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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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2. *The Meeting-place of Geology and History.* By Sir J. W. DAWSON. London. 1894.
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THE relics of long-vanished races, which are from time to time revealed to us, possess not only a romantic interest, but also an extraordinary fascination. In the depths of the gloomy forests of Central America and Yucatan, the ruins of vast cities have constantly amazed the traveller, by their surprising extent, and their lonely magnificence. In the solitary islands in the Pacific Ocean, where only a few miserable savages, armed with rude stone weapons, live under wretched shelters of sticks and leaves, similar memorials of the splendours of former days are visible on all sides. The voyager, landing from his vessel, and wandering over these secluded islands, sees all around him the ruins of great walls, platforms, towers, and cyclopean fortifications,

rivalling in size and in beauty the temples of Nineveh, Luxor, and Karnak. But the builders are gone, leaving neither record nor tradition behind them. In Mashonaland, also, the marvellous ruins of Zimbabye, and its associated cities, exhibit the former civilization of Southern Africa in a wonderful manner, and present a mystery which is still unsolved. But even more entrancing in its interest is the record of the state of the first wanderers of the human race, who lived amidst the primeval forests and struggled with mighty beasts, many of which have disappeared long ago, and whose bones, relics, and weapons are buried in the caves, or amidst the gravels of Western Europe. Here, indeed, we see Early Man, in all his difficulty, danger, and solitude.

The three books reviewed in this article differ greatly from each other. Mr. Fiske's treatise is short, sketchy, and popular, and he merely unfolds the Darwinian view of Man's origin and early condition, without troubling his readers with proofs or details. Mr. Laing is a writer of a very different character, and his work is argumentative and scientific, while his charming style carries the reader easily along with him. After describing the earliest civilizations, and briefly noticing the condition of Neolithic Man, he unfolds at length the habits of Quaternary—or Palæolithic Man. He then gives an account of the Glacial Period, and closes his work by an excellent summary of the discoveries relating to Tertiary Man. Though we reject entirely his estimate of the extreme antiquity of Man, and regard his theological and biblical views as very erroneous, we admire his patience, industry, and picturesque style, while the value of the book is enhanced by its excellent illustrations. The work of Sir James Dawson is most valuable. He also discusses the problems of Tertiary Man and the Glacial Period. His description of the Palæolithic Period and of the human races of that time is most interesting, and he refers at length to the Diluvial Catastrophe which closed the Palæolithic Period, and which he considers to have been the Deluge of Noah. He notices the state of pre-historic Egypt and Syria,

and closes his work with an account of the Post-Diluvial dispersion, from a scientific point of view. It will thus be seen that the three books, taken together, cover the whole of the early ages of the human race.

We may begin by endeavouring to ascertain the *time* and *place* of Man's origin, and we at once find ourselves plunged into difficulties. Mr. Laing thinks that Man's earliest ancestors lived in the Eocene Period of the Tertiary Era,* and such a time was worthy of such an event. Europe then had a tropical climate, and was clothed with magnificent forests. Palms waved their feathery crowns, and creeping plants and gorgeous flowering shrubs grew everywhere in wild luxuriance. Indian water-plants floated on the rivers; crocodiles rustled amidst the reeds; serpents allied to the boa swept through the grass; and fruits, flowers, and spices, such as now grow in Java and in the Moluccas, flourished then in England in unrivalled splendour. But there is no trace of Man in this era. Of his bones, weapons, or relics nothing has anywhere been discovered. No creature existed at that time from which he could have been developed, and, as the highest forms of animal life then living were lemurs allied to those found in Madagascar, and far lower than any anthropoid apes, it is not surprising that the existence of Man at that time is denied, and so thorough-going an evolutionist as Professor Boyd-Dawkins rejects it altogether.†

The Miocene Period followed, and in Europe the climate was still so hot as to be almost tropical, while the forests, shrubs, and flowers were almost indescribable in their magnificence. Mastodons, tapirs, and rhinoceroses filled the woods; apes swarmed amidst the trees; while stags, antelopes, and gazelles thronged the grassy plains in countless numbers. High up in what are now the Arctic regions, the lands were covered with a splendid forest vegetation. Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Grinnell Land were clad with splendid forests, so that the Polar regions were then a para-

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* *Human Origins*, pp. 410, 420.
† *Early Man in Britain*, p. 36.

dise of trees, and shrubs, and flowers,* and Sir Charles Lyell has given it as his opinion that in the Miocene Period the North Pole itself—if occupied by land—was covered with dense forests.† To explain this wonderful Polar vegetation, it has been suggested that the warm tropical waters of the Indian and Pacific Oceans were carried into the Polar regions by powerful currents. A great inland sea reached from the Bay of Bengal to the Caspian, and thence to the Arctic Ocean, and this Asiatic Mediterranean was also connected with the Red Sea. In North America, also, a broad sea expanse covered the district between Hudson's Bay and the mouth of the Mackenzie, so that a vast quantity of hot water was poured into the Polar basins from the Indian and Pacific Oceans.‡ It was also a period of great volcanic activity. A splendid chain of volcanoes rose amidst the islands of the Hebrides in Scotland, and the great craters in Mull, Skye, and Eigg, poured forth vast masses of lava into the sea around the shores.§ In France (Auvergne), also, there were great volcanic eruptions, and the ashes, scoriæ, and cinders, falling amidst the forests, overwhelmed the great beasts before they had time to escape.‖ Along the Rhine there were at this time violent eruptions, the craters of the Eifel being in great activity. There are no bones of Man in the deposits of the Miocene Era, nor have the remains of any creature from which he could have been derived been discovered in any formations belonging to this time. An anthropoid ape, called *Dryopithecus*, then lived, which, from its size, was formerly thought to have been an ancestor of Man; but recent discoveries have proved that this creature was allied to the gibbon, which is

* See Nordenskiold's "Expedition to Greenland," in the *Geological Magazine*, 1872; also *The Geological History of Plants*, by Sir J. W. Dawson, pp. 242, 243.

† *Principles of Geology*, 10th edition, vol. i., p. 204.

‡ This theory has been well set forth by Mr. Wallace in his *Island Life*, pp. 184-188.

§ See a description of these great Scotch volcanoes by Professor Boyd-Dawkins in *Early Man in Britain*, pp. 45-46.

‖ Scrope's account of these eruptions in his *Volcanoes of Central France* is most valuable.

the least manlike of the anthropoids, so that its claim to be a remote progenitor of Man has been abandoned.

At Thenay, in Central France, there are, in a deposit of Miocene Age, many small rough flints, which are by some thought to have been made by Man. Most English geologists reject the human origin of these minute fragments, many French scientists are of the same opinion, and Professor Haynes, of America, has declared that similar shattered flints may be found in deposits of Eocene Age, where no one imagines them to be the work of Man.* Sir James Dawson, also, rejects the human origin of these insignificant fragments of flint, and they may be immediately dismissed. At Otta, on the Tagus, some years ago, many rough flints were found in a Miocene deposit, which were declared to be the work of Man. But there was no satisfactory proof that they were not natural productions, and no undoubted relic of Man was found in their company. The same may be said of the Miocene flints discovered by M. Rames, at Puy-Courny, which are merely shattered natural fragments. The Miocene Era was a glorious time, when the earth must have been a perfect paradise. Vegetation was then at its most magnificent development; mammalian life—exhibited in the great beasts of the plains and forests—attained its maximum; but amidst all these sublime scenes, Man had no home, and made no appearance. At the close of the Miocene Era, great changes took place in the climate and physical geography of Europe. The land connection which had existed between Britain and Greenland was broken up, and the waters of the Atlantic flowed freely into the Arctic Ocean. The great volcanoes in the Scotch Hebrides ceased their eruptions, although those in Central France and along the Rhine continued to pour forth lava, and to darken the sky with smoke and ashes. The Pliocene Period was ushered in, and the climate of Europe became colder, though it was still warmer than at present. The vegetation—though much less luxuriant than

* Wright's *Man and the Glacial Period*, p. 369.

in Miocene times—was semi-tropical. In Central and Southern France, bamboos, laurels, tulip-trees, and maples, made the forests resemble those of the Canary Islands; and in Italy there flourished cinnamon trees, and sabal palms. Along with these there grew in Britain, maples, alders, elms, and ash trees, while the loftier mountains were clad with dense and dark forests of pines. Mastodons, rhinoceroses, and deer, filled the woods. Apes, smaller than those of Miocene days, lived in the trees; wild horses scoured the plains; hippopotamuses plunged and snorted in the rivers; and, in the latter portion of the Pliocene Period, monstrous elephants,* far larger than any now living, roamed the woods, and trooped in great herds across the grassy savannahs. There are no undoubted remains of Man in the Pliocene Period, though some bones and skulls have been discovered which are said to belong to this era. A short time ago, some skeletons were found at Castelnedolo, near Brescia, in deposits of Pliocene Age. But they lay in a *marine* formation, and there was nothing to show that they had not been subsequently buried. Animal bones, belonging to the Pliocene Era, have been found in many places, which are marked by cuts supposed to have been made by Man. But all these groovings and scratchings can be accounted for in a natural manner, either by supposing them to be the work of ordinary earth-agencies, or to have been produced by the teeth of sharks, which were very abundant at that time. Remarkable evidence has, however, been produced from California, to prove that Man lived in the Pliocene Period. The auriferous gravels of the Sierra Nevada, which are said to be of Pliocene Age, contain many ancient stone tools and mortars, and they are covered by enormous masses of lava. Amongst these gravels, there was discovered in 1866 a human skull, since known as the Calaveras skull, and which has occasioned much controversy. Did this skull belong to a man who lived in the Pliocene

* These elephants were *Elephas Meridionalis* and *Elephas Antiquus*. They both became extinct in the Pleistocene Period.

Period? Mr. Laing is doubtful;* and well he may be, for the skull is of a very high type, resembling those of the modern Eskimo, and if it be a genuine Pliocene relic, it deals a death-blow to the idea that Man was developed from an ape, or from any ape-like creature. Mr. A. R. Wallace is inclined to accept the skull as a genuine Pliocene relic,† and Professor Wright is disposed to take the same view of the age of this remarkable skull.‡ On the other hand, Sir James Dawson does not believe in the great antiquity of the skull,§ and Professors Le Conte ‖ and Haynes¶ have shown the utter insufficiency of the proofs which have been produced to establish the existence of Man in California during the Pliocene Period. The age of the gravels in which the skull was found is doubtful, for they may be later than the Pliocene Era, and the presence of the Mammoth (which did not live until the Pliocene Period had passed away) in these gravels, renders this view very probable. These Californian gravels have also been much mined in ancient times by the Aborigines. Mr. Laing denies this, but undeniable proof of its correctness is furnished by Dr. Southall.** This talented writer describes an ancient gold mine in California, which was worked by the Indians in pre-historic times, the shaft of which was of great depth, and at its bottom were the remains of a rude altar and the scattered fragments of a skeleton. Another curious relic found in North America is the Nampa Image. In 1889, in a bed of gravel at Nampa, in Idaho, under a mass of lava, a little clay image, less than two inches long, but skilfully modelled, was discovered. The gravel is either of Pliocene or Pleistocene Age, and the artistic formation of the image shows the high intellectual character of Primitive Man, and, like the Calaveras skull, it throws a heavy weight into the scale against the idea that the earliest

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* *Human Origins*, p. 389.
† *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1887.
‡ *Man and the Glacial Period*, pp. 296, 297.
§ *Fossil Man*, pp. 206, 344-347.
‖ *Geology*, p. 614.
¶ *The Pre-historic Archæology of North America*, vol. i., pp. 350-356.
** *The Epoch of the Mammoth*, pp. 400-401.

members of the Human Race were sunk in the lowest depths of mental and moral degradation.

Much ingenious speculation has been exercised concerning the precise locality in which Man made his first appearance. Some time ago, Hartlaub conjectured that in Tertiary times a great continent stretched from Madagascar to Ceylon and the Malay Islands. He founded this theory on the resemblance existing between many of the birds of the Indian regions and those now living in Madagascar, and the name of Lemuria was bestowed on this long-submerged continent. It is in Lemuria that Haeckel has placed the earliest home of Man, and it has even been imagined that here also was the site of the Garden of Eden, the Zambesi being one of its four rivers! Mr. A. R. Wallace, however, has proved that Lemuria could never have existed.* The great depth of the sea between India and Madagascar, as well as the fauna of the intervening islands, quite negatives the idea of a former land-connection, while the peculiar birds and animals of Madagascar were probably derived from Europe, by a migration through Africa. Quatrefages thinks that Man first appeared in the great central plateau of Asia, which lies between the Himalayas on the south, the Pamirs on the west, the Altai on the north, and the Khinghans on the east.† But in Tertiary times nearly all Central Asia was under water, vast inland seas then rolled their waves over the deserts of Gobi, Khiva, and Kizil-Kum, and the marine deposits left by these waters can be traced in the Caspian plains, and high up in the valleys of the Pamirs. Mr. Laing decides in favour of Western Europe and Africa north of the Atlas, as the first home of Man; but in the Tertiary Era no apes existed in this region from which Man could have been derived. Sir James Dawson falls back on south-eastern Babylonia, placing the Garden of Eden at the head of the Persian Gulf, and he meets the difficulty that the alluvial soil in this region is all of very recent origin, by the

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* *Island Life*, pp. 394-399; and *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, vol. i., pp. 272-292.

† *The Human Species*, p. 175.

simple statement that at the time of Man's advent the continents stood at a higher elevation than afterwards. Bearing in mind that the four rivers of Eden can certainly be identified with the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Karun, and the Kerkhat, which are all in this region; and remembering also that Eden (or Idinu) was the name given in the cuneiform records to the plain of lower Babylon, we think Sir James Dawson's theory to be very plausible, and well supported by facts.

Mr. Fiske apparently imagines that Man appeared on the earth during the Pliocene Era, and he draws a melancholy picture of the moral degradation of the earliest men. He describes also the endless conflicts they carried on with each other, in the following gloomy language:

"In respect of belligerency the earliest men were doubtless no better than brutes. They were simply the most crafty and formidable among brutes. . . . The conditions of the struggle for existence were not yet visibly changed from what they had been from the outset of the animal world. That struggle meant everlasting slaughter, and the fiercest races of fighters would be just the ones to survive and perpetuate their kind. Those most successful primitive men, from whom civilized peoples are descended, must have excelled in treachery and cruelty, as in quickness of wit and strength of will. That moral sense which makes it seem wicked to steal and murder was scarcely more developed in them than in tigers and wolves."*

This is pure romance. In Man's earliest days there was no need whatever for this endless fighting, simply because the causes for hostility did not exist. Food was everywhere abundant. Game of all kinds existed in such vast numbers as to be easily captured, and all the rivers swarmed with fish. Men were few, and immense uninhabited tracts separated the earliest human wanderers. If collisions *did* occur—which must have been rare—the beaten party simply moved off to distant regions where Man had not yet penetrated, and where their safety was complete. Instead of the earliest ages of Man's existence being days of incessant warfare, they must have been times of profound peace.

* *Man's Destiny*, pp. 77, 78.

Regarding the moral nature of Man, Mr. Fiske makes a very serious statement, for he says :

"Theology has had much to say about original sin. This original sin is neither more nor less than the brute inheritance which every man carries with him, and the process of evolution is an advance toward true salvation."*

Now, our conscience declares that the evil propensity within is not merely a *defect* but an *evil.* If, then, this evil nature within us be evolved from the brutes by evolution, and if evolution be—as Mr. Fiske says it is—God's manner of working, we do not see how we can avoid the conclusion which makes God the author of sin. When we yield to the promptings of original sin we do not merely feel that we have made a *mistake,* but we realise that we have committed a *fault,* and feel that that fault is *evil* because it is the transgression of a moral law. Mr. Fiske's idea is entirely opposed to all the teachings of conscience, as well as to the results of moral analysis.

But let us hear Mr. Fiske on the mental natures of the lowest men. Here is his opinion on this matter :

"In mathematical capacity the Australian, who cannot tell the number of fingers on his two hands, is much nearer to a lion or a wolf than to Sir Rowan Hamilton, who invented the method of quaternions. In moral development this same Australian, whose language contains no words for justice and benevolence, is less remote from dogs and baboons than from a Howard or a Garrison."†

It is strange that Mr. Fiske should have fallen into such errors. However degraded the Australian may be, he possesses a *capacity for improvement* which may be marvellously developed by education. No animal possesses this faculty for progressive mental development, and here lies the great *crux* of the Evolutionary Theory. The Australians are capable of great mental development. They have been instructed by Bishop Salvado to be skilful agriculturists, and have been taught the art of sheep-shearing, until they are able actually to surpass Europeans in this

* *Man's Destiny*, p. 103. † *Ibid*, p. 72.

occupation. They have also learned to play chess, and in the Moravian schools their children show themselves to be fully equal to European children in their readiness to acquire, and in their ability to master, all the elementary branches of knowledge.*

We need no longer discuss the problem of Tertiary Man, as Man's existence in those distant ages has been most emphatically denied by many of the leading geologists in England, France, and America. In England, Sir John Evans,† Sir Joseph Prestwich,‡ and Professor Hughes§ all refuse to accept it; and Professor Boyd-Dawkins, in his greatest work, rejects the idea that Man lived during the Tertiary Period.‖ Even in France—where the theory is more favourably regarded—so able an archæologist as M. Cartailhac rejects the evidence for Tertiary Man.¶ In America, also, Sir James Dawson will not accept the theory,** and Professor Haynes, after having examined all the evidence for Tertiary Man, at length rejects the idea completely.††

In the face of all these denials of the existence of Man during the Tertiary Epoch, it is truly astonishing to find Mr. Laing saying:

> "The evidence for the existence of Man, or of some ancestral form of Man, in the Tertiary Period, has accumulated to such an extent, that there are few competent anthropologists who any longer deny it." ‡‡

The Pliocene Period passed away, and with it, also, many forms of animal and vegetable life departed from Europe. The magnificent mastodons wholly disappeared when the

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* This interesting fact is stated by Mr. Charles Wilson in a letter to the *Times* for September 28th, 1888.

† *A Few Words on Tertiary Man, an Address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association*, 1890.

‡ *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1895.

§ *Transactions of the Victoria Institute*, 1879.

‖ *Early Man in Britain*, pp. 36, 66, 90.

¶ *La France Pré-historique*, p. 37.

** *The Historical Deluge*, p. 45.

†† See Wright's *Man and the Glacial Period*, pp. 365, 374.

‡‡ *Human Origins*, pp. 421, 422.

Pliocene Era closed, though, strange to say, these great beasts lived on in America until long after the Glacial Period had terminated. Another important change was the disappearance of the apes from Europe, where they became entirely extinct at the end of the Pliocene Era.

The European climate now continued to grow colder, and, while great changes took place in the fauna and flora, the chill of the approaching Glacial Period began to make itself manifest. The Pre-Glacial forest beds along the coast of Norfolk contain remains of only those trees which now grow in Britain; and northern animals, such as the Mammoth and musk ox, make their first appearance. Sir Joseph Prestwich holds, on the evidence of flints found at Ightham, in Kent, that Man lived either before or during the Glacial Period,* but the flints require to be further examined before a definite opinion can be pronounced. The remarkable discovery of an *erect ape*, much larger than any now living, in the Pliocene or Pleistocene beds in Java, may belong to this era. M. Eugène Dubois found a skull, molar tooth, and thigh-bone of an ape in 1891 in these deposits. The skull was of larger capacity than that of any existing ape, and the creature seems to have walked *upright*. Further examination of this discovery will be looked forward to with much interest.†

We now reach the Great Winter of the Glacial Period. During this Ice Age, enormous glaciers covered all the mountains of Northern Europe and of North America. Vast moving ice-sheets, also, covered millions of square miles in these regions and may even have filled up much of the beds of the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. Still, vigorous animal and vegetable life abounded. Buried forests occur between the glacial deposits in North America; and in Scotland the Mammoth, reindeer, and many wild oxen, lived during the Great Ice Age. There is also in

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* *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1895.

† The discoveries are described by Prince Kropotkin in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1896.

Wisconsin, in North America, a curious region from which the Drift deposits are absent, and which is consequently called "The Driftless Region of Wisconsin." It is full of the remains of Mastodons, elephants, buffaloes and wolves, and is supposed to have formed during the Glacial Period a great island surrounded on all sides by vast oceans of moving ice. In fact, it seems that Southern Alaska to-day presents us with a miniature of the Glacial Period. The snowfall of this region is prodigious, and enormous glaciers meeting and forming vast ice-sheets overflow the lowlands along the Pacific coast beneath Mount St. Elias. Still, in summer, a very vigorous vegetation flourishes; forests clothe the lower hills, grass mantles the valleys, and beautiful flowers grow in countless numbers and in wonderful luxuriance. How long the Glacial Period continued we do not know. Sir Joseph Prestwich thinks that it lasted from 15,000 to 25,000 years;* there are grounds also for concluding that it departed with great rapidity.

The ice-sheets retreated, the glaciers shrunk up the mountain sides, the icebergs no longer floated on the seas, the climate became warmer, and the Great Winter of Europe was over. The dry land then stood much higher than now. Ireland was joined to England, and extensive tracts of land filled the English Channel and the southern part of the German Ocean, so that Britain in Post-Glacial times was connected with France, Germany and Denmark. France and Spain extended far out into the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic. The Rhine flowed northwards through the lands which then occupied the southern portion of the German Ocean, and which were probably thickly wooded and teeming with animal life. Dense forests covered all the hills and mountains, and the rivers, swollen by the melting of the snows and by a copious rainfall, rolled in enormous volume through the valleys, filling them from bank to bank. Western Europe in those days witnessed a wonderful development of animal life. It was the period when the

* *Geology*, vol. ii., p. 533.

elephants attained to their grandest development, for there were then no fewer than *seven* distinct species of elephants in Europe. First of all, we have the Southern Elephant (*Elephas Meridionalis*), which appeared in the Pliocene Era and died out before the Post-Glacial Period closed. Then comes the straight-tusked elephant, or *Elephas Antiquus*, which was a somewhat smaller species. Next we have the mighty Mammoth, or *Elephas Primigenius*, the great fur-clad elephant of the north. Fourthly, the African elephant (*Elephas Africanus*) abounded in Southern Europe. Lastly, come three species of *Pigmy Elephants*, which lived at that time in Malta and Sicily, and have been named *Elephas Falconensis*, *Elephas Melitensis* and *Elephas Mnaidreis*; these diminutive elephants were, when full grown, only from three to seven feet in height! Hippopotamuses swam in all the rivers from Spain to Scotland; rhinosceroses plunged amidst the thickets; and countless herds of deer, antelopes, buffaloes and wild horses scoured the grassy plains in all directions. Carnivorous animals were equally abundant. Lions and tigers swarmed on all sides. Hyænas made the darkness of the night ring with their unearthly laughter. Bears inhabited the caves amidst the mountains, and packs of wolves sweeping through the forests after nightfall made the woods resound with their dismal howlings. Alongside of these animals there dwelt such northern forms as the reindeer, the musk ox, and the lemming, and the intimate association of these animals with the lion, the hyæna, and the hippopotamus has given rise to much speculation. It has been thought that the Post-Glacial Period was divided into warm and cold eras, the southern animals (the lion, tiger, hyæna and hippopotamus) living in the former, and the northern animals (the reindeer, musk-ox and lemming) in the latter. This theory, however, is refuted by the fact that the bones of the northern and southern animals are constantly found intermingled in the same deposit. Thus, the remains of the hippopotamus and the reindeer often lie side by side, and the bones of the reindeer are frequently found gnawed by the hyænas. Another hypothesis is that every summer the

southern animals migrated *northwards* from the shores of the Mediterranean, and returned in the autumn; the northern animals then migrated *southwards*, spent the winter in Central Europe, and returned to their northern homes in the spring. No such extensive migrations, *on such a scale*, take place amongst animals in the present day, especially—as in the European area—where lofty mountains lie in the line of march. No cause can be assigned for the southern animals leaving the warm regions of the Mediterranean in the early spring, while to suppose that such a clumsy animal as the hippopotamus, which loves the water, should make a *land journey* every year from Northern Italy to Yorkshire is perfectly ridiculous. The northern and southern animals evidently lived side by side all the year round where their remains are found, and the climate must in some way have permitted this strange association.

In describing the Post-Glacial Period, Sir James Dawson divides it into two eras—the first damp and warm, the latter dry and cold.* We cannot, however, admit this division. The flora is the same throughout, the southern forms persist right down to the close of the Post-Glacial Era, and the hippopotamus existed with the reindeer at the end of the period. It is impossible to make out changes in climate during the Post-Glacial Period, and it is singular that the land-shells which are found in the *latest* deposits of this epoch indicate a *damp* climate.

It is in the Post-Glacial Period that we find the earliest undoubted remains of Man, and as he seems during the whole era to have been ignorant of the metals and to have used only weapons of stone and of bone, the era has been very properly termed the Palæolithic (or Old Stone) Period.† It must be remembered that the Palæolithic Period corresponds to the Post-Glacial Epoch, and its occurrence is as clearly marked in North America as it is in Western Europe. Remains of Man in Europe during this era consist of his

* *The Meeting Place of Geology and History*, p. 38.

† Sir James Dawson would substitute Palanthropic for Palæolithic; but there is no need for the ordinary nomenclature to be altered.

bones, weapons, and various implements, and they occur either in the valley-gravels, the bone-caves, or the hill stations, whilst the antiquity of these remains is proved, partly from their being associated with the bones of extinct animals, and partly from the age of the deposits in which they are discovered. There are few bones of Palæolithic Man in England. In 1822 Dr. Buckland discovered part of a skeleton in the Goat's Hole at Paviland in connection with the skull of a Mammoth. The skeleton has been named by some "The Red Lady of Paviland," and has been thought to be of Palæolithic age, but this is very uncertain,* and the antiquity of other remains found in England and said to be of similar age—such as the bones in the Cattedown cavern, at Plymouth, and the human tooth at Pont-Newydd, in Wales†—is equally doubtful. In France, however, a splendid collection of Palæolithic skulls and bones has been discovered in the Department of the Dordogne, in the Pyrenees, and in other detached situations; while in Italy, near Mentone, the caverns have yielded human remains of similar antiquity. In Belgium, the caverns of Lesse, of Spy, and of Liege, have all furnished human remains which belong to the Palæolithic Period, and the gravels and caves of Germany have also rendered up their treasures of ancient skulls and skeletons. From these relics anatomists have constructed a perfect picture of the men of the Palæolithic Age, and have divided them into the following races. *First*, the Canstadt race; the men of which had long (dolichocephalic) heads, low foreheads, and projecting jaws. They were savage and brutal, and they ranged over Western Europe from Bohemia to Belgium and to Gibraltar. *Secondly*, the Cro-Magnon race, which was confined to Belgium, France and Italy. These men were also dolichocephalic, but they were tall, had splendid heads, and were of great mental power. *Thirdly*, the Furfooz race, which was confined to France and Belgium, and the men of which

* See Buckland's *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, p. 90. The skeleton is that of *a man.*

† Boyd-Dawkins' *Cave Hunting*, p. 287.

were short, feeble, and round-headed or brachycephalic. Both Sir James Dawson and Mr. Laing consider the Canstadt race to be the oldest, but there is no proof of this assertion. The skulls of Spy—which are of Canstadt type—undoubtedly go far back into the Palæolithic Period, but the splendid skull of Engis, of the Cro-Magnon race, is *at least* equally old, and has been thought by Dr. Duncan to be the oldest skull in Europe.* It is of fine form and might have contained the brains of a philosopher. Sir James Dawson notices it as belonging to the Cro-Magnon type,† but he does not assign to it the correct antiquity. Strange to say, Mr. Laing omits all reference to the Engis skull! The two races evidently appeared in Europe simultaneously. Holding the view that the Palæolithic men were the Biblical Antediluvians, Sir James Dawson thinks that the Canstadt race represents the Cainites, the Furfooz (or Truchère) people are the Sethites, and the mighty men of Cro-Magnon may be considered the "giants" and "mighty men of renown," who lived before the Flood;‡ the speculation is ingenious, but of course is a mere supposition.

The weapons of Palæolithic Man were of flint and of bone. He chipped flint into knives, arrow-heads, lance-points and hatchets, and many of the flint arrow-heads from Southern France are finely formed. The bone spears and harpoons are skilfully barbed and beautifully polished, but no weapons of metal belonging to these men, have anywhere been discovered. Sir James Dawson's account of these Palæolithic hunters is admirable, and as we read it we seem to see the life of these earliest men raised before our eyes. They were dressed in skins, curiously sewn by bone needles. They had domesticated the horse, and also used it for food. Although ignorant of agriculture, they were great hunters and fishers, and they even traded to distant regions for stones, minerals, and shells. They buried their dead, either in caves or on the hills, and they showed their faith in a

* *The Student*, vol. iv., p. 259.
† *The Meeting Place of Geology and History*, pp. 60-61.
‡ *Ibid*, p. 93.

future life by burying with the deceased his food, his weapons, and his ornaments. But the surprising characteristic of these earliest men, is their *artistic ability*. On bones, horns, and fragments of slate, they carved representations of animals, men, and hunting scenes. They ornamented their bone wands with beautiful representations of leaves, and their delineation of the animals is so faithful, that Professor Boyd-Dawkins says in admiration—"The most clever sculptor of modern times would, probably, not succeed very much better, if his graver was a splinter of flint, and stone and bone were the materials to be engraved."* Truly these ancient men had a fine mental power, and possessed a high appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in Nature.

Here is Sir James Dawson's picture of one of these warriors of primeval days—

"A Cro-Magnon 'brave,' tall, muscular and graceful in movement, clad in well-dressed skins, ornamented with polished shells and ivory pendants, with a pearly shell helmet, probably decked with feathers, and armed with his flint-headed lance and skull-cracker of reindeer antler, handsomely carved, must have been a somewhat noble savage, and he must have rejoiced in the chase of the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the bison, and the wild horse, and reindeer, and in launching his curiously constructed harpoons against the salmon and other larger fish that haunted the rivers."†

We may add to this description, that the Cro-Magnon "brave" was probably mounted on a shaggy horse, the mane of which was cut with artistic taste; that his bow and quiver were hung over his shoulders; and that his face was painted red with oxide of iron.‡

While these Palæolithic men were struggling against mighty beasts in the forests of Western Europe, what changes were taking place in lands further east? Sir James

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* *Cave Hunting*, p. 344.

† *The Meeting Place of Geology and History*, p. 76.

‡ Oxide of iron was also used to paint the body when a burial took place in a cave, as is proved by the condition of the Palæolithic skeletons found in the caves near Mentone.

Dawson tries to furnish the reply, and he refers us to Egypt and to Syria. The chill of the Glacial Period made itself felt even in Palestine, for the glaciers of Lebanon were then so extensive that the cedars of Lebanon grow on the moraine of an ancient glacier. Sir James Dawson thinks that in the Pleistocene Period, most of Egypt and of Northern Africa was submerged beneath the sea to a depth of 500 feet, which is proved by the terraces, raised beaches, and beds of sea-shells, in these regions.* No human relics therefore can be found in Egypt of this period. Afterwards—during what was in Europe the Palæolithic Era—the land rose, and the Nile, running through a forest-clad valley, fell into the Red Sea. Some chips and flakes of flint have been discovered as belonging to this period, but it is Sir James Dawson's opinion that they are probably of natural origin.† He gives a most interesting account of the caves of the Lebanon, which are situated in the Nahr-el-Kelb Pass, and contain flint implements. They have yielded also bones of the Mammoth, reindeer, and woolly rhinoceros, so that the men who inhabited them must have been contemporaneous with the races of Canstadt and Cro-Magnon in Europe.

He thus restores the scenery of the coast of Syria, as it might appear in the Palæolithic Period—

"If in imagination we suppose ourselves to visit the caves of the Nahr-el-Kelb Pass, when they were inhabited by these early men, we should find them to be tall muscular people, clothed in skins, armed with flint-tipped javelins and flint hatchets, and cooking the animals caught in the chase in the mouths of their caves. They were probably examples of the ruder and less civilized members of that powerful and energetic antediluvian population which had apparently perfected so many arts, and the remains of whose more advanced communities are now buried in the silt of the sea bottom. If we looked out westward on what is now the Mediterranean, we should see a wide wooded or grassy plain as far as the eye could reach, and perhaps might discern vast herds of elephants, rhinoceros, and bison, wandering over those plains in their annual migra-

* *Egypt and Syria*, p. 27.
† *Ibid*, chap. vi.; also *The Meeting Place of Geology and History*, p. 171.

tions. Possibly, on the far margin of the land, we might see the smoke of antediluvian towns, long ago deeply submerged in the sea."*

As the Palæolithic Period drew towards its close in Western Europe the climate is supposed to have grown colder. This is thought to be shown by the abundance of the remains of the reindeer in France and Belgium at this time, and the name of the Reindeer Period has consequently been given to this era. The reasoning, however, is fallacious. The cave-dwellers of this period may have kept herds of tame reindeer for food, or for other purposes, while the fact that the hippopotamus lived in the rivers of France down to the close of the Palæolithic Period, proves that no cold climate could then have existed. The relics of Man, found in Kent's Cavern, at Torquay, and in the caves of Cresswell Crags, in Derbyshire—and which consist of bone pins, needles, and harpoons—are supposed to be of the age of the Reindeer Period; and an engraving of a horse discovered in the latter caves is particularly interesting, as it is the only relic of the Palæolithic artists which has been found in England.† In Belgium, at this time, a community of cave-dwellers inhabited the caverns in the valley of the Lesse, and buried their dead in the caves near the banks of the river. In the cave of Frontal, in this valley, M. Dupont discovered a sepulchral chamber containing sixteen skeletons, the aperture of which was closed by a large slab of limestone. Sir James Dawson describes this cavern, but in reproducing Dupont's picture of the burial-place, as it was constructed by the cave-dwellers, he makes an extraordinary omission.‡ Dupont's restoration of the sepulchre shows an urn of coarse pottery hanging just within the door, and the remains of this earthen vessel were found with the skeletons. In Sir James Dawson's copy of Dupont's picture the urn is *altogether omitted*, an error which is truly surprising, as he

* *The Meeting Place of Geology and History*, pp. 203-204.

† Professor Boyd-Dawkins gives a representation of this drawing in his *Early Man in Britain*, p. 185.

‡ *The Meeting Place of Geology and History*, pp. 98, 99.

notices the vase in the text. He also considers that the burial-place in the Frontal cavern is of Neolithic (or later-stone) Age. Dupont, however, shows that the skeletons were covered by a mass of yellow clay with angular blocks, which formed part of a deposit which covers all Belgium, and is in its turn overlaid by the Loess, which latter formation contains the remains of the great Palæolithic mammalia, and is the latest of the Palæolithic deposits. The Palæolithic Age of the sepulchre at Frontal is, therefore, incontrovertibly established.

The antiquity of the Palæolithic Period is an interesting question. Sir James Dawson thinks that the oldest human remains of this era are not more than 8,000 years old, but Mr. Laing declares that Man existed in Pre-Glacial times, and that his antiquity is at least 250,000 years.* This estimate may easily be shown to be utterly erroneous, and Sir Henry Howorth has declared that the estimates of the enormous antiquity of Post-Glacial Man are grotesque exaggerations.† There are no certain traces of Man before the Glacial Period, and as we cannot tell what occasioned the Great Ice Age, we cannot say if it came on slowly or rapidly. Many leading geologists, however,‡ have declared that the Glacial Period departed with extraordinary rapidity, and Professor Dana considers that the great ice-sheet of North America melted at the astonishing rate of a mile a day,§ which of course occasioned tremendous inundations. As Palæolithic Man is Post-Glacial, we have to ask, how long ago did the Glacial Period close? Sir Joseph Prestwich thinks that it passed away 8,000 or 10,000 years ago, or even less.‖ Mr. Mackintosh thinks that it closed in England about 8,000 years from the present day,¶ and

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* *Human Origins*, p. 316.

† *The Mammoth and the Flood*, p. 225.

‡ Such is the opinion of Professor Wright and of Mr. Kendall. See Wright's *Man and The Glacial Period*, pp. 141-364.

§ *Manual of Geology*, p. 533; and *American Journal of Science*, xxiii. 367.

‖ *Geology*, vol. ii., p. 534.

¶ *Transactions of the Victoria Institute*, 1884.

Dr. Southall, and Dr. Andrews, of Chicago, quite agree with this opinion. The evidence obtained from North America, proving the recent close of the Glacial Period, is positively overwhelming. Streams have cut only shallow channels in glacial deposits; lakes formed in glacial clays are but slightly filled up by inflowing streams; and the marks of the old glaciers on the rocks are as fresh as if made yesterday. From these evidences Professor Wright concludes that the Glacial Period closed from 7,000 to 10,000 years ago,* and he even considers that the melting of the last portion of the North American ice-sheet took place only a few thousand years before the present time.† These calculations effectually dispose of the estimates of an immense antiquity for Man.

The end of the Palæolithic Age was marked by a great catastrophe. The land sank, and the waters of the sea rolled in over vast tracts of Europe, Asia, and America. This great deluge is fully admitted by Sir James Dawson, who considers it—and we think rightly—to be the Noachian Deluge. Sir Henry Howorth seems to have proved that it destroyed the great mammalia of the Northern Hemisphere,‡ and Sir Joseph Prestwich has expressed the same opinion.§ Both these able geologists believe that this tremendous diluvial catastrophe was the Deluge of Noah. The proofs of this cataclysm are found in the *sudden* and *complete* disappearance of the great beasts at the end of the Palæolithic Period, in the enormous and confused deposits of animal remains belonging to this era, and in the vast beds of sand, clay, and gravel which were deposited by the tumultuous waters. Palæolithic Man, also, *suddenly* disappeared at this time. He did not die out slowly, nor did he migrate to distant regions, but, like the great beasts with which he was associated, he perished at a time when "waters prevailed above measure on the face of the earth." So, amidst fearful convulsions, and overwhelming invasions

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* *Man and The Glacial Period*, chap. x.
† *Ibid*, p. 331.
‡ *The Mammoth and the Flood.*
§ *Transactions of the Victoria Institute*, 1894.

of the waters, closed the first human era, with its great beasts, its mighty rivers, its active human hunters, and its skilful human artists.

The curtain falls over Europe at the close of the Palæolithic Age, and when it rises again all is new, and we find ourselves in another world. A mighty change has taken place, and, although the flora of Europe is the same as before, the fauna has entirely altered. We no longer see lions, tigers, elephants, hyænas, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamus, for these great beasts are gone for ever; and in their place there appears only the meagre collection of wild animals which was known in Europe at the dawn of the Historical Era. A new race of men, with new forms, new weapons, and new habits, presents itself before our eyes. We have entered the *Second Era* of human history, or, as it is usually called, the Neolithic Period. The antiquities of this era, which are supposed to be the oldest, are the shell-mounds, or Kitchen Middens. These are great heaps on the Danish coasts formed by the shells of oysters, mussels, and limpets, which were thrown away by wandering tribes after their repasts. Only the bones of animals now living in Europe are found in these heaps, and with them are associated polished flint weapons and fragments of coarse pottery. Similar shell-heaps are found along the American coasts, and are now formed on the sea-shore by the Fuegians and by the Indians of Alaska.

The oldest of the lake villages, in Switzerland, and in other parts of Europe, also belong to this era. These settlements were built on piles driven into the mud at the bottom of the lakes, platforms were constructed on these piles, and on the platforms the huts were erected. Many of these villages were inhabited in later times, and some were built even as late as the days of the Roman Emperors. The lake-dwellers were agriculturists also, and possessed domestic animals, such as the dog, the ox, the pig, the sheep, and the goat. Mr. Laing declares that these Neolithic lake-dwellers were ignorant of agriculture,* but his statement is contra-

* *Human Origins*, p. 265.

dicted by the facts. At Robenhausen—a Neolithic settlement—corn and bread, together with the ears of wheat and barley, were discovered; at Wangen, also, another lake-village in Switzerland of the same age, quantities of corn were found, associated with baked bread.

The most ancient of the rude-stone monuments in Europe were probably raised by the men of the Neolithic Period, although their construction was continued down to later times. The dolmens, cromlechs, menhirs, and stone circles of our moorlands, were, many of them, raised by the men of this era, although the monuments of *hewn* stone are, of course, much later. Even in the present day, the natives of the Khasia Hills, in North-Eastern India, erect great stone monuments, and dolmens, cromlechs, and menhirs, may be seen standing on these hills in great numbers.

Who were the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe, and to what race did these raisers of shell-mounds, builders of lake-villages, and constructors of rude-stone monuments belong? They are quite different from their predecessors in Europe, the men of the Palæolithic Period. The Palæolithic men were wanderers and hunters; they were tall and athletic; they were ignorant of agriculture, and had but one domestic animal, the horse; and they were most skilful artists. The Neolithic men were settlers, shepherds, and agriculturists; they were short and feeble; they had many domestic animals; and, strange to say, they had not the slightest artistic ability. We have evidently here two entirely different races. The Neolithic people clearly belonged to the Turanian division of the human family; for their skeletons, habits and dwellings differ entirely from those of the Aryan branch of mankind; and the raising of rude stone monuments seems to have been pre-eminently a Turanian custom. After the Diluvial Catastrophe had desolated Europe, and had destroyed both Palæolithic Man and the great beasts associated with him, the Turanians were the first men who arrived in the European continent. They seemed to have entered Europe in three different streams, and by three distinct routes. The northern division of these Turanians

passed through Russia, Germany, and Scandinavia, and penetrated even to the western portions of Great Britain. In later times, they were known as the Trolls and Elves of German superstition, and they were represented in Western Ireland by that strange, short, and swarthy race known in early history by the name of the Fir Bolgs. Traces of these old inhabitants may still be found in the primitive customs and weird religious rites in Western Ireland and in the Hebrides.* The central stream of the Turanians passed from Asia-Minor into Greece, and from thence into Italy and France. In the Ægæan Archipelago they were the Pelasgi, in Italy they became the Etruscans, and on the north-western shores of the Mediterranean they were represented by the Ligurians. The Southern Turanian division journeyed along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and passing through Algeria, raised many of the rude stone monuments in that region. Thence they crossed into Spain, and became the Iberians and Aquitanians. They ultimately entered Britain, settled in Southern Ireland, and a branch of them became the Silures of Western Wales. Such seem to have been the earliest wanderers in Europe, who belonged to the existing races of the human family, and it was not until later times that the vanguard of the Aryans spread over Northern and Southern Europe.

The ages of Polished Stone, Bronze, and Iron probably existed in Europe at the same time, for they are not marked by any distinct faunas, and are merely phases through which different regions have passed successively. Doubtless, whilst much of Europe was in the age of Polished Stone, the Empires of Egypt and Chaldea were in their early stages, and perhaps even in their powerful splendour and development. Mr. Laing's account of the earliest civilizations is, to our mind, the most valuable portion of his book. In charming style he describes the oldest condition of Egypt, Chaldea, Phœnicia, Arabia, and the countries contiguous, and we do

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* These customs are described by Mr. Elton in his valuable work, *Origins of English History*, chaps. vii., viii.

not remember for a long time to have read such a delightful piece of writing. The temples of Egypt, the towers of the Akkadians, the pig-tailed and woollen-clothed Hittites, and the priest-kings of Saba, all seem to rise before our eyes. We seem to stand before the palaces of Troy and Mycenæ; the great fleets of Egypt plough the sea beneath our gaze; and we appear to witness the desperate attack on Egypt by the Mediterranean nations, and their ultimate overthrow by the Egyptian armies. We wish that Mr. Laing had written more on the ancient history of the East, for he has evidently studied the subject thoroughly. We are unable to agree with him, however, as to age of the rough flint implements in Egypt. These are, he says, of Palæolithic type, and are found in ancient gravel near Thebes; he thinks that they show that the earliest Egyptian civilization was a plant of very slow growth, from a condition of provincial savagery. He calls the makers of these flints in Egypt "Palæolithic savages," and he quotes with approval the opinion of General Pitt Rivers, that these flints are beyond all calculation older than the oldest Egyptian temples and tombs.* On the other hand, Sir James Dawson, who visited the spot and examined these flints most carefully, is quite unable to see in them the least evidence that they were made by Man. He looks upon them as mere natural specimens, formed by being rolled in the torrent, or by being fractured by natural concussions.† He also describes a wooden sickle armed with flint flakes, which was used in Egypt during the Historic Era,‡ and Dr. Tristram has stated that he has in many places found the barren surface of the Sahara strewn with innumerable shattered flints, which it is impossible to believe were made by Man in that sterile desert. Maspero also tells us that many rough flints are found in the ancient Chaldean tombs, and that these consist of knives, scrapers, and axes, unpolished and of rough workmanship. He also says that stone was used by the poor, while bronze and iron were

* *Human Origins*, pp. 38-108.
† *Egypt and Syria*, pp. 132-133.
‡ *The Meeting Place of Geology and History*, p. 172.

used by the rich.* Clearly, then, we ought to hesitate before we ascribe an enormous antiquity to the rough flints found in Egypt and Chaldea.

On another point, however, we heartily agree with Mr. Laing, and this is concerning the origin of the Etruscans. He considers that the Etruscans were nearly related to the Hittites, and were close cousins, being descended from a common stock.† We quite agree with this, for the Turanian origin of the Etruscans is well established. Herodotus says that the Etruscans came from Lydia, and the Hittites—who were also Turanians—were settled in Lydia in great numbers. The Etruscan worship of ancestors was clearly a Turanian custom, and many of their official titles were of Hittite origin. As the Hittites were the chief builders, traders, and civilizers of Western Asia, so the Etruscans were the leading builders, traders, and civilizers of Western Europe. But the Etruscans differed from most Turanian nations, by being a naval people. Their vessels traversed the Mediterranean in all directions, and their fleets—allied with confederates—twice attacked Egypt; first, in the reign of Merenphtah, and afterwards in that of Ramses III. The Akkadians, moreover—the Turanians of Babylonia—were a naval power, for their fleets traded from the ports of Ur and Eridhu to the Red Sea, and to distant parts of the Indian Ocean. But the naval supremacy of the Etruscans waned before the maritime activity of the Phœnicians. These indefatigable traders, coasting along the Mediterranean shores, passed the Pillars of Hercules, and established their famous settlement of Gaddir, near the site of the modern Cadiz. The Phœnicians kept the trading routes across Gaul, and through the Western Atlantic, a profound secret; and, we are told, that one of their ship-captains from Gaddir, on his way to the tin-islands, being pursued by a Roman vessel, ran his ship on shore and involved his pursuer in the same destruction, rather than reveal the way to the precious

* *The Dawn of Civilization*, pp. 755, 756.
† *Human Origins*, pp. 82, 86.

islands. About the year B.C. 350 Pytheas made his famous voyage to the seas of Northern Europe. The vessels under his charge coasted the shores of Portugal, and, crossing the Bay of Biscay, sailed up the English Channel. He landed in Kent, where he found the Celtic farmers busy harvesting, so that the Aryan invasion of Western Europe must have occurred long before. From Britain he sailed to Denmark, and, entering the Baltic, penetrated eastwards as far as the Vistula. With the voyage of Pytheas the Pre-Historic Era of Northern Europe may be said to close.*

On reviewing the whole period of Pre-Historic Times, from the Post-Glacial Era to the voyage of Pytheas, the idea which strikes us most forcibly is *the high intellectual character* of the earliest men. The Palæolithic men—the first revealed to us by science—had heads as large or even larger than the average inhabitant of Western Europe in the present day, and they must have possessed brains at least equal in size to any men now living, while in strength, and stature, and form, they were as far removed from apes as are the modern Europeans. Evolutionists admit the fact, and agree that the oldest men known were as far removed from apes or ape-like ancestors as are the men of the present time. Mr. Laing, while admitting this, draws from it an argument in favour of the great antiquity of Man, for he says that, *if there be any truth in the Darwinian Theory*, Man's ancestors must go back immensely far, and must have existed in the Pliocene Period or even earlier. The *if* here is of prodigious importance. We believe that most investigators, after weighing all the evidence, will decide that, as the earliest men were as human as the North American Indian or the Zulu Kaffir; and that, as *no human bones whatever* are undoubtedly found which are earlier than these splendid Post-Glacial (or Palæolithic) men; it is therefore certain that geological and archæological researches give a verdict strongly opposed to the idea that Man has been developed from an ape, or from any ape-like creature whatever.

* A most valuable account of the voyage of Pytheas is given in Elton's *Origins of English History*, chaps. i., ii.

The picture of these earliest men in the Palæolithic Period is full of fascinating interest. We see them bestriding their shaggy horses, chasing the wild ox, and transfixing the reindeer with their arrows. They stand on the rocks by the river's bank, and plunge their harpoons into the water after the fish; whilst they watch the elephant and the rhinoceros coming through the woods to drink of the river, and gaze at the hippopotamus floating on the waters. As darkness closes in they repair to their cavern. They make their clothes and frame their weapons by the flickering light of their fire. They listen to the roaring of the wind in the trees in the forest, and to the howling of the wolves and hyænas, against which animals they have carefully to guard their habitation. Their wants are few. The woods, the grassy plains, and the great rivers furnish them with abundant supplies of food, and their lives are quiet, peaceful, and happy. But the end of this ancient race at last arrives. Great convulsions take place and the land begins to sink. The sea rolls in and the lowlands are submerged, while the hills rise like islands above the waters. The animals in terror seek for safety. Vast herds of elephants, lions, deer, bears, and wolves, trembling, howling, and bellowing, congregate on the loftiest heights. Men climb the hill-sides to escape from the catastrophe and join with the animals on the summits, while the roaring waters rise ever higher and higher. As the darkness descends, we dimly discern trunks, tusks, and antlers, tossing in the air, and then the blackness of night enwraps everything in a funereal pall.

So perished the men of the earliest period of human history. They were overwhelmed by the surging waters of tumultuous inundations. They sank beneath the waves of the Great Flood, along with the elephant, the lion and the rhinoceros, which had been their companions, and they left neither legend, record, nor tradition, behind them—

> "Like the dew on the mountain,
> Like the foam on the river,
> Like the bubble on the fountain,
> They are gone, and for ever."

ART. II.—PROFIT-SHARING AND GAIN-SHARING.

1. *Report on Profit-sharing, presented to the Board of Trade Labour Department.* 1895.

2. *Report on Gain-sharing, presented to the Board of Trade Labour Department.* 1895.

THE most important problem for the future of civilization is that of the distribution of wealth. The "joy in widest commonalty shared," of which Wordsworth wrote, is the spiritual side of democracy; the supply to all of reasonable material comfort is the economic ideal. Years of patient study are needed to realise even the difficulties of social construction, and only actual experiment can afford any valuable guidance. It is well worth while to examine the experiments already made in the direction of profit-sharing and gain-sharing.

Socialist writers are fond of writing about what they call the Iron Law of progressive societies, by which wages fall, rents rise, and interest remains stationary. It is a law which is in direct contradiction of facts, as average wages have undoubtedly risen since the Industrial Revolution in England, but our present commercial system is certainly open to the criticism that the larger hope of any continual progress is shut off from the working-classes. Under ordinary conditions of employment a working man has only his labour to sell, and can only expect to obtain its market price. Increasing population must increase the supply of that labour, and must render impossible any perpetual rise in its market value. From the point of view of social equality, which, in a democratic state, must be the point of view of all idealists, that is the cardinal flaw in our commercial system. It is a closing of the door upon the wider hopes of the vast majority, and that is a feature very dangerous to every system under which the majority have nominally sovereign power.

There is growing in many minds a vague desire for some scheme of radical reconstruction, but the scheme, whatever its details, is generally accepted rather as the great alternative to present distresses than as practical and perfect in itself. Critical minds fear that collectivism or communism will only lead us into a bare land of carefully distributed poverty, and patient minds ask if improvement cannot be found within the outlines of the present system. The attempts made to establish plans by which workmen shall share in the profits or gains of the concerns for which they labour, are attempts at finding an answer to this question. It cannot be said that they have as yet yielded any very conclusive answer, but they are at least a notable and valuable piece of social experiment.

It is essential in the first place to gain an exact idea of what profit-sharing and gain-sharing respectively mean. There are other forms of industrial remuneration from which, for purposes of economic science, they must be carefully distinguished. There is, for instance, the plan by which workmen are allowed to hold shares in the company for which they work. The dividend on every share is undoubtedly a share in profits, but it is paid to them as interest on their capital, and not as a reward for their labour. There is again what is properly known as product-sharing, a system obtaining in many classes of industry. In the Cornish mines at one time nearly all the men were paid by "tribute." The mines were let in "pitches" to a "taker," who himself employed the group of workers engaged on the "pitch," and the "taker" himself was paid as "tribute" a certain percentage of the value of the minerals actually gotten. Under the familiar *metayer* system the landlord supplies land and buildings, and sometimes the stock, and receives a certain proportion of the produce; and in many fisheries the men are paid a certain share of the catch. This is closely analogous to profit-sharing, but is a distinct system for this reason, that the capitalist may not make any profits, through having paid too large a sum for the concern, or for other reasons; but the men will still receive their full

share. There are also many large co-operative undertakings, owned and worked by working-men, but in the great majority of these the employees are paid according to the ordinary wage system, which is in itself a somewhat remarkable fact.

The distinction between gain-sharing and profit-sharing is thus elucidated by Mr. Schloss:

"While under a scheme of profit-sharing the employee receives, by way of bonus, in addition to his ordinary wages, a share of the profits . . . . under the systems which have been designated under the general name of progressive wages, the employee receives, as an incentive to the display of a special degree of efficiency, a bonus, the amount of which is altogether independent of the profits earned or the losses incurred by the business, and which is strictly proportionate to the extra activity, carefulness, and intelligence exhibited by him, measured by the reduction effected in the cost of production as compared with certain standard costs. Thus, if the execution of a given piece of work usually occupies five hours, the workman may be told that if he can get the job done in four hours he shall receive, by way of premium, in addition to the price of four hours' labour, reckoned at his accustomed rate of pay, the whole, or a definite fraction of the price of the time saved by the more than normal degree of efficiency which he has exhibited."

Gain-sharing is thus a development of the ordinary payment by piece, and it has been known, especially in the "Good Fellowship" scheme of the Thames Ironworks, to produce excellent effects. It is open to the objection that it may "force the pace" too much by making men overwork, and even scamp their work, if there is not very strict inspection. But, according to strict economic theory, it is perhaps better than profit-sharing, because the bonus earned is a reward for better labour, whereas profits are strictly the reward for better management, labour with which the working men have nothing to do. The man gets his bonus whether there are any profits or not; he gets it "as he goes along," which many men prefer. But the great difficulty in the way of the plan is that in many businesses it is almost impossible to define the "standard cost," and this has probably been the reason why the plan has not been widely adopted in England.

The best strict definition of profit-sharing is that adopted by the Paris International Congress on this subject—*la convention librement consentie, par laquelle l'ouvrier ou l'employé reçoit une part de bénéfices déterminée d'avance,* the points to notice in the definition being that there should be a definite and free agreement, that the bonus must come out of profits and that the share should be determined beforehand. There are three fairly distinct types—the "stimulus," in which the bonus is an attempt to secure extra zeal; the "bribe," in which the desire is to break down some union or hostile agreement; and the "deferred," in which the preservation of trade secrets or the long service of employees is secured by postponing the bonus through investment in some provident society.

The Report made by Mr. D. F. Schloss to the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, gives a very concise and interesting history of profit-sharing in the British Isles. It is a mistake to believe that the idea is of French origin, as is commonly supposed. The principle was recognised in England as early as 1829 by Lord Wallscourt, whose plan was "to reckon every workman as the investor of as much capital as will yield at 5 per cent. per annum the sum paid to him in wages." This arrangement was carried out on a farm of 100 acres, but no details are now known as to its success or failure, save the opinion of Lord Wallscourt that it so much interested the labourers that he was able, without loss, to travel on the Continent for a year at a time. In 1864 Messrs. John Crossley and Sons, carpet manufacturers, of Halifax, introduced a system very clearly analogous to profit-sharing, which had an interesting history. Their business was converted into a company, and if an employee wished to take up a share he was lent the purchase-money at 5 per cent. by the company, who retained the dividends on his share until they were recouped for the loan, when the share was transferred to the employee. Between 1864 and 1881, when the system was changed, 280 employees became the owners of 3,000 fully paid-up shares, but the number of shareholders has since been decreased by the fact that many

of the workpeople could not resist selling their shares when they were at a high premium. The later experience of a company, who are famous among good employers, is worth quoting :

"We have found by experience that a better, because a more permanent method than the above, for binding the interest of the workpeople with the concern, is to encourage them to deposit their savings with us. At the present time we hold, belonging to employees, as loans on debenture or on deposit, for managers, clerks, and designers (22), £10,058; for workpeople (63), £15,076. There is also a savings' bank in connection with the works, the funds of which are lodged with us, having 685 depositors, and holding a total of £29,532. (A total of £54,666 on which the firm allows 5 per cent.) There can be no doubt that this financial stake in the company, held by so large a number as 770 workpeople, by securing solidarity of interest as between employer and employed, promotes the success of the business."

What Mr. Schloss describes as the most famous of all the instances of profit-sharing in this country, is the experiment made in their Yorkshire collieries by Messrs. Henry Briggs, Son & Co. This scheme was at first singularly successful, and its ultimate fall strikingly illustrates some of the dangers which every scheme of this kind must meet. In 1865, the business was converted into a company, and it was agreed that whenever the profits exceeded 10 per cent. on the capital embarked, half of the extra profits should be divided among the employees in proportion to the amount each of them earned as wages ; and there was a further agreement that those who took shares in the company should receive a higher bonus than those who did not. From the first there was a committee of the workers, in 1869 one of the workmen was elected by his fellows as one of the five directors of the company, and the accounts of the firm were annually inspected by an accountant. The arrangements were then particularly complete, and it is not surprising that good results followed, in better work, greater willingness to work overtime when necessary, and more complete harmony. From 1866 to 1874, not less than £40,151 was distributed by way of bonus, amongst from 1,000 to 1,200 employees. It

was hoped that this form of partnership would be considered by the men a sufficient alternative to organisation in a union, but the men took other views, and this proved to be the little rift within the lute. In 1872 many men lost their bonus by attending a great union meeting after warning that such would be the result; in 1874 the men sided with the union against the company in a dispute over the use of "riddles" underground; and in 1875 the bonus was definitely abandoned after a strike of four weeks, the men refusing to accept a reduction in wages, necessitated by a fall in prices. The scheme then failed to stand two tests—it did not overcome the discontent caused by bad times, and it did not prove a substitute for the trade union. The latter is by no means a necessary test in every case of profit-sharing, but the former is one that every scheme must perforce encounter.

As conflict with the trade unions and the adverse opinion of their leaders are among the great difficulties in the way of this principle, it is interesting to recall the well-known plan of Sir George Livesey. In 1889 there was a considerable advance of the "new unionism," involving the great dock strike, and the formation of the National Union of Gas Workers. The first demands of the Union were conceded by the South Metropolitan Gas Company, but a scheme of profit-sharing was inaugurated as an alternative to further concessions. The dividend permitted by law is regulated by the selling price of gas, an additional dividend of ¼ per cent. being allowed for each reduction of one penny per thousand feet, and it was proposed to give the employees "a bonus of 1 per cent. on their year's wages for every penny reduction below 2*s.* 8*d.* per 1,000 feet" (the price then being 2*s.* 3*d.*). To secure these benefits a workman had to sign an agreement binding himself to serve for twelve months, the company agreeing to employ him at the current rate of wages. It was at first intended that the money was to remain on deposit at 4 per cent., and to be forfeit in case of a strike, but these provisions were modified after consultation with the men. The new proposals were still

bitterly opposed by the Union, with the result that 2,000 men went out on strike to enforce the demand that the scheme should be abolished. The men were completely beaten in the strike, and the scheme, modified and developed, still continues, and has produced excellent results, some £40,000 having been paid as bonus, and the company (according to Mr. Livesey) recouped the whole amount by the good results in the work and temper of the men. There is a profit-sharing committee, half of whom are elected by profit-sharing employees, which decides any dispute as to the construction of the rules, and which is a valuable educative agency for the men who serve upon it, as they are consulted on all questions. According to Mr. Livesey's evidence before the Labour Commission, the men are much more careful about their work, having acquired the habit of saying, "*That will not do; that will go against our profit-sharing,*" when they see any negligence. The men still sign an agreement, and the articles therein are worthy of attention, considering the importance and success of this scheme. The company agree to employ the man "*who says that he is not a member of the Gas Workers' Union*" for twelve months without reduction of the current rate, the man binding himself to serve for that period, and to obey the orders of the foreman, and work the 54 hours' week. It is a further condition that he shall not during the period of service become a member of the Union, and the company agree not to throw any obstacle in the way of his leaving their employment, if his services can be dispensed with without detriment to the company. It is worth noticing that this is a business in which the workmen can have no doubt as to their getting their full bonus, as the price of gas is so easily ascertained.

Amongst the 102 cases detailed in Mr. Schloss's Report, almost every kind of business is represented, and there is a fair proportion of successful experiments, though many have been abandoned. The opinion of Mr. Joseph H. Fox, whose firm of woollen manufacturers at Wellington have succeeded in maintaining a scheme since 1866, is particularly noteworthy. He read a paper before the Social

Science Association, and the results of his experience may be summarised briefly, the basis of his plan being to receive deposits from his work-people and pay them a rate of interest (within a fixed minimum and maximum) in accordance with the profits made by the concern. His verdict is, that given "thorough good will" and prosperous times, the scheme is likely to succeed, but the cardinal difficulty is that of fixing the amount of the workman's share in profits. If it is not considerable, it will not stimulate him to fresh exertion; if it becomes too large, it endangers the success of the concern. "Divide the profits as you will between capital and labour, it will always be a question open to dispute whether that division is a fair one." The ingenuous opinion of a labourer, employed on a profit-sharing farm of Mr. Albert Grey's, is also illuminative. Mr. A. Leo Chipman gives this account of the opinion of the labourers on those farms (*Economic Review*, January, 1894):

"If you ask any of the men on either of the Learmouths . . . what they think of the scheme, you are almost invariably met with a half shamefaced or sceptical smile, and probably all the answer you would get to your enquiry is, 'O! dar say it is varrie gude.' At the most all the acknowledgment they would make would be, 'Ay, but it's a fine thing to get two or three pound extra at the end o' the year. It comes in gey handy.' Only in exceptional cases can you get anything more definite. One intelligent man, who had not lived on the Learmouths himself, but had been brought into contact with men who had, told me he thought the prospect of possible gain, coupled with the half-holiday, which was given to the men for several years, but has lately been withdrawn, did give the Learmouths the pick of the labour market, and consequently did insure that excellence of work on which Mr. Grey justifies his principle of taking all the loss and sharing all the profits. But this opinion, even among the working class, is in a decided minority."

There is much force in the opinion of Miss Edith Simcox that "the firm that takes a step of this kind helps to raise the standard of living among the workmen concerned; it does not raise its own dividends."

Profit-sharing has certainly made considerable progress in England, though the number of firms adopting the system

is evidently dependent upon the goodness of trade. There are altogether 152 known cases in this country, but of these fifty-one experiments have been abandoned, though only about one-third on the ground of failure. There have been twenty-two cases (four past and eighteen present) in the printing trade, which seems, on the whole, to have lent itself more successfully to this method than any other, and twenty-one cases (ten past and eleven present) in various branches of metal manufacture. As to the duration of the schemes, those that have ceased lasted on the average about five years. The Report states that

"Out of the 101 cases of present profit-sharing, three date back upwards of twenty years . . . that nine others can boast of an existence covering more than ten years, while the whole of the remaining eighty-nine cases have occurred within the last ten and a quarter years. . . . It will be seen that, although a few of our British profit-sharing schemes are entitled to claim that they have stood successfully the test of a prolonged application of this industrial method, yet the great majority of these schemes can boast of but a comparatively brief existence, about two-thirds of all the cases having arisen in or after the year 1889."

There is great variety in the methods of profit-sharing. In some few cases the employer binds himself legally to pay the bonus, but in the vast majority he expressly stipulates that it is to be given "not of legal right, but gratuitously." Occasionally it is made a condition that the employee should invest money in the business, and occasionally the employee's bonus depends not on the profits of the whole business, but on the profits of his particular department. The normal plan appears to be to fix upon a reserved limit, sufficient to include all charges for interest on capital, depreciation, salaries for management (and sometimes the minimum rate of profit reserved), to deduct this from the gross revenue, and allot a certain proportion (usually fixed beforehand) of the surplus profits to the profit-sharing employees. The percentage allotted, of course, varies very greatly. In some cases, if the bonus exceeds a certain amount, a part of it is paid into a reserve fund, which can

be used to increase the bonus of a bad year. An important practical point is the due verification of the accounts, as undoubtedly a great cause of failure has been the suspicion of the men that they have not received their fair bonus. The majority of firms make arrangements for the profits to be divulged privately to an auditor who represents the men. In the bulk of the schemes it is made a condition of participating in profits that the man should have been twelve months in the employ of the firm, and in a certain number it is a condition that he should be a member of some sick or provident society. One company (the South Metropolitan Gas Company) make it a condition that the employee shall not be a member of the Gas Workers' Union, while on the other hand one employer (Mr. Robert Martin, of West Hartlepool), stipulates that profit-sharers "*must* be members of their trade society." In most cases the bonus fund is distributed among the participants in proportion to the amount of their wages for the year, apart from money paid for overtime, and the usual plan is to divide the money once a year. In 71 out of 101 existing cases the bonus is paid in cash, though several of these firms allow the money to be deposited with them at a fixed rate of interest. The cash bonus is sometimes paid to a man's credit in a savings' bank, while in one excellent example of a wise fraternalian the bonus was paid into a bank to the men's credit, the pass-books being handed to their wives. Lord George Manners has the credit of that illustration of the amiable feudal lord. In 18 cases the bonus is paid partly in cash and partly to a man's credit in a provident fund, which provides for the needs of sickness, old age, and burial.

"The principal provision for old age made under profit-sharing schemes takes the form of deferred payment of bonus, the amount standing to the credit of the participant (including all accumulations of interest), being paid out to him under certain conditions. The conditions as to withdrawal differ considerably in different cases, a frequent arrangement being that the employee shall (save under exceptional circumstances) wait to receive his money until he shall have attained a specified age, or completed a specified term of continuous service in the firm."

Perhaps the most interesting method of dealing with the bonus is that by which it is devoted to taking up shares in the capital of the concern. The business of Wm. Thomson and Sons, Limited, woollen manufacturers, deserves special study, as it has been established nine years, and may, says Mr. Schloss,

"be taken as a successful example of a form of industrial organisation in which the object aimed at by the employer in introducing the profit-sharing system is to bring about the gradual acquirement by the employees of the ownership of the concern, or of a preponderant interest in the concern."

In 1886 Mr. Thomson converted his business into a society, with a capital of £6,000 in £1 shares and £11,000 in loan capital, most of which belongs to Mr. Thomson, and yields five per cent. The share capital is owned by co-operative societies, by trade unions, and by working-men. Mr. Thomson is manager, removable only by a five-sixths majority of members, and he is assisted by a committee on which sit three representatives of the employees, two of co-operative societies, and two of trade-unionism.

"The rules direct that the profits of the business (after payment of interest on loan capital) shall be applied as follows:—(1) The reduction of the value of the fixed stock and plant; (2) in reduction of the preliminary expenses (long ago cleared off); (3) in paying to share capital its dividend of five per cent.; (4) in forming a reserve fund; (5) in promoting educational objects; (6) in subscribing to the Co-operative Union; (7) in devoting (if the committee think fit) sums of money to keep up an assurance and pension fund; the remaining profits are to be divided into two equal parts, one of which is to be allotted to all persons employed by the society for not less than six months as a bonus in proportion to wages earned, and the other is to be distributed among the customers of the society. The bonus allotted to employees is to be retained and applied in or towards the purchase of shares in the society. . . . The average ratio which the bonus has borne to wages has been 1·5 per cent."

Apparently the financial success of the scheme was at first jeopardised by the withdrawal of custom by those who objected to the sharing of profits, but the society now does a regular trade, especially with the Working-class Co-operative Societies. It is stated that one of the workmen who

invented a great improvement in weaving presented his invention to the society, instead of patenting it for his own benefit. Mr. Thomson is entirely satisfied with the success of his generous and ingenious scheme.

"It is," he writes, "hardly possible to conceive a strike under such conditions. . . . The 'extra zeal' may not come all at once, but it is astonishing how quickly it does. But I should prefer to avoid the suggestion of making the application of profit-sharing dependent upon this. It must be conceded as an act of justice, and under existing industrial conditions most expedient."

If we enquire to what extent these schemes have practically benefited the masters and men, the signs of benefit to the men are rather clearer than those to the masters. There are 83 cases in which the ratio of the bonus to wages is reported. Of these, in 31 the bonus was five per cent. of the wages or upwards, and in 38 either no bonus was paid or the amount was less than 3 per cent.; which gives on an average a mean rate of 4·4 per cent. on wages. When we turn to the side of the masters, we find that there are many who find that there is very little practical result in the shape of better work, but the general impression given by the perusal of their opinions is that profit-sharing "leads to an all-round improvement" in the work. Several employers state that the whole of the bonus is recouped to them by the extra zeal, others say that only part is recouped. On the important question of the relations between employers and employed, we find that the reports of employers are on the whole, that harmony is generally the result if the scheme is properly understood. Several firms notice suspicion on the part of the men, and when the bonus is small, "a certain amount of 'glumness' which does not exist where nothing is expected but the agreed-upon salary." Many employers note that the existence of a scheme brings the best workmen to them; and it is at least a noteworthy fact that "in recent years the occurence of a strike in a profit-sharing establishment is believed to have been a rare event."

It is rather a puzzling and disappointing fact that, although both in theory and in practice, profit-sharing seems at least

intended to benefit the men, we find that officially at least the trade unions have always been opponents of the scheme. Mr. Schloss enquired confidentially into the opinions of the unions affected by one half of the 101 profit-sharing schemes known to exist at present, and the following were the results of his enquiry. One-third of the schemes are not within the sphere of influence in any trade union; in the remaining cases, two out of three of the firms pay the union rate of wages, yet in only one-fourth of these cases are the profit-sharing schemes approved, while in about one-half of all these cases the scheme is regarded by the trade unions concerned "with more or less emphatic disapproval." It would, of course, be a great mistake to regard this official disapproval as really representative of all working-class opinion. The unions only contain about one out of every eleven working men; but organised labour will always affect and very largely govern unorganised labour, at least in opinion, so that the opposition trade unions would be a great bar to the wide spread of profit-sharing. When we examine the various grounds of disapproval, it is evident that some of them are only applied to non-essential particulars of the theory or scheme, *e.g.*, the absence of any public examination of accounts to verify the master's report on profits, or the loss of accumulation of deferred bonus by a man who leaves or is discharged. Other objections are that profit-sharing is intended to "force the pace," and leads to too much overtime being willingly worked, and that it tends to make men content with too low a rate of wage. There undoubtedly are, in some instances, rational objections, but it has been pointed out that in the bulk of instances profit-sharing firms pay the union rate. The real ground of the union hostility is that they fear that the power of the union combination will be undermined, and that the men will lose their independence and become too subservient to their masters.

It would be a great mistake to dismiss, as a mere matter of trivial prejudice, this natural hostility of the unions. They object to profit-sharing because it offers an alternative

to the class organisation of labour. The ideal of the trade unionist is a gigantic federation of the working classes, all workers of all trades joining hands. The ideal of the profit-sharer is a very distinct one, and is one of organisation by companies, all workers of each business joining hands. Clearly these are rival and hostile methods of industrial reform, and he would be a bold prophet who would decide which of the two is on the lines of future development. It is to be noted that the unions have so far quite failed to thoroughly organise labour as a class, and probably the nearer and clearer association of the working man with his own firm, will for some time appeal to him more vividly than his ties of class, with the dim crowds of other and half-alien towns. National feeling will always be stronger than the bonds of any international federation of labour, and a good employer can very often create in his men a pride in "the firm" which has something of the quality of patriotism. These profit-sharing concerns are certainly in accord with the general drift of things economic in one particular, that they can best be carried out in those large businesses which are everywhere driving out their smaller competitors. Organisation is the great social need, the great antidote to anarchy is a reasonable order, as Carlyle preached long ago, and order and organisation are easier on the large scale. Many of the large firms establish provident and assurance funds, which confer great benefits in the days of sickness and old age, for which the labouring man finds it so difficult to provide, and these are excellent adjuncts to profit-sharing schemes. When successfully worked these schemes have the evident advantages of blessing him that gives and him that takes, and if they can be made also the instruments of assistance in times of stress, and the channel of good-will between master and men, they may indeed become the foundation and beginning of a system commercially efficient, and yet freer from the harsh inequalities of that under which we live.

ART. III.—CLIVE AND HASTINGS.

1. *Lord Clive.* By Colonel Sir CHARLES WILSON. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890. In "English Men of Action" Series.
2. *Life of Warren Hastings, First Governor-General of India.* By Colonel G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1894.
3. *The Private Life of Warren Hastings.* By Sir CHARLES LAWSON, Fellow of the University of Madras, &c. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.
4. *The Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey.* By Sir JAMES FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.S.I., one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.
5. *Hastings and the Rohilla War.* By Sir JOHN STRACHEY.

SOME forty years ago a reviewer, dealing with the newly-published third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's *History of England*, noted the one grave defect that impairs the value of that great work, and drew attention to the fact that an essentially false working maxim, formulated by the brilliant author at a much earlier date, seemed to be still so much approved by him as to rule his whole conduct as a popular historian.

"The best portraits," wrote Macaulay the essayist, "are perhaps those in which there is *a slight admixture of caricature;* and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which *a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative* is judiciously employed. The fainter lines are neglected, but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind for ever."

Having cited this curious passage from the essay on Machiavelli, the critic of *The Times* went on to demonstrate, by instance on instance, that Macaulay had put the theory he approved into practice, when he composed his magnifi-

cent picture of seventeenth century England under the later Stuarts. It would be idle to deny that not a few of the portraits he has introduced therein are so heavily overcharged, that no contemporary of the men and women depicted could recognise the originals under that glaring load of colour. But the vicious theory by which the great partisan historian was guided has not been so hurtful to the interests of truth, it has not created impressions so cruelly false, when put to practice in the *History*, as in other writings of the same author. His heaviest offences against the fair fame of great and well-deserving persons must be sought in his Essays, wherein he judges on insufficient evidence, and condemns, with a light heart, men who undoubtedly and admittedly, their enemies being witnesses, "rendered great and meritorious services to their country." These unjust sentences were delivered in the days of Macaulay's splendid petulant youth; but he did not retract or modify them in his riper manhood; they still go forth to the world under the sanction of his great name; and, clothed as they are with all the charm of his extraordinary eloquence, are accepted unquestioningly by thousands of English-speaking readers. The injury resulting to very noble characters is quite comparable to that under which, for so many years, the memory of the great Protector suffered, through his having found a historian so honestly unfriendly as Clarendon.

Macaulay's portraits of Clive and Warren Hastings, and, in association with the latter, of the much-aspersed Sir Elijah Impey, are caricatures indeed; but the glowing colour and the magical chiaroscuro of the great word-painter so disguise the wild incorrectness of his drawing, that the magnificent caricatures have been accepted as living faithful resemblances; and two heroes of English history have been wronged of the fair renown to which lives of unswerving patriot devotion had justly entitled them. Happily in these, as in other similar cases, "the whirligig of Time brings about his revenges." One able and well-informed writer after another has arisen to defend the memory of these our dead

benefactors, and has succeeded in dispersing the mists of libellous and baseless rhetoric which obscured it. Especially has this been the case with regard to the much-achieving, much-enduring Warren Hastings, first on the list of our great Indian Governors-General, who made it his life-task to carry on and to perfect the great work begun by Clive, who laid deep in wisdom and equity the foundations of our Indian Empire, and whose country rewarded him, as he said with no unmanly pathos, "with confiscation, disgrace, and a life of impeachment." To win back for Hastings something of the universal esteem and veneration which cheered his closing years, when he had fairly lived down the slanders and the rancorous hate of an enemy the bitterest that man ever had, has been an enterprise in which Colonel Malleson, Sir Charles Lawson, Sir John Strachey, and Sir James Fitz-James Stephen have each borne their share. The work of the last-named judicial writer, who speaks with the cold careful precision of a judge on the bench, has the more value because of the ungrudging homage that he renders to the rare powers, the distinguished services, and the noble personal character of Macaulay, who was "his own friend, and his father's, and his grandfather's friend also," and for whom he betrays the most affectionate enthusiasm. But truth is more to Stephen than is even so old and dear a friendship. He accumulates an overwhelming mass of evidence in confutation of every damaging statement advanced by Macaulay, *re* the supposed conspiracy between Governor-General Hastings and Chief-Justice Impey; and the best excuse he can find for the emission of the flagrant falsehoods, into which the man whom he cordially admires was betrayed, forms no very cogent argument in favour of defendant Macaulay. "His marvellous power of style blinded him to the effect which his language produced." It is probable that he did not guess that he was branding a guiltless man "with indelible infamy" by "a few sentences which came from him with little effort;" and his pitiless assault on the unoffending Impey, on making which he accepted furious partisan in-

vectives as if they had been sworn evidence, was "a literary murder" committed in the careless wantonness of irresponsible journalism, a murder of which he probably "thought but little" when he perpetrated it. It is a somewhat better plea in his favour that his information was wretchedly defective; certainly he can never have inspected one-tithe of the documents, or mastered one-hundredth part of the intricate perplexing details, which Sir James Stephen has sifted so patiently, with the result that Hastings is vindicated completely and triumphantly from the most injurious of all the charges brought against him by the industrious malice of his enemies.

So much for the value of the more important of Macaulay's two Essays on Clive and Hastings respectively, as a historical document.

We now propose to glance briefly at the true story of these two great men, as set forth in the pages of their later, better informed, and more unprejudiced historians.

To Clive, Macaulay has been less obviously unjust than to Hastings; yet he has so exaggerated the rugged lines of the grand character he was depicting, he has so darkened its naturally vivid colouring, as to convey a really unfair impression. His curious injustice tinges even his description of the hero's person. Clive's "naturally harsh features," we are told, "were redeemed from vulgar ugliness only by their stern, dauntless, and commanding expression." Beauty is in the eye of the gazer, we know; conversely, so must ugliness be. The ordinary observer receives no such impression from the contemporary portraits, by which alone the soldier-statesman could be known to his critic—Clive having already lain in the grave a quarter of a century, in the year of Macaulay's birth. In that formidable aspect there is not, there never can have been, any thing vulgar. The broad, high, massive brow, the full, heavy-lidded, well-opened eyes, the leonine nose, and sharply-curved scornful mouth, are stamped in every line with ineffaceable distinction. It is not a delicate, not a refined, not an amiable face; pride and power, imperious will, "stern and dauntless"

courage are too boldly written on its traits; but there is no vulgarity in it. The whole masterful physiognomy might have been before the mind's eye of Goldsmith when he wrote the lines descriptive of Englishmen as *he* knew them:

> "Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
> *With daring aims irregularly great*;
> Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see lords of humankind pass by;
> Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
> True to imagin'd right, beyond control."

It is of interest to remember that Clive had been for some years a conspicuous figure in London society when these lines appeared in *The Traveller;* that the poem was published in the very year (1764) when Clive left England to enter on his great crusade against the rampant corruptions which were disgracing every branch of Anglo-Indian officialdom; and that Oliver Goldsmith must have seen and must have noted well a public personage so every way remarkable. Intentionally or not, his verse reflects, as in a mirror, Clive's very physiognomy, moral and physical; it is indeed a far truer portrait than that drawn with full intention by a great Victorian poet. Robert Browning, in the "dramatic idyll" he has called *Clive,* has obviously been swayed by the influence of Macaulay, who himself accepted the unjust view of Mill:

> "Power is power, and still
> Marks a man—God's gift magnific, exercised for good or ill.
> You've your boot now on my hearthrug, tread what was a tiger's skin;
> Never such a royal monster as I lodged the bullet in!
> True, he murdered half a village, so his own doom came to pass;
> Still, for size and beauty, cunning, courage—ah, the brute he was!
> Why, that Clive—that youth, that greenhorn, that quill-driving clerk, in fine,
> He sustained a siege in Arcot. But the world knows!"

The world does not know enough, knowing Clive only as the daring successful soldier, the bold, astute, successful statesman. He was no mere lawless magnificent beast of prey, however his singular cast of countenance might recall

the portentous grandeur of a royal Bengal tiger. He doubtless used the powers with which he was so superbly gifted for his personal aggrandisement, indeed, but not for that solely, not for that chiefly.

In his second administration of Bengal, he gave abundant proof of his readiness to put both fame and fortune to the hazard, making himself the mark at which disappointed greed might shoot all the poisoned arrows of its rancorous spite, to the endangering of his wealth, his reputation, his very existence, in the cause of righteousness, sound policy, and his country's honour, with which he rightly deemed her true interests to be identified.

"I do declare," wrote he, at the moment of entering on those sweeping reforms in the conduct of the Company's affairs, which he himself styled correctly "cleansing the Augean stable,"—

"I do declare, by that Great Being who is the searcher of hearts, and to whom we must be accountable, if there is a hereafter, that I am come out with a mind superior to all corruption, and that I am determined to destroy those great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt."

He acted fully up to these solemn words, and when those whose hatred he had incurred by his stern uncompromising justice tried to destroy him by envenomed misrepresentation, he could say, and say truly,

"I never, in a single interest, lost sight of what I thought the honour and true interest of my country and the Company, . . . my influence was never employed for any man contrary to the strictest principles of honour and justice; and, so far from reaping any benefit myself from the expedition, I returned to England many thousand pounds out of pocket."

A noticeable thing to be said, and said with truth, by a man who loved wealth because he loved splendour and profusion, and the state and sumptuousness of a great noble, and because the possession of vast private resources, enabled him to dispense benefits right and left with a magnificent ungrudging liberality. He settled £500 a year for life on one friend, he offered to make the same provision for

another, should he retire ; on a third he bestowed "a house and grounds in Surrey, that he might have a pleasant neighbour when living at Clarement ;" large sums were spent by him on comforts for the French officers whom his victorious arms had brought into captivity ; and having quelled a formidable mutiny among the English officers of the Bengal army, and finding that certain of these officers, whom he had summarily dismissed, were straitened for money, he opened the iron hand, which had so sharply chastised them, to minister to their needs, and enabled them to make the costly return voyage to England which had seemed quite out of their power.

"He considered that every one connected with him was entitled to share in his good fortune, and it is computed that he gave away one-sixth of his wealth to his relations and friends," among whom the kinsfolk of his beautiful, beloved, and loving wife were ranked as having no less claim on him than his blood relations. For his own parents and family he could hardly do too much ; and the enthralling cares of empire never made him unmindful of or inconsiderate towards them.

But how about the manner in which Clive gained the enormous wealth which he dispensed with true oriental magnificence, and often in a spirit of genuine, if slightly ostentatious, beneficence ? The numerous enemies whom his reforms had raised up for him—being foiled in the attack which they made first on his second administration of Bengal, and being cowed by the fierce energy with which he retaliated their assault, striking back with swiftness and sureness, and "carrying the war into Africa" in a way that filled them with just dismay—fastened on the earlier and more dubious transactions in which he had engaged, and attempted to carry a vote of censure on him through the House ; asserting and endeavouring to prove that Robert Clive, Baron of Plassey, who deposed Surajah Dowlah (Sirajú d daulah, in more modern and less English spelling) from his sovereignty in Bengal, and set Meer Jaffier (Mir Jáfar) in his place, had himself incurred the reproach of

acting corruptly in that matter; having received from Meer Jaffier sums "of the value in English money of £234,000," by receiving which he "abused the power with which he was entrusted, to the evil example of the servants of the public, and to the dishonour and detriment of the Company."

It is a matter of history that the House declined to endorse these imputations; it resolved that Clive had, in point of fact, received large sums from Meer Jaffier—which neither the person attacked nor his champions disputed—but it declined to go further, voting instead, "that Robert, Lord Clive, did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country." But it is hardly competent to a critic, wishing to form an accurate estimate of the true heroism of a hero, to emulate the reserves and the abstentions of a great public assembly pronouncing on the character and fate of a distinguished public servant. Was Clive, or was he not, in receiving the lavish gifts freely offered to his acceptance by the ruler whom he had created, derogating from the genuine greatness of his character, and showing himself deficient in high principle?

The hard, austere historian of British India, James Mill—no friend to Clive's fame—does not in this instance pronounce against him, though his favourable opinion is expressed in cold, cautious, grudgingly measured words:

"The presents were perfectly correspondent to the morals and ideas of the country in which they were received, and to the expectations of the parties by whom they were bestowed. . . . Clive appears not in any instance to have sacrificed what he regarded as the Company's interest to his own . . . He was actuated by a sincere desire to promote the prosperity of the Company . . . It would have required an extraordinary man to have acted, in that most trying situation in which he was placed, with greater disinterestedness than he displayed."

So far, the cool, unfriendly Mill, whom, in his favourable and unfavourable judgments alike, pronounced upon men towering far above him, morally as mentally, Macaulay seems to have followed a little too implicitly. Let us for a

moment look at the facts, as later historians have made them fully manifest.

Immeasurably different from the British India of to-day was the India into which young Robert Clive, wayward, penniless son of a good but decayed Shropshire family, made his entry in 1744, having obtained a "writership" at Madras, under the East India Company. Three European peoples, the Dutch, the French, the English, who had formed commercial settlements on strips of land rented from the native rulers, were rivalling each other for the good graces of the various princes, alien conquerors of the effeminate Hindu, under whose oppressions and exactions the land groaned, and whose incessant feuds and intrigues aggravated its miseries. Two of the three European nationalities were cherishing unacknowledged hopes of profiting by these circumstances, and of winning for their own the rich realms over which its earlier plunderers were quarreling; and when Clive, who was "ever a fighter," and whom Chatham afterwards described as "a heaven-born general," threw away the pen for the sword, and joined the English army then warring against the French forces in India, it seemed as if the genius of Dupleix was at point to decide that it should be *France* which should seize and administer India for its own profit. The military genius, almost amounting to inspiration, of which Robert Clive gave proof at the first opportunity that offered itself, his daring and his astuteness, freely employed in the interests of his employers and his country, determined that it should be otherwise.

It would seem that—proud, imperious, indomitable in will and energy as he was—Clive regarded himself as only an instrument used to work the Divine Will; and he intended to act in a manner worthy of such a destiny.

"In this critical situation I was *called forth*," were his remarkable words when describing his first intervention in public affairs, "and it pleased God to make me the instrument of the Company's delivery."

But unconsciously some faint tinge of the colour of his surroundings passed on him. Breathing daily as he did an

atmosphere heavy with guile and violence, walking among men who loved dark and crooked ways, he did not at first apprehend the profound unwisdom of meeting craft with craft, and of deceiving the deceiver, even in a righteous cause. Conversant with native thought and feeling as few Europeans have been, he shared to a certain extent the native opinion that the gifts of a ruler may be received without shame, if freely offered in gratitude for service already rendered, not extorted by pressure, and not given as a bribe to purchase help beforehand. Hence some few shadows have been cast on the full-orbed blaze of his fame. Clive soothed and flattered away the fears of the worthless Surajah Dowlah, so as to work in him a persuasion that no English attack was imminent, at the very time when, in concert with that ruler's faithless subject, Meer Jaffier, the English leader was organising the conspiracy which avenged the tragedy of the Black Hole on the prince who permitted it, and never atoned for it, till the arms of England worked his overthrow and death. Clive played with the traitor Omichund, the covetous foresworn Hindu agent who was threatening to reveal and defeat the conspiracy, unless its contrivers would buy him off with a prospective bribe of some two millions sterling, as his share of their plunder in case of success. He was gulled by a sham treaty, in which such a provision as he required was inserted ; the deception was as much the work of the proud truth-speaking Clive as of any man ; and, Admiral Watson refusing his signature—needed to complete the deception—"from a strict principle of delicacy," Clive required the Admiral's secretary to affix the desired signature, as his master's proxy, and was obeyed. These are grave sins against truth and honour.

We need, indeed, expend small sympathy on the lot of Omichund, who, through anguish of disappointed cupidity, lost, first his reason, and then his life ; his is but an illustration of the old proverb, "Grasp all, lose all ;" for ample rewards, suited to his real services, had been his could he have rested content with them. Yet we must censure, and that heavily, the treachery which requited his treachery, and

the long and ably-maintained artifice which lulled Surajah Dowlah into fatal security, and this, though we remember that Clive's English associates fully approved his action in both instances—with the doubtful exception of Watson, whose "delicacy" did not prevent his demanding and obtaining his full share of the plunder assigned to the signatories of the false treaty. Clive, always proudly truthful, save on the just-named unhappy occasions, stated that "to the best of his belief" Watson had given his secretary leave to sign his name. "I would have ordered it to be attached, whether he had consented or not," added he, with that characteristic disdain of disguise which renders his two lapses from veracity so perplexing. He justified them indeed, and that haughtily, by the pressing necessities of the Company's service; and he believed in his own plea. But men well acquainted with the circumstances, and with the habits and opinions of the Indian people, judge otherwise; and in respect to the trick practised on Omichund especially they condemn the conduct of Clive and of his associates. The deception was "simply and purely dishonourable;" it was also of evil example, and wholly unnecessary. Clive was no such weakling that he could not have defeated the aims of his treacherous accomplice, without himself lapsing into treachery. But, "except in this one instance," he deceived no native under the mask of friendship; the imposition practised on Surajah Dowlah was practised upon an open enemy. Singularly straightforward in his dealings with them, Clive succeeded in winning the implicit confidence of the people of Bengal; and he never forfeited it by word or deed.

In accepting the largesse pressed on him by Meer Jaffier, to the amount of £200,000, Clive held himself, and was held by his employers, nowise blamable. "I stand astonished at my own moderation," were the famous words in which he referred to the opportunities of becoming "too rich for a subject" which he had put from him in the hour of triumph; gifts to the amount of many millions had been proffered to his acceptance by private persons, only to be loftily and

steadily rejected. His conduct in openly accepting the thank-offerings of the sovereign he had installed in power was consonant with the general custom of the day in India, and contravened no rule of the Company which he served. Yet it remains a regrettable incident, impolitic, of unhappy example, and destined to bear evil fruit; other public servants, who possessed not a tithe of his merits and who had none of his proved integrity, felt themselves justified in receiving bribes from natives on every occasion; and quoted the action of the General in support of their corrupt dealings; and the profound immorality in such matters, which Clive found himself imperatively compelled to put down at a subsequent period, attained its appalling development in no small measure through his own deed. Unwittingly and undesignedly, Clive had sown the dragon's teeth; and there was, indeed, "an awful day's kemping" at the shearing of that harvest. But he proved himself a strong stern workman, well able to lay low the pernicious crop which his own error had fostered into virulent life.

As an Indian administrator and reformer Clive merits unalloyed praise. His large, far-seeing, statesmanlike policy was ruled no less by grand principles of justice than by prudent expediency. His aim was to govern India by natives of India, avoiding injury to them and to the Anglo-Indians alike, and postponing, till "the very riping of the time," the reforms which he strongly desired. He urged the need of that legislation, specially adapted to India, which has since been carried out; recognising how "absurd and impracticable" would be the attempt to thrust our insular laws and customs on an Oriental people incapable of understanding or profiting by them. He strongly insisted that India should not be overtaxed, that the tillers of the soil should be especially spared and protected, and that the necessaries of life should be kept free from impost. That supremacy of the Crown, that abolition of the anomalous powers of the Company, which it required the horrors of 1857 to bring about, would have been an accomplished fact a full century earlier, could the keen-sighted Clive have

worked his will. But what, hampered as he was by the sluggishness or the unfriendliness of the home authorities, he actually managed to accomplish, was very remarkable both for extent and variety.

"By his great powers of work and close application to business, he was able to rule Bengal almost single-handed, and to achieve what most men would have deemed the impossible. . . . He gives the impression of a man who had set before himself a high ideal, and who acted up to it according to his lights; who pursued the immediate object with undoubting confidence and unflinching resolution. . . . Animated by a high sense of honour and duty and by a passionate love of England, in all that he did he was honest, sincere and straightforward; and because he was so he was hated and misunderstood."

Thus Sir Charles Wilson, telling the story of Clive in the "English Men of Action" series. It is a different figure somehow from that drawn so coldly by Mill, arrayed in such lurid hues by Macaulay, and involved in such Rembrandtesque gloom by the strong pencil of Browning. Even the melancholy end of this great career can be viewed in a new and less distressing light. The "weariness of satiety" had nothing to do with it; there was no "crumbling slow in London." Bodily ailments of a very distressing nature had long since driven Clive to seek the fictitious aid of opiates; the irritation caused by the envenomed attacks made on him, combined with this unhappy practice to shake the firm balance of his mind; and it was "in a moment of feverish irritability induced by intense physical suffering" that he put a period to a life, happy in all outward circumstances, and yet full of great possibilities. Let no man judge him, whose judgment rests with his Maker, and who had ruined his health and shattered his constitution by his long Indian campaign against high-placed and manifold iniquity. He conquered in that strife; but at the cost of his own health, happiness and mortal existence.

The mismanagement of Indian affairs after his final return to England added greatly to the discomfort of Clive's last years; yet he had the satisfaction of securing the post of Governor of Bengal for a statesman trained in his own

school, an administrator after his own heart, imbued with the same grand views, and destined to carry them out with such ability as practically to determine the character of the English government of India, even to our own days. If it can be said, and truly said, by a foreign though not hostile critic,*

"those who hold the reins of power [in Hindustan] are not, as a rule, overburdened with money, and one may enjoy the strange spectacle of a vast empire, numbering over 283,000,000, having among them many who possess extraordinary wealth, not to speak of princes holding treasure and territory by inherited right, governed by men in many cases actually living in straitened circumstances that they may perform their duties,"

—if these devotees of duty are noticed to be scrupulously and anxiously fair in their treatment of natives; if the country is held and ruled with an eye to its own interests much more than to those of the rulers and possessors; the credit must be imputed to the infinite patience, the surprising sagacity, the indomitable resolution with which Warren Hastings, Clive's pupil, continued through his long tenure of office to work out the noble ideas he had eagerly caught from his patron and predecessor, despite the most exasperating hindrances, which would have proved too much for the endurance of almost any other man. Then it was that the grand character was impressed on the Indian service which has continued to distinguish it ever since.

The public and private life of Warren Hastings, as set forth with much fulness in the pages of Colonel Malleson and Sir Charles Lawson, presents itself as a grandly tragical drama lacking no essential feature of interest. The character of the principal actor appears just sufficiently touched with human frailty to appeal to human sympathy, its few defects being fitly counterbalanced with transcendent excellences; the character of the arch mischief-maker of the piece, malignant and sinister enough, displays such a mixture of good with evil qualities as a skilful play-wright would attribute to the villain of his play, who must not be made

* Edwin L. Weeks, in *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1895.

incredibly and improbably villainous. There is the needful order and consistency in the development of the action, which progresses appropriately from the cheerful promise of its opening, through a period of great peril and distress, to a calm triumphant close, when the great avenger Death has swept from the scene all the foes of the heroic leading character. "The very idea of modern tragedy—man conquering circumstances,"—is illustrated here in the most striking way. Nor is the element of the love of woman absent; it is persuasive but unobtrusive, and supplies one mighty motive for the struggle and the achievement of the much-tried hero. Yet this is but the plain, true story of a man who in his own day was described by illustrious antagonists as one of the blackest of villains, the most cruel of spoilers and oppressors; and whose memory in our own day has suffered much from the more dangerous insinuations of writers who affected to speak with judicial moderation, and who did not designedly speak untruly.

The charges levelled against Hastings by a junta of enemies, inspired and directed by that dark and dangerous spirit Philip Francis, the suspected author of *Junius*, were not few nor light; but the deadliest of them may be soon set forth. He was accused of having lent the arms of England to support the Nawab-Wazir (Nabob-Vizier in Macaulay's phrase), of Oudh, in a wanton and unjustifiable attack on the Rohtlas; he was accused of extorting from two "noble ladies," the Begams of Oudh, a mass of treasure to which they were justly entitled, and of extorting it by cruelly severe usage of these ladies, and of "two ancient men," their confidential advisers; he was accused of employing the agency of a corrupt judge to silence an inconvenient personal enemy and accuser in Nuncomar, that astute unscrupulous Brahmin whom no one has pretended to describe as other than bad, covetous, and malignant, but whose fate in being convicted on a well-sustained charge of shameless forgery, has been represented in such terms as to move indignant compassion; it having been asserted that the charge, the conviction, the accusation, were the result of

a shameful secret understanding between Hastings and Impey. The other acts of the bold, wise, and long-continued administration of Bengal by which Warren Hastings secured the English position in India, baffled the intrigues of every adversary, and vindicated it against the truly formidable opposition of the able and valiant Haidar (or Hyder) Ali, were criticised in the same spirit of jealous suspicion ; and the accusations, one and all, being enshrined in the impassioned oratory of Burke, were in our own day endorsed by the great Whig historian and essayist almost in their entirety. To see how complete and triumphant a refutation is possible on all these charges, it would be necessary to follow Colonel Malleson through all the mazy labyrinth of the Indian politics of the day, which he treads with a firm step, following the light which his researches into Indian archives, unknown to Macaulay, have supplied. But without venturing on such an exploration, we may lightly touch on the disproof furnished as to the three heaviest accusations.

The Rohilas, undoubted invaders and adventurers in Hindustan, have been described as a "colony" of brave innocent men, long settled on ground allotted to them as a fief, and defending their liberty against an oppressive enemy, with whom Hastings leagued himself in consideration of a sum of £400,000 that should be paid over to the East India Company through its chief officials ; for it is not pretended that Hastings was ever moved by personal rapacity, or that he aimed at any end but the promotion of the Company's and his country's interests ; and pathethic reference has actually been made to the "golden days when the Afghan princes ruled in the vale of Rohilkhand," references in which a journalist of this day, when our knowledge of Afghan princes and their ways is rather more intimate, would scarcely hazard. In point of fact the Rohilas were fighters and plunderers, ruling over the peaceful Hindu tillers of the ground with a rod of iron ; and they were about as inoffensive and as innocent as the Danish pirates who were the terror of mediæval Europe, and who, too, could fight very valiantly in defence of their own fierce freedom to

oppress less warlike and more industrious peoples. Nor were they guiltless as regarded the Nawab of Oudh, having entered with him into a mutually defensive alliance against the formidable Maráthá confederacy, an alliance to which they had proved false. The Nawab appealed in his extremity to Hastings, whom he knew to be well disposed towards him; he made substantial offers of payment for the aid he needed; and Hastings, aware of the pressing need of warding off Maráthá attacks, no less in the interests of England than of Oudh, aware that the unstable Rohilas were a source of real danger, and aware that funds were imperatively needed for the Company's service, did not hesitate as to his course. The cruelties alleged to have been committed in the ensuing campaign under the Nawab's orders are conclusively shown by Sir John Strachey to have been considerably less than usual in the violent Indian wars of that and previous periods; there was an unprecedented absence of violence, bloodshed, and rapine; and this result was assuredly due to pressure exercised by Hastings. "The Rohila atrocities," pronounces another student learned in Indian records, "owe their birth to the malignity of Champion* and Francis, their growth to the rhetoric of Burke, and their wide diffusion to the brilliancy and pellucid clearness of Macaulay's style;" also, suggests Sir John Strachey, to "the history of James Mill," as unjust as any of the three.

In like manner the charge as to the Begams of Oudh crumbles under the light of Truth. The Bahu Begam, widowed mother of Asafu'd Daulah, the young sovereign of Oudh, had availed herself of his youth and incapacity, to despoil him of the hoarded treasure of his father, absolutely needful for the right administration of the State; and her act of spoliation was sanctioned by the majority in the Council, hostile to Hastings, and headed by the able malevolent Francis, who, at the same time, forced on Asafu'd Daulah a treaty so impossibly cruel in its exactions

* Colonel Champion, serving with the English troops in the Rohila War, lost credit there through rapacity and mutinous discontent, and after became a bitter slanderer of Hastings.

as to wring "tears of blood" from the unhappy victim, who ere long found himself unable to supply wages to his mutinous troops, unable to meet the heavy exactions of his English oppressors. Then, having the moral support of the Governor-General, he ventured to put such pressure on his mother, his grandmother, and their mischievous old eunuch advisers, as compelled the restitution of some part of his patrimony. The ladies were not personally molested; but the two "ancient men" were removed from their abode, and put into ward and upon prison diet, the chief hardship of which was the absence of flesh meat. The old Mussulmans bore the privation *two days*, and then gave in; and advised by them, the Begams at last surrendered *one* out of the *three* millions they had wrongfully seized—it must be remembered that they possessed ample means of their own in addition. On this slight foundation were raised those charges of wrong, insult, and torture, which Burke and Sheridan thundered into the ears of an indignant House, when that "arch-enemy," Philip Francis, had breathed the poison of his own vile suspicions into the impetuous Irish soul of Edmund Burke,

> "Whose genius was such,
> We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much,"

and who, in the great spectacular drama enacted at Westminster, played *Othello* to the *Iago* of Francis.

The equally complete refutation of the accusations regarding Nuncomar must be sought in the pages of that master of judicial evidence, Sir James Stephen, who proves conclusively that Impey and Hastings did not act in concert in the matter, and that only a strongly biassed mind could have entertained any serious suspicions of such concert.

What was the secret of the enmity in which Francis held Hastings, and which impelled him into the long, inveterate, and groundless persecution of a rarely serviceable statesman? He had doubtless succeeded in persuading himself that Hastings *was* the public offender which he described him to be; for Francis was a man very prone to "confound his antipathies with his duties;" but how did the dark antipathy first find lodgment in his breast?

An able, though a violent and licentious man, Francis came to India full of preconceived views as to Indian matters, strong in the self-confidence of ignorance, and resolved to govern British India in his own way; and since he came as one of a triumvirate of councillors who, acting together, could always put the Governor-General in a helpless minority, and as his two colleagues, men far his inferiors in capacity, were as wax in his hands, he did govern —overruling the opinion of Hastings at every turn, and reversing the policy dictated by his experience—with results the most disastrous to India and supremely irritating to Hastings, till the two coadjutors of Francis died, the victims of their own folly, in disdaining to adapt their personal habits to the exigencies of the Indian climate. Then Hastings regained the power he alone knew how to use, and Francis had to witness the steady reversal of his unwise policy by the man whose very virtues were odious to him; who never drank and never gambled, who lived the regular temperate life of an ascetic, who found sufficient relaxation from public cares in serious literary pursuits, who baffled hate by his kindness, and gained wide-spread popularity by his benign justice, and who "loved one only and clave to her" with perfect constancy through a long wedded life which was but "one honeymoon." For, though grave blame attaches to the strange bargain which enabled Hastings, after the patient waiting of a Jacob, to make Marie Anne von Chagneset, late Baroness Imhoff, his wife, it is the one spot on a personal morality, otherwise spotless, in the midst of a licentious age. The intemperate zealot Francis, the dissolute gamester steeped in the vices of that bad period, and rising above it only by his real though ill-regulated sense of public duty, loathed most heartily the calm, self-controlled, patient opponent, who outlived the friends of Francis, whose splendid services to the State far out-shone *his* whom he found ruling Bengal, and had perforce to leave ruling it. Most unwillingly he postponed his own hopes of the Governor-Generalship to the period when, by his unequalled skill in malignant misrepresentation, he

trusted to destroy both the character and the career of Hastings. But it would appear as if, while hating Hastings for his own sake, the zeal of his malevolence was fed by a deeper hate of Sir Elijah Impey. The Chief-Justice had presided over the court wherein grave charges of misconduct were brought against Francis by a Mr. Grand, suing for divorce from his wife; he had granted the divorce, with damages of 50,000 rupees against Francis—who, in Stephens' judgment, though morally guilty, as his after-conduct showed, was hardly proved to be legally guilty. Here lay the secret and corrupt spring of the long enmity of Francis to the friend of Impey; he could only destroy the Judge by implicating the Judge's friend and patron; he suspected them of a guilty complicity in the matter of Nuncomar, and the inner workings of his own dark spirit soon had converted the suspicion into certainty for him. He acted accordingly.

The result was to deprive England, during many years, of the priceless services of one of her most illustrious sons, who passed the long evening of his days in a tranquil retirement, full of all the benevolent activities possible to a private man, whose means at the best never equalled those of an ordinary Indian official of high standing, such as Clive. Far happier, however, was his fate than that of his inveterate enemy, who pre-deceased him by many years, a bitterly disappointed man, reviling to the last the ingratitude of a world which his abilities had, after all, profited little.

But the majestic work of the "great proconsul" whom he strove to destroy has stood like a rock, braving the wildest vicissitudes of the stormy intervening century; it shall stand yet, and as the patient devotion of the great administrators who have inherited his spirit does its perfect work, it shall conform yet more and more closely to the great ideal which he aimed to realise; for, bold as the word may seem to those only accustomed to the distorted popular view of Hastings and his conduct, he wrought as one having respect to the Lord, the righteous Judge, and not to man.

ART. IV.—RITSCHL'S THEOLOGY.

1. *The Truth of the Christian Religion.* By JULIUS KAFTAN, D.D., Professor of Theology, Berlin. Translated by GEO. FERRIES, B.D. 2 Vols. Edinburgh: Clark. 1894.

2. *Albrecht Ritschl's Leben.* Dargestellt von OTTO RITSCHL. 2 Bde. Freiburg: Mohr. 1896.

HITHERTO, the new theological movement begun by Ritschl has been little more than a name in this country. In Germany, by dint of a bold aggressive policy, the school has gained a considerable following, and is strongly represented in universities, pulpits, schools, and the press. But it is only just beginning to make its presence felt among us. The initiated have long been accustomed to come upon indications that English preachers and writers had felt the influence of Ritschl's views. But there are now signs that the new ideas are spreading farther. The publication of Kaftan's work by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, is one of these signs—Kaftan being one of the ablest, most clear-headed, and most independent leaders of the new school. It may be well, therefore, at this point, to give a brief account of the entire bearing of the theology on received beliefs. We ought not to receive new doctrines piecemeal. It is necessary to see the whole scheme before coming to a judgment. What are the relations and bearings of the new views recommended to us in the name of pure, unadulterated, practical Christianity? Not the least plausible feature in Ritschlianism is that it professes to make religion and Christianity wholly and purely practical. If this merely meant that theological propositions are to be reserved for the study and the school, not a few might be disposed, at first view, to assent; but discarding theology and the doctrines which theology formulates altogether, is another thing. The members of the school indeed differ—or seem to differ—

from the old rationalists in making so much of personal piety and living faith in Christ. But while duly appreciating these and similar features of the system, we have to inquire whether they are accompanied by negations which far outweigh all apparent gains. It is because we firmly believe that such is the case, that we utter a word of warning to all who are beginning to occupy themselves with this question.

Albrecht Ritschl died on March 23rd, 1889. It is claimed for him that his teaching marks a new departure in theology as distinct and important as that of Schleiermacher. There is ground for the comparison, inasmuch as his statement of Christian doctrine is fundamentally different from the one that has obtained from the beginnings of Christian theology. Perhaps in the issue it will appear that the likeness between the two German teachers is closer than is even supposed at present, and that Ritschl's influence, like Schleiermacher's, will be felt rather in modifying existing views, than in effecting the complete revolution that is proposed. The foundations of a new school were laid during Ritschl's life, and the construction has progressed rapidly since. At least, half-a-dozen theological chairs in German universities, to say nothing of other chairs, are held by able and zealous apostles of the new theory, a number out of all proportion to the strength of the school, and difficult to explain. The influence of the school is beginning to tell in English-speaking lands by the translation of such works as Kaftan's (named above), Herrmann's *Communion of the Christian with God*, Harnack's *History of Dogma*, as well as in the absorption of German ideas by English students in many other ways. The numerous references to the new views in Denney's *Studies in Theology*, Orr's *Christian View of God and the World*, and elsewhere, are indications of the leavening process that is going on. There are considerable divergences of opinion on secondary points among Ritschl's followers; but this does not affect their agreement in fundamentals. In all negative and many positive positions, Harnack, O. Ritschl, Herrmann, Lobstein, Wendt,

Gottschick, Kaftan, Loofs, are one. In the *Life of Ritschl*, just completed by his son, Professor Otto Ritschl, of Bonn, we have a new compendious statement of the Ritschlian theory, which will be of considerable assistance to students. It is interesting to see that criticism has made itself felt. Many of the charges made against the school are repelled as the result of misunderstanding and as slanders, and many corrections and explanations are supplied, whether with success is very doubtful. We do not now purpose to make a complete survey, but to give a general sketch of the subject. We hope, at least, to make it clear that the new departure attempted is a serious one, and without warrant.

First, a word or two as to the plan of Kaftan's work. It is one of the most closely reasoned works we know, but by those who are unacquainted with the subject from other sources its precise bearings will not be easily appreciated. It is a companion work to one on the *Nature of the Christian Religion*, which has not been translated. The two together, are Kaftan's version of the Ritschlian theory, the disciple differing considerably on secondary points from the master, whose name is seldom or never mentioned. In the *Nature of the Christian Religion* the author discusses the contents and purpose of religion in general, and of Christianity in particular; in the *Truth of the Christian Religion* he gives or should give the grounds of faith in Christianity, what others call the evidences. What are the actual contents? The whole of the first volume is taken up with destructive criticism of the past, the first two-thirds of the second volume with an exposition of the theory of human knowledge which underlies Ritschl's theology, and the last third is devoted to Ritschl's and Kaftan's substitute for the old evidences. What is this substitute? First of all we have a theory of the abstract nature of religion as the Kingdom of God or man's highest good, and then an argument to show that Christianity corresponds to this ideal. Thus the only portion of the two volumes that answers to the title is the last part of the second one; although, certainly, there is reason enough for the earlier discussions. In order to make

way for a new theology, the author must first try to show that the principle of the old theology is essentially vicious, and then lay the foundation of the new in his theory of knowledge. The entire discarding of the old modes of evidential argument is only one of the many novelties of the theory. The sole evidences left are—first, the appeal to subjective experience, and secondly, such an argument as that of Kaftan just indicated.

Ritschl's entire system is inseparably bound up with a certain theory of knowledge. At first sight, Ritschl and his followers appear to exclude philosophy and metaphysics altogether from theology. Their rejection of the old Greek philosophy might suggest this. But really they condemn this, not as philosophy, but as erroneous. No theological school in the Church was ever so fully committed to any metaphysical doctrine as the Ritschlians are. Every member of the school is implicitly sworn to the Kantian or neo-Kantian view of the limits of human knowledge. This in brief, is that, so far as his faculties go, man is shut up to the knowledge of phenomena and effects, and can never penetrate to the cause or nature of anything. Nothing that goes beyond this can ever be discovered by our own proper powers. We know what man does, what fire and water do, but know nothing of the nature of man or anything, still less of God. It is well known that Kant and neo-Kantians, after denying to man the possibility of knowing general principles and causes by his own powers, allowed that these were necessities of thought, because, without assuming them, we could explain nothing; and a similar course is taken by Ritschl. This, in substance, is the ground from which Ritschl starts; and the philosophical or metaphysical theory determines the theology throughout. It is consistently maintained that it is not for us to speak of the nature of God or Christ, or sin, or anything, although Kaftan certainly speaks of the nature of the Christian religion.

It is by the application of this metaphysical principle that Ritschlians get rid, at a stroke, of the entire fabric of the old Church theology. That theology, as represented by the

early creeds, and the system of thought generally accepted in the Church, proceeds on the assumption of the old Greeks, that phenomena and effects are not the only objects of knowledge, but that they reveal causes and forces behind. Hence the elaborate attack of Dr. Kaftan's first volume. The Greeks, he reasoned, put scientific knowledge first. They were not satisfied with the practical knowledge which is the guide of life, but sought to understand and explain phenomena. Early Christian theology followed the same course, especially in reference to the nature of God and the person of Christ. Hence the elaborate constructions of the Councils and Creeds—the Logos doctrine, the two natures in one person, the three persons in one essence, with all their corollaries. All this, we are assured, was mistaken in principle, and alien to the spirit of the New Testament, which cares only for the practical in religion. The Reformation was too busy with other doctrines to attend to this matter, and took over the old dogmatic decisions without inquiry. But now the task of the Reformation must be completed, the old Catholic leaven must be purged out, and the old doctrines of Christ's person and the Trinity must be discarded.

Another consequence of the philosophical theory adopted is that all our beliefs are reduced to value-judgments, *i.e.*, everything is to us what it is worth, and nothing more. Jesus Christ has for us the value of God. There is truth, of course, in the notion of value-judgments. The most important aspect of anything from a practical point of view is its bearing on us. The most important aspect of fire or water or electricity is the good or harm it can do us. But does our knowledge stop here? Do we know nothing of the nature of these things, or what they are in themselves? Ritschl says, No. All our concern with Christ or God is what they are to us. Here, evidently, is a fundamental difference, separating by a wide gulf the old and new theologies.

"In predicating deity of Christ we are, according to Ritschl, pronouncing a value-judgment. What does this mean? Is Christ in himself, objectively considered, God? No, replies

Ritschl; the predicate deity merely expresses the value which Christ's human, historical work has for the mind or consciousness of the believer. . . . If deity is to be attributed to Christ, it is solely in the sense that such is the value set on Him by His Church. It cannot be regarded as in any sense an attribute objectively inhering in Christ; it denotes nothing that exists objectively and independently of our consciousness. The deity of Christ exists only in us."*

In other words it is a subjective view of ours with no objective reality corresponding to it. When we hear that Christ has the value of God for us, we naturally ask, Is He God in Himself? If not, how can He have the value for us? But these are questions which the new theory forbids us to ask. Professor Otto Ritschl, in view of such criticisms, says that value-judgments are not put in contrast with "so-called essential or real judgments, but with the theoretical judgments of science, which exclude all subjective interest."† It is strange that this was never said or dreamt of before. If a value-judgment means merely a practical in contrast with a theoretical one, it is very awkwardly expressed. But we still think it means much more, that it excludes essential judgments, because, *e.g.*, Christ's essential deity is denied, as we shall see presently.

What, then, are we to think of this entire discarding of the old theology? This, at least, must be said, that the discovery of its fundamental erroneousness comes very late. We do not argue that length of existence is a proof of truth; but surely it is a serious thing to say that the entire theological thought of the Church up to the present has been as wrong as the Ptolemaic astronomy. Perhaps that will be thought an unfortunate illustration. But there was a promise to the Church of Divine assistance, which was never given to science. No doubt theology and theologians have been mistaken, as is shown by conflicting Churches and creeds. But after all, these are differences of detail. The new school starts with the assertion that the entire theology of the past must be replaced by a new one.

* Stählin, *Kant, Lotze and Ritschl*, p. 269. An exceedingly able work.
† *Leben*, ii., p. 211.

But we hold no brief even for the early creeds and councils. The Nicene Creed or Chalcedon formula is merely a statement of the Church's faith in Christ's person in view of certain opposing theories of the day. What of the divinity of Christ, which is the substance of the creeds? That doctrine was held apart from theological definition in the centuries before Nicenism. It does not depend on those definitions, and might exist again without them, as it did before. In fact it is, and has been, always so held by the masses of Christian believers.

Does the new school hold Christ to be Divine in the essential sense? By its philosophical creed it is forbidden to speak of natures in Christ, or of anything that is not expressed and visible in the phenomena of His life. No wonder, therefore, that the writers of the school maintain so obstinate a silence on the subject, and that the ablest students understand them in the negative sense.

"Ritschl often speaks of Christ's Godhead, but he means by this nothing more than that Jesus, in His actual situation, was as good as God could have been."*

"We find that Ritschl has to admit that it is only in a figurative and improper sense that the Church can attribute Godhead to Christ."†

Everything in Ritschlian writers points to this conclusion, such as the passionate denial of Christ's pre-existence, of His miraculous birth and resurrection, the insistence that His Sonship to God is merely an ethical one like ours, the ascription to Him of the erroneous expectation of His speedy second Advent. The entire drift of Dr. Wendt's exposition in his *Teaching of Jesus* is to obliterate any distinction of kind between us and Christ. All the New Testament passages and phrases which suggest such a distinction are minutely and carefully explained away. Professor Otto Ritschl has felt the pressure of criticism on this vital subject. Hence the following declaration in his Life of his father :—

"Ritschl's doctrine of Christ culminates in the assertion of Christ's Godhead. By this especially, as Ritschl himself rightly

* Denney, p. 141. † Orr, p. 276.

foresaw, it has given offence both to orthodox and liberal theologians. They have not hesitated even to cast suspicion on his intention, as if, contrary to his better conviction, he accommodated himself to Church usage in order, under cover of this usage, more effectually to spread his alleged opinion that Christ is mere man."*

We are very far from cherishing suspicion of any sort. We are honestly desirous to believe the best of every one and to give every possible latitude in modes of expression. But it is only common sense to remember that the value of words depends upon the sense in which they are used. We have not to put our own meaning on the words just quoted, for Professor Otto Ritschl happily interprets himself. In the same chapter (p. 216), we read :

"Ritschl's entire doctrine of the Godhead of Christ means, that in Christ as man God himself is to be known in His nature. Christ's humanity no longer stands in antithesis to His Godhead, as in the formula of His two natures. For Christ as man is not contemplated as possessing abstract human nature, but quite concretely as the individual man Jesus, who faithfully fulfilled His special unique calling in perfect love and perfect patience. And in this entire life-work Christian faith also recognises Him as the self-revelation of God. This identifying of God and man in the one person is a paradox to reason."

This is then illustrated by the difficulty of reconciling human freedom and Divine grace, or human freedom in the highest sense and perfect dependence on God, which are declared to be the same things seen from different standpoints.

"Just so Ritschl views the individual humanity of Christ, in which the highest human freedom is seen in a uniquely perfect form, as identical with the Godhead, whose essence is defined to be love."

This is the plainest declaration on the subject we have yet found in any writer of this school, and it is a valuable one. It gives much food for reflection and casts light on many things. It seems to explain Dr. Wendt's verbal repudiation of Unitarianism. We can only conclude that Christ is

* *Leben*, ii., p. 208.

Divine, in the same sense that all men, or at least all good men, are divine. It seems as if the moral qualities of truth, righteousness, and love were made the very essence of God, not qualities or attributes of that essence (a distinction bearing the taint of the old Greek philosophy), and therefore truth and righteousness and love in us are the Divine nature proper. So we read, "The two sides of the Godhead of Christ, His grace and truth and His patience, are really not two things but one and the same."

In judging of Christ, we are told, we may not travel beyond His visible life and work or draw any inferences as to a transcendental state of being. "To Christ as a supra-historical object we can transfer no features which are not obvious in His earthly life." The difference between the believing Church and Christ is seen in this, that He is its founder, and so the Church is dependent on Him.

"As Ritschl knows himself one with the disciples of Christ in this thoroughly religious conception, he takes over the phrase *Godhead of Christ*, with which they described the peculiarity of Christ revealed to them by their faith. The Godhead of Christ is thus a value-conception and its acknowledgment by men follows in a value-judgment. In these and similar definitions, Ritschl meant simply to say that only Christian faith, not man's natural understanding, can recognise Christ as God. But to faith Christ is just in this way God. The Godhead is not assigned to him as a mere decoration, as Ritschl's view is often wrongly understood. But Christ's proper nature, His personal distinctiveness, is meant to be asserted as of a mode of being, which is certainly only cognizable to faith, His personal distinctiveness is meant to be asserted as of a thoroughly Divine kind."

Albrecht Ritschl says: "An authority that either excludes or absorbs all other standards, that at the same time completely controls all human confidence in God, has the value of Godhead."[*] The importance of the subject must be our excuse for the length of these references. We are not likely to get more full or explicit statements. And these do not carry us much farther. We see that we did not mis-

[*] *Leben*, ii., p. 211.

understand the theory before. Dr. Orr is right when he says:

"In Ritschl the Godhead of Christ has a purely moral and religious sense, expressing the fact that in Christ, as the supreme revealer of God and Founder of the Kingdom of God, there is perfect oneness of will with God in His world-purpose, and a perfect manifestation of the Divine attributes of grace and truth and of dominion over the world."*

After this there can of course be no question of any doctrine of the Trinity. We should be little concerned about traditional definitions if the doctrine were held in any real sense. Of the Holy Spirit, Otto Ritschl says:

"He is the knowledge which God has of himself, and which has also been imparted to the Christian Church by God's completed revelation. In so far the Holy Spirit is the power of God, which enables the Church to appropriate His revelation as Father through the Son." (p. 228.)

On this view, "the Holy Spirit is no more than the common spirit of the Christian community" (Denney). Kaftan says: "The Christian faith in God is faith in the triune God."† After repudiating the traditional interpretation, which is "of Catholic origin like the traditional Christology," he proceeds,

"The Christian believes in God, the supra-mundane Lord of the world, who is from the beginning and for ever. He believes in the Godhead of Jesus, the historical founder of our religion, in whom God revealed Himself, through whom God entered into that relation to humanity which was the goal from eternity. He believes in a reign of the Divine Spirit in the history of humanity, which has come to perfection in Christendom since the appearance of Jesus Christ, more precisely since His resurrection from the dead, and which translates the man who yields to it into the blessed fellowship of the Divine life. But yet it is one God, in whom he believes. Faith in the Godhead of Jesus affirms no more than that we seek and ever find in Him—the historical and afterwards glorified Christ—the eternal God Himself. Just so, faith in the reign of the Divine Spirit loses its meaning among us unless it is the Spirit of the one eternal God. Finally, the derivation of this faith implies

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* *Leben*, ii., p. 274.
† *Das Wesen, d. chr. Religion*, p. 387.

that there is no difference between the Spirit of God and the Spirit of Jesus Christ. . . . The Christian has and knows God only through Christ in the Holy Spirit."

This is what is meant by faith in the triune God. Kaftan's statement must be compared with O. Ritschl's.

The bodily resurrection of Christ is given up by the whole Ritschlian school. The idea said to be symbolically expressed in it is Christ's continued life. On the same ground the Apostles and all Christians might be said to have risen from the dead. The resurrection of Christ is given up partly for alleged want of evidence, partly because of the Ritschlian position that faith can only be grounded on personal experience of Christ's power and can never be based on miracles, and partly from aversion to miracles generally. It is not always clear whether miracles are repudiated altogether, but this is plainly the tendency of all the writers in question. Miracles are supposed to be discredited by science and to belong to the childish age of the world. In any case, as they can never be a ground of faith, they are treated as of no importance. Miracle, in the religious sense, means "the experience of special Divine grace," and "neither a supernatural occurrence, nor a violation of the laws of nature by Divine caprice."

All forensic or judicial features are banished from the Divine character, the atonement and justification. God's righteousness or justice is never punitive. It is the righteousness simply of a Father, and is His fidelity in carrying out His universal purpose of love. "Not law is the soul of the Christian religion, but love." The earthly parallel to God's kingdom is not the state but the family. For Christians, God is to be regarded simply as Father; and as Father not primarily the Creator of the world, but the Father of Jesus Christ and of believers through Him. All punishment to God's children is educative.

"Whoever hardens himself finally against the salvation offered him, commits the sin against the Holy Ghost; and at this point only emerges the analogy of penal law. For those who finally resist God's grace are no longer capable of redemp-

tion. Hence they fall victims to eternal damnation, which Ritschl conceives as definitive annihilation." *

It is needless to say that the idea of vicarious satisfaction is rejected in the most decisive way. This follows from the assertion of the Divine Fatherhood as the all-comprehending doctrine of the Divine character and relations. God does not need to be propitiated. We know, of course, that many who stand nearer othodoxy than Ritschl reject the idea of forensic expiation. Dr. Fairbairn, in his *Christ in Modern Theology*, expounds the Divine sovereignty as simply paternal, and suggests corresponding views of the atonement.

There is obscurity in Ritschl's teaching about sin and forgiveness. Dr. Orr says that he makes all sin spring from ignorance, and consist only in acts.† "Ritschl regards all sins as arising so much from ignorance as to be without real guilt in the eyes of God." Guilt becomes a mere illusion on our part. O. Ritschl says that this is a misunderstanding.

"Ritschl has nowhere asserted, as is often imputed to him, that sin is only ignorance. If, with the New Testament, the notion of ignorance is to be applied to sin, this means that God simply regards forgiveable sin as ignorance, pardoning it under this point of view to those who are reconciled by Christ."‡

"According to his testimony, all sin is nothing but guilt and resistance to God." He certainly denies original sin in the usual sense, making it simply the aggregate of sin—the kingdom of sin opposed to the kingdom of God. The death of Christ is not the ground of forgiveness. Wendt, in denying that Christ Himself teaches a connection between His death and forgiveness, is obliged to assert that "unto remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi. 28) was a later addition to the Gospel. Still, the idea must have existed in the earliest Church.

There is similar obscurity as to the function of the Christian Church. Much Ritschlian teaching seems to

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* *Leben*, p. 199.
† *Christian View*, pp. 199, 209, 498.
‡ *Leben*, p. 200.

make the Church the subject of justification or forgiveness, the individual receiving it only through the Church. On this account, Ritschl has been accused of Catholicising tendencies, which are again repudiated. Whether he goes beyond the ordinary view that Divine grace works chiefly through the Church, is not clear. O. Ritschl says:

"The religious community as a whole is the object to which the Divine purpose of justification is directed" (p. 207).

"The Church and the Word of God preached in it is the necessary postulate and medium of all subjective Christianity; in this sense the obtaining of the Christian salvation is only in the Church and only possible through the Church."

The Ritschlian school holds no doctrine of inspiration or of special authority in Scripture. Its members incline to make Christ's own teaching, or as much of it as we can be sure of, to be authoritative. But no other part of Scripture, such as Paul's epistles, has any binding authority. Some writers admit that Paul teaches the doctrine of vicarious propitiation, but we are not bound to receive it on that account. This question was sufficiently considered in the article on "The New Rationalism" in our last number. Wendt's *Teaching of Jesus* is an example of the licence given to subjective criticism of Scripture. The mystical side of religion is cut off altogether, as opening the door to delusion and fanaticism. The very object of Herrmann's *Communion of the Christian with God* is to "directly combat the idea of any mystical communion between God and the individual soul."* The only possible intercourse of the soul with God takes place through the historical Christ of 1900 years ago; it is an intercourse through memory and imagination, not with a present, living Christ. Perhaps here, more than anywhere else, the change which Ritschlianism makes in Christianity is seen most plainly. The saintly mystics, with all their faults, have in every age best represented Christianity in its spiritual essence. The mysticism of John and Paul has ever seemed to lie at the very centre

* See an excellent article on "The Ritschlian Theory," by Dr. Orr, in *The Thinker*, August, 1892. The word "communion" suggests more than is meant. Herrmann's *Verkehr* is "intercourse."

of the Gospel, to express most perfectly the ultimate purpose of the incarnation and redemption. Of all modern religious communities Moravianism and Methodism have most earnestly emphasised the inward experimental side of Christianity. In excluding the possibility of such experience, Ritschlian teaching strikes at the very heart of personal, practical piety.

"Direct access of God to your soul is precluded, at least in any conscious or recognisable way. What people take to be such is illusion and phantasy. One wonders, then, how revelation ever began; how, in the case of Christ Himself, converse with God was maintained; for He had no earlier Christ to fall back upon to mediate communion with the Father. And what of the Old Testament revelation, as the inspiration of the prophets? This is historical positivism carried to an extreme which threatens the very existence of religion" (Orr).

Of course, the insistence on the historical Christ as the central point of contact between God and man, is valuable; but to make this the only possible form of intercourse is a deadly error. Unless we are mistaken, when the drift of Herrmann's work is clearly seen, it will prove more damaging than helpful to the cause it seeks to serve. If this part of the Ritschlian theory is true, it condemns off-hand the whole line of teaching in the Church which has held to the reality of communion with a present, living Saviour. It is strange that a party which takes such a position should make a boast of its fidelity to Luther, in whose teaching there was so large an element of the old German mysticism, the mysticism of Eckhart and Tauler. How Ritschl came to write a history of Pietism in three volumes is a mystery. It is quite impossible that he should do justice to the subject. Imagine a cold-blooded English rationalist writing the history of British Methodism! Whatever German Pietism failed in, German Christianity would have been in far worse case without it. The Tersteegens and Speners of Germany receive scant justice and less sympathy at Ritschl's hands.

Another necessary consequence of Ritschl's philosophical

premises is a complete severance between religious and philosophical knowledge. The two territories, though contiguous, never touch. In other words, religion and philosophy, while treating of the same subjects—man, the world, God—have no connection with each other; they may even be opposed. It is quite within the limits of possibility that we may affirm as philosophers what we deny as Christians, and *vice versâ*. The two fields must be kept severely apart. Is such a dualism in our mental life possible? Here, again, Ritschlianism condemns the past. Whatever mistakes may have been made by Christian philosophers, one of the proudest pages in Christian history is the record of their attempts to harmonise faith with the highest reason. It seems now that Origen, Augustine, Butler were blind leaders of the blind. It would have been better if they had never been born. Science, philosophy, historical criticism on the one side and religion on the other, are to pursue their several paths without ever coming into contact. For Ritschlianism there is no natural theology. Natural religion is not the vestibule of revelation. The heavens do not declare the glory of God. Reason has nothing to say about God. We are assured that the grand mistake of the past has been in going to Nature for any light on religious truth, or appealing to it for any testimony to faith. All the usual arguments from nature and reason for the being of God are discarded on Kantian grounds. All the writers of the school are emphatic in their rejection of arguments of this kind. Here, too, we see a complete breach with the past. The writers who have appealed to nature and reason as sources of evidence are swept off the field at a stroke.

We have not yet alluded to one of the chief topics of Ritschl's teaching—the Kingdom of God. It is one of the merits of the school to have called attention to this element in Christ's teaching. In most Ritschlian expositions it takes a foremost position. According to them the Church and the Kingdom are the same thing under different aspects, and with different functions. Ritschl puts the difference thus:

"The community of believers, as the subject of the worship of

God, and of the juristic institutions and organs which minister to that worship, is the Church; as the subject of the reciprocal action of its members, springing from the motive of love, it is the Kingdom of God.'*

We doubt whether such a distinction can be maintained; it exalts the Kingdom unduly at the expense of the Church, which is not the merely legal institution here described. O. Ritschl defines the distinction in the same way.† The persons, he says, in both cases are the same; the action is different—in one case moral, in the other religious. The Church is the body whose task it is to organise society as the Kingdom of God, *i.e.*, as a society in which all the members serve one another in mutual love; in short, an ideal moral society. There are considerable divergences among Ritschlian writers respecting the nature of this Kingdom which we need not discuss.‡ But it is possible to exaggerate even great truths. The doctrine of the Kingdom, however important, will not bear the strain laid upon it by this school. They would make it take the place in theology which has hitherto been filled by the person and work of Christ. Christ himself merely figures as the founder and ideal pattern of the Kingdom. Our definitions of sin and everything else must be governed by the the contents of this all-ruling idea. The system built up in this way is artificial and forced in the highest degree. The essence of Christianity is found, not in redemption and the Divine love from which redemption springs, but in a system of ethical duties. And this is the final outcome of Ritschlianism. The moral teaching of Christianity is its first and last word.

In this last topic is to be found one of the causes of the influence of the new teaching. Socialism of all shades and degrees is in the air, and Ritschlianism seems to give a religious basis and sanction to social duty. Neglected truths revenge themselves by excessive self-assertion. The social aspects of New Testament teaching have been largely overlooked, and are only now coming to their rights. The

* Denney, *Ibid.*, p. 281. See his criticism. † *Leben*, ii., p. 221.
‡ Orr, *Christian View*, p. 401.

Ritschlian theory makes social religion the message of God through Christianity to the world.

Again, another source of strength is the prominence given to moral truth. Here, too, we are paying the penalty of past neglect. The moral teaching of the Gospels and Epistles has been sadly neglected by evangelical preachers, and the new theology makes it everything. Eminent thinkers, like the late Dr. Dale, have often pointed out the weakness and peril of evangelical theology, which has too often begun and ended with justification, and failed to weld ethics into organic unity with forgiveness. We may learn from those who reject our theology the power there is in the passion for righteousness, in the moral enthusiasm inspired by the Christian ideal of life and society. How one part of the Christian system can live cut off from the other, it is hard to see. If it does, we shall then have the miracle of a stream without a source, a temple without a foundation, fruit without tree or root.

Undoubtedly no mean attraction of the Ritschlian theory is that it breaks completely with the old theology, and, indeed, with all theology, and claims to be exclusively practical. Christianity is represented as caring for nothing but practical interests. We need scarcely point out how this falls in with one feature of the age. It is an immense relief to many to be told that metaphysical dogmas are utterly wrong; not merely needless, but injurious to Christianity. Here, again, truth and error are subtly mixed together. No one maintains that theology is necessary to salvation, any more than we think that mechanics and physiology and mathematics are necessary to secular life. Science in every field stands on the same footing, and springs from the same necessity—from the craving of the reason for unified knowledge and intelligent certitude.

But, unquestionably, the prime attraction of the theory is the honour, which beyond every older form of rationalism, it does to Christ. That it strips Him of the highest honour, we have already sufficiently shown. But, as if to make up for this deprivation, the stress it lays upon His life and

teaching is tremendous. In the first place, it finds God only in Christ. Its only ground of faith in God's existence is His revelation in Christ. Without that revelation, we should not know God, at least, with the knowledge of certainty. In Christ, God speaks to me, teaches me, but nowhere else. The negation here is strange in the light of Scripture teaching; but it will be seen at once how essential Christ is made to religion.

In the second place, we find salvation, and are assured of it in Christ. The impression his life and words make on us is such as to raise us to new moral life. This is the sole and the sufficient evidence of the truth of Christianity. Experience takes the place of all other evidence—miraculous, historical, moral. The certainty thus gained is immediate, intuitive, irresistible, and there is no other. In Ritschl's theory, this is the sole Christian apologetic.

"You come into the presence of Christ, as He meets you in the Gospel age. The impression He makes on you is, that in Him God is drawing near to you. It is not so much a doctrine of God you receive as a vivid perception that God is there present, and acting before you. Christ does not merely speak to you of a new relation to God; He sets that new relation before you in actual, living fact. It is not a matter of theory or speculation at all. God there meets you in actual history. Christ, as an historically existing person, irresistibly draws you to Himself, and to the Father whom He reveals. In His presence you not only gain the knowledge of God, but courage to trust God. He lifts you above your guilty fears. The spiritual greatness you discern in Him is combined with a love and grace which banishes the natural distrust of your heart towards God, and gives you power to fulfil your moral destiny" (Orr).

Now, let it be remembered, that in all this, we have not to do with a present, living Christ, but with the historical Christ of 1900 years ago. Still further, Protestantism has always emphasised the experimental evidence, the witness of God in the heart and life. What we gravely doubt is, whether this is sufficient alone, as is asserted, whether it is able to bear the whole weight of Christian faith and all the attacks of scepticism. We need the self-evidencing power of the truth, but we need other evidences also. Will this argument, when cut off from its surroundings and connections, be able long to maintain itself?

Here we see the most extraordinary and, we are obliged to say, the most untenable part of the new theory. Christ is to us the sole ground of our faith that there is a God at all, and the source of our highest moral life ; and yet He is a mere man, He has to us only the value of God ! Is this a logical, a possible position ? Will not the mere stress of reason and consistency compel those who hold the new views to believe either more or less ? We earnestly hope it will be the former. A curious feature is that Ritschl's followers are most anxious to maintain their connection with Luther, affirming that they alone are faithful to his spirit and purpose. They are obliged to admit that they do not hold the same views of the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, vicarious atonement, justification ; still, they adhere to his practical teaching. As if a Catholic were to discard Papal Infallibility, the Mass, the Confessional, or an Anglican were to discard Episcopacy, the Nicene Creed, the Thirty-nine Articles, or a Wesleyan minister were to discard the Divinity of Christ, the Witness of the Spirit and Entire Sanctification, and yet were all to maintain that, because they retained the practical teachings of their respective Churches, they were born sons of those Churches ! It is remarkable that in nearly every writer of the school, this claim is put in the foreground. Here again is an inconsistency which must one day come to an end.

We have not attempted a complete discussion, but simply an outline, which may serve as an introduction to further inquiry. We have tried to give every favourable feature its full advantage. But the more we have reflected, the stronger has grown our conviction of the unreality of the theory. Notwithstanding its speciousness, it is the more dangerous, and will probably do the more harm, because of its attractive resemblance to the truth. But we are specially warned against angels of light. We have confidence in the power of German learning and faith to deal with the new enemy that is at work within the Church of the Fatherland. There will be many Tertullians and Irenæuses to do battle for the truth against the new Marcions and Ariuses of these days. We can only pray for them a speedy and complete victory.

ART. V.—KEATS' LETTERS.

The Letters of John Keats. Edited by H. BUXTON FORMAN. London. 1895.

BY the common consent of critics and of all lovers of poetry, Keats has long held high place upon Parnassus, far indeed below Shakespeare and Milton, but higher than Byron, if not than even Shelley. He will, of course, undergo further criticism, but criticism will not unsettle him—it will be but as the cry of birds floating by upon the air. Keats will remain among the immortals. The last expert who has pronounced upon him is Professor Saintsbury, who says that Keats "begat Tennyson, and Tennyson begat all the rest." Upon Keats' influence he adds,

"if we wish to see what it came to we must simply look at the whole later poetry of the nineteenth century in England. . . . It is to Keats we must trace Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, and Morris; to Keats that even not a little of Browning has to be affiliated; to Keats, directly or indirectly, that the greater part of the poetry of nearly three generations owes loyalty and allegiance."

This is, perhaps, the most generous form of that judgment upon Keats which has established itself since the harsh and hasty attack of the *Edinburgh Review* fifty years ago—an attack that drew to him the thoughts of kindlier, juster minds.

When to the high estimate of his place and power we add the touching personal history of the poet, our interest in him is doubled. His was a sad life. Glorious gifts could not fence out misery; his genius enlarged his capacity for suffering. His short life casts a two-fold spell—that which belongs to poetic power, and that which belongs to a tragic and sorrowful story. The parallel is by no means perfect, but we cannot help thinking of Keats as a modern Prometheus; he brought fire to men, and the harpies rent him ruthlessly.

The Letters of John Keats give an almost perfect exposition of the man. He is here kaleidoscopically. His fleeting moods, his abiding passions, are fixed for the scrutiny of the curious. Keats suppressed nothing. Highly courageous, free from hypocrisy, and with scarcely a shred of conventional veneer about him, he wrote as he thought. From his opinions and beliefs, his philosophisings and his nonsense, from his table-talk, love-talk, and small-talk, and, in particular, from his letters, his personality arises with the clear definition of a Phidian sculpture. There is another—an ideal Keats; one we dream of, one we wish might have been, and even think would have been had years been granted him—a Keats full-orbed and complete—but there is no other historic Keats to be known when once his Letters have been studied.

Whether we are justified in obtaining our view of him by means of this all-revealing mirror is still an open question. Even natures not supersensitive feel a sense of shame at reading the private letters of another, specially those which when received were read with closed door and heart beating high. It is like profaning the penetralia and violating the sacred mysteries. Marking the reckless curiosity of our times, one is provoked to ask, must Paul Pry have the *entrée* to the heart's holy of holies as though it were a reception chamber or a cathedral chancel on exhibition? To resist such a concession to shallow curiosity, or even to sincere hero-worship, requires no great delicacy of feeling. If there were nothing else to be considered, the publication of the private letters of the famous dead should be classed with those things which ought not to be so much as named among us. But there are other considerations, such as veil this offence against perfect taste. When by pen or tongue, by pluck or dexterity, a man has sought and won fame, may it not be lawful to assume that he would not quite demur even to this means of adding impressiveness, clearness, or beauty to the work that gained him honour? Justice to himself might almost seem to require its adoption. And more—there is always the hope that the bared inner life

may supply a languid world with incentives and deterrents of more than ordinary power. Thus what is desirable in justice to the dead, may become doubly so in charity to the living.

When it is seen that the Letters of John Keats include fifty fervid, spasmodic love-letters written to Fanny Brawne, it will be felt that the book sorely needs the protection of these locked shields—justice and charity. Professor Saintsbury in his new work, already quoted, says, Keats' "letters to her contain nothing discreditable to him, but ought never to have been published." In this Saintsbury echoes the judgment of that sagacious critic and pink of honour, Matthew Arnold, who declared their publication to be "inexcusable." But it is only fair to let Mr. Forman speak for himself. In his preface he says:

"I still think Keats' Letters without those to Fanny Brawne very much like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. When I made up my mind, after weighing the whole matter, to publish these letters, in 1878, I was fully alive to the risk of vituperation, and not particularly solicitous on that part of the subject. The Press turned out to be about equally divided on it. . . . The letters to Fanny Brawne, as here placed side by side with those to Fanny Keats and other correspondents of the poet, are specially commended to the fresh apprehension of those who care to know Keats thoroughly in all moods of his mind and all phases of his temper. There is nothing for anyone to be afraid of—nothing that any man or woman need blush to have overheard. Being with us they complete the picture of the true Keats. Taken in their proper context they redound to his honour. That a man placed as he was, endowed by nature as he was, should yet mingle with the bitterness of his cry of despair, such sweetness and sanity as are the ruling characteristics throughout the letters, even to Fanny Brawne, is a standing wonder."

Here then, for good or ill, we have the man John Keats with his soul outspun by his own hand in black and white before us.

In the study of the man Keats it is not his high poetic reach that strikes us first, nor even his wild love of Fanny Brawne. We are conscious of something which, coming up from those soul-deeps where destiny is determined,

mysteriously enfolds and penetrates him; something that exerts a retarding influence upon the formation of the man, and upon all that he felt and did; something that even took within its sweep both passion and poetry, determining the limits of the one and the form of the other. Psychology may not be able to name this master-force, for psychology, unlike the physical sciences, cannot put all its subjects into a diagram or map, with names duly attached; there is ever something in the analysis of human nature that eludes the analyst. But the *work* of this master-force is not obscure. It is evident in the limitations of Keats. Like other men, Keats was a man of sundry parts, each capable of distinct evolution. At the start they lay in him together like the as yet unopened florets in the capitum of the sunflower. But as one or two florets may open before the rest, and even throw their soft shadow upon their tardy fellows, so within Keats' self one or two parts rushed to blossoming, whilst the rest lay awaiting their hour—alas, it was an hour that never came on earth. Briefly put, young Keats' development was strikingly unsymmetrical. He never became full-orbed. Memory sees him as a shining crescent of irregular outline.

This incompleteness appeared everywhere. Keats' perception of beauty in which all critics agree lies the glory of his poetry, was incomplete—moral beauty escaped his vision. His love of Fanny Brawne was incomplete. On its best side it was but a form of his passion for beauty; it was not the noble worship and service one soul offers to another—it was the artist alone that loved. His religion was even more incomplete. It was an arrested development, lying, scarcely more than germinal, under the foot of the scoffing Frenchman, Voltaire. It needed relief and sunlight. Reverence for woman, and faith in womanhood apart from his darling, hardly broke from latency throughout his life. And, to exhibit the domination of this fate in its widest reach, it need only be added that Keats' health during this epistolary period was never robust, and for a third of the time was actually declining; that he gained little from his

friendships, except perhaps in one instance, his friendship with Bailey ; and that in respect of contentment or peace of mind, if it had not been for an occasional rout, and the glad fury of verse-making, Keats might have slid into melancholy, if not misanthropy.

Not with any desire to disparage Keats—he is far above any arrow we can shoot—but as a contribution to the study of his fascinating personality, we propose in part to illustrate this incompleteness from Keats' Letters, in the hope that further light may be sought in the volume itself.

Until John Keats met Fanny Brawne, poetry was all in all to him. It was his soul's bride—dreamed of, pursued, and rapturously caressed. The love of poetry could even temporarily abate the love of woman at its fiercest—as the blaze of the sun can dull the flame on the domestic hearth. He writes,

"I find I cannot exist without poetry—without eternal poetry —half the day will not do—the whole of it. I began with a little, but habit has made me a leviathan."

It was a relief to write. Poetic desire was a surcharge upon his spirit that became intolerable until the glowing stream of thought ran like molten metal into its fit mould. Then he relapsed into quiet—often into exhaustion. As long as his health lasted, he had a growing mastery of the exalted mood, for which he was always getting ready. The spirit of poetry only rose when the sea of soul ran high—then she came as Venus from the wave. Keats acknowledged and regularly employed certain methods for whipping his mind into ecstasy. His readings in the works of mighty bards were as much for inspiration as enjoyment. Spencer, Milton, Dante, and others, would launch him on what he called a "voyage of conception." He would read a page of "large utterance," and wander off among the trees or by the sea, musing and prophesying upon it. Or he would make use of Nature, going out for the express purpose of turning himself about under her myriad influences, until some magic finger, some mighty insinuation from wind or wave,

from bird, bloom, or star, awakened his lightly-slumbering spirit and gave it creative cues. It was this that sent him in 1817, by coach, to the Isle of Wight, and then to Margate, the birth-place of *Endymion*. And in 1818, writing in reference to a long tour he was taking in Scotland, he says—

"I should not have consented to myself these four months tramping in the Highlands, but that I thought it would give me more experience, rub off more prejudice . . . load me with grander mountains, and strengthen more my reach in poetry, than would stopping at home among books, even though I should reach Homer."

How much he relied upon Nature's fingering to draw the music from him is evident from a later sentence. "I have not gone on with Hyperion, for to tell the truth, I have not been in great cue for writing lately—I must wait for the Spring to rouse me up a little." Writing from Winchester in 1819, there is a striking passage in which Keats adds his final word upon the motive powers he was indebted to:

"I feel every confidence that if I choose, I may be a popular writer. That I will never be. . . . I equally dislike the favour of the public with the love of a woman. They are both a cloying treacle to the wings of independence. You will observe at the end of this 'How a solitary life engenders pride and egotism!' True—I know it does; but this pride and egotism will enable me to write finer things than anything else could—so I will indulge it."

Cool and calculating search for the means of excitation, self-abandonment to ecstasy, a mental yeasting in "delicious diligent indolence," and then the expression of his foaming spirit in what he calls a "fine excess"—this was Keats' method in verse-making. A comparison of Keats with Milton, when the great Puritan was about thirty years of age, sets in vivid light some points of similarity in their methods, and reveals in part the reason of Keats' incompleteness. Milton stirred up his mind by reading Homer, Virgil, Sophocles, and Tasso, as Keats did by reading the great English poets, and Homer and Dante in translation.

Both were magnetically held by the principle of Beauty. Milton writes to Diodati :

"What God may have determined for me I know not; but this I know, that if He ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, He has instilled it into mine. Ceres in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of enquiry than I, day and night, the idea of perfection."

And Keats' well-known words

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know,"

give us his heart's strongest feeling. But Keats does not mean as much as Milton, who rose higher and higher on eagle wing into a world Keats seldom entered but with seeming reluctance, or to jest. Confining himself to the circle of *physical* beauty, and turning ever a fascinated eye upon the delicious sensations it awakened, Keats missed the ennobling, overpowering thoughts that thronged Milton's mind like seraphs upon the golden pavement of heaven; missed, too, those emotions which, having a higher source than perishable loveliness, bring with them a mightier inspiration. As Professor Morley pointed out,

"Milton felt that the work to which his soul yearned forward was to be achieved only 'by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.'"

And to prayer Milton added character, saying, "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem." It is here that Milton strikes past Keats, stretching up beyond the ether to fetch his power from heaven. Keats was left below, not because the finest motives were forbidden him, but because he was content to drink at lower fountains. Keats had no faith to speak of, Milton was a brave believer. Keats was worldly, Milton was spiritual. Keats reached—under the circumstances he could

only reach—an enchanting form of materialism, Milton attained as naturally to the morally sublime. Character, creed, and method, combined into a fate which drove Keats straight to intense sensuousness—sensuousness which at its best holds forth to his readers life's crown of joy, and between whiles plunges them into lagoons of cloying syrups, which for all their gleam are sloughs to many.

In reading Keats' love-letters, the paramount feeling is sadness, and he must be a Goth indeed who, by one ill-digested, or even too rigid word, could so speak of Keats in love, as to set him lower by one hair's-breadth. During nearly the whole of his courting-days he was ill—dying at the last; and the spirit of divination would be necessary to determine how much that was undesirable in his letters was due to too much fancy, too little character, or the loss of nerve and self-help his disease entailed. Why seek to unravel the twisted skein? Let all be said for him that may be said. He was young, passionate, in love, and dying; he longed to live—though, fearing that even then he might not win Fanny Brawne, he longed to die. Fame, life, and love, each gave thoughts that rent him—he was on a triple rack. In view of all this, it is idle to expect Keats' love-letters to wear the calmness of a proposition in Euclid, or the dignity and serenity of a bishop's pastoral. But however tender we may be—and who could be other?—to the agony of mind they demonstrate, we may without fear take their fundamental thought as Keats gives it, and see how true it is to the man and how it conveyed to Fanny Brawne all he was able to give.

Keats said over and over again that Fanny Brawne's beauty was the lode-star that drew and held him. His first allusions to her, indeed, give a different impression; they are far from being the enthusiastic utterances of a spell-bound lover. Writing to his brother in America, he says,

"shall I give you Miss Brawne? She is about my height" [*Keats was barely more than five feet*] "with a fine style of countenance of the lengthened sort—she wants sentiment in every feature—she manages to make her hair look well—her nostrils

are fine—though a little painful—her mouth is bad and good—her profile is better than her full face, which, indeed, is not full, but pale and thin, without showing any bone. Her shape is very graceful, and so are her movements—her arms are good, her hands bad-ish—her feet tolerable. She is not seventeen—but she is ignorant—monstrous in her behaviour—flying out in all directions, calling people such names—that I was forced lately to make use of the term *minx*—this is, I think, not from any innate vice, but from a penchant she has for acting stylishly. I am, however, tired of such style, and shall decline any more of it."

This was Keats, the critic, in December, 1818. In two months, or less, he has become Keats the dangler, and refers to his relations with Miss Brawne thus:—"Miss Brawne and I have every now and then a chat and a tiff." Tiffs with a lovely girl may be indulged in not merely for their pretty little airs, their ineffective, amusing fairy-fury; they may be signs of interest more than common. Anger is said to make a beautiful woman look more beautiful, and it is easy to think the tiffs were artificial little tempests called up by Keats, anxious to see fire welling up into fine eyes, and the piquant vivacity of a not too-deeply offended beauty. In fact, his dominating characteristic was displaying itself—his love of beauty. Perhaps his imagination, working in a "fine excess," gave the maiden a loveliness not her own as it did to Madeline in "The Eve of St. Agnes:"

> "As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon,
> Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
> And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
> And on her hair a glory like a saint:
> She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
> Save wings, for heaven."

Certain it is his first letter to her struck this note, and through the entire correspondence it rises above all his thoughts like martial music above a host. That first letter says,

"for myself I know not how to express my devotion to so fair a form: I want a brighter word than bright, a fairer word than fair. I almost wish we were butterflies and lived but three summer days—three such days with you I could fill with more delight than fifty common years could ever contain."

From this time onward such passages occur as :—"All my thoughts, my unhappiest days and nights, have, I find, not at all cured me of my love of beauty, but made it so intense that I am miserable that you are not with me," and "Why may I not speak of your beauty, since without that I could never have loved you ?—I cannot conceive any beginning of such love as I have for you but beauty," or, once more, "I love you ; all I can bring you is a swooning admiration of your beauty . . . . I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death."

A quiet and friendly view of a passion such as this leads us to attribute its failure in part to its character. Keats lived on one side only of his nature. He yearned for sensations. Through her beauty, Fanny Brawne gave him delicious sensations, and he worshipped her accordingly. It is not so much what Keats was that makes us sorrow for him, as what he was not. Love that seeks pleasure first, through the possession of the physical beauty of its object, is sadly incomplete. How different were the letters that passed between Charles Kingsley and his elect lady—with their care for each other's pursuits ; their plans for mutual stimulus of mind ; their recognition of the fact that man and woman are something more to one another than lovely breathing pieces of sculpture, inimitable works of art ; and that the crown and glory of "the intermarriage of two human natures" is in the strength and hope with which each endows the other through its love. We are not prepared to censure Keats' attitude to Fanny Brawne, yet there is room for sorrow that he did not arrive before his death at an appreciation of the higher nature and possibilities of woman in general, and of Fanny Brawne in particular. His mistake was the too common one of translating ψυχη (psyche) "butterfly" instead of "soul."

Keats made no serious attempt at cultivating a religion of any kind. But with his intellect, and his companions, he could not be without thoughts and opinions upon religion. He seems to have had a few bits of belief lying about his mind, where they took the place of articles of vertu in a

room, inasmuch as they gave a sort of decoration to the character, were interesting centres of conversation, but were not intended for common use. He thought—so he says to his brother in 1819—that his scraps of belief might give pleasure to "superior beings"—does he mean angels and God?—without much regard being had to the contents of his beliefs or their effects in conduct, but rather as pretty attitudes of the mind; just as Keats himself found pleasure in the movements and positions of a deer or other graceful creature. One or two of these scraps may be given:

"There is no altering a man's nature." "There are no men thoroughly wicked." "I do not think myself more in the right than other people, and nothing in the world is provable." "I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections, and the truth of imagination." And his famous aspiration, one that is in accord with all else in the man, was "O for a life of sensations rather than thoughts."

There is hardly an allusion to the Churches. Once he appears to have shown some appreciation of Horace Smith's making fun out of the Methodists. But this was in no sectarian spirit. No other Church won his love or adherence. He records the consecration of a chapel, and gives some light upon his feelings towards the clergyman of the time:

"The chapel is built in Mr. Way's park . . . his house was crammed with clergy. . . . I begin to hate parsons; they did not make me love them that day when I saw them in their proper colours. A parson is a lamb in the drawing room, and a lion in a vestry. The notions of society will not permit a parson to give way to his temper in any shape—so he festers in himself—his features get a peculiar diabolical, self-sufficient, iron stupid expression. He is continually acting. . . . He is a hypocrite to the believer, and a coward to the unbeliever."

Cathedrals he could tolerate, even enjoy; and one way of enjoying them was to walk up and down one of the aisles, during service, reading letters from his friends.

His views upon religion were influenced by the authors he favoured. "I am reading Voltaire and Gibbon," he

writes to George Keats. The French wit and the English scholar were saints for sceptics to swear by, and their power in England, like the fame of Rousseau, was far beyond the merit of their thought. The extent of their power over Keats—be it little or much—cannot be stated. Keats, as we have intimated, had little to say in his letters upon religion, which implies that it did not take a large place in his thinking. Voltaire probably gave him a donation of doubts, and his certainty about the "holiness of the heart's affections," looks like a flower from Jean-Jacques' garden. Keats believed in a Supreme Being, but gave no evidence that he cared to be "acquainted" with Him, for the light and peace of his soul. He believed in immortality, but too vaguely for the thought of the future to affect his conduct in the present. He cared vastly more for fame. It is not possible to think that a man so young, possessed of so much candour, had handled religion and thrown it aside as a weed which once he was in danger of supposing to be a flower of worth and beauty. We prefer to think that he had not yet given his mind to the subject. Poetry threw all else into the shade. Yet for all this, his thoughts drifted together so as to make an unshaped, unmoored raft for the insecure standing of a feeble dim-eyed faith. Here are some words of his on the making of souls :

"The common cognomen of this world among the misguided and superstitious is a 'vale of tears' from which we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to heaven. What a little circumscribed notion! Call the world if you please the 'vale of soul-making.' Then you will find out the use of the world. . . . I say *soul-making*—soul as distinguished from an intelligence. There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not souls till they acquire identities. . . . How then are souls to be made? How but by the medium of a world like this? This point I sincerely wish to consider because I think it a grander system of salvation than the Christian religion—or rather it is a system of spirit creation."

This quotation is remarkable for its striking, if superficial, coincidence with New Testament teaching, though Keats seemed to be unaware of that fact. His "grander system,"

as he calls it, in so far as it regards this world as a suitable ground for "soul-making," is one of the leading truths taught by Christ and His Apostles. For those who may care to see it, we give a passage from *The Reality of Faith*, by Dr. Newman Smyth, in which Keats' main idea is given from the Scripture point of view.

"'*In your patience ye shall win your souls.*' The Revised Translation restores this word to its original force. He told them that through endurance they were to win their souls. Souls, then, are for us to win. Literally, the word used by Jesus means, procure for yourselves souls. Life is to be to us, in some sense, an acquisition of soul. . . . How may the disciples acquire their own souls? We usually think of human souls as so many ready-made products of nature bestowed on us at birth. But Jesus used of the souls of His disciples a word of purchase and acquisition. We are to go into life, and, as men in business gain possessions, we are to procure our souls from life."

With Keats' thoughts on the making of souls, should be linked certain thoughts of his upon Jesus Christ.

"Very few men have ever arrived at a complete disinterestedness of mind; very few have been influenced by a pure desire of the benefit of others—in the greater part of the benefactors of humanity some meretricious motive has sullied their greatness. . . . I have no doubt that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested; I can remember but two—Socrates and Jesus—Their histories evince it. What I heard Taylor observe with respect to Socrates, may be said of Jesus—that he was so great a man that though he transmitted no writing of his own to posterity, we have his mind and his sayings, and his greatness, handed to us by others. It is to be lamented that the history of the latter was written and revised by men interested in the pious frauds of religion, yet through all this I see his splendour."

Here is Keats' scepticism. It is not of much account—it is too evidently borrowed. He speaks of the Synoptists with the assurance of an expert, when it is certain that from his inclinations, his occupations, and his youth, he knew nothing of Scripture, as a serious study, and was even ignorant of the Greek tongue. But here is also enough to warrant the supposition that, under altered circumstances, Keats might have come to a noble form of Christian life. His two beliefs

as above quoted, might, under favourable conditions, have opened the way to a true and effective Christian faith. If at three-and-twenty, in a sceptical age and circle, Keats could see the "splendour" of Jesus, and could recognise the world as, before all things, an arena for "soul-making," it may well be believed that time, with its modifications—change, with its introductions of new influences—and sorrow, with the mysterious energy ensphering it, would, under Christian inspiration, have made of Keats a saint of no mean order. Granted that once his adopted, probably slenderly-rooted, scepticism as to the divinity of Jesus, had been set aside, and the excellence of the Christian ideal had taken hold of his mind and heart, the love of beauty, which was his ruling passion, would have helped to urge him on to a glowing saintship. Change in this would have brought change in all else—in his character, his happiness, his love, and not least of all, in his poetry. Such a poet as he was, with the new force added, might have stood for ever upon Parnassus, not only near to, but hand-in-hand with Milton.

ART. VI.—THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

1. *The Literary Study of the Bible.* By R. G. MOULTON, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago. Isbister & Co. 1896.
2. *The Modern Reader's Bible.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by R. G. MOULTON, M.A., Ph.D. "The Proverbs." 1895. "Ecclesiasticus." 1896. "Ecclesiastes and the Wisdom of Solomon." 1896. Macmillan & Co.

MORE than twenty years ago Mr. Matthew Arnold published what he himself called the "most important" of his works and the one "most capable of being useful," under the title of *Literature and Dogma.* The object of the book was to show that "the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and

scientific," and that the first step towards a right understanding of the Bible—a step which the apostle of culture assumed that few Englishmen had taken—was to apprehend and rightly use this distinction. The book made, as every one knows, considerable stir, and excited no small indignation and opposition. Whereupon the author retorted by scornfully resenting the ignorant Philistinism which had failed to apprehend and profit by so elementary a distinction between the Bible viewed as literature—which it is—and the Bible viewed as dogma—which it is not.

But the critic quite misunderstood his own position and that of his opponents. No intelligent student of the Bible reads its sacred words as "dogma;" every educated man knows that the word means an article of faith, defined and formulated by an ecclesiastical authority. It is not asserted even that the Bible as it stands is doctrine, though it contains doctrine; that is, teaching on the highest themes with which the mind of man can be occupied. It would be universally acknowledged, even by those Dissenters at whom Mr. Arnold was so fond of sniffing a high-bred contempt, that the Bible, as regards its form, is literature. But there is a long step between that statement and the use Mr. Arnold made of it. The word "God" he described as "by no means a term of science or exact knowledge, but a term of poetry and eloquence, a term *thrown out*, so to speak, at a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness," and St. Paul's words, "grace," "new birth," "justification," are represented as only approximately describing what the writer had before his mind, whilst the interpreters of Hebrew prophets and Christian Apostles had systematically misinterpreted them as accurate terms of science. Arnold, therefore, proceeded to instruct the ignorant theologians of his time and all times that Israel meant nothing by the term "God" but a certain "Not Ourselves which makes for righteousness," that the Hebrew writers did not predicate personality of God, and would not have known what was meant by the term, and that "the monotheistic idea of Israel is simply *seriousness*." On the flimsy basis of doubtful ety-

mologies this excellent critic of literature and execrable blunderer in theology erected a structure of his own, reading his own meaning into the writings of Hebrew sage and Christian saint, quite forgetting that if "these poor people were not Archbishops of York," neither were they Matthew Arnolds. It needs culture, said Mr. Arnold, till his readers grew tired of the word, to "get the power, through reading, to estimate the proportion and relation in what we read," but he himself had not culture enough to perceive that his own admirable culture, of a quite unusual extent and degree as it was in some directions, had not fitted him for understanding how to interpret adequately "the Bible as literature."

We have revived this fragment of ancient history, not because Mr. Arnold's theology is likely to live, for it was still-born, while not a little of his poetry will probably live for centuries, but in order that we may illustrate the importance of understanding what we do mean by the literary aspects and the literary study of the Bible. In twenty years considerable steps in advance have been taken towards the end Mr. Arnold desired to promote, though, happily, not by his methods and without repetition of his mistakes. Books have multiplied very rapidly upon almost every conceivable aspect of the subject. Very recently a volume of Selections from the Bible of passages "chosen for their literary beauty" was published by Mr. Frazer, as one should select "a thousand and one gems" of sacred literature. That is precisely *not* the way to study the Bible as literature. Then the critics, higher and lower, have been busy after their fashion, and if they go on at their present rate of progress they will very soon leave us little or nothing of literature to investigate. Critics have their place to fill and their work to do; we have no desire either to denounce or disparage them. But their minute analysis, executed for purposes of their own, can hardly be described as a study of the Bible as literature.

Many will turn, accordingly, with interest and expectation to the work which is being undertaken by Professor R. G.

Moulton in this department. Dr. Richard Moulton is indeed well equipped for his task. A Cambridge scholar and University Extension Lecturer of great ability and popularity, Professor of "Literature in English" in Chicago University, a student of the Bible from childhood, and possessing a surname which is honoured in all countries where the grammar of the New Testament is studied, the author of the books at the head of our article presents, if we may be allowed the expression, excellent letters of introduction. Already in a short time he has commended his own right to speak upon this important subject. Three numbers of his *Modern Reader's Bible* have appeared, dainty little volumes containing respectively the books of "Proverbs," "Ecclesiasticus," "Ecclesiates," and "Wisdom." The object of this issue is to carry out in detail what the editor's *Literary Study of the Bible* lays down in principle. What his principles are, it will be the object of the present article to explain and examine; suffice it for the moment to say that in choice of type, arrangement, and general presen tation of the sacred text, it is intended to commend the books in question more fully to the intelligent comprehension of every less instructed student of Scripture, and to prepare the way for their adequate interpretation, with a view especially to the needs of "the modern reader."

A few sentences taken from the preface to the larger work will explain Professor Moulton's aim better than any words of ours. He begins by saying that he believes that the number of readers to whom the Bible appeals as literature is few, and that this is due, at least in part, to the forbidding form in which we allow the Bible to be presented to us.

"Let the reader imagine the poems of Wordsworth, the plays of Shakespeare, the essays of Bacon, and the histories of Motley to be bound together in a single volume; let him suppose the titles of the poems and essays cut out and the names of speakers and divisions of speeches removed, the whole divided up into sentences of a convenient length for parsing, and again into lessons containing a larger or smaller number of these sentences. If the reader can carry his imagination through these processes he will have before him a fair parallel to the literary

form in which the Bible has come to the modern reader; it is true that the purpose for which it has been split into chapters and verses is something higher than instruction in parsing, but the injury to literary form remains the same."

The author goes on to show how readers of all types, the most devout and the most sceptical, may meet upon common ground in trying to understand the literary form of what is by general consent, and quite apart from its subject, one of the foremost literatures of the world. Such a literature, he contends, should have a place in the liberal education of our youth, at least as good as that of the classics of Greece and Rome.

"It is one of the curiosities of our civilization that we are content to go for our liberal education to literatures which, morally, are at an opposite pole from ourselves; literatures in which the most exalted tone is often an apotheosis of the sensuous, which degrade divinity, not only to the human level, but to the lowest level of humanity."

In glowing language, Professor Moulton contends that our youth should have displayed to them in literary forms, as brilliant as any in Greek literature, in "lyrics which Pindar cannot surpass, in rhetoric as forcible as that of Demosthenes, or contemplative prose not inferior to Plato's," the picture of

"a people dominated by an utter passion for righteousness, a people whose ideas of purity, of infinite good, of universal order, of faith in the irresistible downfall of all moral evil, moved to a passion as fervid, and speech as musical, as when Sappho sang of love, or Æschylus thundered his deep notes of destiny."

To aid in such an exposition, Dr. R. G. Moulton has entered upon his present task; and, whether readers are or are not prepared to follow him in the details of his work, we can promise all who are interested in the study of the Bible at all, a rich treat as they follow the author in his new presentation of old and familiar words, for they will find, almost on every page, some suggestion which makes the old truth to live again, and to speak afresh to mind and heart with new force and significance.

An interesting introduction deals with the Book of Job, and seeks to show that in that remarkable poem are to be found specimens of almost every kind of literary composition—dramatic, epic, lyric, prophetical, philosophical, and rhetorical. A classification of literary forms later on indicates what Professor Moulton calls "the four cardinal points of literature," description and presentation, poetry and prose. From these, by an ingenious line of argument, described in an elaborate diagram on p. 108, are deduced all the forms of literary composition known, beginning with the "ballad-dance," and including epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry; historical, philosophical, and rhetorical prose. Illustrations of these taken from the Bible are then given at some length; Deborah's song representing the Ode, the Psalms including elegies, dramatic lyrics and lyrics of meditation, while Solomon's Song is characterised as a "dramatic idyl." The reader will wonder where in the Scriptures epic poetry is to be found, and perhaps will not be altogether reassured when he is pointed to the Book of Genesis. This is described as "Epic Incident," though it is of course admitted that there is no epic verse in the Bible. The story of Balaam is given as the grand example of "Mixed Epic," in which a story is told in prose, but the power is reserved of breaking into verse at suitable points.

Wisdom literature is separately treated. Professor Moulton includes in his treatment the apocryphal books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom, inasmuch as they are of the highest literary interest, and the doctrinal distinction between these and the canonical books does not affect his purpose. Much that is here said concerning the "unit-proverb," the epigram, the maxim, and the "proverb-cluster," need not detain us, but the word "sonnet" arrests attention. Professor Moulton uses this term to denote a poetic form of rhythmic lines, "bound together by high parallelism—the parallelism, that is, which links not single verses only, but masses of lines, or again, not adjacent lines, but portions of a composition widely separated." He justifies his own use

of a word which is usually employed to designate a poem of the fixed length of fourteen lines, as follows:

"Is this limitation to fourteen lines the essential of the sonnet, or is it only matter of prescriptive usage? I would contend that if the sonnet is to rank as a leading poetic type in universal literature, its principle must be deeper. The true distinction of the sonnet, like that of the Fugue in music, is that it reverses the usual order of things, and presents us with matter adapting itself to external form. . . . It is impossible to read the Biblical poems now under discussion without feeling that here, too, we have thought adapting itself to form; not, of course, to any particular number of lines, but to elaboration of parallelism of some kind."

Hence we have the "fixed sonnet" and the "free sonnet," whilst later on in the chapter on the Wisdom literature, we have a discussion of the "dramatic monologue," and the "rhetorical encomium."

It is a vexed question whether the prophetical books are to be classed as poetry or as prose. Doubtless the answer depends upon the definition of poetry. The Revisers, as is well known, speak of the prophetical writings as "impassioned prose," and they have made no attempt to mark out the parallelism by stichometrical arrangement. Professor Moulton erects prophecy into a separate department of literature which can neither be classified with poetry or with prose. In one place he says:

"The distinction of prophecy is not one of form, but of spirit; so far as form is concerned, prophecy is not distinctive, but comprehensive; all types of literature are attracted towards it;"

and again,

"prophetic compositions are found to go far beyond the machinery of dramatic literature, and to borrow from all other literary departments special modes of treatment, to be blended together into that most highly wrought and spiritual of literary forms which is here called the Rhapsody."

Professor Moulton's idea here is that as in the cantata and the oratorio dramatic action is maintained, though some

of its movements may be in lyric or meditative forms, so in the writings of the Prophets current history is stated in the form of more or less dramatic dialogue, occasionally interspersed with history or lyric song.

This scanty outline may serve to give the reader some idea of Professor Moulton's method. It will be seen at once that it is not lacking in thoroughness; indeed, an appendix provides a "literary index" to the whole Bible, in which every book is analysed, and its parts arranged and classified according to the literary form which the author conceives each to exhibit. In Genesis, for example, we have "Primitive History," "Epic Stories," such as ch. i.-ii. 3, ii. 4-iii., vi. 9-ix. 17, &c., "Epic Cycles" and "Epic History." Ecclesiastes is described as "A Suite of Five Essays, broken by miscellaneous sayings," the Song as "A Suite of Seven Dramatic Idylls." Ecclesiasticus is elaborately analysed as containing sonnet i. 1-20, epigram i. 22-24, maxim i. 25-27, with "essays," "proverb clusters," and "discontented sayings," at intervals throughout the book. The Epistle of James is styled "A Wisdom Epistle," containing Maxim i. 2-4, Maxim ver. 5-8, Maxim ver. 9-11, Essay ver. 12-27, Essay "on respect of persons" ii. 1-13, and so on to the close. The Epistles are arranged as "Epistolary Treatises," or "Epistolary Manifestoes," whilst the Apocalypse is described as "A Vision Cycle."

Professor Moulton expressly says that he does not expect any of his readers to accept in detail his analysis and arrangement of the several works. A plan involving such a mass of minutiæ can only be appreciated as a whole, and the discussion of the whole should not be encumbered by differences of opinion upon details. But upon the whole arrangement of Scripture we have one criticism to pass. It is much too elaborate. Agreeing as we do with the author's main contention, and heartily in sympathy with him as we are in his main object of making the Bible more intelligible by explaining the literary form in which it is cast, we have found ourselves increasingly convinced, as we advanced in the book, that its excessive elaboration

would tend to defeat its own end. It is primitive literature that we are examining, some of it dating many centuries before Christ, and the latest books it contains being for the most part guiltless of literary art, though not without skill in arrangement, for the purposes for which they were written. It does not follow that literature thus composed is rude or structureless. On the contrary, some portions of early literature in all languages exhibit what we may call characteristics of high organisation, and some parts of the Bible will stand comparison with the poems or prose writings of highest repute in antiquity. But the order is marked by a certain irregularity, which adds to its beauty. The charm is like that of the trees of the forest, or the leaves and branches of a single tree, not of a pictured arabesque upon the wall. The treatment given to Scripture in this book carves out too minutely in geometrical patterns what had better be left unclassified and unticketed with technical names. As an example of excessive elaboration we might refer to the genealogical tree on p. 260, in which the "Unit-Proverb" is traced out as developing into "the Epigram (germ with verse expansion)" on the one side and the "Maxim (germ with prose comment)" on the other, and so on through several grades of literary sub-divisions. As another example, we might show how the attempt to classify breaks down when we come to the Gospels, and Professor Moulton is obliged to say that these are neither ecclesiastical history nor prophetic literature, but "must be classified by themselves as a specific literary form. The description of this form is that they are authoritative statements of the acts and words of Christ." The nearest approach to exact description of the Gospels is found in a comparison to "protocols," and this surely is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the attempt to label every book and paragraph of the Bible with a distinctive title, indicating the variety, species, and genus by which it is to be known in a highly complex scheme of literary classification.

This may be thought to be a fault upon virtue's side, in the case of a scholar who deliberately sets himself to literary

analysis. In our opinion it detracts both from the charm and the utility of Professor Moulton's work. There is so much that is admirable in his exposition, so much with which we heartily agree, so much that greatly needed saying and which he has said so well, that we confess to a feeling of disappointment as we found him spoiling a good case by over-refinement and excess of subtle analysis. Many readers will be disposed to say, If an appreciation of literary form means all this, let us get back as soon as possible to the simplicity and beauty of the Bible we have known all our lives. But this would be doing an injustice to Professor Moulton's work, which deserves and will repay careful study. If all his technical names were thrown on one side, there would remain a carefully worked out and most instructive arrangement of the books of the Bible, according to their style, subdivision of subject-matter and arrangement of lines, sentences, and paragraphs, which is of the highest value. Rightly to get hold of this would make the Bible a new book to many readers. The Prophets, for example, when read by the light of such help as is here given—combined with the admirable work of Professor Findlay and Mr. Buchanan Blake's *How to Read the Prophets*—should no longer remain the obscure and difficult books which English readers have too often found them. There is, indeed, hardly a book of the Bible upon which Dr. R. G. Moulton does not shed light by his exposition of its literary structure, whilst his own thorough interest in his subject should communicate itself to the least enthusiastic reader, and enable him to detect a thousand beauties where hitherto, for want of eyes, he had been repelled by an apparent monotony of form and outline.

How far it is desirable to indicate all this by a re-arrangement of the text is another question. The Bible, says Professor Moulton, is "the worst printed book in the world." Even the Revised Version is far from having accomplished what he thinks it might have done in the re-arrangement of the text of Scripture. "The great blot upon it" is said to be "the absence of any attempt to represent the acrostic

structure which affects so many Hebrew poems." To take this detailed illustration by itself for a moment, Professor Moulton, as a scholar and literary critic, knows perfectly well what the translators would have been obliged to give up, if they had attempted to imitate in English the acrostic arrangement of the Hebrew. The attempts made in Delitzsch's edition of the Psalms and in that of the *Four Friends* are certainly not encouraging. But that is a mere detail. Would it be desirable in a version of the Bible to attempt the task Professor Moulton has attempted in his *Modern Reader's Bible?* We distinctly hold it would not, and probably Dr. Moulton agrees with us. A translator must overcome once for all the tremendous temptation to try to be also a commentator, and every analyst like Professor Moulton is a commentator on a large scale. He propounds questionable statements at every turn; highly interesting and suggestive they may be, but debateable they certainly are, and to assume their accuracy so far as to modify the text itself by embodying them in it, can only be permitted to a commentator, whose fallibility is understood from the outset. We could have found it in our hearts to wish that the Revisers had taken two or three steps in the direction indicated by Professor Moulton, but probably they felt that these were steps upon a steep incline, on which it was very difficult to set foot without slipping too far down its slope.

That which the Revisers did not feel at liberty to do, individual interpreters may do with the greatest advantage. Professor Moulton is rendering great service to Biblical study by his own efforts in this direction. It is no small matter that the literary form of the Bible, especially in certain books, should be made to strike the eye at once. Pages of description would not answer the end so well. The devices of the printer are manifold, and we would employ them all to bring into relief the exact structure of books which many readers will never understand till their eyes are aided by such arrangement of lines, sentences, and paragraphs, and such employment of type, as we find in

the *Modern Reader's Bible.* The "Song of Songs," for example, wears quite a new aspect when it is thus presented :—

IDYLL I. I. 1—II. 7.

THE WEDDING DAY.

I.

Outside the Palace—The Bridal Procession approaches; the Royal Bridegroom leading the Bride, followed by an Attendant Chorus of Daughters of Jerusalem.

THE BRIDE—

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth:
For thy love is better than wine;
Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance:
Thy name is as ointment poured forth:
Therefore do the virgins love thee.

A pause is made at the threshold of the Palace.

THE BRIDE (*to the Bridegroom*)—

Draw me—

ATTENDANT CHORUS—

We will run after thee.

The Bridegroom lifts the Bride across the threshold.

THE BRIDE—

The king hath brought me into his chambers.

ATTENDANT CHORUS—

We will be glad and rejoice in thee,
We will make mention of thy love more than of wine.

Of course it is obvious that such an arrangement involves disputable matter at every turn. The interpretation of the poem as a whole, the inter-relation of its several parts, and the acceptance of some highly debateable renderings are necessarily implied. But all this may be explained in an introduction, whilst nearly all critics are agreed that some such arrangement of a semi-dramatic kind must be made for the poem to be intelligible at all. We need only say in passing that the student of the Song will find Professor

Moulton's arrangement of it very interesting and suggestive, and we are sure that much careful study of this beautiful but difficult poem lies behind the presentation of it here given.

Every page of the book evinces similarly careful and minute study. To illustrate this statement, we might take the Book of Job, dealt with in the opening pages of this volume, for upon it Professor Moulton has bestowed special care, and we believe some of his most interesting and valuable University Extension Lectures dealt with this subject. Or we might turn to the Psalms, of which the author gives such a full description, characterising each with great fulness and felicity; or, as we have already said, to any one of the Prophets. But we will select two examples somewhat more easily handled; one, the account of the Creation in Genesis i.; the other, the Lord's Prayer. On the former point Professor Moulton says:

"I have already suggested that the extreme symmetry of the clauses which describe Job's misfortunes descending upon him tells in favour of the view that the narrative is not a history so much as an incident worked up into a parable. In a more important matter the same principle has been applied to the opening of Genesis. The account of the Creation which this passage contains is found, upon examination, to be arranged with the most minute parallelism of matter and form. Not only are the six days furnished with opening and closing formulæ which correspond, but the whole divides into two symmetrical halves of three days and three days, and each day of the first three is exactly parallel to the corresponding day of the second half. . . . When this structure, and the fulness of its parallelism is grasped, it will appear reasonable that it should be urged as one argument in favour of understanding the chapter to be, not a narration of incidents in their order of succession, but a logical classification of the elements of the universe, with the emphatic assertion of Divine creation with reference to each."

Professor Moulton does not hold it essential to his argument that his interpretation here should be accepted, and he would probably allow that the very words of the refrain, "And there was evening and there was morning, one day—a second day—a third day," and so forth, points, not to

logical classification, but to orderly succession. This, however, by the way. The bearing of parallelism upon the exegesis of the Lord's Prayer is thus worked out.

"This prayer is almost always rendered as a succession of isolated clauses, which may be rendered thus: 'Our Father which art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.' But the true significance of these words is only seen when they are arranged so as to make an envelope figure:

"Our Father which art in heaven;
Hallowed be Thy Name,
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy Will be done,
In earth as it is in heaven.

"In the former version the words 'In earth as it is in heaven,' are attached only to the petition, 'Thy will be done.' But it belongs to the envelope structure that all the parallel clauses are to be connected with the common opening and close. The meaning thus becomes, 'Hallowed be Thy name in earth as it is in heaven, Thy kingdom come in earth as it is in heaven, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.' It is something more than literary beauty that is gained by the change."

We are not prepared to accept Professor Moulton's explanation of the "envelope figure" in this particular instance, and in our opinion he makes too large a deduction from his argument concerning Genesis i.; but we have no doubt whatever that parallelism, where it occurs, is a factor and sometimes a very important factor, in interpretation. Nor should we question at all that, in deciding whether a particular passage is to be understood as a simple narrative of facts or an idealised description, this point of literary structure should be carefully taken into consideration. The above instances have been adduced to show the care with which Professor Moulton has considered the details of interpretation and the suggestiveness of his remarks, whether it be or be not possible always to agree with him.

The subject-matter of this interesting volume has now been sufficiently dealt with for the purposes of our article. We proceed to point out one or two considerations which did not come within Professor Moulton's purview, but which

should be taken into account if we are adequately to study the Bible as Literature. The characteristics thus far dealt with have been such as the Bible possesses in common with other literatures; it is necessary at the same time to remember those which distinguish it from them. It is, as all students know, separated by a whole diameter, not only from other literatures, but from other sacred literatures, with which it is natural to contrast it. In order to supplement Professor Moulton's instructive survey, we would suggest that it should always be borne in mind (i.) that on the human side the Bible is the outcome of a remarkable religious life, and (ii.) on the Divine side, as Christians hold, it is the record of a revelation of God. Let us briefly explain how these statements stand related to the study of the Bible as literature.

I. All literature is the outcome of life. Not more truly does a plant put forth blossom and fruit, rich and generous according to its conditions and the vigour of its vitality, than a national literature springs from a vigorous national life. The literature at the same time embodies, expresses, and more or less completely reflects the life of the nation. This is true both as regards the substance and the form of literature, though it is not so easy to prove the dependence of form upon life, either in the morphology of plants, or in the shapes which literature takes among nations. The Jews, however, were in the full sense of the word, a "peculiar" people. In the Bible, that word simply implies that Israel was God's *own* possession; but it was that very fact which caused Israel to differ from the nations round about. Whatever the explanation of the fact, Israel, in history, possessed as fully a "genius" for religion, as Greece for art, and Rome for law and civil order. Consequently, the literature which embodies and reflects the life of Israel, has a character of its own which is traceable throughout its course, in its law, its history, its prophecy, and its poetry. It is not denied, of course, that some of its qualities were shared by the literatures of other Semitic peoples, so far as we are acquainted with them; but no one can understand Jewish literature

who does not constantly bear in mind the character of Jewish life. If this is thought to be so obvious as to be hardly worth saying, it may be replied that the recollection of this elementary principle will prevent the student from regarding the literary forms elaborately traced by Professor Moulton as so many categories, so many rigid moulds into which the thought of Israel was cast, and will keep before him the fact that they are themselves alive, as botanists tell us the very shape of the leaf is determined by the conditions under which it grows.

The same may be shown to be true of the New Testament. Here the Jew still meets us, but the Jew more or less tempered by the Greek spirit, tinctured—be it ever so little—by Greek thought, and of course employing Greek speech. The very form of the sentences in Hellenistic Greek is significant, as Professor Moulton's distinguished brother, Dr. W. F. Moulton, has so fully illustrated in his edition of Winer's Grammar. The narratives of the Evangelists and of the "Acts," the Epistles and the Apocalypse, show in different ways the blending of "Hebraism" and "Hellenism." The stock is Jewish, the graft is Greek, and the fruit is Christian.

It would take us too far to work out this thought, and show how the literature of Old and New Testaments was dependent, partly for its substance, partly for its form, upon the Jewish people, the natural characteristics of the race, its history, its environment, in the order of Providence, its great destiny. Much concerning the literature of both covenants is to be learned from a study of the life of that people, "whose are the fathers and of whom is Christ as concerning the flesh." One feature which has too often escaped attention is that the Jewish mind was not so much theological as religious. It has made a difference in the history of the world such as can never be expressed in words, that the Jew was not, like the Scotchman, metaphysical in grain, but like the Arab or the Hindu, deeply religious. Even in his errors, he was, in another sense than the Athenian, δεισιδαιμονεστέρος, "somewhat exces-

sively given to the worship of divinities." Not by nature monotheistic, as Renan mistakenly asserted, but perpetually "hastening after other gods," hard to mould in the time of Isaiah as in the time of Moses—"thy neck is iron and thy brow brass"—Israel illustrates through all its literature and history the temperament of the man who even when wandering from God cannot be at rest without Him. In what Professor Moulton calls its "Epic," its "Constitutional History," its "Rhapsodies," its "Dramatic Idylls," its "Gnomic Wisdom," and all its forms and orders, the literature of Israel does not take shape after the fashion of the classical literatures with which we are familiar, very largely because Israel was not as the other nations which were round about them, but were in a measure, what their law bade them to be entirely, a people holy unto God, as it is written, "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

II. But such a statement is hardly intelligible, and is certainly not explicable, except as we bear in mind the other differentiating characteristic of Biblical literature, that it is the record of a Divine revelation. The mere student of literature of course knows nothing of this, it does not belong to his sphere. Hence the danger to faith in a study of the forms of literature, apart from its substance. The associations of many of the words used by Professor Moulton can hardly be said to aid in an appreciation of the real character of the literature in question. "Dramatic Idyll," "Sonnet," "Essay," "Rhetorical Encomium," convey ideas to the mind which are not, on the whole, helpful to the student of sacred literature. They help to break down the barriers which have prevented generations of readers from studying intelligently the literary structure of the Bible, and so far may be useful, but in some important respects they do not lead, but lead astray. We are not writing for the moment as theologians, but as students of a literature which differs from other literatures in respects at least as important as those in which it resembles them. And to enlarge upon the similarities, even to exaggerate them, as such words as "sonnet" and "idyll" do exaggerate them, without marking

the differences, is essentially misleading. We do not mean that Professor Moulton misleads, but that readers of his book who do not bear in mind certain other features of the Bible will be misled.

It is noteworthy that the revelation of God which the Bible records should have taken the literary forms in which we find it. If the shape of the books has been largely determined by the life of the Jewish nation, both these have been largely moulded by the operation of the spirit of God. The individual peculiarities of the writers are clearly marked enough, and whilst in one place we find the formality of a chronicle, in another we are delighted by the glowing imagination of the poet or the seer. But our point is that these very literary forms can only be adequately accounted for by the Divine Revelation of which all this is the record, and by the operation of the Divine Spirit weaving the whole into a wonderful unity. A nation like the Greeks has its epic, its dramas, its satires and epigrams, for reasons which can be explained by an examination of Greek history. That which corresponds to these in the Old Testament has points of similarity in form which Professor Moulton has pointed out, but it is widely sundered from them in certain important respects, because it is not merely the efflorescence of a nation's life, but the record of the way in which that nation was made—often almost in spite of itself—the organ and vehicle of the Divine. Why is the book of Genesis what it is? Whence its "epic stories," "epic cycles," and "epic history?" There is only one bond which binds together the first chapter, the tenth, the twenty-fourth, the thirty-seventh—to take a few examples at random. It is not unity of authorship, for the probability is that one author did not compose the whole. Nor is it a national unity, if we may so speak, which has caused these and no other records to be thus preserved and to take the shapes in which we find them. The first verse of the first chapter of Genesis strikes the key-note, and no account of the book is satisfactory which does not recognise that the one golden thread which fastens together what would otherwise be an

incoherent collection of miscellaneous fragments, is the continuity implied in a history of Revelation—along this line God showed Himself in history, and after this fashion.

Not otherwise, surely, is it in the New Testament. Here Professor Moulton finds his literary categories fail him. He has no appropriate name for the Gospels, the Epistles he calls "written rhetoric," and the Apocalypse receives the anomalous designation, "a vision cycle." The record of this Revelation breaks up the accepted moulds, and creates forms for itself. Well does Professor Moulton say that the Gospels are not "ecclesiastical history," any more than they are "prophecy." They are the Gospels—unique, as that which they record is unique. But why do they differ from the *Memorabilia*[*] of Xenophon or the *History* of Eusebius? Whence the artlessness of those narratives, concealing as it does a deeper art, or, rather, a deep significance which is beyond art? No explanation can be given, except the obvious one that these writers are recording a unique Divine Revelation which awes them into simplicity, and permits them to do nothing but write that thus it was. They do not argue, as most men love to do; they do not explain, as every historian prides himself he is peculiarly qualified to do; they do not paint, or elaborate, or plead, they simply write.

> "Afterward came the message to myself
> In Patmos isle; I was not bidden teach,
> But simply listen, take a book and write,
> Nor set down other than the given word,
> With nothing left to my arbitrament
> To choose or change; I wrote, and men believed."

The power of the words which of all others are most sacred to Christian hearts lies in the fact that form has melted away, if we may so say, in the glowing heat and light of the truth communicated. In most direct and irre-

[*] A book was published a few years ago bearing the *bizarre* title, *The Memorabilia of Jesus*. The writer expounds, and with considerable ability, St. John's Gospel; but why seek to gain attention by a title which misrepresents the character of the story?

sistible fashion the Evangelists say: "That which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld, and our hands handled, concerning the Word of Life, declare we unto you." No speech is so graphic or so mighty, there is none concerning which it is so impossible to discuss the form, as that in which a man, awe-struck, sets forth the truth which has been burned in upon his soul in the all uncommunicable splendour of a heavenly vision.

These are features of Holy Writ which cannot be considered on that neutral ground which Professor Moulton desires to occupy. Neither can they be insisted on when "the Bible as literature" only is under discussion. But we hold that they should never be lost sight of by the Christian student, even when—perhaps we should have said especially when—his attention is chiefly concentrated upon the literary form of this wonderful book. This it is which distinguishes the Biblical criticism of the devout scholar from that of the scholar who insists that devoutness has nothing to do with scholarship. If the Bible is what the Christian holds it to be, then the Bible cannot be understood as literature by regarding it merely as literature. It is literature, with a difference; and that difference, in our estimation, cannot be safely ignored, even when the literary aspects of the Bible themselves are in question.

It is natural to ask how the study sketched out by Professor Moulton stands related to higher criticism. Unquestionably the two are distinct, and we quite agree with our author that whilst his literary investigation is comparatively non-contentious, it may afford a wholesome corrective to the excessive analysis characteristic of modern critical processes. We are not sure, however, as to the accuracy of Professor Moulton's distinction.

> "The higher criticism is mainly an historical analysis: I confine myself to literary investigation. By the literary treatment I understand the discussion of ***what*** we have in the books of Scripture; the historical analysis goes behind this to the further question ***how*** these books have reached their present form."

In a sense this is perfectly true; criticism seeks to deter-

mine authorship, about which Mr. Moulton does not concern himself at all. But in another sense, Professor Moulton confines himself to the consideration of form only; the substance of Scripture, in the sense of its moral and spiritual teaching, he rightly considers to be beyond his pale. But with the subject-matter of Scripture the higher criticism is very deeply concerned, and it is this fact which has caused the warmth of discussion which Professor Moulton's topic is never likely to raise.

This, however, is a detail. It is not difficult to see how an examination of the Bible from the purely literary point of view will help to redress the balance which the analytic critics have made to dip so deeply in one direction. Professor Moulton deprecates the confusion so commonly made between literary unity and unity of authorship.

"Indeed, if I may widen the discussion for a moment, I should like to express the opinion that the whole study of literature is placed at a disadvantage by the intrusion into it of quite a distinct thing—the study of authors. A piece of literature is apt to be put before us as a *performance* of some author; we are expected to examine it with a view to applauding or censuring this author; we are minutely informed as to the circumstances under which he did his work; one production of his is associated with companion productions, as if the main *raison d'être* of them all was to enable us to form an estimate of the man who produced them. All this may be good in itself, but it is not the study of literature. . . . I believe that the study of literature will never reach its proper level until it is realised that literature is an entity in itself, as well as a function of the individuals who contributed to it; that it has a development and critical principles of its own, to be considered independently of any questions affecting the performance of particular authors."

Professor Moulton goes so far as to say that he doubts whether "the term 'authorship' in application to the lyric poetry of the Bible, be not altogether an anachronism." All this is true and valuable, especially as correcting the excessive tendency to dissection and disintegration characteristic of modern criticism. It reminds us of the unity of literature which is informed by one spirit, and shows how comparatively unimportant from one point of view is the

question whether certain prophecies were written by Isaiah of Jerusalem or by successive prophets of his school; whether the phrase "Psalm of David," does or does not mean that the son of Jesse composed the lyrics which are called by his name. Much that Professor Moulton says in this direction appears to us as true as it is timely. He is, however, too well acquainted with his great subject to be unaware that from other points of view the question of date and authorship becomes all important. We do not mean merely from the apologetic standpoint, or from the side of those who seek to destroy what they conceive to be mistaken views concerning the supernatural in history. But, as we said above, literature is the outcome of life. It cannot well be considered as what Professor Moulton calls a "separate entity." The skeleton-outline of the tree as seen in winter may perhaps be called a "separate entity," though its graceful curves and branchings are themselves but forms of life. The outline in black and white, however, is not the tree; and the attempt unduly to isolate literary form will bring its own Nemesis, as surely as the attempt of the critics to isolate the consideration of such characteristics of the organism as specially concern themselves. Let the physicist, the chemist, the physiologist, the artist, have their say concerning such aspects of organic life as belong to their several departments; we gladly listen to them all. But after analysis, as we are sure Professor Moulton would be amongst the first to say, comes synthesis, and after the critical analysis into documents, after—he will permit us to say—his own analysis into epics and idylls, and sonnets, and the rest, must come a higher synthesis. Else the Bible will never be understood, we do not say as doctrine, for that is not our subject, but even in its single capacity as one of the foremost literatures of the world.

Great is criticism; greater is literature; greatest is life. It is the life of the Bible which has given to it its permanence, not the remarkable literary excellence which distinguishes some portions of it. Hence it is that it so easily survives attacks like that of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Professor

Harnack makes much more serious impression when he shows that the conclusions of the council of Nicæa and the clauses of the Apostles' Creed are veritable "dogmas," possessing a history the significance of which he makes it his business to unfold, though there is more life in the dogmas than Harnack seems able to recognise. But it is just because the Bible is not dogma, but is literature—literature the outcome of unique spiritual life, which itself was the work of the ever-living Divine Spirit—that it is living to-day, and may, therefore, be legitimately used as the basis both of doctrine and of dogma. Either doctrine or dogma may be mistaken, may not, that is, be legitimately drawn from the Scriptures as its source and norm; in that case, it is open to any one to point out the error and proceed to remedy it. But it is not open to any one to say that upon such literature as a basis doctrine or dogma may not be erected. It may be, it must be so erected; though history has shown that the great foundation survives many hastily built and some solidly built superstructures, whether of wood, hay, stubble, or of gold, silver, precious stones. A true comprehension, however, of the Bible as literature is indispensable to the critic, to the exegete, and to the theologian. It is not indispensable to the pious soul that seeks only for edification, but even to such it will prove a great help. Those who have time to study the volume on which we have been commenting will find it, we believe, indirectly, if not directly, a help to devotion, as a study of botany is indirectly a help to the lover of beauty in Nature. All that enables us to know the Bible better helps us to appreciate more keenly and fully that one End of Revelation for which this book is chiefly valued. Life was the origin of this sacred literature, life is its end. As one of the foremost statesmen of the century has lately been reminding us in noble and stately language, worthy of the veteran orator's palmiest days—

"'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' As they have lived and wrought, so they will live and work. From the teacher's chair and from the pastor's pul-

pit; in the humblest hymn that ever mounted to the ear of God from beneath a cottage roof, and in the rich, melodious choir of the noblest cathedral, 'their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.' Nor here alone, but in a thousand silent and unsuspected forms will they unweariedly prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? . . . . Nay more, perhaps, than this; amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market-place, when every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there too, even there, the still small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest."

Literature which thus sustains and nourishes the manifold life of humanity must trace its origin to life divine, and, as such, is imperishable indeed.

ART. VII.—RECENT RESEARCHES AMONG THE ANNELIDS.

1. *A Monograph of the Order Oligochæta.* By FRANK E. BEDDARD, M.A., F.R.S. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1895.
2. *Pacific Coast Oligochæta.* Parts I. and II. By Dr. GUSTAV EISEN. "Memoirs of the California Academy of Sciences," 1895-6.
3. *Studies of British Tree and Earthworms.* By Rev. HILDERIC FRIEND, F.L.S.; "Journal of the Linnean Society," Vol. XXIV., 1892. "New Irish Earthworms," 1893.
4. *Revisione dei Lumbricidi.* By Dr. DANIEL ROSA. Torino. 1893.

A MEMORABLE conversation once took place between the gifted Brontë sisters. It was affirmed by Charlotte that the others were morally wrong in making their heroines beautiful as a matter of course. Their retort was to the effect

that it would be simply impossible to make a leading character interesting on any other terms. "I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself," answered Charlotte. "She shall, nevertheless, be as interesting as any of yours, and so shall you see that yours is an entirely wrong conclusion." The outcome of which was the creation of *Jane Eyre*, who, despite her lack of personal charm, took the reading world by storm. Half-a-century has elapsed since that remarkable work first saw the light, and yet it is admitted to-day to a higher place in the literature of the century than it has ever held before. So true is it that it is not the subject, but the way in which it is handled, which determines whether it shall be popular or obnoxious. As the orator can make even a tedious report attractive, so the pen of a ready writer can render the most insignificant subject famous.

How many a common thing has been transformed into "a thing of beauty" by the magical touch of a master hand. It was not the attractiveness of his theme which secured for the greatest naturalist of the last generation so ready a sale for his volume entitled *Vegetable Mould*. It is not claimed for Charles Darwin that he naturally possessed, or artificially resorted to, any striking method of tricking out his subjects with those pretty phrases and well turned expressions which fascinate and delight the popular ear. Yet those lumps of common clay became attractive, and those unsightly worm casts became alluring in virtue of the patience, enthusiasm, and untiring industry of the man who brought them under notice and made their purpose plain. Just as the ancient mounds which old-time warriors reared over the bones of the glorious departed have yielded up their hidden treasures to the antiquary and explorer—thereby letting in a flood of light on many an obscure subject—so these earth-mounds, thrown up by the unceasing toil of some of the lowliest of created things, opened to our astonished gaze new fields of wonder and delight.

So long ago as the days of the famous naturalist of Selborne it was felt that something needed to be done in this direction. Gilbert White remarked that "a good mono-

graphy of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open a large and new field." These words were penned upwards of a century ago, yet no one attempted the task till Dr. Johnston prepared a Catalogue of the Worms in the British Museum in 1865. The bulk of this volume was devoted to the polychæta or marine worms. Of the oligochæta, Lumbricus is the sole representative of the earthworms known to Dr. Johnston, while the fresh-water or limicoline forms are included in nine genera containing thirteen species only. In other words, all the oligochæts contained in the British Museum thirty years ago numbered twenty-four species. Time wore on. Darwin had already, years before, submitted to the Geological Society of London a paper on the formation of mould (1837), but still the subject created little interest. A solitary worker here and there made a spasmodic effort to master the subject. Lankester in England, Perrier, Dugès, and Claparède on the Continent, led the way, but it was a constant fight with apathy and indifference.

Then came the epoch-making book of Darwin. Worms were of use. They had to do with hard cash. The farmer was dependent on them. The argument told, and in the amazingly brief space of six years a small volume on worms, which cost six shillings, had commanded a sale of 10,000 copies, a sale which was still continuing unchecked if not accelerated. And now let us turn to the bibliography supplied by Mr. Beddard, and note the revolution which has followed. Here we have a list of close upon 600 volumes and memoirs dealing with the oligochæta alone. It is true that upwards of eighty of these are from the pen of the author himself, but this leaves no fewer than 500, to which another fifty must be added as the result of the past year's industry on the part of a score of earnest workers. The essays and monographs are in almost every European language, Hungarian, Bohemian, Russian, Greek, Italian, French, German, Swedish, Dutch, and English, to mention no others. The authors reside in Australia, America, the Straits Settlements, as well as in every country of Europe,

and one of the latest publications, issued since Mr. Beddard's list was compiled, is from the pen of an able young doctor of Chinese extraction, who was recently sent as Queen's scholar from the East to study in this country, and has had the honour to secure the publication of his studies on earthworms by the Royal Society.

Among the authors who are most conspicuous by their contributions to the study of this group of animals we find the following:—Dr. Benham, of Oxford, is credited with twenty papers, including a valuable essay entitled *An Attempt to Classify Earthworms*; Dr. Gustav Eisen, of California, sixteen, to which must be added the two valuable memoirs at the head of this article. The Rev. Hilderic Friend heads a list of twenty papers, some of which are devoted to new species. At least one of these is at present known only in Ireland, while a second was discovered and described simultaneously by Friend, in Ireland, and Dr. Rosa, at Vienna. Horst has contributed twenty-two memoirs; Michaelsen, Perrier, and Vejdovsky a similar number; while Dr. Rosa has added thirty-eight. This last number is now made up to forty-six, owing to the publication by the indefatigable author of a number of other memoirs during the past year, which cannot, however, be now considered. The remaining articles and monographs are from the pens of some 250 different authors, whose contributions range from one to a dozen papers, and are chiefly the work of the last few decades. Probably the popular writer was not fully aware of the truth of his words who stated (*In Darkest England*, p. 5) that "more minute, patient, intelligent observation has been devoted to the study of earthworms than to the evolution, or, rather, to the degradation, of the sunken section of the British people." After such a startling statement from such a startling book, one would suppose that information on this subject could be obtained by anybody with the greatest possible ease, and that everybody had that information at their fingers' ends. Yet even at this hour nothing could be further from the mark. There are probably not five men in England to-day who could identify

and correctly name at sight, even if they could with the help of a text-book, the five and twenty indigenous species of terrestrial annelids, and there are only two men in this country who can be regarded as authorities on those species which are extra-British in character. The difficulties are great and numerous. We say nothing of the natural horror with which many people turn away from the slimy, wriggling creatures. The feeling of disgust may easily be converted to one of kindly feeling if we will but give the animals our closest attention. But even if this attention is bestowed upon them, how shall we distinguish one from another? Are they not all practically alike? as Darwin remarked. And if they really differ in any marked particular, can those differences be readily detected and mastered? We admit that the difficulties are great, while descriptions are apt to increase the feeling of chaos and confusion.

No sooner are we fairly started on the course of our investigations into the life-history of the annulosa than a host of questions clamour for an answer. Where are the specimens to be found, what are their habits, how may they be distinguished, what are their probable numbers both as it relates to species and individuals, and what end do they serve in the economy of Nature? These are typical queries merely. To answer even these would require a volume of no mean dimensions. Moreover, some of the questions thus naturally suggested find no solution in the majority of the works which have been written. Darwin is still almost the only authority on the question of utility. Vitiated as much of his work is by the fact that he knew practically nothing about the worms themselves, and could not distinguish one species from another, his *Vegetable Mould* is still without rival or supplement, and must be regarded by the student as the only text-book on the earthworm in relation to agriculture. But on the myriads of aquatic worms with which our islands abound, Darwin is absolutely silent and so is everyone else. Beddard has not personally investigated them, and Benham, Friend and Bousfield are the only English authorities, while even they have as yet hardly

entered upon their work. How misleading, for example, is the statement of Beddard, when he says that the genus Sparganophilus has the distinction of being the only Rhinodrilid occurring in Great Britain. One might imagine that all the worms of Great Britain had been catalogued, whereas the fact is, as Friend informs us, that every new locality is revealing new and hitherto unsuspected forms, and in all probability hundreds of species await identification. Some of these have already been found on the Continent and in the New World, but Great Britain will yet yield her full share of species "new to science" if only her sons will be up and doing, and thus prevent others from making all the discoveries. There is, for example, a genus of worms known as Buchholzia, to which at present only two species are assigned. One of these is said by Beddard to be found in Germany, Denmark, Bohemia and Italy, while the other has been reported from Germany only. It might hence be inferred that Buchholzia is a Continental animal only, yet we have it on good authority that it is found in England, and will shortly be included in the lists of British fresh-water worms which are being published in our scientific periodicals. So of many other genera. All that is needed is patient investigation. What has been done for the larger earthworms may also be done for the minuter species found in our ponds, streams and ditches.

When, in 1881, Darwin published his memorable volume, allusion was made to the number of worms supposed to exist at home and abroad. The author commenced his book with the assertion that

"earthworms are distributed throughout the world under the form of a few genera, which externally are closely similar to one another. The British species of Lumbricus have never been carefully monographed; but we may judge of their probable number from those inhabiting neighbouring countries. In Scandinavia there are eight species, according to Eisen; but two of these rarely burrow in the ground, and one inhabits very wet places, or even lives under the water. Hoffmeister says that the species in Germany are not well known, but gives the same number as Eisen, together with some strongly marked varieties."

He is evidently ignorant of the fact that Johnston had made out a list of eleven species in 1865, some of which, however, were doubtful.

Fifteen years ago, then, England, Scandinavia and Germany were each assumed to have eight species of earthworm. Since then Rosa, Friend, Vaillant, Michaelsen, Oerley and others have laboured at the subject of British and Continental species, while Beddard, Benham, Eisen and their colleagues have gone farther afield, and with what results? Instead of eight species only, Friend has shown that Great Britain can claim a quarter of a hundred, and if such is the case in our own country the like is doubtless true of other lands. The 780 pages of Beddard's quarto volume are devoted to the descriptions of many hundreds of species from all parts of the world, and so far from their being distributed under a few genera with close external similarity, the genera are as unlimited as the characters are varied. In point of size the oligochæts rank from a line in length to several feet. To speak accurately, we find an Æolosoma one millimetre in length, and a Megascolex four feet and upwards.

Worms are ubiquitous. The oligochæts, about which we are alone concerned at present, are found right down to the sea, and a few are not only estuarine but even marine. They scale the mountains as well, specimens having been found nearly at the top of Skiddaw, at a height of 2,000 feet on Cross Fell, and at a greater altitude in Italy and India. On this subject Dr. Rosa has published a very interesting and valuable memoir. Soil which is cold and clayey, unfrequented tracts of country, and barren heaths, are the least productive; but wherever a light soil, decaying leaves, vegetable debris, manure, alluvium, dripping or stagnant water are found, there we may be certain to discover one or more species of the terrestrial or limicolous worms.

One of the chief charms of this line of research consists in the constant succession of surprises that await the student. Nature can still less be bound by iron laws than could Samson with hempen cords. You no sooner complete your

definition of family, group, order or genus than some erratic member appears on the scene to defy your terms and make an exception to the rule. Let us take an illustration. The first and most striking characteristic of the class of animals known as worms is found in the bristles or setæ with which their bodies are armed. The naturalist seizes on this character and calls them setigerous annelids, or ringed animals with bristles. It is soon discovered that the number of setæ varies greatly. Some worms have many, others have few, and, as the many-bristled worms have other peculiarities to distinguish them from the few-bristled forms, it is possible to separate all worms into two great groups or orders. These are the polychæta and the oligochæta. Now, while the former are almost invariably marine, the latter just as persistently addict themselves to a terrestrial habitat, or haunt our lakes, pools, streams, ditches, and water-tanks.

So far all is clear. Marine worms are polychætous, terrestrial forms are oligochætous. Now the anomalies begin to appear. We find in the first place a bristle-bearing worm which is quite destitute of bristles, and so its primary distinction is awanting. The naturalist, always honest and accurate, names his animal Anachæta, and places it in the order oligochæta, which in plain English means a bristle-bearer without bristles. But he is not to be beaten, so taking his knife and dissecting the worm, the anatomist discovers that though the setæ are missing, a pair of sacs are still attached to the body-walls of each segment, showing either that the setæ are atrophied or have failed to develop. Here we are at one extreme, but between this non-setigerous or achætous condition and the polychætous we find a perfect series. Thus, Friend has recently discovered a worm which bears two bristles only on each segment, including the first. This is another breach of the laws, for all the worms hitherto described possess a head-segment which is destitute of bristles. Besides the dichætous form we have worms with every possible number of bristles, until oligochæta and polychæta are indistinguishable, save by the study of another set of characters.

Again, it is found that the terrestrial and few-bristled forms are usually lacking in every form of appendage. Gills, feet, cirrhi, and all other tactile, locomotive, or breathing organs, are absent; while their presence is the rule amongst the marine or many-bristled forms. Yet here again the gulf is bridged over, for a species was recently found in a fresh-water tank which had gills like the salt-water species. Such anomalies as these are not the despair of the naturalist. They well over with suggestiveness, and for anyone but the pure systematist are worth a thousand normal types which depart not a hair-breadth from the regulation pattern. They are the missing links by means of which the great groups and families are held together, and by their study the biologist is often able to arrive at accurate conclusions respecting the processes which have been at work during the ages that are past. To the student of the annulosa, they are what the duckbill and mudfish are to the workers in other departments of biological research, and, for this reason, the discovery of any anomalous form should be hailed with delight.

We have spoken of the setæ as forming one of the leading characteristics of worms, and the question naturally arises—what particular end do they serve, and which may be regarded as the more primitive forms—the many or the few bristled? The uses of the setæ are as varied as their forms and shapes. In the terrestrial species, usually known as the earthworms, there is not so wide a range of forms and uses as among the aquatics. They are primarily organs of locomotion. The earthworm employs them as feet, the waterworm as fins. They are also prehensile. When an earthworm lies half exposed from its burrow, the force that is needed to dislodge it is amazing. Flattening its tail and thrusting out its many rows of setæ—eight of which setæ are lodged in each segment or body-ring—it will sometimes allow its body to be completely torn in sunder rather than be dragged from its lair. Again, the longer, hair-like spines of the aquatic species must be of immense value as a means of protection. They will act as do the spines of the hedge-

hog and porcupine, and tender mouthed creatures will eschew those species of worm which have their bodies thus armed and defended. Many worms are provided with special setæ, located on certain segments of the body, which are evidently called into action at the time when the worm is about to lay its eggs.

When we come to the study of those processes by which reproduction is secured, we find ourselves face to face with a vast array of the most interesting facts and problems. The bulk of the species are oviparous. They form egg-cocoons, and the young are brought to a greater or lesser degree of maturity before emerging from the egg, just as in the case of birds and reptiles. In the oligochæta there are no transformations. Here again we find a distinction between the marine and terrestrial groups. With the sea worms larval and other forms as a rule precede the adult, just as a butterfly emerges from a pupa which in turn is the product of a caterpillar. But rules again have their exceptions, and some of the oligochæta are produced by gemmation or the budding process, while at least one genus is capable of undergoing encystment. This curious worm, known as Æolosoma, is so anomalous in many of its characters, that it must for the present be set in a group by itself. While it has distinct affinities with the oligochæts on the one hand, it has not less evident associations with the polychæts and other orders on the other. Encystment and gemmation are, however, exceptional processes only.

The organs which are specialised for the production and perfection of the ovules and other sexual germs, are in many worms of a highly complex and elaborate nature. One is almost bewildered in reading of ovaries, egg sacs, oviducts, spermathecæ, efferent ducts, atriums, and other organs, and it is not to be wondered at that the older naturalists often mistook the one for the other, when we remember their microscopic character, and the care that is needed to detect their exact connections. Though the worms are as a rule hermaphrodite, like the majority of flowering plants, they are not necessarily self-fertile. Just

as the pollen of one violet must be transferred to the stigma of another, in order to the production of the finest seed, so the male germs of one worm must blend with the ovules of another to secure reproduction. We know little at present about the subject of hybridity among worms, but Friend has shewn that two nearly allied species of earthworm do at times make mutual interchange of germs. How far such processes result in sterile or fertile, regular or anomalous eggs and offspring, it is at present impossible to say.

To the same writer we owe our most accurate knowledge of the process by which the egg cases are formed and charged. It has long been known that the girdle or clitellum was the source whence the cocoon is derived. This girdle is usually regarded by the uninitiated as a scar, marking the place where a worm has been cut in two and grown together again. On the contrary, it is a mark of maturity, and is composed of specialised cells capable of secreting a substance which, when dry, resembles horn, but will swell and stretch if kept moist. This substance then is employed in the manufacture of the egg case, and as the embryo worm develops, its home distends or enlarges to meet the growing demands of a larger occupant until the time for emergence arrives. With a bird, the egg shell is rigid and must be broken when the occupant has attained a given size, and herein consists the difference between the ovum of a bird and that of a worm. It was formerly supposed that each worm spun its own cocoon, but the careful observations of Friend show that this idea must be modified. He found that when the time for oviposition arrived, two individual worms approached each other from opposite directions, bringing the ventral surfaces of their girdles into contact. In this way the necessary stimulus was obtained for the secretion of the chitinous or horny matter composing the egg case. As each girdle produced its share of the material, it was formed into a ring or hoop surrounding the two girdles and binding the worms together. The hoop being complete, and the contents poured into it, each worm withdrew from the other till the cocoon fell down

between them, and the ends were securely sealed. The cocoons are now left to their fate, and many must annually perish, owing to the presence of numerous foes or the operation of adverse forces. If the contents of an egg case be examined, it is quite a usual thing to find that gregarines and other parasites have been preying upon them and rendering them abortive, while any unusual humidity, drought, exposure, or other adverse condition, will prevent their ultimate development.

It may be interesting at this point to enumerate a few of the different creatures which have, at various times, been described as worms, giving at the same time such details as may be necessary to make the matter intelligible to those who have but little knowledge of natural history. In some parts of the country our attention is arrested in the evening by the sight of a soft green-hued light among the grass. We naturally turn aside to ascertain the cause of so strange a circumstance. Our pains will soon be rewarded. If the hand be gently placed immediately under the spot whence the light proceeds, and then raised, the shining point of phosphoresence will be found in our possession. It is not at all improbable that we shall find in our hand two very dissimilar creatures. One of these, on examination, will be found to possess wings, and if we have means at hand for a full investigation of the creature's structure, we shall soon discover that it possesses hard wing-sheaths as well. These will remind us of the sheaths or elytra found on beetles, and suggest to our minds the question whether or not the creature belongs to the beetle family. A friend who is experienced in these matters will at once say that the creature is undoubtedly a species of beetle. But though we have found it in company with the light-bearing creature which first attracted attention, it is not easy to see what connection there can be between them, and it is not improbable that if some one told us the luminous grub was the beetle's wife, we should laugh outright at such arrant nonsense. Yet so it is. The light-bearer is a modest, wingless female beetle; and being unable, for want of wings, to

fly from place to place, she puts out a sign in the shape of the soft light, and so attracts the attention of her lover.

Let us now look at her more carefully. She very much resembles a grub. The light which it emits is of a soft greenish tint, sometimes approaching the clearness and brightness of a white-hot piece of iron. The seat of the phosphorescent glow is under the three last rings of the abdomen. The head is deeply hidden by the thorax, while the body is fleshy. It looks exactly like a grub, and is in fact very similar in appearance, now that it is perfectly developed, to the larva from which it has been derived. This is the glow-worm (*Lampyris noctiluca*), and obtained its name of worm from the form assumed by the female. In Shropshire all worms are grubs, and there was a time when any grub-like animal was called a worm. Here, then, we have another illustration of the difficulty which meets us when we try to answer the question, What is a worm?

Having got thus far in our study, it will be much easier for us to understand how some of the other creatures which we are about to examine obtained their names. In the garden yonder we see a man busy at work with his spade preparing the ground for seeds. Ever and anon he stoops and appears to pick up something with his fingers from the newly-turned earth. He holds in his hand a yellowish creature about an inch long which he says is a wire-worm. Evidently it is another grub or larva, and as he tries to pull it asunder you at once understand why it has received its name. It is as tough as wire, and needs considerable force to pull it asunder. But why destroy it? The gardener says it is a mischievous creature, devours his crops and plays havoc with many of his roots, and by-and-by changes into a beetle. It does not look likely, but we may as well believe what our friend says, for he is able to vouch for the fact. This reminds us that we have often heard fruit-growers and others speak regretfully of the depredations of other kinds of worms. The hop-grower, for example, is sadly plagued with a wire-worm which eats off the tiny shoots in spring, and sucks the juices from the growing plants till they wither up and die. This,

again, is the larva of a beetle, known as the striped click-beetle (*Agriotes lineatus*). The name of wire-worm is also applied by some to the grub or larva of the daddy long-legs or crane-fly, but very frequently they are spoken of as leather-jackets.

Not less injurious to certain crops are a totally different race of creatures, popularly known as eel-worms. Their name is expressive of the appearance which they regularly present, and many species of eel-worms have been described by scientific men during recent years. There is the species which attacks trifolium and produces the well-known clover-sickness. It is called the stem eel-worm (*Tylenchus devastatrix*), and is clearly related to the worms found in stale vinegar or paste. Another species of eel-worm, or thread-worm as some call them, produces ear-cockle in various cereals, while a host of little known species infest cucumbers, melons, garden flowers, and the roots of many kinds of plants.

Very different from any of the foregoing is the insect which attacks our pear and cherry trees. Much has been written of late about those curious flies which carry a remarkable saw in the extremity of their abdomen, by means of which they make an incision in leaves, twigs and bark, before depositing their eggs. They have received the very appropriate name of saw-fly in their perfectly developed state, but before the egg becomes a fly it has to appear as a maggot, grub, or worm. The grub of the cherry saw-fly (*Tenthredo cerasi*) is commonly spoken of among fruit-growers as the slug-worm, because its appearance suggests the idea of both those creatures. Theophrastus, the father of botanical science, who lived before the dawn of the Christian era, makes definite allusion to the larvæ or grubs of various tree-destroying creatures. He tells us that the almond is subject to disease, the tree becoming worm-eaten in old age; and adds that the worms are large, being found on other trees besides. Later on he deals with the diseases of trees, and enumerates, among the other causes of morbus the ravages of worms, which especially affect the fig, apple, and pear.

Without pursuing the subject further, two things of immense interest and importance are suggested by these facts. The first is, that many of our highly organised insects and other creatures pass through the worm-stage on their way from the egg to the perfect form. How is this? The answer of modern science is—these creatures have in the course of ages undergone a series of important and progressive changes. While some animals have never left the grub, larval, or worm stage, others have been able to utilise the potentialities within them, and the fostering influences of environment, in such wise that they have risen above a worm and become a beetle, a glow-worm, a saw-fly, or a moth. Yet they carry with them perpetually reminders of the lowly condition from which they have been evolved, and so in the course of their life history they recapitulate the history of their race. The idea is a brilliant one, and whatever favour it may find with future generations of scientists, the theory has at any rate assisted in the solution of many an otherwise insoluble problem.

The other point is not less interesting. The lampyris shines with a phosphorescent light, and hence acquires the name of glow-worm. The slug-worm and larvæ of various insects prey on trees and plants. The same is also true of worms. Much has been written on the property possessed by certain species of emitting a soft luminosity in the darkness. That subject alone might easily be developed into an article demanding all the space at our disposal. So certain is it that various worms are self-luminous, that a genus has been created which bears the suggestive name of photodrilus, or the light-bearer. And though Theophrastus wrote respecting grubs and not worms, yet we have in this country no fewer than half a dozen species of true worms whose special duty it is to attack decaying timber and clear it out of the way. It was formerly proposed by Dr. Eisen to name these worms dendrobaena, or tree-farers, a term which found favour for a time, and is retained in the memoir on *British Tree and Earthworms*, where the group has been specially described. In these and many other ways the

close connection between the true worms and those which are often popularly so called comes out.

All animals must possess certain senses. It is necessary that the lowest forms should eat, and whatever other senses are lacking the power to discover food is always present. The very lowest animals do not pair. With them there is neither male nor female, and the solitary individual may be both father and mother. The animals, however, which come next to them in the scale of existence must not only find food, they must also be able to recognise their kind. For this purpose a special sense is necessary. The worms come into this category, but by what means do they distinguish one another? In the polychæta, eyes are often found, but they are rarely present in the oligochæts. These animals shun the light. If they are watched when exposed to the sun, or any other source of illumination, they will be seen to make the most eager efforts to secrete themselves, and thus avoid the danger of which they seem to be conscious. How then can they find each other out?

Have they the sense of taste, smell, hearing, touch? Do they possess an unknown sense such as almost certainly belongs to some of the more intelligent insects? On these points much needs to be done. We know that worms have an acute feeling. Their head extremity is the seat of a brain which in some species is very large, while the nervous system is strongly developed. The delicate lip is exceedingly sensitive in many genera, and enables the animal with the greatest readiness to distinguish between the different kinds of food at its disposal. In the case of some worms a special liquid is secreted from the pores with which the back is supplied. In the brandling, this secretion is pungent, fetid, and turbid. Whether it is employed chiefly for protective purposes, like the ink of the cuttlefish, or is for aiding the worms when they wish to discover their mates, or what the special use may be, remains yet to be discovered. Worms need a good deal of moisture, and sometimes the fluid is secreted in order to assist the creature in making its external conditions tolerable.

We have no space left for the study of those interesting and perplexing organs known as calciferous glands; nor must we venture to refer even in briefest terms to the complex question of the systematic arrangements presented to our notice by the writers under review. There are a few slips, omissions, and errata, in Mr. Beddard's book which prevent its being called perfect. One worm is called Fridericia in the text, and Frederica in the Index. Anachæta is described as a worm destitute of bristles and at the same time is given (instead of Chætogaster) as the type of those worms which have one pair of setæ only on each of the segments. But when we consider the herculean task undertaken by the writer, the mass of memoirs to be consulted, the perplexing details to be set forth, the wonder is that we can see so little with which to find fault. The plates in all the works quoted are of a high character, and show what rapid strides have been made of recent years both in the matter of microscopical manipulation, and in the art of illustrating.

Of the works of Rosa and Eisen we cannot speak too highly. They are each accomplished naturalists, and their Monographs named at the head of this article, together with the many other papers which have issued from their pens, are models of clear and accurate writing. The last of Dr. Eisen's publications adds a considerable number of new forms to the list of species previously known to science, and, with the whole of the Pacific Coast for his hunting ground, he may fairly be expected to enlarge our lists still further. We must also bear testimony to the ungrudging liberality of our Continental fellow-workers, who are ever ready to place their productions at the disposal of their distant *confreres*. That researches among the annelids will receive a powerful stimulus by these publications is only what we may justly hope, and it now remains for some one to compile a handy memoir of the British species only, including both the terrestrial and limicoline species, that workers may know how to identify their finds.

ART. VIII.—A NATURALIST IN MID-AFRICA.

A Naturalist in Mid-Africa: Being an Account of a Journey to the Mountains of the Moon and Tanganyika. By G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT, M.A., F.L.S., F.R.G.S. London: A. D. Innes & Co., Bedford Street. 1896.

THIS volume had its origin in a strong desire to solve the question of botanical areas on the eastern side of Central Africa. The author undertook the enterprise with the sanction of the Royal Geographical Society, which contributed £700 towards the cost of the expedition. He started from Mombasa in November, 1893, and, travelling in a north-westerly direction, skirted the northern shore of the Victoria Nyanza. Passing through the Victoria region, including Uganda, he traversed the Buddu country on the western shore of the lake until he reached the Kagera river, which he crossed and further west re-crossed; then, trending north-west again, he proceeded through Ankole, and, at length, from the summit of a stony hill overlooking the silvery waters of lake Ruisamba, sighted the enormous mountain mass of Ruwenzori. He made the circuit of three-fourths of these forest-clad, snow-peaked giants, some of which rise more than 13,000 feet; he explored Toru and the north-eastern valleys of Ruwenzori; then, doubling back, he passed over the vast alluvial plains of the old level of the Albert Edward and through Usongora, and, traversing an extremely rough and trying country of break-neck paths and fever-haunted swamps along the western base of the Ruwenzori range, at length camped on the left bank of the Butagu, the most northerly point which he attained on this side, some fifteen miles from Stanley's Forest Camp. Retracing his steps to Katwe, on the north-east corner of the Albert Edward, he boated to Kaihura's and then entered a *terra incognita* which no European had previously trodden. His route first lay along the eastern shore of the lake, and then southward through Mpororo,

Karagwe, Bugufu, and Urundi. After a journey of fifty-five days, rendered unusually difficult not only by the physical features of these countries and the tumultuous character of the people in some places, but by the insufficiency of his escort and the wretched state of the intrepid naturalist's health, "on the 28th of September, after marching through an enormous market-place and about three interminable miles of bananas," he "encamped on the shore of Tanganyika." In a crazy dhow, in which he and his men were "packed like sardines," he sailed the whole length of Tanganyika—a delicious change after the fatigues of mountain and swamp and plain. After resting a few days at Kituta at the south end of the lake, he travelled by the Stevenson Road to Lake Nyassa, fully appreciating the perfection of the porterage arrangements made by the African Lakes Corporation. "No more wearisome marching was required; instead, one was swung rapidly along in a roomy hammock by a crew of eight men, who replaced one another frequently." At Karonga he caught the steamer for Fort Johnson, at the other extremity of this fine sheet of water. The remainder of the way comprised some tedious drifting down the Shiré river in a small boat, a hammock journey from Matope to Mandala, and, finally, a trip by steamer from Chiromo to Chinde, at the mouth of the Zambesi. Mr. Scott Elliot was very ill the greater part of the time from his launching on Tanganyika. Proceeding to Zanzibar, he said "good-bye" to the nine men who remained with him, and came home.

The story of this expedition is told in business-like style. We cannot complain that there is too much colouring in the descriptions of the manifold features of the countries through which the naturalist passed, that fact and imagination blend, to the detriment of the former. In truth, the eloquence, the touch of poetry, the insight into nature, the large interpretation of her moods, the graphic pictures of her awful and her beautiful things, which characterise some of our modern explorers, must not be sought for in the pages of Mr. Scott Elliot. Nor is it clear that the sorrows of the dark-skinned children of Africa touch him at all

deeply. The enthusiasm of humanity does not glow here, as he broods over the possibilities of these fine races of men. He does not seem to hear the "ground-tone of human agony" sob in the murmur of the forest, and "the hum of torrent lone," and he is apparently more concerned with what Africa may produce for white men than with the message of amelioration, and peace, and brotherhood which white men should have for Africa. Still, it would be palpably unfair to judge a man's sentiments by what his book omits.

Mr. Scott Elliot speaks with more than respect of the work of Christian missionaries, not simply because he owes his life to their kindness and skill, but because he recognises in their labours a powerful civilizing agency. It is not so evident that he comprehends the essential greatness of missionary enterprise in its highest aims and issues. "Missionary work," he acknowledges, "is difficult to speak of." He has known missionaries "of every shade of character and utility." Some he speaks of contemptuously as "useless," and some as "dangerous and turbulent." He adds, however, that "of the good that is done by those who are of the right temper and spirit it is impossible to speak too highly." He has a kind word for the Roman Catholics, for their love for their flock, their perfect organisation and discipline; though he thinks that "disingenuous political methods" somewhat discount the value of their work.

"The best type of Protestant missionary," he tells us, "is incalculably superior, because a good man has free play for his individuality. I have known what savage life really means. I have also had the opportunity of seeing the work of such bodies as the London Missionary Society, the Free and Established Churches of Scotland, the Universities' Missions. I cannot speak in a sufficiently calm and reasonable manner of the good that they do."

We are grateful to Mr. Scott Elliot for his valuable testimony, which is the more weighty from the fact that he is not in any degree an enthusiast. But we find some difficulty in endorsing his opinion of the poor quality of individual converts, though, probably, he is right in thinking that

unwillingness on the part of the missionary to sever from his church any one who has once professed Christianity, no matter how unworthy he may subsequently prove, is apt to make many a "mission boy an unmitigated scoundrel." Discipline in the Christian Church, according to the view of Mr. Scott Elliot, is a duty more observed in the breach than in the keeping in Africa, and not to the advantage of the Church. This is owing, doubtless, to tenderness towards the faulty on the one hand ; and, on the other, to a fear lest some reproach of decline should be hurled at the Church—motives not altogether unworthy. Mr. Scott Elliot, after his rather wild fling at the ordinary "mission boy," begs us not to expect any very near approach to a perfectly sincere and noble Christian character in men who usually are "not removed by a single generation from savagery." But we would assure him that as heredity, by his own confession, does not produce saintliness in European youths, who "represent in their instincts about twenty generations of hereditary civilization," we do not see much hope for the natives of Africa in the Gospel of purity and love by long descent from improved specimens of their kind. We believe the supernatural forces of the kingdom of God are able to produce immediately, "truthfulness, honesty, unselfishness and purity" in individual men who submit to its sway ; and the annals of missionary enterprise are full of instances of such miraculous transforming power. Whilst patience should ever mark the dealings of missionaries towards the failures of native Christians, in whom evil tendencies are naturally strong, and whose environment makes fidelity difficult, it would be fatal to excuse, on these grounds, a low type of morality in those on whose call waits the renewing and sustaining energy of the Holy Spirit.

The author of this book has great faith in the moderate employment of physical force. The native must not be petted and patronised, but ruled with a strong hand and kept in his place. He sees in some of the races good soldiers, and, in others, serviceable labourers for the coffee and sugar plantations of the future. No nobler goal

appears to him to be in sight for these sons of the dense forest and the fertile plain.

But it would be ungrateful and unjust not to point out the strong side of this volume. It is a mine of valuable information for the statesman and the merchant, and all thoughtful men who desire to understand the character of our splendid new possessions as a home for colonists. Its study of the various botanical areas and zones of vegetation, with their adaptation to the growth of useful and marketable plants, and of the meteorology and climate, will be of the highest service to the agriculturist and the capitalist. No fewer than 2,200 herbarium specimens were brought home, besides a large number of living plants which were sent to Kew. Here, too, are the results of careful geological survey and trained observation, notes on the flora and fauna (the former copious and precious, the latter scanty), and material in abundance for the lover of ethnology and folk-lore. The appendices contain studies of altitudes of river, lake and mountain; lists of reptiles, batrachians and insects; of fungi, and of articles of export. The maps of the vast tracts covered by the expedition are, perhaps, the best in existence, and the illustrations, taken mainly from photographs by the author, are beautiful, and give reality to the records of travel. To the intelligent and cultured reader, and especially to him who brings to the book a large interest in his fellows, the volume will be most suggestive, impressive, and often delightful.

The earlier stages of the journey were through a district that is now fairly well known, but it is not every traveller who has a naturalist's eyes. The character of the vegetation is noted. The face of the country is sparsely covered with sere grass, out of which stand gnarled acacias whose white bark and scantily clothed boughs give them a weird, skeleton-like appearance. Nature has little beauty; she is armed with a thousand thorny plants. Why?

"The reason is not, I think, because there are antelopes and giraffes which must be kept at bay, although the foliage is undoubtedly protected by its thorns; it is a result of the intense

heat of the sun which, by transpiration, makes the walls of the cells very thick and hard, and thereby produces a cure for the evil which it brings about."

There is no lack of game. The slim gazelle leaps out of the long grasses, and is gone with a flash, leaving a picture of its loveliness in the mind. The ostrich is here, and bustards and guinea-fowl are abundant. The heat is often extremely trying; the thermometer registering 102 degrees in the shade of a double-roofed tent; and the country a waterless desert. But elsewhere it improves. There is forest; and the lonely thorn-wilderness is exchanged for a fairly populous district. As the hills are approached, fertility increases. This is owing to the larger rainfall and the volcanic nature of the soil. The whole structure of the country becomes a series of gigantic steps, steep and gentle ascents alternating with wide grassy plains, stretches of forest, and swamp. Much of the land is cultivated by the natives. At Matschakos, the first European station *en route*, Mr. Scott Elliot studies the Wakemba, whose country consists of rich valleys watered by perennial streams. They are polygamists, and each wife lives in her own hut apart from the rest in the enclosed krall of her lord. Human life is cheap, and murder is condoned by the payment, by the murderer, of the value of his victim to the nearest of kin. They are addicted to agriculture, raising two crops in the year; they know how to work iron and make pottery. The climate is one of the finest in tropical Africa, and the country is a truly magnificent one.

Proceeding, Mr. Scott Elliot is beset by the treacherous Wakekuyu who lie in ambush to spear any lagging porter, and to carry off his load into the forest. The Kikuyu country is very fertile and food is cheap. A man can be "rationed" for about one and a half pice a day. Donkeys cost nine rupees, whereas at Mombasa they cost twenty-five. It is a good land for cattle, and domestic animals thrive in the juicy pastures. There is a sufficient rainfall, and the nights are bracing, the temperature dropping as low as 46. Fever is rare among white men. Large crops of English

cereals may be easily grown. Vegetables reach an abnormal size. Tobacco can be profitably cultivated. This is, in Mr. Scott Elliot's opinion, a country well suited to Europeans. Here they may successfully colonize and bring up children. It is a highland, and only in the highlands of tropical Africa, at an elevation of not less than from 5,000 to 7,000 feet, can colonies of white men be successfully established. The climate above 7,000 feet, the cloud-belt, is too wet and cold for Europeans; that of the strip between 5,000 and 3,000 feet, "the coffee zone," though adapted for plantations, is only endurable for short terms of residence not exceeding five years; while the climate below 3,000 feet, "the cocoa-nut or oil-palm zone," is altogether deadly for any but natives.

Between Kikuyu and the Victoria Nyanza, the Masai with their immense flocks and herds are met with, their caravan extending, in one case, over ten miles. The Masai are a superior race characterised by a morality unusual among savage peoples. It is sad that they are rapidly diminishing. The naturalist now traverses breezy grass plains where game is plentiful, passes by beautiful lakes alive with waterfowl, penetrates virgin forests of magnificent timber, and all the time sees not a human being. Yet "the country is healthy and in every way suited to Europeans, while we have hundreds of people in England who do not know where to turn for employment." The principal incident during this part of the journey was the loss by theft of seventeen loads of invaluable stores, eighteen donkeys, and six cattle—an exceedingly serious matter in view of the long days of travel before the caravan. The Wandarobbo who lurk in the forests here are warlike. They neither own cattle nor cultivate the soil, but live on hunting and raiding. After striking the Nile watershed on December 30th, the caravan traversed elevated valleys, broad and marshy. The effect of the grass-fires is singular. The *euphorbias* are almost unaffected by the conflagration, the very thick gummy bark acting as an insulator, while the grass underneath is entirely destroyed. As the descent to

the Victoria across the plateau is made, the temperature rises and the population increases. The land is well cultivated; the villages are walled and moated. The lake is reached on January 11th, after 63 days march. Mr. Scott Elliot visited the iron mines of the natives at Berkeley Bay, and examined the rude workings. Holes, some fifteen yards deep, are scraped out by the hands, and the iron is taken from the roof and sides of the burrow. "It is carried in baskets to the neighbouring villages, where it is smelted by means of goatskin bellows and charcoal;" it is then taken to the markets of Usogo, and exchanged for bananas and fowls. Here we see how primitive man got his iron.

Kampala, the capital of Uganda, was visited, and a month spent in this town. Uganda is capable of great agricultural development. On the average it is some 4,000 feet above sea level, and is a country of rolling hills and extremely rich valleys, where the alluvium is often 30 feet deep. Mr. Scott Elliot thinks that, with proper treatment, the Victoria region may become one of the principal food-producing centres of the world. With irrigation the lowlands will produce enormous crops of cotton and sugar, of rice and wheat. The hills, now covered with forest, are suitable, as experiment has shown, for the growth of maize, millet, and other cereals, as well as for banana plantations. Coffee is grown without much care or cost, and the sample is worth 75s. per cwt. Tobacco, cocoa, and indigo may be largely cultivated. Almost everything indigenous in Europe can be produced, in addition to tropical plants. Cattle and the cosmopolitan donkey thrive, but the country does not appear to suit the horse. As to the climate, "Europeans can easily walk about and superintend natives before noon," but, of course, excessive physical strain is sure to bring on ill-health. The rainfall is not high; 47·61 inches is the yearly average; the number of days during which rain falls being 113.

The Waganda, "the Japanese of Africa," are a bright, clever race, good mechanics, and possessing the trading propensity. They live under a complicated feudal system which displays unusual intelligence. But, practically, the

people are the slaves of the king and his chiefs. There is no security for labour, or the fruits of labour. The feudal superior may lay claim to a part or even the whole of the produce of the ground. The result of this is that, as a rule, only as much land is cultivated as will serve for a bare living. Doubtless, under British administration, a better condition of things will soon be established. From the mass of traditional law and usage, existing only in the memory of the chiefs, something like a definite code should be collected and written. A currency is much needed. Labour should be paid for in coin, and to the worker direct —not through the chiefs, who now hire out their inferiors, pay them what they please, and pocket the difference. Food, too, purchased from the natives by Europeans, should be paid for, not in articles of Western manufacture, but in cash. This would tend to free the people from degrading serfdom, and, not less, to the development of trade. Further, the missionaries should encourage industrial training. Mr. Scott Elliot, whose observations we have summarised, and whose enlightened views we are glad to endorse, greatly regrets that the Church Missionary Society should have discontinued this part of their work, which was so brilliantly inaugurated by Mr. A. M. Mackay.

From Uganda the naturalist set out for the Mountains of the Moon. Here is a picture of how things go, on the march, during an average day:

"Just as the morning grows comparatively cool, and you are sinking luxuriously into sleep, the drowsy crow of the first cock rouses you. Then the boy enters the tent, and begins to pack, so that there is no choice but to rise."

Cold bath over, and breakfast despatched, and packing ended, the journey begins. The way at first will lead through the curious hedges of *euphorbia*, then, passing over a bracing plateau, you enter a deep valley bounded by forest, and too soon the morass is reached. This, the English traveller crosses on the shoulders of a stalwart Suahili, or, divesting himself of his clothing, he marches right through.

"Another method is to scramble along the sides of the path, getting a precarious footing on the roots of the papyrus, and occasionally taking agile leaps over a hopelessly creamy piece. Only this almost always involves a false step, and one leg sinks into unknown depths of black and loathsome putrefaction. Eventually, utterly tired out, wet and hot and indescribably dirty, one reaches the bank, and, perhaps, immediately enters a dark, cool forest. The long tapering trunks seem to rise to an indefinite height, where, far overhead, the leaves, and perhaps a mass of blossom, can barely be distinguished. Sometimes a tangled mass of creepers hangs downwards, with gorgeous flowers scattered over it. Usually the trunks are clothed with the broad, dark-green leaves of climbing *aroids*, and delicate feathery mosses cover every branch and twig."

Little blue butterflies, the pure white *papilis*, and vast numbers of transparent winged insects flit to and fro in the subdued light. At length, emerging from the forest, the porters throw down their loads on the grass and rest awhile. Starting again, there is another ridge to climb, and another swamp to cross, until, about noon, "the happiest moment of the day" arrives when the camp appears in sight, and "though tired and hungry, thirsty, and footsore, you realise that, after an interval, a cold bath and food will be ready." To complete the day, the explorer finds a multitude of duties:

"Mahamadi Wadi Musa will come up with the whole of a toe-nail torn away by a thorn, and you have to doctor him. You discover one of your boxes has been immersed during the day, and all the clothes will have a border of black. Another box will have been smashed against a tree, and you have to hammer and nail it together. All this is in addition to the day's work of drying and labelling your plants, putting animals into spirit, breaking rock specimens, packing up insects, plotting your day's march, taking the temperature, and perhaps a boiling observation for altitude, and writing your notes. Usually one is busy from morning to night, and it is not till half-an-hour before bedtime that you close the day by half-an-hour of Browning or Shakespeare."

On March 28th, Ruwenzori, "the end and object of about 1,300 weary miles of marching," greeted the eyes of the traveller.

"Just a little after sundown, the dense white clouds rolled away from the top of Ruwenzori, only leaving a fleecy band

across the dark blue hills. Every sharp indentation and jagged peak of the ridge, for a distance of 50 to 60 miles, was clearly outlined against the brilliant sunset sky, and over the main ridge the glittering snow-peaks could be seen in every detail."

On the same day Mr. Scott Elliot unfortunately had a slight sunstroke, and now, for the rest of the journey, he is to be perpetually dogged by fever. But, in spite of these drawbacks, and of the facts that food is scarce and the natives are shy or hostile, he pursues his way. This part of his book is full of information which will be of priceless value to travellers following in his track. Nothing escapes him. The geology of these parts, the flora and the fauna, are carefully noted; the forests, also, and the pastures, the volcanic cones and crater-lakes, turbulent streams and exquisite waterfalls. He interviews the Sultan of Toru, Kasagama, whom Lugard had put on the throne, such as it is, finds him surrounded by a crowd of dissipated courtiers, and judges him to be "cowardly and untrustworthy, though not lacking in cleverness." We now read, every page or two, of repeated attacks of fever induced by the steamy atmosphere of the black morass on which he had camped. He determined to move to higher ground, struggled up to the forest to about 7,000 feet, and found himself in a new world, where our English wild flowers flourished. Here were the common sanicle, the meadow rue, the forget-me-not, the willow herb, and St. John's wort. How did these plants get here? he asks. Neither the winds, nor the birds that voyage between England and these Equatorial mountains bore them. "No," the botanist says, "One must hold it to be proved that there was once a continuous European climate from the birthplace of most of our genera to Ruwenzori, Kenia, and Kilmandjaro on the one side and Ireland on the other." As strength returned, Mr. Scott Elliot continued to climb. The cool aisles of towering trees lead, at the height of 8,000 feet, to the bamboo zone, which consists, not of great rigid trunks, but of innumerable flexible rods. As he approached 11,000 feet, there was a complete change. The bamboos ceased, and in

their place he found bushes and trees of heather, some 80 feet high, small trees of *hypericum*, gigantic lobelias, and many curious forms of vegetation, all growing out of peat-moss. The highest point he succeeded in gaining from the eastern side was 10,544 feet. He was, however, too far north and only on the ridge of the mountain. He pitched his tent about 1,000 feet lower on a massive buttress. Below him lay a magnificent stretch of country, with rounded hills, forest, grassy plains and placid lakes. He remained here long enough to examine thoroughly the very interesting flora. On the steep slopes a profusion of orchids and vivid coloured plants grow. The abundance of sunlight on these heights, and the comparative dryness of the atmosphere conduce at the same time to great wealth of brilliant blossom and to poverty of leafage. Fungi cover every fragment of fallen timber, and are delicately beautiful in form and hue. It is singular that among the fungi found here is one that is known only in three places—Texas, Japan and Ruwenzori.

Finding the ascent of Ruwenzori practically impossible from the eastern side, Mr. Scott Elliot determined to try the western side of the chain. On his way he passed through the country of the Wakondja, a people who appreciated fair dealing. Here the men do the heavier work of clearing the land and assist the women in the ordinary work of cultivation. The sheltered valleys are covered with bananas and the edible arum and the usual vegetables of these countries. The crops are often interfered with by plundering baboons. Elephants do much damage, and there are occasional invasions of locusts. The Wakondja have suffered greatly during recent years from the raids of the Kabbarega. Mr. Scott Elliot pleads for British administration and colonization, which would be a great boon to this district, would break the power of murderous invaders and reduce the amount of oppression exercised by the chiefs. He compares the Ruwenzori country with the Shiré Highlands much to the advantage of the former. Yet "during eleven years the Shiré Highlands have become a colony which affords

employment to some 400 Englishmen, and in the year 1894 there was a total export of £22,300 value, besides imports of £13,800." If so much has been accomplished with an inferior climate and soil, and a dearth of suitable labour, it is not an unreasonable hope that much more might be done in this richer district, which has a teeming population of industrious agriculturists, a soil well suited to coffee growing, and a rainfall which would probably ensure the successful cultivation of tea. Of course, there is the difficulty of transport, of which we shall speak presently.

After visiting the Salt Lake which lies close to the northern shore of an arm of the Albert Edward, he travelled in a north-westerly direction, and, passing through part of the Semlika valley, approached the German camp at Karevia. Turning toward the hills, he encamped on the left bank of the Butagu within view of snow-clad, sky-piercing, minarets. Commencing to climb, he found the ravines precipitous and haunted by the roar of magnificent waterfalls. The forest began much lower down than on the eastern side of the mountain, and stopped at 7,600 feet; while the zone of bamboo, which on the eastern aspect extended to about 11,000 feet, did not rise above 8,000 on the western. The ascent was very difficult, but he hoped, with a few picked men and a small supply of food, to establish a camp at about 10,000 feet, and afterwards, to move up to 13,000, from which he might reach the snowy summit. But he was unfortunate from the beginning. It rained incessantly. The first night was spent in some miserable huts among a set of treacherous natives at a height of 7,000. Next day, forcing his way through forest and a dense growth of bamboo, he gained 9,800 feet, and encamped on a peat moss in the heather region. The only water to be got had to be squeezed out of damp *sphagnum*, and the weary climbers regaled themseves on tea made from extract of peat. The following morning, selecting three strong men of his own party, and two naked Wawamba as guides, he started full of enthusiasm to conquer the mountain.

"It was an awful ascent. Sometimes over deep moss, where

jagged roots of heather seemed to spring out and stab ankles and knees at every step, sometimes through a dense wood of gnarled and twisted heather trees, fifteen to twenty feet high, and covered with gray lichens; then down a steep ravine and dense jungle; and things soon became very hopeless. Everything was shrouded in a cold chilling mist, and first one man and then another became knocked up, until about 10 a.m. I was left alone. I went on by myself till 2 p.m. The effect of mountain sickness was most trying. I could not walk more than fifty yards without stopping to get breath, and by 2 p.m. I was utterly exhausted, and without food or anything to sleep in. This was at about 12,500 feet. I determined to return, and came back to my camp."

He intended renewing the assault of this well-nigh impregnable natural fastness, but was obliged to abandon his purpose. He was again prostrated by fever; but the principal reason was his unwillingness to leave his small ill-armed camp for the space of a week without protection in a country where the natives were hostile. After making some further scientific investigation into insect life, he interviewed the Sultan of Wawamba. The Wawamba are a shy, suspicious, superstitious race, but they are industrious, living in neat houses and wearing bark-cloth. They are fond of music. They have been so often raided by more warlike peoples that they cannot understand a stranger behaving kindly towards them. The Germans, who have visited their country, have made the name of the white man odious.

Mr. Scott Elliot now retraced his steps to the Salt Lake, by the way climbing alone a mountain to the height of 13,000 feet. The scenery was at once grand and weird. Huge trees of *erica* and lobelia were mixed with European plants. Boulders of immense size were flung about in wild confusion; and inextricably woven in crevice and cranny were luxuriant mosses and creepers; conspicuous among the mass of green were the silvery leaves of an *alchemilla*.

In the next stage of his journey, the naturalist traverses an unexplored country, along the east shore of the Albert Edward. The immense plain, the old level of the lake, is

thickly wooded with thorny acacias, and is broken into lagoons. Here the elephant wanders in his native haunts; the hippopotamus snorts in the reeds; and the crocodile floats lazily in the sun. There are evidences of volcanic activity in the conical hills which stand up out of the plain. Some birds are seen—the heron, the white ibis, ducks, and geese—but game is not plentiful. The country is in a very unsettled state. The Wahimi—the dominant race, tall, slim, athletic—are clothed in skins, and wear numerous amulets. They are not wanting in intelligence; they show considerable skill in the construction of ways and bridges. But they are so rapacious, that it is very dangerous for a small caravan of forty men to travel through their country. They are pertinacious and unblushing beggars. The soil is good; the district is within the British sphere of influence; and Mr. Scott Elliot thinks an official should be placed here to develop these vast alluvial plains, which wait for population, intelligence, and good government. After crossing the Kagera river where it was 40 yards wide and very deep, and flowed between broad margins of papyrus marsh, friendly tribes are met with who bring food for sale. The traveller is now in the Karagwe country, which is no longer what it was in the days of Speke and Grant. With the death of Rumanki—an "African Gustavus Adolphus," a great ruler who impresssed European travellers with his strong character, his humanity and kindness and honour—there came a disastrous change. Kajeti, a dissolute youth, succeeded Rumanki, and the kingdom fell to pieces in his hands. He now reigns, without power, under the mischievous guidance of unscrupulous Arabs, who have simply ruined the country.

In crossing the watershed of the Kagera and the district north of Tanganyika, the explorer's strength diminished every day. Scientific work became an intolerable strain. The mere writing of labels for botanical specimens was more than he could do. Some days he had to be carried in a hammock. But no part of the narrative is so interesting as his. He was the first European to visit Bugufu, where he

spent much time in trying to discover the enormous fresh-water sea of which Rumanki had told Mr. Stanley. Mr. Scott Elliot declares this sea to have no existence; and so we must regard Mr. Stanley's Alexandra Nyanza as a myth due to the imagination of Rumanki. This is a hilly country, rising to an elevation of 7,000 feet. The soil is red loam, and very rich. It is a land of running brooks, the banks of which are carefully cultivated. Bugufu is a suitable home for colonists, and has, probably, a great future. Such is the opinion of Mr. Scott Elliot. "The people are simply delightful, and I think," he says, "the very nicest race I have met with anywhere." They are unspoiled by the Arab and the savages of civilization. The explorer was supposed to be some kind of incarnation of their great ruler, Mwesi, who had been translated to the moon; and, though he did his best to suppress the idea that he was "the man in the moon," his progress was a triumphal march, the whole population forming his body-guard. So great was the crowd of noisy, emotional people about his caravan that any view of the scenery was impossible. They placed everything they possessed at the disposal of the strangers, and made their presence the occasion of great merry-making.

In the neighbouring country of Urundi, things were not so pleasant. Indeed, the people were cruelly hostile. A porter received several spear wounds from which he died. The little caravan of 40 men was pillaged and menaced by from 2,000 to 3,000 armed warriors who followed in serried masses, and ran alongside crying, "Where is my cloth?" No food could be purchased, and no one would act as guide. If it had not been for the remarkable resource and boldness of the leader, who, notwithstanding his extreme physical weakness, bearded the Sultan in his den, and secured food and a guard of warriors, the likelihood is that there must have been a serious encounter with the natives and much bloodshed. He was only too glad to get out of the country without having to use his Winchester. He attributes his difficulties here to the treatment which had been accorded these people by a German explorer. The

remainder of the narrative we have already summarised in the early part of this article.

The question of transport remains. Mr. Scott Elliot's pet scheme, on which he writes a chapter full of valuable suggestion and *data*, is the African Lakes' route, which would

"utilise the Shiré, Zambesi, Nyassa, and Tanganyika waterways, which altogether amount to something like 1,200 miles of water transport; and would build railways across the Shiré rapids (120 miles), and Stevenson road (240 miles)."

The Kagera river is probably navigable from a point 50 miles distant from Tanganyika to the Nyanza. From this point a railway would connect the route with Tanganyika. Canals would, in due time, link the rich district above Ruwenzori with the Kagera. Here would be a way, which, opening up the whole of East Africa, would carry our trade into the very heart of the Dark Continent. The advantages of this route are evident. It would run through countries of incalculable natural wealth and capable of endless development. The first 200 miles on the Zambesi and lower Shiré take us through an alluvial basin where sugar, cotton, coffee and tobacco are grown, and where coal and gold have been discovered. The steamers already plying on these rivers are working at a profit; the same may be said of the steamers on Lake Nyassa. The district through which the Stevenson road runs between Nyassa and Tanganyika is very healthy, and produces wheat and fruit, is adapted for cattle-ranching, and is the best way into the mineral country of Katonga. Already there are trading posts, mission stations, and Government headquarters both here and on the Shiré highlands. Tanganyika, 400 miles long, has an adjacent district which will grow oil-palms, wheat, rice, to almost any extent, and it opens up trade routes into the Belgian and German "spheres of influence." The country between Tanganyika and the Nyanzas is largely unexplored, but it is a hive of population; it is rich in forest; the valleys are alluvial; and it may be considered a fairly healthy country. Mr. Scott Elliot thinks the African Lakes' route is, on all grounds,

superior to the competitive routes which are proposed from Mombasa to Uganda, and through German territory, but we cannot give his reasons. It is very desirable that the present method of transport by carriers should be superseded by one more satisfactory. In the hands of a humane man it may be tolerable, but as it is often employed, it is worse than barbarous. To degrade a brother man into a beast of burden, and to match his heavily-taxed strength against the fierceness of an equatorial sun, and miasma, and savage jungle, and weary thorn-clad plain, is a disgrace to our civilization. Mr. Scott Elliot is proud, and rightly too, of his expedition, but he fears the cost may have been too heavy—and here the rare metal of the man is displayed—

"I hope," he says, "the results of the expedition were worth the expenditure, but when I think of Suliman Misudi and Mirambo (who had been murdered), as well as the numerous sick who were left at stations by the way, I feel doubtful whether any number of new species of plants can make up for the losses. At any rate, I am clear on this point, I did my best. I am proud of having given every man his regular day's food the whole time he was with me, *and also of never leaving a sick man behind unless at a Government or missionary station.*"

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels Vindicated and Established. By the late J. W. BURGON, B.D., Dean of Chichester. Arranged, completed, and edited by E. MILLER, M.A. Geo. Bell & Sons. 1896.

The late Dean Burgon's fierce hostility to the Revisers and all their works is well-known: hostility so genuine, so unrelenting, but in the main so little intelligent, as to be amusing rather than formidable. His mantle has fallen upon a scholar, who has already superintended the fourth edition of *Scrivener's Textual Criticism*, and who now undertakes to present, in the best manner possible, the MSS. which record Burgon's elaborate researches. For Burgon was a scholar, albeit an eccentric one, and Mr. Miller possesses the scholarship without the eccentricity. Both have been industrious, even to a fault; both have been engaged in one of the worthiest of all tasks, the tracing, so far as may be, of the *ipsissima verba* of the New Testament; and their writings deserve the careful and respectful consideration of all students of the New Testament.

We are no partisans in this matter. We have no pious belief in the infallibility of Dr. Hort. We take the liberty of judging for ourselves, even when the Revisers have pronounced their judgment upon questions of text. But we think there can be no question whatever that the late Dean Burgon and his coadjutor, Mr. Miller, are hopelessly wrong, and that all their labour is—not thrown away, all toil in such a cause brings some result, but—quite in vain so far as the establishment of their main thesis is concerned. To begin with, they are deeply biassed judges. Mr. Miller says, "To cast away at least nineteen-twentieths of the evidence on points, and to draw conclusions from the petty remainder, seems to us to be necessarily not less even than a crime and a sin" (Pref. p. xii.). Such a critic is by

his very constitution unfit to judge of the validity of criticism which professes to sift a mass of evidence, and give sound reasons for preferring one-twentieth of it to the rest. Mr. Burgon is constantly pouring out the vials of his wrath after this fashion—the text as presented by B ℵ D L "has undergone an habitual, if not systematic depravation, has been manipulated throughout in a wild way." All such abuse of one section of the witnesses is of course not argument, it is declamation or denunciation "in a wild way."

When we come to arguments, we find the case of these scholars to lie in "four proofs," no one of which will bear examination.

1. "The burden of proof rests with our opponents." But nowhere is there an attempt to grapple with the line of proof, careful and thorough, brought forward by the advocates of what is known as the genealogical method.

2. The text advocated by Westcott and Hort is "not one text, but fragments of many." That is, the witnesses followed by the Revisers are independent witnesses. All the better for their evidence.

3. They say, "It is improbable, if not impossible, that the Traditional Text could have been derived from" B-ℵ; whereas the whole tenor of the argument is that the smoother, easier, "complete" text is more likely to have been derived from the shorter, more difficult text, than *vice versâ*.

4. "The chief reason is that on appealing unreservedly to antiquity—to versions and Fathers as well as copies—the result is unequivocal; the Traditional Text is triumphantly established, the eccentricities of B ℵ D, &c., are one and all emphatically condemned." Unfortunately, this "chief reason" is a broken reed to lean upon. All critics take full account of the early versions, and Westcott and Hort never decide without fully citing and weighing them. But patristic evidence is notoriously untrustworthy, because the quotations in the writings of the Fathers have, in so many cases, been made to tally with the *Textus Receptus*, and till their works have been critically edited, all the laborious compilations of passages—over which Mr. Miller seems to have spent years—prove very little to the point.

Thus for lack of a sound method, painstaking scholarship may be thrown away. Yet these pages deserve study, and contain some excellent suggestions, though all the cumbrous mechanism of antique battering-rams, which in these pages lumber into position, hardly avail even to shake the walls against which they are directed.

The Book of the Twelve Prophets. By G. ADAM SMITH, D.D. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. Hodder & Stoughton. 1896.

We heartily welcome the penultimate volume of the *Expositors' Bible*. Dr. G. Adam Smith is well known to the readers of this excellent series, and they will find in the present work all the characteristics which made his *Isaiah* so conspicuous a success. The scholarship, the critical freedom, the graphic portraiture, the modernisation, if we may so say, of prophetic thought, the utterance, eloquent and impressive, if sometimes a little unrestrained—all these features reappear, and will be again welcomed as helping to make *The Book of the Twelve Prophets* a living book indeed. We say "the Twelve" advisedly, for Dr. Smith objects to the "peddling," the "niggardly" name of "minor" prophets, and we prudently shrink from incurring his wrath, and the risk of similar opprobrious epithets, by the use of the objectionable phrase.

The first volume, the only one yet published, deals with Amos, Hosea, and Micah, and we may say at once that a better help to the understanding of the message of these prophets cannot easily be found in English. On questions of criticism, Dr. Adam Smith may be said to belong to the left centre. He is a critic, and a pronounced one, but he is more conservative than Wellhausen, and in his Preface points out some of the rashness into which the eminent German has been betrayed. Dr. Smith holds that "the general fact must be admitted that hardly one book has escaped later additions—additions of an entirely justifiable nature, which supplement the point of view of a single prophet with the richer experience or the riper hopes of a later day." In other words, all these twelve books are more or less composite in character. This is a point which we cannot argue here, but we are persuaded that great caution is necessary in admitting the principle that critics of the nineteenth century are competent, without any aid from external evidence, to reconstruct the text (say) of an Amos or a Hosea. The Massoretic Text needs criticism and is receiving it. The composite nature of Zechariah may almost be said to be proved, and we have not the slightest objection to the work of criticism if it be carefully carried out. But where Wellhausen and Cheyne rush headlong, and Dr. Adam Smith moves rapidly with a light heart, the wise man will at present take but few steps, not hastily chosen, and well and carefully measured.

For the rest, we are glad to eulogise very heartily the learning, force, insight, glow, and mastery of this exceedingly able book. The author's treatment of Hosea has—perhaps on account of a personal partiality for that tenderest of all the prophets—especially charmed and interested us. The *Expositors' Bible* began well; it is finishing nobly.

The Philosophy of Belief. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL. John Murray.

The noble author of *The Reign of Law* and *The Unity of Nature* has completed his plan, or, to use the favourite term of criticism to-day, has completed his great "trilogy" of evidential treatises, by the publication of this volume on the *Philosophy of Belief*, which has for its second title *Law in Theology*. It may be taken as a complementary volume, in one aspect, to his relative Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, while in another it is an excellent companion volume to Professor Campbell Fraser's more abstract and purely metaphysical Gifford Lectures on *The Philosophy of Theism*. A comparison, especially of the Duke's book with the Professor's, will be found very instructive and disciplinary.

His Grace of Argyll is largely a self-taught man in all the wide circuit of thought which he has made his own. We mean that although he has learned from many minds, and studied in many spheres of observation and reflection, he has graduated in no school of thought, whether scientific or metaphysical, while his theological training has been found in a free and wide range of orthodox Christian thought. In his charming Preface he tells us that he was brought up "amidst quiet surroundings of external circumstances," that his country home in a remote rural parish—his father was a younger brother, not the direct heir of the Argyll dukedom—was the only scene of his education, which appears to have been conducted chiefly by Presbyterian clergymen of a liberal temper, and that he never even crossed the English border till 1836, in the fourteenth year of his age. His father, however, was a man of scientific tastes, of exact habits of observation, of a reverent, but tolerant, spirit; while his own great school has been Nature, as illustrated by Revelation, and especially as including the sphere of mental and moral consciousness, as well as of scientific observation and study.

Against mere materialism, and superficial views of evolution or natural development, the Duke has in his former works proved himself to be a powerful antagonist, a masterly and profound reasoner. In this volume he extends and develops his general system of thought, applying it, in particular, to theology regarded as the highest development of reasonable thought, and as revealing the profoundest and also the loftiest applications and illustrations of Divine inspiration and law. The natural and supernatural he views as only sections of the same Divine government, different aspects but parts of the same whole; both aspects, indeed, melting into each other. The volume is full of the most beautiful and striking illustrations. To the theologian especially it will be found instructive. It is the work of a devout and profound believer in the Divine Presence and Government throughout the universe. It is exceedingly happy in its exposure

of the helpless difficulties in which Spencer has involved himself by his vain and sometimes ludicrous attempts to define and describe the aspects or course of nature scientifically, without admitting by any implication the presence and influence of a Divine Design and Purpose and a Governing Will.

The Mind of the Master. By JOHN WATSON, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1896.

Dr. Watson here gives voice to that universal cry "Back to Christ," which is the happiest feature of religious thought and life in our own times. We are not disposed to regard this volume as a theological treatise. Dr. Watson would find it hard to justify his contention that the Sermon on the Mount is the creed given by Jesus, and he contrasts it somewhat unfairly with the great Creeds and Confessions of the Church. The Sermon on the Mount was not intended as a complete summary of our Lord's teaching. Some of His most profound truths find no place in St. Matthew's chapters, but the chapters form a working basis for Christ's philosophy and art of living. It is misleading to call the Sermon on the Mount a creed. As Dr. Watson says, it is ethical, not metaphysical. It grounds Christianity not in thinking or doing, but in being; makes it consist in "a certain type of soul —a spiritual shape of the inner self." Equally open to criticism is the position that "Jesus gave in substance final truth, and that no one, apostle or saint, could or did anything to the original deposit, however much he might expound or enforce it." Dr. Watson's devotion to Christ makes him somewhat less than just to the Apostles, and to the Spirit of truth which guided them into all truth. With certain deductions and reservations, there is a great deal to admire and enjoy in the chapter on "The Development of Truth." A striking passage represents Christ pouring forth in the Upper Room those eternal words that have opened heaven to faith, and been the bread of the soul in all ages, and those honest, dense children of Judaism interrupting with their hopeless questions. The effort of the Church to compass the mind of the Master forms a notable study. Progress has been "sometimes disappointing in its arrestments, sometimes amazing in its rapidity. Prophets have suddenly arisen with a quite wonderful insight into Jesus' meaning, and have made a permanent contribution to the knowledge of the Church. They were doubtless wrong somewhere, but somewhere they were right, and their words remain a foot-note on the text of Jesus." The words on the Originality of Jesus are worthy of careful study. Dr. Watson holds that "originality is not an addition to knowledge; it is only a new arrangement of colour." One of Christ's "chief discoveries was a new type of character,

His greatest achievement its creation." On every page there is matter for comment and for criticism. The book is aphoristic and it has the sin of aphorism. To say that "Jesus cast His whole doctrine of sin into the drama of the Prodigal Son," leaves atonement quite out of sight, but with all its defects from the theological side, this is an inspiring book which will send the Christian back to Christ, and open many minds to see the fulness of truth and grace in Him. "Fatherhood, the final idea of God," is one of the most suggestive chapters in this devout and beautiful volume.

Studiâ Biblica et Ecclesiastica. Essays in Biblical and Patristic Criticism. By MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. Vol. IV. Clarendon Press. 1896.

In this fourth volume of the Oxford *Studiâ Biblica*, Canon Hicks contributes a suggestive paper on St. Paul and Hellenism, delivered in 1893 as one of the Long Vacation Lectures for the Clergy. The first sentence gives one of the key-notes of the essay, "The Hellenizing of the World began with Alexander the Great." The author regards St. Paul as much more Hellenized than Roman, and as deeply coloured in his reasoning and style of exposition with Hellenic ideas and modes of thought and expression. Professor Ramsay deals with his special subject, the "Galatia" of St. Paul. Mr. F. C. Conybeare contributes a learned paper on "Acta Pilati." Mr. Bussell, Fellow of Brasenose, writes on the Clementine and Lactantian ideas as to the World-Process and the Problem of Evil. Mr. Watson, of St. John's, writes on "The Style and Language of St. Cyprian," a subject full of interest for ecclesiastical students. Of the beautiful and finished style of the volume, as a specimen of University printing, we have no need to speak.

Creation Centred in Christ. By H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D., F.R.A.S. Pp. 536. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1896. 9*s*.

The present work has all the merits and defects of the author's former works in an even greater degree. There is much ability, knowledge, eloquence; the author is zealous for the faith. On the other hand the work is overweighted with elaborate divisions and detailed illustration. The theme is akin to that of Drummond's celebrated book—the analogy between Nature and Revelation. But how different the mode of treatment! One contents itself with suggesting principles, and leaving much to the reader's reflection; the other seeks to exhaust the subject on every side. For example, the first chapter in the third part, which is the main

part, discusses the principle of "centralisation" in the natural and the revealed. The discussion occupies two sections in seventeen chapters. The next chapter, discussing centralisation "in the relation of the natural to the revealed," leaves even that far behind. Under the heads of analogy and adjustment we have subdivisions, astronomical and other statistics, prophetic eras and cycles, which quite take the breath away. The work is evidently written with an apologetic purpose. It may serve to confirm faith in peculiarly constituted minds, but it will scarcely attract or impress outsiders. The Table of Contents and Index alone show that the author has taken immense pains with his work. We cannot suppress the feeling that half would have been better than the whole.

The Permanent Message of the Exodus and Studies in the Life of Moses. By the Rev. JOHN SMITH, D.D., Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh. Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This book is the result of Dr. Smith's visit to Egypt in 1893. He has tried to interpret the life of Moses to his own congregation in a way that would promote spiritual edification, and has found the charm of the narrative grow upon him as he pursued his studies. The twenty sections treat of the lawgiver's history from stage to stage up to the visit of Jethro. Every phase of the subject is dealt with in a way that will help a devout reader to enter into the spirit and understand the significance of the story. Dr. Smith does not take much note of the findings of the Higher Criticism, but seeks to bring out the practical bearings of the subject. There is much beauty of expression and vigour of thought in these suggestive sermons.

The Gospel of Common Sense as contained in the Canonical Epistle of James. By CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York. London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1896.

Strong sense and fine Christian temper characterise these expositions of St. James. Dr. Deems delivered them in a fuller and more popular form from his own pulpit a few years ago, and now gives the substance of his thought in a way that is well adapted to busy people of all classes. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the Epistle, and has caught its spirit and tone. There are expressions in the book that rather grate upon us, but no one can read it without recognising the careful study which Dr. Deems has given to his subject, or feeling more deeply impressed by the manly tone of the most practical and most trenchant of the Epistles.

In the International Critical Commentary. The Gospel According to St. Mark. By the REV. EZRA P. GOULD, S.T.D. T. & T. Clark.

This volume, from the pen of the Professor of New Testament Literature in the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia, is scholarly and orthodox, and valuable for the student-critic to read. But we altogether distrust his confident assertions as to the synoptic problem. Fifty years ago, the "higher critics" of that time held, for the most part, that Mark was an epitome founded chiefly on Matthew and Luke. This is the error which Dean Alford combatted on every page of his Commentary on the synoptics, and which is completely exploded. By a not dissimilar group of comparison and argument, we are convinced that it may be demonstrated to-day that St. Mark's was not the primary gospel which Matthew and Luke had in view in composing their memoirs.

History of Christian Doctrine. By GEORGE PARK FISHER, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1896.

We think we may truly say that this is the most valuable volume of the "International Theological Library" which we have yet seen. Able, accurate, comprehensive, clear though condensed, and equally satisfactory for all ages of the Church, and in regard to the obscurer as well as the more superficial points of ancient and mediæval controversy, this volume of less than 600 pages is, for theological students who desire to gain true outline views of the history of Christian doctrine, almost all that could be desired, and more than could well have been expected. The style is the unaffected English of a thoroughly educated man.

God's Garden: Sunday Talks with Boys. By Rev. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus. Macmillans. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Foxell is a minor canon of Canterbury, and Dean Farrar writes a suggestive little Introduction to the work of his friend and colleague. He shows how important it is that boys who are the "trustees of posterity" should be reached by sermons, for "what boys now are, or tend to be, that the men of England will be in another generation." These sermons are brief, bright, pointed, and so felicitously phrased and so aptly illustrated, that they cannot fail to do every boy who reads them real good. Mr. Foxell makes no attempt at fine writing or sensational effects, but he has always something good to say, and says it well.

Alpha and Omega, or God in Human Life. By Rev. W. MIDDLETON. C. H. Kelly. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Middleton has given us seven sermons, marked by good taste, deep feeling, and sound sense. They are bright and helpful reading, and the neat little volume will win a welcome wherever it goes. Those who read it will begin to think what public worship may be when Christian people realise and enter into its true spirit, and how much worshippers may do to create "an atmosphere for the preacher to speak in, yea an atmosphere in which the Holy Ghost can work either mightily or feebly." We hope that these sermons will gain a wide circle of readers.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A History of the Councils of the Church, from the Original Documents. By the Right Rev. CHARLES JOSEPH HEFELE, D.D. Vol. V., A.D. 626 to A.D. 787. Translated by W. R. CLARK. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1896. 12*s.*

It is more than a quarter of a century since Professor Clark projected this translation of Hefele's *History of the Councils.* The work is now brought down to the close of the second Council of Nicæa, the last which has been recognised alike by the East and the West. We gather that the demand for the earlier volumes has not been satisfactory, but perhaps the close of the undertaking may lead to the sale of the earlier volumes. Students can now obtain an admirable translation of a work which is almost indispensable for those who wish to understand the great Councils of the Church. The Monothelite controversies bulk largely in this volume, and no part of the history is more pathetic than the fate of Pope Martin I., who died in exile and poverty as a martyr for Dyothelitism. Full details are given as to the Sixth Œcumenical Synod; then we turn to the controversy about images. Leo the Isaurian, who flourished in the eighth century, determined to root out their use. "Absolutely without education, rough in manner, a military upstart, he found in himself no understanding of art, and no æsthetic feeling that could have restrained him from Vandalism." The Emperor began in the ninth year of his reign to take away the sacred pictures, and endeavoured to gain the support of the keepers of the great library near the church of St. Sophia in Constantinople. He failed to win them over, and rumour says he burned them and their books together, but Dr. Hefele shows that this rumour is

manifestly false. The Emperor's action as to the images caused considerable feeling among the citizens. Theophanes tells us that when his servants destroyed the figure of our Lord over the great brass gate, they were killed by the populace. whuerepon the Emperor punished many with mutilation, blows, and exile. The whole of this interesting phase of ecclesiastical history may here be studied in detail. This last volume is a mine which lovers of Church history will work with growing delight. We hope that the enterprising publishers, who have done so much for theological literature, will even yet be repaid for the pains and cost devoted to this great work of Dr. Hefele's.

Diocesan Histories. Chester. By the Rev. RUPERT H. MORRIS, D.D., F.S.A. London : Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

This volume is written by a scholar amply equipped for his task and master of a style so graceful and easy that his history will be as welcome to the general reader as to the careful student of diocesan matters. The record opens with the Celtic tribes who were in possession of the district at the time of the Roman invasion. Their religion was of the Polytheistic type with an admixture of Druidism, but the only traces of it which survive are an occasional maen hir, or long stone, some cup and circular markings, and a few local names. A monastic establishment was in existence here before Augustine landed at Deal in A.D. 596. In the days of Æthelfrith, the monks numbered at least 2,100. They, or their colony at Bangor, sent cut 1,200 brethren to offer up prayers for victory on the field where Æthelfrith met the Welsh army. The Saxon king ordered his troops to attack the monks, and only fifty escaped. The monastery of St. Werburgh attained great wealth and distinction in later days. Its master-cook was an important official, for the house entertained a constant stream of noted guests. His perquisites, as we learn from an old deed, were the tails of salmon and basse, the heads and tails of other fish, sundry portions of beef and pork, two gallons of beer a day, and all the dripping. The means by which the monks acquired influence in mediæval times is seen from an account of the community at Dieulacresse. A party of demons passed a hermit's cell, and told him they were on their way to the deathbed of Earl Randal, the patron of this convent, in order to accuse him of his sins. A month later they returned and reported that "Earl Randal for his crimes had been condemned to the pains of hell; but the dogs of Dieulacresse and many others with them barked so incessantly as long as the demon was there, as to fill our homes with their clamour, until our prince, in his annoyance, ordered that the earl should be expelled from our confines." The abbots of Chester made

exorbitant demands on their neighbours. At the death of any "native" the abbot became entitled to his "pigs and capons, his horses at grass, his domestic horse, his bees, pork, linen and woollen cloth, his money in gold and silver, and his brazen vessels." Many a bitter quarrel arose through these oppressive claims. Some interesting details are given as to anchorites. The anchorite of St. Chad, in the times of Edward I., had a maid servant named Cecilia to wait upon him. The right of sanctuary belonged to many abbeys, but at St. Werburgh's offenders against the law were allowed to come to the great annual fair held in front of the abbey, and to remain in Chester during its continuance free from arrest for previous offences. The sketch of Puritan times furnishes some racy paragraphs. At Nantwich one man was warned to attend church "more dutifully," and not to "use play with his ape upon the Lord's Day." The history is brought down to the present time, and is furnished with a good map. We commend the book heartily to all lovers of ecclesiastical history.

Studies by a Recluse in Cloister, Town and Country. By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D., Rector of Scarning. Third Edition. T. F. Unwin.

Dr. Jessopp says that a clergyman, whether in town or country, must nowadays give up all hopes of being anything but a smatterer in science and the higher walks of literature. But if other duties have prevented him from giving that absorbing attention to learned studies which is essential for a great historian, Dr. Jessopp is one of the most delightful writers about historic subjects that we have among us. These papers are so suggestive, they open so many avenues into the domain of history, that the book will awaken a real taste for such subjects. "St. Albans and her Historian" introduces us to Matthew Paris and the scriptorium of a great monastery in the Middle Ages; "Bury St. Edmunds" reconstructs the life of one of our most venerable monastic establishments. Other papers deal with "The Origin and Growth of English Towns," "The Land and its Owners in Past Times," "L'Ancienne Noblesse," and there is a good article on "Letters and Letter Writers." It is always a pleasure to sit at Dr. Jessopp's feet for an hour or two, and this is one of his best pieces of work.

The Rise and Growth of the English Nation. A History of and for the People. By W. H. S. AUBREY, LL.D. 3 Vols. 7*s.* 6*d.* each. London: Elliot Stock.

As a record in reviewing we may mention that we have read this popular history from beginning to end. No credit is due to

us for this achievement. There is not one of its 1,528 pages that is not alluring, either from its subject matter or by reason of the manner in which it is put. The style is sometimes slipshod and the author is too often

> "Like the late Augustus Sala,
> Monarch of the florid quill."

Marks of haste in composition are not far to seek on almost every page, and, of necessity, the treatment of a multitude of topics so vast in a space so limited is slight and "snippety"; but this work is not less readable on that account. After Green's *Short History*, it is by far the most readable history of England that has come into our hands, and, in some respects, it is superior to that incomparable work. It covers a larger ground, much more attention being given to the social condition and life of the people, and it has the advantage of embodying the results of more recent and extensive research. It is also brought up to date in every respect. The arrangement is scientific, the description of the periods accurate and suggestive, the chapter headings and the headlines to the pages striking and illuminating, and the index—covering 40 triple-columned pages of small print—minute, detailed, helpful in a high degree. It is the handiest as well as the most readable English history extant. Its interestingness is its leading characteristic. That it is not without bias is plentifully evident, especially when the author is dealing with tyrants, tories and churchmen, but the bias is not conscious or intentional. The author has made strenuous efforts to be fair, but no one so convinced as he is can be quite impartial. On the whole, however, we should lean towards Dr. Aubrey's exposition and interpretation of the broad decisive facts of English history. The copious bibliography reveals a width of reading, an exhaustiveness of study, remarkable at any period, and truly marvellous in these strenuous and crowded days. In preparing future editions attention should be given to the grammar and punctuation throughout, especially to the author's habitual misuse of the semi-colon. A world of pains has been already spent upon the book, and many years of patient toil; Dr. Aubrey has laid to heart the dictum of Von Ranke to his students: "To be interesting is everything;" another year of careful revision would make his work a model popular history, and confer a priceless boon on all the English-speaking race. We commend it heartily, and wish for it a circulation equal to its interestingness and worth.

Leaders of Religion. Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A. Methuen & Co.

George Fox, by Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* Till now Fox's life has not been presented to the public in a

handy, interesting, and at the same time accurate and fairly complete form. For Dr. Hodgkin the task has been a labour of love; and yet it is plain that the volume is not the work of a mere partisan. Though a Friend of the original stock and also of the living Society, he is a candid historian. Those who have found it difficult to push their way through Fox's Journal may be expected to find pleasure in the present volume, which indeed is full of profound, curious and various interest. Dr. Hodgkin has made much use of Masson's *Life of Milton*, to which he expresses his obligations in the strongest terms, and of Barclay's *Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth*, with which, however, he does not always agree, and of Mrs. Webb's *Fells of Swarthmoor Hall*.

Another volume of the same series is *Thomas Ken*, by F. A. Clarke, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. A biography of the wisest and best of the nonjuring bishops, of a popular character and of a handy size, was much needed. Mr. Clarke is a sympathetic and at the same time candid and common-sense biographer. His own High Church opinions and predilections are not allowed to carry him to extreme conclusions. He has made good use of the ample material which lay ready to his hand, and out of them has produced a book which is fresh, clear, and interesting. He justly says in his preface that it is owing largely to Bishop Ken that the Church of England of to-day is "able to claim whatever was best in the nonjurors—their reverence for authority, their veneration for Catholic antiquity, their stern yet meek spirit of self-discipline and self-surrender as part of its common heritage." It was Ken's merit that he was far less extreme in his High Church opinions than most of the other nonjurors.

Henry Callaway, M.D., D.D. First Bishop for Kaffraria. His Life, History and Work. A Memoir. By MARIAN S. BENHAM. Edited by CANON BENHAM. Macmillan & Co. 1896. 6*s*.

This is a singularly interesting history of how a lonely meditative spirit, the son of an exciseman at Lymington, was partly awakened to serious thought on being "confirmed," and afterwards going to be assistant-teacher in a small school kept by a Quaker, became himself a Quaker, with, at the same time, a strong sense of being called to the Christian ministry; how he became a surgeon and physician, still feeling the same call; how his religious perplexities led him back to the Church of England, in which Church he offered himself to the Missionary ministry for Africa, under Bishop Colenso, whose rationalism, however, he did not share, and how eventually he became himself Bishop,

the first Bishop, of Kaffraria. He was a man of science, as well as an evangelist, a gifted, accomplished, devoted man; and we heartily recommend this excellent biography.

Peter Mackenzie: His Life and Labours. By the Rev. JOSEPH DAWSON. C. H. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Peter Mackenzie's name has been a household word in Methodism for so many years that this biography has received an eager welcome in all parts of England. It does justice to the genuine character of the popular preacher and lecturer, and will please even those whose tastes and feelings of reverence were at times offended by Mr. Mackenzie's utterances. He was a born comedian, and the fact that his lectures were chiefly on Bible subjects made them the more trying to some of his hearers; but multitudes of working men and women in all parts of the country felt that the old Scripture heroes lived once more, as they listened to the story of Joseph going into Egypt without a coat but not without a character, and laughed over the quaint stroke about Goliath slain by David's stone—such a thing never entered his head before. Mr. Mackenzie was born at Glen Shee, in the North Highlands of Scotland, in 1824. He served as herd laddie at Mildean for about two years. Here the family prayer in his master's house formed his first good impressions. He next moved to Logie, where his strong character began to manifest itself, and led the laird of the place to say that the boy would be either a good man or a great scoundrel. A little later we find him in service near Auchtermuchty, where he received thirteen pounds for three years' service, and managed to save five of them. When twenty years old he moved to the county of Durham, where he began work in the coal mine. He had a warm and generous heart, and was always ready to champion the oppressed, as one wife-beater found to his cost. Mr. Dawson draws a striking picture of these days, garnished with many a racy story. Peter loved a dance, and was the soul of all innocent merrymakings, but he was never a drunkard or a swearer. When he found the grace of God at a mission conducted by Squire Reid, he soon became a noted local preacher and led many of his old comrades to decision. In 1858 he was accepted as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. It was a very unusual thing thus to accept a married man, 34 years of age, who had had no education worth mentioning; but even such a critic as the Rev. W. M. Bunting said, after his manuscript sermon had been read, "Now, you *dare* not refuse that man;" and the Rev. William Arthur became his advocate in Conference: "It is my opinion that if you do not accept Mr. Mackenzie, you will commit a sin against God's providence." In his first years he was greatly blessed in winning converts,

but in later life his energies were drawn into other channels. Mr. Dawson deals with this change in a suggestive passage, but we are not sure that it covers all the facts. No one, however, who was familiar with Peter Mackenzie's later ministry could doubt its power or its spirituality. He was a wonderful preacher, and his prayers, with their quaint realism, were certainly unique. This biography is full of amusing stories which will be rarely enjoyed by all lovers of broad humour; but the book shows, what most of us indeed already knew, that Peter Mackenzie was never spoiled by his popularity. He was a simple, generous-hearted man, full of tenderness and the milk of human kindness—a man who carried sunshine and good will with him everywhere.

1. *Robert Whitaker McAll, Founder of the McAll Mission, Paris.* A Fragment by HIMSELF; a Souvenir by his WIFE. With Portrait, Facsimiles, and Illustrations. Religious Tract Society. 6*s*.

2. *Some Records of the Life of Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B.* Compiled by a FRIEND, and Edited by his WIDOW. Hodder and Stoughton. 12*s*.

1. These lives are sure of a warm welcome. Robert McAll did more than any man of his time to bring the Gospel to the heart and conscience of Paris, and the story of his successes will inspire many a Christian worker with new courage. His father was the noted Dr. McAll, of Manchester, about whose preaching some quaint stories are told in this volume. He had an alarm placed on a shelf under the pulpit book board, and instructed the deacon who sat nearest to pull it at twelve o'clock. The deacon did his office, but Dr. McAll took no notice; the officer pulled again, but only got a look of thunder for his pains; the third time the preacher took prompt measures and stopped, not his sermon, but the instrument. His son was an architect, and bade fair to make headway in his profession, when he felt the call to the ministry. After holding various charges in Sunderland, Leicester, &c., he began that work in Paris which is his enduring memorial. The book is full of interest, but it is also a record that will warm the heart of every Christian. A more artless, more devoted, more enthusiastic man than R. W. McAll, has seldom been given to the Church. His widow has told the story simply, yet with great taste and excellent judgment. According to Pastor Théodore Monod, he gave permanent shape to a new method of evangelisation. Mr. Moody said, "I consider the McAll mission as a model mission for the world. Its special characteristic is that it preaches the

Gospel daily, not in churches or chapels, but in shops on the public thoroughfares."

2. Sir Arthur Blackwood's memory is enshrined in a series of letters, notes, and testimonies, which make up a bulky volume of six hundred pages. Not a few will enjoy the privilege of close contact with a man whose whole life was entirely consecrated to Christian ends. His grandfather acquired great distinction in the Navy, and was one of Nelson's most trusted allies; his father held an appointment in the Colonial Office, and was Gentleman Usher to William IV., and to Her Majesty the Queen. Arthur Blackwood himself began life in the Treasury, and gained great distinction by his service as an officer on the Commissariat Staff in the Crimea. The death of his favourite sister was a terrible blow to the gay young fellow, but it proved a turning point in his life. The volume is full of details as to the Christian work in which he found his chief delight. As a picture of an Evangelical layman's life it is of the highest interest. As a street preacher, Sir Arthur was almost as enthusiastic as Rob Roy Macgregor himself. When public duties multiplied on him at the Treasury and at the Post Office, he still kept up his Christian work. He was a fervid Protestant, a convinced Millenarian, and a zealous supporter of all that was represented by the Mildmay Conference. His marriage with the Duchess of Manchester was a singularly happy one. Sir Arthur Blackwood is one of the men who are the salt of English Society, and this book will reveal the springs of his conduct, and show how he delighted in his work. It is full of most interesting detail from beginning to end.

1. *John Knox.* By A. TAYLOR INNES.

2. *Hugh Miller.* By W. KEITH LEASK. "Famous Scots" Series. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 1896. 1*s.* 6*d.*

1. A new and popular life of Knox was needed—popular but also true, discriminating and able, thoughtful and candid, but withal, sympathetic and hearty. This volume of the "Famous Scots" Series will, we believe, be found to have supplied the need. In Mr. Taylor Innes John Knox has found a competent biographer—one, also, with the needful honest sympathy with the work and cause of the rugged but great Reformer—whose faults of temperament and grand merits of character seem almost to enhance each other.

2. This cheap and interesting biography, of one of the best writers and one of the truest Christian men of Scotland, ought to be very popular. We heartily recommend it.

Mr. Simpson sends his Papers and Letters on the Gipsies (printed by Edward O. Jenkins' son, North William Street, New York). He is an enthusiast on the subject, who seeks to raise the name of gipsy out of the dust, and considers that his work "has a very important bearing on the conversion of the Jews, the advancement of Christianity generally, and the development of historical and moral science."

BELLES LETTRES.

English Literary Criticism. With an Introduction. By C. E. VAUGHAN. Blackie & Son. 1896.

The introduction to this work, occupying nearly one hundred pages, furnishes a valuable digest of the history of literary criticism in England. Beginning with the Elizabethan age, Mr. Vaughan touches on such subjects as "Puritans and Poetry," Sidney's Apologie and the Philosophy of Poetry, Poetry and Truth, Poetry and Metre, the Heroic Drama, Poetic Diction; he passes in review Chaucer, Shakspeare, Sidney, Milton, and the line of major poets, the successive moods of the poetic schools, the fashions and reactions of criticism, down to Michelet and Hegel, and including Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Carlyle. The samples of English criticism which follow the Introduction are selected from Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, Dryden (his "Preface to the Fables"), Johnson ("On the Metaphysical Poets"), Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* ("On Poetic Genius and Poetic Diction"), Hazlitt's Lectures, Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, Shelley (*Defence of Poetry*), Carlyle, and Walter Pater. The volume will, we doubt not, receive a warm welcome. It is cheap as well as good, like the other books published by Blackie and Son.

Poems by Cecil Frances Alexander. Edited with a Preface by WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D. Oxon, LL.D. Dublin, D.C.L. Oxon, Archbishop of Armagh. Macmillan & Co. 1896.

The poems of C. F. A. have been known and read by many for more than one generation. Mrs. Alexander had native genius, great tenderness, and fine taste, and some of her poems are known wherever English-speaking Christianity has obtained a settled home. She had a special gift of pathos, and a power

of ballad writing and narrative poetry all her own. Had she been so situated as to be able duly to cultivate her genius, she might have occupied a high place among the poetesses of her age. But she was the hard-working wife and sympathetic helper of an Irish clergyman, first in country parishes, and afterwards in his episcopal position and work at Londonderry. Her poems were thrown off in brief intervals amidst multifarious and continuous parish or diocesan occupations, as a sort of semi-episcopal deaconess in charge of every branch of woman's Christian work. She was a most interesting and attractive woman, part of her attraction being her half-shy modesty, and her personal character added not a little to her fame and reputation as a poetess. Her ecclesiastic sympathies were singularly eclectic. She came very early under the influence of the Oxford Movement, attracted first of all by Keble's *Christian Year*, but Dr. Hook being her chief teacher and guide at that time. As Newman advanced towards Rome, she, with Hook, stood fast by the English Reformation and the experimental theology of the English-Irish Church School. In after life she was brought much into happy working association with Presbyterian ladies, her intimate friendship with whom was one of the cherished joys of her later years. Curiously enough, this eclectic experimental Christian counted among her special friends and favourites, against whom she would never hear a word said, Dean Stanley, Mr. Lecky, and Matthew Arnold. Her husband, the Irish Primate, has furnished an interesting, but too brief, sketch of her character and genius, though he has curiously placed among "Translations" three original poems of an altogether personal interest.

Riverside Letters: A Continuation of "Letters to Marco." By GEORGE D. LESLIE, R.A., Author of "Our River." With Illustrations by the Author. Macmillan & Co. 1896.

The present Laureate has charmed many readers by two volumes on *The Garden that he Loves*. Mr. Leslie, who is the fortunate possessor of a place on the Thames, and is besides a Royal Academician, as his father was before him, after publishing a book on *Our River*, and a volume of Letters to Mr. Marks, the painter, entitled *Letters to Marco*, the subject and suggestions for which are found in his riverside home, now writes a continuation of those letters in the present volume. The volume has a subtle and alluring charm, and the illustrations are worthy of the painter's reputation. It is pleasant to discover that, in the midst of the distraction and rush of our modern life, men who have business in the world and have

gained name, and friends, and influence, habitually dwell and delight in rural retirement. It were well if public writers, and stirring citizens generally, could know more of the charm and refreshment, of the instruction and wisdom, which belong to English country-life and to garden pleasures.

The Master Craftsman. By WALTER BESANT. Chatto & Windus. Two Vols. 10*s.*

This is a piece of Sir Walter Besant's choicest and daintiest literary handicraft. The scene is laid in Wapping, where old John Burnikel sits in his chair on the terrace outside the Long Room of the Red Lion Tavern one summer evening in 1804. The old man had reached the patriarchal age of ninety-four, and for seventy years had lived as a gentleman, spending eight to twelve shillings a night in treating his friends at the tavern, and telling mysterious tales of a hidden store of precious stones. Just before his death he shows his gems to his two grand-nephews, who were partners in the boat-building trade, and announces that they are to inherit them after his death. When the old man passed away the stones could not be found. The partners quarrelled and separated. One of them began business as a West-end builder, the other stayed in Wapping. The West-end builder's son became a great lawyer, and finally a judge. He left his son a fortune of a quarter of a million. The real story begins at the moment when young Sir George Burnikel discovers that his dead father has wasted all their property in foolish speculation, and that he must begin the world without a profession and with only three thousand pounds. Lady Frances Bohun, his most intimate friend, is a rich young widow, and would gladly have roused Sir George's ambition and bestowed on him her hand and her fortune. But the young fellow will not be tempted to a life that has no attraction for him. At this juncture his cousin Robert, from Wapping, comes on the scene. The two men are singularly like each other, but Robert is consumed by an ambition for parliamentary honour. He and Sir George form a fast friendship. Robert profits greatly by his cousin's introduction into society, wins his seat in Parliament, becomes one of the rising men of the day, and at last crowns his distinctions by marrying Lady Frances. Meanwhile Sir George takes his cousin's boat-building business at Wapping, and finds in Isabel Dering, Robert Burnikel's housekeeper, secretary, and *fiancée*, the mistress of his heart. His cousin had engaged himself to this girl with a cynical compact that there should be no kissing or fooling, and had treated her merely as his assistant. Sir George sets himself to brighten the girl's sombre life, and is at last free to woo and win his lady. He discovers the jewels in a secret recess of the old sailors'

chest, but lets his cousin Robert take them. He himself is well content to be left down "at Wapping-on-the-Wall—a master craftsman—with Isabel." The story is one that lingers in the memory. The contrasts between the two men and the two women, and between the two worlds of Wapping and Westminster, is most effectively brought out, whilst many a pleasant description of town and country stands out from these pages. There are few literary craftsmen to compare with Sir Walter Besant, and every phrase contributes to enhance the general effect of this book, and to make it a world of delights for every reader.

The Riddle Ring. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Chatto & Windus. Three Volumes.

Jim Conrad, a young Englishman who had just been jilted by the girl he loved, finds a strange ring in the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris. It has an inscription on it which he taxes his wits to unravel, little dreaming how intimately he is to be mixed up with the fortunes of the pair whose names are engraved upon it. A widow lady and her daughter come to stay at the hotel where he has fixed his quarters, and with them the young Englishman forms a warm friendship. Living under their care is a charming girl who soon makes Conrad forget his fickle mistress. It turns out, however, that she is already married and separated from her husband, Sir Francis Rose, who belongs to an old Northumberland family. He has lived a wild youth, marked by not a little baseness. He is a born actor, always hungering after some new sensation; and when his wife returns to London, he falls madly in love with her and tries hard to win her back. But Clelia knows him too well to listen to his blandishments. By a clever stratagem, she and her friend Miss Morefield—who has now lost her mother—are ready to start for the United States, when Rose goes to Conrad's chambers and tries to pick a quarrel with him. The police are called in, Rose leaps from the balcony and is fatally injured. His wife visits him and forgives him the sore wrongs she has suffered. Rose is true to his character to the end. He dies rejoicing in the prospect of new sensations in another life. The story is thoroughly interesting, though at some points not a little improbable. Marmaduke Coffin, the barber, is a repulsive study, but Whaley, Sir Francis Rose's henchman, is an interesting character. We can promise those who turn to *The Riddle Ring* some pleasant hours' reading and some lively exercise of their ingenuity.

Illumination. By HAROLD FREDERIC. Heinemann. 6*s.*

This is a very clever story. It holds attention to the last line, and is written in crisp, bright sentences, which all seem to tell.

We are scarcely prepared to criticise the author's sketches of religious life in America, but they leave an unpleasant impression. The young Methodist preacher comes out of his ordeal badly, and proves his pitiful lack of true religion and manliness. The sketch of the money-raising effort is, we may hope, a caricature, but it is powerfully realistic. So also are the glimpses of Roman Catholicism. Father Forbes and his surroundings are vividly described, and Celia Madden is a character not soon forgotten. The seamy side of religious life in America is brought to the light, and there is certainly much to learn from such a revelation. Old Mr. Madden and his son Michael are the characters most to be admired in this book.

Her Welcome Home. By SARSON C. J. INGHAM. C. H. Kelly.

Lily Guernsey is estranged from her father and sisters by her marriage with her music-master, and has to struggle hard with narrow means, but she proves herself a true woman in her days of adversity, and at last wins "her welcome home." A railway accident robs her of her eldest boy, and brings her husband to the verge of the grave, but the sorrow leads to a happy family reconciliation, and bears much spiritual fruit. Miss Ingham tells her story with much spirit, and it has many a good moral.

Nature's Orchestra and other Poems. By the Rev. SAMUEL BARBER. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

Mr. Barber's verse is artless and full of good feeling, but it scarcely rises to any distinction of thought or style. The poems cover a wide range of themes, from a simple story of royal kindness at Balmoral to such a Christmas study as "Christus Unitas Nostra," which closes the volume. "The Greatest of the Three"—a hymn in praise of love—and "The Careless Youth," based on one of Ruskin's memorable sayings, are, perhaps, as happy as any pieces in the volume, and there is a graceful tribute to Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, which should not miss a word of praise.

Spring's Immortality and other Poems. By MACKENZIE BELL. Ward, Lock & Bowden.

This is the third edition of Mr. Bell's poems. They will be welcomed by thoughtful readers, both for their grace of style, their music, and their sentiment. There is considerable variety

in the volume. The "Pictures of Travel," the "Religious Poems," and the Lyrics are all full of good things, and the tribute to Shakespeare closes with a fine couplet:

> "Greatest of those who wrought with soul aflame
> At honest daily work—then found it fame."

The Victory of Defeat, and other Poems: chiefly on Hebrew Themes. By WILLIAM HALL, M.A. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.*

The power of thought that marks these poems is greater than the command of metre, but there is so much force in the treatment of these Old Testament themes that many will scan them with interest. "The Redeemed City," based on Psalms 46 and 48, is one of the happiest pieces, and is there some vigorous work in "The Purpose of the Ages."

Robert Burns in Other Tongues. A Critical Review of the Translations of the Songs and Poems of Robert Burns. By WILLIAM JACKS. Glasgow: MacLehose & Sons. 1896.

Mr. Jacks was led to undertake this task by seeing reviews of foreign translations of Burns in the newspapers, and by meeting such translations in his wanderings on the Continent. He deals with versions in sixteen languages, some of which he does not know at all, but he has taken special care in these cases to secure proper help. His book will have considerable interest for admirers of Burns, and students of language may find it useful. It has a few good portraits, and is itself a notable testimony to the popularity of the Scottish poet.

The Romance of Rahere, and other Poems. By EDWARD HARDINGHAM. Elliot Stock. 1896.

Much gaiety of heart gleams out of this volume. It deals gracefully with some rustic courtships like that of "Alice," and celebrates a maiden's triumphs in a pleasant ballad. "Perdidi diem" touches a graver chord. The longer poems have some passages of considerable grace, but it would have been a gain if they had been pruned thoroughly so as to cut out all the weak passages. They are rather too much diluted to make a good impression.

Of Blackie's "School and Home Library" (price 1*s.* 4*d.* each),

we have received the following:—Captain Basil Hall's *The Log-Book of a Midshipman*, and Susan Coolidge's *What Katy Did at School*. The first is specially fitted for boys—a very instructive and suggestive book it is—the second for girls. Both are good and charming, according to their kind.

The World is Round, by Louise Mack (6*d*.), is the first of a series of "Little Novels" published by Mr. T. F. Unwin. The books are a marvel of cheapness. The scene of this first story is laid in Australia, where a girl with a mania for writing is led by her lover to fancy herself a literary genius. The veil is torn from her eyes, but if she loses all hope of fame she finds a happy home. We do not admire the story or like its tone.

Cornhill Magazine. New Series. Vol. XXVI. January to June, 1896. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This is the last number of *Cornhill* which will appear under Mr. Payn's editorship. For more than half his life he has followed "that detested calling," and during thirteen years he has had charge of *Cornhill*. In his "Vale!" he lingers with kindly humour over the woes of the Rejected Contributor, from whom he has suffered many things. But there have been consolations. "The bright side of an editor's life is of course where the Accepted Contributor shines upon it. To one who is a true lover of literature, it is a pleasure indeed to see the nugget sparkling in its bed; to be able to tell the worker that he has not toiled in vain, that fame, and perhaps fortune, lie before him. To see the fire of hope kindle in young eyes is a sight to gladden old ones, and it has been my good fortune many times to see it." In this volume, "Cleg Kelly" reaches its close. The brilliant, almost rollicking humour of the story makes it stand out in one's memory. "Cleg" and "Murkle Alick" are wonderful studies, but as a work of art the story is marred by its grotesque improbabilities. Mr. Payn's own tale, "The Disappearance of George Driffell," is clever but not pleasing, and the same criticism applies to "Clarissa Furiosa," by W. E. Norris. The short papers are bright, and sometimes exceedingly happy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Types of American Character. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD, Jr. Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Bradford's types are the Pessimist, Idealist, Epicurean, Philanthropist, Man of Letters, the American Out of Doors, and the Scholar. Some of the types seem to be rare. The Philanthropist alone is a type at once widely represented and distinctly American. Nor does Mr. Bradford attempt to base any theory of life upon his observations. He is content rather to suggest and stimulate. The American Pessimist is as completely sceptical as any of his continental brethren, but he has inherited from his Puritan ancestors a fastidious scrupulosity of conscience, which haunts him even in minute details. Vices he has none. The Idealist type includes such names as Garrison, Sumner, Margaret Fuller, and chief of all, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The Epicurean loves money as the means of procuring almost everything else in the world. In Philanthropy the new and immense activity of women must be taken into account. "The great amount of practical energy brought out in them by education, combined with their natural sensibility and enthusiasm, makes them leaders and guides in all humanitarian movements. When they do not take the control of things into their own hands, they stand in the background and urge on the men." Many a glimpse behind the scenes is caught in this pungent and thoughtful little book.

The Principles of Sociology. An Analysis of the Phenomena of Association and of Social Organisation. By FRANKLIN HENRY GIDDINGS, M.A., Professor of Sociology in Columbia University, in the city of New York. Macmillan & Co. 1896. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This important and suggestive work is a substantial contribution from an independent point of view, and by a well-informed and powerful thinker, to the definition and construction of sociology, that most complex and most difficult, but, to the philosophic and the philanthropic mind, most fascinating of the sciences. We quite agree with the author that the time has not yet come for an exhaustive treatise on sociology. The twentieth century will be far advanced before the various social sciences, of which sociology will be the synthesis and the philosophy, will be complete enough and ripe enough to be co-ordinated and

subordinated into a definite and harmonious system of truth. Much good work is being done in Europe and America in all these sciences. In economics, ethics, jurisprudence, politics, especially, progress, real and substantial, has quite recently been made in France and Belgium, in Austria and in Italy, in Britain and the United States, and Professor Giddings has embodied the results in his most luminous and valuable work, but much remains to be accomplished in these separate sciences before their principles can usefully be organised into a body of social doctrine. A great deal of preparatory work has also been done in sociology, but this comprehensive and inclusive science is still in its infancy. Nevertheless, as Mr. Giddings adds, "the scientific description of society is well advanced, and there is no reason why it should remain inarticulate. There are principles of sociology, and they admit of logical organisation. The present work is an attempt to combine the principles of sociology in a coherent theory." Believing that sociology is a psychological science, and that the description of society in biological terms is a mistake, he directs attention chiefly to "the psychic aspects of social phenomena." Association and social organisation spring from "consciousness of kind," "a state of consciousness in which any being . . . recognises another conscious being as of like kind with itself." It is this which marks off the animate from the inanimate, which marks off species and races, ethnical and political groups, and social classes. It also moves men to act as they would not if they were governed simply by considerations of utility, fear, loyalty, or reverence. It is, therefore, the determining factor in the social phenomena of communities. In elucidating and establishing this fundamental principle the author treats in successive books of "The Elements of Social Theory," "The Elements and Structure of Society," "The Historical Evolution of Society," and "Social Process, Law, and Cause." The style is largely abstract, of necessity, but it is always clear, and the treatment is facilitated and made interesting by the author's excellent arrangement of his material, and his easy mastery of arguments and facts. An indispensable and welcome aid to students of Society.

The Parnassus Library of Greek and Latin Texts. With Short Introductions, but no Notes. Foolscap 8vo. "Catulli Veronensis Liber." The Poems of Catullus. Edited by ARTHUR PALMER, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Latin in the University of Dublin. Macmillan & Co. 1896.

Catullus, as a poet, combines in himself some of the highest, brightest, and also of the most heathenishly sensual, charac-

teristics of Latin poetry. He was of the age of Cicero, Julius Cæsar, and Clodius. The infamous immorality of Clodius, odious and repulsive even among the growingly vicious generation in which he lived, is reflected in much of Catullus' poetry, in comparison with which the grossest coarseness to be found in Horace is comparatively trivial. At the same time for brilliancy and intensity, Catullus is far superior to Horace. Like the other volumes of the "Parnassus Library," this is a scholar's book for the use of scholars. It furnishes, within the compass of a small volume, a valuable critical apparatus, with a section of the Metres of Catullus in the Introduction, and the text is the result of minute scholarly care. There are no notes, except the Critical Notes in the Introduction, but there is a good index. This volume, like the rest of the series, is tastefully got up. Every care has been taken in the choice of type, paper, and binding.

A Wandering Scholar in the Levant. By DAVID G. HOGARTH. With Illustrations. Second Edition. John Murray.

Mr. Hogarth's chapters were "written bit by bit at wide intervals of time, now on a steamer's deck, now at a khan, now in a mud hut, now in a camp." They are dedicated to Professor W. M. Ramsay, with whom Mr. Hogarth made his first journey to Asia Minor in 1889, and from whom he learned the art of travel. The experiences of four visits to Asia Minor and the Euphrates Valley, three winters in Egypt, and nearly a year in Cyprus, are gathered together in this fascinating and instructive volume. The wandering scholar must be prepared for disillusionment, for in the presence of some of the great monuments of antiquity he may fail to feel any mysterious thrill, and may be conscious only of the sun on his back and commingling scents in his nose. But a life like Mr. Hogarth's has had its spice of adventure, which makes his record read at times like a page of the *Arabian Nights*, and though the discomforts suffered in filthy khans and from lack of decent food form the shady side of his story, there were many compensations in the strange experiences of travel. In Anatolia, vestiges of better days cover the hillsides, tide marks of the receding levels of civilization. Roman aqueducts, theatres and roads, Byzantine churches, and Armenian castles represent a sunset since which there has been no dawn. Mr. Hogarth found the Ottoman governors whom he met, and from whom he suffered many things, singularly superior to the system they administer. "I have encountered not a few who were venal, some who were fanatical and cruel, and many who were stupid, but very few who shirked their work and fewer weak." All things considered, their courtesy to a European is

conspicuous, for they belong to a dying race. "Every sleeper of every railway means a Christian advance: every advance means the retreat of Islam." As to the best method of dealing with Eastern peoples, Mr. Hogarth has a good deal to say that is very instructive, and his chapters on Cyprus and on Egypt deserve careful attention. We have not seen any description of the charm of Egypt so vivid as that given in these pages. "It is a charm indescribable, a charm of landscape largely, instinct in the sun-soaked stillness of a gleaming river, of vast green levels, of fantastic rocks and of wind-blown sands. Let the sun be darkened ever so little, and the charm is gone from grey waters and dingy flats." The most exciting adventures of the book were those in crossing Taurus, where the party had some perilous hours among the snows of the Upper Euphrates region. The muleteers exhausted their vocabulary of execration, and became reduced to one monotonous plaint—"We are being taken into hell: but what can we do?" Ruffians are very rare among the peasantry of the central plateau of Asia Minor, and Mr. Hogarth pays a high tribute to the courtesy of the Anatolian villagers, who proved themselves gentlemen full of "simple consideration for a traveller and just instinct of his needs." We hope our readers will take an early opportunity to become acquainted with the *Wandering Scholar in the Levant.*

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by DR. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Field—Fish (Vol IV.). By HENRY BRADLEY, Hon. M.A. Oxon. Oxford and London. 1896.

In this section, which includes comparatively few words of learned origin, the articles "figure," "file," "find," "fine," "fire," "firm," "first," and "fish," are treated in remarkable detail. Under "figure," a score or so of substantive senses, besides derivative nuances are distinguished, to wit, form generic, form geometrical, form organic, form personal, form characteristic, as *e.g.*, when we say, "he cut a sorry figure;" form symbolic and concrete, as a painter's ideal of Faith or Hope; form concrete and imitative, as a portrait statue; form representative, but more or less abstract, as emblems, heraldic devices, and so forth; form diagrammatic or illustrative, form of occult import, as a horoscope or other astrological device; form decorative or ornamental, form rhythmic and evolutionary, as in dancing; form evolutionary but not rhythmic, as in skating; form symbolic and abstract, as a letter, musical note, or mathematical sign; form rhetorical, as metaphor or hyperbole; form grammatical, as ellipse; form logical, as the familiar figures of the syllogism; form musical, as melody or harmony. Each of these several usages receives apt, clear, and sometimes copious

illustration from writers of authority. The other articles to which we have referred are treated no less thoroughly, so that the section fully maintains the high reputation of the work.

Democracy and Liberty. By W. E. H. LECKY. Longmans & Co. 1896.

We hope in the next number of this journal to give a careful review of this great work. Meantime, we must content ourselves with hailing it as a bold, honest, learned, and able review of principles and progress, or, in some cases, arrest of progress in the world's history. In the name of liberty, Mr. Lecky challenges many of the maxims, or assumptions, which have often served as the war-cries of modern democracy. His canvas is as large as the world and its history; the vastness of his survey is wonderful; the authenticity of his statements will not, we think, often be successfully challenged. Ten years ago such a work would probably have been generally proscribed as monstrously reactionary. It will scarcely be so now. We rather think the two volumes can hardly fail to have great practical influence on national views of policy and of party-history. They cannot but enhance the great reputation which Mr. Lecky has gained by his former works. At the same time opinions may reasonably be divided as to the conclusiveness of some of his arguments.

Fors Clavigera; Letters Written to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain. By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D. New Edition. Vol. I. Letters I.—XXIV. George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road. 1896.

In this edition of the *Fors* the letters of Mr. Ruskin's correspondents are left out. In this way, the original eight volumes are reduced to four of a handy size, uniform with the cheap edition of Ruskin's works. All the illustrations are given; the photographs are reproduced as tint blocks from the original negatives; and to each volume is added a new index. This convenient and cheap edition cannot fail to be popular.

Letters to the Clergy on the Lord's Prayer and the Church. By JOHN RUSKIN. Edited, with Essays and Comments, by the REV. F. A. MALLESON, M.A., Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness. Third Edition, with additional Letters by MR. RUSKIN. George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road. 1896. 5*s*.

Mr. Ruskin's *Letters to the Clergy* were published long ago, and though they have an aspect of eccentricity, and are often

startling and paradoxical in expression, will repay careful reading. They are now republished in a popular form, as it seems that every fragment of his writing is being gathered up for publication, or, if out of print, for republication. We cannot say much for the value of the "additional letters." One or two possess a curious personal interest. But, speaking generally, this more recent and supplementary correspondence adds little or nothing to the value of the *Letters to the Clergy* as originally published.

The England of To-day. From the Portuguese of Oliveira Martins. Translated by C. J. WILLDEY. George Allen. 1896. 5*s*.

This is a really interesting volume. The writer is an intelligent and liberal-spirited Portuguese, who has recently visited England. There is very much to be learnt from what candid and careful foreign observers say of us. This volume from a Portuguese may teach us serviceable lessons. A Japanese visitor might teach us more.

1. *Black's Guide to the County of Kent.* With an Historical Introduction, Statistical and General Information. Edited by CHARLES WORTHY. With Maps and Views. Twelfth Edition.

2. *Black's Guide to the English Lakes.* Edited by A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF. Twenty-second Edition.

3. *Black's Guide to the Isle of Man.* Edited by M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A., and E. D. JORDAN, B.A. London: A. & C. Black.

1. Black's Guides have long since established their reputation, but they are growing more perfect with every new edition. Mr. Worthy knows Kent intimately, and has taken pains to bring the whole history up to date, and to include every detail of importance. It is an excellent plan to furnish the sketch map of the county with numbers, which make it serve the purpose of an index, and the maps of the principal places in the county will be of great value to visitors and tourists. The pages devoted to Canterbury may be taken as a test of the guide, and it would not be easy to find so compact, or so exact, a body of information as to the history of the city and the cathedral. The table showing the date, style, and dimensions of each part of the cathedral, deserves a special word of recogni-

tion. Wherever one opens it, this Guide bears the closest scrutiny for thoroughness and fulness of information. Tunbridge Wells seems to have slipped out of the index, but a good account is given of the famous resort.

2. The Guide to the Lake District has been rewritten and recast so that it is now virtually a new work. The region is divided into four sections, the Windermere, Ullswater, Central, Keswick and coast sections, the line of railway girdling the lakes being taken, as far as possible, as a base of operations. There are fifteen maps, and six instructive outline views of the mountains and lakes. The aim of Mr. Moncrieff and his helpers has been to provide a book which would serve the purpose of excursionists of all kinds. The book is written mainly, however, from the standpoint of the ordinary pedestrian, and many homely, but none the less useful, hints are given to the tourist. A good glossary of local words is supplied, the wealth of literary interest which centres round the homes of Wordsworth and Southey is well brought out, and the result is a book that every visitor will feel to be a true and trustworthy guide and companion.

3. Visitors to the Isle of Man should not neglect to secure the admirable hand-book prepared by Messrs. Baddeley and Jordan. It contains everything that a tourist wants to know about history, geology, scenery, constitution, routes, postal arrangements, steamers, fares, and has notes specially prepared for cyclists. The maps are wonderfully clear and complete.

1. *Studies in Diplomacy.* From the French of Count BENEDETTI, French Ambassador at the Court of Berlin. With a Portrait.

2. *An Ambassador of the Vanquished.* Viscount Elie de Gontaut-Biron's Mission to Berlin, 1871—77. From his Diaries and Memoranda. By the DUC DE BROGLIE. Translated, with Notes, by ALBERT D. VANDAM. Heinemann. 1896.

1. Count Benedetti was the French ambassador at Berlin on the outbreak of hostilities with Germany, and was reproached by many journals for not having foreseen the course events were taking. In this volume he abundantly vindicates himself from charges which have caused him the deepest pain, and furnishes material for the diplomatists and the future historians of France and Germany. He shows that William I. was no mere puppet in the hands of Bismarck, but had, from the beginning of his reign,

a definite programme for increasing the power of Prussia. He covered his thoughts beneath a studied and never-failing courtesy, and knew how to disarm the most prejudiced minds. He seemed to have inherited from the Hohenzollern all the arts by which they attained to greatness: "firmness in their designs, opportuneness in forming resolutions, unlimited prudence, distrustfulness always on the alert, and, when necessary, dissimulation." Bismarck served him with vigour and ingenuity, and was willing to bear every burden of responsibility involved in his master's schemes. Count Benedetti is no friend of the former chancellor and his verdict must be received with caution; but many will echo the sentiment expressed in his paper on "The Triple Alliance." "How immense and brilliant would be the glory of the prince who would undertake to save Europe from the perils to which she is exposed! The Man of Iron has laid down the burden which he has borne too long for himself as for his contemporaries. Will there not arise a new man, a genius, that of peace, of true peace, who would restore repose and security to the nations?" The book deserves the serious attention of all public men on the Continent and in this country.

2. Viscount Elie de Gontaut-Biron represented France at Berlin after the great conflict of 1871, and had to conduct many difficult negotiations connected with the Treaty of Peace. His Diaries and Memoranda, with the thread of exposition and narrative supplied by the Duc de Broglie, form a supplement to Count Benedetti's work. M. Thiers sent him to Berlin, where he at once made a favourable impression at court, but he found that he had a trying post. Bismarck was practically invisible, and a rooted distrust of foreigners had been a tradition in Prussia since the days of Frederick the Great. M. de Gontaut's "numerous and lovable family," who met an affectionate and almost familiar welcome in the higher spheres of Prussian society, helped him much in his diplomatic life, and he was able to furnish many useful items of information, which helped the authorities in Paris to understand the currents of thought and feeling in Berlin.

The difficult part which M. Thiers himself had to play in Paris comes out more clearly in this volume. After the liberation of the territory which Germany held, until the payment of the war indemnity, the struggle broke out with the National Assembly which led Thiers to resign the presidency. That struggle, which led to the formation of the Ministry of May, 1873, is chronicled in a statesmanlike paper. Other sections of the book deal with "the Episcopal Charges and the Crisis of 1875;" the Eastern Question and the Berlin Memorandum, the Elections of 1877, and M. de Gontaut's retirement. The book will be studied with profound interest by all who wish to understand the history of France during a most terrible decade.

Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, giving the Derivation, Source, or Origin of Common Phrases, Allusions, and Words that have a Tale to Tell. By the Rev. E. COBHAM BREWER, LL.D. New Edition, Revised, Corrected and Enlarged, to which is added a Concise Bibliography of English Literature. Hundredth Thousand. Cassell & Co.

It is a quarter of a century since Dr. Brewer published the first edition of *Phrase and Fable*. He began to collect his material fifty years ago, and during all that time the book, in type or manuscript, has been constantly at his side in order that new matter might be laid in store, errors corrected, and suggestions of every kind utilised. The venerable author, who is now in his eighty-sixth year, has been able to publish this edition in which all his material is recast. He has incorporated the results of the latest researches in philology, added some 350 pages of new matter, and rewritten or revised every article. Many hundreds of contributors have sent suggestions which have sometimes been of considerable value, and Dr. Brewer hopes that his "treasury of literary bric-à-brac will become a standard book of reference and a guide to be relied on." The popularity of the book has already been enormous, and in its present vastly improved form it ought to find its way into every reference library and on to the shelves of every student. It is quite a gold mine. Into its 1,438 pages there is packed a world of information about everything under the sun. Under the name of Abdallah we are told that Mahomet's father was so beautiful that when he married Amina two hundred virgins broke their hearts from disappointed love. There is an interesting note on the name Abigail, given to a lady's maid. It was a popular one among the middle classes in the seventeenth century, and probably Queen Anne's waiting-woman, Abigail Hill (afterwards Mrs. Masham), brought the name into vogue. Every page might furnish illustrations of the stores of information which Dr. Brewer has gathered together. The paragraphs are brief but full of matter. Under "riding" we get valuable information as to the division of counties. The word is the same as trithing in Lincolnshire, the jurisdiction of the third part of a county. Kent was divided into laths, Sussex into rapes, Lincoln into parts. Rape means a district (Norwegian herepp), and Sussex is divided into six rapes, each of which has its river, forest and castle. Humble pie takes us back to feudal times, when the umbles—the heart, liver and entrails of the deer—were set before the huntsman, whilst his lord had the venison pasty to feed upon; bumble bee is a corruption of the German hummel or buzzing bee. A correspondent of *Notes and*

Queries suggests that humbug comes from the Italian *Uomo bugiardo*, a lying man. To *hum* used to mean to applaud or flatter, then to deceive. The note on "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" should not be overlooked by lovers of the curious. A capital feature of this edition is its "Bibliographical Appendix." It includes names of authors past and present, with a list of their works and the dates of publication. Thomas Hughes' books are given, Dr. Rigg and Dr. Robertson Nicoll are not overlooked, though under the last paragraph "James Macdonald" has slipped in as a misprint for "Macdonnell." It is not easy to estimate the value of such a volume as this, but everyone who has it will soon learn to look upon it as one of the treasures of his library.

London City Churches. By A. E. DANIELL. With numerous Illustrations by LEONARD MARTIN. Constable & Co. 6*s*.

The parish churches of the City of London are a rich field of delights for the antiquarian and the lover of history. Mr. Daniell justly says that "the architectural beauty of most of them, the rich store of historical memories which they possess, and even their very names, many of which perpetuate topographical and personal incidents which would otherwise have been forgotten, combine to render them worthy of the closest attention." The Great Fire destroyed or severely damaged no less than eighty-six of the London parish churches. Thirty-five of these were not rebuilt, but forty-nine of them were put into Wren's hands, and he showed wonderful capacity for utilising to their fullest extent the opportunities which the circumstances of each church presented to him. Mr. Daniell says his first care was to build solidly in accordance with his own maxim that "Building certainly ought to have the attribute of Eternal." He was most particular as to the quality of his materials, and would tolerate no faulty work. The manner in which his various steeples harmonise is a noteworthy feature in his work. Those of Christ Church, Newgate Street, and St. Vedast serve as preludes to the great steeple of Bow and the line of towers and spires along the riverside, from St. Dunstan's-in-the-East to St. Mary Somerset. Mr. Daniell first treats the eight churches anterior to the fire; then he takes Wren's thirty-five churches, and finally the twelve subsequent to Wren. A good account is given in each case of the fabric, attention being called to all features of special interest. Then we are introduced to the notable persons or events connected with each church. In each case a good illustration of the building is given. No better guide to the London churches could be found than this. Mr. Daniell rather depreciates Samuel Annesley, who was not, he

says, a person of any very particular importance. That is, perhaps, a trifle hard on a man who was known after his ejection from St. Giles' Rectory as the St. Paul of the Nonconformists. In the associations of St. Andrew, Holborn, room might also be found for the fact that the father of the Wesleys was ordained there. The account of All Hallows, Barking, and its connection with the Tower, is very interesting, and there is a sketch of Stow the antiquarian who was buried at St. Andrew Undershaft, which shows how much he suffered from neglect in his own day. Mr. Daniell is as enthusiastic as everyone else about St. Stephen, Walbrook, which ranks next to St. Paul's Cathedral as Wren's masterpiece. He says "it must be seen to be appreciated. All description of it, however exact, falls flat, it being totally impossible to convey by words any adequate expression of the loveliness of this delightful church." Canova, the Italian sculptor, was charmed with it, and said he would gladly pay another visit to England in order to have the pleasure of seeing once more St. Paul's Cathedral, Somerset House, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook. This book ought to be widely known. It will add another pleasure to every country visitor's days in the metropolis, and will open the eyes of many a Londoner to the beauty and interest of our city churches.

The Papal Attempt to Reconvert England. By ONE BORN AND NURTURED IN ROMAN CATHOLICISM. Religious Tract Society.

Though we ourselves dread more the present conspiracy to Romanise the Church of England, of which Lord Halifax is the acknowledged head—a conspiracy maintained during more than thirty years, formidable in its extent and development, and growing more powerful from year to year—than the organised effort of the Romish Church to reconvert England, yet it is exceedingly well that such books as that before us should be published as an antidote to the distinct Romish Propaganda by which, since the time of Cardinal Wiseman, the adherents of Papal Rome have been diligently availing themselves of every opening for spreading Popery in England. Those who would understand this danger, made still more serious by Lord Halifax's undermining movement from within, may well open their eyes to the view of the great cathedral which is soon to be built in Westminster. The little book before us is very well adapted to instruct English Protestants as to this most serious question.

Let us at the same time recommend very strongly, as adapted to meet the controversial needs of plain people, in the present contest with Rome, another publication by the same excellent Society (R.T.S.), Dr. Wright's shilling *Primer of Roman Catholi-*

cism, the very great value of which as a plain, accurate and dispassionate statement of the case againt Rome is, we are happy to observe, widely recognised. Dr. Wright combines the training of Oxford and Dublin, has been Donnellan Lecturer and also Bampton Lecturer, is a learned Hebrew and Septuagint scholar, and at the same time a beneficed clergyman in the frontier city of Liverpool, where Romanism and the Protestant Reformation stand face to face.

A Primer of Modern Missions. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

This shilling primer is another timely benefit which comes to us from the great Protestant Religious Tract Society, and which we cordially recommend. It should be in the hand of every truly Catholic Christian.

The Mistakes of Modern Nonconformity. By JOSEPH HAMMOND, LL.B. Longmans. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hammond delivered an address at Grindelwald in 1894, which forms the first part of this little volume. He there maintained that it was a mistake to secede, and is a mistake to charge the Church of England with schism, or accuse it of sacerdotalism, and clamour for disestablishment. We are quite unable to follow his argument, and see little gain in such a statement of his views as is here set forth. Mr. Hammond is a great lover of union, and pleads for candid attention to his argument. We deplore the dissensions of the Church quite as deeply as our candid critic, but we are not disposed to accept his invitation to lay down all our principles and consent to be peacefully swallowed up by the Anglican Church.

Our Country's Butterflies and Moths and how to know them. A Guide to the Lepidoptera of Great Britain. By W. J. GORDON. With a Thousand Examples in Colour by H. LYNN, and many Original Diagrams. London: Day & Son. 6*s.*

This is a companion volume to Mr. Gordon's books on birds and wild flowers, and it is a wonderful guide, filled with coloured plates, which are a delight to the eye, and lists of popular names, specific names, families and their genera, genera and species, and chapters on sortation, on the caterpillars of the British butterflies, and groups and families, which furnish all the information a collector or student needs. Mr. Gordon says that

two hundred and fifty thousand species of insects have been more or less fully described, and of these the lepidoptera are not the least interesting. His aim is to enlarge the general knowledge we all have, so as to enable any one to name the species to which most of our moths and butterflies belong. He describes a specimen in a way that every one can understand, and thus lays the basis for his description of the various species and genera. The same clearness and careful description which have given such value to Mr. Gordon's earlier books mark this guide to the wonderland of moths and butterflies. It is a book that every school ought to have in its library, and every boy and girl would rejoice in its coloured plates, which are marvellous reproductions.

East London: Sketches of Christian Work and Workers. By HENRY WALKER. Religious Tract Society.

We heartily recommend this volume to all philanthropists, especially to Christian philanthropists. The sketches are carefully and exactly drawn from life, and are as reassuring as they are interesting. "The contrast which the writer is able to make between the East London of forty years since and that of to-day" is likely to be "as new to the present generation as it was striking to himself." On every side are "the evidences of great social and religious progress." The volume is as cheap as it is valuable.

1. *Strength in Quietness.* By the late CANON HOARE, M.A.

2. *A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts.* By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE. Religious Tract Society.

1. The twelve tiny sermons in this booklet were written by Canon Hoare for a dying brother during the last twelve weeks of his life. They are messages of peace and consolation for a sick room, full of Scripture truth, simply expressed, and even when an invalid is feeble, one of these little homilies will be like a breath of new life.

2. Mr. Langbridge's poetic fragments are crisp, bright, and spiritual. Some of them are only couplets, but they contain food for many an hour of struggle and depression. Here is one specimen—

> "First find thyself; 'tis half-way house to God;
> Then lose thyself, and all the road is trod."

These gems of Christian poesy ought to be in the hands of every devout reader.

From North Pole to Equator. Studies of Wild Life and Scenes in Many Lands. By the Naturalist Traveller, ALFRED EDMUND BREHM. Translated from the German by MARGARET R. THOMSON. Edited by J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., F.R.S.E. With Eighty-three Illustrations from Original Drawings. London: Blackie & Son. 1896. 21*s.*

Alfred Edmund Brehm was born in 1824 at Unter-Renthendorf, in Sachs Weimar, where his father was then pastor. The elder Brehm was an accomplished ornithologist, and his son often accompanied him in his rambles through the Thuringian Forest, questioning and being questioned about the sights and sounds of the wood. When visitors came to see the famous collection in the Pfarr-haus the boy was an eager listener, and in the evening he watched his father stuffing birds, whilst the mother read aloud from Goethe and Schiller. After four years in an architect's office, young Brehm went with Baron von Müller on an ornithological expedition to Africa in 1847. This took five years; then he returned home, rich in spoils and experience, and spent several sessions at the Universities of Jena and Vienna. On finishing his course he enjoyed a zoological holiday in Spain with his brother, a physician in Madrid. Brehm then settled in Leipzig, where he busied himself with authorship and tuition. He paid a visit to Lapland, and gives a vivid description of its bird-bergs in one of his lectures. He married in 1861, and the next year acted as scientific guide on an expedition to Abyssinia undertaken by the Duke of Coburg-Gotha. For six years after his return his energies were largely engrossed by his famous *Tierleben*, in six volumes. He now became Director of the Zoological Gardens in Hamburg, and afterwards took charge of the Berlin Aquarium. The business relations involved by these offices proved, however, very irksome to him, and in 1874 he retired from his post and took up that rôle as popular lecturer and writer in which he enjoyed so much success. For ten years he was busy with these duties. In 1876 he travelled in Siberia; he also went to Hungary and Spain with Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. He died in 1884, at the age of fifty-four, worn out by hard work, family sorrows, and the strain of a long lecturing tour in America.

Dr. Brehm's studies and sketches cover a very wide range. The opening lecture on "The Bird-Bergs of Iceland" is a wonderful picture of the eider ducks and auks that throng to the Icelandic coast in the breeding season. The fondness of the birds for their young is very striking. Dr. Brehm spent eighteen hours on one berg in order to study the auks. "When the midnight sun stood large and blood red in the sky and cast its

rosy light on the sides of the hill there came the peace which midnight brings even in the far North. The sea was deserted; all the birds which had been fishing and diving in it had flown up to the berg. There they sat, wherever there was room to sit, in long rows of tens, of hundreds, of hundreds of thousands, forming dazzling white lines as all, without exception, sat facing the sea. Their 'arr' and 'err,' which had deafened our ears notwithstanding the weakness of their individual voices, were silent now, and only the roar of the surf breaking on the rocks far below resounded as before. Not till the sun rose again did the old bewildering bustle begin anew, and as we at length descended the hill by the way we had climbed it, we were once more surrounded by a thick cloud of startled birds."

The Tundra, or desert region round the North Pole, with the Arctic fox, the lemming, the reindeer, and many characteristic birds, furnishes another good subject. In dealing with "The Forests and Sport of Siberia," Dr. Brehm shows that the country is richer in variety than any one has yet represented it. "Mountains interrupt and bound the plains, both are brightened by flowing and standing water, the sun floods hills and valleys with shimmering light and gleaming colour, lofty trees and beautiful flowers adorn the whole land, and men live happily, joyous in their homes." "Love and Courtship among Birds," and the capital chapter on "Apes and Monkeys" show what power the writer has to interest and instruct his readers. The book is full of delights for lovers of natural history, and Messrs. Blackie have got it up in handsome binding, with a wealth of illustrations which will make it a magnificent book for a school prize.

Keep to the Right, or the Young Man's Guide. By JOHN ANGELL JAMES. London: Edward Knight.

This neat reprint ought to have a wide circulation. It is full of wise counsel, prompted by such manifest sympathy and tenderness for the young, that it can scarcely fail to win their quiet attention and to help them always to "keep to the right."

Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand for the Year 1894. Wellington: By Authority.

This bulky Blue-Book furnishes a full and interesting view of the state of the Colony of New Zealand. Taken with the *Official Year-Book*, which we noticed in our last number, this collection of tables should be scanned with great care by all students of our colonies.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (April 1).—M. de Constant writes on "The Nearest Peril: Europe and its Rivals." He says Europe is attacked by a malady which it is hardly conscious of, or rather which it does not wish to see lest it should be too much afraid. It suffers from this malady to such an extent, that it is beginning to arrest progress, but far from searching out the cause it only perceives the symptoms which it mistakes for the evil itself. The evil is not merely old age. It is fatigue due to excessive management and competition. Europe has lived too fast during the last fifty years. It has developed its industrial products beyond measures, sacrificed agriculture to industry, and has given such a spur to its activities that it is seeking to supply the whole world with its merchandise. It has invented the steam engine, abolished distance, established factories and workshops on a colossal scale, incurred enormous expenses, and not only developed its military expenses, but its needs of luxury, and of pleasure, it has exalted and propagated the cult of wealth and gone enormously into debt. The countries which were once customers are now merchants, and our former clients have become our competitors. "The United States gave the first signal for that emancipation, but their example has speedily been followed to their loss as well as ours, and in all the world, in Central and South America, in Australia, India, Japan rivals have sprung up and our markets are closed; in all the world, save Africa, the new client of Europe, its supreme resource which was neglected so long, though not without reason." Europe is beginning to work at a loss. The crisis is gravely felt in agriculture and is beginning to show itself in various branches of industry. The writer makes his contention clear by many facts and figures. He says that the general condition of things has made Europe sincerely anxious to maintain peace despite all difficulties and complications. War would not only be war, but the beginning of new times, the impenetrable obscurity of which makes men recoil from anything that might upset the equilibrium of society. The last part of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "*Bessie*," translated by M. L. E. Coulin, appears in this number.

(April 15).—M. Leroy-Beaulieu's articles on "The Reign of Money," of which the sixth is here given, will repay careful study. He says that if ever the world, emancipated from the ancient law of war, sees a new spiritual city spring up, if ever all people, races and continents join together in a kind of fraternal federation, embracing the whole of humanity, finance and the banking system will not be strangers there. It seems likely also that the Jew will hold among the nations the cosmopolitan sceptre of gold. The last part of Prosper Mérimée's unedited correspondence is pleasant reading. One letter is dated from our British Museum, on June 10th, 1862. He had come over from Paris on business connected with art, and had discharged his functions for a month with "extraordinary resignation." He says that his own compatriots had more taste and artistic feeling than the English, but, that the distance between the two nations grew less every day, and France would need to take care if she was not to be outstripped. He was greatly interested in an exhibition, at South Kensington, of works of art drawn from many English mansions, and describes an evening spent at a fête there. M. Villebois Mareuil has a good subject in "The Foreign Legion." He says that the recent expedition to Madagascar has drawn special attention to the legion which had shown its endurance and stoic impassibility at Tonkin, Formosa and Dahomey. Its marvellous qualities have been brought out by the last campaign, where the

energy of the combatant had to supply the lack of previous preparation. Without its foreign legion, which forms a marked contrast to its forced levies, France would not be able to look calmly on the future. It forms the chief arm of the colonial forces. The ordinary army has lost the aptitude for foreign expeditions, so that there is the more need to preserve intact that rare body of combatants who may be pushed forward at once into any field of danger. They need careful attention and rational institutions, but they are capable of rendering such service to their country, that they will well repay the utmost care of their interests.

(May 1).—M. Francis de Pressensé writes on Manning's Protestant years. He calls attention to the public honour paid in this country—Anglican and above all anti-Papal as it is—to the two old cardinals, Newman and Manning. They were the two most resolute enemies of our national love of compromise, and set themselves to reverse that regimé of the just ecclesiastical mean to which so much importance is attached. The history of the two lives is alone able to explain the apparent paradox between our English notions and the honour paid to these men. Their biographies, together with that of Pusey and a few less important personages, form in fact the history of English Catholicism. M. Pressensé says that to treat the subject worthily would demand the skill and erudition which Sainte Beuve shows in his *Port-Royal*. He does not fail, in his more rapid survey, to refer to the shipwrecks caused by the Oxford Movement, such as Francis Newman, J. A. Froude and Mark Pattison. Mr. Purcell's massive volumes have been eagerly expected by those who knew that the Cardinal had opened his archives and given his intimate confidence to the biographer; but he says that the book prepared under such favourable auspices is not merely a bad book, but a bad action. It is only necessary to have read it to know what lack of system it reveals. It is like a manuscript, the leaves of which, after being scattered by the wind, had been put together by an illiterate servant. Fragments of journals and of letters have been gathered together without the least regard to chronology or the association of ideas. He says that the pages of the book are thickly strewn with errors, and there is revealed an inconceivable ignorance of Oxford, of the men and the affairs of the University. The writer falls into a labyrinth of errors when he touches any point of general history, or of the religious and political history of England. These faults, however, would be venial in the eyes of M. Pressensé, if they stood alone. It is inexcusable that a man to whom Manning had opened all his secrets and with whom the Cardinal had lived in daily intercourse, should have interlarded his extracts with outrageous comments and perfidious insinuations, and should have systematically misinterpreted all the words, all the acts, all the silences of his hero, that he should have gratuitously ascribed to him an egoism, an ambition, a jealousy, a duplicity, a love and an art of intrigue, a baseness equally morbid and ignoble. His code of literary propriety is also singular enough. He gives Mr. Gladstone, in passing, the amiable surname of Judas. He has no scruple in publishing either the letters expressly placed under the seal of confession, or the documents likely to arouse old quarrels among the dead, or to provoke new ones among the living. Such an author puts himself out of court. Yet M. Pressensé cannot forbear from an expression of his pleasure at some of the results of this indelicacy. Mr. Purcell has given the world an incomparable series of revelations, of documents at first hand, a Manning painted by himself, the authentic confessions of a mind of the first rank.

(May 15).—M. de Pressensé sketches here with much sympathy and vigour "the Catholic Years" of Manning. After he left the Anglican Church he went to study in Rome, where he gained the intimate friendship of Pius IX., and formed close alliances with the principal personages of the Papal Court. It was only the reiterated request of Wiseman that led the Pope to permit him to return to England at the end of three years. English Catholicism was then passing through a great crisis. Its priests were the chaplains of great families. There were no adherents drawn from the middle classes. In London the aristocracy frequented the chapels of the legations and the Catholic embassies.

The poor quarters had only humble, dingy mission halls. Things were still worse in the provinces. At Liverpool there were four chapels and fourteen priests for more than a hundred thousand of the faithful. M. Pressensé points out the causes which led to the Romanist revival in this country. The French Revolution, which led to the suppression of the colleges of Douai and Saint Omer, led to the young English priests being trained on their natal soil. The Catholic emancipation in Ireland, Wiseman's vigorous policy, and especially the Oxford Movement, all contributed to the revival. The ten years which passed between Manning's return from Rome and his appointment as Archbishop, were filled with painful struggles between conflicting principles, complicated still more by deplorable personal quarrels. Manning was inevitably mixed up in these struggles by the nature of his opinions, as well as by his own disposition and the confidence of his Archbishop. When he was appointed provost of the Chapter of Westminster, in 1857, he had to meet the almost factious opposition of a majority of the Canons. Wiseman sent him to Rome and he soon became a personage of importance. Pius IX.'s affection for him never failed, and when the appointment to the Archbishopric was to be made, he yielded to the inspiration to name Manning for the post. "I heard without ceasing a voice which repeated to me: 'Name him, name him.'" Manning was able to repay the favour with interest when the Vatican Conncil met to settle the question of infallibility. He enjoyed free access to the apartments of the Pope in the Vatican by a private staircase and a secret door. The writer describes the part which Manning played with much detail, and traces the growth of his influence in England as the patron of the working man and the friend of the destitute.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (April 1).—Signor Boglietti deals with "Socialism in England." He says that Socialism is greatly in vogue amongst us and gains new converts every day. The last and to all appearances the most clamorous victory of Socialism seems to have been at the congress of Trades' Unions at Norwich, in September, 1894, where a resolution was passed, by 219 against 61 votes, in favour of the nationalisation of the land, of minerals and all the chief products of national wealth. This Signor Boglietti regards as the complete triumph of the collective idea of the school of Marx. Thus Marx has triumphed even in England. A careful account is given of the course of events which led up to the decision at Norwich. The article deals with such subjects as the reform of Parliament, and gives many details about men and measures which will interest Italian readers. The spirit of the time has manifested itself in the measures of social utility taken to protect the workers of the country. That tendency in favour of the working classes is very far from exhausted. The Fabians, in a published manifesto, have accused the Gladstonian Ministry of taking no account of the Newcastle programme, but much was done for the working man by the formation of a Labour Department, and a Labour Gazette with working men and women as correspondents. The number of inspectors of workshops has been increased, female inspectors have been appointed. All these measures show that social reform is in the air.

(April 16).—Signor Montecorboli gives an interesting sketch of the poetry of "Paul Verlaine," who was born at Metz in 1844. His father was a French officer, who left the ranks in 1851 with the grade of captain. His mother adored her boy to such an extent that she was completely blind to his faults, and to her vicious training were due most of the evils which Verlaine suffered. The young poet began life as a clerk in the municipal offices, at a salary of about a hundred francs per month, and in 1866 issued his first volume, "Poemes Saturniens." The article, with its copious quotatious, furnishes a good introduction to Verlaine's poetry.

(May 1).—Signor Boglietti continues his study of "Socialism in England." He points out that among our Socialists there is a natural distrust of theories which have always something absolute about them, and require absolute solutious such as are repugnant to the genius of our nation. This gives Socialism in this country a character quite unique, by which it is saved from that striking and threatening contrast to existing interests. In England the state

of industry is one of modest prosperity. Statistics as to the relative rewards of capital and labour are given in the article, which will interest Italian readers; then the programme of English Socialism is discussed. Nationalisation of the land and unearned increment are touched on, and the method of conducting great industrial enterprises by Joint Stock companies. The later developments of "trusts" and "rings" are not overlooked in this able survey.

(May 16).—Signor Ferraris brings to a close his articles on "Historic Materialism and the State." He holds that the State has not in the creation of its forces and forms that dependence on the economic constitution which historic materialism would have us believe. It possesses a life, a character, a function of its own independent of class interests. The representative system, especially where the basis of suffrage is sufficiently wide, grants to all social interests a legal manifestation which has contributed not a little to confer on the State of to-day its special superiority. It is one of the most beautiful conquests of the political science of to-day that it has demonstrated the intimate connection that exists between national political institutions and local administrative institutions. After discussing the lines on which the social action of the State should move, the writer gives a summary of the social movement in England, which has been a great field for the working out of politico-social problems. He distinguishes three periods from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the electoral reform of 1832, from that date to the reform of 1867, and then down to our own times. He shows what great strides this country has made in the direction of social reform, and pays special honour to writers like Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Kingsley and Toynbee, and to statisticians like Charles Booth. A list of the chief Acts of Parliament since 1867, dealing with social subjects, is very instructive. The progress has been normal and continuous, and has been secured by the co-operation of all the factors, social and political, and especially by the noble moral conception that has diffused itself among all classes as to the dignity of manual labour. If the working classes in Italy will learn the lessons suggested by English social reform, they will see the force of gradual innovation and will be saved from any resort to violence and rebellion. The necessary reforms will thus be secured by energetic organisation, and by co-operation with the powers of the State without subverting the established social order, the fundamental bases of which are as well established as those of human nature itself.

Methodist Review of Episcopal Church (May—June).—Dr. Downey writes on "Methods and Principles—A Study in Methodist Polity." He thinks "the time has come when Methodism should make some suitable provision for the enlarging of her activities and for conserving and using the power of fit men for fit work, and in the fit place. It seems not a little singular that Methodism, which in the person and practice of Wesley was so far a-head of the age with respect to philanthropic work, is now a good laggard in the race." He refers to the Old Foundery which was a centre for all kinds of social work, and adds "Methodism has its great hold upon the middle classes, and in nearly every factory town and village it could double and treble its influence and its power if it would only do something besides preach and pray. For a long time we have despised and deprecated endowment. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to make either the ministry or the laity see that church endowment is a good thing. To endow a hospital or a college is most praiseworthy, but to endow a church is a bit of folly, we are told. Our papers nearly all take this ground, yet our Episcopalian friends evidently think differently. Could Trinity, or Grace, or St. George do their mighty works without their practical endowments in buildings and bonds? There is great opportunity for the man who will be brave, generous, and wise enough to for ever lift some Methodist Church by munificent endowment out of the realm of chance with respect to its benevolent and philanthropic activities. When this is done, then it will be possible to group all philanthropic work under the Church, and it will be done in the name of Christ. At present much of such work is outside of the Church, and by many it is supposed to be in spite of the Church. The truth is that nine-tenths of the support of

all such institutions comes from the Church, yet it gets but slight credit therefor." All this is very interesting from an American Methodist's point of view. The writer also thinks that something should be done to remove any friction with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. "The animating cause of the separation is non-existent. Our presence in the Southern States is irritating, and the extension of the Southern work west and north is a growing cause of unbrotherliness. Add to this that we are in the same foreign fields, and that the only distinguishing feature is the word 'South,' and it is readily seen that our present relations are neither wise nor Christian.

METHODIST REVIEW OF EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH (March—April).—Dr. Tigert has been able to increase the size of his review, and is now hoping speedily to reach a circulation of four thousand copies. The articles in the present issue cover a wide field and are well up to date. The editor himself passes in review "the essential regulations of the British Conference concerning the itinerancy." He thinks that there is little or nothing in this long history that suggests the necessity or expediency of the abolition of the time limit, or the modification of any of the essential principles of Methodist itinerancy. "Such a change would be in the strictest sense an experiment, to our mind rash and hazardous, contrary to the universal experience of Methodism, and unwarranted by any special condition of our minds." To these points he promises to return in his next paper on the modification of itinerancy among the American Methodists.

(May—June).—Dr. Dodd, of the Kentucky Conference, has an article on "The Monroe Doctrine in the light of History." He shows that Mr. Adams, who had been the Secretary of State and confidential adviser of Mr. Monroe, and the real author of the Doctrine, said that the declaration as to colonization only meant that the United States would guard its own territory from European occupation, and would like to have every other American State do the same. Dr. Dodd shows that it has nothing in it of the nature of an international law. "It contains no order, injunction, or other process by which it may be enforced: it is merely the opinion of one of our presidents in his annual message, binding to no obligation either the president who gave it being or any of his successors." The attempt to apply the Doctrine in 1845 furnished, as he points out, a most mortifying chapter in the history of the States. Dr. Dodd closes his article with this temperate paragraph. "We have nothing to fear from England however near she may approach our borders. She could not approach nearer than she already is; nor, considering human nature, could she have shown less disposition to interfere with our progress or mar our peace and safety. She has never used her immense possessions lying along our northern boundary—possessions far more extensive than our own—for the purpose either of extending monarchical principles among our people, or of sowing discord, or of making raids across our border, or of hedging us in by a line of forts from the Bay of Fundy to Vancouver's Island. How unreasonable, then, the fear of England; and how far more unreasonable that reasoning of Mr. Olney's, that if the Monroe Doctrine is not now enforced in the Anglo-Venezuelan controversy, 'we must be armed to the teeth, convert the flower of our male population into soldiers and sailors, and thus annihilate a large share of the productive energy of the country.' Why, then, have we not been armed to the teeth' all along? Until recently Russia owned large possessions in the north-western portion of our continent: for a number of years France and Spain had them in the south and along the Mississippi valley up to the northern lakes, while England has to-day, in immediate contact with our northern line, an area largely exceeding that of the whole United States; and yet the flower of our male population has not been converted into soldiers and sailors, neither have we lost a 'large share of the productive energy' of our country in guarding our peace and safety.'

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