmountable, and penetrating regions where no white man had ever gone before." He can boast, as perhaps no other African traveller can, that he did not lose a single native carrier by death, and never fired a shot in anger or in self-defence against a native. Blessed with a happy self-confidence, he tells us that he "is morally convinced that, where the results of his observations differ from the conclusions at which"

other writers on African problems "have arrived, he is right." But if this note rather grates on us in the preface we soon feel that here is essentially an honest book. Dr. Johnston is very severe on all departures from exact fact in missionary reports, and makes many strictures which all societies will do well to ponder. So far from the natives of Central Africa being "ready and waiting to receive the Gospel," he holds "that there is not an authenticated instance on record of a savage genuinely turning to God or renouncing 'their superstitions and fetish worship' until he has been many months, and too often years, under instruction." He thinks that medical missions will bear great fruit, but he points out that, although the European workers need thoroughly trained doctors to care for them and their families, the work among the natives only requires a very limited range of knowledge and skill. He cites an interesting instance of the way in which a bushman doctor cured a case of blood-poisoning and pyemia which an English surgeon had pronounced hopeless. He made the woman drink bowl after bowl of herbal medicine and with the same decoction washed the sores. Within twenty-four hours all danger was past. Dr. Johnston's verdict on the country through which he travelled is distinctly unfavourable. Mashonaland has gold, but it is a country which is the despair of the agriculturist. There are many prairie farms in Canada and the United States which yield more agricultural produce in a year than Khama's kingdom. That Bechuana king sets his face against drink in every form, but any effort to improve the dwellings of his people is speedily vetoed. Immorality is more brazen-faced among his subjects than among the most uncivilised race that Dr. Johnston met in his travels. The description of the Victoria Falls is very impressive. The record of travel is indeed bright and fresh. Dr. Johnston has his own views and sets them forth like a man who is not accustomed to be contradicted. We feel that we are in the presence of an upright, Christian man who takes a clear view of things and honestly reaches his own conclusions. Students of African problems will need to revise their judgments by the light of this volume. Missionaries and supporters of missions will find that the writer, though a keen critic, is a true friend who has no atom of sympathy with gilded stories of success, or mad fanaticism that defies all rules of common sense. He stoutly believes in the heroism of patient work. The hearty tribute to Isaac Shimmin, the Wesleyan Missionary in Mashonaland, should not be overlooked. The full-page illustrations of scenery, native dress, and other features of interest add greatly to the charm of one of the most sensible and clear-headed books on Africa that we know.

Japan. By DAVID MURRAY, Ph.D., LL.D., late Adviser to the Japanese Minister of Education. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894. 5*s*.

This volume belongs to the "Story of the Nations" series. It is

an unpretending, carefully prepared digest of history, written by a gentleman whose position as a resident and a Government official in Japan during several years has given him special advantages in its preparation. The clearness and the succinctness of the account he gives deserve special mention. There are here and there some inevitable Americanisms. The word "claim" is used characteristically. The big and clumsy word "eventuate," a word always objectionable, Mr. Murray brings in now and again without any fair excuse for its use; the word "derelict" is used, when what is intended is *faulty* or *unfaithful*, and what the writer had in his head may have been the word *delinquent*. Just a few such blemishes as these meet the critical eye here and there. But, on the whole, the volume is written in a modest, business-like style of plain English, and the contents show a thorough mastery of the subject, large and intricate as this is. We have the geography of the empire and its constituent islands clearly and comprehensively set forth; the inhabitants, in their two races, sufficiently described; the early history sketched, so far as it may be authentically traced; the complicated dynastic history explained; the early introduction of Christianity by Xavier narrated, and the sequel stated down to the suppression of Christianity in the seventeenth century; the ancient Japanese art-work described; the elaborate feudal system, which held its ground for two centuries, explained in detail; the history given of the American Commodore Perry's skilful and resolute dealing with the secluded "empire," by which, in effect, Japan was opened to the Western world, with all the most important results flowing from his action, down to the restoration of the empire, in effective force and reality, and in unity of aspect and administration, to the ancient imperial family. Of the recent wonderful development of Japan in the way of imitating or adopting the characteristics of modern Christian civilisation, the volume does not profess to give an account.

Round the World by Doctor's Orders. Being a Narrative of a Year's Travel in Japan, Ceylon, Australia, China, New Zealand, Canada, the United States, &c. &c. By JOHN DALE, J.P. London: Elliot Stock. 1894.

Mr. Dale has certainly given us much pleasant variety in this chronicle of travel. It is really the series of circular letters prepared for fireside friends at home, but the very artlessness with which the story is told adds to its charm. We have a series of impressions at first hand struck off at the moment, so that what the book lacks in depth it gains in freshness. In Sydney a nine-pound leg of the finest mutton costs *2s. 6d.*; beef, *2d.* to *4d.* a pound; best rump steak, *6d.* a pound; sheep's kidneys, *3d.* per dozen. Meat is eaten at every meal, for there is nothing cheaper, and dogs are so full fed that they are in a chronic state of mange. The description of Chinese punishments is gruesome. Parricide and some

other forms of murder are punished by eighty-four cuts inflicted with a knife so that the culprit bleeds to death. The system of torture by which confession of crime is extorted is revolting. Mr. Dale says the people in Canton were for the most part clean and tidily dressed. "Some of the men have fine frames, with well-proportioned limbs and very classical-looking faces. We saw some of the ladies who claim to be well-born on account of their small feet; in fact, some seem to have nothing left but the ankle-joint. The effect was not pretty, for it looked like walking on two wooden legs." The notes on Japan are very interesting. Mr. Dale saw the cleverest juggler in the country, who passed five needles round for inspection. Then he appeared to swallow each separately, washing them down with wine and eating a cake. A yard of thread followed, with another drink to wash it down. The thread was then slowly and carefully drawn up again when all the five needles were found threaded upon it. The splendid scenery of California is well described in another section of these notes. One descent of 2000 feet with swinging coach, screeching brakes, heavy jolting and sharp turns was an experience to be remembered. The Mariposa Park has the largest trees in the world. One of them was 120 feet incircumference. Another was so huge that the coach with its four horses passed easily through a hole in its trunk. On his way to Alaska, Mr. Dale had an opportunity of studying the American tourist. The people had fine teeth, but it seemed absolutely rude to masticate your food. One fair-haired girl took breakfast at Mr. Dale's table. "First came a plateful of porridge with a plentiful supply of milk, butter, and sugar; second, a large piece of beefsteak, only half-cooked, with a quantity of fried potatoes, and sweet cakes, then two eggs and a dish of radishes; next came two griddle-cakes with a liberal supply of butter, sugar, and honey, washed down with two or three glasses of iced water and a cup of strong coffee. This young lady came up smiling at lunch, then again at dinner." Mr. Dale's pleasant chronicle of his travels will be read with interest from cover to cover.

Rev. Alexander McAulay, President of the Conference, 1876, as I Knew Him. By WILLIAM SAMPSON, the Cornish Evangelist. London: C. H. Kelly. 1893.

Mr. Sampson's little volume only goes back to 1880, when he was first introduced to Mr. McAulay, so that it fails to touch the most fruitful and honourable years spent by him in the East of London and as Home Missionary Secretary. The first, second, and seventh chapters contain many racy facts which show how large and warm a heart beat in Alexander McAulay's breast. The rest of the book is made up of extracts from newspapers and correspondence dealing with the services held in the West Indies and South Africa. But though the book is far from being a complete record, we quite agree with a minister who was rather prejudiced against the subject

of this volume, but said, when Mr. Sampson had finished reading his fragmentary record, "I like the old fellow better now." Those who knew Alexander McAulay best loved him most. He had a strong vein of Scotch Presbyterianism running through his nature, but he was a man who loved the young, and rejoiced to gather such friends as Edward Smith and Peter Thompson about him. He knew the value of money, and often thanked God for giving him a bit of it. He never knew the time when he could not save money, and always urged that duty on others, for he knew that to do so was to open a rich vein for building chapels and carrying on the work of God in a thousand forms. The devil and laziness were his chief aversions. He liked everybody to be employed, for he believed that an idle man tempted the devil and did not wait for the devil to tempt him. Mr. Sampson has, in a minor way, played the part of Boswell not unworthily, and we hope that his little book may have a wide circulation.

A Merchant Prince. Life of Hon. Senator John Macdonald. By Rev. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893.

Senator Macdonald must not be confused with his more famous namesake, Sir John Macdonald. He was the son of a Highlander in the 93rd Regiment, and was born at Perth in 1824. When he was about fourteen his father's regiment sailed for Canada, where the boy henceforth found a home. He was led to join the Wesleyans by a friend, and became an ardent supporter of that church. By strict integrity and great enterprise he carved his way to fortune, and became the Canadian dry-goods king; his wholesale firm being the largest in the Dominion. He was a well-read man, and an acceptable Methodist lay-preacher. Mr. Johnston gives a pleasing picture of his home and parliamentary life, his church work, and his labours as a philanthropist. He was a man universally esteemed, and his death in February, 1890, was felt to be a "shock and surprise to his country." The book has some good portraits and illustrations.

Une Négociation Inconnue entre Berwick et Marlborough, 1708–1709. Par A. LEGRELLE. Paris: Librairie Cotillon. 1893.

Marshal de Berwick was a natural son of James II. by Marlborough's sister, Arabella Churchill. In his *Memoirs* he refers to a letter from Marlborough to himself, in the year 1708, suggesting negotiations for peace, and professing his own strong desire for peace. Berwick believed Marlborough to be sincere, and was never able to understand why Louis XIV. showed no disposition to take advantage of Marlborough's suggestion. In this pamphlet M. Legrelle examines the question, and

comes to the conclusion that Marlborough's suggestion was not really sincere, only a politic feint, and that there was good reason for not dealing with it as an honest or serious proposal. The last words of the pamphlet are a short English sentence, *Much ado about nothing.*

BELLES LETTRES.

The Lesters; or, A Capitalist's Labour. By General Sir George Chesney, K.C.B., M.P. In Three Volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1893.

Mr. Lester, the struggling squire of Lester Hayes, with his hypochondriacal wife and his clever children, first appears on these pages as an object of commiseration. He finds it hard to let his farms, and is sorely troubled by growing expenses and a shrinking income. He has been a distinguished mathematician and a keen student of natural history, and bears his troubles in a way that wins respect from all his neighbours. In his darkest hour he finds gold on his grounds. He melts it into bullets and bars, and finds himself at last the master of a fortune of one hundred and five millions. His incredulity over his good fortune, his secret working in the cave, his experiences in getting the bullion safely conveyed to London and deposited in the vaults of the Bank of England, are described in almost too much detail, but they make an exciting introduction to the millionaire socialism of the second part of the book. Mr. Lester sets himself to transform the slums by model dwellings, to found a suburban settlement, to save land near the outskirts of great towns from running up to an exorbitant price, and does it all with a combination of good sense and unselfishness which compel the admiration and respect of all classes. The socialism is supplied to Sir George Chesney's readers in moderate doses, and is made palatable even for the general public by the love-making of Mr. Lester's daughters. The father becomes an earl, one girl rejects a duke, the other marries a musical genius who had been her master before the days of prosperity. The novel is good reading and will set many people thinking. There is nothing revolutionary about the socialism, and modern progress is certainly leading us along the road by which Sir George guides his ideal millionaire.

The Delectable Duchy: Stories, Studies, and Sketches. By "Q." London: Cassell & Co. 1893. 6*s.*

"Q." has found a rich mine of quaint and pathetic incident in *The Delectable Duchy*, and is casting a literary halo about it such as

J. M. Barrie has thrown around Thrums. His Prologue shows the spirit in which he approaches his subject. His friend, the journalist, scampered through the county and could spare only a day for Troy, where "Q." was hourly finding new delights. He says, "In a flash I saw the truth: that my love for this spot is built up of numberless trivialities, of small memories all incommunicable, or ridiculous when communicated; a scrap of local speech heard at this corner, a pleasant native face remembered in that doorway, a battered vessel dropping anchor—she went out in the spring with her crew singing dolefully; and the grey-bearded man waiting in his boat beneath her counter till the custom-house officers have made their survey is the father of one among the crew, and is waiting to take his son's hand again, after months of absence." This is the spirit that breathes in "Q.'s" sketches. Cornwall has given him her heart. "The Spinster's Maying" is a pathetic little story of a drowned lover whose place is taken year after year for the annual Maying by his twin brother. "Daphnis" is the story of a jealous wife and a disappointed mistress who tried to win back her man by making a hole at the threshold and burying the farmer's coat with the incantation, "Man, come back, come back to me." How the wife appeared on the scene and had her rival sent off to jail for theft makes a pitiful tale. "The Paupers" is a touching story of an old couple giving a farewell feast before they enter the union; whilst "The Drawn Blind"—the saddest of the sketches—deals with the old mother whose only son has been hanged for forgery. The quaint humour of "The Mourner's Horse" is delicious. The Cockney schoolmaster who attends a funeral as representative of a sick man, and cannot tell which is the horse he drove into the town, is a bright study. Nor should "A Corrected Contempt" be overlooked—the sketch of the young dandy who seems ashamed of his country father's ways, but is found to have sent him one-third of his weekly wage. There is not a paper in this collection which is not a work of art—delicately drawn and manifestly true to nature.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

Les Artistes Célèbres: *Constant Troyon*, par A. Hustin. *Les Boulle*, par Henry Havard. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

M. Hustin has done his work with taste and judgment. He has given us a sketch of Troyon, both as artist and as man, which leaves nothing to be desired. Though a true and indeed a great master within his limited range of landscape and cattle painter Troyon hardly received in his lifetime his full meed of recognition. He lived his life remote from public haunts, buried all the summer in the wooded depths of Touraine or Normandy, working literally from early morn to dewy eve, and sometimes finishing as many as eighteen studies in a month; and though he passed his winters usually at Paris, he was too devoted to his art and too independent by nature to seek to practise any of the adventitious means of acquiring reputation. Hence he never became

a member of the Institute; and though he sold his pictures well, and earned the praise of the critics, received no other official recognition of his genius than the order of the Legion of Honour. Nevertheless, he was a worthy *confrère* of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and the rest of the brilliant coterie of landscapists who in their several ways inaugurated in France during the first half of the present century the same Renaissance of nature which Constable and Turner brought about in England. We need hardly say that M. Hustin's monograph is admirably illustrated. It also contains what appears to be a complete catalogue of Troyon's works.

In these days of revived interest in æsthetic furniture the learned monograph which M. Henry Havard has consecrated to "Les Boulle" is exceptionally opportune. The name of these great *ébénistes* is indissolubly associated with the glories of the Louis XIV. period and will unquestionably endure as long as a single specimen of their rich and tasteful craftsmanship in cabinets, consoles, commodes or coffrets shall remain to attest the magnificence of the *ancien régime*. M. Havard writes as a perfect master of his subject, and his work is in fact a *résumé* of the entire history of the delicate and curious art with which it deals.

WESLEYAN BOOK-ROOM PUBLICATIONS.

1. *The Mulchester Muddle.* By FRIBA. *2s. 6d.*
2. *Hawthornvale.* By Rev. JAMES CUTHBERTSON. *2s.*
3. *The Star in the East.* By RICHARD ROWE. *1s. 6d.*
4. *Strange Life Stories.* By CHARLES R. PARSONS. *1s. 6d.*
5. *Early Days*, 1893. *1s. 6d.*

London: C. H. Kelly. 1893.

The Mulchester Muddle (1) has plenty of life and movement and almost endless misunderstanding between young lovers. The style is far from easy, and religion is often lugged in rather oddly, but after all the story is interesting and will teach some good lessons to young people and their parents.

Mr. Cuthbertson lingers pleasantly over his own youth in *Hawthornvale* (2). Mr. G— E— is evidently the late Sir George Elliot, who proved a true patron to the Methodist preacher. The blessing brought to the colliery village by the early preachers, and the way in which the athletic blacksmith was won, are evidently founded on fact. Mr. Cuthbertson is sometimes wordy and stilted, but his book will stimulate young men to self-improvement and will also be greatly enjoyed.

The Star in the East (3) is a tale of slum life in London. The Methodist blacksmith and his two girls who settle in a low London court, because they can find no other home, have rather a rough time of it at first, but gradually win their way to all hearts. It is a

touching and pleasing tale. Mr. Parson's *Strange Life Stories* (4) are sometimes very amusing. The ways of local preachers in the olden time are cleverly sketched. One worthy nearly always made a halt in the middle of his discourse so that his young hearers were kept on the tiptoe of expectation. Once he stopped short and said he was *very dry*. He asked the servant to bring him the teapot, and greatly enjoyed a drink of the cold tea from its spout. One exhorter stopped short as soon as he had announced his text. After many vain attempts to make a start he said, "Friends, please excuse my saying more this evening, for owing to the limitedness of my understanding I cannot proceed." These are only a sample of the racy incidents in this delightful little book. *The Early Days* for 1893 makes an attractive volume crowded with pictures, and full of bright papers and stories which cannot fail to charm little folk and also their elders.

Hymns Supplemental to Existing Collections. Selected and Edited by W. GARRETT HORDER, Author of *The Hymn Lover, &c.* London: Elliot Stock. 1894.

This is a very charming "supplemental" collection of hymns and sacred songs. A few, indeed, of the songs are rather sentimental than religious—as, for example, one by Matthew Arnold beginning "Calm Soul, of all Things." The range of the poems is very wide. There are very few, however, which do not lend themselves naturally to faith and praise. The newness and freshness of the collection is surprising. Though there are 240, scarcely any of them will be found in existing collections. In a few cases the editor has gone for his novelty to very old sources, as, for instance, in the case of a fine hymn by the quaint old Quarles, best known by his "Emblems." The collection is exceedingly rich in evening hymns, both for Sunday and week-day, and these hymns are not only little known, some, we believe, are quite new, but many of them very charming. We very heartily recommend this delightful little book.

Spring's Immortality, and Other Poems. By MACKENZIE BELL. London: Ward, Lock & Bowden. 1893. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Bell's earlier volumes have long been out of print, so that he has taken the opportunity to republish some of his pieces in an altered and greatly revised form. They are well worthy of that honour, being delicately expressed and graceful in style and form. The "In Memoriam" pieces show true feeling; *The Taking of the Flag* is a spirited description of a sailor boy's exploit in olden times; *Lord, teach us to pray*, is a good sample of the religious pieces. Mr. Bell certainly holds a high place among our minor poets, and his beautifully got-up volume ought to have a warm welcome from lovers of poetry.

Lays of the Scottish Highlands, Home Rule in 1897, *and Other Poems.* By RYDER E. N. BREEZE. London: Ward & Downey. 1893. 1*s.*

A Legend of the Island of Eigg is the most spirited of the *Lays of the Scottish Highlands*, but it is a grim tale, full of blood and horrors. The counter-blast against Home Rule is strong enough as a political effusion, but it is poor poetry. The "Sonnets on the Monks" are thoughtful and suggestive; the tribute to Havelock is one of the best things in the collection, though even that piece is open to grave criticism, both as to its thought and form.

Poems. By FLORENCE PEACOCK. Hull: Andrews & Co. 1893. 3*s.* 6*d.*

These poems often strike a minor key, but though plaintive they are graceful and tender. Some of them are of considerable merit, but many of them need pruning and revision. They remind us of Sir Walter Scott's words in his recently published letters: "I have been always, God help me, too poor and too impatient to let my poems lie by me for years, or for months either; on the contrary, they have hitherto been always sent to the press before they were a third part finished." Only the authoress is not by any means a female Walter Scott.

Two Satires of Juvenal. With Notes by FRANCIS PHILIP NASH, M.A., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Hobart College. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

Mr. Nash gives the Latin text without translation. His notes are so full and clear that it would be hard to find a better edition to put into the hands of any one who is studying the great Roman satirist.

A Mammal Only; or, The Revolt of Reason. A Poem. By JOHN EDWARD HOWELL. Copyright Edition. New York: The Howell Publishing Company.

The critic has no light task if he feels it his duty to read such closely packed and involved lines as these. Mr. Howell has no small gift of expression, and he has put much vigorous thought into his study; but, to quote his own phrase, we find his huge poem "tedious as eternity," despite the many taking illustrations with which it is garnished. The memorial to Lord Tennyson which is added to the

volume has the same characteristics as the *magnum opus* to which we have referred.

> "A poet is his own Age, luminous,
> His Muse, an Epos of th' heroic Age;
> His genius, nowise, subject to the lash
> Of avarice, whence to unseemly welts,
> Dandling a crock of gold; poesy had
> No function, if inutile—as an Art
> At peace with Phidias, Titian, Angelo."

Flavia. By ADAIR WELCHER, of Berkeley, California.

We are not concerned with Mr. Welcher's wild announcement that copies of his work can only be obtained in manuscript form, but there is much force in his poetry and considerable vigour of thought and style. The scene is laid at Rome in the time of Nero. Flavia has been brought as a slave to the Eternal City with her father and mother. The mother soon pined away and died; the father became a gladiator. Mr. Welcher has certainly caught the spirit of his terrible subject.

Songs in Springtime, The Passing of Lilith, and Other Poems, including Intercepted Letters, and Saint Augustine. By JOHN CAMERON GRANT. Second Edition. London: E. W. Allen. 1893. 2*s.*

Mr. Grant's shorter poems, like the *Spring in Norfolk*, show much power to observe and describe the beauties of Nature; and there are three vigorous sonnets on Byron, Browning, and Tennyson. The longer pieces, such as the *Intercepted Letters* and *St. Augustine*, are well expressed. Some of the poetry is weak and ill-expressed, but there are poems which show not a little power.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays on Questions of the Day. Political and Social. By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 9*s.*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH wrote long ago his trenchant *Notes on Ireland*: he has more recently written a most able book on *The United States*,

an Outline of Political History, and also a volume, full of information and suggestion, on *Canada and the Canadian Question*. His present volume will no doubt be eagerly read. Already we have noted that it is favourably reviewed in the United States, and there it is likely to give out flashes. The Irish-Americans will not admire it; probably they will not read it; but of the political leaders who use and also serve that naturalised element of the population of the Union, not a few will, directly or indirectly, be made acquainted with its contents. The volume is throughout one of robust, vigorous, and pellucidly clear argument. The style is admirable. But the contents will displease, at one point or other, not a few of the readers; though, whether they agree or disagree with them, they are likely to find them wholesomely stimulating. The author, from his Canadian home, looks out over the whole world of civilisation, especially the English-speaking world, and is much better posted up with English public affairs than most of the best informed in England. Recently he has been, as we note, revisiting England and Oxford, possibly in connection with the getting out for England of the book before us, and has been giving to the public his impressions of his reformed *alma mater* as it now strikes him, after a considerable interval of absence. In the present volume he deals with the subjects of "Social and Industrial Revolution," "The Question of Disestablishment," "The Political Crisis in England," "The Empire," "Woman Suffrage," "The Jewish Question," "The Irish Question," "Prohibition in Canada and the United States." "The opinions of the writer," he tells us in his preface, "are those of a Liberal of the old school as yet unconverted to State Socialism." He is, of course, convinced that disestablishment must come, and before very long. His paper on that subject is perfectly dispassionate and remarkably well informed. It would be well if all who take an active interest in politics were to read it, especially the leaders among the Anglican clergy. How little the clergy really know as to the facts beyond the limits of their own communion, and especially in America and "Greater Britain," relating to this question, is one of the wonders of this reading and cosmopolitan age, and surely, if wonderful, it is also lamentable. Nearly a hundred pages are occupied with the closely allied subjects, "Social and Industrial Revolution," and the "Political Crisis in England." Mr. Smith sees with alarming distinctness the perilously revolutionary character of the political influences and passions through which we are at present passing on this side of the Atlantic, and perceives also how miserably incompetent a system of government by political parties is to cope with the crisis. As to this point, his views have been enlarged and his illustrations of principle multiplied by having American experience always spread out before him, both in the States and in Canada, and by being able to compare and combine that experience with what has been and is the history of our own kingdom and government. With the popular Socialism he has little or no sympathy, at least as regards its specific principles and its methods and claims. He is, it need hardly be said, utterly opposed

to Home Rule for Ireland, although, long years ago, he took rank with Bright as one of Ireland's best and best-informed friends. But he is at the same time convinced that the proposals as to Imperial Federation are an impracticable dream. He is strongly opposed to Woman Suffrage, writing as one who has watched and studied the question as it has been so far worked out in the United States. He has much to say as to the Jewish question, and maintains, no doubt correctly, that the anti-Semitic feeling does not spring solely, or even mainly, from religious intolerance and bigotry. He holds that Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic in America has done, in various ways and on the whole, more harm than good. Many might desire to "strike" such an iconoclast—but it would be well, though we may strike afterwards, first to "hear" him.

A Simple History of Ancient Philosophy. By W. R. Scott, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin. London: Elliot Stock. 1894.

This is a small, unpretending, and inexpensivee book, but it is meritorious, trustworthy, and very useful. A few years ago we commended Mr. Scott's Introduction to Cudworth's *Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality* for its ability and modesty. The present book we can commend heartily on the same grounds. The reading and thought which have gone to the preparation of this history must have been immense. Here is a careful outline and condensation of the teaching of all the schools of ancient philosophy from the Ionian to the Neo-Platonist, covering about 1200 years. Those who have time will read George Henry Lewes' large work on the subject; he is the prince of expositors for clear intelligence and admirable expression. But those who cannot study Lewes will have reason to be thankful for this outline. It is called a "simple history," and the author uses the simplest words possible, and writes in short sentences. Nevertheless, the young student will often find the simple sentences really unintelligible, and that through no fault either of the author or of his own. The speculations of infantile philosophy were often puerile—how could they be otherwise?—and are incapable of being made to seem reasonable—they are in fact unintelligible, unthinkable. But they are a wonderful and deeply interesting study. Among them also are found some marvellous anticipations of modern and scientific speculations, though the resemblance, however remarkable, is in reality but superficial. Perhaps no part of ancient philosophy is more unthinkable, more obscure by reason of verbal distinctions which are altogether unreal, than the ideal system of the eloquent and poetical Plato. And yet we feel that the philosopher was grandly struggling to rise beyond sense into the region of eternal realities. His confusions and his negations teach the student at least so much as this.

The Heart and Songs of the Spanish Sierras. By GEORGE WHIT WHITE. Illustrated. London: T. F. Unwin. 1894.

Mr. White, who now lives at Cranwell, Sleaford, has given us some slight but pleasing sketches of holiday rambles, among the Sierras, where he was much drawn to the simple, frank, self-respecting race. He has taken great pains to preserve their artless songs, and gives some interesting specimens of the tunes to which they are sung. The mountains, Mr. White thinks, form the peculiar glory of Spain to-day. Grass grows in the streets of many a city and weeds spring up in the disused balconies. The heirlooms of the Spanish don are coming into the hands of the foreigner; "'Ichabod' is written over most of the towns upon the seaboard of Spain. But the everlasting hills remain. There is now to be found the true glory of Spain. Their souls and bodies fanned by the mountain breeze, untouched by the Incas' gold, the peasantry have preserved intact that noble pride and courteous bearing, for which they have always been remarkable, together, moreover, with a touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Mr. White gives a bright sketch of his visit to Medina Sidonia, seeming like a white spot on the distant mountain as seen from Xerez. He found the little city enjoying the fun of its fair, and was much pleased with the life and movement of the scene. The mule trappings and bells were the most interesting things for sale. On his way onward to Vejer, he saw two peasant girls dancing together, the whole body swayed in the very poetry of motion. The English have a good reputation in the region through which Mr. White rambled, so that he found a welcome everywhere, and was delighted with the cleanliness of the Andalusian *posadas*. His flea-powder was not once called into requisition. The little claret-coloured pigs, as clean as cats, which he saw grubbing on the mountains in thousands, came home to their own quarters at nightfall. At one place, about twenty of them came back, jumping merrily over the sleepers on the floor, and pushing on to their sty in the yard beyond. There is an entire absence in this land of wine of the drinking songs heard among Northern nations. The book is bright and entertaining throughout. We can recommend it heartily as a pleasant companion for a leisure evening.

Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth. By Sir J. WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. With forty-six Illustrations. Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.*

W. S. Landor entitled his last book, or one of his latest books, *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree.* We trust this large and handsome volume will not be the last from the pen of its author. But the preface intimates that it may not unlikely be so. "The present work,"

we read, "contains much that is new and much in correction and amplification of that which is old; and is intended as a closing deliverance on some of the more important questions of geology, on the part of a veteran worker, conversant in his younger days with those giants of the last generation who, in the heroic age of geological science, piled up the mountains on which it is now the privilege of their successors to stand." The contents of the chief chapters are as follows: World-making, the Imperfection of the Geological Record, the History of the North Atlantic, the Dawn of Life, What May be Learned from Eozoon, the Apparition and Succession of Animal Forms, the Genesis and Migrations of Plants, the Growth of Coal, the Oldest Air-Breathers, Markings, Footprints, and Fucoids, Predetermination in Nature, the Great Ice-Age, Causes of Climatal Change, the Distribution of Animals and Plants as Related to Geographical and Geological Changes, Alpine and Arctic Plants in connection with Geological History, Early Man, Man in Nature. It is scarcely possible to conceive of subjects more fascinating or more important, especially in the order and series here presented. In this volume, they are expounded by one who is at once a distinguished master in science, especially in geology, a popular writer, and a devout Christian. And the whole contents of the volume are offered at an incredibly low price, handsomely printed and got up, and with forty-six illustrations.

"*Junius*" *Revealed.* By his surviving Grandson, H. R. FRANCIS. London: Longmans. 1894. *6s.*

Mr. Francis, himself an octogenarian and the sole surviving member of his family, has spent part of his life as a judge at the Antipodes, so that he was away from this country at the time when Mr. Merivale published the *Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis.* Although Mr. Francis had intrusted to Mr. Parkes, who began the preparation of these memoirs, the two documents on which he was content to rest his case, he was surprised to find that they had been omitted. No one who reads his monograph will doubt that the "Junius" controversy has reached a new, if not a final, stage. Through the laborious researches of Mr. Parkes it was discovered that four of the five seals used by "Junius" were also used by Sir Philip Francis—three of them on letters addressed to his wife, and another on a letter to Mr. Dubois. But the most striking evidence is drawn from some complimentary verses to Belinda, which were sent to Miss Giles, a reigning beauty at Bath in 1771, when Francis and his American kinsman Tilghman were staying there. They were written in a bold hand closely resembling that of Francis, and were enclosed in an envelope professedly giving the sender's reason for forwarding them to the young lady. A facsimile of this envelope was taken, and Lady Puller, the daughter of Miss Giles, who afterwards married a Mr. King, gave one to Mr. Francis. He showed it to the "younger Woodfall" without preface

or explanation. Almost at a glance he exclaimed, "Good God! Why, that is the feigned hand of 'Junius'!" Some years later Mr. Francis visited his grandmother at Conisborough. She complimented him on some verses he had written, and said: "Your grandfather, though very fond of poetry, had himself no poetic turn. He once said to me that he could write verses, as he could do any other work he had a mind to, by rule of thumb, but the gods had not made him poetical." She had some specimens of his youthful poetry, which she produced. One of these proved to be the lines to Belinda. Lady Francis gave them to her grandson. The Hon. E. Twisleton, armed with the two Bath documents preserved by Mrs. King, and aided by the experts, Messrs. Chabot and Nethercliff, proved in his book published in 1871 that the envelope covering the Belinda verses was in the feigned handwriting of "Junius," and also traced the handwriting of those verses to Francis's kinsman Tilghman. Mr. Francis thinks, however, that the recognition of the writing by the younger Woodfall is a more impressive fact than the testimony of the experts. All this is brought out in much detail in this study. We feel as though we were in the hands of some clever writer of detective stories, tracking out the evidence till all converges to one point—Junius can only be Sir Philip Francis. The interest of the last pages of the book, which deal with the characteristics of Francis, is very great. His personal history, his classical allusions, his historical studies, his harsh judgments and vehement invectives, all seem links in the chain. After the publication of Mr. Taylor's "*Junius*" *Identified*, Sir Philip was seen no more at Brooks'; he left his special armchair vacant, and resigned the society of his clubable friends, rather than risk the painful alternative of a forbidden avowal or a false disclaimer. An amusing account is given of Sir Philip Francis at home. When his eldest daughter told him that the children had been rather noisy, he replied: "What! do they rebel? Those green dragons, those sucking furies, do they rebel?" His young relatives were never called by endearing names. His approval of an amiable and intelligent little girl reached its climax when he called her "an honest fellow."

"Much of this," says Mr. Francis, "was mere whim in earlier life, and unconsciously became a set habit. But it was doubtless also connected with his intense hatred for any indirectness of expression, which he regarded as a sign of moral weakness. Not only would he stand out for a plain 'Yes,' when answered with a tedious 'Unquestionably,' but even the monosyllable must not be drawled, 'Ya-a-s—what's that?' Say 'Yes,' like a man. So no man was less tolerant of a tedious or blundering story. An intimate acquaintance, in speaking of a lady then about to be married, made this singular *lapsus linguæ*: 'Now you see, Sir Philip, Coke of Holkham is her aunt.' 'What, sir?' 'Coke of Holkham, you know, is her aunt.' The repeated blunder irritated more than it amused him. 'Do I understand you to affirm, sir, that Coke of Holkham is her aunt?' 'To be sure, I do.' 'Then, sir, I

wish you a good morning.' And, without a word of explanation, he hurried away from the bewildered narrator." His eccentricities of language and tone increased with his years. Handing a lady of title down to supper in the Bath Assembly Rooms, he was unluckily struck by the size of her hand, and his daughter, some yards behind, was horrified to hear him distinctly say, in what he intended for a whispered aside to a friend, "Gods! what a fist!" The lady afterwards pardoned his offence. Mr. Francis claims to have proved by a narrative of facts within his own knowledge, and by documents long in his own possession, that Sir Philip Francis was "Junius." We are scarcely prepared to admit this claim, but, if he has not closed the long controversy, he has distinctly added to the weight of argument on his own side, and has given us a little book which will be eagerly studied. The facsimiles add greatly to the interest of the monograph.

Among the Matabele. By the Rev. D. CARNEGIE.
The Horse-World of London. By W. J. GORDON.
London: Religious Tract Society. 1894.

Mr. Carnegie has been for ten years the London Missionary Society's agent at Hope Fountain, within twelve miles of Buluwayo, holding constant friendly relations with Lobengula. Probably no European knows so much about the Matabele customs, modes of thought, and ways of life. The first chapter of his valuable little book traces the rise of the Matabele power. No one dared to raise his voice against Lobengula. An induna told Mr. Carnegie that he was afraid to say anything on behalf of those who were unjustly condemned to die, for he would forfeit his own life by his interference. The people were not allowed to buy agricultural implements or waggons, though there were rich men in the land who would have liked to do so. The shameless way in which the natives clamour for presents is vigorously described. The country is far more fertile than Mashonaland, with deep rich soil, well-watered valleys, and many fountains. Corpulence is regarded as a mark of beauty: some of the old wives of the chiefs weigh over eighteen stone. The belief in witchcraft is marvellous, and the revenge, jealousy, hatred, and covetousness which lurk behind this are a terrible feature of Matabele life. Every one is afraid of his neighbour, and constantly on the watch to kill something or some one. Conceit and craftiness are two of the most prominent characteristics of the people. The daily life of men, women, and children is brightly sketched. Mr. Carnegie's account of Christian work among the Matabele is heartbreaking, but recent events give room for hope that a better day has dawned. The people have been simply the slaves and dogs of the king, and would point with the finger to Buluwayo as a final argument against confessing Christ. The sketch of Khama given by Mr. Cousins in a closing chapter ought not to be overlooked. Mr.

Carnegie's little book shows that Lobengula's fall opens a door of hope for civilisation and Christianity in South Africa.

Mr. Gordon's *Horse-World of London* is a book which all will be eager to read. There is an enormous mass of facts, and they are put in a way that arrests attention and fixes them in the memory. The omnibus horse rightly claims the first place. The London General Omnibus Company with their ten thousand mares are the greatest horse-owners of the metropolis. Every 'bus travels sixty miles a day, whilst the horses draw a ton and a quarter twelve miles per day. The sudden stopping and starting, which take more out of a horse than an hour's steady tramp on the level, are the chief cause of the London horse's short life. Full details are given as to the purchase, training, and daily history of the 'bus horse. The cab-horse is of all varieties, from the fifty-guinea horse which is found in the best hansoms down to the night cab-horse which is often engaged in other work during part of the day. Mr. Gordon says the London cab trade is declining. This is due in great measure to the uncertainty which exists as to the fare which will satisfy the driver. The favourite colour for a hansom horse is brown; grey is least sought after; oddly enough grey is most affected by the four-wheelers. The railway companies keep a splendid stock of horses. The Great Western has 1100 under the superintendence of Captain Milne. One stable is of greys, another of chestnuts, a third of bays. The average term of service is five years. McNamara's supply the horses for the Post Office, as they have done ever since 1837. They have 600 horses at their Finsbury stables and local branches to supply the outer ring of postal districts. The Vestry horses, which deal with 1,300,000 cartloads of street refuse, are splendid fellows, worth £75 to £80 each. They are carefully drilled in the art of backing without throwing out their feet, which otherwise would be run over. The brewers' horses are nearly all "shires." Messrs. Courage have a magnificent set of horses. One of their draymen, a fine young man in his twenty-ninth year, weighed 20 stone 10 lb. His horse, a five-year old gelding, stood 17.2 hands and dipped the beam just over a ton. The chapters on "The Black Brigade," or funeral horses, the saleyard, the donkey mart, are not less instructive and entertaining than those from which we have drawn these facts. Every lover of horses ought to have this delightful book.

Forest, Field, and Fell. By J. A. Owen. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.

"J. A. Owen" has of late become known to a wide circle of readers as editor of "A Son of the Marshes'" delightful volumes. The title here chosen is unfortunate, for it invites comparison with those notable books. Two of these papers are on natural history, but they are manifest echoes of *A Son of the Marshes* in style and thought. "In the New Forest" is, we must add, a thoroughly good paper,

showing real love for Nature, and gives some pleasant glimpses of rural superstitions. J. A. Owen is a Scotch lady, some time resident in Stirling. Her paper on that famous old town, and that devoted to "Some Stirling Folk," are very interesting, and there are some bright pages on Skye and on an old Eight Days' Clock. We wish a different title had been chosen for this readable little volume.

A Classical Compendium. Being a Handbook to Greek and Latin Construction, &c. By CHARLES BROWNRIGG, M.A., Chief Classical Master, Magdalen College School, Oxford. London: Blackie & Son. 1894. *2s. 6d.*

Mr. Brownrigg's manual is the fruit of much experience as a teacher, and its sentences for practice have been taken from papers set at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the Indian Civil Examination. The chief Greek and Latin idioms are clearly explained with good notes. The principal rules are cited and illustrations given. The examples of regular and irregular constructions are followed by proverbial sayings and technical terms, lists of abbreviations, and a valuable section on accents. Teachers and advanced students will find this one of the most complete and reliable manuals on the subject.

Biblical and Shakespearean Characters Compared. Studies in Life and Literature. By Rev. JAMES BELL. Hull: W. Andrews & Co. 1894. *3s. 6d.*

Mr. Bell in his introductory chapter points out that the Bible is no longer regarded as merely a collection of theological dogmas, but "a book dealing with life, full of the colour and quick with the passion of life, appealing to the heart of life in all men." Many other books also have something of the history of religion in them, and speak to the religious consciousness. The Hebrew prophets are at one with the great Elizabethans in their feeling for positive, concrete fact: their way of using history, their intense patriotism, and their appeal to the moral basis of life and history. The parallels are then worked out between Eli and Hamlet, Saul and Macbeth, Jonathan and Horatio, David and Henry V. The first seems rather forced; but all the chapters are suggestive, and will be eagerly welcomed both by lovers of the Bible and of our great dramatist.

The New Zealand Official Year-Book. 1893. Prepared under instructions from the Hon. R. J. SEDDON, Premier. By E. J. VON DADELTZEN, Registrar-General. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1893. *1s.*

The handbook published a year ago met such a favourable reception that the Government have decided to publish a similar work

every year. A brief history of the colony, with concise descriptions of the physical features of the country, prepares the way for lists of governors and officials and complete statistics bearing on the trade, taxation, and population of the colony. This statistical section is followed by a set of articles on special subjects, such as agriculture in all its branches, stock, dairy and fruit industry, tree planting, &c. Sheep farming and the frozen meat industry are exhaustively dealt with by experts. "Labour in New Zealand" shows what exceptional advantages the colony offers to settlers. The average climate permits of work in the open air all the year round. A large area of the country is fertile. The mineral wealth is almost inexhaustible. The rapid growth of cities and towns provides many openings for those who are not attracted by life in the open country. The details as to various trades and industries will be eagerly studied by those who wish to know all about the colony. A new feature of this valuable handbook is the digest of land laws and descriptions of the soil and products of each district. The volume is indispensable for all who wish to understand the position and prospects of the colony.

The Need and Use of getting Irish Literature into the English Tongue. An Address by STOPFORD A. BROOKE. London: T. F. Unwin. 1893.

This is the London inaugural address of the Irish Literary Society. Mr. Brooke says that the mass of the Irish people know nothing of their early literature and care little about it. There are no long manuscripts, but the material goes farther back than either English or Welsh literature, and the stories have a fine imaginative quality. "Their poetical elements are more instinct with nature and humanity, and they have a more kindling and inspiring influence on the imagination of other peoples than flows forth from the beginnings of any other vernacular European literature." He urges that translations of these stories should be undertaken, that "Irishmen of formative genius should take, one by one, the various cycles of Irish tales, and, grouping each of them round one central figure, such as Manannàn or Cuchulainn or Finn, supply to each a dominant human interest to which every event in the whole should converge." Mr. Brooke also urges that Irish folk-lore should be collected.

Victoria. Report of the Minister of Public Instruction for the year 1892–1893. Melbourne: Robert S. Brain.

The chief feature of this report is the change caused by the system of conveyance and the scheme of amalgamation recently introduced into Victoria on grounds of economy. There has been a decrease of 71 in the number of full-time classified schools, and of 14 half-time schools. The total number of localities provided for is 2185, a decrease of 99

on the year. Where schools have been closed, the system of conveyance provides for the children. The scheme has realised the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. "It is restricted to cases where schools are closed through low attendance, and to applications where the number of children would formerly have warranted the Department in establishing a temporary unclassified school. All arrangements for conveyance are left to the parents, the Department paying for the conveyance of children, entitled to it, at the rate of sixpence for the daily attendance of each child between the ages of five and thirteen, if residing more than three miles from the nearest existing school; and in the case of closed schools, with certain conditions as to age, at the rate of threepence for the daily attendance of children living between two and three miles from school. The system is adopted only where it is considered, after due investigation, to be practicable, both as to distance and as to the nature of the roads." The railway company have also made special arrangements for children to travel by rail. 137 schools have thus been closed at a saving of £8000 per year. The cost of conveyance in 1892 was £2136 12*s.* 3*d.* as against £480 19*s.* 6*d.* in 1891. The parents have gladly accepted the scheme, and the inspectors report that it is working smoothly and is a pronounced success as regards both efficiency of instruction and adequate provision for educational requirements.

Lectures on Language and Linguistic Method in the School. Delivered in the University of Cambridge, Easter Term, 1889. By S. S. LAURIE, A.M. Edin. LL.D.; Stand. Professor of the Institutes and History of Education in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition, Revised. 1893.

We need not say any word as to the character or merits of this course of lectures. We are very glad to announce the new and revised edition.

Report of the Twenty-fourth Year of the Children's Home. Under the care of the Rev. Dr. STEPHENSON. London: Bonner Road.

Dr. Stephenson has a happy report to give of the great philanthropic institution of which he is the head. "In nothing," he says, "has the good Providence of God more signally favoured me than in the men and women He has given me as my colleagues and chief helpers. All have their distinct characteristics. Each branch has a colouring of its own, mainly given it by the influence of its chief." This freedom in detail brings out the best gifts of all who are working with the

Principal, whilst there is absolute agreement as to all essential principles. The number of applicants for aid was never so large; the success of the work was never so apparent; the staff was never so efficient. There have been nearly a thousand children resident in the various branches during the year. Since the formation of the Home over 3445 have shared its loving care and help. Two hundred more might be received into the various branches if funds were forthcoming. The current expenditure is a few hundred pounds above the current income. Surely the friends of this noble work will not allow it to suffer for lack of funds. The hospital, which is at once the saddest and the brightest place in all the system, sorely needs £250 to carry out certain improvements. A thousand pounds a year added to the subscription list and this £250 for the hospital is certainly not too much to ask for a charity which is one of the most blessed in the whole Christian world.

Gone Before. London: Seeley & Sons. 1893.

This "Selection of Scripture Texts for the comfort and encouragement of those who are following after," forms a birthday text-book, but the date commemorated here is not the beginning of the life on earth, but its end, when a suffering saint is "born into that world above." The texts have been chosen with loving care, so that under whatever day of the year the names of those who are "gone before" may be entered a note of hope and peace is struck which drives away fear and sorrow. How suggestive is the first, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." Dr. Bunting's death was on June 16, for which day the verse chosen is, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more." We understand that the lady who arranged this book has for many years loved to linger over the sacred memories of the past, recalling each morning friends who on that day had "gone before." The ordinary birthday text-book in which she entered the names proved so unsatisfactory, and its verses were sometimes so painfully unsuitable, that she was led to arrange this collection of texts. If it brings comfort to any sorrowing heart, the hours spent in selecting these verses will have found its reward.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (January 1.)—M. Renan's paper, "Herod the Great," has some brilliant passages, though he calmly and characteristically states that Jesus was not born when Herod died at Jericho. It is nevertheless very true that Herod wished to kill Jesus; for if his idea of a profane Jewish kingdom had prevailed there would have been no Christianity. Herod's rise to power, his hideous cruelties, his great public works, are well described. He brought brigandage to an end on the east of Gennesareth, and on several occasions showed a truly liberal and enlightened spirit. He did his utmost to secure the goodwill of Agrippa, the great Roman minister who visited Jerusalem, where he offered a hecatomb in the Temple and gave a feast to the citizens. He studied Greek philosophy, rhetoric, and history under the guidance of an eminent scholar. The Jews were greatly disturbed when the king proposed to rebuild their Temple, but Herod conquered all opposition, and took minute precautions to avoid anything that might disturb or annoy the Jewish Puritans. Herod himself entered the parts of the building from which laymen were excluded. The sketch of the intrigues that went on around the old king's deathbed is very powerful. M. de Varigny's paper on "Cuba" is a valuable sketch of the history, products, and present position of that "pearl of the Antilles." At Havana every one smokes—men, women and children, masters and servants, black and white; at table between two courses, at the theatre, the ball, the funeral, even in bed; everywhere and always the people of Havana smoke. M. Valbert gives us a pleasant paper on "Francis of Assisi," whom he regards not only as the most important, but also the most human of all the monastic apostles. The exquisite naturalness and simplicity of the saint are the secret of that personal charm which neither philosopher nor rationalist theologian has been able to resist.

(January 15.)—M. Boissier's article on "Roman Africa" gives an account of his archæological wanderings in Algeria and in Tunis. When he visited the country in 1891 he met many French senators and deputies who were investigating the resources and needs of the country in order to be prepared for that discussion of the Algerian question which is not very far off. M. Boissier thinks that Rome's work in North Africa may furnish some useful hints for the present day. He has not been able to make any detailed study of Algeria, but there was no need, as the scientific exploration of the country, which began on the morrow of the conquest, has been pursued up to the present without interruption. The Romans were not ignorant that the first condition of governing a country well is to know the country itself, and not merely its history. They seem to have occupied themselves at first with the Carthaginians, who were in reality a very small part of the population of Africa, settled mainly in the great cities around the seaports. When the conquerors pushed into the interior they met with other races who had nothing in common with the Phœnician race. Sallust was one of the earliest writers who set themselves to investigate the origin of these races. After discussing the old historian's statements, M. Boissier shows that among the Berbers, as the Arabs call themselves, independence has always been a passion. They are attached to the desert because there they have no masters. The reign of Massinissa, which was a time of great prosperity for Numidia, is described with some detail, and the course of events is traced which led the Romans to decide that they would not attempt to give the natives a prince of their own race. They took possession of Mauretania as they had taken possession of Numidia, and all north Africa found itself united under their rule.

(February 1.)—M. Senart, in his paper on "The Castes of India," says that the word is of foreign origin, being derived from the Portuguese *casta*, which signifies "race." When the Portuguese entered into relations with the Hindoo population of the coast of Malabar they soon noticed that the people

were divided into a great number of hereditary sections, distinguished by their special occupations. They formed a kind of hierarchy, those that were higher carefully holding themselves aloof from the lower orders. The Portuguese gave these sections the name of castes. Eighteen centuries earlier, Greek travellers had been struck by the singular character of Hindoo society. Megasthenes, the ambassador of Seleucus, told his compatriots that the people were split up into fractions, and were not able to marry into another section or choose another occupation than that which their fathers had followed. M. Senart found more than a hundred and twenty different castes in the province of Poona, with its 900,000 inhabitants. But this does not give an adequate idea of the vast number of sections. The Brahmins, whom we sometimes regard as one caste, are really divided into fifteen groups in this Poona district. Apart from two or three titles, which are generic and are used traditionally, the caste names are geographical or professional, based on the occupation followed, or patronymic recalling some real or supposed ancestor, or they are names of objects or animals with which the caste is identified. The article is full of information.

(February 15.)—M. Max Leclerc writes a suggestive paper on "Education in England—Physical and Moral Education." He says that if we take the Englishman at his cradle and follow him up to the moment where he throws himself into the struggle for life, we find that he traverses two little worlds, each complete in itself—the family and the school—whose influence almost always fixes the character and career. On those two types of English life—the self-made man and the University man—one finds the original stamp of the family. The domain of the English family is the home, which is sacred, inviolable by strangers. Every home in town and country is materially independent of its neighbour. Each family has its house, its hearth, its roof, its direct communication with the outside world. It is completely mistress of itself. M. Leclerc refers to the intimate and deep poetry of the home which an Englishman believes that he alone is capable of expressing. The husband and father reigns there, he says, as an absolute sovereign. An American has remarked, not without some astonishment, that in England the man is always considered by the woman as a superior being. "England," he says, "is the Paradise of men. The will of the head of the family is recognised as law in the household, and no one dreams of disputing it." For the Englishwoman the duties of the wife take precedence over those of the mother; with the Frenchwoman maternal love takes the first place, the attachment to her husband comes after it. The first is wife more than mother; the second is mother more than wife. The young Englishman learns from his infancy to know the dangers of the outside world, the difficulties of life, the character of men; the young Frenchman is surrounded by his mother with incessant care, preserved from the least perils. Whilst one grows hardy the other is timid, and lacks presence of mind in the hour of need. French mothers are capable of heroism at a critical moment, but under ordinary circumstances they are pusillanimous. The French child is screened from every breath of trouble, and suffers in consequence. English education is entirely founded on confidence. The child gains confidence in itself by being thrown early on its own resources. This virile education, begun in the nursery, is continued in the school. The atmosphere there is like that of the home, and the complete education of the scholar—physical, moral, and intellectual—is aimed at. Our attention to hygiene and physical development is warmly commended. French mothers are too much afraid that children should spoil their clothes or damage their limbs to let them play as English boys do. A good account is given of Arnold's influence on public school life. The whole article is well-informed and sympathetic. The inflexibility of the French system is censured, and some severe condemnations of it are cited. M. Taine said that the boarding-schools, where more than half of the youth of France receive their secondary education, leads to a growing divergency between the school and daily life. M. Leclerc thinks that the capital importance of the formation of character is too much overlooked in France; that education needs to be reformed in

the home, so that the undue solicitude which enervates children may cease, and instead of constant surveillance there may be more confidence shown in the young. He thinks it necessary also for the nation to become penetrated by the idea that true freedom neither decrees nor improvises itself, but that it is acquired and learned slowly by experience and education.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (February 1.)—Besides two suggestive papers on "The History of the Principle of Individualism from Calvin to Vinet," and on "The Philosophy of Ernest Renan," there is an interesting *résumé* of Mrs. Stowe's autobiography, and two discourses delivered at the temple of the Oratory last December on "Rabaut Saint-Etienne." His youth was full of trouble, caused by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which had made his father an exile and a wanderer. Educated in Republican Switzerland, he had hailed with ardour that great movement of toleration and emancipation which united the names of Voltaire and Rousseau. He was peculiarly imbued with the spirit of Antoine Court, the restorer of French Protestantism. It was known as the spirit of the desert—a spirit of mortification, of wisdom, and, above all, of martyrdom. When he returned to France he was ready, if need were, to give his life for the cause. M. Puaux refers to the emotion and respect with which he read the first of Saint-Etienne's works, which showed that vigour of thought, with that clearness of ideas and that force of reason, which made him one of the great orators of his age, who played so noble a part in Protestant emancipation.

(March 1.)—M. Sayous' brief paper—"The National Synod Necessary and Possible"—is a forcible argument for an assembly which might completely and legally represent the Reformed Churches of France. French society now delights in corporations and syndicates, which are growing more and more characteristic of the present period. This is the very antipodes of the individualism extolled so highly a century ago, and shows that centenaries have their revenge. The workmen form combinations, the middle-class professionals follow their example, and the groups form themselves into larger groups. Even the executive power is setting itself to give greater cohesion to the immense forces which it controls. Everywhere force is being sought, and the force that comes by union. Soon there will be no more place for isolated individuals or groups that are too feeble. The Catholic Church is a skilful aggregate of syndicates, and the Syndic-general—the Pope—is certainly not lacking in activity or power. Only the descendants of the Huguenots, who invented the hierarchy of elective councils, remain shorn of any legal collectivity, and that at a moment when it is more necessary than ever to speak to the nation, the press, the public authorities, through an authorised organ. The striking personalities who have been able to hold a commanding position by their great notoriety, their Parliamentary position, or anything else, are disappearing with terrible rapidity, and are not replaced. Yet on how many questions—scholastic, ecclesiastic, and of all kinds—does not French Protestantism need a voice of commanding authority to be raised in its name? Yet that is not all. Many causes have created a current against the Reformed Churches as dangerous as it is unjust. It is argued in some quarters that a great political journal ought to be started to fight against the growing tendencies of the Press. Prejudices and misunderstandings have to be fought against. M. Sayous thinks that a really general Synod—national, legal, and official—is the remedy for these evils. The churches of Lyons and Nismes have Synods, but they are in no sense general, and have no power to represent the Reformed Churches of France. The fact that the Reformed Churches only number two per cent. in the nation makes it the more necessary to secure adequate representation of their interests. The Official Synod is a triennial congress of a great body, and a religious assembly engaged upon a crowd of edifying and useful questions. Two things only are denied it, because it neither has, nor can hope to have, a legal existence. It is not able to represent the Protestants before the nation and the public powers, nor to make general regulations of a financial or any other kind. It cannot interpose practically in the conflicts which desolate the churches. This last weakness is not new, but it makes

itself felt more and more keenly. Paris, thinking no doubt that it has not done sufficient evil during the last thirty years to French Protestantism, begins with a new lease its game of obstruction, and French Protestantism has no means of defending itself. Such an article gives a valuable glimpse into the present condition of the Reformed Churches in France. It is high time that its organisation was perfected in the direction which M. Sayous indicates.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (January.)—Signor Giacosa, in his paper on "The Bars and the Intemperance of the Americans," says that "the bars" are as frequent in the great cities of the United States as cafés and taverns are in Italy, but they are more frequented. The most elegant are attached to the great hotels like the Fifth Avenue and Hoffman hotels in Madison Square. The Hoffman bar is said to have cost a hundred thousand dollars. After describing what impressed him most as a visitor, Signor Giacosa refers to the way in which the Sunday closing rules were evaded. At Gloucester, in Massachusetts, the mockery of the law was pushed to extreme lengths by the proprietor of a much-frequented drinking-place who put up a notice to visitors, "In respect for the law, ask for Ambrosia." The majesty of the law was thus saved, and drinking did not suffer. Interesting descriptions are given of the eve of an electoral contest and of the fêtes of Yale and Princeton Universities, when the immense metropolis of New York seems changed into a little university town full of gay crowds wearing the yellow favours of Yale or the dark blue of Princeton. Giovanni Boglietti gives an interesting account of Cardinal Alberoni as diplomatist and man of letters. The gardener's son from Piacenza became virtually the master of Spain. The correspondence of this extraordinary man, preserved at the College of San Lazzaro near his native place, has recently been published. There are more than six hundred letters, covering a period of thirty years, and all addressed to Count Rocca, Minister of the Duke Francis II. of Parma. The writer discusses all the most interesting political questions which agitated Europe and the world at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

(January 15.)—Adolfo Venturi's paper on "The Manger" gives an interesting sketch of the various representations of the Nativity in art, from the first simple attempts which survive in the Catacombs down to "The Nights" of Correggio. At first, Christian art was pure, abstract, all turned towards the ideal, heir of the recondite symbolism of the Semitic race. It did not seek the pleasures of the eyes, but indefinite imagery, removed alike from life and reality, reproducing the visions of the soul which aspired to heaven. Isaiah's word, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's stall," led to these two beasts being joined together in the representation of the birth of the Redeemer. The Fathers of the Church showed forth by them humanity—Jewish and pagan. Saint Ambrose himself recognised in the ass the figure of the Gentiles, and St. Gregory Nazianzen sees in the ox the Jew fettered by the law, in the ass those who bore the burden of idolatry. The later developments of the subject are brightly sketched. In his "Notte" Correggio gives the highest development to the subject: the light that springs from the young child spreads itself on all around, lights up the face of the mother, is reflected on the shepherds, and diffuses itself over the angels in glory.

(February 1.)—Signor Scherillo's article on "The Mother and Mother-in-law of Dante" will be eagerly read by students. Of his mother we only know the name, which is found in a legal document—the lady Bella, sometimes called the mother of Dante. The poet only makes one passing reference to her in his poems, and in his other works we only find her mentioned in the Convivio, I. 13. In his *Vita Nuova*, Dante lifts the veil and shows his domestic sanctuary to common eyes. Being ill, he fancied in his delirium that Beatrice found him dead, and spoke words mixed with dolorous sobs, and invited her dead lover to come with her. Some interesting quotations are given to show Dante's conception of home and home-life. His fervid and passionate worship of the Virgin has much of the filial element. The accounts given by Dante's biographers are compared in two brief sections. Then we come to his mother-in-law, of whom we scarcely know more than we do of his mother.

The writer thinks she may have been a Madonna Lapa, a member of a Guelph family, of San Stefano a Ponte, and brother to Master Philip, whose name appears in the negotiations for the peace of 1280. But the notice on which this supposition rests is not considered to be authentic. Lapa had a sister, Bice, married to Scorcia Lupicini.

(February 15.)—Carlo Gioda's article on St. Carlo Borromeo and Giovanni Botero gives an interesting account of the early life of the great Archbishop of Milan. The Church has never had a bishop more obedient and more disposed to follow at any cost the smallest of her orders. He kept every rule faithfully and strictly. The many and great struggles which he had to sustain grew out of his firm persuasion that no one in his diocese, from the governor downwards, had any right to alter the precepts of the Church in anything.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE M. EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—Bishop Haywood's article, "High Steeple and its Official Staff," is a serious indictment of the laymen of Methodism in the Southern States. He says: "No secular business could go on twelve months under the conditions as to support obtaining in the itinerant ministry. Many are paid meagrely when the year's receipts are all in; what perhaps makes more hardship is the irregularity of payment. The majority are paid so irregularly that they do not know what to count on from month to month. . . . The preacher becomes an undesirable customer. Some say he is careless of his obligations; some tolerate him till Conference as a well-meaning but incapable man; others pity him as a pauper; the kindest thing said of him is 'Oh, preachers are poor financiers.'" The injustice of this last criticism is shown by the fact that Methodist preachers and their wives get more out of a given sum than any other class in the country. The whole financial strain of a church is left on the preacher. "Is a church or parsonage to be built? a new organ, stove, or carpet to be bought? The new preacher must first of all awaken interest in the 'enterprise,' feeling his way cautiously, to persuade the members who always 'object' that they are really 'the movers' in the matter; he must then somehow win the consent of his people to let him do what the 'official members' ought to do; next he must procure a grand rally, take up a collection, or privately canvass among members, semi-members, and friends for the necessary funds; next he must 'collect the subscriptions,' often making a half-dozen calls before he succeeds." Very severe strictures are passed on the worldliness of many city Methodists who "attend circuses, theatres, card-parties, public and private dancing, and do these things without apology, shame, or apparent pangs of conscience."

METHODIST REVIEW (January–February.)—President Bashford contributes a pleasing paper on "Phillips Brooks." The inspiring thought of his life was "the fatherhood of God and the childhood of every man to Him." He had learned this from the writings of F. W. Robertson. He was the only man in Boston in 1877 who could hold Mr. Moody's immense audiences on Monday evenings whilst the evangelist was resting. His appeal to sinners was based on the essential nobility of man. He was a great reader of good books even at college, where, despite his magnificent physique, he was no lover of athletics. But he was also a great traveller, who for the last thirty years of his life was accustomed to spend a summer vacation every other year in Europe. He did not take any lively interest in contemporary problems, and was a preacher rather than a teacher. When he was rector of Trinity Church, Boston, with a salary of ten thousand dollars, he was offered twenty thousand if he would take another church. "He declined the call because he would not seem to preach for money." Trinity Church afterwards gave him fifteen thousand dollars a year. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds and stood six feet six inches high. His majestic face combined the thoughtfulness and fire of Webster with the sweetness of Fénelon or Fletcher, and his massive frame was so filled with light and life that he seemed as radiant as an angel. President Bashford thinks that Bishop Simpson more nearly resembled Brooks as a man with a message from God than any other of the great

preachers of his generation. Both were prophets, seeing visions and revealing the mind of Christ. Simpson sometimes caught visions of the third heaven which transcended the experiences of Brooks. But Brooks dwelt far more constantly in the atmosphere of the first heaven than did his great compeer.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST REVIEW (January-February.)—The Rev. A. M. Phillips discusses "The Invitation System," which is rapidly gaining ground in Canadian Methodism. It makes the Stationing Committee "a mere registration, or at most sanctioning board," instead of leaving the absolute power in its hands. Mr. Phillips holds that the custom is humiliating because it creates an impression that the minister is in the market, up for the highest bidder, and it works to the disadvantage of the older and more experienced men. He urges that ministers and churches ought to take care to maintain a high code of ethics in such matters; that the invitation should "be from the membership of the church at a meeting called for that purpose." The Quarterly Official Board might, he thinks, act as a Nominating Committee, and submit two or more names on which a vote should be taken by ballot. "The Stationing Committee should be as nearly as possible a disinterested body. It should represent the Conference and the District Meetings. After Dr. Rigg's plan of providing a superintendency for the Wesleyan Church in England let the districts be grouped into divisions of the Conference, two or more districts in a group, and from each division let the Conference elect a minister who shall, during the year, have an oversight of his division as to the needs of the work and the requirements of the men. Also let the May District Meeting elect members as at present, and those two classes of representatives, together with the President of the Conference, constitute the Stationing Committee." It should have power to confirm all invitations and appoint to vacant churches. No invitations, he thinks, ought to be given "except within the Conference year in which the appointment would be confirmed, so that the attention of neither pastor nor people should be diverted from each other."

THE CENTURY (January, February, March.)—Sir James Simpson's daughter gives a singularly interesting account in the January number of the "Introduction of Chloroform," which brings home the wonderful blessings brought to surgical patients by that great discovery. Mrs. Gosse's sketch of Alma Tadema's work should not be overlooked. She says: "When an important picture approaches completion the whole household is aware of the painter's excitement, and eagerly shares it. Professional models are insufficient to supply the demand, and a friend is called up at night, or some member of the family in the very early morning, to dedicate a face or a hand to the great sacrifice." His intensity at these times is formidable enough, and he is in the mood, like Cellini, to pour all his most precious things into the fire of his devouring art. Mr. Bonsal's "Pilgrimage to Lourdes" is an attractive feature of the March number. He describes the rural postman staggering towards the grotto under the weight of two heavy mail-bags which contained not less than five hundred letters addressed to Our Lady of Lourdes. They contained petitions and prayers from those who cannot make the pilgrimage, and thank-offerings from those who have been helped. "The letters are never opened, yet they will tell you at Lourdes—and I daresay elsewhere, for why else should so many letters come?—that many of these unread prayers are granted."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March.)—In *Harper* for March, Mr. Poultney Bigelow has an article on "The Russian and his Jew." "Why do you hate the Jew?" he one day asked a Russian friend. "Because," was the answer, "the Jew brings nothing into the country; he takes all he can out of it; and while he is here he makes the peasant his slave and lives only for the sake of squeezing money out of everything." The Jew owns the tavern in the Russian village, and is creditor to nearly every peasant for miles around, and has a lien upon everything which that peasant may grow upon his land. The rustic's only reward is the privilege of bare existence. The Russian peasant is dreamy, good-natured, unpractical, and very ignorant. When hard

pressed for money, especially if he has had two or three glasses of vodka, he accepts only too readily the loan offered him by the tavern-keeper, thinking little of the future consequences and much of the present enjoyment. It was not till after the emancipation of the serfs in 1861 that the Jew question became so serious, for up to that time the landlord had always been at hand to shield the peasant from the consequences of his improvidence.

ST. NICHOLAS (January, February, March.)—Rudyard Kipling's stories in *St. Nicholas* have been in his best style—wonderful sketches of child life, and the ways of wild beasts. Dr. Eastman's "Recollections of the Wild Life" have been a bright feature of the last few numbers. One of the best things for March is the description of the way bullfinches are taught to pipe, given by Mr. Walsh. He says that at Hesse and Fulda in Germany there are some celebrated schools where these birds are trained with great skill. Their school life begins about four days after they are out of the shell, for, like parrots, they soon pick up the harsh notes used by their parents if they are allowed to remain in the nest. "The little bullfinches are raised in confinement, and when very young they are divided into classes of six each. Each class has a separate room, where the six little birds are shut up in darkness, with plenty of food near them. This is before they have yet learned to whistle and imitate the songs of other birds. Suddenly the sweet notes of an organ startle the birds, and cause them to hop around in their dark prison. As the music continues, their spirits become enlivened. Soon they pick up some of the food and chirp forth a few crude notes in imitation of the music. Light is then gradually allowed to enter the room, thus increasing the happiness of the singers, and they break forth into ecstatic song. The music is continued all day, and the enthusiastic birds try to follow and imitate it, until fairly exhausted by their efforts. This is the preparatory school, and after each class of six has spent some time here, the several birds are handed over to training-boys, whose business it is to continue their instruction. The advanced pupils are taken into separate rooms, where organs are played from early morning until night. The organs used are ordinary organs that have soft, pure, flute-like notes, with nothing harsh or disagreeable in the sound. Sometimes birds are trained by means of the flute, but in the larger establishments small organs are commonly used. Everything is done for the birds' happiness, and the little creatures are kept in the best of spirits. The owner comes around every day or two to examine his pupils. So well does he understand the natures of the little singers that he reproves or praises the various ones in a manner that they perfectly understand. This training goes on for eight or nine months, when the birds are ready for their diplomas. If their voices have acquired firmness, and they do not forget or leave out passages in their songs, they pass the examination, and are permitted to leave the singing-school. There are different grades of pupils in these bird seminaries, as in every other large school, and while the majority can remember only a simple air with a short prelude, there are some intelligent ones that can be taught to whistle as many as three different airs without spoiling or confusing them. Such bright birds are often kept longer in the seminary, and a postgraduate course is given to them."