
A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

JANUARY, 1897.

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CLXXIV.—New Series, No. 54.

Contents.

I. The Problem of Christian Unity.
II. Sheridan.
III. Mr. Gladstone's "Butler."
IV. New Theistic Speculations.
V. Mr. Augustus Hare's "Story of My Life."
VI. Sir Humphry Davy.
VII. The Puritan Settlements in New England.
VIII. Earl Selborne.
IX. Short Reviews and Brief Notices.
X. Summaries of Foreign Periodicals.

London:
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE ST., CITY RD., E.C.
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1897.
Price Four Shillings.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ART. I.—THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIAN UNITY 205

1. "Leonis Papæ XIII." Litteræ Apostolicæ de Ordinationibus Anglicanis. Burns & Oates. 1896.

2. "The Principles of Ecclesiastical Unity." Four Lectures delivered in St. Asaph Cathedral. By A. J. MASON, D.D. Longmans. 1896.

3. "The Charter of the Church." Six Lectures on the Spiritual Principle of Nonconformity. By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D. Alexander & Shepheard. 1896.

ART. II.—SHERIDAN 230

"Sheridan: a Biography." By W. FRASER RAE. With an Introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson, THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. With Portraits. Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

ART. III.—MR. GLADSTONE'S "BUTLER" 247

1. "The Works of Joseph Butler, D.C.L., sometime Lord Bishop of Durham." Divided into Sections, with Sectional Headings, an Index to each Volume and some Occasional Notes, also Prefatory Matter. Edited by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. In Two Volumes. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde.

2. "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler." By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde.

PAGE

ART. IV.—NEW THEISTIC SPECULATIONS . . . 270

"Lectures on the Bases of Religious Belief." The Hibbert Lectures, 1893. By CHARLES B. UPTON, B.A., B.Sc., Professor of Philosophy in Manchester College. London: Williams & Norgate. 1894.

ART. V.—MR. AUGUSTUS HARE'S "STORY OF MY LIFE" 285

"The Story of My Life." By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, Author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life." Three Vols. London: George Allen. 1896.

ART. VI.—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY 311

1. "Humphry Davy, Poet and Philosopher." By T. E. THORPE, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Cassell & Company. 1896. (The Century Science Series.)

2. "The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D., late President of the Royal Society, &c. By JOHN AYRTON PARIS, M.D., F.R.S. In two Volumes. London: Henry Colburn. 1831.

3. "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S." By his brother, JOHN DAVY, M.D., F.R.S., &c. In two Volumes. London: Longman, Rees & Co. 1836.

ART. VII.—THE PURITAN SETTLEMENTS IN NEW ENGLAND . 328

1. "The Puritan in England and New England." By EZRA HOYT BYINGTON, D.D., Member of the American Society of Church History. London: Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd. 1896.

2. "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England and their Puritan Successors." By JOHN BROWN, B.A., D.D., Author of "John Bunyan; His Life, Times and Work." London: Religious Tract Society. 1895.

PAGE

3. "Magnalia Christi Americana." By COTTON MATHER, M.A. Boston, U.S. 1702.

4. "Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society." Series I.—IV. Boston, U.S. 1806—1856.

5. "History of New England from 1630 to 1649." By JOHN WINTHROP, Esq., First Governor of Massachusetts. Two Volumes. Boston. 1825.

6. "History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay from 1628 to 1691." By Mr. HUTCHINSON, Lieutenant-Governor of the Massachusetts Province. Two Volumes. London. 1760.

7. "Religion in the United States of America." By the Rev. ROBERT BAIRD. Glasgow and Edinburgh: Blackie and Son. 1844.

8. "A Short History of the English Colonies in America." By HENRY CABOT LODGE. New York. 1881.

9. "A Compendious History of New England." By J. G. PALFREY. Four Volumes. Boston. 1884.

10. "The English in America." By J. A. DOYLE, M.A., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. Three Volumes. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1887.

11. "The United States: an Outline of Political History, 1492 to 1871." By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

12. "The Beginnings of New England; or, The Puritan Theocracy in its relation to Civil and Religious Liberty. By JOHN FISKE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

ART. VIII.—EARL SELBORNE 355

"Memorials." Part I. Family and Personal, 1766—1865. By ROUNDELL PALMER, EARL OF SELBORNE. Two Vols. Macmillan & Co. 1896.

PAGE

IX.—SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

Theology and Apologetics—Bruce's With Open Face—Watson's Cure of Souls—Evil and Evolution—Hughes' Religious Faith—Finnemore's Gloria Christi—Jackson's Table-Talk of Jesus—Miller's Things to Live for—Burton's Gleanings in the Gospels—Denney's Gospel Questions and Answers—Dods' Why be a Christian—Farrar's Young Man Master of Himself—Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, Nahum, Habbakuk and Zephaniah—Cave's Introduction to Theology—*Expository Times*, Vol. VII.—*Critical Review*, Vol. VI.—Moulton's Modern Reader's Bible 379

History, Biography, and Travel—Rigg's St. Anselm—Housman's John Ellerton—Temple's Story of My Life—Dr. Macduff's Reminiscences—Harris's From Batoum to Baghdad—Pollard's Land of the Monuments—Hodder's George Smith of Coalville—Schechter's Studies in Judaism—Abrahams' Jewish Life in the Middle Ages—Wenyon's Across Siberia—Arnold's History of the Evangelical Alliance—Telford's Popular History of Methodism 383

Belles Lettres—Ian Maclaren's Kate Carnegie—Ward's Sir George Tressady—Besant's City of Refuge—Crockett's Grey Man—Stockton's Mrs. Cliff's Yacht—Hodder and Stoughton's Publications—Clog Shop Chronicles, &c.—Frances' Untrodden Ways—Nelson & Sons' Books—Blackie's Story Books 392

X.—SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS—French, Italian . 398

XI.—INDEX 401

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1897.

ART. I.—THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

1. *Leonis Papæ XIII.* Litteræ Apostolicæ de Ordinationibus Anglicanis. Burns & Oates. 1896.
2. *The Principles of Ecclesiastical Unity.* Four Lectures delivered in St. Asaph Cathedral. By A. J. MASON, D.D. Longmans. 1896.
3. *The Charter of the Church.* Six Lectures on the Spiritual Principle of Nonconformity. By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D. Alexander & Shepheard. 1896.

THE close of the nineteenth century has been marked by a desire, very variously manifested, to remove, or at least very greatly to diminish, the existing divisions of Christendom. It is something that the fact of these divisions should be so generally regretted and the evil they occasion so universally acknowledged. Time was, when Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Arminian, were content to fight and cared only for victory. The opponent in a controversy

was an enemy, and the end of conflict was not his reconciliation but his overthrow. Now, happily, throughout a large part of Christendom, a desire for mutual understanding has arisen, which may or may not lead to mutual agreement. A campaign has given place to diplomatic negotiation; *cedunt arma togæ.* Many causes have combined to bring this about, more than we can briefly describe. The scientific study of history has exploded many ancient fallacies and fond delusions. The more complete acquaintance with one another which representatives of various communities have gained has tended to remove prejudice and misunderstanding. Theological controversy has lost much of its asperity, cynics would say, in proportion as men have lost living interest in theological tenets. The adversaries of Christianity and of religion itself have compelled Christians to draw nearer to one another and ask themselves whether a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, who held different views upon baptism or the temporal power of the Pope, was not to be preferred to one who refused allegiance to God under any form of thought. Reunion conferences of all descriptions have accordingly been held and friendly deputations have been entertained. Some of these have been public; others—not the least important—have been informal and quite private. Not very much has as yet resulted from these efforts. A few Nonconformist communities have drawn nearer to one another, councils and federations of Free Churches have been formed, various branches of Methodism have united in some of the colonies, and some approach has been made towards Presbyterian reunion at home. But for the most part, high contracting parties have not gone beyond the stage of friendly overtures. It does not, therefore, follow that these efforts have been in vain. On the other hand, it may perhaps be said with truth that, in spite of the multiplication of Christian sects without and the equally serious divergence of Christian parties within, the Churches of Christ in this country are nearer to one another in spirit and in aim than they have been at any time since the Reformation.

But no advance worth speaking of can be made along a road that leads nowhere, or by men who have no clear idea of the goal they desire to reach. Platform rhetoric about the advantages of Christian unity is very cheap and very useless. It is easy to quote the sacred words of our Lord's mediatorial prayer, "that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us"; it is not so easy to expound their meaning and their bearing upon the actual condition of Christendom. That the goal which every Christian should seek to reach is ἑνότης, the "unity" of Eph. iv. 13, is readily enough conceded, the difficulty is to know by what path of ἕνωσις, or union, such a consummation is to be reached. Unity is a good in itself, an end, an ideal: union is a means, not necessarily good in itself, but valuable only in proportion as it promotes the end. There may be unity without union and union without unity. And the nature of the end determines the nature of the means. A clear and definite idea of unity would remove many of the differences of opinion which are held concerning the desirability of reunion and the modes by which it should be effected. What is the ideal of Christian unity which animates and directs the efforts which are being made after reunion? We are inclined to think that the minds of many excellent Christians are very hazy on this subject. There is one conception of a United Christendom, it is true, which is as definite as it is splendid—and impossible. In the Middle Ages, under Hildebrand, that ideal was well nigh realised. Religion then was one and indivisible. It was identified with the Catholic Church, which was one and indivisible also; a mighty institution, supreme over princes and potentates, as over all their subjects of various countries and races; a system which embraced and ordered every detail of the life of every individual from the cradle to the grave; which was supernatural in its origin, in its gifts, in its powers, and in its sanctions; which inspired philosophy, directed policy, and determined ethics; which provided a discipline for every man, extending to his thoughts and desires as well as to his words and

actions; which took charge of him, body, mind and spirit in this life, and provided for him an entrance into life everlasting; and which, by its marvellous plastic power, welded the various elements of nationality, rank, education and race brought under its sway, into one compact and apparently indissoluble whole. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, for one glorious moment, it appeared to many as if the ideal of Christian unity had not only been conceived but attained.

The hope was fascinating, but it was a dream. It was worse than a mere dream which vanishes with the light of day, for the false idea of Christian unity which characterised mediæval Catholicism remains still the one hope of millions of misguided Christians, and haunts the path and dazzles and confuses the vision of many who ought to be wise enough to know it for a phantom. But if the conception of uniting all the Christian communities of the world into one organic whole, under the sovereignty of a single head who is vicar of Christ upon earth, by means of a highly elaborated organisation which shall secure uniformity of doctrine, of discipline, and, to a large extent, of worship, be not only an impracticable, but a delusive and mischievous, dream, what substitute for it is proposed? The Romanist ideal is at least intelligible, to many minds it is the only intelligible, the only conceivable method of realising true Christian unity upon earth. The notion of such visible, palpable union in one compact organisation is essentially human, one which men, being what they are, were certain to entertain, just as the Jews, being what they were, were certain to entertain expectations of a material Messianic kingdom. Such an outward unification of Christendom possesses irresistible attractions for a certain class of minds, and to many seems the only end worth striving for. Many, who have no sympathy with Papal pretensions, cherish, nevertheless, an ideal which is but slightly removed from that of the Middle Ages; for them the Reformation of the sixteenth century was little short of a catastrophe, and a restoration of "Catholic" continuity and inter-communion is the only

meaning they can attach to the phrase "reunion of Churches."

For others, the problem is by no means so simple. They see plainly enough that the mediæval theory of ecclesiastical uniformity has disappeared, never to return. In their eyes, it is as undesirable as it is impossible. It could not now be realised without putting back the shadow many degrees upon the dial; and if it were realised to-morrow, it would prove but a "mockery king of snow" to the loyal hearts who expected to find in such a city of God upon earth the oneness of Christian feeling and purpose they so eagerly desire to see. But it does not follow that those who reject the so-called Catholic ideal are satisfied with the actual condition of Christendom. No true Christian, we imagine, can affect to be satisfied with it; every true Christian should be striving, so far as in him lies, to improve it. But how? Those who believe in the unity of the Spirit have a far harder task before them than the devout Roman Catholic who is sure that the only solution of the difficulty lies in a general submission to the Pope. It is hard to form a clear and definite ideal, it is still harder to know how to promote its realisation. For the mere sectarian, again, all is easy. He labours for the welfare of his own infinitesimal fraction of the Christian whole as if—perhaps he himself believes it —"the Lord had no people outside of Arran." But, on the one hand, to preserve the lofty spiritual conception of Christian unity which characterises the New Testament, and, on the other, to deal with men as they are, to learn the lessons of history and propound principles and methods of a thoroughly practical kind which shall bring together the various and apparently incompatible elements of which modern Christendom is composed, not by drilling them into an external uniformity, but preserving essential unity amidst acknowledged diversity—*hic labor, hoc opus est.* The problem is how to secure unity without sacrificing freedom; how to maintain all that is worth maintaining in the very various types of Christian teaching, organisation, and worship, yet break down the barriers which effectually

shut good men out from one another, and which hinder the progress of the kingdom of Christ at home and abroad.

It may be instructive if we begin our examination of the subject by a reference to the latest illustration of reunion projects, its course and issue. All the world knows that a Papal Commission has been examining into the "validity of Anglican orders" and that Pope Leo XIII., in his Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*, has pronounced in the most definite and strongest terms that "ordinations carried out according to Anglican rite have been and are absolutely null and utterly void." Since the decision, Anglicans have been strenuously denying that they in any way sought for a judgment upon the point—it is no concern of theirs what the Pope may say either way. Of course, the Church of England did not and could not formally invite a judgment; but it seems tolerably clear, from what Mr. Gladstone and Lord Halifax have said, that some High Churchmen thought they had good reason to believe that if the question were re-opened a favourable judgment might be obtained, and took steps to obtain it. Historical theologians of the Romish Church, such as Abbé Duchesne and Abbé Portal, were known to favour the validity, and some sanguine spirits entertained high hopes that on this side a *rapprochement* between two branches of the "Catholic" Church might be effected. Father Puller and Rev. T. A. Lacey attended in Rome to present the Anglican "case," and till the result was published the incident was freely referred to as of good augury for the Church of England. The decision of the Pope has changed all this. He has not only—as surely every one who knows anything about the Roman Curia might have expected—confirmed the decisions of previous Popes; he has gone out of his way to strengthen them and prevent the question from ever being re-opened. So far as the relations between these two branches of the Church of Christ are concerned, the breach has been indefinitely widened and deepened.

What were the grounds of the decision arrived at and why has the incident the importance which has been

attached to it on both sides? The Pope, as instructed by his advisers, rests his conclusions upon the fact that in the Edwardine Ordinal for the consecration of bishops there was a defect of *form*, in the absence of all mention of the Priesthood and the authority to offer up the Eucharistic Sacrifice; and a defect of *intention*, that is to say, of a definite purpose in the rite to convey the grace and power of priesthood, in this particular sense of the term. The Anglican replies, that such a judgment virtually concedes a number of points which have hitherto been disputed, the due consecration of Barlow and of Archbishop Parker and the preservation of continuity therein implied; while it rests a refusal to recognise the validity of orders in the Anglican Church upon grounds which would invalidate the formulæ in use in the Church Catholic for a thousand years. It is indignantly denied by every Anglo-Catholic that the "sacrificing priesthood" has ever been given up by the Church of England, and they assert that the right to "say Mass" for the benefit of the dead as well as the living, to insist upon confession and pronounce absolution, has always been a privilege of the Anglican "priest," though it may not always have been claimed. In other words, as Hurrell Froude said at the beginning of the Tractarian movement, there is nothing for which the Roman Catholic Church should be abused, except for excommunicating Anglicans as schismatics and heretics. Such excommunication has, however, again been pronounced more sternly than ever, and the only method by which Anglican reunion with Rome can be effected is by acknowledgment of error and of the sin of schism and humble submission to the authority of the Pope.

There would have been no need to dwell so fully upon this incident, but for the moral it carries with it. The marvel to our minds is that men of such experience as Lord Halifax and Mr. Gladstone could ever have expected anything else. It did not need the remarkable memoir drawn up by Dom Gasquet and Canon Moyes, showing how inexpedient in this country would be any admission on the

part of the Pope of the validity of Anglican orders. Such an admission would be suicidal, so long as the theory of the Church accepted at Rome remains what it is. The only kind of "reunion" Rome can consistently recognise implies submission to the One Head of the One Church of Christ upon earth. Anglicans resent this assumption, naturally enough. Lord Halifax made a pathetic appeal, in his speech at the English Church Union meeting at the Church Congress, in words which will well bear repeating.

"When we are told that all men combine in the assertion that our sacraments are shams and our absolutions worthless, we reply, with St. Paul, that we know in Whom we have believed, and that we are content to trust our souls to Him, in life, in death, and to that great day when before all the world the truth will be vindicated. . . . To assert such things is to make Him who is the truth itself the accomplice of a lie. No; I say it advisedly, I would willingly die, if God give me the grace, rather than seem to impute such treachery to God, or imply by any act of mine that all I have known of my Lord's love and goodness to me was a snare and a sham."

Precisely; all honour to the man who makes such an earnest and strenuous protest. But Lord Halifax, and the members of the English Church Union, will observe that there are others besides themselves who are unwilling to "impute treachery to God," or imply by any act of theirs that what they have known of their Lord's love has been a snare and a sham. When Lord Halifax and his friends declare that the "orders" of ministers not episcopally ordained are absolutely null and void, tens of thousands of forgiven and renewed Christians in this country echo his own words, and say that they know in Whom they have believed, and are content to abide the judgment of a day that is coming, when another test of "validity" than that which commends itself to mediæval ecclesiastics will be applied to the whole subject of ministerial service and true membership in the body of Christ. In other words, the whole incident is an illustration of the way in which Christian unity is *not* to be secured; never, so long as the world lasts. The attempt to bind men by the cords of

external ecclesiastical uniformity has been made; it has egregiously failed, and history might have taught those who have not been content to learn it from the New Testament, that never by the observance of outward form and order, by the acceptance of any specific organisation, Papal or Episcopal, can anything deserving the name of Christian unity be acquired or maintained. The Anglican who is sore and indignant at the Papal rebuff, has an opportunity of learning how the application of a similar method of securing ecclesiastical unity is likely to fare at the hands of non-episcopal communities in this country, and America, and the Colonies. His own Church is considerably outnumbered by the adherents of such communities in English-speaking countries, yet he expects them meekly to receive the maxim, *ubi episcopus, ibi ecclesia*, and to acquiesce in the arrogant judgment which would deny the position of ministers to men who have received the seal of their Apostleship as St. Paul himself received it, who wrote to his converts "the seal of mine Apostleship are ye in the Lord."

The first requisite for the attainment of true Christian unity is the relinquishment of all tests of Christian membership and Christian ministry, except such as can be established from the New Testament. Romanists do not accept this canon, being proud of the "development" which has culminated in the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope. All that true Evangelicals can do in such a case is to labour and to wait till Christ is Lord in His own Church, and the standards which He and His Apostles have set up are accepted as valid and final. The Church of Rome is the greatest schismatic in the world, if that Scriptural definition of schism be accepted which means the producing of a rent in the body of Christ. Every Church which excludes from Christian communion those whom Christ and His Apostles have not excluded, is in a state of schism, did they even number nine-tenths of all the Christians on the face of the earth. No principle of ecclesiastical unity can abide which violates this primitive and fundamental canon.

The moderate Anglican would go with us as far as this.

Canon Mason, in the volume of Lectures described at the head of this article, furnishes an excellent example of a High Churchman who makes moderate demands and uses reasonable arguments. In objecting to the claims of the Church of Rome, he takes up exactly the position just described:

"We are bound to believe what Christ and His Apostles teach us. We must endeavour to be intelligent in following out their teaching to its issues. But we must be pardoned if we decline to accept as the conditions of unity a series of definitions which do not appear even in germ to be contained in the Apostolic writings, and which have no place in early Christian history. In declining such terms of communion we are but following the ancient rule. 'He did not perceive,' cries Theophilus of Alexandria, where he denounces Origen for mingling the subleties of the philosophers in his discussions, 'he does not perceive that it is a devilish spirit which instigates men to follow the sophistical arguments of human speculation, and to consider anything as Divine which is not included in the authoritative Scriptures.' Ecclesiastical unity can never be attained except upon the basis of a full and frank appeal to Holy Scripture, interpreted not only in the light of accurate scholarship, but also in the light of history" (pp. 55, 56.)

We desire nothing more, provided that the clauses in the above extract "in the germ" and "in the light of history" be not understood so as to imply that mischievous principle of "development" which Canon Mason properly objects to in the Romanist, but is apt to sanction, in a modified form, from the Anglican point of view. The language of the 6th Article of his own Church is enough for us:

"Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

Side by side with this Article let us place the summary statement of Canon Knox Little, representing as he does the attitude of modern High Anglicanism.

"All amounts to this—the Church is a Divine Society and the arrangement of its officers is a Divine arrangement. It

means that without bishops, who have received the grace of Orders by regular succession from the Apostles, you can have no priests, and that without bishops and priests you can have no certainty of true Sacraments. This, of course, is important, for Sacraments . . . are, by Divine revelation, a necessary means of union with Christ, and, in other words, a necessary means of salvation."*

Condensing the argument, it amounts to this: No bishop, no salvation. That raises in an acute form the question, Does the Church of England demand, as necessary to salvation, and therefore as an essential of ecclesiastical unity, a condition which is not "read in Holy Scripture, nor may be proved thereby?" Canon Knox Little very properly says, "Bishops are either a Divine necessity or their maintenance is a sin against the spirit of Christian brotherhood, a sin therefore against Christ." Not, of course, the maintenance of bishops as such, but the maintenance of episcopacy as belonging to the *esse*, not to the *bene esse*, of the Church, is a sin against Christian brotherhood, unless its absolute *necessity* can be proved from Scripture. And, as Canon Mason admits that ecclesiastical unity can never be attained except upon the basis of "a full and frank appeal to Holy Scripture," does such a full and frank appeal, "in the light of accurate scholarship and of history," teach that the maintenance of diocesan episcopacy is essential to salvation?

We have no intention, it may well be imagined, of arguing out this question for the thousandth time. We are only concerned with it in its relation to present-day attempts at reunion. It is well known that the fourth condition of reunion put forward by the Lambeth Pan-Anglican Synod in 1888 was the maintenance of "the historic episcopate"—an ambiguous phrase, to be understood, however, in the light of the Anglican formulæ in the preface to the ordinal. "It is evident unto all men, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church—bishops, priests, and deacons." The point at issue is not

* *Sacerdotalism:* a Reply to Canon Farrar, p. 243.

the existence of certain Church officers, nor their value and usefulness, nor even their apparent necessity at certain epochs of Church history. All students of ecclesiastical history are prepared, we imagine, to admit the immense value of episcopacy for the consolidation, the extension and sometimes the very existence of the Church; just as, with due modifications, the value of the Papacy at certain epochs is incontestable. But the necessity of a particular kind of episcopal government to the very existence of a true Church and to the salvation of its individual members, is quite another matter. That this has not always been the doctrine of the Church of England, it would be easy to show. Hooker does not assert it. Andrewes writes to Molinæus: "It does not follow that there can be no Church without bishops. He is blind that does not see Churches standing without them." The name of Dr. Arnold is not in good odour with those who pride themselves on being good Churchmen; but we imagine there are still Anglicans who would accept his words:

"Now, to insist on the necessity of episcopacy, is exactly like insisting on the necessity of circumcision (in the Galatians Church); both are and were lawful, but to insist on either as *necessary* is unchristian, and binding the Church with a yoke of carnal ordinances. . . . I never accused Keble or Newman of saying that to belong to a true Church would save a bad man; but of what is equally unchristian, that a good man was not safe unless he belonged to an Episcopal Church, which is exactly not allowing God's seal without it be countersigned by one of their own forging."*

We are dealing with the actual condition of ecclesiastical relations in this country, and it is idle to deny that Dr. Arnold's sober and scriptural view of this matter is not characteristic of modern Anglicanism, and that Canon Knox Little's is. Here and there may be found a Church dignitary like Bishop Perowne, or Canon Farrar, who has courage enough to declare that episcopacy concerns only the *bene esse*, not the *esse*, of the Church, but these are rare.

* *Life and Letters*, pp. 299, 300.

It is only some 200 years ago, as Mr. H. O. Wakeman, the most recent historian of the Church of England, has pointed out in his admirable *Introduction to English Church History*, that "two incompatible systems of religion" existed side by side in the Anglican Church, and one was bound to drive the other out. In 1662 it was settled that the one to be driven out was the Puritan or Presbyterian element; and Mr. Wakeman may be right in saying that no other course was possible. But the so-called "Catholic" element not only claims possession of the Church of England to-day, but bans as not belonging to the true Church of Christ, and virtually as not Christians at all, those Presbyterians who, at one time, formed an important constituent element of their own Church. This is precisely analogous to the action of the Pope which Anglicans are now so bitterly resenting.

That is to say, the analogy is complete, unless the necessity of diocesan episcopacy to the very existence of the Church can be proved from Scripture. Hence the importance of a right understanding of Scripture teaching on this subject. As we have said, to discuss this in detail is beyond our province. Suffice it to say, that Bishop Lightfoot's essay on the Christian Ministry of itself almost settles the question in the negative. The High Churchman relies on the identity between the diocesan bishops of to-day and the Apostles. The "bishop" of the New Testament, as every one now knows, is not to be distinguished from the presbyter. If diocesan bishops are to be found in the New Testament at all, it can only be in the persons of the Apostles, who are supposed to have delegated their powers to successors. But Bishop Lightfoot has shown that "Episcopacy was formed not out of the apostolic order by localisation, but out of the presbyterial order by elevation," as Scripture would lead us to suppose and the earliest documents of the Primitive Church sufficiently show. That Episcopacy was fully established before the end of the second century, may at once be admitted; and early in that century it was widely prevalent. That it has a primitive origin, and a long and glorious

history, no one (so far as we are concerned) is disposed to deny. But necessary to the very existence of a Christian community, to the existence of a valid ministry, and to the salvation of individual members of the Church?—That is another matter.

Perhaps we owe our readers an apology for so far labouring this point. But we are anxious to make it clear that, as the Pope has been virtually guilty of "schism" in refusing to recognise Anglican orders on grounds not drawn from Holy Scripture, so are all those Anglicans acting the part of schismatics who set up conditions of Church constitution, and therefore of ecclesiastical unity, which cannot be clearly proved to be required in Scripture, the one rule of Christian faith and practice. Canon Mason, however, holds that any other method of appointing ministers than that public and authoritative method employed by the Established Church means "the legitimisation of anarchy," and he uses the illustration of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, which, "under the presidency of Jabez Bunting, decided to commence a Wesleyan ministry." We will not stop to correct the faulty history of Methodism implied in that phrase, but allow Mr. Mason to continue his exposition. He holds that this procedure was "in principle anarchical." Not that such appointment of a ministry might not under such circumstances be excused, as in the case of the crew of the *Bounty*, or Sir T. More's Utopians. But

> "in a country where there is an authoritative Church—a Church which has not apostatized from the faith, and which imposes no terms of communion with which it is sinful to comply—there, for any group of Christians who have received no commission for the purpose to take upon them the office of ordaining is, I will not say inexcusable or necessarily wicked, but essentially anarchical" (p. 90.)

Let us examine a moment. When Wesley, in 1784, ordained Coke, Whatcoat and Vasey, that they might take charge of the shepherdless flocks in America and administer the sacraments, he unquestionably did what was "anarchical" according to the teaching of the Church in which

he was a Presbyter. It was not his first, or his only "anarchical" act. There had been anarchy of a worse kind, a spiritual "chaos, dark and rude," in the Church of England before Wesley was raised up by God, and used by the Holy Spirit, to re-awaken spiritual life amidst the darkness which was upon the face of the deep. In more than one respect he had been obliged to break through the strict laws of his Church, in order to accomplish the work he did. He was himself convinced, long before 1784, "that bishops and presbyters are of one order," and that "the plea of Divine right for diocesan Episcopacy was never heard of in the primitive Church." As a presbyter and the father of the Methodist Societies, he took it upon himself to appoint certain "superintendents" of the 15,000 Methodists in America; was he right or wrong? If he had been a bishop in the English Church, he would have been technically right, though it is certain that even then his action would not have been approved. Did this breach of Anglican order imply an act of schism? The answer depends on the definition of schism; but on New Testament principles there was no rent made in the body of Christ. This the Anglican will not admit, and how shall such a controversy be determined? Might we not say that an appeal to history is very much in place, when Episcopalians and Presbyterians are unable to agree concerning the meaning of certain texts? Gamaliel's text is not obsolete: "If this counsel, or this work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God ye will not be able to overthrow them; lest haply ye be found fighting against God." We do not desire to point to the work of Methodism in America or in this country in any spirit of boastfulness, but the century which has elapsed since the events we speak of has set the seal of history upon the work which Wesley, at the close of his life, was beginning to hand over to his successors. The Divine Hand has taken this question out of human reach and shown, by the conversion of millions at home and abroad, that the difference between Episcopal and Presbyterial ordination does not precisely correspond to the difference between that

which is of God and that which is of man, between the pale of "the true Church" and the work of "schism." When the complaint was made to George III. that General Wolfe was mad, he said in his blunt fashion, "I wish he would bite some of my other generals." If the work of Methodism be anarchic, it might not be amiss if the spirit of anarchy spread far and wide.

Canon Mason says that to his Church

"was given the gift of the Holy Spirit, and the signs of that indwelling have not disappeared. It would be faithless and disloyal to quit this Church. If unity is to be brought about, *that* is not the way to it. We must cry, like St. Austin to the Donatists, 'We cannot come out to you; do you come in to us.' Whatever counsel and humility and love unfeigned can devise to make the way of union easy and pleasant for you shall be done," &c. (p. 91.)

With all respect, Presbyterians and Methodists reply, the signs of the Holy Spirit's indwelling are with us also; it would be faithless and disloyal to quit the communion for which the Divine Spirit has done so much, and by which, as we hold, God has yet a great work to do for the world. What prospect is held out, if the absorption of all Nonconformist bodies by the Anglican Church could be effected to-morrow? We speak with all respect of the Church of England, the mother of so many learned and pious sons, so many holy and devoted daughters. But a perusal of the Report of the last Church Congress will show that, for the Free Churches of this country to give up their modes of organisation and service for that of the Church of England, would mean virtual suicide. One of the richest Churches in the world is either unable or unwilling to provide for its poorer clergy as well as many unendowed "denominations" provide for theirs. A wail goes up from year to year concerning the scandals in relation to the purchase of benefices, but the Church thus far has been powerless to help herself. The laity take the very scantiest part in her counsels or in active enterprise, and all the eloquent papers in Congress pleading for more scope for the laity seem to bring the desired consummation of a self-governing, self-determining Church

hardly any nearer. Yet it is on the ground of possessing the inestimable blessing of an order of clergy with certain exclusive rights, that the Church of England expects Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists to give up their autonomy for State bondage. And the only mode of bringing about ecclesiastical unity that so moderate and reasonable a representative as Canon Mason can propose is, "Do you come in to us." Is it likely? Would it be for the good of the Anglican Church, of the Free Churches, and —what is much more important—of the true Church of Christ in this country, for such absorption to take place?

It can never be. It ought never to be. But that does not imply that Nonconformist Churches in this country expect the Anglican Church "to come out to them." Neither does it imply that Nonconformists hold the present distracted state of Christendom to be satisfactory. We do not consider the present multiplicity of Churches with their existing strifes and jealousies to be an "ideal condition," as even so fair a man as the late Dr. Hort seemed to charge Wesleyan Methodists with maintaining. We will not undertake to decide the abstract question whether more good is accomplished by the diversity of organisations than would be achieved by a Christendom united in one huge Episcopal Church under an admirably ordered hierarchy. Something might be said on both sides; meanwhile the discussion of such an academical question is futile. Our position is that, as Stillingfleet argued long ago, no particular form of church organisation is laid down in the New Testament as necessary and universal. The germs of Episcopacy are to be found in its pages; but also the germs—probably more than the germs —of Presbyterianism and Congregationalism. It was the intention neither of the Lord nor His Apostles to stereotype for all generations, and for all countries, the *form* of Church organisation, and so repress its action, as Mohammedans are held in bondage by the dead hand of the Koran. Episcopacy is valuable enough; at one period of Church history it proved invaluable. But to attempt to realise Christian unity by insisting upon uniformity of officials is, at the same time,

so un-Christlike and so impracticable, that we adopt Canon Mason's words, "If unity is to be brought about, *that* is not the way to it."

The only mode of attaining true unity is first of all to face the facts. Anglicans complain that the Pope will not face either the true history of the past or the actualities of the present; but English Churchmen are too often equally blind. The reunion of Christendom on the basis of uniformity of Church-government is a chimera. The eighty millions of the Orthodox Church in the East stand yonder alone, scorning the heterodox and schismatic West. Some organs of the Anglican Church have intimated that after being rebuffed by the Pope, they will turn to "the more sympathetic East." What kind of reception do they suppose they will receive from M. Pobiedonostseff and the Holy Russian Church? Courtesy of course, when Bishop Creighton is deputed by the Queen to attend the coronation service of the Tsar; but when an Anglican clergyman expects to be received as a priest without re-ordination, or when free intercommunion is proposed? If they gain a favourable answer from "the sympathetic East," it will imply a new era in the history of that most intolerant and immovable of Churches. It was found impossible, twenty years ago, even to come to terms with the Old Catholics, who are few in numbers, it is true, but who have a history and a standing-ground of their own which they cannot altogether be blamed for being unwilling to give up. Mr. Gladstone is, on this matter, an unexceptionable witness, for he is an Anglican of the Anglicans, but in writing on "Heresy and Schism," in 1894, he showed that he was a practical statesman as well. He pointed out that the conditions of modern life had brought about many changes. Protestantism, he reminded his high ecclesiastical friends, is "a hard, inexpugnable, intractable, indigestible fact," and Nonconformity also. He had the courage to point out that to Nonconformists have been largely due most of the moral improvements effected in this country during this century, beginning with the emancipation of the slaves in 1833.

"I speak," he says, "as one who knows."* This does not prove that Presbyterianism, Congregationalism, and Methodism, are better than Episcopacy, or even as good; but the history of the last three hundred years proves conclusively that the thriving plant of Christianity has grown too great, too vigorous, too fertile, ever to be again wholly restricted within the limits of an organisation which for a thousand years at the same time consolidated its forces and confined its growth. No principles of ecclesiastical unity will avail for the twentieth and succeeding centuries, which do not start from this fundamental and incontrovertible fact.

It will be said that our contribution to the solution of a difficult problem has thus far been negative only. It is true; since it seems to us that the chief hindrance in the way of realising Christian unity in these latter days is the prevalence of false ecclesiastical theories. A large part of the Christian Church is on the wrong track, looking in the wrong direction. The Anglican sees this in the case of the Romanist, the Romanist in the case of the Greek Church; but all alike cling to what is known as the "Catholic" theory, in spite of the *reductio ad absurdum* which their rival claims furnish for its refutation. Take the Roman Catholic Church, with its vaunted *Semper Eadem*, at its own valuation. The life of Cardinal Manning gives the outside world a glimpse, though only a passing and partial glimpse, at the kind of "unity" which is secured after all the severe drilling to which that rigidly, and in many respects admirably, organised Church subjects its soldiers. Take the Anglican Church with its "We are not divided, all one body we," and ask what holds together at the present moment, what has held together for three centuries, the heterogenous elements of which that great and important Church is composed. It can hardly be questioned that its establishment and State connection makes it possible for men to work together whose opinions differ on some fundamental questions, and whose distrust of one another is sometimes

*Article on "Heresy and Schism" in *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1894.

painfully apparent. The composite nature of the Church of England is often represented as one of its glories, but a unity which so largely depends upon State control can hardly be described as ideal. The "Catholic" theory, moreover, is virtually disproved by the history of the last fifty years, and the development of new countries like the United States and Canada, Australia and South Africa. Give existing Christian communities a fair start, and experience shows that those which sway and hold and improve the rising populations of the future are *not* those to whom, according to this ecclesiastical theory, the grace of God alone is vouchsafed. In all progress towards abiding unity this theory is the chief obstacle which blocks the way.

When we pass to communities which are unshackled by its bondage, the way is comparatively clear. "Free" Churches, as they not unjustly call themselves, differ very considerably from one another, but there is no insuperable impediment in the way of their drawing nearer to one another. They are so approaching one another very rapidly; and, unless we are mistaken, the twentieth century will witness amongst them something like a practical realisation of the only kind of unity worth aiming at. What this is, we will try shortly to show; but at the outset we are met by a twofold objection on the part of "Catholics" against all these Evangelical bodies taken together. It is said (1) that they stand for nothing positive: their only common ground is a "protest," an agreement *not* to "conform"; and secondly that they possess no Christian continuity. "Protestantism had no existence before Luther" and therefore must be both novel and negative, two features fatal to unity. These objections are shallow enough, but they are plausible and must be met.

We confess to sharing the objection raised by the negative words "Dissenter," "Nonconformist," "Protestant." None of these represent any positive truth round which men may rally or by which men may live. "Evangelical" is the only name in existence that will serve, and it may be objected to on the ground that these Churches possess no monopoly of

the Gospel, whilst some of its associations as a party watch-word make it undesirable. Name or no name, however, it ought to be clear enough that the central truths which the Free Churches of this country (for example) hold in common are such as furnish a complete and adequate basis for Christian unity. There are many ways of showing this. We take for a moment the line adopted by Dr. P. T. Forsyth, in the able lectures which we have named side by side with those of Canon Mason, at the head of this article.

"The idea of Nonconformity, if we look away from its foreign and imperfect forms, is *the autonomy, supremacy and ethical quality of the spiritual principle*. This is the greatest of heavenly purposes, the loveliest of earthly dreams, the most undying of historic forces—it is the Kingdom of GOD. Every true Church is an agent for the promotion of that Kingdom. Every Church is false in so far as it claims to *be* that Kingdom. Hence, Nonconformity is not a Church, but a movement among Churches. It is an aspect rather than a section of the Church. And it becomes amazingly active in the very bosom of the Established Church itself at every period of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It is the Pentecostal principle in the history of religion, and it flames afresh in every age when the soul most glows in its redeemed sense of mastery over the world" (p. 72).

Justification by faith, the supremacy of Scripture, the right and duty of private judgment—these are not negatives, these were not new in the sixteenth century. Compare them with—justification by baptism; the supremacy of the Pope, or the king, or the bishop; and the right or duty of unchurching all to whom grace has not been communicated through the fictitious channel of "Apostolical succession." Surely the Evangelical has as much positive truth in which to glory as the Catholic; surely the principle of continuity is as fully represented by those who seek to hand on the treasure of spiritual truth, of Evangelical faith and of direct access of the soul to God in Christ, as by those who can point to a more outward and visible chain of connection binding them to the past.

But it is continually said:

"This very principle has been the cause of disunion. Till the sixteenth century, these miserable divisions were unknown.

Protestantism has shattered the vase, and so long as its principles obtain, its restoration is impossible."

Unity of the old kind is impossible, certainly ; but it is a part of our very argument that the attempt to secure unity by outward organisation has failed. It is, to borrow a phrase of Dean Church in another connection, "the most magnificent failure in history." The effort was splendid, the ruin which the failure has wrought is correspondingly great. Till this terrible mistake is unlearned, the mischief will continue. The false unity is being shattered, in order that a true, spiritual unity may be built upon its ruins.

"We must develop their principle," says Dr. Forsyth of the Reformers, "and reform the Reformation. Our enemies would undo it. The Reformers did not mean all the blessings the Reformation has brought us, especially its political and social blessings. It was not done with a supreme regard for the Church's outward organic unity. But that is not a New Testament ideal at all. Yet the Separatists did not act from a love of separation and a hatred of unity. They acted from union with Christ, from a resolve to obey Christ directly; to let Him rule their faith, and so their lives, at any cost—at the cost even, if the dread necessity came, of Church unity" (p. 13).

And so, again, without full consciousness of what they have been doing, the "Nonconformists" of the last three centuries have been laying the foundations of a deeper and more abiding unity. The stones have long lain beneath the ground, and now the walls of the structure are beginning to appear.

Doubtless many mistakes have been made. This was almost inevitable. A large part of the strength of Nonconformists has been spent in mutual controversy. When attempts have been made to unite, they have not always been wisely made. The failure of the Evangelical Alliance —we must call it failure, though the phrase will provoke a protest amongst its remaining members—is often alleged as an illustration of the inability of Evangelicals to agree and work together. But we are compelled to say that the personal devotedness and kindly feeling of many of the clergy of the Church of England could not disguise the fact

that ecclesiastical theories prevented hearty co-operation on the part of that Church with such a movement ; whilst the attempt to construct a kind of new doctrinal basis of agreement was not a happy one. The Federation of the Free Evangelical Churches of this country, which is now being rapidly and successfully organised, is free from some defects which have proved fatal to fraternisation in the past. In the first place, those who take part are unfettered by cramping theories of priesthood and "orders." There is nothing to prevent the free interchange of pulpits or united worship and communion. In the second place, federation, not organic union in any shape, is aimed at. The integrity of each Church is preserved. If there be aught in doctrine, or organisation, or worship, for which the Presbyterian is a witness that is not sufficiently secured in Congregationalism, there is no interference with this, and the same is true all round. In the third place, a more complete mutual acquaintance is promoted, which will surely result in the removal of many prejudices and misunderstandings, and will make it possible to discern what denominationa peculiarities are worth retaining, and what may, without loss to the Church of Christ, be decently discarded and buried. Already a network of organisation is covering the country, which, in the course of the next decade, may possibly revolutionise the condition of the Free Churches in this country, so far as their relation to one another is concerned. The great danger in the way is that of mixing political with evangelical ends and aims.

How far organic union should be attempted, is a question important in its place, but that place is secondary. Those who accept the views of unity here laid down, will not be supremely anxious to secure the fusion of existing organisations. If the work of Christ can be better done by organic reunion, if questions of doctrine, of Church government, of methods of action and the like, can be settled without causing fresh division, and if public opinion is ripe, by all means let the communities in question join forces. But this will not make them one, unless they were virtually one before.

Spiritual unity is a plant which must grow from roots, it will not appear under the sleight of hand of any conjuror who has learned "the mango trick." All history teaches that if the motto *Festina lente* has place anywhere, it is under conditions such as these. To remove jealousies, strifes, desire for precedence, prejudices, ignorance leading to misrepresentation, narrowness and bigotry of all kinds, is at the same time a nobler and a less showy task than to preside at a conference for immediate organic union of Churches, and evoke applause by the enunciation of sounding platitudes. But no Christian who has the spirit of his Master can be cold or careless about efforts which really bring Christians nearer to one another. The more clearly the idea of inward, spiritual unity as the only worthy ideal for the Christian Church is grasped, the more strenuous and earnest will be the effort by all available means to promote it. The man who is languid in such enterprises has never really understood what spiritual unity means.

We may conclude by saying that, amidst all existing diversities, a deep and abiding unity *does* exist, which no sectarian controversies can prevent or disturb. Man did not make it, man can hardly mar it. It is a "Unity of the Spirit," which Christians are bidden not to create or achieve, but to "guard, in the bond of peace." It is still, as it was in the days of the early Ephesian Church, a unity wrought by one Divine Spirit, a unity of common trust, of common devotion to the same Lord, of a common calling brightened and crowned by a common hope. There is still, as there was then, "one baptism," "one body," whilst now, as then, there are "diversities of administration and diversities of operation"; one God, one Lord, one Spirit working in and through them all. This unity it is possible for every Christian to keep, despite the bulls of Popes or the contentions of rival ecclesiastical systems. The light of eternity will make many of the artificial distinctions which disfigure Christendom appear very small; and it is happily possible even here and now to live very largely in the light of eternity. All who aid in lifting this subject into the upper air of the

spiritual and eternal are helping to guard the Christian unity which already exists, and promote the attainment of that "unity of the faith and the full knowledge of the Son of God" which is yet to come. We are glad to be able to use, as indicative of the right spirit in which to meet the many disappointments which lovers of unity continually have to face, the language of two prelates of the Church of England in reference to the Pope's Bull. Other communities of Christians may adopt them almost without variation. The Bishop of Manchester said, in his Diocesan Council, in October last:

"When the alternative is put before us, either admit what you believe to be false, or renounce the hope of reunion; either submit to a palpable usurpation, or forego the solace of paternal love; only one decision is possible. We cannot surrender our Christ-given freedom; we cannot consciously assert what appears to us to be a falsehood for any conceivable advantage. What then remains for us is to think as charitably as we can of those who exclude us from their communion, and to carry out in this nation and elsewhere, with the full assurance of our right to do so, that mission of Divine mercy which, as a branch of the Catholic Church, our Divine Master has committed to us."

The Bishop of Ripon said, on a similar occasion:

"We are sure that the ultimate basis of the union of Christendom will not be submission to any one ecclesiastic, or the acceptance of any mediæval or modern additions to the creed, or agreement in any metaphysical definitions, but it will be in the fuller realisation of the living God as the Father of all men, in the deeper conceptions of the significance of the redeeming work of Christ our Lord, and in the free recognition of the working in the Church and in the world of that Divine Spirit who is the Lord and Giver of Life."

Towards such a consummation all those who love Christ may rejoice to labour, even if for its full realisation they must be content long and patiently to wait.

ART. II.—SHERIDAN.

Sheridan; a Biography. By W. FRASER RAE. With an Introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson, THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. With Portraits. Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

AMONG the many greatly gifted men whose names and actions are inseparably associated with that sombre period of English history which covers the close of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century, there is not one whose career and personality are invested with more fascination than those of the brilliant, wayward, unhappy adventurer of genius, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The spectacle presented has not only the obvious attraction proper to wild romance, daring achievement, tragic failure; it draws us by the more subtle charm of a half-told tale, recounting the strange fortunes of a hero in whose problematic character good and evil were incomprehensibly blended. The great outlines of Sheridan's story were plainly marked, but many of its details, necessary to a right understanding of the man, were involved in an uncertainty which his earlier biographers could not dissipate; and, whether from ignorance, indifference, or ill-will, their exertions rather tended to deepen the gloom that obscured the fate of the ill-starred man of genius. The first Life compiled by Dr. Watkins, is described, not unfairly, as "a piece of book-making of the worst type;" the lengthy narrative of Moore, to whom the Sheridan family entrusted such papers as were then available, is confessedly an ill-executed perfunctory performance, full of inaccuracies; and this inadequate biography was followed up by the "scandalous" sketch, libellous and spiteful, put forth by Professor Smyth, who had been tutor to Sheridan's son, and who in this ungracious fashion, "vented the ill-humour engendered by a position distasteful to his vanity."

Such, during more than half a century, were the best sources of information accessible to writers who wished to deal with the story of Sheridan, and from such sources were to be gathered the best defences of his memory against the attacks to which his special gifts and anomalous position, no less than his great and obvious errors, laid him open.

Sheridan could not be counted happy in his contemporary biographers, but in one particular he was fortunate beyond many of his compeers. His genius, his brilliancy, his personal charm, did not exhaust themselves with him, but were transmitted to descendants illustrious not only for exceptional natural endowments, but for the noble uses to which they have put those gifts. Of such descendants, none surely would have stirred more honest pride in the heart of poor Sheridan, could he have watched over him from afar, than the "great-grandson" so proud of that title —so affectionately jealous over the fair fame of his ancestor—the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, to whom the present biography owes its inception, and whose discernment singled out Mr. Fraser Rae as a historian so "studiously impartial and conscientiously accurate," so thoroughly familiar with the later years of George III., that he might succeed, if anyone could, in calling up from the shadowy world of the past a shape, however dim and faded from the brilliant original, that should be no unfaithful image of Sheridan as he was among living men; and this, though a competent authority had sorrowfully said, "the real Sheridan has disappeared for ever."

The work has been no less difficult than that of reviving in its pristine freshness some ill-used Vandyke, which has suffered many things at the hands of so-called restorers, and has been heavily coated with glaring pigments by would-be improvers. But the result is probably the best portrait now attainable of the dazzling, perplexing, ill-advised Sheridan. The story is robbed of none of its melancholy interest; its impressive teaching is rather arrayed in new authority, because the natural nobleness and attractiveness of the splendid spendthrift who wrecked himself for want

of a true guiding star, are now as fully and fairly revealed to us as is possible. Much new material has been brought into use; letters hitherto unknown have been supplied from the archives of great Whig houses; the simple natural narratives of Sheridan's own kinsfolk, eye-witnesses of his life and death, have been substituted for the highly-coloured disfigured versions of phrase-makers; and clear light has been shed on many obscure passages of the history.

But when all has been done, much remains that is "full of pity." Look but on the earliest and the latest portraits reproduced in these volumes; see what a light and radiance of hope and joy shine about the young Sheridan whom Reynolds drew, with that fair broad brow, that soft bright eye, those rich yet fine traits not more eloquent of wit, gaiety and genius, than of a kindly, affectionate, trustful disposition. It is the ideal presentation of him who was the chivalrous romantic champion and bridegroom of the fair seraphic Elizabeth Linley, that "St. Caecilia" of his young adoration and guardian angel of his home. Then turn from this beaming image to Clint's engraving of the great author and statesman in his declining days. This, the latest portrait extant, gives us the noble forehead, the large brilliant eyes, the aquiline outlines, recognisable still; but something more than simple sadness has depressed the heavy eyelids and drawn down the sorrowfully compressed lips, and made the cheeks hang in melancholy curves. Defeat and disillusion and heart-anguish have set their seal on the features, once so beautiful in young glowing manhood, and still wearing a forlorn and faded majesty all their own. One who should be shown these two portraits, and who should know nothing of the man they represented, might well ask, what has wrought this cruel change? A sufficient answer is given in these volumes, which tell the story of Sheridan as it should be told, with honest seriousness and fairness, and enable us to read the riddle of the life's failures.

The few pages that deal with Sheridan's ancestry remind us that some of his most endearing and most fatal qualities were his by inheritance. His paternal grandfather, the

Rev. Dr. Thomas Sheridan, remembered as one of the kindliest of Swift's Irish friends, was distinguished not less for wit, thriftlessness, and a native turn for marring his fortune by blunders, than for the sweet and generous guilelessness which made him an easy victim of the shrewd and selfish. There was little in common between this amiable divine and his son Thomas, Richard Brinsley's father, except scholarship and ability, and an incapacity for making the best of these gifts; but serious, saturnine, diligent as he was, the younger Thomas, by devoting himself to the theatrical profession, did his part in determining unfavourably the destiny of his famous son, whose long connection with the English stage brought him fame indeed, and something like fortune, but was apparently injurious to him in the exact measure that it was successful. Happier was Sheridan's heritage from his charming mother, *née* Frances Chamberlaine, who endowed her children with that strain of English blood that seems necessary to develop the latent splendours of the Irish intellect, and whose fine literary faculty was transfigured into genius in her younger son Richard. But her death, in 1766, deprived him of his kindest and wisest friend when he was but fifteen, and proved an irreparable loss; for Thomas Sheridan, an austere and by no means impartial father, lacked his wife's sympathetic insight into the character of her children, and was habitually unjust to the boy whom he did not understand, and whose best home happiness came from the fond affection of his sister. Yet Sheridan cherished the memory of his boyhood's home, and was more dutiful as a son, and more tenderly faithful as a brother, than some of his biographers have suspected. And if the father, whose last moments were soothed by his tender care, had often "thwarted and vilified him," misled by angry suspicion, the sisters, who found in him a kind and constant friend in need, regarded him with a proud enthusiastic affection, in which they were rivalled by the wife and sons who suffered most from the errors of their beloved prodigal.

Some pity and indignation are awakened when we see

such a perilously gifted being allowed to float idly on the stream of life without pilotage, at the most critical period of his existence. In his eighteenth year he was removed from Harrow, where his instructors had learned to think very highly of his powers, and where he had conquered general popularity, though scorned at first as the son of a "player," and had gained much scholarship despite his freakish mischief and idleness—the worst of offences then chargeable against him. But his father neither let him join his happier schoolmates at college, nor took any other steps to provide him with a serious occupation. Some pains were taken to perfect him and his brother in the usual accomplishments of gentlemen, and in the classics and the mathematics; otherwise they were allowed to mingle freely in the gay society of London and of Bath, then a more sparkling and frivolous sort of London. It would seem as if Thomas Sheridan had at this time no higher views for his sons than to make them professors of that art of elocution which he himself prized extravagantly.

The young Richard knew himself fit for higher things; and his correspondence with his school friend, Halhed, whose aspirations were like his own, ran much on plans of authorship. Halhed's letters are still extant, and supply sufficient proof of the eager industry with which Sheridan worked at his chosen vocation, and of his confident hopes of winning success in it. He produced much "clever and readable" prose and verse; some of his work got into print; and his lively talents won him a pleasant distinction in the little world of Bath. But the easy popularity thus gained in a frivolous if not corrupt society was itself a danger to the gay, gracious, unemployed youth; and it is something to his credit that he fell into no worse mischief than the series of fantastic adventures—almost too improbable for a novel—that terminated in the marriage of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, aged twenty-two, to the still more youthful Elizabeth Linley, the admirable singer and rarely beautiful girl, whose position as a public performer had already brought her much wretchedness, and who was well content when her proud

young husband decreed that she should withdraw for ever from the scene of her painful triumphs; for, conscious of his own powers, he refused to derive any profit from *her* gifts, whom he designed to place among the highest in the land.

The full and careful account now given of the much-debated story of this pair does not reveal Sheridan as either prudent or blameless. We see the boyish champion of loveliness in distress rushing impetuously into a doubtful adventure; involving himself and the fair creature he loved and honoured in a false position, with long results of discomfort and deception; and imperilling her happiness and his own life in one duel after another with the villainous elderly *roué* whose unmanly persecutions had impelled Miss Linley into her hasty flight, under Sheridan's escort, to the shelter of a French convent—a step which, like the secret marriage ceremony into which the boy persuaded the girl, could only have commended itself to very young and very romantic persons. But the impulsive, imprudent hero did love truly and purely; and in the foolish and almost fatal business of the duels he was only complying with the false code of honour accepted by the world into which he had been too early thrown. It is easier to forgive his young errors than the unkindness of the negligent father, who had left his children to their own devices for many dangerous months, and who could be won to condone the elopement and duelling, but visited with implacable displeasure the honourable marriage from which his son derived the best and purest happiness he was ever to know. It can only be urged on Thomas Sheridan's behalf that he was shut out from his children's confidence, and knew not what strong motives of loyalty and love there were for the union he disliked and reprobated.

The romance, with which we have dealt so briefly, occupies a large portion of Mr. Fraser Rae's first volume, though all its agitating events, from the flight to France till the final open avowed marriage, were comprised within one year of Sheridan's life. But its importance as a deter-

mining factor in his career justifies the prominence given to it. His early marriage on insufficient means made it imperative that he should conquer immediate fortune; and he bent his energies eagerly to the task. He had been no idler before marriage; his correspondence, now first published, with his high-born, warm-hearted friend, Thomas Grenville, witnesses not only to the visionary loftiness of his views and plans, and to his proud abhorrence of what was base in life or literature, but to his capacity for sustained industry; he was working hard at his chosen study of the Law, and sedulously seeking to win his father's consent to let his name be entered at the Temple. The point was conceded not long before Sheridan's marriage.

But that event called for very different exertions. He was not sparing of them; and while he and his charming wife, established in London by the help of her father, were winning their way by force of fascination, into the high society that was compelled, by the young husband's proud self-respect, to receive them on terms of equality, his eager mind "seethed with literary projects," on which he spent many an hour of unproductive labour, before, in 1775, he scored his first success with the sparkling comedy of *The Rivals*—airy, gay, and fanciful production, much more wholesome in tone than the dramas previously in vogue, and owing its abiding charm to the fresh, almost boyish good-humour seen in rare combination with its constant sheet-lightning play of wit. Whatever dreams the author had cherished of instructing and improving society as a serious moralist and critic—and he had such dreams—were now dissipated; the unprecedented success of *The Rivals* determined his course; he was to be playwright, adapter, manager to the end, though the few original works on which his fame must rest were all produced within six years—joyous, hopeful years, in which he looked with unbounded confidence to a long, prosperous future, while the happiness of his married home was as yet untarnished by the criminal follies that afterwards dimmed it. All his plays are suffused by the sunshiny gaiety of that period; the highly-finished

School for Scandal, which its author retouched and repolished with fastidious care, till the moral it was intended to convey almost disappeared in the dazzle of witty dialogue, not less so than those dainty trifles, *St. Patrick's Day* and *The Duenna*, or *The Critic*, with its happy mockery and mischievous satire. Whatever was the style he attempted he achieved success in it; and his better work is confessedly admirable of its kind. His walk in literature was assuredly not the highest; but he is still unsurpassed in it.

The *School for Scandal* was not yet given to the world, when Sheridan and his father-in-law, conjointly with a third partner, acquired Garrick's share in Drury Lane Theatre, on the great actor's retirement; two years later, in 1778, the purchase of another share made Sheridan owner of half the theatre, then valued at £90,000. Much wonder has been wasted over such large transactions on the part of a young man whose available capital, save his ready wit, was very slender indeed. Mr. Fraser Rae offers the explanation that shares in Drury Lane, being shares in a monopoly, were deemed excellent banking security, on which money would be readily advanced, and that, in making his second purchase, Sheridan did but assume a mortgage already existing, and pledge the income of the theatre, which he confidently hoped to double, for the payment of certain annuities. He only advanced the sum of £1,300, probably part of his wife's small fortune, and that sum was repaid to him.

This "easy method of financing" suited Sheridan only too well. The fatal flaw in his character had shown itself at once, when his first comedy brought him a larger sum than his father had ever handled, and enabled him to give play to the natural sumptuousness of his tastes. He was generous and heedless to excess, his temper was incurably sanguine; he had not been taught business habits, and, never caring to acquire them, was at the mercy of any one who wished to cheat him. Such was the little shadow that dimmed the blaze of his prosperity, when he was "a monarch at the theatre, and shone in society as a star of the first magnitude"; when the fairest and the wittiest of London were

courting his notice, and he could meet no man who was not glad to know him; when his own home, where, with his enchanting wife, he dispensed lavish hospitalities, never counting the cost, was for him the brightest spot on earth, for there he was held in loving honour, and there was enshrined the son whom he loved for beautiful qualities derived from his beloved mother. But the shadow, so faint at first, was to spread and darken, till the whole fair scene lay drowned in dark eclipse.

The defects we have indicated would be easily condoned by those who saw in them only evidence of a frank, confiding disposition; but something essentially wrong in Sheridan's theory of life and standard of conduct is implied in their unchecked development, as in his light-hearted assumption of a post to which he was unequal. We may not blame this manager's son for being blind to the perils of the stage; but neither his soaring ambition nor his passion for profusion ought to have tempted him to undertake responsibilities which brought him indeed a commanding social position and an immediate ample income, but required a fine business faculty wholly lacking to the sovereignly careless genius who, duped by his easy early success, soon became a proverb of procrastinating indolent irregularity; who "never kept a key or took a receipt," and actually, as appeared after his death, had long been paying thirty shillings for every twenty that he owed. At first his mischievous deficiencies were compensated by the efforts of his wife, who, as methodical as he was irregular, kept the accounts, not only of the household but of the theatre, with delicate accuracy, while life and health remained to her. But this much-tried, tender friend, was taken from him in 1792; and from that date Sheridan's self-created embarrassments multiplied fearfully. It needed not the ruinous expenses incurred by the rebuilding of his theatre in 1791-4, and its destruction by fire in 1809, to insure that his rash improvidence and indolence should drag him down, and his dissipated habits complete his overthrow. Yet he had in youth a native fund of energy that might have helped him to

master his failings, had he then understood this to be his imperative duty. But the way in which young Sheridan paints faults allied to his own, in the character of "Charles Surface," implies a certain complacency in foibles so generous, and a total absence of the spiritual perceptions which could show these errors in their true light. His youthful letters prove that he had his share of religious sentiment, and could emulate Addison in reverent admiration for "the works of an Almighty hand"; but the devotional sentiment sufficed him, it never so grew and heightened as to become a lofty guiding principle. He understood the obligation of honour in a finer sense than did many of his world; the grander and sterner obligations of religious duty and accountability towards the Giver of his life and powers had not been made clear to him, and his recognition of them was mournfully imperfect. The career on which he had embarked was little likely to quicken his spiritual sensibilities; the air he breathed on the dangerous heights to which his growing ambition soon led him was equally unfriendly. It is melancholy indeed to see how the fresh morning radiance of his spirit was smirched with clouds of shame, as, moving in the midst of the heartless, godless society that courted and criticised and duped him, he sank below his own youthful ideals of what was pure and high and excellent, and stained his soul with vices that he had once held in contempt. He did not, however, touch the lowest level reached by too many of his associates.

Convivial excess, the common disgrace of the time, is sadly chargeable against him; and the rollicking drinking-songs interspersed in his plays show that he had at first as little sense of shame or danger in the habit as his contemporaries. His present biographer, who would gladly find him guiltless of excessive indulgence in earlier manhood, admits that in the dark and evil days that came later, he lapsed deeply into ruinous intemperance, though his sister's evidence goes to show that he had mastered the propensity in some measure ere the end came. Probably only abstinence could have safeguarded him, whose fine quick

brain and sensitive nerves responded with dangerous promptness to the vinous stimulus ; and of abstinence he dreamt as little as the hardest-headed drinker of the day. It may be fair to mention Mr. Fraser Rae's contention, that the common opinion of Sheridan's early sottishness was too much confirmed by the unnatural redness of his features, really produced by a skin affection, from which it is ascertained that he suffered. Be that as it may, the vice imputed remains the most grievous and destructive into which he fell. In his better mood he strongly reprobated the common sin of gambling; in his reckless moments he was wildly guilty of it himself ; but with him it was not, as with Fox, the ruling passion. And though there is sad proof that he did not walk spotless, as did his own household angel, amid the insidious snares spread for them both, his wayward heart knew its true home, and returned to it penitent. His record as a husband, stained as it is, looks almost irreproachable beside that of his faithless fatal patron, whom he served too loyally, George, Prince of Wales.

Very mournful is the story, when set in the fairest light that is now attainable.

When Sheridan, a young man of twenty-nine, dared to entertain loftier hopes than could be satisfied with social or dramatic successes, and resolved that his early achievement of fame and fortune should help him to gain a place in Parliament, and to aid in shaping the destinies of his country, he might be rashly adventurous, but it was no unworthy ambition that moved him. He had already formed political friendships and embraced strong political convictions, which impelled him to join the great Whig party then in opposition, and fight on that side with all the weapons in his armoury. There can be little doubt that he hoped thus to find a grander field for the exercise of the powers of which he was conscious, and to serve the truest interests of his country ; and the record of his Parliamentary career of thirty years is in fair agreement with such aspirations. It was exceptionally brilliant, as all know, and

memorable for one unequalled triumph of oratory; but it was something more. When at its outset, he chose rather to seek election from the "free and independent," though venal burgesses of Stafford, and himself to meet the inevitable expenses, than to sit for a pocket borough as the nominee of some titled or wealthy patron, he, who depended for daily bread on the theatre, was animated by a proud spirit of independence that sustained him to the end of his public, if not of his private, career.

"If his conscience had been elastic and his services purchasable, he would easily have obtained an ample income out of the public purse after making his mark in the House of Commons; but he earned the right to boast in his old age that he had preserved his political honour untarnished;"

no trifling boast for one circumstanced as he was, and tempted alike by his love of profusion and by his need of money.

Whether in opposition or in office, he surprised admiration by unflagging attendance, by thoroughly practical methods, and often by extraordinary industry. This last quality was conspicuously shown in connection with the memorable Hastings' trial. It is now known that in that matter he, and his illustrious associates Fox and Burke, had been led by "inaccurate reports and malicious misrepresentations," to range themselves on the wrong side, and that Sheridan's magnificent speech, which decided the House on the impeachment, may be deemed his most disastrous triumph. But he had not erred through his natural careless indolence. A less famous later speech, reproduced in detail as the great oration never has been, and now cannot be, shows the most minute and careful study of the evidence at his disposal. The evidence was imperfect and misleading; but he may be forgiven for the conclusions that with much pains and skill he drew from it.

If he cannot be ranked with great statesmen, yet statesmanlike insight may be claimed for him, who "advocated and voted for every measure of reform in the political and social condition of the people;" who "opposed the fatal policy

pursued towards the American Colonies"; who "was more ardent than Pitt himself in reforming the representation of the people in Parliament"; who "welcomed the triumph of the French people when they had burst the bonds of tyranny, and was their heartiest opponent when they entered upon a crusade for the enslavement of the world"; who, a steadfast but not bigoted friend to his native land, urged the claims of Ireland to humane and righteous treatment; who eloquently defended the freedom of the Press and the personal rights of journalists; and who lent his warm outspoken support to the measures for abolishing both the Slave Trade and Slavery itself. This is a noble record. But its testimony in his favour is impaired when we remember that, he who shone in public as a patriot and philanthropist, was living in a whirl of destructive dissipation, and that the practical ability and happy industry which he brought to affairs of State were grievously absent when he should have dealt with the affairs of private life. Unequal to his twofold responsibilities, he neglected one set of duties shamefully, while he threw himself into others more congenial. It was every way worse with him when he, the able and zealous servant of his country, was led by misplaced loyal affection to become the too devoted servitor of the Heir-Apparent. There results from the story as now given only a deepened impression of the insincerity and ingratitude of that bad son and faithless friend, exacting in his incessant demands on the time and devotion of the confidential adviser whose own interests were injured and neglected as he toiled for his patron. In the society of the royal profligate, whose caressing manners had so beguiled him to his loss, Sheridan could not but deteriorate. Other influences helped the process.

There was madness for him in the extreme misery he felt when bereaved successively of his first wife and the infant daughter she had left him. Much that was beautiful and touching marked Mrs. Sheridan's last illness. The true loveliness of her character shone out clearly when, freed from the entanglements of the heartless world where she

had moved with a secretly alien spirit, she looked with bright patience and humble Christian hope to the great approaching change. But her sacred memory had little restraining power on the husband, who mourned her with remorseful love, and who had placed his best hopes of comfort on her children. The loss of the baby girl was more than he could bear, who had never learned to look for strength where his dead wife had found it in her need.

"The misery of his lot unhinged him for a time. He entered into reckless contracts concerning Drury Lane Theatre; he made as reckless bets at Brooks's Club; he took houses which he could not occupy, and kept horses which never left the stable."

And this spirit of desperation presided over too much of his after-life, despite the flitting gleams of happiness and of glory that brightened it. "His life was blighted, and his career was downward," from this point. The second marriage into which he entered brought him one great good in "the birth of another son who, like the first, repaid with affection the tenderness lavished upon him"; but the records of this marriage, while they show strong mutual affection, prove also that it brought no redeeming element of its own into Sheridan's ravaged existence. Inferior to her predecessor in the quality of the attachment she felt and inspired, the second Mrs. Sheridan, "careless and self-indulgent," added greatly to her husband's difficulties by her extravagance, which still cried "Give! give!" when "the claims on his purse were legion, and the purse itself nearly empty"; and the "impassioned devotion" with which he regarded her made him too anxious to gratify her, even at the cost of the honest pride which had long debarred him from asking money help of a friend. The same letters which show him unwillingly stooping to the shifts he could scorn no longer, unfold a yet more piteous scene. Torn by just anxiety for the health of wife and sons, the unhappy writer is seen suffering also from personal ailments unguessed by the world; the swollen veins of his legs causing him great and incessant pain—which the best surgeon could

not relieve—for many years; and the hag Insomnia, attended by her brood of "horrid thoughts," sitting nightly by his pillow. With morbid anxiety he hid his malady, and showed a brave front in Society and in Parliament, while his heart was gnawed by fruitless brooding grief over the errors that had ruined him.

"How unceasingly do I meditate on death, and how continually do I act as if the thought of it had never crossed my mind. . . . I never have done a dishonest or a base act. . . . But sins of omission—ah! me—senseless credulity, destructive procrastination, unworthy indolence, all abetted by one vile habit, somewhat perhaps to be palliated by an original infirmity of constitution . . . but never to be excused."

It is not admitted here that the "vile habit" of excess in the use of stimulants must have greatly aggravated the evils of "occasional unaccountable dejection, and constant inability to sleep" which it was invoked to alleviate; but its victim could hardly have escaped that tormenting knowledge.

So, open-eyed to the now irremediable causes of the calamities that crowded on him, Sheridan went on his downward darkening way.

Watching that conscious sad decline, that vain struggle with the ensnaring cords, woven of reckless folly and sinful excess, which drag him to his fall, we are reminded of the fate of another self-slain man of genius, a contemporary of Sheridan's youth, whose brief life had run its little course of "glory and of joy, despondency and madness," some twenty years before the time when the illusive prosperity of the great orator and dramatist was seen to vanish like a dream. "Prudent, cautious self-control is Wisdom's root," wrote Robert Burns, who could see, as clearly as Sheridan, how reckless self-indulgence in vices that he knew forbidden had wrought to destroy him, and who could sometimes denounce with a prophet's fervour the heart-withering power of a favourite sin, which yet continued to enthral him. The inspired Ayrshire ploughman,—whose bold song, fiery-true, touchingly tender, gay with bright humour, all by turns, shed a glory on his lowly calling, and who grew to manhood

in a pure, pious, humble home,—might seem to be no fit subject for comparison with one so high-placed by Nature and Fortune, so little advantaged by wise kind training, as Sheridan. Yet there are points of strong resemblance in the proud consciousness of merit, and independence of spirit, that characterised both; in the brilliant gaiety and cloudy despondency, the rare social charm, the personal fascination, the sparkling talk, the headlong impulsiveness of each. Burns, too, cherished the religious sentiment, and not in youth alone; but the devotional feeling that could raise him into a kind of rapture, even amid many self-inflicted miseries, did not avail to save him from the gross sensual sins that worked to ruin him, and did not restrain him from glorifying them in song. Herein he erred far more grievously than Sheridan, whose path was in dangerous high places. But, far apart as the two men were in station, each suffered spiritual loss in the corrupt society to which the abilities of each were his passport; the same fatal defect in character and opinion shadowed the closing hours of each with heavy gloom. Neither of them had cared to understand, until it was too late, the ruin that lurked in the preference of Pleasure to Duty.

Ineffably sad remains the story of Robert Burns to-day, for all the flood of homage to his memory poured forth in this the hundredth year since his death; but it cannot outgo in mournfulness the picture, to which we now return, of the last years of Sheridan. It is tragic pity that is inspired when we see the veteran statesman rejected by his "old independent" constituency of Stafford, for which he tried in the general election of 1812. He failed; for in the terrible entanglement of his affairs he could not find money to satisfy the demands of the burgesses, who seem also to have felt some resentment that he should, in 1806, have deserted them for Westminster, vacant by the death of Fox—a seat which his party did not permit him to hold long; it was wanted for a young scion of nobility. Such were the circumstances that brought about a sad humiliating close to Sheridan's splendid Parliamentary life of thirty-one years.

The disappointment was every way cruel. He had not only to forego his illusive hopes of "standing between Prince and people, having the confidence of both"—*that* had ever been a baseless dream—he must forego the work into which he had really put his heart, and for which he could forget his private woes; and there was added the sting that he was now liable to arrest for debt.

Alone in London, his wife now preferring the country, he nursed his grief in solitude, or flashed wildly into the giddy world he had loved too well, while struggling to free himself from liabilities—"his creditors demanding cash, while he was paid in shares"; then fatal disease declared itself, and the pressure on the dying man redoubled. There was risk of his being carried from his very death-bed to a debtor's prison; but the sheriff's officer who had succeeded in serving the writ on him was won by Dr. Bain, Sheridan's good physician, to choose the more humane alternative of holding possession of the house, and so barring it to other birds of prey.

A letter, now first published, from young Charles Sheridan, who with his mother, herself mortally stricken, watched by the father's dying bed, sheds a new kindly light on the sad scene. It emphatically contradicts the stories of deep privation and need, long believed on the worthless authority of George IV.; it shows the sufferer surrounded by "every attention and comfort"; it lingers fondly and pathetically on the painless parting of the spirit; on the hands clasped in speechless supplication, while the Bishop of London prays; on the "subdued and softened brightness" that shone from the wonderful eyes to the last. These details, traced by one well-loved son in hopes to soothe the grief of another, have their value; and it is well to know, what poor Sheridan could not, that abler hands than his at last brought order out of the wild chaos of his affairs, and enabled his family, without sacrificing the provision made for them, themselves to meet the just claims upon his property. Better had such knowledge been to him than any prevision of the pompous pageant of his funeral, attended by the

princes and nobles of the land to Westminster, than any flattering attentions from the false friends who shunned him in his low and last estate.

But, long as it is since the homage and neglect of his fellow-men became as nothing to him, whose erring spirit had passed into the presence of the One just Judge, we can still only guess darkly at the vital secrets of his soul; and when every fair plea has been urged in palliation of his life's misdoings, the splendid career that closed in such disastrous night must still point its own mournful moral. If this imperially gifted being, rich in every power of mind and every charm of nature, had to pay so heavy a penalty for his neglect of the humbler duties of life, and for his fatally imperfect sense of responsibility as steward of God's riches, much less may those hope to escape a like penalty for like offences who have not the excuse of his dangerous endowments, his ruinous success, his position of strong temptation.

ART. III.—MR. GLADSTONE'S "BUTLER."

1. *The Works of Joseph Butler, D.C.L., sometime Lord Bishop of Durham.* Divided into Sections, with Sectional Headings, an Index to each Volume and some Occasional Notes, also Prefatory Matter. Edited by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. In Two Volumes. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde.
2. *Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler.* By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde.

DR. DÖLLINGER, it is said, pronounced Mr. Gladstone the best theologian in England. Doubtless there was some faint touch of hyperbole in the statement; but, nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone never writes with greater zest,

greater earnestness, or greater care, than when he is dealing with subjects connected with theology, or with the metaphysics that he believes to underlie it. Strength of argument and subtilty of thought are then always allied with ease of movement and felicity of style. He forgets the orator in the reasoner and thinker, and drops his somewhat unintelligible diffuseness for terseness, compactness, and lucidity of statement. In the *Subsidiary Studies* there are paragraphs, and at least one entire essay—that on "Probability as the Guide of Life"—equal in literary workmanship to the finest of the *Homeric Studies*, that on "Colour," perhaps, for choice. And there are an earnestness, a depth of conviction, even a sort of "revivalistic" intensity, which convert affirmations and opinions into something not far short of the intenser preachings of John Wesley or Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He holds different views as to the inspiration of Holy Scripture from those of those great evangelists, but he is not excelled by them in his emphatic conviction of the reality and importance of the great verities of the faith, and especially of the terrible danger of unrepented sin. It has been often declared that Mr. Gladstone would have made a most efficient archbishop; that position might not have given full scope to his powers; he would certainly have made an ideal missioner in Methodism, or in the Established Church of England. We write this in all sincerity; both intellectually and morally, Mr. Gladstone has the making of a great preacher. And, after all, what higher calling can any man, however gifted, aspire to?

The magnificent edition of *Butler's Works* strikes one at first by its superb printing and general "get up." Then our attention is attracted by the divisions and the headings to them. Intrinsically both the sections and their titles leave little to be desired, and are of considerable help to the grasping of the argument, but, printed and placed as they are, they are a trifle provoking to the reader, and give Butler's style a fragmentary character, which is the very last distortion to which it should be subjected. In his "Notes," the editor makes liberal and appreciative use of the labours

of his predecessors, but is himself inclined to an almost excessive reticence. On the *Analogy* his notes do not bulk larger than those of Fitzgerald, and on the Sermons, than those of Carmichael ; but, as is inevitable, they are in closer relation with modern thought. On the other hand, one of their greatest charms comes from exceedingly apt quotations and parallelisms from Greek and Latin authors, especially Aristotle.

The Index, on which an enormous amount of care and toil has been bestowed, is no mere repetition of the sectional titles, but is arranged with such skill and thought as to be not only perfect for purposes of reference, but also to form a complete summary of Butler's general line of thought.

Besides the *Analogy* and the celebrated *Rolls Sermons*, the two volumes give us several sermons preached on special occasions; an Episcopal Charge; extracts from published and unpublished letters; a few written prayers; a sermon on the New Birth, supposed, on good grounds, to be Butler's; the account—from the latter's journals—of the Bishop's interview with Wesley; and Whitfield's remonstrating letter as to preaching in his diocese.

The sermon preached before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts has much of the true missionary ring about it, especially in its enforcement of the duty of spreading the Gospel. The plea on behalf of the instruction of slaves sounds strange nowadays :

> "If the necessity requires that they may be treated with the very utmost rigour, that humanity will at all permit, as they certainly are; and for our advantage, made as miserable as they well can be in the present world; this surely heightens the obligation to put them into as advantageous a situation as we are able, with regard to another."

The Bishop urges that "navigation and commerce should be consecrated to the service of religion," and that "serious men of all denominations" should join in "the design before us." To the second of these two exhortations Mr. Gladstone appends a curious note to the effect that this

could mean no more than the opinion that all Christians should "aid the work of the Church," and not that "members of each denomination should at all times assist all the work of every other." The caution seems a little out of place, and whatever Butler may have meant, his reasoning amounts to this: that every Christian ought to desire the teaching of the essentials of Christianity, and ought not to withold assistance because of disagreement on minor matters.

The second sermon is, perhaps, the finest of the six. Bold in its denunciation of luxury, and in its declaration of the obligations of the rich towards the poor, it places charity upon the worthiest foundation, and urges as its motive, "for God's sake." With surprising keenness of political vision, Butler intimates his belief in the approaching transference of power from the aristocracy and the wealthy to the middle class and to the people, and he pleads for a religious and free education for the children of the poor. Except for one indignant outburst against the pretensions of Rome, all these sermons maintain his stately style, his cool, precise logic, and his rigorous moderation and self-restraint.

In his "Notes" on the *Works*, Mr. Gladstone relies strongly on the sermon on John iii. 3, to counteract the allegation of "failure to treat subjects of religion in a manner duly evangelical"; but in the *Studies* he does not mention it, resting his case entirely upon Butler's general doctrine as set forth in the *Analogy*. From that point of view, a tolerably good defence may be made. The charge, however, is not that Butler was insufficiently acquainted with elementary evangelical theology—his Nonconformist associations alone would then be an adequate reply—but that the tone and temper of his sermons especially are cold and formal, and that he does not set forth in its due proportions individual acceptance of the Atonement as the means of justification by faith. Certainly this sermon helps little to remove the stain. It would chill any ordinary congregation to the bone, or furnish an apt illustration of Millais' amusingly life-like picture, "My Second Sermon." The interview

with Wesley, despite Mr. Gladstone's *caveat**—and the letter from Whitfield, show only too clearly that Butler had scant sympathy with practical Evangelicalism. On the other side may well be set his private prayers, devout, reverential, breathing a spirit of resignation and obedience; his strong insistance upon the duty of family prayer; his injunctions as to secret prayer, which "comprehends not only the devotion before men begin and after they have ended the business of the day, but such also as may be performed while they are employed in it, or even in company"; and his noble letters to the Duke of Newcastle, of which Mr. Gladstone is quite justified in saying: "they exhibit in a marked manner more than one of the central qualities which are so transparently manifested in his works."

It is, of course, impossible to deal here with every important point raised by the editor in his "Notes." Our main concern henceforth must be with the *Studies*. The first chapter, "On the Method of Butler," claims that "the reasoning of this great writer has" not "become useless for the needs of the present day and of the coming time," on the ground that "it has great value through the robust exercise derivable by the human intellect from thorough acquaintance with the most powerfully constructed among the models which that intellect has from time to time produced"; "in the study of his works the student finds himself in an intellectual *palæstra*, where his best exertions are required throughout to grapple with his teacher, and thus become master of that teacher's thought." Moreover, the study of Butler tends to produce a certain habit of mental investigation—calmness of consideration, clearness of thought, scrupulous fairness towards an adversary, and, above all, the absence of exaggeration of every sort. And Mr. Gladstone contends that the method of the *Analogy* "is equally applicable to the whole of our moral experience; first, in every study, in philosophy, history, and the rest; and secondly, in conduct, in the entire weaving of that web,

* Suggesting that, as Wesley must have written from memory, the account of the interview is inexact and unfair to the Bishop.

whereof our life is made up"; for "as probability is the guide, so exaggeration is the mental bane of conduct." All this may be conceded freely. Still, if it is Butler's method alone that is valuable; if he is serviceable only as an instrument of intellectual training, his argument is deprived of a very large portion of its worth and of its applicability to the present day. Mr. Gladstone holds that these arguments have positive weight as an integral portion of Christian evidence, not only by the removal of difficulties, but as contributing to the actual proof of Theism matter which can never be out of date. Certainly, if the Bishop has succeeded in demonstrating the analogy set forth in his title page, he must at the same time have laid down principles of no small import to Theistic evidence, even though they are available more readily for defence than for attack. And the publication and popularity of such a misleading and shallow book as Professor Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* shows that even now Butler's style of reasoning and his conception of analogy "between religion and the constitution of nature" have not been mastered by some of our teachers, and very many of the taught.

It is quite impossible here to deal adequately with the many important questions raised by the Notes and the Essays. Some we must pass in total silence, and others with only a few words. To the latter class must belong the replies to "His Censors," able, vigorous, and generally successful as they are. Their principal amoury is the limitations under which Butler worked; he has accomplished the purpose which he set himself, and that purpose is of high intrinsic worth. Mr. Gladstone's brief reply to Mr. Leslie Stephen's reply to him distinctly asserts this. He

"reasons upon the argument of the *Analogy* at large in a manner which, as it appears to me, would have been possible had Butler's position been what it supposes. Butler, however, nowhere proposes to offer a complete affirmative justification of the subsisting scheme for the moral government of the world. He admits the difficulties presented by it; and only contends that we should examine it as a scheme; and that, when so examined, it warrants his conclusion and demands."

Both the attack and the defence were anticipated by the Bishop in a sufficiently remarkable passage, which even Mr. Gladstone seems to have overlooked.

The review of the "Censors" is more than tolerably complete; there are, however, two rather regrettable omissions. One, perhaps, is nowadays no more than interesting. Amongst the earliest of the censors was Vincent Perronet. He speaks of the *Analogy* as "a late excellent treatise," but he assails strongly the Dissertation on Personal Identity. His little book* is a clever defence of Locke, and does appear to demonstrate that Butler had mistaken Locke's meaning. The second omission is somewhat surprising. The latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* contains an article not exactly in the nature of an actual assault, but criticising Butler in by no means favourable terms; *e.g.*:

"To a generation that has been moulded by the philosophy of Kant and Hegel, the argument of the *Analogy* cannot but appear to be quite outside the field of controversy. To Butler, the Christian religion, and by that he meant the orthodox Church of England system, was a moral scheme revealed by a special act of the Divine providence, the truth of which was to be judged by the ordinary canons of evidence. A speculative construction of religion was a thing abhorrent to him, a thing of which he seems to have thought the human mind naturally incapable. The religious consciousness does not receive from him the slightest consideration, whereas it is with its nature and functions that the scientific theology of the present time is almost entirely occupied. The *Analogy*, it would appear, has, and can have, but little influence on the present state of theology; it was not a book for all time, but was limited to the controversies and questions of the period at which it appeared."

No reference whatever is made to this well-known article. This omission suggests one of the most serious defects of the *Subsidiary Studies*. Of course, Butler cannot be blamed because he could not forecast the metaphysics of the coming century, philosophy, psychology, and natural science. But throughout both "Notes" and "Essays," Mr. Gladstone ignores "the process of the suns," so far as these matters

* *A Second Vindication of Mr. Locke, wherein his sentiments relating to Personal Identity are Cleared up from some Mistakes of the Rev. Dr. Butler in his Dissertation on that subject.*

are affected thereby. It is scarcely too much to say that he evinces as little knowledge of them as Bishop Butler himself. There would, we presume to think, be no insuperable difficulty in bringing the reasoning of the *Analogy* into accord with current thought. Scarcely anywhere has Mr. Gladstone attempted this. True, a great deal too much may easily be made of speculations and discoveries since Butler's day. These very essays manifest that the great principles of Christian evidence and apologetics have not changed. Still, not only is a certain amount of adjustment required, there are objections and obstacles with which the logic of the *Analogy* is directly concerned, that should have received consideration. There is an old-world air about some of the *Studies* that is not without its charm, but which detracts from instructiveness and adaptation to immediate need.

Let us take another illustration of partially defective treatment on Mr. Gladstone's part. One of Butler's most ardent admirers, to whom Mr. Gladstone frequently refers, Dr. Eager, complains :—

> "The first Chapter of Butler's *Analogy* . . . is apt to cause a prejudice against the book. . . . No sane man, with the average knowledge of physiology and psychology, would now suggest that our 'reflective powers' might be independent of physical organs. . . . The absolute destruction of the auditory organs destroys not only the power of hearing but the very idea of sound, the complete extirpation of the optic nerves with their centres destroys the very recollection of sight."

The "Notes" also have a short comment on the same subject, but it mentions only the difficulty of fully conceiving "an existence living and active, and yet wholly discharged from body," and compares Dante's shadowless spirits "absolutely visible in shapes," and "the anxiety of demons in New Testament to be in bodies; and the language of St. Paul (2 Cor. xii. 2)." We are by no means prepared completely to endorse Dr. Eager's strictures; Mr. Gladstone's much more modest caution seems to us much nearer the mark. The totally deaf man may remember that

he has heard; the totally blind, that he has seen. Nor are sight and hearing, even as Butler uses the phrase, "reflective powers." We can imagine, too, a direct action of spirit upon spirit, and of spirit upon matter, and *vice versa*. Nor does the destruction of our present physical powers render it impossible that we may acquire, after death, something that shall, in some way, discharge their functions. Nor does it do away with Ulrici's fine conception of a now existent spiritual body. Then Dr. Eager's eagerness is somewhat too positive, and Mr. Gladstone's calm restraint gives truer and clearer thought, Nevertheless, the one does attempt to bring his author into a line with the thought of to-day, while the other has no word to utter about it.

To some extent the chapter on Teleology escapes this defect. We are informed that "the argument from physical adaptation is comprehensively stated in some of the Bridgwater Treatises, *e.g.*, those of Whewell and Bell," without any intimation that those Treatises do not state their case in the light of present day natural science, and are themselves generally thought to be liable to weighty objections and deductions. But evolution has a place in the discussion, and its teleological significance is expressed with sufficient clearness.

"It (evolution) is not a very convenient name, for it does not in itself indicate the idea of which it is meant to be the vehicle. In itself, it may be said to mean the sequence of events, but it really has reference to the order of causation. . . . The evolution we have now before us would perhaps in Christian terminology be called devolution, for it would mean that the Almighty has entrusted to that system of nature, which he has designed and put into action, the production and government of effect at large; as the watch-maker has entrusted to the mainspring and machinery of a watch the discharge of its essential function, namely, the indication of time. . . . Why should it be imagined, by either friend or foes, that devolutions of power to other created agencies, not spontaneous, but working upon the lines of an order which He Himself has predetermined, can involve the smallest derrogation from His supremacy? . . . The more we have of system and fixity in nature the better. For in the method of natural second causes, God, as it were, takes the map of His own counsels out of the recesses of His

own idea, and graciously lays it near our view, condescending, as it were, to make us partakers of His thought, so that, seeing more and more His qualities in His acts, we may, from knowing their large collocation, be more and more stirred to admiration, to thankfulness, and to love."

Fine and forcible, if slightly contemptuous, is the reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer's contention that the creative mind differs so from the human mind that "it must be divested of all attributes by which it is distinguished," . . . "mind is a blank."

The essayist answers,

"Surely one of the most unfortunate of arguments. We have arrived in our enquiries at a combination which requires nothing less than what we call and know by experience as mind. But, to meet the case before us, we are required to postulate something still greater, and much greater than our mind can be pretended to be. We cannot grasp the dimensions, nor follow the operation, of this great creative mind. Therefore, though we see its results, in us and before us, for us it is no mind at all. A bewildering, nay, a befooling conclusion."

Obviously, however, Mr. Gladstone is not disposed to lay too much stress on the argument from physical design. He decorates Butler "with the chieftainship of Christian Teleology," because he has shown us "this fortress of design, as exhibited in the natural, the moral, and the spiritual government of the man as such." His editor furnishes a compact summary of the argument, and in so doing, somewhat improves it. But, with all due disrespect for Paley, is this quite fair: "Paley, as I conceive, as a sturdy wrestler, overthrows his antagonists within the compass of his arm, while Butler soars high into the heavens above them as an eagle on the wing"?

The study on "Necessity and Determinism" puts the moral argument no less skilfully than earnestly; as also that from consciousness and experience. He retorts on Mr. Stephen's assumption that government by omnipotence cannot allow of freedom of the will:

"It involves a fallacy so hopeless as to amount to palpable solecism. For it assumes that a Being omnipotent, *ex hypothesi*,

has not power to bring into existence any agent who shall be an originating agent."

An answer which has the merit of both strength and smartness. Very bold appears the statement, "a will cannot be coerced, as an idea cannot be burned nor an inundation confuted;" because between motives and decision there stands an impassable "difference of species," they cannot even be expressed in commensurable terms. Perhaps a suspicion of mere logomachy arises here, but a deep truth underlies any apparent sophistry. If the will is not free, no such thing as will exists—the faculty scarcely mounts above the level of desire; yet even the advocate of servitude cannot but think and speak of *will* in the strictest sense of the word. The will may yield to various sorts of pressure, may be weakened to the verge of atrophy by indolence and sin; but with it must ever remain the power and responsibility of decision, and between that and the pleadings at its bar there can be no real homogeneity. We may surely accept this conclusion:

"So then the will stands as a primal cause, and its freedom as an ultimate fact, neither requiring nor admitting any outlying explanation except this, that it was launched into existence by the sovereign providence of God."

Still this "Study," admirable in many respects, leaves an impression of incompleteness. To say nothing of philosophical opponents of human freedom since Hume and Edwards—Mr. Leslie Stephen may be allowed to count as their representative—the Materialistic assault might be a thing undreamt of. When metaphysical scepticism joins with scientific* Materialism, and each avails itself of the other's weapons, the advocates of freedom are confronted by the most formidable of their foes. Although Mr. Gladstone has not enjoyed the advantage of that training in and

* The essayist protests against the limitation of science, in ordinary talk, to natural science, on the ground that physics do not cover the whole extent of knowledge. More than twenty years ago, when the evil was not nearly so great as it is now, the present writer printed a similar protest.

familiarity with physical science which bestows on the Duke of Argyll's latest book, and indeed on the two previous works dealing with closely connected subjects, so much of their pertinence and absorbing interest, and which inspires so much confidence in their conclusions, yet his judgment on the validity of the hostile argument would possess no mean worth, and his dialectical skill might be trusted to find the weak joints in its armour.*

One of the very few instances in which the editor dismisses the reasoning of his author peremptorily is that connected with the well-known illustration of "the story of Cæsar or of any other man," which plainly means that any degree of improbability (however great) may be overcome by any degree of evidence (however small). Following J. S. Mill, he distinguishes between improbability before and after the event, and argues that if, as Butler certainly implies, though he does not, *pace* Mr. Gladstone, assert, improbability depends upon unlikeness, then presumption against a miracle is enormously stronger than presumption against the history of Cæsar or any other man. Annotators, without exception, agree with the criticism. Yet, even against so mighty a *consensus* of opinion, we venture to suggest that the victory won is purely verbal. Butler assumes the *trustworthiness* of the evidence in both parallels. His point, as we take it, is the ratio between improbability and evidence, and for this purpose, his illustration, though a trifle awkward, is germane.

It is not necessary to follow Mr. Gladstone in his reply to Hume. From the standpoint of Hume's day it is absolute perfection. A perceptible stride is made when it is argued that *sin* furnishes a fully adequate reason for interference

---

* As a subordinate issue, chapter vii. ("Necessity," &c.) examines the nature of faith, especially in its relation to the will. We had intended to notice this at some length but lack the room. The subject is treated with acuteness, reverence for and knowledge of the Scriptures, fertility and felicity of illustration; but surely faith in which there is an element of will, reliance, trust, differs not merely in degree but in kind from the faith with which I accept an unverified statement in (say) *Bradshaw's Railway Guide.*

with the ordinary course of nature; a happy reference is made to the common instance of interference with the law of gravitation of a falling body being stopped by the hand, when with that is compared our Lord's walking on the Sea of Galilee, and an unusually severe rebuke is administered to the disingenuous, not to say dishonest, fashion in which Hume changes his definition of "miracle" in order to include prophecy therein. The climax is reached when it is roundly affirmed that the conversion of a soul is a standing miracle which renders all other miracles credible. As to anomalies in nature, the aptness of parallelism is marvellous :—

"Now, if it be true that these miracles are anomalies in nature, it may be that there exist, although at present hidden from us, good reasons for such anomalies in the importance of the purposes which may be served by them. I have often observed in woodcutting that when a tree threw out near the ground beginnings of roots unusually large, this was a cautionary provision made by nature to compensate, by an outward projection of unusual strength, for the weakness produced by some rot latent in the interior of the trunk. So it is, I believe, that in the case of a broken arm, nature commonly aims at making up, by an extension given to the ordinary mass of bone, for a loss of tenacity resulting from some want of the compactness originally belonging to the composition of the limb. In the first of these cases, the enlargement is liable to be more or less in the nature of a deformity. In the second, I presume it to be always a mild example of malformation. We shall have to ask whether compensation may not atone for such deformity. . . . Now let it be admitted that miracles, as at present known to us, are an anomaly in nature. But have they no justifying pleas, which they can exhibit on their own behalf?"

Then anomalies are cited for which no reason can now be given,* yet they are not disbelieved. Obviously Mr. Gladstone is not disposed to remove Miracle and Prophecy from their position as the Jachin and Boaz of Christian evidence.

The most subtil of all the essays is that on "Probability as the Guide of Life." The effort to determine the precise

* *e.g.* The Siamese twins; the man whose heart was on the wrong side.

meaning of "probability," the demonstration that probability and improbability are not exact opposites, are beyond all praise. Refined in both thought and expression are the discussions on degrees of probability and the authority attaching to them. The earlier part of the essay indicates the significance of Butler's axiom as it stands, and argues the reasonableness of its application to religion. A high degree of probability, it is urged, constitutes the strongest evidence that can be given to man, and that he is capable of receiving. Again and again we are told, in various forms, that Butler

> "does not intend to supply a demonstrative proof of Christianity, but only such a kind, and such an amount of presumptions in its favour, as to bind human beings, at the least, to take its claims into serious consideration."

Clearly this is all that the Bishop professes to aim at. But the scope of both his and his editor's argument cannot thus be limited. The latter, at any rate, pleads that probability is all that we can require with regard to religion and revelation, and that probability is a safe and sufficient guide as to morality and conduct. Without underrating for a single moment the force of the considerations adduced by both these great thinkers, a few observations not altogether in agreement with them may be permitted.

That Butler makes abundantly good his avowed intention must be acknowledged freely. But, in the first place, does he not carry his doctrine of uncertainty dangerously far? When Butler lays it down "that any one thing may, for ought we know to the contrary, be a necessary condition to any other," his dictum does not differ vastly from Hume's "anything may be the cause of anything else." We may "a hair divide between the west and north-west side," and distinguish between "cause" and "necessary condition," and Hume speaks more positively than Butler, but both metaphysicians here reduce probability to the vanishing point. In the next place, Mr. Gladstone insists emphatically upon the moral obligation to follow that line of conduct to which probability (of right, wisdom, &c.), inclines. He

seems, however, to treat the moral obligation as itself probable. The doubt, we hold, has nothing to do with the obligation. That speaks with the voice of "the categorical imperative." I *ought* to adopt that course which, after due inquiry and thought, I deem in accordance with righteousness, truth, wisdom; and this none the less because I recognise my own fallibility—and have had difficulty in coming to a decision. For what can justify me in favouring the lesser probability—in other words, the greater probability of error and wrong? About my own duty I am absolutely certain. St. Paul assumes this when, with regard to two opposite decisions as to conduct, he declares of the party to each decision, "to his own master he standeth or falleth." And Mr. Gladstone himself, in his fine and lofty-toned condemnation of "Probabilism,"* treats severely the notion that a man has liberty to choose the lesser probability if his will or predilection so dispose him. We repeat, uncertainty does not belong to obligation as it does to knowledge.

Unquestionably, in so far as they address themselves to the intellect, the evidences of Christianity come under the law of probability—and necessarily so. Butler and his school have reason with them when they teach us to expect similar difficulties in the proof of religion to those we encounter in the proof of other matters. Right, too, are they in holding that intellectual errability forms an important factor in our probation, inasmuch as it leaves room for a faith involving the moral element of trust.† That is to say, that the individual decision on the evidence has to do with moral character as well as with mental processes. In the acceptance of Christianity as the practical guide of life, the self-surrender to the will of God, probability is not the

---

* "The essence of the doctrine is, the licence to choose the less probable"; its teachers "permit and warrant moral action against probability." It is taught chiefly by certain Roman Catholic theologians.

† This is Mr. Gladstone's own putting. He does not correlate it with his previous treatment of faith. And to speak of faith as involving trust is not a very luminous expression.

determining factor, but the individual will. And the contention that—

"this faith essentially involves the idea of what we have called probable evidence: for it is 'the substance of things looked for, the evidence of things not seen,' and 'what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?"

is a grievous psychological and theological error. Did ever anyone appeal to God to rid him of his sin, give his heart to God, accept the faithful saying, as the result of careful balancing of probable evidence? In fact, strict impartiality amounts almost to a crime, conscience should weigh heavily on the side of God; here *summum jus, summa injuria*. Nor may we overlook the necessity for prevenient grace and the operations of the Holy Ghost. It is a great pity to confuse mental and spiritual processes, even though the one must precede the other. Mr. Gladstone himself likens our initial trust in God to a child's belief in his parent's word, and that is not founded on probable evidence.*

Lastly, on this head, the facts of the Christian religion submit themselves to verification. Possibly the subjects of this and our last paragraph lay outside Butler's purview,

---

* "A mighty prelate on his death bed lay,
Revolving the dread themes of life and death
And their stupendous issues, with dismay,
His marvellous powers nigh quenched. 'My Lord,' one saith,
'Hast thou forgotten how Christ came to be
A Saviour?' 'Nay,' the bishop made reply,
'How know I He's a Saviour unto *me?*'
The chaplain paused, then answered thoughtfully,
'"Lo, him that cometh unto Me," Christ said,
"I will in nowise cast out," need we more?'
The bishop slowly raised his dying head:
'I've read a thousand times that Scripture o'er,
Nor felt its truth till now I near the tomb;
It is enough, O mighty Christ, I come.'"

Whether the story thus versified is absolutely correct or not—and we have the high authority of Mr. Venn for its accuracy—the confession, "though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment; and now I die happy," is not the issue of a curious calculation of *pros* and *cons*; it was an act of instantaneous perception and reliant faith. A more typical illustration could scarcely be discovered or imagined

though they could easily and legitimately have been brought within it; but they are clearly upon the direct line of his commentator's thought. Neither St. Paul nor St. John stoops to delicate calculations of probabilities, to careful counting of sand-grains. The watchword of each is "we know." It had pleased God to reveal His Son in both. Mr. Gladstone mentions a kind of knowledge, the fruit of contact with or perception of things themselves. This he declares beyond the utmost capacities of man. The Christian conviction, especially as informed by the witness of the Spirit, approximates closely to it. Despite Butler's powerful logic and Mr. Gladstone's subtil exposition, expansion, and defence of his reasoning, one cannot but feel that the relations of the soul with its God ought not to be left in permanent doubt, liable to be disturbed by a larger or smaller addition to the one scale or the other of the balance of probability. We require to know the certainty concerning the things wherein we have been instructed. The man who surrenders himself to God does not even at the first take a leap in the dark with the probability that, reaching the other side, he will be holden up and will be safe; and afterwards he knows whom he has believed. Even the Old Testament saints could say, "We have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now our eyes see Thee." At any rate, the offer of experimental verification cuts the ground from under the feet of those who object to Christianity, and, indeed, to all revealed religion, on account of the uncertainty in the proof of it.

That Christianity claims the government of the entire life, even in the minutest and apparently most unimportant particulars, makes the determination of its authority of immediate practical moment.

"Christianity aims not only at adjusting our acts, but also our way of acting, to a certain standard; thus it reduces the whole to a certain mental habit, and imbues and pervades the whole with a certain temper. Not, therefore, at a venture, but with strict reason, the assertion has been made that the question whether Christianity be true or false is the most practical of all questions; because it is that question of practice which incloses in itself, and implicitly determines every other; it

supplies the fundamental rule or principle (*Grundsatz*) of every decision in detail. And, consequently, it is of all other questions the one upon which those, who have not already a conclusion available for use, are most inexorably bound to seek for one. And, by further consequence, it is also the question to which the duty of following affirmative evidence, even although it should present to the mind no more than a probable character, and should not, *ab initio*, or even thereafter, extinguish doubt, has the closest and most stringent application."

Perhaps one might wish a slight change of language, but the argument cannot be gainsaid, either morally or logically. It needs to be put plainly, as it is often overlooked by men who reject Christianity without due examination. Moreover, our quotation shows that the notion of a growing certainty, presumably the issue of personal experience, had crossed Mr. Gladstone's mind.

The longest of all the *Studies*, and in some respects the most attractive, is that entitled "A Future Life." Evidently the author deems it the most weighty portion of his volume. It may be convenient to comment on it chapter by chapter as our space will serve.

Cautious, reverent, yet outspoken, abounding in sound and salutary observation as these essays are, there is more than a little in them to which we are obliged to demur. Practically, the first chapter is spent in showing that Bishop Butler did not accept the tenet of "natural immortality," and that the Scriptures give no countenance to that tenet. Able and painstaking as the discussion is, it is scarcely worth while following in detail, for it involves a *double entendre* as to the meaning of the phrase, and no one nowadays supposes that any soul exists save by the immanent will of its Creator. The one and only question is whether or no the Bible reveals or suggests for man everlasting existence after death. Surely, survival after the only death we know of at least intimates survival after any and every death. For the essential notion of death is separation, not extinction, nor even, like disease, enfeebling. Indubitably, the Bible announces survival after both the first and the second death, and affords no hint of a third. To call the immortality of

the soul a purely philosophic tenet, and to assert that the Church drew the doctrine from Paganism establishes nothing. Very possibly thus the origin and development of the idea are described correctly, but the Church would not have adopted the theory unless she believed that it harmonised with Holy Writ. We venture to think, too, though with much deference to Mr. Gladstone's profound acquaintance with Butler, that he has not quite appreciated his author's position. That Bishop Butler shrinks from distinctly affirming the immortality of the soul may not be due to his doubt concerning it, but to his conviction that it could not be proved by any *à priori* or metaphysical argument, but must rest solely upon the revelation of God, even though that revelation comes short of categorical clearness of speech. In that case, the subject would be altogether outside his field and could not be introduced without formal detriment to his case. All that can fairly be urged is that the Bishop's position was one of non-committal; and perhaps this is going further than the known facts warrant.

The chapter dealing with the "History of Opinion" gives a far more appreciative and more just estimate of Old Testament views on the life of the world to come than Dr. Salmond's *Christian Doctrine of Immortality* does. In our judgment the great blot of the latter work arises from its one-sided estimate of psalmists' and prophets' thoughts about the world beyond the grave. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone, we think, has permitted himself to be influenced far too much by the Conditionalists' exposition of the opinions of the earlier Fathers. Quite rightly he inculcates reserve in all speculation as to the ultimate doom of the finally impenitent; and not without some reason does he praise the reserve of the primitive Church on this question. But to affirm that this modest reticence sprang from unbelief in the immortality of the soul seems—even were the primary most doubtful contention established—a desperate attempt to stand a pyramid firmly on its apex.

The discussion of "The Schemes in Vogue" pulsates with intense earnestness, and takes up a distinctly unpopular

position. Its opening paragraph deplores the common neglect, in ordinary preaching, of future punishment, and expresses the hope that the words to follow may "operate as a warning."

"There is surely a side of the Divine teaching set forth in the Scriptures, which shows that the Christian dispensation, when it fails in its grand purpose of operating as a savour of life unto life, will be a savour of death unto death; and this under no new or arbitrary rule, but under the law, wide as the universe, that guilt deepens according to the knowledge with which it is incurred, and to the opportunities which it despises or neglects. Therefore, the great Apostle of the grace of God sets before us this side of his teaching, 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we pursuade men.' Menace as well as promise, menace for those whom promise could not melt or move, formed an essential part of the provision for working out the redemption of the world. And I ask myself the question, what place, in the ordinary range of Christian teaching, is now found for 'the terrors of the Lord'? . . . If the 'terrors of the Lord' had an indispensable place in the Apostolic system, it can hardly be that they ought to drop out of view in this or any later century, unless at the happy epoch when human thought and action shall present to the eye of the Judge of all nothing to which terror can attach."*

Weighty words these—all the weightier because they come not from the pulpit, but the pew, and from a trained student of human nature.

The Essay proceeds to comment on the three theories of Eternal Punishment, Universalism, Conditional Immortality. The first of these the essayist cannot adopt, chiefly on the ground that *aionios* conveys "the sense of a term indefinite, rather than of one properly infinite." He dismisses with grave rebuke the idea that the eternal existence of evil does not consist with Divine benevolence and omnipotence. The origin of evil, not its continuance, contributes the perplexity. We have no right to arraign God at our bar, but must await patiently and humbly any vindication of Himself that He may be disposed to vouchsafe. "'He can vindicate His own

* Mr. Gladstone does not often misquote Scripture, but for "terrors" of course "terror" should be read. The R. V. renders "fear." It is very questionable whether the immediate reference is to future retribution; the thought, however, is indubitably Apostolical.

attributes, if we abide His time.'" To this we subscribe unhesitatingly. But the argument from the significance of the Greek representative of our "eternal" completely overlooks the fact that it is the strongest term of duration that the New Testament employs, whether of the happiness of the righteous or of the everlastingness of God. The marked avoidance of other terms of duration may have been intended to suggest that eternity differs from the infinite extension of time. This, however, is altogether another matter.

Mr. Gladstone's full strength is reserved for the denunciation of Universalism.

"Upon this scheme as a whole, I cannot stop short of owning the impression it makes on my mind to be this: Its authors, failing to take heed that the entire dealings with impenitent sinners have only in a very small degree been disclosed to us, and impatient of this vacuum which they think, and perhaps rightly think, they have detected in the Divine Revelation, undertake to fill the gap by going outside it altogether, and by what, when closely examined, is found to be neither more or less than constructing a revelation for themselves."

His reasons are the "reckless disregard" of the two declarations, Matt. xii. 31, 32; xxvi. 24; "a sound philosophy of human nature, which by its constitution tends to an ever-growing fixity of habits"; that "Restitutionism requires" us "to read into each and all of the multitude of passages denouncing death against the wicked such words as these: [death] 'which is no death, but a suspension of life, and of a life which is thereafter to be indissolubly joined with enjoyment'"; that it contradicts the essential idea of probation, and "emasculates" the sanctions of righteousness by assuring the worst and wickedest of men of everlasting happiness at some more or less distant date, and after some greater or less degree of penalty and discipline.

Conditional Immortality, or Annihilationism, receives a much fainter condemnation. It is, Mr. Gladstone thinks, rather destitute of ecclesiastical support and of absolute Biblical authority, than intrinsically unlikely or opposed to the Scriptures. Mr. Gladstone, *totidem verbis*, abstains from

recommending the hypothesis, but obviously he leans toward it. He finds that

"the popular definition of death, as applied to the wicked in the future state, appears abstractedly liable to these two objections: (1) It takes away from death the idea of cessation and extinction, which its ordinary meaning always in some form includes; (2) It adds an idea of suffering amounting largely to misery and torment, which the original sense of the word in no manner contains. . . . The idea that existence may be worn out and finally fail through depravation of its central principle seems to have in it nothing at variance with the foundations of philosophy, but is not taught by the Christian religion."

On this it is simply sufficient to note that it overlooks the proleptical senses of "death" with which the Bible abounds, and that the concluding speculation is, to say the least, wise above that which is written and opposed to the tenour of the teaching of Holy Writ.

The "Concluding Statements" dwell, though with rare caution, on the possibility that those who have not exhausted their probation here, or, rather, those who have come to an imperfect decision for God, may secure and be fitted for eternal happiness in the Intermediate State, probably not without the discipline of pain. And they seek refuge for some of the emotional difficulties connected with eternal suffering in the idea that sin may so disintegrate the powers of both body and soul as to render both wholly or partially incapable of conscious suffering. The speculation, by no means a novel one, must pass for what it is worth. Its propounder himself supplies any needed antidote:

"The central and final stronghold of believers is faith in the indefeasible and universal justice of the Divine Being, and to fall back upon this stronghold is more wise and safe than to present imperfect solutions in matters not entrusted to us to examine."

And—

"It is a very serious matter to undertake at all the vindication of the character of the Divine Being. Especially is it so for us, who do so little to maintain, improve, or repair our own. For it even seems in some degree to imply, at least for the

moment, the assumption of a kind of superior position, or to allow that idea, or its results at least, to find their way into the mind."

We part with Mr. Gladstone's annotations and studies on Butler with extreme regret. Were it not for his marvellous versatility and "staying" power, we should not even dare to hope that he might deal with the *Sermons* as he has done with the *Analogy* in the *Subsidiary Studies*. We had marked for quotation many terse and pointed sentences, several passages of brilliant eloquence, but they cannot be copied here. If we have indulged in some criticisms, and ventilated some difference of opinion on comparatively minor matters, this does not detract from our high admiration of both the man and the books. There is something both pathetic and gladdening in the sight of one of the very foremost of British men of affairs, whom honoured old age has brought to the confines of the world to come on which he has spent so much and so protracted thought, calmly asserting his firm faith in it and his trust in the goodness and faithfulness of God. The Duke of Argyll, a vigorous political opponent of Mr. Gladstone, presents a near parallel. It is matter of devout thankfulness that the "verdict of old age"—and such old age—sets to its seal that God is true.* Perhaps the utterance of strong confidence and good hope through grace is as helpful a contribution to the cause of Christianity as even the arguments and appeals the volumes just referred to utter.

---

* See a remarkable article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, over the easily decipherable signature, M. O. W. O.

ART. IV.—NEW THEISTIC SPECULATIONS.

Lectures on the Bases of Religious Belief. The Hibbert Lectures, 1893. By CHARLES B. UPTON, B.A., B.Sc., Professor of Philosophy in Manchester College. London : Williams & Norgate. 1894.

PROFESSOR UPTON'S volume is one of the ablest in an able series, and marks more definitely than some of the other volumes the standpoint of the entire series. While the Hibbert Lectures of Sayce, Müller, Rhys Davids, and some others are of neutral tint theologically, others, like Renan's, Pfleiderer's, Hatch's, Drummond's and Professor Upton's, take quite an unambiguous position, representing a bare philosophical theism or deism, or what some, perhaps, would prefer to call ethical theism. However widely and strongly we may dissent from the conclusions of the lecturers, we have nothing but respect and admiration for their learning, ability, and sincerity of spirit. This applies especially to the final volume of the series : Professor Drummond's *Via, Veritas, Vita: Lectures on Christianity in its most Simple and Intelligible Form*, which is as good a presentation of Christianity, as a simply ethical system, as can be found in English. Its line of teaching is that of Wendt's *Teaching of Jesus* on a less elaborate scale, though the author remarks that it was written quite independently. Professor Upton is a Unitarian, an admiring disciple of Dr. Martineau, and, let us say at once, a worthy disciple. The master's hand is evident on almost every page of the present work without injury to the disciple's independence of judgment. It is probably from Dr. Martineau that Professor Upton received his bent to study in the field of philosophy and religion. But the scholar has worked on his own account and gives us in his volume the results of wide philosophic reading and much thought. In masterly fashion he sweeps the entire field of modern philosophic

speculation so far as this is connected with the subject of his lectures. The Agnosticism of Herbert Spencer and the Absolute Idealism of Hegel and of Hegelians, like Caird and Green, have seldom been subjected to a more scathing criticism than is found in the two lectures devoted to them in this volume.*

We shall, in the first place, make a few remarks on the lecturer's general position. Besides Dr. Martineau, Hermann Lotze has powerfully influenced him. Lotze's principles pervade the volume. Like his two masters he is a powerful defender of human freedom and therefore a sturdy opponent of Pantheism in all its forms, Hegelian and other. As we shall see, his own final position has an unpleasant resemblance to the Pantheism he so strongly denounces and argues against. With respect to the means by which man knows God or the reason why he believes in God, the lecturer holds substantially that it is intuition, not reasoning in any form. He rejects the usual cosmological and other arguments as stated by Flint, while acknowledging that they contain a kernel of truth. The immanence of God in man's rational, moral, and spiritual nature is pushed to the point of insisting that we know, and can only know, God by direct consciousness. This seems to be the God-consciousness, parallel with self-consciousness and world-consciousness, of which continental writers speak.

"God, to be thoroughly believed in, must be *felt*" (p. 226). "Through this immediate connection between our individual souls and the Eternal Life of the Universe which is immanent in our self-consciousness, it comes about that all influences which appeal to that side of our nature where our finite being blends with the Universal Being, awaken in us religious sentiment and belief." "The essence of knowledge of God is assuredly the immediate consciousness of God" (p. 89).

The whole of the second lecture is written to prove that there is naturally in man a faculty of "spiritual insight" by which he gazes directly upon God, to some extent in visible

* The absence of an index is the worst fault of the volume, and it is a serious one.

nature, but chiefly in himself. It is in man's reason, conscience, and highest affections that the author finds the "bases of religious belief." All these imply, and can only be explained by, a universal ground and source, and this is God. This thesis is maintained with great skill and profusion of argument throughout the volume. The two lectures, which contain the author's positive teaching, are the sixth and seventh, on "God as Ground and Cause of the Cosmos" and "God as source of Ideals." While in these and other lectures we are not prepared to accept the main contention, there is much that carries our consent. Like his two great masters the author is a sturdy combatant against Agnosticism, Materialism, Pantheism, with all the fatal consequences they involve.

But our purpose in referring to the volume here is not to discuss its main thesis, which has been just indicated, but to refer to the conception of the Divine nature, which is incidentally assumed or explicitly maintained throughout, a conception which pervades much of the theology of the day, orthodox as well as heterodox. The conception, put briefly and baldly, is the identity of human nature and the Divine. We are all, of course, familiar with the thought of the Divine immanence so prominent in the religious faith of to-day. God is conceived, not as without but within creation, as its universal informing spirit, intimately present and active at every point with a nearness which no words can express. Still, He is conceived as transcendent also, *i.e.*, distinct from the universe of which He is the living ground. By Professor Upton and other writers the Divine immanence is held to imply the identity of the Divine and human nature, and indeed the identity of all life. With Lotze our author is even inclined to think that there is nothing without life. Put these thoughts together, and it is hard to distinguish them from Pantheism. In words Professor Upton asserts Divine transcendence and repudiates Pantheism; but his opponents on the side of Absolute Idealism—the Greens and Cairds—will accuse him of inconsistency and timidity.

It may be well to mention some other writers in whom similar tendencies of thought are evident. An essay by Dr. J. M. Whiton, of New York, in the American organ of "advanced" theology, *The New World*, for September, 1893, takes the same ground as Professor Upton. The article is entitled, "A Way Out of the Trinitarian Controversy," and is an eirenicon to Unitarians. The doctrine maintained is "the essential divineness of humanity." The error of early Christology was in holding a trinity of persons instead of a trinity of powers, an error due not to the Nicene or Ante-Nicene Church, but to the age of Chalcedon. It was the Chalcedon Council, we are told, that first taught two natures in Christ, declaring Him "consubstantial with the Father as to the Godhead and with us as to the manhood." God and man are the same in essence or nature, and therefore we should cease speaking of human nature altogether; this is to be suppressed; only the Divine exists, the same in Christ as in all men. Old Sabellianism is declared to be right, its only mistake being that it made Christ and the Spirit temporary instead of permanent and universal manifestations of God. "Incarnation" is as true of us as of Christ.

"What Incarnation is in itself, we can only know when we know what Creation is. . . . Philosophically viewed, they are two terms for the same thing. Each represents a Divine process of becoming—a *natura naturans*, through incarnation in the 'animate,' through creation in the 'inanimate'—an external process, however the chronology of its stages and events is dated, since what God does at all He does for ever."

The Father is God unmanifested; the Son, God manifested.

"The name of 'Son,' which the Christ specially claims, he claims as spoken for all who think with him, for all who have the intelligence and faith to repeat it with him, yes, for all the life of the world, which, even in its lowest ranges and within even brute limits, shows occasional glimmers of that unitary ethical nature which is of its proper substance."

In Christ the incarnation in man simply culminates.

To call this "Pantheism," we are assured, is to be guilty of the "logical fallacy of confounding an undistributed term with a distributed. The theistic proposition, 'All things are Divine' is vastly different from the pantheistic, 'All things are all the Divine that exists'!" It is curious that Dr. Whiton adopts Spinoza's *natura naturans*. His argument is that unless the natures are the same the qualities are not the same, and Divine goodness and man's may be different. But are we to understand that infinite and finite are only a difference of degree? Can one ever become the other? Is man potentially infinite? May not moral qualities be the same in an infinite being and in finite beings? We are puzzled by the contrasts drawn between ontological and ethical, or being and morals. Of course God is an *ethical* being. But is He not an ethical *being?* Dr. Whiton quotes Dr. Matheson of Edinburgh, as saying:

"The common element in all religion is the idea of incarnation, the belief in the identity of nature between man and the object of his worship;" and again: "If the Divine be different in essence from the human, there is no possible communion in any world between the human and the Divine."

He also refers to an essay by Dr. Martineau, with the same title as his own, in vol. ii. of *Essays, Reviews and Addresses*, which maintains substantially the same view. On the other side he quotes Canon Gore, of course with disapproval, as saying: "It is a first principle of Theism, as distinguished from Pantheism, that manhood at bottom is not the same thing as Godhead." Dr. Whiton's "New Way" of making peace between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism is for the latter simply to unsay all that it has ever said and to surrender at discretion.

Dr. Edwards, in his *God-Man*, takes similar ground in speaking of "the humanity of God." The Logos is spoken of as "eternal man." Dr. Edwards' exposition is so brief and aphoristic that his real meaning is obscure. If the new phraseology simply means "the identity of moral goodness in God and man," the phraseology is unnecessary and misleading. Dr. Edwards seems to have taken the terms,

which have puzzled many readers, from Robertson of Brighton. The correlate of the humanity of God is the divinity of man. Some prefer one phrase, some the other. Dr. Edwards says: "Corresponding to the human in God is the Divine in man." It is needless to say that he does not in words explain away the incarnation; indeed, the title of his book supposes that the natures are different.

We have said enough to show the wide prevalence of the idea in our days. In Professor Upton's book it is taken up and advocated at length. Not only is it explicitly asserted at least a score times, but it underlies the argument of the entire work. We must quote some passages as examples:

"All these aspects of the self-revelation of the immanent Eternal One . . . reveal the fundamental fact that this rational nature of ours is not a mere finite and limited creation by the Eternal One, but is a real differentiation or reproduction of God's own essential substance" (p. 30). "All finite things and finite minds are differentiations of the essential nature of the Divine Being" (p. 42). "Our finite personalities are the offspring or the individualised differentiations of the ultimate ground of all existence" (p. 48).

With reference to our question, whether man is potentially infinite, we are told, "In man are potentially present those infinite and Divine capacities and faculties whereby he is capable of rising above finite phenomena to unifying thought" (p. 30). He adopts Lord Gifford's words: "The human soul is neither self-derived nor self-subsisting. It would vanish if it had not a substance, and its substance is God" (p. 284). It seems that man is Divine in every sense in which God is. We are told of "the essential divinity of human nature" (p. 246). Our author is fond of speaking of man as the offspring or self-differentiation of God. A human son is the offspring or self-differentiation of his father; they are are on a level, members of the same race. When the same language is used to describe the relation between God and man, what can we understand? Whoever takes such ground may repudiate Pantheism as strongly as he pleases; Pantheists will reasonably enough say that the

repudiation is merely verbal and temporary. Indeed, there are passages which go still nearer the brink.

"Because the spirit of man, in those elements of our self-consciousness which reveal the Universal and the Ideal, is of the same substance with the Eternal and Absolute One, the inmost life of man and the life of God so indivisibly blend that it may almost be said, in a certain sense, that they are identical" (p. 261).

"Almost, in a certain sense," might be omitted. Again, "All monads alike, being products of the self-differentiating causality of God, are modes of God's Eternal Substance and Eternal Life, to which He imparts a certain degree of delegated individuality" (p. 221). "Modes of God's Substance," Spinoza's very language! The last clause again is an illogical qualification. It is significant that the "absolute cause" is called our "deeper self"—a phrase used in Hindu Pantheism.

The Pantheistic drift of these speculations is confirmed by another position of the author to the effect that all life is one and it is everywhere. Lotze's high authority is quoted in support. Even material objects may have some pulse of life, however faint. Everything is animated, the distinction of animate and inanimate disappearing along with other distinctions. He appeals to Lotze:

"Lotze contends that the most probable conclusion is, that while all nature is grounded in and indissolubly dependent on the thought and will of the Eternal, each atom and each organism has a certain element of feeling which, although of the most attenuated character, is a sufficient basis for ascribing to the objects of nature a minimum of selfhood or independent reality" (p. 163).

He declares for himself:

"I believe there are excellent scientific and philosophical grounds for holding that the constituents of the cosmos, from the ultimate element of the ether-vortex up to the flower in the meadow, the bird floating in the air, and man building churches and worshipping the Supreme, are one and all differentiations of that eternal substance, God, in whom every particle of the whole has its ground, and from whom it derives its special

character" (p. 218). "As all force is presumably of the same nature as will-force, it appears to be by far the most probable theory that not only are the souls of animals of the same kind as our own, but that all the elements of the organic, and even of the inorganic, world are essentially of the same nature" (p. 215).

Indeed, the author goes still further, and abolishes another of the old fundamental distinctions—the one between mind and matter, suppressing the latter.

"My own view is that in reality there exist neither two kinds of substances—matter and mind—nor one Unknowable Substance, with matter and mind as its respective aspects, but rather one in part Knowable Substance, namely, spirit, and that what we call dead or brute matter is only spirit in its lowest form of self-manifestation. In other words, the universe of finite things and finite souls arises out of the self-differentiations of the Eternal Spirit, and these finite creations only differ from each other in the degree in which the activity of the Absolute and Eternal Mind imparts to them a greater or lesser degree of independent selfhood or individuality" (p. 185).

Schelling was right then when he said, "The feeling of life wakes in man, dreams in animals, slumbers in plants and sleeps in stones." Some one has called matter "congealed spirit."

This language is plain enough. We do not know that Hegel or his followers have spoken or could speak more plainly. Yet our author repudiates what seems to general readers the obvious meaning of his words. Why? As far as we are able to see, because of the moral consequences. The only reason that we can discover in his book for the ground he takes in asserting that the Eternal One endowed the self-differentiations of His own nature with limited freedom and independence of will is the existence of sin, man's resistance to the moral order of the universe. He asserts that, while in regard to reason and the essence of our ideals there is no real dualism between man and God, in the case of the will there is a real dualism and therefore possible antagonism (p. 302). He is here arguing against Absolute Idealism.

"Just as the feeling of resistance renders most men quite unable to doubt the reality of an external world, so does the

consciousness of spiritual resistance, as presented in the discord felt at times between the human will and the invitations and injunctions of the ideal, *i.e.*, of the in-dwelling God, make it impossible for any one in whom ethical experience is vivid to remain satisfied with any theory which treats the human spirit as merely a transient mode of the Universal Spirit" (p. 244).

Thus, if there had been no sin there would have been no proof of our independence. Hermann Lotze is quoted (p. 290) as passing through the same phase of experience. Reflection forced him to the conclusion that the words "sin" and "moral responsibility" have no meaning without the possibility of real choice. The author seems to contradict what he has said before; but perhaps "transient" is meant to be emphasised—not a transient but an essential mode. However this may be, this great modification is made in order to account for the existence of moral evil. Others will prefer and do prefer to follow logic to the end and assert that evil is only an illusion or a necessary stage in the history of the universe, thus abolishing the last vital distinction—that between good and evil. To his honour the author shrinks from this step. It was the Hebrew race, he says, with its intense consciousness of sin, that saved the world from the two extremes of Pantheism and Materialism. We may remind Professor Upton of a pregnant saying of Dr. Martineau's: "In the history of systems an inexorable logic rids them of their halfness and hesitancies and drives them straight to their inevitable goal." Happily this is not always the case in the history of individuals.

Professor Upton's renunciation and denunciation of Pantheism and all its works is as explicit as words can be. This is the gist of his discussion of the Absolute Idealism of the Hegelians. His verdict on Professor E. Caird's Gifford English Lectures on *The Evolution of Religion*, runs as follows:

"So far as I can understand his position, it is simply unmitigated Pantheism, for, according to it, every moral decision which man comes to, be it noble or base, is an act for which no human being, but only God, is responsible. For where, in Professor Caird's account of the matter, does real human imitation come

in? At no single point. The Absolute, manifesting itself through the processes of evolution and heredity, is responsible for every man's special character, and every one's conduct follows inevitably from his character and environment" (p. 293).

An extract from an essay by Mr. A. J. Balfour is given from *Mind* to the same effect. The charge justly urged by him against Hegelianism is that it ignores or denies the individual personality which the lecturer endeavours to preserve. The same charge is made against Green's *Prolegomena*. We can only commend the whole of Lecture VIII. to the attention of students. It is only fair to the author, after what we have said of his Pantheistic drift, to give his view of the elements of human nature. It has two sides,

"the universal side, in which God reveals Himself in our self-consciousness, and the finite or individual side, in which consists that special selfhood of ours, that will, which is delegated to us by God that we may freely make it His" (p. 28).

Or again,

"There is in every finite existence a twofold nature or aspect; there is the *individual* nature which belongs to it as being a separate differentiated portion of the Eternal Substance, and there is the *universal* nature which belongs to it in virtue of its continuous union with that Eternal Ground whose voluntary self-determination has given it birth" (p. 286).

Still, if the result of this dualism is that the individual resists the universal, it is God resisting Himself, God is in contradiction with Himself.

Apart from the consequences already referred to, there are others that must be reckoned with. If human nature is essentially Divine, this is true of all alike, saints and sinners. The holiness of God is thus imperilled or denied. God Himself is peccable. There can be no plainer proof that we have here a very different conception of the Divine nature from the one which underlies Scripture. "God cannot be tempted with evil."

What becomes, too, of the personality of God? As far as we can remember (the absence of an index making reference difficult), Professor Upton lays little stress on this

idea or on the act of creation in which it is most strikingly expressed. The drift of his work suggests emanation rather than an act of creation. Dr. Whiton, in his essay, makes the Trinity one of powers, not of persons. The next step will be to make the absolute Deity itself a power or force or tendency, not a person. We cannot worship a power or force, not even a power making for righteousness. We know the morbid fear there is in some quarters of applying personal ideas and terms to God. Absolute, Absolute Reality, Absolute Cause, Eternal Ground, Eternal Self, are among the author's synonyms for God.

The chief effect, however, must be on the idea of incarnation. That doctrine, as hitherto conceived, presupposes two different natures, separated by the distances between infinite and finite. The incarnation is the meeting of these natures in one person, the meeting, but not the dissolution or suppression of either. The possibility of incarnation is given in the Divine image in man. On the identity theory man ceases to be an image and becomes a "self-differentiation" of the Divine. Dr. Simon, in his *Redemption of Man*, notices the change in the point of view on this subject between ancient and modern days. Then the starting-point in discussions of Christ's person was the "disparateness" of deity and humanity, now it is the kinship, affinity of the two. "They are related to each other disparately, as infinite and finite, unconditioned and conditioned, absolute and relative." On the new theory these distinctions disappear.

"If deity and humanity are essentially akin, humanity, it would seem, must be essentially Divine: humanity, that is, according to its true essential idea; humanity as it should be" (p. 3).

Because Christ is the perfect man He is the Son of God, Divine, the Incarnate One.

"It is consequently quite possible now for one whose doctrine or view of the person of Christ is nothing but humanitarian, to avow his belief in the divinity of Christ, and in an incarnation, without seeming himself to be guilty of using ambiguous language."

Such language, of course, is ambiguous in the sense that "Divine" means one thing on orthodox lips and another with those who hold the new view. On the latter view there is nothing in Christ which may not be in us. Dr. Simon well points out that the new theory must also seriously affect our view of Christ's work.

"A mere man, even if he were a true man, could only have accomplished a human, even if it were an ideally human, work —not a Divine-human work; not such a work as the Scripture represents and the Christian Church has believed Christ's work to be" (p. 6).

It is certain that the identity theory dissolves the incarnation in Christ. To change the meaning of the word is arbitrary. To use it with quite another connotation is misleading and scarcely honest. To say that we believe in the divinity of Christ, when we regard Him as Divine only in the sense in which all men are Divine, is utterly confusing. We have seen the meaning Dr. Whiton puts on the word incarnation. Of course Professor Upton, from his definite religious standpoint, is pleased to draw the inevitable inference. He only objects to the idea of incarnation when it is limited to Jesus Christ instead of being extended to all men (p. 140):

"While the doctrine of the incarnation, when viewed as limited to Jesus of Nazareth, is a merely transient feature of dogmatic religion, the recognition of the normal incarnation of God in human nature furnishes the indestructible foundation of rational religion" (see also p. 52).

Just as Pantheism loses God in extending Him, so incarnation is lost in the mass of the human race. Max Müller is quoted with approval as allowing only a difference of degree between Christ and us (p. 139). That Jesus Christ should be spoken of as "the world's representative theist" (p. 261), and co-ordinated with Gautama, the Buddha, and Mohammed (p. 59), should not perhaps surprise us in these days. The belief in His deity is ascribed to a process of apotheosis (p. 131):

"Jesus had ever spoken of God as the Father within Him; and, though there is good reason to believe that He Himself

never dreamed that the Eternal was immanent and incarnate in any different sense to that in which He is immanent in every rational soul, it is not surprising, when all the circumstances of the case are taken into account, that the world's greatest Prophet and religious Teacher was at length, in the imagination of His enthusiastic disciples, exclusively identified with that Divine Word or Reason which the philosophical believers of that day regarded as the indispensable intermediary between the Eternal God and the human mind and heart. In this way the Son of Mary of Nazareth was removed out of the catagory of humanity and conceived of as the Son of God in quite a different sense to that in which, in the view of the rational religionist, all men are sons of God" (p. 135).

We see the ditch into which our new guides would plunge us.

The volume brings other new things to our ears. It is a new thing to find the infinite regress of causes, which is usually regarded as the impossible alternative to a First Cause, declared both possible and probable (p. 206). A distinction is made between cause in the scientific and the philosophical or theological sense. In the first sense the author is unable to conceive of the regress of causes as other than eternal.

"The existence of this infinite regress of causes, in the scientific sense, is precisely the fact which demands for its adequate explanation the belief in God as the ultimate Ground or Cause in the philosophical or theological sense."

Here, again, we see the effect of the new view of the relation of the Divine and human nature. On this basis it is reasonable to suppose that the process of creation or incarnation has been going on eternally—Origen's notion of eternal creation. "It is no more than reasonable to expect that this Absolute Being should *eternally* manifest His inner nature in an infinite cosmos of inter-related physical and psychical agencies."

It is also a novelty to find the Hebrew and Greek conceptions of God placed on a level and declared to be co-ordinate factors in the Christian idea. Christianity is the synthesis of Hebrew, Greek and Hindu thought. The Hebrew believed in the action of God on the individual

spirit; the Greek and Hindu had looked beyond to the eternal immanent Ground of the soul.

"It was not till late in their history that the Hebrew seers saw what the Pantheistic thinkers of India and Greece had long seen, that the human spirit is a reproduction of the Absolute Being. . . . The human mind accordingly reaches, I think, most nearly to a correct apprehension of the true relation of the soul to God, when it combines what is best and most vital in the Hebrew ethics and religion on the one hand, and in Greek and Oriental religious thought on the other" (p. 46; also pp. 56, 238).

The author also says:

"There is good reason to believe that Jesus only gave fuller and more perfect expression to noble thoughts and sentiments which were fermenting in the consciousness of many of the choicer spirits among His countrymen, when He declared the relation between the soul and God to be of the most inward and intimate character" (p. 57).

The Hebrew conception would thus have been one-sided without the Greek complement; the subjectiveness of the former was corrected by the objectiveness of the latter. Professor Pfleiderer holds the same view:

"What is the Church's Trinitarian doctrine of God but a combination of the Hebrew God-consciousness with the Hellenic—of the transcendence of the one supramundane God with the immanence of the manifest Divine in the world and in human life?"*

We find also in the Hibbert Lecture the extravagant notion about the idea of the Word or Son covering the entire cosmos, which we have already seen hinted in Dr. Whiton's essay, a coincidence which shows that it springs naturally out of the identity theory.

"The scientist cannot help coming, along his line of thought, to precisely the same conclusion that the theologian reaches by another route—to the conclusion, namely, that there is no beginning to this series of physical and psychical life which constitutes the universe; or, theologically expressed, that this cosmos, with its wealth of loveliness and of physical and

* *Philosophy of Religion*, vol. ii. p. 105.

psychical life, is the eternally-begotten Word and Son of God, through whom we may well suppose that the thought and love of the eternal find at once expression and satisfaction" (p. 233).

An idea worthy of the early Gnostic extravagances.

If our main purpose has been to criticise, we hope that it will have been apparent that there is much in the volume to approve and admire. The thorough discussion of current philosophical theories and ideas is full of interest to all familiar with this line of study. It is abundantly evident that Pantheism is one of the perils of the higher thought of the day. In this country, as in France and Germany, there is a reaction from crass Materialism to philosophical Idealism, and we may expect the tendency to be pushed to extremes. Our author remarks on the strangeness of the fact that the Hegelian movement, which has passed away in Germany, should be on the increase here. The benumbing, paralyzing effects of the new ideas on man's highest aspirations and aims are forcibly expounded (p. 324):

"My fear is that this social interest and enthusiasm is intrinsically incapable of permanently sustaining itself at a high level, apart from a truer doctrine of man's moral freedom and responsibility and of his personal and ethical relationship to that supreme self-consciousness on whom all human spirits eternally depend."

Although the author's argument against Pantheism is greatly weakened by the peculiar position he himself takes, we are thankful for every defence against so deadly a peril. Faith and freedom, morals and religion have no more dangerous foe than the Pantheistic current which has set in towards English-speaking lands. Monism, Idealism, Speculative Theism, Determinism, are the names substituted for the better-known but ill-sounding word. The philosophic dress in which the theory is presented deceives the unwary. There is much show of wisdom with a minimum of the reality. The big words mean little. To borrow a sentence of our author's in another connection, they are "*voces et praeterea nihil*—a delusion and a sham."

ART. V.—MR. AUGUSTUS HARE'S "STORY OF MY LIFE."

The Story of My Life. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, Author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life." Three Vols. London: George Allen. 1896.

THE Hares of Hurstmonceaux may almost be described as the best known clerical family in England. Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare has laid everyone who delights in high thinking and pure living under a lasting debt by his exquisite *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, now in the nineteenth edition. He has largely increased our obligation by the present work, which fills up many gaps in the earlier record and helps us to reconstruct the whole history of Hurstmonceaux. The writer has exposed himself to the charge of prolixity by publishing a mass of letters and extracts from his early journals which have purely a personal interest, yet we are not sure that he has not, even in this matter, been guided by a true instinct. Certainly his unveiling of a boy's mind will be profoundly interesting to teachers and parents, and may save them from repeating the errors made by those who were responsible for Mr. Hare's training. The painful story of his childhood brings out the seamy side of life at Hurstmonceaux, but even the acidity and the occasional querulousness which have crept into this record increase its value as a study of religious life and methods of training. There is little need to dwell on the literary charm of these volumes. Mr. Hare is almost as skilful a delineator of men and manners as Horace Walpole himself. His book takes us into some of the choicest circles of English society, and abounds in apt and racy anecdotes in which there is a delightful vein of humour. The narrative is only brought down to the death of Mrs. Augustus Hare, in 1870, and we hope that the rest of the record,

which is already written, will soon be given to the world. Mr. Hare says

"My story is a very long one, and though only, as Sir C. Bowen would have called it, 'a ponderous biography of nobody,' is told in great—most people will say in far too much—detail. But to me it seems as if it were in the petty details, not in the great results, that the real interest of every existence lies. I think, also, though it may be considered a strange thing to say, that the true picture of a whole life—at least an English life—has never yet been painted, and certainly all the truth of such a picture must come from its delicate touches."

The Hurstmonceaux estates came into the hands of the Hare family in 1727, when Miss Grace Naylor died very mysteriously, in her twenty-first year, at the immense and weird old castle of which she had been heiress. Her first cousin, Francis Hare, inherited the property and took the name of Naylor. He was the son of Marlborough's favourite chaplain, who had ridden by the great General's side at Blenheim and Ramillies, and lived to become one of the richest and most popular pluralists of his time. The Archbishopric of Canterbury twice just escaped him, but he was Dean of St. Paul's, and held with that dignified office the Bishopric of St. Asaph, and afterwards of Chichester. His son, Francis Hare, died without children after a life of the wildest dissipation. Hurstmonceaux now passed to his half-brother, Robert Hare, Canon of Winchester, whose lovely wife died very suddenly from eating ices when she was overheated at a ball. Robert's second wife was the rich heiress, Henrietta Henckel. She was very jealous of the two sons of Mr. Hare's first marriage, and persuaded him to pull down the old castle of Hurstmonceaux and build a great house, which was settled on her own children. On her husband's death it was, however, discovered that this house was built on entailed land, and it passed into the hands of her step-son, Francis Hare-Naylor. Mrs. Henckel Hare lived to repent bitterly of her folly and injustice. In her old age she used to wander round the castle ruins, wringing her hands, and saying, "Who could have done such a wicked thing: oh! who could have done such a

wicked thing as to pull down this beautiful old place?" Her two daughters reminded her, "Oh, dear mamma, it was you who did it, it was you yourself who did it, you know"; but the old lady replied, "*Oh*, no; that is impossible: it could not have been me. I could not have done such a wicked thing: it could not have been me that did it." The family feeling as to this deed of vandalism was expressed by Mr. Marcus Hare, who surrounded the old lady's picture in his house at Abbots Kerswell with crape bows.

Mrs. Henckel Hare made Hurstmonceaux a very unhappy home for her two step-sons. She ruled her husband with a rod of iron, ostentatiously burnt the portrait of his first wife, and every year sold a farm from his paternal estate, spending the proceeds in personal extravagance. While accumulating wealth for herself, she succeeded in fixing the allowance of her step-sons at the paltry sum of £100 a year. The younger son was sent to Oriel College, Oxford, and, when he unavoidably incurred debts there, the money for their repayment was stopped from his modest pittance. The elder brother was driven into reckless extravagance by his step-mother's folly. He raised money on his prospects, and would have been utterly ruined had not the Duchess of Devonshire become his friend and helper. She introduced him to her cousin, Georgiana Shipley, daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, and the young people eloped in 1785. The families on both sides renounced them, and they led a struggling life in Italy, where their four sons—Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus—were born. When Mr. Hare succeeded to Hurstmonceaux, he and his wife hurried back to England with their boy Augustus. The other sons were left at Bologna under the care of the brilliant Professor of Greek, Clotilda Tambroni, and the old Jesuit monk who had been her first preceptor. Francis, the eldest of the three boys, was now eleven years old. His gifted mother had devoted herself to his education, and the great linguist, Mezzofanti, was so charmed by the boy's acquirements and love of learning that he voluntarily undertook to teach him. When Francis came to Hurstmonceaux he made astonishing

progress in his studies. In 1802 he was at Aberdeen, under the care of Dr. Brown, of Marischal College. Here also he showed the utmost enthusiasm for learning.

Meanwhile, his father and mother had a hard fight with poverty at Hurstmonceaux. Mrs. Hare, who found no congenial friends in the neighbourhood, consoled herself by an animated correspondence with the most learned men of Europe. She retained her Italian habits, and was often seen at Hurstmonceaux riding on an ass, to drink of the mineral springs which abound in the park, or walking about with her beautiful white doe at her side. This pet even accompanied her to church and stood at the pew door during the service. She became totally blind, and then removed to Weimar, where she enjoyed the friendship of the Grand Duchess and the society of Goethe and Schiller. After her death at Lausanne, in 1806, Mr. Hare-Naylor sold his Hurstmonceaux estate for £60,000, to the deep regret of his children, and married a Mrs. Mealey, who was less and less liked by her step-sons as years went on. He died at Tours in 1815.

His four sons by his first marriage were now thrown on the care of their mother's relatives. Her eldest sister, the widow of the celebrated Sir William Jones, proved a true mother to her nephews. Augustus was educated at her expense, whilst Francis and Julius looked up to her and consulted her in everything. They found in her, as the epitaph at Hurstmonceaux bears witness, "A second mother, a monitress wise and loving, both in encouragement and reproof."

Francis Hare suffered grievously by his mother's death. His father was apathetic, his step-mother durst not interfere, his aunt, Lady Jones, was bewildered by the gifted youth. He went abroad, travelling where he pleased, and forming intimacies with the most distinguished professors at the Universities of Leipsic and Göttingen. He was simply adored at the little court of Weimar. He also cultivated the friendship, and shared the follies, of Count Calotkin, whom he described as "the Lord Chesterfield of the time, who had

more princesses in love with him than there are weeks in the year." When he went up to Christ Church, Francis Hare felt a profound contempt for its learning, and spent nearly all his time in hunting. Yet he could scarcely avoid adding to his stores of knowledge. Dr. Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, used to say that Francis Hare was the only rolling stone he knew that ever gathered any moss. After leaving Oxford he took rooms in the Albany, a society centre where all that was most refined and intellectual in London might be met with. As a conversationalist he was unrivalled, but when he visited Stowe, his host, the old Marquis ——, was not altogether pleased at his keeping all the talk to himself. He delighted to collect valuable books, yet, when he had acquired them, he either sold them or had them packed up, left them behind, and forgot all about them. He was always dressed in the height of fashion, and sometimes changed his dress three times in the course of a single ball. When living in Florence he met Lady Paul, wife of Sir John Paul, the London banker, and her daughters. Anne Paul, the eldest of these young ladies, had lived for some years with her grandmother, Lady Anne Simpson, daughter of the eighth Earl of Strathmore. The family seat was Glamis Castle, where Duncan was murdered by Macbeth. At Lady Simpson's house at Merstham, in Surrey, Anne Paul met the most remarkable men of the time. The sons of George the Third were constant visitors. It was a great trial for Miss Paul to return to her own home in the Strand after Lady Anne's death. The removal to Florence, however, brought compensations. She was a brilliant musician, and found many congenial friends in that city. She was married to Francis Hare in 1828.

"They had long corresponded," Mr. A. J. C. Hare tells us, "and his clever letters are most indescribably eccentric. They became more eccentric still in 1828, when, before making a formal proposal, he expended two sheets in proving to her how hateful the word *must* always had been, and always would be, to his nature."

On receiving the lady's answer he sent his bank book to

Sir John Paul, and asked him to see if he still possessed a clear £1,500 a year. If the examination proved satisfactory, he begged to propose for the hand of his eldest daughter. The marriage proved a happy one. Lady Blessington sent Landor her first impressions of the young wife:

"She is indeed a treasure—well-informed, clever, sensible, well-mannered, kind, lady-like, and, above all, truly feminine; the having chosen such a woman reflects credit and distinction on our friend, and the community with her has had a visible effect on him, as, without losing any of his gaiety, it has become softened down to a more mellow tone, and he appears not only a more happy man, but more deserving of happiness than before."

The Hares wandered about the Continent for some years after their marriage, and in the autumn of 1833 rented the beautiful Villa Strozzi, at Rome.

"Here," says Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, "on the 13th of March, 1834, I was born—the youngest child of the family, and a most unwelcome addition to the population of this troublesome world, as both my father and Mrs. Hare were greatly annoyed at the birth of another child, and beyond measure disgusted that it was another son."

Augustus Hare had died in Rome a month before; and his widow became godmother to his little nephew. As she returned to England, thinking of the solitary future, it occurred to her that Francis Hare and his wife might be willing to give up to her their youngest child. She sent her petition in July, and received the following reply:

"My dear Maria,—How very kind of you! Yes, certainly, the baby shall be sent as soon as it is weaned; and, if anyone else would like one, would you kindly recollect that we have others."

In August, 1835, the little fellow reached Hurstmonceaux. His own parents gave him up entirely, renouncing every claim upon him of affection or interest. But his adopted mother lavished her love upon him. She had no child of her own, and her husband, knowing how she wished for one, had dropped some money into a box at Chalons

Cathedral, "Pour les femmes enceintes," with a special prayer. A little later this nephew was born, and Mrs. Augustus Hare always regarded him as an answer to her husband's petition. Her father, the Rev. Oswald Leycester, belonged to one of the oldest families in Cheshire, and his rectory of Stoke-upon-Terne, in Shropshire, was a centre of high intellectual refinement, combined with deep spirituality. Maria Leycester's only sister, seven years older than herself, was married to Edward Stanley, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. Reginald Heber, Rector of Hodnet, two miles from Stoke, had been Maria's tutor in her girlhood. She had known Augustus Hare since she was eighteen, but it was not till twelve years later that she became his wife. Their first years of married life were spent at Alton Barnes, in Wiltshire. The church was a tiny place, with half-a-dozen pews. The village had neither gentleman's mansion, public house, nor a good shop. The population, which numbered less than two hundred, was grouped round two or three pastures. All loved their rector and his wife. They said, "How our minister does grow," bearing witness afterwards, "He went more and more on in the Scriptures." When the valuable family living of Hurstmonceaux fell vacant, Augustus Hare could scarcely bring himself to leave Alton, and implored his eldest brother to persuade Julius to give up his fellowship at Trinity and take it. Augustus Hare caught a chill in Cheshire when he went to the marriage of his brother Marcus with the Honourable Lucy Anne Stanley, niece of the future Bishop Stanley. He was sent to winter abroad, and died at Rome in February, 1834.

A few weeks after the little boy reached England, Mrs. Hare left the rectory and took up her home at Lime, where she lived for the next twenty-five years. It was an old white gabled house with clustered chimneys and roofs rich in colour. It stood in its brilliant flower garden, with fields separating it from the high road and lanes. The silence of its life was only broken by the cackling of the poultry, or the distant sound of threshing in the barn. Julius Hare used to walk over from the rectory every evening to share

the six o'clock dinner. He returned about eight o'clock. A stream of literary guests was continually flowing in to the rectory, and one or other of these constantly accompanied Julius to his sister-in-law's. The little Augustus was his mother's companion, and she was always creating amusements and interests for him in the natural objects around. His earliest recollections of the place were about the primroses on the bank, the clusters of golden stars, and the patches of pure white primroses which grew in one spot where the bank was broken away under an old apple tree. The dinner table conversation on the Fathers and Tract XC. long lingered in the child's memory. An organ had been put up in the church in place of the band, whose violinist could never keep pace with the other instruments. Arthur Stanley, who was a pupil at the Rectory, was asked how he liked the new organ. "Well," he said, "it is not so bad as most organs, for it does not make so much sound." Julius Hare preached about it from an adapted text, "What went ye out for to hear." The small boy once saw his Uncle Julius fling Montgomery's Poems (not James Montgomery, but Robert) to the other end of the room, and wondered what would be done to him if he happened to be "as naughty as Uncle Jule."

In 1837, the bishopric of Norwich was offered to Edward Stanley. His family were all "in a terrible taking," as they called it, save the mother, who was never agitated by anything. Her two daughters came to tell their aunt, with floods of tears, that they were to leave Alderley.

In the autumn of 1836, Mrs. Hare visited Frederick Maurice at his tiny curacy of Bubnell, near Leamington. His sister Priscilla was then living with him, and a great friendship sprang up between her and Mrs. Hare. Mr. Hare says that, with many fine qualities and great cleverness, Priscilla Maurice was one of the most exacting persons he has ever known. She and her sisters persuaded Mrs. Hare

"to join in their tireless search after the motes in their brother's eyes, and urged a more intensified life of contemplation rather than active piety, which abstracted her more than ever from

earthly interests, and really marred for a time her influence and usefulness."

Many visits were paid in later years to Maurice in his stuffy chaplain's house at Guy's. The boy found these visits extremely depressing. Maurice

"maundered over his own humility in a way which, even to a child, did not seem humble, and he was constantly lost mentally in the labyrinth of religious mysticisms which he was ever creating for himself. In all he said, as in all he wrote, there was a nebulous vagueness. 'I sometimes fancy,' 'I almost incline to believe,' 'I seem to think,' were the phrases most frequently on his lips. When he preached before the University of Cambridge to a church crowded with dons and undergraduates, they asked one another as they came out, 'What was it all about?' He may have sown ideas, but, if they bore any fruits, other people reaped them. Still, his innate goodness brought him great devotion from his friends."

Priscilla Maurice generally spent several months every year at Lime. She came armed with plans for the reformation of the parish. Esther Maurice, who then kept a lady's school at Reading, often accompanied her sister. She was much more attractive than Priscilla, and in course of time entirely displaced her in Mrs. Hare's affections. "Priscilla," she said to Julius Hare, "is like silver, but Esther is like gold." Mr. Hare says—

"Of the two, I personally preferred Priscilla, but both were a fearful scourge to my childhood, and so completely poisoned my life at Hurstmonceaux, that I looked to the winters spent at Stoke (Mr. Leycester's rectory in Shropshire), for everything that was not aggressively unpleasant."

Another trouble was that Mrs. Marcus Hare seemed jealous for her own little son's sake of any attention or kindness shown to Augustus. He says—

"I felt in those early days, and on looking back from middle life I know that I felt justly, that my mother would often pretend to care for me less than she did, and punish me far more frequently for very slight offences, in order not to offend Aunt Lucy (Mrs. Marcus Hare), and this caused me many bitter moments, and outbursts of passionate weeping little understood at the time."

This is painful reading, and we think Mr. Hare dwells in needless detail upon it, yet it is evident that the advent of the Maurices brought a cloud over the happy home at Lime, and embittered the boy's life for many a year. When he was only four, his playthings were all banished to a loft, and as he had no companions, he never recollected a single game. He once tried to play in a hayfield with the son of a respectable poor woman, but was punished for it, and never ventured on such an experiment again. He did not like Hurstmonceaux Rectory because his uncle Julius frightened him out of his wits, yet for others, it was a delightful centre of intellectual and religious life. The house was lined with books from top to bottom—living-rooms, bedrooms, and passages. There were more than fourteen thousand volumes. The spaces not filled by books were taken up by pictures which had been collected in Italy. Mr. Hare says—

"All the pictures were to me as intimate friends, and I studied every detail of their backgrounds, even of the dresses of the figures they portrayed; they were also my constant comforters in the many miserable hours I even then spent at the Rectory, where I was always utterly ignored, whilst taken away from all my home employments and interests."

A niche is given in these records to Mrs. Hare-Naylor, step-mother to the four Hare brothers, and her daughter. The old lady was an extremely pretty little woman with snow-white hair, but she was suspicious, exacting, and jealous. If she formed an opinion of anyone nothing could eradicate it. She was extremely deaf, and could only hear through a long trumpet. She would make the most frightful tirades against people, and the instant they attempted to defend themselves she took down the trumpet. "Thus she retired into a social fortress, and heard no opinion but her own." Her daughter Georgiana had been a very pretty and lively girl till, in a mad moment, at Bonn, she undertook to dance the clock round. She performed her feat, but had to lie on her back for a year.

"She liked the sympathy she excited, and henceforth *preferred*

being ill. Once or twice every year she was dying, the family were summoned, every one was in tears, they knelt around her bed; it was the most delicious excitement."

She became the second wife of F. D. Maurice, and though she was supposed at the time to be on the point of death, she was "so pleased with her nuptials that she recovered after the ceremony and lived for nearly half a century afterwards." Mr. Hare did not see her for more than thirty years before her death. "I could not say I adored all the Maurices: it would have been an exaggeration. So she did not wish to see me." Another portrait is that of Lady Campbell, a great friend of Julius Hare's, whom Mrs. Augustus Hare and her boy visited at Exeter. She became a Plymouth sister, the chief result of which was that all her servants sat with her at meals. She gave up every luxury, and almost all the comforts of life, living in the same way as her servants did, save that one silver fork and spoon were kept for her use. Other visits were paid to the Bath aunts, daughters of Mrs. Hare Henckel, who pulled down Hurstmonceaux Castle. They were very rich and were both perfectly devoted to their nephew, Marcus Hare, whom they could never praise sufficiently.

"Caroline, who always wrote of him as her 'treasure,' was positively in love with him. Whenever he returned from sea, to which he had been sent, the aunts grudged every day which he did not spend with them. Their affection for him was finally rivetted in 1826, when he was accidentally on a visit to them at the time of their mother's sudden death, and was a great help and comfort to them."

Napoleon is said to have proposed to the younger sister Marianne, before his marriage with Josephine, and the lady afterwards bitterly regretted that she refused his offer.

Constant intercourse was kept up between Lime and Hurstmonceaux Rectory. Julius Hare consulted his sister-in-law about everything, and she used regularly to drive over to see him in the afternoon, when some new plans had always to be talked over. Mr. Augustus Hare remembers Manning's frequent visits in those days, and pays him this high tribute: "He was very lovable, and one of the most

perfectly gentle *gentle*-men I have ever known; my real mother used to call him 'l'harmonie de la poésie religieuse.'"

Mrs. Hare was so afraid of over-indulgence that she went to the other extreme in her boy's training, and the sensitive little fellow, who had no games or juvenile companions, knew many bitter hours which a little good sense might have spared him. One incident may illustrate the *régime* under which he lived. One day, when he and his mother visited the curate, a lady gave him some sweetmeat, which, naturally enough, he ate without question.

"This crime was discovered, when we came home, by the smell of peppermint, and a large dose of rhubarb and soda was at once administered with a forcing-spoon, though I was in robust health at the time, to teach me to avoid such carnal indulgences as lollypops for the future. For two years, also, I was obliged to swallow a dose of rhubarb every morning and every evening, because—according to old-fashioned ideas—it was supposed to 'strengthen the stomach.'"

Mr. Hare was sure it did him a great deal of harm, and was largely responsible for his after ill-health. Yet, if he cried more than usual, senna tea was added next morning to his rhubarb. When he was about six another mode of penance was invented, under the inspiration of the Maurices. Hitherto he had only been allowed roast mutton and rice pudding for dinner; now the most delicious puddings were talked about and set on the table. Just as he was going to eat some, they were snatched away, and the disappointed boy was ordered to carry them off to some poor person in the village.

Julius Hare was called in to punish his nephew Augustus when the youngster was specially troublesome, and used a riding-whip for these occasions. The boy screamed dreadfully in anticipation of these events, but bore them without a cry or a tear. Once he fell asleep over his Froissart, and when he was doomed to receive a whipping he resolved to do something worthy of chastisement. He gave three dreadful shrieks at the top of the stairs and then fled. He was successful enough to hide himself under the bed, behind a large box, where he escaped detection. Every corner of the garden was ransacked by the whole household, and the

pond was about to be dragged, when the boy gave a little hoot from the window. Instantly all was changed. His nurse flew upstairs to embrace him, and there was great talking and excitement, amid which his Uncle Julius was called away, and every one forgot that he had not been whipped. This, however, was the only time that he ever escaped.

After the Stanleys moved to Norwich, some enchanting visits were paid to them at the palace there. His cousins, Mary and Kate, were very kind to the little fellow, and Arthur Stanley became like a big brother. Stanley was then an undergraduate, so shy that he scarcely ever spoke to strangers and coloured violently when spoken to. Mr. Hare says Stanley was "piteously afraid" of his father, and was scarcely at home with any one save his two sisters, but of this we have our doubts. Surely he was on the happiest terms with his mother. The visitor from Lime received much kindness from many friends at Norwich, notably from Professor Sedgwick, then one of the canons, who took him into a shop and bought him a great illustrated *Robinson Crusoe*. Sedgwick, as Kate Stanley, afterwards Mrs. Vaughan, said, "threw a mantle of love over every one."

The chief delight of the year was the visit to Stoke Rectory. After a three days' journey in their carriage, they drove up to the white house with its two gables. Two figures rose hastily from their red armchairs on either side of the fire —an ancient lady in a rather smart cap, and an old gentleman, with snow-white hair and a most pleasant face. These were the old rector and his wife. Five months were spent with them every year. Mr. Leycester did not take much notice of the boy, though he was always kind to him, but his wife was very good to the little visitor, and he was never afraid of her. She used to come downstairs in a morning, with her fat little red and white spaniel barking in front of her. Prayers were read in the study, green baize cushions being put for "the quality" to kneel upon. The boy sometimes went in to see the servants have breakfast, and found the maids busy with their great bowls of bread and milk. Tea

and bread and butter were never thought of below the housekeeper's room. When there was "a wash," every third week, it had to begin at one in the morning. If any maid was late, she received a severe scolding from the redoubtable mistress. The ladies'-maids, who did all the finer things, had to be at the wash-tubs by three. Mrs. Leycester once met her match. She went down into the kitchen and scolded the cook severely. When that worthy could bear it no longer, she seized the dinner-bell and rang it in her mistress's ears till she ran out of the kitchen. Mrs. Leycester constantly boxed her housemaids' ears, but she had a kind heart despite her severities, and in those days servants were as liable to personal chastisement as the children of the house, and would as little have thought of resenting it.

Sundays were a great deal brighter at Stoke than at Hurstmonceaux, for there was generally something found for the boy to do. The church services were very primitive. The rectory pew bore an inscription, since removed by a Ritualistic rector:

"God prosper y^e^ Kynge long in thys lande
And grant that Papystrie never have y^e^ vper hande."

The old women came to church in their red cloaks and large black bonnets; the old men's smocks were gay with glistening brass buttons, and they carried in their hands bunches of southern-wood to snuff at during service. The tunes were set with a pitch-pipe. The scholars were ranged round the altar, and if any misbehaved they were turned up and soundly whipped then and there. On these occasions their cries mingled oddly with the responses of the congregation.

The curates lunched on Sundays at the rectory. They had to go in at the back door lest they should dirty the steps. An exception was made for one, who was allowed to come in at the front entrance because he was "a gentleman born." If a curate talked at luncheon he was soon put down. After their cold veal, they had to give Mrs. Leycester

an account of their week's work in the four quarters of the parish, and were soundly rated if they had not acted according to her ideas. When the curates had gone through their ordeal, the school-girls came in to practise singing. Mrs. Hare sat at the piano, while her step-mother watched if the girls opened their mouths well. If they did not please her in this respect she would actually put her fingers down their throats. One day a girl bit her violently as she was doing this. The gentleman curate remonstrated with the culprit, "How could you be such a naughty girl, Margaret, as to bite Mrs. Leycester?" "What'n her put her fingers down my throat for? Oi'll boite she harder next time," was the graceless reply. When she was about to chastise one of the school children, Mrs. Leycester would say, "You don't suppose I'm going to hurt *my* fingers in boxing *your* ears." Then she would pick up a book, and, after using it vigorously, would say, "Now, we mustn't let the other ear be jealous," and would turn the child round for another dose. Mrs. Leycester used to speak of chaney, laylocks and gould, instead of china, lilac and gold. She talked of Prooshians and Rooshians, and described things as plaguey dear or plaguey bad. Such expressions were general in those days. Julius Hare used always to say, "Obleege me by passing the cowcumber."

Mrs. Leycester was twenty years younger than her husband, and, though devoted to him, she constantly talked before him, to his great amusement, of what she would do when she was a widow. Her brother-in-law had left her a house in London, in which she intended to live when she left Stoke. The young footman would sometimes be ordered up to practise a London knock, and one day the coach drove round that she might see how Spragg would look when grandpapa was dead. He died in 1846, at the age of ninety-five, and his widow then came to live in London.

No boy could have been more unfortunate in his first teachers than Augustus Hare. He was put under the care of Mr. Kilvert, at Harnish Rectory, where he spent three-and-a-half years under a reign of terror. Every day brought

a round of the most dreary lessons. He was sent to Harrow in 1847, but was so miserably unprepared that he never learnt anything useful there. The hours spent on Latin verse-making he regarded as *utterly* wasted. In 1848 failure of health prevented his return to Harrow, and he had a private tutor, who proved quite incompetent. After a time he was sent to school near Bath. He paid many a pleasant visit to his father's old friend, Walter Savage Landor, who was then living in that city. It was an odd establishment. Landor's white dog, Spitz, frequently used to sit in the oddest way on the top of its master's bald head. The poet only had one shelf of books. If anyone presented him with a volume, he read it carefully and then gave it away, because he thought he could thus best retain what he read. He was very particular about his little dinners, and Mr. Hare has seen him take a pheasant up by the legs and throw it into the fire over the head of the servant in attendance. These visits to Landor were oases in the dreary school life. It was not till he went to Dean Bradley's brother at Southgate, on the recommendation of Arthur Stanley, that Augustus Hare really had any training worthy of the name. Mr. Bradley, with his odd punishments and his quaint ways, is one of the characters of this book.

But if the boy's education was sadly neglected, his holidays were spent in a world of delights. In 1844 he and his mother visited the Arnolds at Foxhow. Matthew Arnold, then a youth, showed the visitor great kindness. He was not considered at that time to have any promise of the intellectual powers which afterwards revealed themselves. Wordsworth, whom they often met, always talked about himself and his poems, but the boy was too young to be interested, unless the monologue turned on wild flowers. The Hares were often at Norwich. The bishop was apt to be tremendously impetuous, but Mrs. Stanley always knew how to calm him. When Dean Pellew objected to a cross being erected outside the cathedral, the bishop broke out, "Never be ashamed of the cross, Mr. Dean, never be ashamed of the cross." On Sunday afternoons he used to pay surprise visits to the

churches in Norwich. One day he heard a high and dry discourse from one old clergyman, and marched into the vestry afterwards with the words, "A very old-fashioned sermon, Mr. H." "A very good-fashioned sermon, I think, my Lord," was the answer. Many lively stories of these days are preserved in these volumes, but perhaps the most delightful is the compliment which Arthur Stanley paid to Jenny Lind, whom he admired exceedingly, despite his hatred of music. "I think," he said, "you would be *most* delightful if you had no voice."

When he went up to Oxford, Mr. Hare saw much of Jowett. Being invited to breakfast with the don was no small ordeal. Sometimes Jowett never opened his lips, but walked about the room with unperceiving eyes, while the nervous undergraduate ate his bread and butter. When he took Hare out for a walk, Jowett scarcely ever spoke. If Hare said something at one milestone, his companion would make no reply till they reached the next, when he broke out abruptly with, "Your last observation was singularly commonplace." Then he relapsed into silence. Mr. Hare did not attempt to read for honours, so that in his second year at Oxford he had plenty of time for those studies in French, Italian, History and Archæology which have proved of such service to him in later years. He frequently saw Dr. Routh, the venerable President of Magdalen, who died in 1854 in his hundreth year. Goldwin Smith once asked Routh how he was. "I am suffering, sir," was the reply, "from a catarrhal cold, which, however, sir, I take to be a kind provision of Nature to relieve the peccant humours of the system." A few years before his death, Routh was at Ewelme, his country living. The butler became insane, and, before he was carried away, begged to speak to his master. The President received him in the garden, where the man, stooping as if to kiss his hand, bit a piece out of it. When asked how he felt, Routh replied:

'Why, at first, sir, I felt considerably alarmed; for I was unaware, sir, what proportion of human virus might have been communicated by the bite; but in the interval of reaching the

house, I was convinced that the proportion of virus must have been very small indeed; then I was at rest, but, sir, I had the bite cauterised."

Some undergraduates, who noticed that Routh never appeared without his canonicals, formed a plan to make him break through this habit. They went under his window at midnight and shouted "fire." The President appeared immediately in the most terrible state of alarm, but in full canonicals. His mental powers did not fail till forty-eight hours before his death, when he ordered his servants to prepare rooms for a lady and gentleman who had long been dead. As the servants tried to get him upstairs, he struggled with the banisters as with an imaginary enemy.

Archdeacon Hare died in January, 1855, and was buried at Hurstmonceaux. He was more adapted for University life than for the care of a country parish. He seemed to move in a different world from his people, and his nephew gives a strange picture of the way in which the whole congregation quietly composed themselves to sleep when he began his lengthy sermons. It was quite ridiculous to see the chancel filled with nodding heads whilst the rector went droning on with a sermon preached fifty times before. His wife and curate tried to keep themselves awake with strong lavender lozenges, but with very partial success. The enthusiasm with which the clergy listened to his charges as Archdeacon was quite as remarkable as the torpor of the villagers. The Archdeacon put his whole heart into the reading of the prayers. His nephew says: "Those who never heard Julius Hare read the Communion Service can have no idea of the depths of humility and passion in those sublime prayers."

After Augustus Hare took his degree, he and his mother spent a pleasant holiday on the Continent. Their quiet visits to Italian towns prepared Mr. Hare for much fruitful work in later days. The wonderful old city of Ravenna enchanted them, and they thought Ancona, climbing up the steep headland crowned by the cathedral, and looking out over the blue sea covered with shipping, even more beautiful

than Naples. In Rome Mr. Hare found his own mother and sister, with whom he now first became really familiar. Mrs. Francis Hare never showed him any maternal affection, but liked his visits, so that he sometimes found himself in a difficulty between his two mothers. He saw much of Roman society, of which he gives many pleasant glimpses in these old days. He was in Rome when the Princess Santa Croce died, in 1864. According to ancient custom, when a princess lies in State, the higher her rank the lower she must lie. The Princess Santa Croce was of such excessively high rank that she lay upon the bare boards. Mr. Hare went with his mother and sister to a private audience with Pope Pius IX. Mrs. Hare and her daughter had become Romanists, but her son was a Protestant. The Pope spoke to him of the great privilege and blessing of being a Catholic. He asked the young Englishman to make him "the least little bit of a promise." This was that he would repeat the Lord's Prayer, or at least the phrase, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," every morning and evening. This Mr. Hare was glad to promise, but he has remained a good Protestant all the same. His sister's friend, Madame Davidoff, whose one object in life was to win proselytes for Rome, did her best to convert Mr. Hare, but failed.

"Her religious unscrupulousness soon alienated me, and I had a final rupture with her upon her urging me to become a Roman Catholic secretly, and to conceal it from my adopted mother as long as she lived."

But if Mr. Hare resisted all attempts to draw him over to Rome, he now began clearly to feel that he had no vocation for a clergyman's life. This path in life had long been marked out for him, and his decision inflicted much pain and disappointment on his mother, yet there is no doubt that he followed in this matter the only wise and manly course.

On the way back to England the Hares stayed at Turin, where they found Mr. Ruskin, hard at work on a scaffold in the gallery, copying bits of the great picture by Paul Veronese. Mrs. Hare showed him her son's drawings, of

which she was very proud. Ruskin examined them carefully but said nothing for a time. At last he pointed out one of the Cathedral at Perugia as "the least bad of a very poor collection." One day, in the gallery, Mr. Hare asked his advice. He said "Watch me." Ruskin studied a flounce in the dress of one of the Queen of Sheba's maids of honour for five minutes, and painted one thread. Then he repeated the process.

"At the rate at which he was working he might hope to paint the whole dress in ten years; but it was a lesson as to examining what one drew well before drawing it. I said to him 'Do you admire all Paul Veronese's works as you do this?' He answered, 'I merely think Paul Veronese was ordained by Almighty God to be an archangel, neither more nor less; for it was not only that he knew how to cover yards of canvas with noble figures and exquisite colouring, it was that it was all *right*. If you look at other pictures in this gallery, or any gallery, you will find mistakes, corrected perhaps, but mistakes of every form and kind; but Paul Veronese had such perfect knowledge, he *never* made mistakes."

Mr. Hare stayed two months by himself in Paris to perfect his French. When he returned to Lime he found that Mrs. Julius Hare, to whom the house had been lent during their absence in Rome, had forced open two cabinets which contained much-prized MSS. and had destroyed every paper relating to any member of the Hare family. She replaced the letters to Mrs. Augustus Hare in the front of the cabinets so that her vandalism was not discovered for two years later. When questioned about it she only said "Yes, I did it; I saw fit to destroy them."

In 1859, through the good offices of Stanley and another friend, Mr. Hare was commissioned by John Murray to prepare a "Handbook of Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire." He undertook the work with delight, for he felt that he could do it well, and that it would prove a valuable means of acquiring information and advancing his own education. He fixed his head-quarters at Oxford, where Stanley was now Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church. Mr. Hare often lived in his house for months together, and was able to do something to relieve the

canon's helpless untidiness and utter inability to look after himself. Mr. Hare sat at the head of the table pouring out Stanley's excessively weak tea, and putting the heavy buttered buns, which he liked, within easy reach. If undergraduates were present there was a good deal of merry talk, but if they were alone Stanley was often quite silent. In amiable moments he would sometimes glance at his cousin's manuscripts and honour them with his approval. Mr. Hare wrote to his mother—

"After breakfast he often has something for me to do for him; great plans, maps, or drawings for his lectures, on large sheets of paper, which take a good deal of time, but which he never notices except when the moment comes for using them. All morning he stands at his desk by the study window (where I see him sometimes from the garden, which he expects me to look after), and he writes sheet after sheet, which he sometimes tears up and flings to rejoin the letters of the morning, which cover the carpet in all directions. It would never do for him to marry, a wife would be so annoyed at his hopelessly untidy ways; at his tearing every new book to pieces, for instance, because he is too impatient to cut it open (though I now do a good deal in this way). Meantime, as Goethe says, 'It is the errors of men that make them amiable,' and I believe he is all the better loved for his peculiarities. Towards the middle of the day I sometimes have an indication that he has no one to walk with him, and would wish me to go, and he likes me to be in the way then in case I am wanted; but I am never to expect to be talked to during the walk. If not required, I amuse myself or go on with my own work, and indeed I seldom see Arthur until the evening, when, if anyone dines for whom he thinks it worth while to come out of himself, he is very pleasant and sometimes very entertaining."

When Stanley preached the "Act Sermon" at St. Mary's, Hare sat up till twelve writing out "the bidding prayer," in which all the founders and benefactors were mentioned by name. Great was his horror when, after service, the Vice-Chancellor came up to ask why he had not been prayed for. Mr. Hare had accidentally omitted the most important name. The sermon on Deborah furnished a characteristic specimen of Stanley's keen scent for an analogy. He showed how the long vacation,

"'like the ancient river, the river Kishon,' might wash away all the past and supply a halting-place from which to begin a new

life: that the bondage caused by concealment of faults or debts might now be broken; that now, when undergraduates were literally 'going to their father,' they might apply the story of the Prodigal Son, and obtain that freedom which is truth."

From Oxford, Mr. Hare made exploring raids into the counties on which he was at work. He used to bring back his material and work it up with the help of the Bodleian and other libraries. He now found himself in a most congenial circle, and formed a host of interesting friendships with county families and distinguished people. He stayed with Lord and Lady Barrington, at Beckett, and the countess, who was his mother's cousin, treated him with an affectionate interest which was a great comfort to him. It was a charming circle at Beckett, and Mr. Hare remembers how the little grand-daughter Nina, afterwards Countess of Clarendon, used to be put into a large china pot upon the staircase when she was naughty. Lord Barrington's kindness secured Mr. Hare a favourable reception at every house in the county. At Holmwood, near Henley, he visited Lady Stanley of Alderley, who lived in an enchanting domain with luxuriant lawn and flowers, fine trees, and beautiful distant views. Her daughter treasured many incidents of old times at Alderley. She told how the old Knutsford doctor would come in saying, "Well, Miss Louisa, and how are we to-day? We must take a little more rubbub and magnesia; and I would eat a leetle plain pudden with a leetle shugger over it!" and then, ringing the bell, "Would you send round my hearse, if you please?" Lady Stanley was a character. Mr. Hare took long excursions into the country. When he returned, just before dinner, Lady Stanley was so anxious to hear his adventures that she would not wait till he came down, but insisted on hearing the whole history through the bedroom door as he was dressing. One day her maid told her that there was a regular uproar downstairs as to which of the maids should come in first to prayer. "Oh, *that* is very easily settled," she replied, "the ugliest woman in the house must always, of course, have the precedence." It is needless to add that the strife below stairs suddenly ceased.

Another pleasant intimacy was formed with Mrs. Davidson, of Ridley Hall, South Tyne, who figures as "Cousin Susan" in these records. She was an active, bright little woman, who managed her own estate and abounded in eccentricities. Her dogs were treated as part of the family, and, when a new servant was engaged, the special care of a dog was annexed to the post. When the footman came in to put on coals *his* dog followed him; when you met the housemaid in the passage *her* dog was at her side. On the first day of Mr. Hare's arrival, Cousin Susan said, at dessert, "John, now bring in the boys," and, when the visitor was expecting the arrival of some unknown cousins, volleys of little dogs rushed into the room. Some of the dogs went to church. One Sunday the Miss Scotts were staying with Cousin Susan.

"In the Confession, one Miss Scott after another became overwhelmed with uncontrollable fits of laughter. When I looked up, I saw the black noses and white ears of a row of little Spitz dogs, one over each of the prayer-books in the opposite seat."

Cousin Susan was furiously angry, and declared that the Scotts should never come to Ridley Hall again; it was not because they had laughed in church, but because they had laughed at the dogs!

About the time of these northern visits, Mr. Hare's own mother lost all her fortune through the knavery of her London solicitor. She was warned of coming disaster by a Madame de Trafford, who had a singular power of foretelling coming events, and who plays a very prominent part in these volumes, but she was not prompt enough to escape disaster. In 1860, Mrs. Augustus Hare was compelled to leave Lime, which had been bought over her head by a neighbour. She found a new home near St. Leonards, where Mr. Hare still lives. His mother was spared for ten years, and, though there were times of terrible strain, in which he had to nurse her almost day and night, the links between them grew more close and tender as the years passed on. Mr. Hare was what his adopted mother called

"a daughter-son," and his devotion to her comfort was unbounded. The baneful influence of the Maurice sisters was now finally withdrawn. Happy wanderings on the Continent brightened the last years of their life together. When Mr. Hare's first handbook appeared, Mr. Murray was so pleased with the laudatory notices that he asked him to select any other counties he liked. He chose Durham and Northumberland, where he had many friends, and became familiar with a host of celebrities, of whom he has much to tell in these records.

After Dean Stanley's marriage, he and Lady Augusta paid a yearly visit to Holmhurst. The dean was "beginning to be the victim of a passion for heretics, which went on increasing afterwards," and Lady Augusta rejoiced to aid Mrs. Hare in acting as a drag to her husband's notion that the creed of progress and the creed of Christianity were identical.

"Many people thought that such an intense, almost universal warmth of manner as hers must be insincere, but with her it was perfectly natural. She took the sunshine of Court favour, in which they both lived, quite simply, accepting it quietly, very glad that the Royal Family valued her, but never bringing it forward."

The Queen wrote to her daily, but, though Lady Augusta generally came in to breakfast with several sheets in the large, well-known handwriting, not one word from them was told to her nearest relation or dearest friend. The Hares made many pleasant visits to the deanery of Westminster. The Stanleys told them a good story about Newman's self-possession. He was reading the Communion Service at St. Margaret's, when a large black cat sprang from one of the rafters of the roof, and came crashing down on the edge of his white surplice. "Newman's face never changed a muscle, and quietly, reverently, and slowly he went on reading the service without moving; but it must have seemed like a demon."

Among Mr. Hare's friends in the north were Lady Waterford, whose story he has told in *Two Noble Lives*, and

Lord and Lady Durham, who were absolutely devoted to each other. Lady Durham was "always charming, so perfectly naive, natural, and beautiful." When some one spoke of people not loving all their children, she delivered her verdict.

"Some women think no more of marriage than of dancing a quadrille; but when women love their husbands, they love all their children equally. Every woman must love her first child: the degree in which they love the others depends upon the degree in which they love their husbands."

Her own experience of society before her marriage had been limited to three balls, two tea-parties, and one dinner. One year she was in the school-room ordered about here and there, the next she was her own mistress and married.

After the death of Mr. Hare's sister, there were some painful disputes which ended in a miserable trial at Guildford. But though he had to bear some heavy costs, Mr. Hare came well out of this unpleasant matter. His health, however, broke down under the nervous strain, and he fell seriously ill in Rome of typhoid fever which would probably have ended fatally but for the unceasing care of the American physician, Dr. Winslow, who was on a visit to Rome, and gave up all his sight-seeing to watch over Mr. Hare's sick bed. After his recovery, they returned to England. The next winter they were again in Rome. In March, 1870, Mrs. Hare had a paralytic seizure there, from which she never rallied. In nursing her, and his friend, Edward Liddell, who was lying ill of fever, Mr. Augustus Hare spent some trying weeks. At the end of May, his invalid mother was able to take the first stage of her homeward journey. It was thought impossible that she could survive the strain of the return, and nothing but her faith, her patience, and her self-control, could have enabled her to reach England. It was impossible to make any plan. They just seized the happy moment when she was a shade better, and pushed on a step. She lingered for five months after they reached Holmhurst. Then she passed peacefully to her rest. Dean Stanley buried her at Hurstmonceaux. During those last months

she had taken a deep interest in Mr. Augustus Hare's forthcoming *Walks in Rome*, and had made many suggestions for the *Memorials of a Quiet Life*. Its chapters about her brief but most happy married life at Alton Barnes were the great delight of her last weeks. The world has since recognised those years at Alton as the perfect ideal of a country clergyman's life.

Mr. Augustus Hare has become a prolific writer during the last quarter of a century. His long residence in Rome, and his rambles over the Continent have borne fruit in a succession of volumes, instinct with the spirit of the famous scenes of art and history which had grown so familiar to himself. We hope that he will not fail to publish the story of these later years by and bye. Many readers will be glad to know everything that he can tell about the composition of his *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, and to glean any further facts about a family so beloved and honoured. Meanwhile, we hope these three volumes will find their way into a multitude of English homes. The picture of Mr. Hare's boyhood is painfully instructive, and there are few stories of filial devotion more beautiful than that with which the record closes. But the chief charm of the book lies in the sketches of famous places and notable persons with which the pages are crowded. Stories of every kind abound, and they are told with a grace and skill which ought to ensure these volumes a wide and lasting popularity.

ART. VI.—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

1. *Humphry Davy, Poet and Philosopher.* By T. E. THORPE, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Cassell & Company. 1896. (The Century Science Series.)

2. *The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D., late President of the Royal Society, &c.* By JOHN AYRTON PARIS, M.D., F.R.S. In two Volumes. London: Henry Colburn. 1831.

2. *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S.* By his brother, JOHN DAVY, M.D., F.R.S., &c. In two Volumes. London: Longman, Rees & Co. 1836.

NEARLY seventy years have passed away since Sir Humphry Davy died; and time has not reversed the verdict of his contemporaries that he was a scientific genius of the first order. It has not dimmed the lustre of his reputation. He still stands out as a great leader and pioneer in research and discovery; as a man of daring and speculative, but singularly well-balanced and logical, intellect, of brilliant imagination, of untiring activity in the investigation of natural laws and forces. For the catholicity that lends to all truth an impartial ear, for rare insight into Nature in her closely-enfolded mysteries, for power to disentangle skilfully and rapidly the most ravelled clew and obtain accurate and often marvellous results, and for clearness of statement in presenting his profound discoveries, he has had few equals. As the inventor of the safety lamp, he conferred on the world a priceless benefaction, and inaugurated a new era in philanthropy and in the development of humane and kindly feelings between the employer of labour and the employed.

Dr. Thorpe has succeeded excellently in his endeavour to condense the somewhat diffuse biographies of Humphry Davy, written by Dr. Paris and Dr. John Davy, and to give

us in moderate compass all the information concerning him that we need to remember. In doing this he has also been able to add much that is valuable, which now appears for the first time. The portrait of Davy, by Jackson, reproduced in photogravure, which forms the frontispiece to Dr. Thorpe's volume, greatly adds to the interest of *Humphry Davy: Poet and Philosopher.*

Davy was born at Penzance in 1778. His ancestors had been "respectable yeomen in fairly comfortable circumstances, who for generations had received a lettered education." His father, however, was a thriftless loon, a woodcarver by trade, who died at the age of forty-eight, leaving his widow in poverty, and his small copyhold estate sadly embarrassed. Davy's mother was a woman of strong character, and, on the death of her husband, displayed unusual capacity for business, as well as remarkable fortitude and a high sense of honour. She paid off the whole debt from the little estate, and succeeded in rearing and educating her children. She lived long and lived well, enjoyed the affection and esteem of her children, and was, perhaps, the principal force in moulding the character of her son Humphry.

"Nothing in him was more remarkable than his strong and abiding love for his mother. No matter how immersed he was in his own affairs, he could always find time amidst the whirl and excitement of his London life, amidst the worry and anxiety of official cares—or, when abroad, among the peaks of the Noric Alps or the ruins of Italian cities—to think of his far away Cornish home and of her around whom it was centred. To the last he opened out his heart to her as he did to none other; she shared in all his aspirations, and lived with him through his triumphs; and by her death, just a year before his own, she was happily spared the knowledge of his physical decay and approaching end."

Davy, who was sixteen years old when his father died, was not regarded as a lad of any special promise. As a little boy he had been fond of books. Dr. Paris relates that, at the age of five, Humphry would turn over the pages of a book as rapidly as if he were only counting the leaves or glancing

at the pictures, and yet, on being questioned, he could generally give a satisfactory account of the contents. Early, too, he aspired to become an orator. He was wont, after reading any book that impressed him, to mount a cart or other convenient platform, and harangue his boy comrades on the contents; or he would amuse them by relating stories of the marvellous which he had heard from an imaginative grandmother who had a great store of elfin and "*piskey*" lore, or he would recite tales which he himself had created. He had also a talent for writing verses. But at school he did not make much progress in learning; and not much wonder. One of his earliest schoolmasters was a discredited parson, fond of gin, and of using the ruler as an instrument of castigation. Referring in after years to this period, Davy wrote:

"I consider it fortunate that I was left much to myself as a child, and put on no particular plan of study, and that I *enjoyed much idleness* at Mr. Coryton's school. I, perhaps, owe to these circumstances the little talents that I have, and their peculiar application."

He "enjoyed" his "idleness" in angling, in roaming over the moors, in collecting on the seashore and in the woods specimens for a natural history museum of his own, and in keeping in order his private bit of garden. He thought it a fortunate thing that his natural bent had not been discovered too early, and put into leading strings. The year preceding the death of his father he spent at Truro Grammar School. Dr. Cardew, the principal, had no eye to see any budding genius in his pupil. "His best exercises," the doctor said, "were translations from the classics into English verse."

The death of his father seems to have aroused at once his intellectual and his moral faculties. The sense of responsibility, the conception of duty, came to him as by a lightning flash, and he, who had been in danger during the previous few months of growing gay and careless, comforted his sorrowing mother with assurances that he would be her friend and stay. He was, shortly after, apprenticed to an apothecary and surgeon named Borlase. He at once

marked out for himself a course of study and self-tuition "almost unparalleled in the annals of biography." Some idea of its severity may be gathered from the fact that it included theology, ethics, the various subjects relating to his profession, from botany and chemistry to pharmacy and surgery; languages (five modern, with classics, and Hebrew), physics in all branches, mechanics, mathematics, history, oratory, and geography. He set himself great tasks, and with singular enthusiasm and persistence bent his energy to the performance of them. He became a hard reader, attacking the writings of Locke, Hartley, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, and other metaphysicians. His mental activity was extraordinary, as is evinced by his note-books, which are filled with numerous essays on topics as far apart as: "The Immortality and Immateriality of the Soul" and "A Defence of Materialism." It is hardly to be wondered at that an immature youth plunging into depths far beyond him should have had "a cold fit" of scepticism such as the essay title last quoted indicates; but soon he recovered from it, and his faith suffered no permanent injury.

Natural philosophy now enamoured him, and in 1798 he began its study with characteristic ardour. As a text-book in chemistry he fortunately selected Lavoisier's *Elements*, and this volume powerfully influenced him.

"This book," in the opinion of Dr. Thorpe, "is well-suited to a mind like Davy's, and he could not fail to be impressed by the boldness and comprehensiveness of its theory, its admirable logic, and the clearness and precision of its statements."

The student of books could not be satisfied for long with theories only; he began to experiment. He had everything to learn here, and no one to instruct him. He was absolutely without apparatus; he had never seen a laboratory; but he pressed into his service apothecaries' phials, wine glasses, earthern pots, and tobacco-pipes. He converted into an air-pump a surgeon's syringe—an old-fashioned and clumsy instrument which had been presented to him by a ship-wrecked doctor, a Frenchman, in return for some act of kindness. From his employer's stock of chemicals, he was

able to supply himself with some mineral acids and alkalis, and thus equipped he laid the foundation of great achievements. The sedate gentlemen, who took interest in the strangely clever young man growing up in their midst, mildly alarmed at the explosions accompanied by noxious odours which attended the experiments in his primitive laboratory, exclaimed, "This boy Humphry is incorrigible! He will blow us all into the air."

Davy's great pleasure on seeing, for the first time, in the Hayle Copper-house, a well-appointed laboratory, is thus described by Dr. Paris:

"The tumultuous delight which Davy expressed on seeing a quantity of chemical apparatus, hitherto only known to him through the medium of engravings, surpassed all description. The air-pump more especially fixed his attention, and he worked its piston, exhausted the receiver, opened its valves, with the simplicity and joy of a child engaged in the examination of a new and favourite toy."

Among the events which contributed towards the development of his genius was the coming to Penzance, in search of health, of Gregory Watt, the son of James Watt, the engineer. Gregory Watt lodged with Mrs. Davy, Humphry's mother, and the two young scientists became close friends.

"They met daily, explored the objects worthy of notice in the adjacent country, visited the most remarkable mines, generally returning from their walks with their pockets loaded with specimens of rocks and minerals."

The bright but comparatively untutored young Cornishman profited greatly by his association with one whose "mind was enriched beyond his age with science and literature." Watt, who had just finished his course of study at the University of Glasgow, encouraged Davy to devote himself altogether to science. Another circumstance which tended to the same end was his friendship with Mr. Davies Gilbert, who invited him to his home, allowed him the use of his library, and counselled him in regard to reading and study. Mr. Gilbert was a cultured university

man, possessed of wealth, who in after years was well-known in scientific circles, and succeeded Davy as President of the Royal Institution. It was Davy's introduction by Mr. Gilbert to Dr. Beddoes that set the young scientist's feet on the ladder by which he was to rise to world-wide fame. Dr. Beddoes was a medical man who at one time held the Chair of Chemistry at Oxford. He is known chiefly as the translator of Scheele's *Chemical Essays*. He was an eccentric genius of wild and active imagination, and prone to "scientific aberrations." One of these "aberrations" was the inception and establishment of the Bristol Pneumatic Institution, which he founded with the intention of studying the medicinal effects of the different gases, in the sanguine hope that powerful remedies might be found amongst them. The institution comprised a hospital for patients, a laboratory for experimental research, and a theatre for lecturing. Beddoes was seeking for a suitable man to take charge of the laboratory, and fixed on Davy, who had been recommended by Mr. Gilbert as a competent person. After some preliminary negotiations in reference to a "genteel maintenance," Davy was engaged as superintendent, though he did "not undertake to discover cures." Mr. Borlase, not wishing to obstruct pursuits which were likely to promote the fortune and fame of his pupil, generously surrendered his indenture a year before its expiry, and in October, 1798, Davy left Penzance for Clifton.

This young man, not yet twenty years of age, was gradually becoming conscious of his great powers. "I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth to recommend me," he wrote in one of his note-books about this time, "yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind than if I had been born with these advantages." He was no longer anxious, he tells us, to know what others thought of him, and he did not pant "after the breath of fame." He was "agitated by no passion but the love of truth, the desire to see things in their real light." Writing his mother a few days after his arrival at Clifton, he paints Dr. Beddoes from the life: "One of the most original men I ever saw,

uncommonly short and fat, with little elegance of manners, and nothing characteristic *externally* of genius or science, extremely silent, and, in few words, a very bad companion." But his behaviour to his new *protégé* was "particularly handsome." "He paid me," Davy adds, "the highest compliments on my discoveries, and has, in fact, become a convert to my theory, which I little expected." Davy had met at Okehampton, on his way up to Bristol, the mail-coach hastening westward decked with ribbons, and carrying the news of Nelson's victory of the Nile; this he regarded as a happy omen of his own future success; and now everything in his new situation is radiant and brimful of promise.

We can only give the briefest account of this part of his career. In 1799, Davy's first contribution to the literature of science appeared in the shape of two essays, the first "On Heat, Light, and the Combinations of Light, with a New Theory of Respiration;" the second "On the Generation of Phosoxygen (Oxygen Gas), and on the Causes and Colours of Organic Beings."

"No beginning," says Dr. Thorpe, "could have been more inauspicious. It is the first step that costs, and Davy's first step had well nigh cost him all that he lived for. As additions to knowledge they are worthless. It is difficult to believe that their author had any real conception of science, or that he was capable of understanding the value of scientific evidence."

The young novice assailed Locke and Berkeley with jaunty self-confidence, drove his crude theories "with the reckless daring of a Phæton" through the received doctrines of heat and light as expounded by Lavoisier.

"Phosoxygen was to explain everything—the blue colour of the sky, the electric fluid, the Aurora Borealis, the phenomena of fiery meteors, the green of the leaf, the red of the rose, and the sable hue of the Ethiopian; perception, thought, happiness; and why women were fairer than men. But Jupiter, in the shape of a Reviewer, soon hurled the adventurous boy from the giddy heights to which he had soared."

He was deeply humiliated, his generalisations proved to

be false, his experiments erroneous and misleading, and his supposed discoveries were illusions which dispersed—

> "Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
> The touch of morn; or bubbles of rich dyes
> That break and vanish in the aching eyes."

He was at first angry, and resented the punishment inflicted, but soon he recognised its justice, and made a complete recantation of his scientific heresies. Within a year he wrote: "I beg to be considered as a sceptic with regard to my own particular theory of the combinations of light, and theories of light in general." He had learnt a lesson which he never permitted himself to forget. Imagination might present to him fair fields for investigation, and allure him to entrancing speculations, and spread out before his sanguine intellect new possibilities of progress in the realm of truth, but hereafter patient investigation, certified knowledge and inductive reasoning, not fanciful hypotheses, must be his guiding lights, his governing principles. He must eschew building up "theories on the slender foundation of one or two facts." "It is more laborious," he writes in his note-book in the August of the same year, "to accumulate facts than to reason concerning them; but one good experiment is of more value than the ingenuity of a brain like Newton's."

It was with convictions of this character in his mind that, towards the end of 1799, he began with great care to investigate the effects of gases in respiration. Having succeeded in obtaining the gaseous oxide of azote (nitrous oxide), a gas in our time associated mainly with the dentist's chair, in a pure state, he tried its action on himself. It absolutely intoxicated him, greatly raised his pulse, and made him dance like a madman about the laboratory. "I experienced wild enjoyment," he says, "and no depression or feebleness followed. I hope it will prove a most valuable medicine." Soon he experimented on his friends, and on patients in the hospital. In cases of palsy it was supposed to have wrought striking cures. The fame of it spread far

and wide, and produced some stir in medical circles. Dr. Beddoes thought that the laughing gas was to be the cure for well nigh all the physical ills of man. In 1800 Davy published his *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, Concerning Nitrous Oxide and its Respiration,* and this book at once redeemed the failure of the "Essays," and established its author's character as an experimentalist. It is a notable fact that he speaks in this volume with reserve of nitrous oxide as a medicinal agent. "Pneumatic chemistry," he said, is an art in its infancy" and before it can be applied with certainty to the human constitution, it "must be nourished by facts, strengthened by exercise, and cautiously directed by rational scepticism." Of course a good deal of merriment and some satire were expended over the new medicinal agent and its operations. And certainly there is sufficient of the ludicrous in such exhibitions as are said to have been presented in Dr. Beddoes' laboratory. Imagine sedate figures like Southey the Laureate, and the Wedgwoods, and Coleridge, with bags of silk tied to their mouths, stamping, roaring, laughing, "inebriated in the most delightful manner," gyrating like spinning-tops about the apartment, and chanting incoherent rhapsodies. We can scarcely wonder that a contemporary French writer (M. T. Fievée) should have considered the taking of laughing gas, which had been brought to his notice, as a national vice, as one of the follies to which the English nation was addicted.

Davy proceeded to investigate the whole subject of the chemistry of gases, venturing, with almost fatal consequences in one or two cases, to respire hydrogen, nitric oxide, and carbonic acid. So seriously did he damage his health by these deleterious experiments, that he was compelled for a time to relinquish his work, and retire to the salubrious shores of Mount's Bay to seek the re-invigoration he needed. In a month, "the association of ideas and feelings, common exercise"—the oar and the angler's rod, "a pure atmosphere, luxurious diet"—clotted cream and fisherman's venison, "and a moderate indulgence in wine, restored him to health and vigour." On his return to Clifton, he renews his studies

with all the ardour of his nature, and enters on the path of enquiry which was to lead him to his greatest triumphs. We refer to his experiments on galvanism in which he met with unexpected and unhoped for success. In a letter to Mr. Davies Gilbert, dated October 20th, 1800 (a letter which we should be glad to insert but for the want of space), he announces the results of his recent investigations; results which open a new volume in the history of scientific achievement.

"Perhaps," writes Dr. Thorpe, "at no period of his life was Davy more keenly sensible of the joy of living than at this period. He had the sweet consciousness of success, and all the sweeter that it had so quickly followed the bitterness of disappointment. He had been able to measure himself against some of the ablest men of his time—men who were making the intellectual history of the early part of this century—and the comparison was not altogether displeasing to him. As his experience and the range of his knowledge widened, he felt a growing conviction that, with health, he need set no bounds to the limits of his ambition.'

He has made many friends among the *élite* of literary and social circles, who have the highest opinion of his genius. Southey calls him "a miraculous young man." Coleridge says that, as compared with the cleverest men in London, "Davy can eat them all! Every subject in Davy's mind has the principle of vitality. Living thoughts spring up like turf under his feet." Miss Edgeworth regarded him with "amazement which ended in awe." No doubt his powerful intellect was stimulated by association with the literary coterie which had made its head-quarters in Bristol at the end of the last century. Coleridge's letters to Davy in 1800, are among the most interesting he ever wrote; displaying a brooding, almost motherly anxiety, in reference to Davy's health, giving us glances of self-revelation, and fine bits of descriptive writing and of criticism.

But the time is approaching when Davy is to leave Dr. Beddoes and his Pneumatic Institute for a wider sphere. Count Rumford enters into negotiation with him, in February 1801, with a view to secure him for a post in the Royal

Institution in London. And Davy was, within a few days, engaged in the capacities of assistant lecturer in chemistry, director of the laboratory, and assistant editor of the journals of the Institution. He was to have one hundred guineas a year, with coals and gas, and a room in the house. He took his leave of Dr. Beddoes, whose project succeeded only so long as the energy of Davy kept it alive. Soon after it died of inanition.

"Its founder ended his days a disappointed man, and on his death-bed wrote to his former assistant, in connection with whom his memory mainly lives, 'Like one who has scattered abroad the *avena fatua* of knowledge, from which neither branch, nor blossom, nor fruit, has resulted, I require the consolations of a friend.'"

During the years of his early manhood, Davy had cultivated a habit of versification, and, indeed, had made some modest claim to be a poet. Whether Dr. Thorpe is warranted in dubbing him "poet" as well as "philosopher" may be regarded as doubtful; though, of course, he had the authority of a poetic genius and judge of poetry of the first order, likeColeridge, for using the title; for has not Coleridge said that "if Davy had not been the first chemist, he would have been the first poet of his age"? Still, if a poet is to be judged by what he has produced, it is impossible to rank the great chemist among the masters of song. His verse exhibits descriptive power occasionally verging on the sublime, as well as an elevation of tone and a grasp of language which raise it much above the commonplace. But he is neither creator nor seer; and he is equally without the poet's fire and the poet's lyre. Yet there is much beauty and truth in his verse; but the beauty is painted rather than living beauty, and the truth is not always so much fidelity to Nature as ethical and philosophical truth. He scales mountains, but seldom soars into the ethereal skies; he describes the rose, but the superlative loveliness behind the rose does not entrance him. The new shaping spirit of poesy that bestowed on Cowper his simple love of sweet gardens and fields and all animate and common things, that voiced humanity in

Burns, that unlocked the under-world of the weird and eerie and mysterious and wildly beautiful in Coleridge, and that made Wordsworth high priest of Nature, never found out Humphry Davy. He catches fleet echoes from some of these great true poets; but has little individuality, little spontaneity; yet he displays much earnest thought and love of the best things, and strong faith in God and immortality.

Six weeks after his arrival at the Royal Institution, Davy began to lecture on galvanism. The *Philosophical Magazine*, reporting his first effort, says:

"Sir Joseph Banks, Count Rumford, and other distinguished philosophers were present. The audience were highly gratified, and testified their satisfaction by general applause. Mr. Davy, who appears to be very young, acquitted himself admirably well. From the sparkling intelligence of his eye, his animated manner, and the *tout-ensemble*, we have no doubt of his attaining a distinguished eminence."

Lectures on "The Chemical Principles of the Process of Tanning Leather," with experiments, occupied the earlier part of the ensuing winter; but this was not a congenial topic, and he sighed for some loftier theme than leather. Soon his chance arrived. On January 21st, 1802, he delivered the introductory discourse of the session; and the date marks at once a red-letter day in the career of Davy, and in the history of the Royal Institution. The subject of the address was the worth of science as an agent in the improvement of society.

"In lofty and impassioned periods he traced the services of science to humanity; he dwelt on its dignity and nobility as a pursuit, upon its value as a moral and educational force. The small, spare youth, with his earnestness, his eloquence, his unaffected manner, the play of his mobile features, his speaking eyes, 'eyes which,' as one of his fair auditors was heard to remark, 'were made for something besides pouring over crucibles,' held his hearers spell-bound."

His popularity was immediate, and London well nigh went crazy over him. All classes crowded to hear the young Cornishman. Fashion waited on chemistry. Men of the first rank and talent, the literary and the scientific,

together with the blue-stocking and the eager student, crowded his lecture-room. Coleridge came to hear him "to increase his stock of metaphors." Davy wisely fostered the spirit of enthusiasm which he had kindled, and made it subservient to the purposes of the Institution. He soon became its real directing power, and gradually stamped upon it the character it now possesses. It had been originally formed in order to feed the poor and to give them useful employment and food, whilst, at the same time, it was to introduce new inventions, and particularly any that related to "the management of heat and the saving of fuel." But, under the moulding genius of Davy, its scope was very much widened, and its usefulness immensely increased.

Davy's success was not wholly beneficial to himself. For a time, at least, it acted on his character prejudicially. "The bloom of his simplicity was dulled by the breath of adulation." The wonder is that he was not blown completely off his feet by it. When fashion and rank and wealth sought out this country lad to feast and fête him, we are not surprised that he should have given himself the airs of those with whom he mingled, and have frittered away more time in *salons* than was wise or good for him. Coleridge was mightily concerned about him, and wrote to his friend Purkis:

"I rejoice in Davy's progress. There are three suns recorded in Scripture:—Joshua's, that stood still; Hezekiah's, that went backward; and David's that went forth and hastened on its course, like a bridegroom from his chamber. May our friend's prove the latter. It is a melancholy thing to see a man, like the sun in the close of the Lapland summer, meridional in his horizon; or like wheat in a rainy season that shoots up well at the stalk but does not *kern*. As I hoped, and still do hope, more proudly of Davy than of any other man; and as he has been endeared to me more than any other man by the being a Thing of Hope to me (more, far more than myself to myself in my most genial moments), so of course my disappointment would be proportionally severe. It were falsehood, if I said that I think his present situation most calculated, of all others, to foster either his genius, or the clearness and incorruptness of his opinions and moral feelings. I see two serpents at the cradle of his genius: Dissipation with a perpetual increase of acquaint-

ances, and the constant presence of inferiors and devotees, with that too great facility of attaining admiration which degrades ambition into vanity—but the Hercules will struggle with both the reptile monsters. I had thought it possible to exert his talents with perseverance, and to attain true greatness wholly pure even from the impulses; but on this subject Davy and I always differed."

Thomas Poole shared in Coleridge's anxiety; but his fears and the bard's would be allayed, if not removed, by a letter of Davy's to the former, in which he writes:

"Be not alarmed, my dear friend, as to the effect of worldly society on my mind. The age of danger has passed away. There are in the intellectual being of all men permanent elements that cannot change. I am a lover of Nature with an ungratified imagination. My *real*, my *waking* existence is amongst the objects of scientific research; common amusements and enjoyments are necessary to me only as dreams to interrupt the flow of thoughts too nearly analogous to enlighten and to vivify."

And truly his "waking existence" was amongst things scientific. His mornings and afternoons were spent in the most laborious study, and he often returned to his laboratory after an evening party. It is said that, so pressed was he for time, he rushed off to dinner with the *élite* of fashion with no fewer than five or six shirts on, and as many pairs of stockings, being obliged in his haste to put on fresh linen and hose without removing those already in wear. He regarded even his lectures as an interruption in the course of experimental investigation, in which he was unremittingly engaged. It was his habit, we are told by Dr. Paris, to carry on simultaneously unconnected experiments. He was so rapid in his movements that, while a looker-on supposed he was only making preparations for an experiment, he was really obtaining the results. "With Davy rapidity was power." He was reckless of his apparatus breaking or destroying a part, in order to serve the purpose of the moment.

Space will not permit us even to recapitulate the remarkable contributions of this bold and dexterous man to electro-chemistry, whose fundamental laws he succeeded in unravelling. He established the intimate connection between

the electrical effects and the chemical changes going on in the voltaic pile, which he regarded and employed as an instrument of discovery in other branches of knowledge. His various communications to the Royal Society were of the highest importance, and created profound interest in this country and on the Continent. "The isolation of the metals of the alkalis, and the proof of the compound nature of the alkaline earths were," Dr. Thorpe says, "unquestionably achievements of the highest brilliancy." He was awarded the medal of the French Institute for the best experiment on the galvanic fluid—a medal which had been founded in accordance with the wish of Bonaparte when First Consul. Some of his friends thought he ought not to accept this prize, as the two countries concerned were at war with each other, but Davy thought otherwise, and gave utterance to memorable words which redound to his honour:

"If the two countries or governments are at war, the men of science are not. That would, indeed, be a civil war of the worst description: we should rather, through the instrumentality of men of science, soften the asperities of national hostility."

He was the first to demonstrate the nature of chlorine in a memoir which, as a piece of induction, as an illustration of clearness of perception and precision of statement, is difficult to parallel. Dr Thorpe states that, even to-day, after the prodigious strides made by science since Davy wrote, "the most fastidious of critics might read and reread his work without wishing to omit or amend a sentence."

In 1811, Trinity College, Dublin, conferred on him the degree of LL.D. The following year, at the age of thirty-four, he was knighted, being now at the zenith of his fame. Three days after he was married to a far-away cousin of Sir Walter Scott. He resigned his position as Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, but retained without salary his connection with it, that he might superintend the chemical department. A few months after his marriage, he published his *Elements of Chemical Philosophy*. He continued his researches with more or less regularity, visiting various parts of this country and of the Continent at

intervals. He met in Paris the notable French *savants*, Cuvier, Humboldt, Gay-Lussac, Berthollet, Guyton de Norveau, and others. He exchanged opinions at Naples with Volta. He found time for his much-loved work in Paris, Genoa, Florence, and elsewhere; treating, amongst other substances, fluorine and iodine, and his conclusions and views "are now part of current chemical doctrine, and his previsions as to the nature of fluorine and its extraordinary chemical activity have been verified in the most striking manner."

In 1813, he became associated with Faraday, then a bookseller's apprentice, "fond of experiment and averse to trade." This youth had attended Sir H. Davy's lectures through the generosity of a Mr. Dance who had given him a ticket, he had made notes, and, having a burning desire to enter the service of science, presumed to write Davy, making known his wishes and hopes, and sending at the same time the notes he had taken. The kindly Professor invited the lad to wait on him, and, struck with his ability, offered him the post of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. This situation Faraday entered on in March, 1813. Upon the relations of Davy and Faraday we must not enter. We think that the jealousy of Faraday, which Davy appears to have cherished, has been exaggerated. However, in any case, it was unworthy of him, and places a nature that had many generous impulses, and a philosopher who had hosts of friends, in an unpleasing light. Faraday was Davy's greatest discovery; and it is a sad blot on the fame of the latter that he should have displayed a spirit of pitiful envy when Faraday's sun was rising in the sky of fair and well-won fame. But doubtless domestic worries, and signs of premature physical decay, and his growing unpopularity as President of the Royal Institution—an unpopularity which was largely the result of masterful conduct of the affairs of the Institution—were at the root of what his most recent biographer regards as essentially "moral weakness."

We have said that Davy's invention of the safety lamp raised him into a great benefactor of mankind. That he

was more a friend of humanity than even of science, that he sought not his own things but the things of others, is perfectly clear from the history of this discovery. It was sympathy with the coal miners in their perils and disasters—more terrible than the chances and horrors of war—that led him to give his earnest attention to the subject with the hope of providing an effectual remedy; and when, after investigations into the nature of fire-damp and numerous experiments, he discovered, as he wrote Mr. Hodgson, that

"explosive mixtures of mine-damp will not pass through small apertures or tubes; and that if a lamp or lanthorn be made air-tight on the sides, and furnished with apertures to admit the air, it will not communicate flame to the outward atmosphere;"

and when a few days later he made the further discovery that cylinders of gauze-wire would take the place of air-tight sides, that the inflammable gas would readily pass through the meshes of the gauze and burn within it, filling the cylinder with a bright flame, but no explosion would pass outwards even though the wire became heated to redness; when he was convinced, by trial in a damp-charged mine, that he had made a practical discovery of the utmost value, he was filled with inexpressible joy. He was urged to protect his invention by patent. He declined to do anything of the kind; and his reply shows much nobility of soul. As we are not able to follow him during the closing years of his life, or to characterise his latest writings, his *Salmonia*, and his *Consolations of a Philosopher*, the latter of which displays all the fancy of youth and all the serene wisdom of age; and as we desire to leave Sir Humphry Davy with the impression of his most alluring trait on our spirit, we will, in conclusion, quote the words in which he rejects the suggestion that he might, by patenting the invention, receive five or ten thousand a year from his safety-lamp—

"My good friend, I never thought of such a thing; my sole object was to serve the cause of humanity, and if I have

succeeded, I am amply rewarded in the gratifying reflection of having done so. More wealth would not increase either my fame or happiness. It might, undoubtedly, enable me to put four horses to my carriage; but what would it avail me to have it said that Sir Humphry drives his carriage and four."

Dr. Thorpe has laid all students of science, and all who care to follow the progress of knowledge through the years, under great obligation, by conferring on the book-buying and reading community this excellent volume, which, stirring afresh our interest in "Sir Humphry, Poet and Philosopher," has led us on to peruse the interesting memoirs of Dr. John Davy and Dr. Paris.

ART. VII.—THE PURITAN SETTLEMENTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

1. *The Puritan in England and New England.* By EZRA HOYT BYINGTON, D.D., Member of the American Society of Church History. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. 1896.
2. *The Pilgrim Fathers of New England and their Puritan Successors.* By JOHN BROWN, B.A., D.D., Author of "John Bunyan; His Life, Times and Work." London: Religious Tract Society. 1895.
3. *Magnalia Christi Americana.* By COTTON MATHER, M.A. Boston, U.S. 1702.
4. *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.* Series I.—IV. Boston, U.S. 1806—1856.
5. *History of New England from* 1630 *to* 1649. By JOHN WINTHROP, Esq., First Governor of Massachusetts. Two Volumes. Boston. 1825.
6. *History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay from* 1628 *to* 1691. By Mr. HUTCHINSON, Lieutenant-Governor

of the Massachusetts Province. Two Volumes. London. 1760.

7. *Religion in the United States of America.* By the Rev. ROBERT BAIRD. Glasgow and Edinburgh: Blackie & Son. 1844.

8. *A Short History of the English Colonies in America.* By HENRY CABOT LODGE. New York. 1881.

9. *A Compendious History of New England.* By J. G. PALFREY. Four Volumes. Boston. 1884.

10. *The English in America.* By J. A. DOYLE, M.A., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. Three Volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1887.

11. *The United States: an Outline of Political History,* 1492 *to* 1871. By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

12. *The Beginnings of New England; or, The Puritan Theocracy in its relation to Civil and Religious Liberty.* By JOHN FISKE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

A GREAT deal of romance has gathered round the men of the *Mayflower*, and with good reason. Many elements combine to make their story one of the most touching in the annals of the Church, and, indeed, of the world. The little band of godly men assembled in the hospitable abode of William Brewster, at Scrooby, to listen to the teachings of John Robinson; their flight from their persecutors, after many perils, successfully accomplished; their sojourn in a strange land for eleven years, first at Amsterdam and then at Leyden; their increase to the number of three hundred during their residence there; their exemplary behaviour, indomitable industry, and especially their tenacity of purpose in regard to the original objects of their expatriation; finally, their wonderful courage—men and women—in facing a most formidable enterprise, a self-banishment, for conscience sake, to barren and desolate lands far away beyond the seas, when neither

England nor Holland afforded a secure asylum from religious rancour and oppression; all these things have kindled a sympathy which subsequent events have only served to deepen. We see the preparations for departure; the pilgrims "feasted at their pastor's house, for it was large," and "refreshed by the singing of psalms," accompanied on board at Delft-haven by their friends, where they "were not able to speak to one another for the abundance of sorrow to part," and then setting sail, with the words of their beloved pastor ringing in their ears, charging them

"before God and His blessed angels to follow him no further than he followed Christ, and if God should reveal anything to them by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as ever they were to receive any truth by his ministry, for he was confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of His holy word."

After many delays through adverse winds and unseaworthy equipment, we see the pilgrims, diminished in number to 102, taking their final leave of their native land in a little ship of 180 tons. We follow their voyage of two months, not without peril of foundering in mid-ocean, yet safely ended at last; and then the day before their arrival we witness the whole company uniting to subscribe a document in which they declare their loyalty to their "dread sovereign lord, King James," their aim in this undertaking, "the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and the honour of their king and country," and their solemn resolve to "covenant and combine themselves together into a civil body politic for their better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid."

After a month spent in search for a suitable settlement, we see the hundred pilgrims, on that bleak 12th of December, 1620, step out upon the rock made sacred by their landing, and we know, as we look upon the scene, that we witness the birth of a new nation, and, in a truer sense than can be said of Columbus and his companions, the opening of a new world.

The romance does not close with the landing on Plymouth

Rock: that is but the introductory chapter to a narrative whose soberest paragraphs, fitly put together, would outshine the best pages of fiction. The long wrestle with unfriendly Nature, and her more unfriendly children; the doubtful fortunes, at first of their husbandry and merchandise, and then of their dealings with men of foreign nationality, the French on the north and the Dutch on the south; the still more doubtful fortunes of their endeavour to make loyalty to their "dread sovereign" compatible with the liberties of an over-the-sea "body politic"; and lastly, the fortunes, most doubtful of all, of their attempts to weld Church and State together, in their own internal economy, into a framework so strong and stable that neither heterodoxy should enter it, nor worldliness undermine it, nor kingcraft and priestcraft combined ever be able to overthrow it; all these things might well be the subjects of a poet's pen, as well as of an historian's constructive imagination. The materials exist in great abundance, but though histories of the period have been written, and poems composed upon a few of its isolated scenes, the whole story yet awaits a celebration in immortal verse—a poem worthy of the *origines* of the United States.

Our aim in the pages that follow can only be to illustrate at special points some of the crises through which the infant Colonies of New England passed in their early stages of development, and some of the characters which gave that development its direction, and stamped upon those Colonies their peculiar features as a modern Christian Commonwealth. Our prepossessions, we may say at the outset, are all enlisted in its favour; the ties of both a natural and spiritual kinship are too strong to admit the growth of prejudice; at the same time, we wish to preserve an even balance in any adjudication we may be called upon to make.

Though Plymouth Colony first attracts attention, as furnishing the heroic elements of the unfolding drama, yet Massachusetts must occupy us most, as exhibiting the chief actors and most important scenes that appear upon the stage. The two immigrations, the one settled at Plymouth

in 1620, and the one which made Salem its first head-quarters in 1629-30, may be broadly distinguished as those of the Pilgrims and the Puritans respectively, distinct, yet closely related. The men of Plymouth were pioneers; they were not the rulers and leaders of the New Commonwealth. Their numbers were small: they were reduced by one-half in the first winter, and but very slowly increased. Their resources were scanty. They were at first dependent on the merchant adventurers of the "Plymouth Company"* who sent them out, and to whom the only security they could give was a mortgage on their labour for years to come. Robinson, who intended to rejoin them in the land of their adoption, was cut off by the hand of death, and for many years their pastorate remained vacant, or but feebly and insufficiently supplied. Very few among them had enjoyed the benefits of a University education. Yet they were not without men of mark, whose influence is felt to-day, without being recognised, in every State of the Union. Of these are William Bradford, William Brewster, and, not to neglect militant Christianity, Captain Miles Standish, familiar as the hero of one of Longfellow's poems. Except Brewster, Bradford was the only one of the original members of the Scrooby church that emigrated to Holland in 1609. After the death of Carver, the first governor, at the close of the terrible first winter spent on the inhospitable coast, Bradford was appointed his successor, and for thirty-seven years was the foremost man in the Plymouth Colony. To his indomitable spirit is due its successful grappling with the initial difficulties of an almost intolerable situation. His chief memorial—next to the Colony itself—is the graphic and well-written history† of it which proceeded from his

* So called from Plymouth in Devonshire. The little Colony, however, soon took on their shoulders the responsibility of a debt amounting to £1,800, and thenceforth their vassalage to the merchants ceased.

† The fortunes of the MS. are remarkable. Long kept in the possession of the family, and quoted by old writers (Prince, Morton, &c.), it was lost during the War of Independence, and only discovered in 1855 by Bishop Wilberforce, who quoted it in his *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.* He found it in the Fulham Palace Library.

pen, the only complete account of its early transactions by one who was an eye-witness from the beginning. Those who read it live over again that hard strenuous life of Christian endeavour, with its privations, its explorations, its watchings and fightings, its involuntary fastings, its bereavements and disappointments, through all which this "grave and reverend man," with staunch faith in God and destiny, like another Moses, led his valiant comrades.

Brewster's is a character of rare sweetness, sketched for us at length by his life-long companion. The power to see the qualities described indicates a possible participation in them, perhaps greater than might have been supposed. Bradford notes his early education and course of study at Cambridge, and his "then being first seasoned with the seeds of grace and vertue"; his connection with Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, before Davison's suspected conspiracy with the Queen of Scots; the manner in which Brewster discharged his duties, "so discreete and faithfull as he trusted him above all other that were aboute him"; the way in which, through "the tirrany of the bishops against godly preachers and people, he and many more began to looke further into things"; the formation of the church at Scrooby, his care for its members, and his sharing of their fortunes in Holland, where he was made an elder; his continuance in the office after the removal to America, "teaching twise every Sabbath when the church had no other minister, and yet both powerfully and profitably." Then follows this summary of Brewster's qualities:

"For his personall abilities, he was qualified above many; he was wise and discreete and well spoken, of a very cherfull spirite, of an humble and modest mind, under vallewing him self and his owne abilities and some time over valewing others; inoffencive and inocente in his life and conversation, w^ch^ gained him y^e^ love of those without, as well as those within; yet he would tell them plainly of their faults and evills, but in such a maner as usually was well taken from him."

Brewster died April 8th, 1643, "nere fourskore years of age, if not all out." A very different man was Captain Miles Standish. Descended from an ancient Lancashire family,

of Duxbury Hall (whence Duxbury, U.S., is named), he went over to the Low Countries while still young, and served as a soldier there. He became acquainted with the church at Leyden, but it is not certain that he ever entered into strict fellowship with them. He was a man of small stature, but of unquestioned courage and resolution; and, casting in his lot with the pilgrims, he was soon made captain of their little bodyguard of twelve sturdy men, all told. He is a conspicuous figure in the picture that represents the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and their first interview with the Indians. Historic truth, indeed, is sacrificed by the artist to scenic effect, since the interview did not take place till several months after the landing. The same must be said of Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish." The course of events might well belong to the year 1623, when the Captain's first brush with the Indians took place, but not to 1621, before the return of the *Mayflower*. It was not Standish, but Bradford, who received from the Indian chief the snake-skin filled with arrows, and sent it back stored with powder and bullets. The courtship of "the Puritan maid, Priscilla," through John Alden is, however, founded on a tradition handed down from the poet's ancestors, and is not at all an improbable story. The picture of the infant settlement is undoubtedly true to the life. Standish was a type of the militant Christianity of the age, anticipating, on that side of the water, the deeds of "derring do" that have made Cromwell's Ironsides, mostly Independents, so famous on this side.

It may be well, before proceeding to the second immigration, that of 1629-30, to present to our readers a sketch of the country, as it would be seen by its new inhabitants. Their own troubles and sorrows and strength-consuming toils would leave them little leisure to think of any but the more utilitarian aspects—from which small comfort could be gathered—and the love of the picturesque was not then born. But natural surroundings exert an unconscious influence even on preoccupied minds.

"New England scenery in general, though not romantic, is of

a domestic picturesqueness. Everywhere rise up lichen-covered rocks, partially covered with the native forest, or boulders of bare gneiss bordering the level and fertile plain. Now you come upon swamps fringed with red cedars; now on one of the multitudinous, glittering New England lochs, 'each,' writes President Dwight, 'like a delightful morning in spring.' Then again appear stretches of aboriginal forest, great groves of whispering white pines, birch, and oak, and sumach, and glorious maples, contrasting with what the same author terms 'the cavern-like darkness of the massy green hemlock.' . . . Interspersed now are bright white villages, shadowed with luxuriant avenues. Down the broken forest-lands the waters, always pure and sweet, flow with increasing rapidity; and to their pleased surprise, emigrants, natives of our eastern counties, found grassy hollows and thickets ever dry and healthy. . . . Generally, the hills were low downs rather than mountains; but the clear northern atmosphere made the crests of the White Mountains, pearl-like, or projected, as before a storm, a continual presence within a circle of eighty or a hundred miles."*

New England was, therefore, fitly called after Old England by Captain John Smith,† in his explorations early in the century—its advantages of atmosphere being added, and its extremes of temperature left out of the account.

We must return for a moment to the mother country. Notwithstanding the candid promise of James I. to the Presbyterians at the Hampton Court Conference, in 1604, that, "if they did not conform, he would harry them out of the land," these uncompromising Reformers of Church and State, like the Israelites under Pharaoh, continued to increase and multiply. The accession of Charles I., for a time gave pause to the strife. His promises were more inspiriting than those of his father, and men waited to see whether so fair a morning would be followed by a cloudless noon. They had not to wait long. Parliament after Parliament was summoned, but each in its turn proving refractory, was summoned only to be dismissed. Early in 1629, the impetuous monarch announced his purpose to rule without

* Stebbing's *Puritan and Cavalier England Transplanted* ("Verdicts of History Reviewed"), p. 353.

† Captain Smith gave the name of Plymouth to the landing-place of the Pilgrims: its being also the name of the place from which they sailed was a mere coincidence.

one, and all hope of legislative relief was taken away. At this juncture, the thoughts of many were being turned to the colony across the sea. This time, however, the movement began, not among avowed separatists, with whom religious independence and absolute liberty was the first principle of government, but among persons still within the bosom of the Anglican Church. The originator of the scheme was John White, rector of Dorchester, "a famous Puritan divine." Like Robinson, he inaugurated an enterprise he was not permitted personally to conduct. After several abortive attempts, a charter was secured for a new settlement, under the title of "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay." Strange to say, this instrument was obtained only six days before the dissolution of Charles's third Parliament, after which, for eleven years, England was reduced to the condition of an absolute monarchy.

Six vessels were prepared, and in them, early in 1629, were embarked "eighteen women, twenty-six children, and three hundred men, with victuals, arms, and tools, and necessary apparel, together with a livestock of one hundred and forty head of cattle, and forty goats." Their destination was Naumkeag, afterwards Salem, already occupied by survivors of previous expeditions, with John Endicott as their temporary head. From this time till 1640, the year of the assembling of the Long Parliament and of Charles's breach with it, the stream of Puritan immigration was continuous. In 1634, nearly four thousand people had come over, and some twenty villages had been formed on or near the shores of Massachusetts Bay. By 1640, when the Puritan exodus came to an end, a population of 26,000 had been planted, all English, with scarcely a trace of Scotch, Welsh, Irish, or Continental blood. This population was almost as homogeneous in social status as in national descent. It consisted largely of country squires and yeomen—the needy and shiftless, who made such trouble in other American colonies, being conspicuous by their absence. As William Stoughton said, in his "Election Sermon" of 1688, "God sifted a nation that he might send choice grain

into the wilderness." Or, as Longfellow has paraphrased the sentence—

> "God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
> Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation."

From these men, counting their descendants on the spot, and those who have helped to people the Southern and Western States, have sprung one-fourth, if not one-third, of the present population of the United States.

Before proceeding to enquire into the relations of the new colony to the old, the institutions they established and their development, it may be well to describe one or two of the principal actors in the new scenes. Of Endicott, one of the first patentees and provisional governor, we need only, without comment of our own, quote a leading historian, "New England, when she counts up the benefactors eminently worthy of her grateful and reverent remembrance, can never forget his name" (Palfrey). But the foremost man in Massachusetts, for nineteen years after his arrival in 1630, was undoubtedly John Winthrop.

Winthrop belonged to "a family of good condition in Suffolk," where he held a property of six or seven hundred pounds a year, equal to at least two thousand at the present day. From his very youth he commanded "uncommon respect and confidence." He moved in circles where the highest matters of English policy were discussed by associates of Whitgift, Bacon, Essex, and Cecil. A series of letters to his son and wife, happily preserved, reveal the man of affairs as well as the man of letters, the loving husband and the godly father, and not less, in a strictly Puritan mould, the devoted Christian. On the failure of the negotiations for the Spanish match, he writes, "Our Parliament here is begun with exceeding much comfort and hope (Mar. 7, 1623)." Of a book that is very dear, and hard to get (*Imagines Deorum*), he writes to his son at Trinity College, Dublin, "It is a book that may be of some use for the praise and antiquity of the monuments, abused by the

superstition of succeeding times; but you must read it with a sober mind and a sanctified heart." In his care for his son's health, he enters into details of apparel, and adds the exhortation, "Howsoever you clothe yourself when you stir, yet be sure to keep warm when you study or sleep." Reminding his "good sister" in trouble of the "cup of joy and the garment of gladness in the Kingdom of Glory," he concludes with an energy like that of Richard Baxter, "Never man saw heaven but would pass through hell to come at it." On the eve of departure for America, in a letter to his father, he indites a passage that has become classical:

"For myself, I have seen so much of the vanity of the world, that I esteem no more of the diversity of countries, than as so many inns, whereof the traveller that hath lodged in the best or in the worst, findeth no difference when he cometh to his journey's end; and I shall call that my country where I may most glorify God and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends."

The letters to his wife, who followed him the year after, breathe the same spirit of practical godliness, grounded on fellowship with the Unseen. To recount the services of Winthrop to the Massachusetts colony would be to narrate its history for nearly twenty years.

"He was a man of remarkable strength and beauty of character, grave and modest, intelligent and scholarlike, intensely religious and endowed with a moral sensitiveness that was almost morbid, yet liberal withal in his opinions and charitable in disposition."

When chosen, in his forty-second year, as the governor of the new settlement, there was a widespread feeling, abundantly justified by the issue, that "extraordinary results were likely to come of such an enterprise."* In times of trouble he was always called to the helm.

What John Winthrop was in the civil life of the community, John Cotton was in its religious life. Of the six volumes entitled, *Lives of the Chief Fathers of New England*,† Cotton occupies the whole of the first, apart

* Palfrey, vol. i., p. 102.

† Published at Boston, Mass., in 1870. Only 100 copies were printed.

from some introductory matter. Born at Derby, December 4th, 1585, he showed such precocity that he was admitted to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of thirteen. There he spent fifteen studious years, and was then chosen Fellow of Emmanuel College. He soon made a reputation as a preacher, but chiefly for "affected eloquence and oratorious beauty." Under the faithful ministrations of William Perkins and Richard Sibbes, his self-righteous confidence gave way. When next his turn came to fill the old stone pulpit of St. Mary's, the hum of approbation which greeted him was soon succeeded by a deathlike silence, as a plain pungent address upon repentance smote the consciences of his hearers. They showed their chagrin for the most part by pulling down their shovel-caps over their faces. But the fruit of that sermon was the conversion of Dr. John Preston, Fellow of Queen's College.

This bold stand for the truth was followed by Cotton's settlement at Boston, Lincolnshire, in memory of which the scene of his New England ministry was named. In both Bostons his labours were a power for good. Thomas Carlyle's testimony will be accepted as that of an unprejudiced witness. In his collection of Cromwell's letters, the first of which was addressed to Cotton, Carlyle describes the latter as a

> "painful preacher, oracular of high Gospels to New England, who in his day was well seen to be connected with the Supreme Powers of this Universe, the word of him being as a live coal in the hearts of many."

The relations of the two colonies may well detain us for a moment. The influence of Plymouth upon Salem in its first years, and so upon Massachusetts generally, is in one important particular very marked. We refer to the undoubted change of front that took place in the younger settlement in regard to ecclesiastical matters. Higginson, the spiritual leader of the 1629 migration, declared to his companions as they passed the Land's End, "We do not go to New England as Separatists from our Church, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions of it; but we go

to practise the positive part of Church reformation." In keeping with this was every declaration made about the character of the enterprise. Yet in August of the same year, *i.e.*, within four weeks of their arrival, we find on a day set apart for the purpose, Higginson, formerly rector of an English parish, uniting with three or four laymen to ordain Skelton, a Separatist, as their "pastor," and then in turn himself ordained as "teacher" by the man on whose head he had just laid hands. Not only so, but copies of a Confession of Faith and of a Church Covenant were delivered to the future members of the Church, and on a subsequent day those members to the number of thirty assented to the same, and appointed from among them men whose duty it was to ordain Higginson and Skelton again by imposition of hands. It was explained afterwards that this double ordination was not intended to cast any slur on episcopal orders previously received, but simply to confirm them by the call of this particular Church. Our readers will recall the objection of John Howe to a second ordination, when proposed to him by the Bishop of Exeter. Asked by the bishop what hurt it would do him, Howe answered, "Hurt, sir? it would hurt my understanding." If that objection does not apply to the Church at Salem, it can only be by assuming that they meant to abandon Episcopacy and to adopt the principles of Congregationalism.

That is unquestionably the explanation, and the change of front was due to the influence of Plymouth upon Salem before Higginson arrived upon the ground. Conversation between a certain Dr. Fuller, of Plymouth, and Endicott had resulted in Endicott's acceptance of his views. With Endicott went the settlers already on the spot, and when the fresh contingent appeared, there was no alternative for them but to adopt the new ecclesiastical basis. The example thus set was acquiesced in by Winthrop the year after, and subsequently copied at Boston and Charlestown when founded. Congregationalism thus became the established form of Church organisation for New England generally.

In regard to political institutions, not set on foot till the advent of Winthrop, Massachusetts was, and continued to be, much more Conservative than Plymouth. Plymouth was from the first as nearly as possible a pure Democracy. The Governor was chosen by universal suffrage, and so also was the Council of Five that assisted him. The whole body of male adults constituted the legislature. No law could be passed, and no tax imposed, without the consent of the freemen; and it was only through increased population that a representative system was introduced. In social life there were few traces of aristocracy. In short, the influence of Holland on the exiles was very marked. On the other hand, the Massachusetts colonists, coming directly from the old country, copied its institutions more closely. The recognised churches were supported—in the absence of glebe lands—by a tax on the inhabitants, some portion of land being also usually provided. Not only office, but the suffrage itself, was limited to communicants. Great Puritan nobles were invited—though without success—to come over and take a permanent place in the government, with hereditary rank. Social distinctions were preserved. Only gentlemen, ministers and physicians enjoyed the title of Mr., and even this might be forfeited by a disgraceful act. Thus, in 1631, for stealing corn from Indians, Mr. Josias Plastowe was fined five pounds, and known henceforth as plain Josias. In the meeting-house places of honour were carefully assigned, and a committee met at intervals to "dignify the seats."

Notwithstanding these differences, the Pilgrims and the Puritans had much in common. As the former repudiated the name and the principles of the extreme Brownists, so the latter shrank from the supposed tyranny of Presbyterianism,* fully entering into the spirit of Milton's epigram, "New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large." Synods were only consultative, not legislative. They were only summoned in a case of emergency, with a strictly *ad hoc* jurisdiction,

* The attempt of Parliament to fasten the yoke of the Scotch Covenant on the Colonies, as well as on England, caused "great searchings of heart."

and the matter once decided, their authority and their existence terminated together. The two sets of ideas that conflict in every man's mind were at work here, and the Conservative tendency was quite as strong as the Liberal. The changes made by the settlers were not due to any love of novelty, but to a morbid dread of the system of government, civil and ecclesiastical, under which they had smarted so long. It was through this that they preferred barn-like meeting-houses to the Gothic structures they had left behind. Through this dread they abolished the Book of Common Prayer, and prohibited instruments of music. Through this they discouraged the celebration of Easter and Christmas, substituting festivals and fasts of their own. Through this also, strange to say, they long dissociated from religious observance both marriage contracts and funeral rites.

In the "positive part of Church reformation" both tendencies are seen to blend. The whole nature of the New England colonist was expressed in the decrees of the statute-book, and in the rigorous discipline by which they were enforced. The laws were Draconian in their severity, but the application of them effected a genuine moral reform. The strongest instance of the growth of liberal ideas is to be found in the measures adopted for education. To these both communities contributed, each in a different way. The Pilgrims brought the results of their experience in Holland. There they had beheld a state of society under which every child was taught to read and write. The men of Massachusetts brought the remembrance of their university curriculum. The result was the establishment, so early as 1639, of what is now known as Harvard University, and, somewhat later, of the common school system now universal in the United States, though to strict religious instruction secularism has succeeded. How strongly in contrast with this is the spirit that found utterance in the following words of Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and

printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"* But Virginia was not a Puritan colony.

It would be interesting to sketch in detail the social and religious life of those early days. But this has been done already in a former number of this REVIEW.† It will be more to our present purpose to consider the influences that tended, during this period, to strengthen the loose organisation we have described, and so prepare the way for its development into the unique nationality it was destined to become. There were both centripetal and centrifugal forces at work. But even those that threatened disruption were so controlled or overruled as in the end to make for unity. The centrifugal forces were those arising out of inevitable differences of opinion, either springing up among the settlers themselves or thrust upon them from without. The centripetal forces, not counting those pertaining to the common faith and Christian brotherhood, were the dangers that threatened them from the tribes of hostile Indians, from French and Dutch encroachments, and from changes in the home government. Mediating between these opposite forces was the tendency to send forth offshoots, a tendency that had to be guarded lest it should too much weaken existing settlements, and which yet, kept within certain limits, could not but minister strength.

The more important controversies of the period which closes with the accession of William and Mary, or a little later, are those connected with Roger Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, the Baptists and the Quakers, and, in addition, the altogether distinct controversy about the proper subjects of baptism, leading to the general adoption of the half-way covenant.

Roger Williams was a man that had the misfortune to be born before his time. A learned, quickwitted and pugnacious Welshman, than whom, notwithstanding, "there never

---

* Hemming's *Laws of Virginia*, Appendix.
† "Old New England," April, 1894.

lived a more gentle and kindly soul,"* he advocated the ideas of the latter half of the nineteenth century in the first half of the seventeenth.

"The views of Williams, if logically carried out, involved the entire separation of Church from State, the equal protection of all forms of religious faith, the repeal of all laws compelling attendance on public worship, the abolition of tithes and of all forced contributions to the support of religion."*

These were not the views of the men that founded Massachusetts. As matters for academic disputation, they might have been admitted to consideration, especially as coming from a man who had held a pastorate both at Plymouth and Salem. But when Williams proceeded to deny the validity of the charter under which the land was held, and to set the claims of the Indian tribes† against the confessedly shadowy and sentimental claims of the English king, the case became more serious. The tearing out of the red cross of St. George from the royal standard under which the militia marched to their drill—an act ascribed to Williams, and certainly condoned, if not ordered, by Endicott—brought the affair to an issue. Endicott was degraded for a twelvemonth from the Deputy-Governorship, and Williams was ordered to depart. He escaped to the Indians, settled at Providence, and founded Rhode Island, where universal toleration was the order of the day. It served the purposes of a Cave of Adullam, until Williams himself came to see that universal toleration was not a universal good. The date of his banishment was 1636.

Scarcely were the magistrates freed from this controversy when they found themselves engaged in one of a much more dangerous nature. Its originator was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, "a very bright and capable lady, but somewhat impulsive and indiscreet." Arriving with her husband in 1634, she began to criticise the teaching of the preachers of

* Fiske's *Beginnings of New England*, p. 114.

† It has always been maintained that the Indians received as much for their lands as the lands were worth to them, a nomadic race that only used them as hunting grounds.

the colony, except Cotton, maintaining that "all who taught that sanctification was an evidence of justification were under a covenant of works." This technical language of theology, however obscure to the uninitiated, conveyed to the Puritan mind an awful charge. To relegate God's servants to a covenant of works was to class them with the carnal and ungodly, *i.e.*, with men who were unworthy, not only of Church membership but of political privileges. Mrs. Hutchinson's blows struck to the heart of the community; and unfortunately she was backed, not only by Cotton, a doughty Calvinist champion when in England, but by Henry Vane, afterwards so conspicuous for his opposition to Cromwell at the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. Cotton, however, retraced his steps, and in the end Mrs. Hutchinson was constrained to depart. Like Williams, she and her husband founded a new settlement at Aquednec, Narragansett Bay. Removing thence, after the death of her husband, to a more sequestered spot, she and fifteen of her family were murdered by the Indians, at that time at war with the Dutch. From this "Antinomian heresiarch," through a long line of distinguished men, sprang a century later Thomas Hutchinson, "the most conspicuous and powerful citizen of New England," and royalist Governor of Massachusetts during the War of Independence.

The same rigorous policy was carried out towards the Baptists in 1651, and towards the Quakers in 1656-61. The measures adopted were, indeed, much more severe. One of the former sect, Obadiah Holmes, was sentenced to be "well-whipt,"* while of the latter four were hanged, one of them being a woman.† At the time this was done, both Cotton and Winthrop had passed away, the latter in 1649 and the former in 1652, or the extreme penalty would probably never have been exacted. In fact, the law making

* For venturing into the meeting-house to "testify."

† For returning to Boston, after banishment. Both Quakers and Baptists suffered for the evil deeds of the Munster Anabaptists, their supposed spiritual progenitors.

the return of a Quaker after banishment a capital offence was enacted to meet the case, and only passed the court by a majority of one vote. The Quakers, however, did not yield, and Endicott the Governor, and Norton, the successor of Cotton, stood by the letter of the law. In England Church and State were represented by Laud and Charles, and to escape their cruel tyranny the Presbyterians had left England for the New World. Now, Church and State, in the persons of Norton and Endicott, trampling on the plea of conscience, cruelly maltreated the Quaker sectaries. The words of Obadiah Holmes recall too forcefully some we meet with in John Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, to be read with anything but the deepest pain.

"As the man began to lay the stroaks upon my back, I said to the people, though my flesh and my spirit should fail, yet God would not fail; so it pleased the Lord to come in and so to fill my heart and tongue as a vessel is full. . . . Although it was grievous, the man striking with all his strength with a corded whip, giving me thirty stroaks, when he had loosed me from the post, I told the magistrates, 'You have struck me as with roses.'"*

These persecutions form the one black spot on the escutcheon of New England's nobility. One more victim was brought up for trial, and condemned to death after a fortnight's debate. But the tide of popular reaction had by this time risen high, and the harsh sentence was left in abeyance. We do not moralise on this subject. A recent volume of lectures from the pen of the new Bishop of London has shown that the subject of toleration is one by no means so simple as has been imagined.

About the time of the Quaker persecution, a question arose as to the proper subjects of Christian baptism. So far, the ordinance had been confined to such believers, hitherto unbaptised, as desired admission to the Church, and the infant children of Church members. As the years rolled on, many who had been baptised in infancy grew up to manhood, and became heads of families, without having them-

* *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, 1st series.

selves become Church members. Were they entitled to present their children for baptism? A synod of divines met at Boston, in June 1657, and, after more than a fortnight's deliberation, gave their judgment in favour of the less exclusive view. Gradually the recommendation of the synod obtained favour with the Churches, although the actual practice varied much. The result was the creation of a class, midway between the Church and the world, of persons who owned their baptismal obligations, but did not claim the full privileges of membership, including admission to the Lord's Supper. This compromise was called the Half-way Covenant. It prevailed more and more, until the "great awakening," far on in the eighteenth century.

A question like this could not be touched without raising another, viz., the relation to the State of the new class of baptised non-communicants. Hitherto, only full Church members could become officers of State, or even voters for their election. Now, the franchise was so far extended that "baptised persons of good moral deportment, who came publicly forward and owned in the Church the covenant made for them by their parents in baptism," were accorded the rights of citizenship. The effect of all this was that "the Churches, though filled with baptised people, had comparatively few communicants." Then another step was taken. The Lord's Supper, which had been so solemnly fenced from all but avowed believers, was administered to all "well-disposed persons," whether professing conversion or not. Lax doctrine followed in the wake of lax discipline, as outward ceremony took the place of departed spiritual life. These consequences were not fully developed till after the seventeenth century had run its course.

So far, we have traced the course of events in Plymouth and Massachusetts. Other Colonies, however, were springing up. New Hampshire and Maine we may pass by, as during the greater part of this period they were part and parcel of Massachusetts. Rhode Island we have already referred to. Connecticut and New Haven possess an interest of their own, not unrelated to the civil and ecclesiastical matters of

which we have just been speaking. So early as 1633, rumours of a river to the west of them, "a fine place for plantation and trade," had reached the Plymouth people, and the same year they despatched a vessel to the Connecticut to make explorations. The result was the establishment of a factory, at a point where English and Dutch soon became rivals for the mastery. Three years later, a large number of the Massachusetts settlers made a pilgrimage to the fertile Connecticut valley, led by the sturdy pastor of Newtown, Thomas Hooker. For one year a board of commissioners from Massachusetts governed the new towns thus formed, Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield, but they soon claimed their freedom, and Connecticut set up a jurisdiction of its own. Its provisions show considerable modification as compared with those under which the emigrants from Massachusetts had hitherto been living. In fact, the migration itself was due rather to their political dissatisfaction, than to the attractions of the Connecticut valley. Against the Church and State notions of Winthrop and Cotton, Thomas Hooker had laid down the position that

"in matters which concern the common good, a General Council, chosen by all, to transact business which concern all, is most suitable to rule, and most safe for the relief of the whole."

On the 14th of January, 1639, the freemen of the three towns assembled at Hartford, and adopted a written constitution, the first known to history that actually created a government, an event this which marked the beginnings of American Democracy. A hundred and forty years later, the American Constitution was framed as nearly as possible on the model of Connecticut. Thomas Hooker was thus, more than any other man, the political founder of the United States.

The course of things in New Haven was the exact contrary. In 1637 a company of wealthy London merchants and their families arrived at Boston, bringing with them as their pastor John Davenport, an Oxford graduate, who had been driven by Laud's proceedings to resign his English charge

and become a preacher to an English congregation at Amsterdam. The Antinomian disputes at Boston were just at their height, and Davenport, throwing himself into the thick of the fray, won golden opinions by his skill in combating heresy. But the spectacle of a community torn by such dissensions produced a natural recoil in the new comers. They determined to try an experiment of their own on a more unoccupied field, and made their way early in the next year to the commodious harbour of Long Island Sound, thirty miles west of the mouth of the Connecticut. They sought no external sanction: they pledged no allegiance to the King. The rules as to Church membership were made exceedingly strict, and it was resolved that "the Word of God should be the only rule attended to in ordering the affairs of government." The legislation was quaint enough, but did not proceed to the lengths some have imagined. The "Blue Laws of New Haven" have served many generations of profane persons as typical instances of Puritan jurisprudence, *e.g.*, that "no woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath," and that "no one shall play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or Jew's harp." The "Blue Laws" are an impudent forgery, or, more probably, a laboured joke, never meant to be believed. The worst enactment of New Haven was the abolition of trial by jury, because not warranted by Scripture.

The new experiment at New Haven was not more successful than those which had been tried elsewhere. We soon hear of "an appearance of unquietness in the minds of sundry upon the account of enfranchisement, and sundry civil privileges thence flowing, which they thought too shortly tethered up in the foundation of the government." It was discovered also that there was a way of undermining walls too lofty to be scaled.

"The gentlemen that founded New Haven, having been most of them inhabitants and traffickers in the great city of London, the famous mart of the whole world, contrived the frame of their chief towns as if trade and merchandise had been as inseparably annexed to them as the shadow is to the body in

the shining of the sun; in expectation whereof they laid out too much of their stocks and estates in building of fair and stately houses, wherein they at first outdid the rest of the country, therein forgetting the counsel of the wise man, first to prepare their matters in the field before they go about to erect their fabricks."

When in 1662, after the restoration of Charles II., Connecticut obtained a royal charter, the ultra-conservative New Haven was merged, much against her will, in the ultra-democratic colony.

In presence of the external dangers that from time to time threatened New England, the internal differences of its several colonies were not allowed to interfere with the formation, in the interest of all, of a scheme of general confederacy. Following the precedent of the Low Countries, the four principal colonies, in 1643,* formed themselves into a league, which lasted twenty years, and was during that time the predominant power in North America. What brought it to an end was the transaction referred to at the close of the last paragraph, the supposed selfishness of Connecticut in enforcing the submission of New Haven to an arrangement which destroyed her individuality, an arrangement made at the English Court, and which nobody in America had expected or desired. The time soon came, however, when the Colonies again had need of a confederacy. We refer to the last great struggle of Indian tribes, known to the American historian as Philip's War.

For forty years the Indian tribes had lived on friendly terms with their white neighbours,† and had benefited greatly by their presence. John Eliot had laboured successfully for their spiritual good, and his example had been followed by others. In 1674, the number of "praying Indians" was about four thousand. The treaty made by Massasort, chief of the Pokanoets, with the colonists

* Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven. Rhode Island was excluded, having sworn fealty to the king (Charles I.).

† The extermination of the Pequods, in 1637, rendered necessary by their excesses, created a wholesome fear of the white man in the minds of the other tribes.

of Plymouth, a few months after their arrival, had for forty years been faithfully maintained. But his son Philip never enjoyed the confidence of the English. He encouraged among his tribesmen depredations and cruelties which, after being endured for twelve years, called for severe measures. The conflict widened its range until it became a life and death struggle. Its course was marked, not only by a succession of battles, but by a succession of ravages. Only in the larger towns could a white man leave his door with safety: every bush might hide a marksman. Of the eighty or ninety towns in Plymouth and Massachusetts, ten or twelve were destroyed, and forty others more or less damaged. The able-bodied men were decimated: there was scarcely a family but was in mourning. At the close of the hostilities, the public debt exceeded in value the whole personal property of the people. Massachusetts had strong recuperative power, but Plymouth was nearly ruined. Yet, by years of steady industry and pinching frugality, she met her enormous liabilities. The thought of repudiation* had never dawned on the men of New England.

Greater than the dangers arising from hostile Indians or envious foreigners, were those that threatened the New England states from the mother country. Charles I. soon repented of his generosity in suffering some of his best subjects to quit the realm. Like another Pharaoh, he hasted to take away the liberties he had granted, and was only restrained by more pressing occupations. Even Oliver Cromwell was not much more favourable to the real interests of the colonists. His propositions, first to transplant them to Ireland and then to transplant them to Jamaica, were declined with thanks. The restoration of the Stuarts was but tardily acknowledged. A celebration took place in Massachusetts, but the people were reminded of the law against drinking healths, and gently exhorted not to break it on the occasion. The granting of the charter to Connecticut was a distinct bribe on the part of our royal plotter, intended

* Palfrey, vol. ii., pp. 187, 188.

to sow jealousy between friendly communities, a purpose which it accomplished for a time with but too great success. Only the King's protracted difficulties at home prevented his carrying matters with a high hand. In 1679, however, the last series of Stuart attacks began in earnest. By dint of judicious delays, the crisis was once and again averted. But at length, in 1684, the year in which Charles II. resolved to do without a Parliament in this country, the blow was struck which stripped Massachusetts of all legal rights. On the 21st of June in that year, a decree of chancery annulled Charles I.'s charter. Upon that charter rested, not only the institutions of the colony, but the very titles by which the people held their houses and lands. By its abrogation every rood of soil became again the property of the King; and the man he appointed to prosecute this business was no other than Kirke, who shares with Jeffreys the infamy of the Bloody Assize.

Before this legal decree could be carried into effect, the King died, and for a moment the people breathed freely again. But it was only for a moment. Late in the autumn of 1685, Sir Edmund Andros was sent out by James II. to complete the work his predecessor on the throne had begun. All the charters were to be confiscated, and the whole of New England brought under the arbitrary rule of one man, responsible only to the King. The course of things with which the old country had become only too familiar was imitated or surpassed in the new. Arbitrary taxes were imposed. Encroachments were made on common lands. The *Habeas Corpus* Act was suspended. The liberty of the Press was taken away. The General Court was abolished. The power of taxation was wrested from the town-meetings and lodged in the hands of the Governor. Private titles to land were called in question, and heavy quit-rents demanded, falling little short of blackmail. To crown these iniquitous acts of tyranny, measures were taken for the establishment of Episcopal worship, against which the colony had been a standing protest for nearly seventy years. For two years and four months the "tyranny of Andros" went on. During

the same period the coils of despotism were gathering round the old country, and a common ruin threatened both it and the Colonies. But a common deliverance was just at hand. At last England woke up to a sense of her deep degradation, and the old Puritan spirit reasserted itself. In 1660 all parties had united to bring back the Stuart line: in 1688 all parties united to bring it to an end, the bishops themselves leading the way.

On the 4th April, 1689, five months after the landing of the Prince of Orange in Torbay, John Winslow brought the joyful tidings to Boston, Massachusetts. A fortnight was devoted to quiet deliberation, and then the resolve was taken. The drums beat to arms, the signal-fire was lighted, the militia poured in, and, after a brief resistance, Andros surrendered the castle and was arrested before he could make his escape. Five months later, the order to proclaim King William and Queen Mary was universally obeyed, amid such rejoicings as New England had never seen.

It was a true instinct that told the people their liberties were now secure. As the head of the Protestant League, William saw the value of the Colonies as allies against Louis XIV., whose ambition to found a New France in the rear of the English possessions was beginning to be openly avowed. Most of the forfeited privileges were restored. Plymouth, Maine, and Nova Scotia (just won from the French) were added to Massachusetts. But the Governor was henceforth to be appointed by the Crown, and the restriction of the franchise to Church members was abolished. The connection between Church and State was not yet dissolved. But the Puritan theocracy vanished, and the colony was brought into direct relationship with the English Crown.

Here our study of the early struggles of New England must close. Whatever faults we may have had to notice in the handiwork of its founders, it is impossible to withhold admiration from the grandeur of their design. If, in their dealings with strangers, their justice sometimes touched the limit of oppression, we must remember that they dealt out

equal measure to themselves. We must call to mind the sacrifices they made to secure their own religious privileges: we must remember that they did in fact build up a vast network of communities, filled with God-fearing and law-abiding men. Happy are the people that can boast of such a lineage. Happier still, if they can so drink into the spirit of their ancestors as to repel every assault upon private or public morals. The recent struggle in America of the forces of order against those of license and anarchy has terminated victoriously. May it never have to be renewed!

Of the list of works at the head of this article, we need only speak of the first two, the rest having been longer before the public eye. Dr. Brown's is confined chiefly to the early period of the New England story: six out of the twelve chapters deal with events before the sailing of the *Mayflower*. The history is related in detail, and will be read with increasing interest. The illustrations are sketches, chiefly by Charles Whymper, of interesting places and objects on this side of the water, such as Scrooby Manor House and Boston Stump. Dr. Byington's work comes from the other side. The treatment of the subject is topical. It does not profess to be a history, but a collection of independent essays, which, however, cover a very wide field. He makes a strong defence of the Puritans, though admitting their faults. His sketch of their religious opinions is comprehensive. This work should be studied, as well as read. It will repay any labour expended on it by those who search the records of the past in order to find lessons—moral, political, and religious—for the present and future of mankind.

ART. VIII.—EARL SELBORNE.

Memorials. Part I. Family and Personal, 1766-1865. By ROUNDELL PALMER, EARL OF SELBORNE. 2 Vols. Macmillan & Co. 1896.

"ROUNDELL PALMER, Earl of Selborne," was a profound lawyer, a consummate advocate, a masterly and persuasive speaker in Parliament, a great Chancellor, a wise statesman; he was a ripe scholar and a distinguished member of his University; he was one of the most equitable and conscientious of public men; withal and above all, he was a humble, steadfast Christian, of the best Anglican school, strict and saintly in character and life, consistent throughout his course, at least from the well-marked hour of his decisive religious change to the end of his beautiful life. In these two large volumes we receive from his hands, through his daughter, the first instalment of the *Memorials* of his family and personal history, including also what relates to the earlier part of his public life, up to the close, in 1865, of Lord Palmerston's Administration, in which he held the office of Attorney-General. He was born in November, 1812, and his age was, therefore, fifty-three at the time when this instalment of the *Memorials* comes to an end, the last entry referred to being the general election following the death of Palmerston, in the autumn of 1865.

These volumes are admirably edited by Miss Palmer, who relates that they were written at Siena, in the summer of 1886, at her request.

"He took with him to Siena an accumulation of unsorted family letters, and in reading them and writing these *Memorials* he lived over again the life which made him. Beginning with his parents, he naturally passed on to his own home, and, in granting our request as to writing some record of his own life, he could not write of himself apart from his brothers and sisters and friends, and, above all, from my mother. For as he did not live *for* himself, so he did not live *in* himself; and as his heart was filled with the love of his people and his country, he could

only write of himself as affected by these relationships. There is much of so intimate and personal a nature, that it would not have been given to the world but for loyalty to his known intention and desire in regard to these *Memorials*."

The mere political student of history may, perhaps, carefully mark off for neglect those portions of these volumes which relate to persons who were neither political nor in any distinctive sense historical; but to the reader who is interested in the social and specially human aspects of life in the bygone periods of our national history, there is very little, if anything, of the family memorials here given which will not be regarded as interesting and valuable. In certain points these records remind us of the *Verney Memoirs*. They reveal the homely Christian character and life of some of the best bred families of English gentry, not indeed in the seventeenth, but in the latter part of the eighteenth and in the earlier part of the nineteenth century; and we think the better of our nation for the revelation. Lord Selborne's family, on his father's side, was descended, like the Verneys, from ancestors in whose veins the blood of London merchant citizens flowed, one of whom—a Pickard—entertained, as Lord Mayor, King Edward III. and the Black Prince, together with John of France, David of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus. This Pickard was married to a daughter of Sir Robert Jocelyn, who was aunt of the first Lord Jocelyn, Chancellor of Ireland. Lord Selborne's grandfather, on his father's side, was a prosperous and public spirited London merchant, who settled on a fine estate at Nazing, in Essex. His wife was a sister of Bishop Horsley, and through her the Palmer family became intimately associated with the Horsley family. The *Memorials* have a good deal to say of that family, and much also to tell of Lord Selborne's uncles on his father's side. But many readers will find a fresher interest in the family history of his mother than in that of the elder branches of his father's family. She belonged to the Roundell family of Marton-in-Craven. Her father, a clergyman, inherited an estate in that interesting region on the borders of Lancashire and Westmoreland, where lie the

upper valleys of the Ribble, the Aire, and the Wharfe, and within an easy distance of Malham Cove and Gordale, Pen-y-Ghent and Ingleborough.

The Roundells had been settled in the West Riding for more than four centuries, their title to some land, near Knaresborough, going back to 1425. Mrs. Roundell, the grandmother of Lord Selborne, who died in 1819, bequeathed to her descendants the following quaint and suggestive table of rules, drawn up by her father, for her edification on entering into society:

"31st May 1773—DIRECTIONS FOR MOLLY WHILST ABROAD.

"1. Read a Chapter in the Bible every Morning early.

"2. Then say your Prayers.

"3. Apply yourself to something of busyness.

"4. Set down every Night what You saw or heard remarkable that Day.

"5. Say Your Prayers; beginning and ending every Day with Applications to Almighty God.

"6. Improve Your playing on the Harpischord and Singing.

"7. Set down the Dishes in order at every great Dinner or Supper, and get a Receipt for every pretty Dish and learn how to make it.

"8. Take great Notice of any fine House, Furniture, or Gardens, and put it into writing that Night.

"9. Observe Every one's Carriage and Behaviour, and imitate what is commendable and avoid what is not.

"10. Set Yourself to be obliging to Every-one Your Equal.

"11. Be not too familiar with any Servant, nor with any Man You think not fit for Your Husband; but keep such at a due Distance.

"12. Strive to be Virtuous, Good, Discreet, and Wise, and avoid Sin, Folly, and Idleness.

"13. Consider well what Company You are in, and take care that You say not anything to disoblige them, or any of their Relations or Friends.

"14. Say nothing before Servants that may make them uneasy in their Place.

"*31st May* 1773.

"Recommended by H^y. Richardson to his daughter Mary whilst abroad."

Lord Selborne's father, William Jocelyn Palmer, was an exemplary clergyman, possessing a rare combination of excellent qualities. Educated at the Charterhouse, he was afterwards for some time a pupil of that eminent clergyman Jones, of Nayland, and in 1796 went to Oxford as a Commoner of Brasenose. There, through his schoolfellow and friend, Richard Henry Roundell, whose sister he afterwards married, he became intimate with the Hebers—Richard, the country squire, and Reginald, the Bishop—the friends being all Churchmen of the same school. Having been ordained deacon in 1801 and priest in 1802, he was, by his uncle the celebrated Bishop Horsley, then of Rochester, presented, in the same year, to the rectory of Mixbury, which he retained almost till his death, his son Horsley succeeding him as rector. During the remaining four years of Bishop Horsley's life his nephew was his chaplain, residing chiefly at St. Asaph, to which See his uncle had been translated. Here he renewed his acquaintance with the Hebers, being intimate with the family of Dean Shipley, one of whose daughters Reginald Heber married. On the death of Bishop Horsley he settled for life in his parish, devoting himself wholly to his pastoral and family duties.

Mixbury was a small parish in Buckinghamshire with which another small parish, Finmere, was united. The two parishes were situated within the natural limits of the diocese of Oxford, but actually belonged at that time to the See of Rochester. Lord Selborne's description of his father as a parish clergyman will be read with interest.

"So far as relates to the services of the Church, he was always in advance of his time, as well in rubrical strictness (as he had learned, under the guidance of Bishop Horsley, to understand the rubrics) as in the reverence with which the duties of his office were performed. I do not think that the Holy Communion was ever celebrated in his churches less often than monthly, or that he ever omitted to baptize and catechise publicly during the afternoon service in the church. When the desire arose for more frequent Services and Communions, he was prompt in meeting it. His preaching was thoughtful, but not ambitious; explaining Scripture and inculcating practical duties in an uncontroversial way. He relied more on the direct power of

the Divine word, than upon his own way of presenting it. From his reading of the Scriptures in church, . . . I myself learnt more, and so must his hearers generally, than from any sermons. There was no thought of self; no aim at display. The combination of dignity and reverence in his reading—the way in which his hearers were enabled to realise what he read—were such as I have rarely known in any one else. . . . But a parish priest, if he realises the full nature of the pastoral duty and office, is not likely to place anything, in point of importance, above his personal relations with the individual men, women, and children committed to his charge. I have heard some people speak as if the care of a few hundred souls were insufficient employment for the zeal and energy of a clergyman of mark. My father did not think so. There was no position in the church which he could not (in my belief) have worthily filled, which he might not have ennobled and adorned. But what God had charged him with was the care of those five or six hundred poor people at Mixbury and Finmere, for whom there was no one else to care, among whom there was no praise to be won, no distinction to be attained, no ambition to be gratified. He was content with this, and sought for nothing more. . . . There was not one, young or old, whom he did not personally know, or whose character and conduct he did not observe and study. He was not demonstrative, nor a man of many words; he kept his feelings, which were naturally warm and strong, quite under command. He knew what times were convenient, what were opportunities to be used, what manner of address would be acceptable and likely to make an impression. He watched over those who were in sickness, trouble, or any other need. He understood enough of medicine, and had sufficient store of drugs always at hand, to help them much in that way. He had always a kind and wholesome word, and an open hand, for those who wanted it. His temporal charities, distributed with discrimination and judgment, were so liberal, as to make churlish minds suppose that he must have been entrusted with funds especially devoted to that purpose. His interest in individuals was not capricious or transitory, but patient and persevering. It was long before he despaired (if he ever did despair), even of those who went astray. And he had his reward in the effects of his ministry. There was not in his time a public-house in Mixbury. Nor was there in either parish any congregation of Nonconformists, though the villages were sometimes visited by itinerant preachers, and there were always some to whom that style of preaching was attractive. In other respects, the conduct and reputation of his parishioners bore favourable comparison with most of their neighbours. To the weak and the old, as long as they could work at all, he gave employment suitable to their strength, rather than alms;

taking advantage, for this purpose, of his garden and glebe land. He respected them, and wished them to respect themselves. A farmer fell into the habits of intemperance, and was ruined; my father reclaimed him, took him into his own service, comforted him in severe affliction, and was enabled to keep him straight to the end. A clever artificer was in a like case, and died; my father so dealt with the family, that the children became examples of industry and good conduct, and rose in the world. These are but instances of the good done to many individuals by his discernment of character and constancy in kindness. . . .

"My father encouraged and assisted a considerable number of his parishioners, whom he thought likely to do well in a new country, to emigrate to Canada and Tasmania, inquiring personally into the arrangements for their voyages, seeing and corresponding with the ship-owners and agents, and sometimes accompanying the emigrants themselves on board ship. Many of those emigrants prospered, and have left descendants who prosper still. When they were gone, it was not with my father, 'Out of sight, out of mind'; he kept up a correspondence with most of them, and with some for years, following them still with his pastoral care and wise counsels, and finding out colonial clergymen and others to whom he recommended them for such good offices as he was no longer able to perform towards them himself, and not unfrequently sending out presents to them from this country. . . .

"By nature and inclination social and hospitable, he regarded prudence in the management of his means as essential to the performance of his duty. He kept, therefore, regular accounts and a strict watch over his expenditure, retaining the Mixbury glebe of about sixty acres in his own hands, and making it help out his housekeeping. He avoided all extravagance, and incurred no debts, living plainly and simply; keeping up old friendships, but seldom making new; entering into the society of a small circle of the neighbouring clergy and country gentlemen within distances of three or four miles from Mixbury, but not so much or so often as to interfere at any time with his proper duties.

"He was a county magistrate. In those days the general (and, on the whole, advantageous) rule against placing beneficed clergymen on the bench did not exist; and it would hardly have been so well for Mixbury and its immediate neighbourhood if there had not been some magistrates who had that peculiar knowledge of, and sympathy with, the poor which is acquired by the discharge of pastoral duties. . . .

"Of his discretion and presence of mind I may mention an instance which occurred after I was grown up, during the terrible winter of (I think) 1831, when, from the combined operation of

the abuses of the Poor Law and of political excitement, a sort of 'Jacquerie' prevailed in the rural districts of that part of England, under a secret organisation designated by the name of 'Captain Swing,' which sometimes broke out in open riot and disturbance, but more generally manifested itself in incendiarism, particularly rick-burning at night. On one day in the Town Hall of Buckingham the magistrates assembled, with the Duke of Buckingham, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, in the chair, under circumstances of anxiety and general alarm. A mob was collected outside, clamorous for redress of grievances, and demanding admission. The magistrates consulted together as to what should be done, and my father advised that the doors should be opened, and the leaders of the people outside invited to come in. The Duke and the others gave him to understand that, if that were done, he must himself undertake the responsibility of managing the conference; to which he agreed. The doors were opened accordingly, and the malcontents entered, saying that they came 'to demand their rights.' My father asked, 'What rights?' and whether they were such as it was within the power of magistrates to grant. Upon this the leader made a speech, not clearly answering those questions, but declaring their loyalty and attachment to the throne. Taking him at his word, my father at once declared that he was a fit and proper person to be sworn in as a special constable, which was forthwith done, the man offering no resistance; and the whole disturbance collapsed."

The letters of this good clergyman, from which extracts are given, disclose the character of a Christian minister of humble and unaffected saintliness—a model minister and a model Christian. Indeed, we do not know a work of modern biography which, in respect of the correspondence with which it is enriched, is so edifying as these *Memorials;* the letters, which tend to deepen and confirm the Christian life in the sympathetic reader, and which illustrate the highest discipline of Christian goodness in its application to the various duties and exigencies of life, being not only those of the father, but also of the autobiographer himself, and of other members of the family circle. It is a privilege to enter into the fellowship of this circle. The "higher life" of the Christian believer as applied to all that belongs to daily duty and experience, the spiritual life common to true Christians of all schools of religious training, manifests itself with a frank simplicity, and yet a modesty, full of refreshment and

charm. Equally unostentatious and practical, always humble and prayerful, it seems as if the father's spirit and influence had inspired all the family—his sisters, and other near relatives, as well as his children.

The one exception to this statement, among a very numerous company, was the unfortunate and wrongheaded William Palmer, the eldest son of the family. Led astray by the delusions and chimeras of so-called "Catholic" externalism, this son, a brilliant scholar, spent much of his life in fruitless, and indeed ridiculous, efforts to obtain the recognition in his own person, alike by the Greek and the Roman Churches, of his right as an Anglican Churchman to Catholic communion, beyond the limits of his own Church, without any separation from that Church. After many years of eccentric pertinacity, sustained by zeal which at times assumed an attitude of solitary arrogance, as if he had a right to excommunicate and anathematise any that contradicted his particular view of common intercommunion, he at last joined the Church of Rome as a penitent and communicant—although he could not accept *ex animo* all her doctrinal assertions. The ground on which he finally capitulated to Rome was that that Church had the strongest external authority, and that upon such external authority all Church claims must ultimately rest. Though he became a communicant of the Church of Rome, he never received ordination within its pale; and all the time that he was figuring so strangely and with such self-assertion, now at Oxford, where he was a Fellow of Magdalen College, then at St. Petersburg, whither he proceeded on a sort of self-appointed mission to the Russian Church, and again at Constantinople, where he visited on a similar mission the Patriarch of the Greek Church, he was merely a deacon of the Church of England. William Palmer was, nevertheless, not only a clever and learned man, but also disinterested and conscientious. He had been, even more than his brother Roundell, his father's hope and pride; and no letters could well be more pathetic, as no letters could be more wise or more admirable in their spirit, than those published in these

volumes from the father to this wayward and wilful eldest son, on whose future course as a minister of Christ the father's best hopes had been most tenderly fixed. In this case we see how the film of High Anglican ecclesiastical externalism which, in harmless form of thought, clung to the father and, so far as appears, never came out in his practice or his teaching, became in the son, after he went to Oxford and came within the Tractarian circle of influence, a seemingly logical but yet utterly absurd and unspiritual infatuation, which drove this clever man, the victim of a fixed idea, into a solitary track in which he wasted his life and became merely a beacon to warn others. That his brother Roundell was warned by his errors can hardly be doubted. If, as he advanced in life, he separated himself entirely from the Oxford school with which, like his friend Gladstone, his sympathies at first more or less allied him; and if he found himself throughout his married life able to pray and work as a husband, father, Sunday-school teacher and Christian communicant, in perfect unison with his noble wife, an Evangelical Churchwoman, and within her Church circle, it may be believed that the lesson taught by his elder brother's course was not lost upon him.

The position of William Palmer, as defined by his brother, was

> "that in questions of faith and religious obedience the greater must overrule the less authority; that whatever doctrines or practices were affirmed or allowed by the greater authority ought to be accepted as true and right; and that, in these things, there was no place at all for private judgment."

To maintain the right of private judgment was, in his view, the heresy of heresies, the heresy which condemned without any claim to appeal, condemned utterly and unconditionally, Protestantism and all Protestants. Other heresies, such as those to be found in some Churches claiming to be "Catholic," and building on authority, were, in comparison of this mother-heresy, comparatively venial.

> "Vainly," says Lord Selborne, "did my father urge that the responsibility of *resisting* the weight of authority in the Church

of Rome may well appear to be as great *the other way*. For the authority claimed by the Church of Rome is indeed vast, *immense*, awful. Awful if it be well founded, awful if it have no just foundation at all; awful if it be the truth of God, awful indeed if it be against His truth. But that is the very question, the responsibility of deciding upon which, when urged by any consideration to submit to it, we cannot avoid."

At this very moment William Palmer was unable to overcome his objection to some of the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome. Having accepted, however, absolutely and implicitly the principle of merely external authority as the foundation of faith and obedience, he was a foredoomed victim, he was already, in effect, a slave of Rome.

"It would be the happiest day of my life," he writes, in 1846, to his father, "to cast myself at the feet of so great an authority as the Roman Church. . . . . Most gladly would I, if I could, submit to the Roman obedience, even if it cost me all that is most dear to me on earth."

After five years spent in personal correspondence, visits and negotiations, with regard to the Eastern Church, he came to the conclusion, towards the end of 1851, that he

"could not practically join the Eastern Church without doing or saying something wrong or false. It is, therefore," he said, "probable that the Roman Church, which is so much larger, is right in condemning both the Anglican and the Eastern Churches; and, since I must sacrifice my private judgment in favour of one of the three, I will sacrifice it in favour of the strongest and most consistent and probable claimant.'

Thus, in professing to renounce his private judgment, he in fact exercises private judgment in balancing probabilities. It was not, however, until 1855 that he actually joined the Roman Communion. In a paper dated 7th March, 1855, drawn up for the benefit of his family and friends, he explained the process by which he was at length led to such a result. It is a melancholy but an instructive document. Seven years, as he explains,—from 1832 to 1840—he spent in "cultivating or filling up and correcting his inherited Anglican traditions," with the result that he found himself in agreement with the Greek or Eastern Church in all points

of doctrine except that relating to the Procession of the Holy Ghost. After seven more years of study he comes to agree with the Eastern Church on this point also, and finds himself obliged to confess that his own Mother-Church, the Anglican Communion, had fallen into grave errors. For eight years more he remains in the same position, down to the date of this explanation (1855); but all the time his heart is more and more drawn towards the Roman Communion. He was the more drawn towards Rome because the Greek Church did not admit the validity of his Anglican baptism. Under these circumstances he yields at length to the arguments and persuasion of his Roman Catholic friends. He has need, he says, of the sacrament, of a valid absolution and communion; of these he is deprived so long as he does not join the Church of Rome. He is in the position of one, to quote his precise words,

"passing judgment on all visible Churches, and having no certain ground on which to stand himself. Meantime," he adds, "death is approaching, the time of death is uncertain, and to die without the sacraments is dangerous. Under such circumstances," he concludes that, "he ought immediately to submit himself to the Roman Pontiff, as to the chief doctor and ruler of the Apostolic Church, and be ready to make oath in such form of words as he prescribes, even though the form may contain some things inconsistent with his own private judgment, not only in certain particular doctrines, *but even respecting the definition of the Church*, on which they depend."

The whole document is a most extraordinary production, but the last sentence we have quoted, the italics in which are his own, is beyond all bounds astonishing. The whole, indeed, may be regarded as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the select principle of successional externalism on which, as their unique foundation-stone, High Anglicans build everything for time and eternity with a frankness of rash confidence such as passes beyond the lines of Romish defensive logic and argument.

His excellent father did not live to see the final stage in the wreck of his hopes in the case of this son, his first-born joy and pride—to whom again and again he wrote as his beloved, his most beloved, son—and whom, through all

his strange perversities, he had treated with touching tenderness and respect. Lord Selborne sums up his after history in a few lines. He never sought orders in the Roman Church; he lived a quiet and studious life, divided generally between Rome in winter and England in summer, still keeping up affectionate (though, as these volumes show, scarcely intimate) relations with his family. Though it is probable that he did not absolutely surrender his own conscience and judgment to the currents of opinion and forms of devotion prevailing in the Roman Church, he continued to yield intellectual submission to the explicit authority of that Church, and died in its communion.

We must pass, however, from the Palmer family generally, and its connections, to the history of Roundell Palmer himself. He was the second of five brothers, of whom two died early, and two, besides William, became clergymen, one of them being Archdeacon Palmer, a distinguished scholar and devoted clergyman, and the other a competent and esteemed parish minister, while five sisters seem all to have been excellent and superior women.

To one of these sisters, Eleanor, who became later the wife of a missionary in Ceylon, Cyril William Wood, principal of St. Thomas' College, Colombo, her brother Roundell, a young man of not quite three and twenty at the time, wrote from Oxford a letter, which speaks much for the character of both brother and sister, and for the school of family life in which they had been trained. Her age at the time was fifteen. We quote as follows:

"Before I finish this letter, dearest Eleanor, I will mention something which I think is well worth your consideration. The occasion of an absence from home is the best possible opportunity for making good and strong resolutions for the future, because those who are growing up in one place from childhood are habitually treated as children. When you let those about you see that you are no longer a child, then, and not till then, you will begin to be treated as a woman. The change must begin with yourself. The only way to show that you are not childish, is by quietness of manners, respect and attention to your superiors, ready and cheerful acknowledgment and performance of your duties to them, and increasing *thoughtfulness* about all

you do. Perhaps you will say that you are very desirous to do so, and have sometimes tried; but that you do not know how. It is certainly very difficult; and I only know one way which is sure to succeed, which is sincere and earnest prayer to God for His assistance, with humble acknowledgment that you are totally unable to do good without Him, yet with an undoubting trust that He will enable you. Forms of prayer are very valuable, and very necessary; but it will never do to depend on them *alone*. Both your confessions and your requests ought to be more particular and more peculiar to your own case, than it is possible for any form to express in words. I write these things, my dear Eleanor, because I think we are both old enough and sensible enough to have something more to say to each other than we might say to common acquaintances."

Eleanor was his second sister, and died in 1873. The following is the brother's testimony as to his sisters—especially the three youngest:

"Of my three youngest sisters it is difficult for me to write without seeming to exaggerate. The good works, in which they were continually occupied, were of the same sort as those in which Mary and Eleanor had led the way; and nothing could exceed their devotion to their parents and their mutual love. If ever young women led an angelic life on earth, and had on their characters the stamp of Heaven, it was so with them. In this they were alike; but in their natural dispositions there was a good deal of variety. Emma was wise, gentle, and tender; Dorothea buoyant and full of life and joy. Of Dorothea's last days I shall, before long, speak. Emma lived till 1874; Emily still lives, and was, until her health failed, the head of St. Cyprian's Sisterhood in the North-West of London, which she entered after our mother's death."

The account of Dorothea's death (in 1852) is contained mostly in letters from the sisters to their brother William, and is deeply touching. Roundell himself was unable to join the mourners till the funeral. "As I met them," he writes, "the feeling which was in all our minds rose to my lips in Wordsworth's couplet:

> 'Oh for a dirge! But why complain?
> Ask rather a triumphal strain.'"

A letter written on this occasion by Emma Palmer, in reply to one which their brother William had written to Dorothea, but which she did not live to see, is almost too

sacred, too tender and humble, for publication. Lord Selborne speaks of it as written "with characteristic humility."

Roundell Palmer went, of course, like his fathers and his brothers, to Oxford, having begun his public school education at Rugby, and finished it at Winchester. Christ Church was his college where he renewed his acquaintance with his Winchester schoolfellow, W. G. Ward—"Ideal" Ward—and also became intimate with Robert Lowe. He exchanged Christ Church, however, for Trinity, where he gained an open scholarship. Here he became acquainted with Isaac Williams, the Tractarian poet, whose name is often linked with that of Keble; here, also, he became intimate with Charles Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews, who was a friend also of his brother William. Of course he lost no time in joining the "Union," of which Gladstone was that year President, being the third year of his University course. Roundell Palmer now began to interest himself in politics, being an hereditary Tory, of his father's colour. He was intimate, however, it would seem, with more "liberal" members of the Union than Tories, and in particular with Cardwell, a life-long friend, Lowe and Tait—afterwards Archbishop. He frequently took part in the Union debates, and was President in his season. As a scholar he highly distinguished himself. He won the University prize for Latin verse in 1831; in 1832 he won the Newdigate prize for English verse, and the Ireland Scholarship; in 1834 he took a first-class in classics. In the same year he became intimate with Frederick William Faber, in whose company and that of Charles Wordsworth he became a sympathetic student of Wordsworth's poetry, and to some extent also of Coleridge. He gained a Fellowship at Magdalen in 1834, and also the Eldon Law Scholarship, which was a great help in his legal studies. He had, however, received a mortifying check and lesson in 1832, when he failed, to his great astonishment, in "Responsenis," owing to his incompetence in mathematics (Euclid). He was an accomplished classical scholar, and strong in history. His University career was not merely that of a successful student; socially

he was a success, and he enjoyed the life of the University greatly. He was not, however, distinctly or decidedly religious till 1835 or the latter part of 1834.

It was his mother's serious and threatening illness, which held the family in suspense for years, that first led him to decided religious seriousness, at about the same period when he began to take a real interest in public affairs. How truly earnest he had become in 1835 is shown by the letter to his younger sister, quoted some pages back. Not, however, till 1845 did he pass through that religious crisis which comes, at some time, to nearly all earnest seekers after peace with God and personal holiness, and which among Evangelical Christians is usually spoken of as *conversion.* It appears that, as the immediate antecedent of this critical experience, he had suffered some painful disappointment, and that, besides, he had for some time been suffering from mental depression. The following is his own account of this passage in his history:

"About this time I was approaching a crisis of mental suffering such as I had not before experienced, and I have happily never since known. I needed disappointment and mortification to complete the discipline necessary for my soul's health, and on St. Matthew's Day, 1845, it came. I knelt alone on that day in a corner of a country church remote from my home, and offered prayers, which it pleased God, though not without a passage as through fire, to accept and prosper. Then it was that the want, in my particular case, of that medicine which our Church has provided for those overburdened souls who cannot quiet their own consciences, was brought home to me. The priest to whom I had recourse was a friend, whose opinion of me had always been better than I deserved, and to whom it was, therefore, a special humiliation to go. He administered to me, very lovingly, the consolation and counsel which his office entitled him to give; and I went away, feeling like Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, when the intolerable burden had fallen from his back, relieved from my spiritual trouble, and in some degree strengthened to bear the temporal cross which I had still to endure.

"I think that from that day my character underwent a change. Until then, I had too much confidence in myself, with little cause for it; I gave the rein to imagination and fancy, and lived a too self-conscious and subjective life, with corresponding moral weakness. I had not conquered myself, my will, passions, and

affections; though happily, by God's mercy, my intellectual belief, and my sympathy with and desire for goodness, were unshaken. I had experience then (as I have had at other times also) of the manner in which, under the Divine constitution of the world, impressions made by outward—sometimes by very common—things may be borne in upon the spiritual nature of a man, so as to be for the time as special revelations, oracles of God, addressed to his immediate circumstances, and his individual case."

If by the use of "private confession" in the English Church nothing more were meant than such resort as is here described to a spiritual adviser, few Evangelical Christians of any school would object to it. This seems to have been the first and last time that Roundell Palmer ever resorted for spiritual direction, in any special sense, to any clergyman besides his father. The time was drawing near when, for spiritual sympathy, suggestion, and quickening, he was to find all that he needed in a gifted and devoted wife, an English Churchwoman of the best Evangelical type.

He was still suffering from depression, notwithstanding the critical relief and strengthening which he had received, when at Christmas, 1845, he paid a visit to Sir Benjamin Brodie, the celebrated physician, himself a leading supporter of the Evangelical section of the Church of England. Here he met with Laura Waldegrave, whom he had known as a child, and who was at this time a beautiful and attractive woman in the bloom of youth, and an Evangelical Christian of fixed principles, though by no means of narrow views or sympathies. He speaks of her "radiant countenance, in its simple, natural beauty," and of her face as wearing "the unmistakable expression of generosity and tenderness." From this time he never lost sight of her, though two years were to pass before their marriage union. To his father, before he had communicated the name of the lady to whom he was attached, he had thus hypothetically justified his choice of one who was not a High Churchwoman:

"I should not approve of fundamental differences in religion, it would form an absolute bar. On the other hand, if I were acquainted with a person religiously brought up, and animated not by a controversial but by a practical spirit, of whom I felt convinced that she had a single-minded desire to know and to

do the will of God, and would help me to do the same, it would not appear to me an insuperable—(perhaps, in these times, when it is difficult perfectly to agree even with those nearest and dearest) not so much as a very strong—objection that she had been brought up by good parents adhering to a different school of theology *within the Church*."

The allusion, in the parenthesis in this quotation, to the case of his brother William is evident. To Samuel Waldegrave, afterwards the Evangelical Bishop of Carlisle, who had written a kind letter to him, in which he referred gently to some points as to which his mother, then deceased, had thought Palmer's views of religion wrong, the following reply was sent by the suitor for his sister's hand.

"Though I think it most probable that there are points of doctrine on which your dear sainted mother, if she were on earth, would still think my views obscure or erroneous, I am myself deeply persuaded that these are not points which affect the essence of the saving faith; and if I am wrong, I hope I am open to be enlightened upon them. Had it been very far otherwise, I could scarcely have been attracted by so strong a sympathy towards your sister, or have felt that she is above all others, the person to whom I can open my whole heart upon religious subjects."

The story of this courtship, as given in these *Memorials*, is one of singular sweetness and beauty; it is a love-story, told after his wife's death, by a husband who never ceased to be a lover. a story in which both husband and wife were of rare excellence and attractiveness.

"Thus began," says the survivor, "thirty-seven years of married life—a life of uninterrupted love and happiness. . . . An ornament of every society, she never let society come before husband, children and home duties. She did not like to be separated from me, when it could be avoided; when it could not, we wrote to each other every day. . . . We followed the examples of our parents on both sides, in having regular family prayers; and when we were together, we never retired to rest without joining in private prayer, a practice which I would recommend to other married people, as a very great help towards perfect union of heart and mind. We kept our Sundays for religion and rest; our parish church was the same in which we were married, All Souls', Langham Place."

The rector was Mr. Charles Baring, afterwards Bishop of Durham, a moderate, but leading, Evangelical clergyman, Mr.

Baring enlisted him, soon after his marriage, as a Sunday-school teacher, first of a class of boys, afterwards of young men.

It will be evident from our quotations that, if Roundell Palmer was a High Churchman, he was, at least in mature life, as moderate as any man could be, not to be a Low Churchman. After his marriage no trace of Romanising tendency clung to him, if at any time he had been tinctured with it, of which there seems to be little evidence. Nevertheless, as an Oxford man, the personal friend not alone of Gladstone, but of such men as John Keble, Charles Wordsworth, Isaac Williams and Frederick Faber, it is not surprising that for many years the suspicion of a Tractarian taint or tendency clung to him. When the Gorham controversy was strongly exciting public feeling in Devonshire, Roundell Palmer being M.P. for Plymouth, and a professed moderate High Churchman, found himself obliged to reply to the imputation, then extensively current, that he was a Tractarian, or, at any rate, a Puseyite. The following passage is quoted from a letter on this subject, addressed to Dr. Yonge, intended as a reply to a letter published in the *Plymouth Herald:*

"With respect to the term 'Tractarian' or 'Puseyite' (which, according to my observation, most men apply to every degree of Churchmanship which happens to be higher than their own), I can say nothing, except that I utterly repudiate it, and every such party designation, if it is used to signify any inclination, either avowed or secret, to Romish doctrines or practises; any disaffection to the principle of the Reformation; any superstitious love of forms or ceremonies; any disposition to exalt Church authority above the Bible; any substitution of human merit, or of the virtue of a sacerdotal system, for reliance on the free Grace of God in Jesus Christ as the only means of salvation—then, and so far as it is considered applicable to any of these things, it is not applicable to me. Or, if it is meant to imply connection, by common views and purposes, with any party who are hostile to Evangelical men or Evangelical doctrines, and would wish to exclude them from the Church of England—in that case, also, it has no application to me. For, though I differ on some important controverted points from a majority of the Evangelical party, I have the highest value for their zeal, and piety, and services to the Church; and I agree with the best and most moderate of them whom I know, on all points which they would consider essential."

He adds a statement as to the positive character of his Churchmanship. He is devoted to the Church of England as an Established Church, and prepared to vindicate her rights. He believes the doctrines taught in the Catechism and liturgical formularies of the Church, and is well content with her Prayer Book. He believes that the mission of the Church, though Established, is properly from God, and not from kings or parliaments. He is a Churchman as Ridley, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Kerr and Beveridge were Churchmen. If this is meant by being a Tractarian, he will not be careful to disclaim the description. In this defence of himself all is strong except the final subtlety in his reference to Tractarianism. It is likely that his intention was to intimate an admission that at one time, when he regarded Tractarianism as an attempt to revive the doctrine of Ridley, Hooker, and Beveridge, he allowed himself to be counted as a favourer of the movement. He did not wish severely to renounce his early friends; he did wish to point out to some of his Oxford friends what ought to have been their aim and ambition, and to hint that then he might have kept them company. But, in fact, Newman never meant to revive the teaching of Hooker and Beveridge, much less of Ridley, although his tact and his subtlety combined to leave some such impression on the minds of not a few earnest and loyal-hearted young Churchmen for some years after 1832. From the first, as these *Memorials* show, Roundell Palmer disbelieved in Tract XC. and its distinctive tone and teaching, as did his father, evidence of this being furnished by their letters. But, doubtless, the reputation of his brother William had tended to cast suspicion upon the Churchmanship of Roundell Palmer.

The man himself, as a Christian in the prime of his days, and in his actual relations with life and its incidents of personal experience, cannot be more truly reflected than in the following letter to his wife. It was written in July, 1849, during one of his necessary temporary separations from her, and he quotes it because the ideas it expressed took a strong hold on him :

" The judgment of all our fellow-creatures rests on very slight

and insufficient grounds, even when they know us best; and the first impressions of those who know us little are still more untrustworthy. It is God's judgment we should look to, Who sees everything; and a very great part of those outward appearances and professions, which win praises from men, ought really to be accounted among the sins for which we must daily seek pardon. We are too willing to be praised, and to please men, and to let the best side of us be seen of men; and we also too readily accept praise for what, at the best, is at least as much a pleasure as a duty. I do not want my wife to do for me what I ought not to do for myself; and especially she must not let herself get into the habit of judging by *comparisons* in such a case. Think of me as a part of yourself, only more lazy and unwilling to be stirred up to the performance of certain duties; and though, no doubt, loving you and baby as dearly as any husband could, yet loving in you my own happiness, and, therefore, surely deserving no praise for it. Our blessings are very great, and quite the contrary to what I know to be my deserts; so we ought to remember the text, 'Be not high-minded, but fear'; and to consider what we can do to serve God better and more faithfully, and to subdue the many faults always besetting us, which may well induce our Heavenly Father to turn His blessings into chastenings, if we listen too readily to human praise, or say to our souls, 'Soul, thou hast much goods,' &c. But, darling, although I write all this, and though I mean it, and think I have some reason for it (as I have often yielded consciously to the pleasure of hearing your praises of your husband, and the praises of others repeated by you), you must not suppose I think such warnings are half as much required by you as by myself. Only we are 'one,' dearest, and, therefore, what is the rule for me ought to be the rule for you also."

The volumes before us are full of interesting political and historical information relating to the years 1845—1865. They throw much light on international law, especially as bearing upon the relations of England and America during the civil conflict of 1860-4; and also will be found valuable because of the special information they give as to the Crimean War, and our national relations both with Russia and France, and as to the Opium War with China. They illustrate incidentally the character of great political personages, among others Palmerston and Gladstone. Though a friend, and for years a colleague, of Gladstone, Roundell Palmer seems always to have held towards him an independent and somewhat critical attitude; he never wholly trusted

his judgment, or completely understood his deepest policy, or his most characteristic tendencies. The sketch given of Sir James Graham is very interesting. Disraeli, so far as these volumes go, appears simply as a political adventurer. These subjects, however, we must leave. Many others will deal with them. We have thought fit to regard the volumes under review from a point more deeply interesting, as we think, than any other, and one from which comparatively few journals will probably regard them.

There was, however, one passage in his parliamentary career which, from the point of view which we have just stated, demands notice in this article. We refer to the course which he took on the Sabbath question. When Sir Joshua Walmesley, in 1856, brought forward, in the House of Commons, his motion for opening the British Museum and the National Gallery on Sundays, Roundell Palmer was the chief speaker in opposition to the motion, Lord Stanley (afterwards the Earl of Derby) being the most powerful speaker on the other side. Perhaps no speech delivered in the House by the future Attorney-General of the Palmerston Administration produced so powerful an impression. Mr. Evelyn Denison—soon afterwards to be Speaker—in writing to congratulate him and to thank him for his speech, said that it "had the rare effect of changing some votes and shaking the confidence of several of his opponents." In connection with this incident in his life, Lord Selborne took the opportunity of setting forth in these *Memorials* the course of reasoning which settled his own convictions, and which was the foundation of the argument and appeal he addressed to the House of Commons. It seems to us that, at this moment, we may be doing a public service in here reproducing some portions of his statement on this subject. There are, we think, not many divines who could state the case on behalf of Sabbath observance more succinctly, comprehensively, or persuasively than the eminent Chancery barrister has here stated it.

"I thought that the case, theologically considered, stood thus: The substance of the institution, both of the Lord's Day

and of the earlier Sabbath, was the consecration of one-seventh part of man's time—one certain day in every week—to religion and rest. This, in the opening book of the Old Testament, was represented as coeval with the creation of man; and the same book contained indications of its practical observance long before the Jewish Law. The succeeding book incorporated it, as the 'Fourth Commandment,' into the Decalogue; of which all the other commandments were moral, and acknowledged, generally, to be binding upon Christians. In the New Testament our Lord was found speaking of it as 'made for man,' and of Himself as 'Lord even of the Sabbath Day'; and to the explanation of the principle of its observance, and the correction of errors concerning it, He devoted an important part of His teaching and five of His miracles, recorded in those Gospels which were written for Christians, not Jews.

"The fact that the Fourth, as well as the other Commandments of the Decalouge, was enforced by some special laws and sanctions, belonging to and passing away with the Mosaic dispensation, could no more prove this, than it proved any other commandment, to be a ceremonial or merely Jewish law.

"The whole argument for the abrogation of the primitive Sabbath was founded upon the difference of the day in the week as observed by Christians. But this implied a continuation of the primitive institution upon a footing which Christianity had made new, rather than its abrogation; and the reason for the change of day, when examined, seemed to me to confirm that view. According to the doctrine, both of the Jewish and of the Christian Scriptures, the works of Creation, from which God was said 'to have rested,' were ruined by man's fall, and needed for their renewal, a new Spiritual Creation. That was our Lord's work from which He 'rested,' when on the first day of the week He rose from the dead. *New Birth*—'put ye on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness'—'in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature,'—'if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all thing are become new'—this, and more to the same purpose, is the language of the Christian Scriptures. The rest of the 'Lord of the Sabbath' from this work, necessary for the restoration of man, for whom the Sabbath was made, and to make him partaker of his Lord's rest in the eternal 'Sabbath-keeping' reserved for 'the people of God,' was on the day of the week which Christians from that time (doubtless by Apostolic authority, though the fact of the observance only is recorded) kept holy. That day of the week was, for the same reason, called by the Lord's name—the Jews still applying the original Hebrew name to the seventh day, concerning the observance of which (as the Divine con-

secration was of one-seventh part only, and not two-sevenths of man's time), 'no man was to judge' Christians. The change was in the formal part of the institution, not in its substance; but it served to signify a double act of faith; faith in the consecration of the seventh part of time for the benefit of man, that he might rest religiously from his ordinary labours; and faith in the finished work of Christ, from which He rested on His resurrection. I could not, therefore, think it an error to regard the Lord's Day as the Christian's Sabbath; I could not look upon the authority for its observance as less than Divine."

He follows up this doctrinal argument by an appeal to the consentient views of "British Christians in general," and of the Church of England in particular, as proved from the Prayer Book, and shows that "even the Church of Rome" gives "no countenance to the secularisation of the Lord's Day"; and he concludes by a powerful practical argument from "the human"—the "civil and social"—side of the question, in which he refers to his own experience as a teacher of boys in the Sunday-school and of a class of young men.

Roundell Palmer's intimate friends and confidential correspondents seem all to have been devout and earnest Christians. Among those, as his most intimate and confidential friend, beyond his own family, must be reckoned Sir Arthur Gordon, now Lord Strathmore. The letters to Gordon published in these *Memorials* are of the highest character, and, for serious Christians, who are also students of history and contemporary politics, cannot fail to be attractive and congenial reading. It was through his friendship with Lord Aberdeen that Roundell Palmer became so intimate with his son, with whom, during all his changeful career, as diplomatist and colonial governor, he kept up a large correspondence. The tribute which Lord Selborne pays to the character of Lord Aberdeen is pleasant reading for Christian men.

"Besides being a man of great knowledge and accomplishments, sincere religion, and unsullied virtue, he was a statesman of the first rank in Europe. The character of Lord Aberdeen's mind, as I knew him, was grave, sagacious, and dispassionate; he was not carried away by any form of self-deceit, or by the illusions by which imaginative and impatient men are apt to be

misled; and he did not shut out the light, from whatever quarter it might come. He regarded progress and order, not as antagonistic principles, but as necessary to each other. His judgments of men and things were sober and practical. Accustomed to diplomacy from his youth, he was severely simple and straightforward in speech; the arts of the demagogue and the courtier were alike foreign to his nature. He won the esteem of the princes whom he served by the uprightness in which perfect trust might always be placed. He was content to be misunderstood and undervalued by men of more restless natures, and by the partisans whose passions or prejudices they flattered, because he chose to be always just, and he would never be violent, arrogant, or factious. His disinterestedness was absolute; he was not a 'man full of words'; it was not his way to blow a trumpet before him, or to encourage others to do for him what he scorned to do for himself. He bore the loss of power, and the failure of health and strength which soon followed it, with unruffled equanimity, like a good Christian that he was."

Lord Selborne's union with Lady Laura Waldegrave was, as we have seen, one of the happiest things in his life's history. It was a happy union for him, not merely because of her excellent and charming qualities, but also because of the character of the family connections into which it introduced him. It is natural accordingly to find, in these *Memorials*, the members of her family included as members of his. A chapter is given to the record of Lord Chewton's life and death, the life of a noble soldier, and a loving husband, son, and brother, the death of a Christian hero, cruelly bruised and wounded by savage foes on the battle-field of Alma. Few more touching records can be read than the episode of his brother-in-law's history, thus introduced into these *Memorials*. We shall await with keen interest the continuation promised to us of the manifold feast of reason and Christian feeling afforded by these two volumes. No one can read such memorials without having his estimate of the nobleness and goodness of England's best and choicest sons and daughters raised to a height which suggests a bright future full of promise and hope for our nation and our race.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

With Open Face; or Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark and Luke. By A. B. BRUCE, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 1896. 6s.

This volume is founded on a happy idea, and contains much that is beautiful and suggestive—as, for instance, "Jesus longing for apt Disciples." But in this, as in other volumes, Dr. Bruce's expositions are, in our judgment, greatly damaged by an erroneous assumption. This is the case especially in his dealing with Luke. Some fifty years ago the theory of De Wette that Luke's gospel was written with those of Matthew and Mark under his eye, and adapted or varied according to his own ideas, seemed to have received its final refutation. The commentary of Dr. Alford dealt with this view on almost every page, and, in our judgment, conclusively proved its worthlessness. Dr. Bruce proceeds on a similar assumption. His conception of Luke's method in the composition of his gospel seems to us to be completely at fault. Luke set himself to compose a new gospel with Matthew and Mark before him, deliberately "toning down" their accounts to the requirements of the Churches for which in particular he wished to write. We are ourselves convinced that Luke was a note-taker and reporter from the time of his conversion, and that already when he was settled, for several years, at Philippi, as the teacher and virtual pastor of that Church, he had his own outline of gospel memoranda, the early nucleus of part, at least, of the gospel we have under his name. The prophets and teachers from Jerusalem who came to Antioch to instruct the early converts in that mother-Church of the Gentiles, brought with them, at least in their well-trained memories, portions of the oral narratives which had become the common property of the Church in Palestine. (Acts xi. and xiii.) Barnabas and Manaen, Herod's foster-brother, would have much to tell. Not only the ministry at Jerusalem but that in Galilee would be represented in their teaching. Saul, who had spent some precious days with Peter, and had learned from other first-hand sources, was also among the teachers, Years afterwards Silas, from Jerusalem, was brought into companionship with Luke. As he travelled and companied with Paul, Luke would still be laying up material. Thus, long before the two years which he spent in Palestine during Paul's detention

at Cæsarea, when he must have added vastly to his store of gospel memoranda, Luke, according to our view, had been gathering together the material of his gospel history. By a natural process of selection, and according to a legitimate and inevitable law of adaptation, his materials were such, and were so set forth, as to suit the mental idiosyncrasy, the habits of thought and feeling, the sympathetic conditions, of the Gentile populations with which Paul and Luke had to deal. There would be no need of artificial and deliberate modification or "toning down" of the received gospels. We have asked ourselves why in Luke x. nothing is said as to the family of Martha and Mary, or their place of abode. We have imagined that Luke first heard the beautiful story told in Antioch by one of the "prophets" or "teachers" from Jerusalem. The lesson would be most suitable for Gentile converts in that busy and distracted Gentile city; the story itself was perfectly adapted to the Hellenic Gentile, in its style and flavour. But Bethany would be an unknown place to them, a place with no associations. Therefore, as Luke first heard the story, he heard it in the form best fitted for the purpose of his gospel, and, as noted by his trained and professional mind, it becomes material for his use in after years. Acute as Dr. Bruce is, we think he is moving on a false line of thought in the fundamental idea of his criticism of the Synoptic Gospels.

The Cure of Souls. Yale lectures on Practical Theology, 1896. By JOHN WATSON, M.A., D.D.. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1896.

Dr. Watson has produced a book for which preachers and people alike should be grateful. In many places, unfortunately, it shows signs of haste, and some of the sentences are marred by little affectations of style. But it is, notwithstanding, just the book to be put into the hands of a young sermon-maker, or of a budding critic of sermons, with the certainty that the latter will become more kindly, and the former be stimulated and helped. Why the subjects of the nine short lectures have been arranged as they are, it is impossible to say; but the treatment of each is strong, beautiful, and richly suggestive. The best chapter in every respect is that on pastoral work, of which the burdens and the joys are set forth with sympathy and with exquisite skill; and these pages, if reprinted by themselves, would be of the highest value for distribution amongst students for the ministry.

Evil and Evolution. By the author of "The Social Horizon." Macmillan & Co. 1896.

The sub-title of this volume indicates that it is "an attempt to turn the light of modern science on to the ancient mystery of

evil." It does this, however, in a most unexpected way, inasmuch as the main purport of the book is to show the necessity of a Satan, or Evil sower, at work in the universe, able, if not to counteract, still largely to interfere with, the designs of a Ruling Deity of beneficence and love. The writer makes no use of Scripture as a revelation. He holds that the early records of Genesis are discredited as history, but maintains that the view set forth in them of an irruption into a good world on the part of an Evil Power, is the hypothesis which best explains the facts of life. It can hardly be said that "modern science" is much utilised in favour of this hypothesis; and, indeed, the writer says very little about his theory on the positive side. Darwinian views are taken for granted, and the greater part of the book is occupied with an attempt to show that evolutionary theories are incompatible with a belief in a God of perfect goodness, who has permitted suffering and the "struggle for existence," in order to secure ultimately beneficent ends. The facts of life, both animal and human, go to show that a disturbing element has been at work. The book is written in a colloquial style, with a good deal of repetition. Such phrases as "I cannot for the life of me see," and "Nonsense, my dear sir, nonsense!" do not conduce to the dignity of a very grave discussion. The theory propounded will hardly satisfy either the theologian or the student of physical science, but the insufficiency of current evolutionary hypotheses to explain some of the facts of the world's history is clearly shown.

Religious Faith. An Essay in the Philosophy of Religion. By Rev. HENRY HUGHES, M.A. Kegan Paul. 1896.

The object of this volume is "to exhibit Scriptural Christianity as a true system of religious philosophy." The subjects which cluster round the term "faith" have been selected, because this word is of such cardinal import in the Christian religion; but the main purpose is steadily kept in view of promoting conciliation between the full exercise of reason and an acceptance of the Revelation contained in the Christian Scriptures. The book is thoughtfully, if not very interestingly, written, and it contains much that is well worth pondering on the important subjects of which it treats.

Gloria Christi. The Doxologies of the Holy Life. By the Rev. JOSEPH FINNEMORE, M.A., Ph.D. Nisbet. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Finnemore's little book will be precious to every devout reader. It has a happy title, and it deals with the great Pauline doxologies, and that of Revelation i. 5-6, in a way that will minister much edification and stimulus to its readers. The exposition is sound and judicious, and there is a glow of feeling

and a depth of experimental teaching which will make the book a really profitable companion for a quiet hour.

The Table-Talk of Jesus and other Addresses. By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6*d*.

Mr. Jackson's volume takes its title from the first sermon on Christ's words as he sat at meat with the rich Pharisee. There is a studied simplicity of language in all the discourses, but this only makes the good sense, the clear thinking, the manly frankness, and the deep earnestness of the preacher, the more conspicuous. Mr. Jackson draws his illustrations from a wide range of the best reading, new and old, and every one will find food for thought and manifold suggestion for his own preaching and teaching in these lucid and vigorous sermons.

Things to Live For. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s*. 6*d*.

As fresh and wise and spiritual as anything Dr. Miller has written. In a sick room, or for a quiet hour, these meditations will be found singularly refreshing and suggestive.

Gleanings in the Gospels. By the Rev. HENRY BURTON, M.A. C. H. Kelly. 3*s*. 6*d*.

One of the best set of studies in the Gospels that the Wesleyan Book Room has ever published. Scholars will find much to stimulate thought in these pages, and every lover of the Gospels will come under the spell of the book. We do not agree with Mr. Burton at all points, but we have read the studies with deepening interest and pleasure. In the next edition the Greek word at the foot of page 18 should be corrected.

Gospel Questions and Answers, by Dr. Denney (Hodder & Stoughton, 1*s*. 6*d*.), well maintains the standard set by the earlier volumes of the "Little Books on Religion." It is a bright and helpful discussion of such words as "What lack I yet?" and the Question of Misgiving, "Why could not we cast him out?" the Question of Failure."

Why be a Christian? by Dr. Marcus Dods, is another volume of the same series which ought to be put into the hands of every thoughtful young man. It is a strong argument, and is marked by sound sense and fine feeling.

Dean Farrar's *The Young Man Master of Himself* (Nisbet & Co., 1*s*.) is the very book to put into the hands of young men. It is packed with incident and with apt quotation, but it is even more remarkable for manly feeling and hearty sympathy for young men in all their best hopes and ambitions.

Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The Books of Nahum, Habbakuk and Zephaniah. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. DAVIDSON, LL.D., D.D. Cambridge: University Press.

There is everything in this little Commentary that a student of these three prophecies needs. The Introductions deal fully with all questions as to the prophets and their work, whilst the Notes discuss the true reading and real meaning of each verse in a masterly way. Sometimes a verse that has seemed impossible of solution is quite lighted up by Dr. Davidson's interpretation. It is a great boon to have the results of the best scholarship thus put at the service of every preacher and teacher.

Introduction to Theology. By ALFRED CAVE, B.A., D.D. Second Edition. Largely re-written. T. & T. Clark.

This is an enlarged and much improved edition of a standard and, for theologians, an indispensable work. We know no rival to this volume, though we do not, of course, guarantee every opinion or idea that it contains.

The Expository Times. Edited by the Rev. JAMES HASTINGS. Vol. VII. T. & T. Clark.

We recommend this useful serial to theological readers.

Critical Review. Vol. VI. T. & T. Clark. This valuable Review maintains its position, and it gives us pleasure to renew emphatically our repeated commendation of it.

Of *The Modern Reader's Bible*, edited by Professor R. G. Moulton, and published by Macmillans, we have received the following parts:—Genesis, Exodus, Judges, and, in one volume, Ruth, Esther, Tobit. We have already paid our tribute to the interest and high value of Professor Moulton's work in this series. Students of Old Testament Scripture cannot fail properly to appreciate it.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

St. Anselm, of Canterbury. A Chapter in the History of Religion. By J. M. RIGG, Barrister-at-Law. Methuen and Co. 1896.

A special interest attaches to the study of the life of Anselm. He was at the same time "saint, sage and victor," in one of the most important ecclesiastical conflicts of the Middle Ages. To the student of Monasticism the history of the Abbey Ste

Marie du Bec is full of interest; to the student of Theology the author of *Cur Deus Homo?* and of the *Monologion* marks a double epoch in the history of thought; and to the student of Church History the contest concerning Investitures turned very largely upon the part played in it by Anselm, of Canterbury. English readers have been presented with two valuable monographs on the subject during the last five-and-twenty years, those of Dean Church and Mr. Martin Rule. The former, though popular in style and scope, is marked by the genius and insight which characterise all Dr. Church's work; the latter is a much fuller and more complete study, presenting in two considerable volumes the detailed evidence necessary for forming a judgment on the facts.

There was room, however, for Mr. Rigg's book, which occupies a kind of middle place between the two just named. It is, in the first place, a fresh study based on the original documents. Mr. Rigg has carefully studied his Eadmer and Ordericus, and Anselm's own works and letters. Though there is no parade of learning, the evidences of research are visible on every page. The author's mastery of ecclesiastical history will hardly be appreciated by the ordinary reader, except here and there where he is pulled up by a sentence of twenty lines long containing a crowd of allusions which he cannot understand. Mr. Rigg writes like an expert in the departments of law, of history, and of theology alike. No one without a competent knowledge of these subjects could have written as he has done on, for example, the history of the relations between Church and State in the Middle Ages, or Anselm's argument on the *Summum Cogitabile*. But the book is not overloaded with technicalities. It is learned, but very readable; the pictures of Aosta, where Anselm's youth was spent, and of the monastic life of the Abbey Le Bec are full of graphic interest. Such a treatment of cardinal epochs in the history of the Church is precisely what is wanted to revive interest in a fascinating subject, too largely left to the Dryas-dusts of the historical schools. We have read every page and paragraph of the book with growing interest, and came to the last page with a hearty appetite for more.

Not that we can agree in all respects with Mr. Rigg's estimates and judgments. He does not so much argue as assumes that the Catholic position throughout is right. In reference to the *Filioque* controversy he says, "if that can be called a controversy in which the sound reasoning is all on one side" (p. 194). This can hardly be said with fairness even of the theological arguments—though we are quite persuaded that on the subject-matter the Western Church was in the right—but the mode in which the clause was added to the Creed cannot be defended. Here, as impartial observers like Bishop Pearson have shown, the West was wrong and the East was right. Again, Mr. Rigg seems to entertain not the slightest doubt that his hero was per-

fectly justified throughout his whole ecclesiastical course, that the appeals to Rome made by Anselm against the claims of the Kings of England were wholly right and admirable. No one, we imagine, would be inclined to defend the scandalous oppression and spoliation of the Church carried out by Rufus; while Henry I., though many shades better as a man and as a king, carried encroachment on ecclesiastical rights as far as he could and dared. But an appeal to Rome is a two-edged sword, and ecclesiastical rights may be strained as well as royal authority. That Anselm acted with that perfect simplicity and conscientiousness which belonged to his saintly character, we do not for a moment question; nor that, for the times in which he lived, he was in the main right in the course he pursued. But to remain away from his post so long as he did during Henry's reign, in useless inactivity, instead of vigorously promoting reforms at home, can hardly be justified; while the mischief wrought by his casting himself so fully upon the authority of Rome was severely felt in after days in English history. It was by this means that the authority of the Bishop of Rome came to be so firmly rivetted on the neck of the English Church that it was broken at last with the greatest difficulty, and Anselm's apologist, it appears to us, should have his reservations unless he is prepared to defend the claims of the Pope in this country to-day. Again, it seems to us that Mr. Rigg asserts somewhat too positively that Anselm won the victory. He did win, in a very real sense; all the honours of the battle were his, and some of the spoils. But Henry, while renouncing the right of investiture by ring and staff, which was properly an ecclesiastical act, secured, as surely he had a right to do, the oath of homage, and the election of bishops by the chapters in such wise that his candidates were pretty sure to be chosen. The English Church for long centuries had to choose between the yoke of the Pope and the yoke of the Crown; Mr. Rigg seems to think that of the Pope far preferable, or even the only legitimate ecclesiastical authority. In the time of William Rufus, such an attitude was intelligible and defensible, but the whole position seems to us far from being as simple as Mr. Rigg makes it.

We cannot agree with the author, further, in his remarks upon the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, on p. 207, and his treatment of the *Cur Deus Homo?* hardly does justice to that epoch-making dialogue. But his handling of Anselm's ontological argument for the being of God is exceedingly able, as, indeed, we are glad to acknowledge, is his treatment of theological topics generally, even where he does not command our assent. Every page of the book teems with interest for one who cares at all for the subjects of which it treats, and it shows Mr. Rigg's power, first of ably constructing a skeleton of history from careful study of original authorities, and then of making

the dry bones live. We trust that the book will achieve the success which such an exceedingly able study of Anselm's life deserves, and that it will speedily be followed up by further work of the same sort from his pen.

John Ellerton. Being a Collection of his Writings on Hymnology, together with a Sketch of his Life and Works. By HENRY HOUSMAN, B.D. S. P. C. K. 5*s*.

Ellerton's hymns have gained such wide popularity that many will be eager to know more about him and his work. His first curacy was at Easebourne, near Midhurst, where he spent three happy years. He then became senior curate at St. Nicholas, Brighton. Here he wrote his first hymns, which are marked by the same devout spirit and absence of self-consciousness which characterised his more mature work. In 1860 he became vicar of Crewe Green, where he threw himself heartily into every scheme for the good of the workmen employed at Crewe. "Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we Raise," was written in 1866 for a choir festival at Nantwich. He was now very busy with original composition and translation of Latin hymns. In 1872 he removed to Hinstock, and in 1876 to Barnes, where he found a fine sphere for work. At Barnes he was able to take a more active part in the business of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He had become a recognised authority on hymnology, and his help was eagerly sought in the preparation of the S. P. C. K. Hymnal, and also by the Rev. Godfrey Thring, Mrs. Carey Brock, Mr. (now Bishop) Bickersteth, and the compilers of the Hymns Ancient and Modern. His health broke down at Barnes, and in 1884 he was compelled to resign his living. Some months on the Continent restored him to strength, and he was able to accept the rectory of the White Roding, near Dunmow, where he finished his active course. He was struck down by paralysis in December, 1891, and died at Torquay in June, 1893. The papers on hymnology, and the sketches of great hymn writers, will help many readers to form their canons of taste and style. They are interesting and instructive, though they have no claim to distinction either in form or matter. On page 320 it is said that Charles Wesley was buried at St. Pancras Church, instead of Marylebone Old Parish graveyard, and the Canon had evidently not heard of the hymn book published by the Wesleys in America.

The Story of My Life. By the RIGHT HON. SIR R. TEMPLE, G.C.S.I., &c., &c. 2 Vols. Cassell & Co. 1896.

Sir Richard Temple has had a very distinguished career. The son of a Worcestershire squire, of no great mark, and

educated at Haileybury College, he rapidly worked his way to the highest civilian positions in the Indian service. He distinguished himself by his hard work and excellent services in the settlement of India after the Mutiny; he was appointed Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, he became Finance Minister for India, Governor of Bengal, and Governor of Bombay. Then, full of honours and accompanied by every mark of distinction, he resigned his position at Bombay, where his statue stands to-day, and returned to England. He was a diligent, honourable, able and accomplished public servant, a friend and supporter of Christianity and Christian missions, a frank and liberal-spirited man, narrowed by no trace of ecclesiastical bigotry. Returning to England, he entered Parliament as M.P. for a division of his native county—his own division, in which he lived—and he served for years on the London School Board. He now publishes this frankly egotistical record of his life. On *India in* 1880, and *Men and Events of my Time in India*, he had already written in separate works, and had also written the Memoirs of Lord Lawrence and of Mr. Thompson. These two volumes are the rapid record of his personal career, given in full outline. Of 47 years, 1848 to 1895, twenty-nine have been spent in Anglo-Indian service, three on furlough, fifteen in British politics. He has, besides, travelled extensively in Europe, the Dominion of Canada, and the United States. He now reposes at his ancestral home. Critics jibe at the remarkable egotism of these interesting volumes. But it often is less self-conscious, and implies less of vanity, simply to narrate in the first person, than to use circuitous periphrases to convey the same sense. No doubt Sir Richard has been a successful man, and is a fairly self-satisfied man.

The Author of "Morning and Night Watches." Reminiscences of a Long Life. Edited by HIS DAUGHTER. Hodder & Stoughton. 1896. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The title is suggestive. Dr. Macduff, long before he died, had ceased to live to the public mind and memory, except as an author who had written, in his time, many attractive and more or less affecting books of religious sentiment and experience, founded often upon Scripture stories and scenes. He had passed quite out of public view. Scarcely any one was conscious that he was a living worker. In his early life he was a favourite preacher in Scotland. But he was doubtless lacking in original power, and seems to have had no taste for ecclesiastical questions. Meanwhile, his fame as a writer had grown greatly, and he found many readers, especially among the Low Church Evangelicals of England, so that by his industry as a writer he soon

gathered a competency. Accordingly, in 1870, he resigned his ministry in Scotland, and before long had settled in Chislehurst. His was a gentle, kindly, contented, and withal somewhat of a courtly spirit. Of his genuine goodness there could not be a doubt. His reminiscences are very self-complacent, yet he might have made more of himself than he has done. Many pleasing verses of his composition are introduced, none of which will live, though he had a facile and not ungraceful gift. His unfeigned piety gives tone to the whole volume; and his charity and kindliness are unfailing. There are a few good and racy stories. He had, however, nothing in him of either martyr or hero. The volume is one for light reading, and, as such, may be recommended.

From Batoum to Baghdad viâ Tiflis, Tabriz, and Persian Kurdistan. By WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S. Blackwoods. 12*s*.

Mr. Harris has nothing sensational to tell us in his record of a journey from Batoum to Baghdad, but his book is one of the best descriptions we have met of the towns, the people, and the scenery of the Persian border and of Persian Kurdistan. He set out from Tangier in March with his Arab servant, and after a pleasant journey up the Mediterranean, found his way to Batoum, which literally exhaled petroleum. When they took train here for Tiflis, his Arab servant, who had never seen a train in his life, thought that the whole station would move on. He arranged his luggage on a seat, and made himself comfortable for a long journey in the refreshment room. It was no small disappointment when he discovered that the bar, with its fruits and cakes, had to be left behind. Mr. Harris spent Easter in Tiflis, and gives a most interesting account of the beautiful service in the Orthodox Church. He found that wherever Russia had gained influence, the whole tone of life was raised. Persia is as corrupt as Turkey, but the Kurds of Turkistan are a fine race, and they gave Mr. Harris a warm welcome. The fanaticism of Tabriz is so fierce that Mr. Harris was on more than one occasion unable to make purchases because the owner refused to have dealings with an infidel. It was impossible to get a cup of tea or coffee, or even a drink of water, unless the traveller had his own cup to drink out of. But the people of Tabriz belonged to the fanatical Sheiyas, in Kurdistan and Baghdad the Sunnis showed him great friendliness. The Nomad tribes of Iliyats, whom Mr. Harris met changing from their winter to their summer quarters, made a strange spectacle with their camels, mares, horses, donkeys, sheep, cattle and goats. It is almost impossible to describe the beauty of some bits of the journey. One afternoon ride along the banks

of the Kalu river was especially charming. Mr. Harris's description of Baghdad will itself repay anyone who buys this book.

The Land of the Monuments. Notes of Egyptian Travel. By JOSEPH POLLARD. With Map and Fifteen Illustrations. Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Pollard is a country gentleman who has employed his leisure in travel and study. He is steeped in his subject, and has a homely style which helps a reader to follow, almost with his own eyes, the course of Mr. Pollard's wanderings in Egypt. The book is rather heavy, but it gives many pleasing glimpses of daily life in the land of the Pharaohs.

George Smith, of Coalville. The Story of an Enthusiast. By EDWIN HODDER. Nisbet & Co. 5*s.*

George Smith's crusade on behalf of the brickyard and canal children, and the gypsy folk, is part of the social history of our generation. He was a man of many foibles, a rank egotist, and sadly destitute of anything like humour. His belief in dreams and visions made it hard for him sometimes to discriminate between facts and fancies, and led him into a great deal of unconscious exaggeration, but he was a man with a mission, a man who endured poverty, reproach, and hardship of every kind, in order that he might raise the condition of those for whom no one seemed to care. His father was a fine old Primitive Methodist local preacher whose note-book yields some odd entries. Here is one: "While at prayer my mind was rather shifting. I had to bring it back and ask it to sit down. I did so. The Lord helped me." George Smith's mother was a member of the Wesleyan choir at Tunstall, and won four caps by her good singing. One of these encouragements to vanity cost ten shillings, and was trimmed with white silk ribbon. George went to Tunstall Wesleyan Sunday School at the age of four, and was connected with it as scholar and teacher till he was twenty-three. He found his wife here, and she proved herself his true helpmeet amid many trials. Mr. Hodder gives many interesting details as to Smith's canal and gypsy clients in this capital biography.

Studies in Judaism. By S. SCHECHTER, M.A. A. & C. Black. 7*s.* 6*d.*

These studies appeared originally in the *Jewish Quarterly* and the *Jewish Chronicle*, and though one or two deal with matters of inferior interest to the rest, they are all valuable contributions towards a better understanding of the Jewish race and the Old Testament. The paper on "The Chassidim," the Dissenting

sect who revolted against the excessive casuistry of the Rabbis, gives a graphic sketch of Israel Baalshem, the founder of the sect. He studiously concealed his learning and gave himself up to a life of devotion and religious contemplation. His history teems with miracles like that of a mediæval saint. He was an enlightened optimist who believed that there were few men who did not, now and again, give proof of the Divine stamp in which God had created them, and said that he who leads the sinner to repentance causes a divine joy; it is as though a king's son had been in captivity and were now brought back to his father's gaze. The chosen spirits of the sect, who so sought God that even on earth they became absorbed in Him, are known as Zaddikim, or just men. Some of them aimed at becoming religious specialists, carrying out a favourite doctrine of the Founder that by observing one commandment devotedly and lovingly it was possible to reach the great goal of union with God. A Zaddik who aimed at fulfilling the commandment in Exodus xxiii. 3, was seen continually in the streets helping one man to load his waggon, and another to drag his cart out of the mire. The Chassidim of to-day are a sadly degenerate sect, though despite their revolt against reflection and thought, they have always kept a warm heart and an ardent sincere faith. The other studies reveal the same fulness of learning, and take us along many a bye-path of Jewish life and thought.

Jewish Life in the Middle Ages. By ISRAEL ABRAHAMS, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1896.

This is an intensely interesting volume. The writer is master of his theme, and he opens out to us what is almost a new world to the Gentile student. His learning is immense, and it is perfectly mastered. Exactness in detail is everything in such a work, and it is here in perfection. But the writer's range is as extensive as his knowledge is exact. The synagogue as the centre of social life, Jewish life in connection with the synagogue, the communal organisation of the Jews under the varieties of their condition in different periods, the ghetto, social morality, the slave trade, monogamy and the home, with all that relates to home life, love and courtship, marriage customs, trades and occupations, the theatre, the drama in Hebrew, costume and fashion, the Jewish badge, charities and the relief of the poor, the sick and the captive, mediæval schools, education, pastimes and indoor amusements, Jews and Christians, literary friendships—these subjects, in all their variety, and as illustrated by the history of the centuries between the establishment of Christianity and modern times, are dealt with in this volume with great distinctness but strict economy of statement. The

reader will probably think more sympathetically of the Jews for his study of these chapters.

Across Siberia by the Great Post Road. By CHARLES WENYON, M.D. C. H. Kelly. 1896. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Wenyon is an experienced and intrepid traveller. Returning from his medical mission in China in 1893, he determined to take his journey by way of Siberia. This volume is a well written and interesting sketch of a very long and trying journey, which no one but a seasoned traveller should undertake or could perform without much suffering and almost certain breakdown. It is a book well worth reading, and is not the less interesting because, as Dr. Wenyon reminds us, it consists in part of "a record of circumstances which have passed or are fast passing away."

These Fifty Years (1846-1896). A Brief Epitome of the History of the Evangelical Alliance. By A. J. ARNOLD. London: Alliance House, 7, Adam Street, Strand.

The Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance has done well to publish this succinct account of the Evangelical Alliance and of its fifty years' record of services to Christianity. A modest, prudent, and non-political organisation, its one ambition has been in the most unpretending manner to serve the cause of Christian truth and peace at home and abroad; it has sought to promote true Christian unity, without interfering with the life and distinctive aims of the different Churches. As a friend of persecuted Christians, of whatever Church, and of Christian liberty generally, it has a noble record, and has been able, by its peaceful methods, to accomplish great results, especially in connection with the cause of religious liberty on the Continent of Europe. The narrative is clear and well put together.

The Popular History of Methodism. By JOHN TELFORD, B.A. C. H. Kelly.

This penny history is a startling wonder, and is already a marked success. In sixty-four closely printed pages of packed matter, clear and accurate information—so far as it goes—is given as to all the leading points in Methodist history. In many cases the words of Wesley are quoted. All the statements are concise and historical. We can hardly conceive any publication for general readers so likely to be widely and effectively useful, on its own subject, as this unpretending little pamphlet.

BELLES LETTRES.

Kate Carnegie and those Ministers. By IAN MACLAREN. Hodder & Stoughton. 1896. 6*s*.

So far, we incline to think that this is the best book of the author, at least in this kind. "Those ministers" are wonderful creatures in their way. Dr. Davidson, of the Established Kirk, is a finished study, and, a Scotchman would say, is grand. Dr. Sanderson, the supra-Lapsarian "Rabbi," the learned, absent-minded, tender-hearted though ultra-Calvinistic, Free Kirk minister, is a most powerful and pathetic picture, drawn, we should imagine, partly from the life, although no doubt some of the traits are more or less exaggerated. Carmichael, the young Free Kirk minister, who went to college and to a Free Kirk manse in Scotland, rather than to Oxford, to please and not grieve the heart of his mother, and who is full of modern reading and modern ideas and impulses—though he honestly tries to do his duty as a Drumtochty minister—is an intimate personal acquaintance, no doubt, of the author's, though more or less disguised. Kate Carnegie is something new and very charming. She and her father, the old Anglo-Indian soldier, bring a new and stirring tone into the picture, and the passages between her and Carmichael are delightful. The other women, Highland and Lowland, loving or sour, are all excellently rendered. Ian Maclaren has not yet begun to write himself out, although everybody must have a fear lest he should be staying too long at Drumtochty. The old characters, we may add, still haunt the scenes of this picture-gallery. The book opens with a wonderful description of a certain great Scottish station—we suppose Perth —under the name of Muirtown Station, on the morning before the twelfth of August, a few years ago. The chapter is entitled "Pandemonium," and the description is marvellously vivid and complete.

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD. Smith, Elder & Co. 6*s*.

This is a very powerful story. It is really a continuation of *Marcella*, and therefore appeals strongly to those who have come under the spell of the girl Socialist, who behaved so badly with Lord Maxwell, until her eyes were opened by the course of events. When this story opens she has been married for five years to the great landowner, and he is now Prime Minister. The time had been one of almost incredible happiness for them both. The story begins dramatically with Sir George Tressady's return as Member for Market Malford, after a very hard fight. Tressady owes his success largely to Lord Fontenoy, who has formed a

party which bids fair to hold the balance of political power. He proves a somewhat severe taskmaster to the new member, who does great service to the party. But when all seems in their hand, Sir George comes under the influence of Marcella, and deserts his leader at the critical moment. He makes a speech which wins the day for Maxwell's Factory Act and saves his Government. At the house where he stayed during the election, Tressady had met Letty Sewell and been fascinated by her beauty and vivacity. His marriage at first proves a dismal failure. Sir George's mother sucks him like a leech for her fashions and her foibles. The young wife resents this bitterly, and chafes much against her straitened means. Poor Tressady has no comfort. His colliers are on the verge of a strike, and he almost feels that he will be compelled to retire from Parliament. Home is misery to him. Meanwhile he has been thrown into intimate relations with Lady Maxwell through a street accident. He goes with her to see the East End, and is completely fascinated. He sees the misery of the toilers in new lights, and at last makes the memorable speech which decides the fate of the Government. Sir George is a fine character. Mrs. Ward has not given us a hero so attractive. He has travelled much, and soon makes himself felt in the House of Commons. After his great speech it seems as though any hope of better relations with his wife was at an end. She is madly jealous of Marcella, and behaves abominably; but at last the little vixen is subdued. We feel that Sir George and his wife are to be happy after all. Then comes the accident in the mine, and Sir George is killed in attempting to rescue his men. As a study of life, with its complications and entanglements, the story is a masterpiece.

The City of Refuge. By WALTER BESANT. In Three Vols. Chatto & Windus. 15*s.* net.

This story follows *The Master Craftsman* at an interval of only a few months, but it was really written first, though its publication was delayed. Sir Walter Besant says that it would be to him, and he believes to every one, utterly impossible to write two novels at the same time. The story opens with the disgrace of Charles Osterley, a brilliant young statesman who seemed a predestined Prime Minister. He is mastered by a passion for gambling, and after wasting a large part of his wife's fortune, he commits forgery, and has to leave the country. The secret of his fall is well kept, but, to avoid the fire of questions, Lady Osterley goes abroad with her little boy. Her old friend, Gilbert Maryon, resolves to set her free from her living death. He traces Osterley to America, where he had hidden himself from the police in a community of cranks who have a House of Meditation near Aldermanbury, in the State of New York. Gilbert joins this strange community. Its three square meals a

day, its attempt to forget the past, its meditation and its trances, furnish Sir Walter Besant with material for a kind of Psychial Society novel. Gilbert meets his fate in one of the sisters called Cicely, who had been born in the House, and was something like a daughter to the old Master. The hideous dress of the sisterhood cannot disguise the girl's beauty, and the growth of her love for Gilbert forms an interesting study. The attempt of Sister Phœbe to secure Gilbert for herself, and Brother Silas' pretensions to Cicely, give a touch of humour to the situation, and the way in which these two unattractive members of the community are finally linked together is really worthy of a Greek tragedy.

The Grey Man. By S. R. CROCKETT. T. F. Unwin. 6*s*.

This is the most powerful book that Mr. Crockett has produced. The scene is laid on the borders of Galloway and in Ayrshire, during the turbulent times before James I. became King of England as well as Scotland. The feuds between the Kennedies of Bargany and the Kennedies of Cassillis furnish as plentiful a crop of adventures, raids and murders, street fights, and pitched battles on the moors, as any mediæval romance. The hero of the book is young Lancelot Kennedy, who lives with his master, Sir Thomas Kennedy, of Culzean. Sir Thomas had been tutor to his nephew, the Earl of Cassillis, and his love of peace and delight in religion stand out in strange contrast to the spirit of his neighbours. Lancelot has to act the part of Providence to his venerable master, and he revels in blows and perils. His love for Nell Kennedy, his master's daughter, gives a flavour of peace and domesticity to the feuds and plots of the border. John Mure, the Grey Man, is the villain of the story, and his death on the scaffold at Edinburgh is a very powerful scene. The hideous shore cannibals, to whom we are introduced, are too repulsive and unnatural. We wish Mr. Crockett had kept them out of his book, but he has a strange liking for such things, and these monstrosities certainly add the touch of horror that some people claim in a story. The book is full of blood, but it is in its way a real masterpiece.

Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. Cassell & Co.

Mrs. Cliff, the widow of a village merchant at Plainton, Maine, returns to her old home as a millionaire, and is sorely troubled as to the best means of adjusting herself to her new conditions of life. Mr. Stockton gives an amusing description of the perplexities brought by her sudden wealth. When she is most troubled, Mr. Burke, a sailor friend, appears on the scene. He had shared in Mrs. Cliff's good fortune, and now makes himself her adviser and business man. He, too, has been sorely puzzled how to dispose of his more modest fortune, but,

after his arrival at Plainton, he finds his *rôle*. He persuades Mrs. Cliff to buy a yacht, and that good soul invites a party of ministers, whom she meets in synod at New York, to take a voyage with her. Hence much adventure, such as Mr. Stockton's readers love.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S PUBLICATIONS.

The Land o' the Leal, by David Lyall (6s.) is worthy to be set by the side of John Watson's Scotch studies. The pathos of some of these stories is intense, and the revelation of the secret heart of godly men and women makes one move softly as though they had entered into the Holy Place. The book is a very great success. *The Story of Hannah* (6s.) is the best piece of literary work that we have had from Mr. W. J. Dawson's pen. He has drawn largely on his knowledge of Methodism in its remote corners, and we are bound to add that, in our judgment, he has caricatured, not to say libelled, the Church to which he once belonged. He knows quite well that Methodism has no monopoly of men like Pugh, and he has made it clear, by the wretched man's departure for another Church, that Methodism grew too hot to hold such a man when his character and motives were really understood. But if Pugh is odious, and Mr. Scaley, the junior preacher, is almost contemptible, William Romilly, the senior minister, is a man of rare power and goodness. The way in which narrow and uncongenial surroundings have chilled the man's soul, and the history of the final ripening of his mind and heart, is finely conceived and very skilfully told. His wife and his step-daughter Hannah are two attractive portraits, over which much loving skill has been expended, and the bank manager, Mr. Sprague, is one of the best studies in the book. *The Lady Ecclesia* (6s.), by Dr. George Matheson, is an allegory representing the separation of the true Church from Judaism and its victory over the heathen empire of Rome. Dr. Matheson has set himself an exceedingly difficult task, and we cannot say that he has proved equal to it, yet there are some beautiful passages in the book.

1. *Clog Shop Chronicles.* By JOHN ACKWORTH. 3s. 6d.
2. *John Rowan's Trust.* By EDITH M. EDWARDS. 1s. 6d.
3. *Caleb and Becky.* By CHARLES R. PARSONS.

London: C. H. Kelly.

1. *Clog Shop Chronicles* take their name from old Jabe's shop, which is the centre for all the godly gossip of the village in which he is the Methodist class leader and steward. No such dignitary ever had more human nature in him than this quaint

bachelor cobbler, and his personality dominates the whole book. Many an idyll of village life is woven round the homely clog-shop. Ned Royle's "Atonement" to the wife he has served so badly in his drunkard days is a masterpiece, but it is not better than "Billy Botch," the cobbler's apprentice, who turns missionary, and both pale before the quaint love story, called "Hanging his Hat Up," which is worthy to be named in the same sentence as Barry's "Courting of 'Tnowhead's Bell." "For Better for Worse" marks the high-water mark of this book. As a volume of studies, dealing with the social and religious life of a Lancashire village, this book is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. It is a work of genius.

2. *John Rowan's Trust*, with the preternaturally serious little girl and the boy who thirsts for adventures, is a bright book for children, pleasant, lively, full of good lessons.

3. *Caleb and Becky* is a good story of a young Christian's life in London. Caleb Anderson and his wife settle in Hanover Rents, and soon make their home a centre of gracious and kindly ministries for the poor and degraded. The story will be specially welcomed by Mr. Parsons' friends and readers.

Among the Untrodden Ways. By M. E. FRANCES (Mrs. F. Blundell). Blackwood & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*

These stories describe the life of a Lancashire village with sympathetic insight that is rare indeed. Each story has its own charm, but "Th' Ploughin' o' th' Sunnyfields," and "The Wooing of William," are perhaps the most attractive. "A Village Prodigal" is scarcely at all inferior, and "Tom's Second Missus" is perfect in its way. The reader gets a real knowledge of country life with its humours, its struggles, and its quiet joys, and we hope Mrs. Blundell will not forget that he wants to know more.

Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons have sent us four story books of unusual interest, and got up in most attractive style. Miss Everett-Green's *The Sign of the Red Cross*, is a tale of London life in the days of the Great Plague and the Great Fire, with a world of adventures told with singular vividness. *Baffling the Blockade*, by J. M. Oxley, is a spirited story. The Charlestown merchant has some exciting experiences and some hairbreadth escapes. Mr. Oxley has made a close study of the blockade runner, and his sketch is very exciting. This is the very book for boys. *Making his Way*, also written by Mr. Oxley, describes a village school in America, and chronicles the success of Donald Grant at school and college. The story has a healthy Christian tone, and every boy ought to be the better for reading it. Mrs. Woods Baker has gained a real success in her *Fireside Sketches from Swedish Life*. The stories

are so tender, so artless, so full of human nature and family piety, that they ought to be very popular.

Messrs. Blackie & Son are quite unrivalled in their own way for Christmas books and tales of adventure. Every year they seem to out-do themselves in the delights they provide for boys and girls. Mr. Henty's *With Cochrane the Dauntless* (6s.), is the story of a bright and plucky young sailor, who goes out to Chili as Cochrane's second lieutenant, where he has unnumbered adventures, shipwreck, perils among traitors and Indians, and even a terrible hour in danger of the Inquisition. Cochrane's life is well told, and boy readers will learn a good deal about one of the bravest and most interesting figures of our British naval history. *Through Swamp and Glade*, by Kirk Munroe (5s.), is a chronicle of Indian life during the Seminole War, one of the most protracted struggles that the United States ever waged with the red man. The cruel injustice under which the tribes have had to suffer is vigorously brought out, and there is fighting and forest adventure enough to satisfy the most insatiable youngster. *To Tell the King the Sky is Falling*, by Sheila E. Braine (5s.) is one of the daintiest fairy tales we have read. It will be a wonderland for every nursery, and we pity the grandsire of seventy who cannot appreciate it.

From "Blackie's School and Home Library," than which no better or cheaper series of books for intelligent young persons is published, we have received a volume containing a choice selection of *Macaulay's Essays*, well printed, well got up, and attractively bound, for eighteenpence. Also, at the same price and in similar form, we are offered Captain Mayne Reid's fascinating romance, entitled, *The Rifle Rangers; or, Adventures in South Mexico.* Messrs. Blackie also send us a story which is instructive as well as attractive, entitled, *Wulfric, the Weapon-Thane.* It is a story of the Danish conquest of East Anglia, by Charles W. Whistler (4s.); and *Violet Vereker's Vanity*, by Annie E. Armstrong, a bright story for girls (3s. 6d.).

From Blackie & Son we also receive a cheap, good and useful volume for students of English Literature—*English Essays*, with an Introduction. By J. H. Lobban. The Essays include selections from Bacon, Cowley, Defoe, Steele, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Pope, Cowper, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Johnson, Goldsmith, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. This is a volume of the Warwick Library, and the price is 3s. 6d.

From Nisbet & Co. we receive the *Pearl Divers and Crusoes of the Sargasso Sea*, by Dr. Gordon Stables (5s.). The quality of the writer is well known. This is a fascinating volume of adventures for boys and girls.

[*Many Brief Notices are unavoidably crowded out. They will appear in our next issue.*]

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (October 1).—The first place in this number is given to M. Taine's "Notes of Travel" in the South of France in 1863 to 1866, when he was examiner for the School of St. Cyr. As he went towards the south, the type seemed to change visibly. It was especially noticeable in the young girls, who are very charming in their first fresh youth. The fine intelligent face is slightly browned by the hot sun, the neck is slender, the eyes black, the figure rather slim. The intelligent gaiety of the girls gives pleasure to the beholder. These traits are still more marked at Bordeaux. Its people are small and active. Even the poorest girls wear their dress with a kind of coquetry, and the city is a smaller Paris, magnificent and gay, with great roadways, promenades, monuments, and splendid houses The streets are full of life with carriages, equipages, toilettes, and many evidences of luxury and wealth. The further the traveller goes southward the more the women seem to become incapable of timidity, of blushing modesty, of delicate reserve. They are really men. The fact is, woman shapes herself by the requirements of man. In the north, among the Germanic race, the man has the instinct of a master, and he knows how to exercise it. It is necessary for his domestic peace. For such reasons the influence of the woman is less; she is forced to bend more, and she bends in the direction indicated. The virtues which are most important for a woman seem to vary according to climates and constitutions. In the north you have calm reflection, good sense, all the habits of calculation necessary to sustain the battle of life, all that corresponds to a slow nature and a cold temperament; whilst in the south there is the genius for improvisation, the boldness, the brilliancy which are associated with action and lively sensation. The paper is especially bright and full of interest. Viscount d'Avenel begins a set of studies of "Peasants and Labourers for Seven Centuries." His first article is on "The Wages of the Middle Ages." He points out that the history of wages is the history of that four-fifths of the nation who have to sign an agreement with manual labour, who sell their life in order to gain the means wherewith to live. Our age has done itself honour by studying to ameliorate the condition of the working class majority. In 1240 A.D. the day-labourer of Languedoc and of Normandy received two francs a day; and if at Paris the day's wage of the water carriers was only a franc, they were lodged and fed at the Royal Palace. The average wage for labourers, butchers, &c., between 1301 and 1325 seems to have been 2 francs, 34 cents.; between 1326 and 1350, 2 francs, 80 cents.; and between 1351 and 1375, 2 francs, 70 cents. The condition of the day labourer was, therefore, equal to what it is to-day, and certainly more advantageous than it was between 1801 and 1840. The France of the first half of the fourteenth century must be compared with the Far West of our own times. The article is crowded with facts and figures, which will greatly interest all students of social science.

(October 15).—M. d'Avenel's second article deals with "Wages in Modern Times." The increase of population in the sixteenth century deprived the French peasant of the material well-being which he had enjoyed in the Middle Ages. From 1601 to 1790 his condition fluctuated. The money value of his work for 250 days a year varied from 570 francs under Henry IV. to 410 francs under Louis XVI. It is now 750 francs for 300 days of labour. It will never again see the return of 870 and 900 francs which it had under Louis XI. and Charles VIII. The progress of agriculture and the increased value of lands, far from increasing the peasant's fortune, really proved his

ruin, so that, at the end of the old *regime*, he was in a worse condition than during the first part of the reign of Louis XV., or the beginning of that of Louis XVI. During the last generation science has increased the labourer's prosperity. The population of France has risen from 25 millions in 1790 to 39 millions in 1896, whilst actual wages have increased by one-half or even three-quarters. Such facts almost make one set down Malthus as an idle dreamer, but it will be found that his principles are strictly true if their conditions are adapted to the present time. It remains evident that the more the sum total of provisions, garments, combustibles, material for building and merchandise of all kinds is increased in relation to the number of those who share them, the more each man has the chance of increasing his own share. A man's capacity for production used once to be strictly limited by his own hands, by the scanty return yielded by the ground, and by the modest area of his fatherland. The price of all commodities and of labour itself is bounded by these limits. But science intervened. It multiplied the productivity of man and of the ground. It has enlarged the sphere of action of each individual and each country and has extended it right over the globe. Economically speaking, despite custom house restrictions, the creature of the nineteenth century has no country. Will this revolution pass? Who would like to say or think that it will? Does it not appear to our astonished eyes as the dawn of an incomparably happy era for our descendants. The domain of machinery seems capable of almost indefinite extension and there is no reason why new substances should not be found to nourish, clothe and warm the masses and supply them light and house room.

(November 1).—M. Anatole le Braz describes "A Night of the Dead in Lower Brittany." His attention was called to the fête by a wandering rag merchant who claimed some distant kinship with M. le Braz because they bore the same name. This man never failed to honour his namesake with a short visit when he came into the neighbourhood. He dwelt at Spézet when he dwelt anywhere. The country around, he said, was wild, and the people had a hard life, not only living by the sweat of their brow, but by the sweat of every member. According to the old legend when Fortune and Poverty walked together toward Brittany, the first followed the border of the sea, and the second took the road to the mountains, but though they had only buckwheat, and glasses of milk and smoked bacon with which to feast the dead, the feast was always ready when the hour sounded for the annual repast. M. le Braz was urged to go on the eve of All Saints, and travelled in the cart of a woman who had been to market at Quimper. The Bretons call November by an expressive name, the black month, and as the travellers caught the full force of the biting wind outside Quimper, they felt that the name was not misapplied. The hill country through which they travelled has a bad reputation with legends which are far from reassuring. A famous female brigand desolated the district in the eighteenth century, and her name is still pronounced with terror. A local proverb says: "In sorting from Briec cross yourself, before you turn toward Laz invoke your guardian angel." Because if there is no longer any reason to be afraid of brigands, one is still exposed to the evil influences of spirits that are hostile to man. The popular mind is full of the mischief wrought by these spirits on inoffensive peasants, who were inveigled along enchanted paths where they went on unceasingly a prey to somnambulism from which they never awoke. The country is regarded as an earthly dependancy of purgatory, a kind of stage of penitence for departed spirits known as the Andon. The desolate aspect of the country with its masses of wild rocks, probably made the people of the dark ages think of burial places. Arrived at Spézet, the visitor took up his quarters at the inn kept by the wife of Ronan le Braz. He attended the black vespers at the Church, and met many of the people at the inn. They stood in a row before the counter, or stationed themselves in groups about the auberge with arms folded. Few words were spoken. When Ronan said "You are served," all the company stretched out their hands, took the glass which was assigned to them, and drained it to the bottom save a few drops, which they poured on the ground

as gravely as though they were ancient priests proceeding to a libation. The account of the feast itself reads oddly enough at the end of this nineteenth century. The chanters of the dead came from door to door on the night of All Saints, claiming the prayers of the peasants for the departed. They spoke in the name of the dead, identifying themselves with them, telling of the frightful solitude, the long agonies, the multiplied torments of the places of expiation, reproaching the living with their inconstancy, and setting before them in view of the coming day, when they also would be numbered with the dead, the spectre of the universal ingratitude and the eternal forgetfulness.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (September 16).—Ernesto Masi pays a well-deserved tribute to Enrico Nencioni, who was for thirty years an active contributor to this Review. He wrote his first article in 1867, the year after the *Nuova Antologia* was founded. His painful illness, which lasted two years, compelled him to give up work for the Review in October, 1894, when his last article appeared. He still continued to take a lively interest in its success, and his advice was eagerly sought by those who were in command. He was born at Florence, in 1836, in a very humble little house on the Via S. Sebastiano, His parents kept a school behind the Misericordia. At the age of eighteen he began to teach, and soon made his first venture in literature. In 1883 he became Professor at the Institute for Female Education, and Professor to the Institute of the Annunciation in Florence. The first words he wrote in *Nuova Antologia* were these: "In Italy little or nothing is known of English literature, modern and contemporary." He was not simply an expositor and commentator on foreign poets, but himself a poet who interpreted that which was deepest in the thought and sentiment of other poets by his own thought and sentiment. His method was really simple. Art was for him a great temple with its permanent deities—Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Rembrandt, Beethoven, poets, painters, musicians, art in all its forms, in all its grandest and most perfect manifestations, the universal art which has the universe for fatherland and the whole realm of nature for its subject, the art which embraces everything and excludes nothing, which is not in itself false, small, vulgar, or deliberately wicked.

(October 1.)—"In the Kingdom of Minosse," by Lucio Mariani, is a careful study of the history of Crete, giving a full account of the relations of the island to Turkey. Crete is almost entirely isolated from the world of Europe. No steam-boat company has included it in its itinerary save the Austrian Lloyd steamers, which call weekly at the three chief ports of Candia, Rettimo, and Canea on their route from Trieste to Smyrna. The commerce of this fertile island is therefore mainly in the hands of Trieste. The majority of business men can speak Italian which is little known in other ports of the Levant. Internal communication between various parts of the island is very difficult and it is only two years since an engine began to run between the three cities already mentioned and the ports of Sfakia and Sitia. The woody and mountainous character of the island makes such communication very difficult. Any one who wishes to understand the island and its people must not confine his attention to the principal cities, but must visit the interior, taking for his guide a native peasant, and must be careful not to express sentiments hostile to the Greek or favourable to the Turk. He who remains in Crete must always bear in mind that he is in a country which is Greek and not Turkish. The Christian hospitality is proverbial. Signor A. Mariani has been writing in other journals on the subject of his travels, and confines himself largely here to the social conditions of the people.

INDEX TO VOLUME LXXXVII.

'America and Europe,' Schurz, 191.
'America, The English in,' Doyle's, 329.
'Anselm of Canterbury, St.,' Rigg's, 383.

'Balladists,' Geddie's, 186.
'Banks, Peoples,' Wolff's, 192.
'Banqueting House, In the,' Pearse's, 164
'Bases of Religious Belief,' Upton's, 270.
'Batoum to Baghdad,' Harris's, 388.
'Bible and the East,' Conder's, 166.
'Bible, Modern Readers',' Moulton's, 383.
Blackie & Son's Publications, 397.
'Bohemia,' Maurice's, 172.
'Briseis,' Black's, 180.
'Burns Centenary in Poorhouse,' 187.
'Burns, Robert,' MacCulloch's, 186.
Butler, Gladstone's, 247; contents of the volumes, 249; Notes and Studies, 251; Butler's 'Censors,' 253; partially defective treatment, 255; 'necessity and determinism,' 257; reply to Hume, 259; probability and moral obligation, 261; as to the knowledge of God, 263; the future life, 265; eternity and universalism, 267; Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, 269.
'Butler, Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop,' Gladstone's, 247.
'Butler, Works of Joseph,' Gladstone's, 247.

'Caleb and Becky,' Parsons', 395.
'Carnegie, Kate,' Ian Maclaren's, 392.
'Chartered Companies, Early, 1296-1858,' Canston's, 95.
Chartered Companies, English, 95; Henry the Seventh's Commercial Policy, 97; American Colonies, 99; Province of Carolana, 101; East India Company, 103; Naval Supremacy in Indian Waters, 105; Hudson's Bay Company, 107; humane policy, 109; treatment of the Indians, 111.
'Christian, Why be a,' Dods', 382.
'Church, Charter of the,' Forsyth's, 205.
'City of Refuge,' Besant's, 393.
'Cliff's Yacht, Mrs.,' Stockton's, 394.
'Clog Shop Chronicles,' Ackworth's, 395.
'Confidences, My,' Locker-Lampson's, 17.
'Confidences of a Society Poet,' 17; Mr. Locker's parentage, 19; home and school life, 21; official life and happy marriage, 23; delightful sketches of celebrities, 25; Dean Stanley and literary critiques, 27; characteristic notes of his poetry, 29; sportive and pensive verse, 31.
'Constitutions in Europe and America, Adoption and Amendment of,' Borgeaud's, 193.
'Cornhill Magazine,' 185.
'Critical Review,' vol. vi., 383.
'Crown of Straw,' Upward's, 181.
'Cure of Souls,' John Watson's, 380.

'Davy, Humphry, Poet and Philosopher,' Thorpe's, 311.
'Davy, Life of Sir H.,' Paris's, 311.
'Davy, Memoirs and Life of Sir H., Davy's, 311.

Davy, Sir Humphry, 311; not a brilliant boy, 313; the youth roused up, 315; youthful self-confidence, 317; researches in glass, 319; lecturer at the Royal Institution, 321; immense popularity, 323; memoir on chlorine, 325; safety lamp, 327.
Democracy and Liberty, 137; lack of philosophic temper, 139; golden age of English politics, 141; sombre colours, 143; national character and political life, 145; soundness of English electorate, 147; shifting clouds and abiding earth, 149; dangers of democracy, 151; remedies proposed, 153; the referendum, 155; springs of Socialism, 157; hopeful outlook, 159.
'Democracy and Liberty,' Lecky's, 173.
'Democracy, Christian,' Leavitt's, 167.
'Deuteronomy,' Moulton's, 168.
'Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena,' Thorold's, 114.
'Dictionary, New English,' Murray's, vol. iii., 197.
'Dissertations, Two,' Hort's, 53.
'Disturbing Elements,' Birchenough's, 183.

'Ecclesia, my Lady,' Matheson's, 395.
'Elijah the Prophet, and other Poems,' Moon's, 188.
'Ellerton, John,' Housman's, 386.
'En Route,' Huysman's, 179.
'England, Beginnings of New,' Fiske's, 329.
'England, Compendious History of New,' Palfrey's, 329.
'England, History of New,' 1630—1649, Winthrop's, 328.
'English Constitutional History,' Taswell-Langmead's, 173.
'English Colonies in America, Short History of,' Lodge's, 329.
'English in America,' Doyle's, 329.
'Ethics, Christian,' Strong's, 160.
'Evangelical Alliance, History of,' Arnold's, 391.
'Evil and Evolution,' 380.
'Excellency's English Governess, His,' Grier's, 184.
'Expositor,' fifth series, vol. iii., 171.
'Expository Times,' vol. vii., 383.

'Fellow Travellers,' Travers', 184.
'Forward, Robert,' Lindsay's, 189.

'Gleanings in the Gospels,' Burton's, 382.
'Gloria Christi,' Finnemore's, 381.
'Gospel Questions and Answers,' Denney's, 382.
'Grey Man,' Crockett's, 394.

'Hannah,' Dawson's, 395.
Hare's Story of my Life, 285; Hares of Hurstmonceaux, 287; Francis Hare's early life and marriage, 289; Augustus Hare and his wife, 291; the Maurice family, 293; family portraits, 295; a child's sorrows, 297; a unique character, 299; Landor and Jowett, 301; travels in Italy, 303; Ruskin and Stanley, 305; two quaint characters, 307; Lady Augusta Stanley and other friends, 309.
'Hawtrey, Memoir of E. C.,' Thackeray's, 175.
'Hornby, Sir Geoffrey Phipps,' Egerton's, 177.
Holmes, Life and Letters of O. W., 77; home life and religious influences, 79; first literary success, 81; medical student and practitioner, 83; professor of anatomy, 85; autocrat of the breakfast-table, 87; place as a poet, 89; Saturday Club, 91; religious opinions and teaching' 93.
'Holmes, Oliver Wendell,' Jerrold's, 77.
'Holmes, Life and Letters of O. W.,' Morse's, 77.
Hort, Dr., and the Cambridge School, 53; Cambridge thinkers and theologians, 55; Dr. Hort's training and university successes, 57; extreme fastidiousness as to preaching, 59; regrets over his unproductiveness, 61; value of his life work, 63; Dr. Hort's theological views, 65; variation from supposed orthodoxy, 67; relation to Wesleyan Methodism, 69; leaders of the Cambridge School, 71; Dr. Hort's Hulsean lectures, 73; characteristics of the Cambridge School, 75.
'Hort, Life and Letters of Dr.,' Hort's, 53.
'Hymns, Treasury of,' Horder's, 188.
'Humble Enterprise, A,' Cambridge's 181.

'Idyllists of the Country Side,' Ellwanger's, 196.

'Jesus Christ, Influence on Work and Workers,' Unsworth's, 165.
'Jewish Life in the Middle Ages,' Abraham's, 390.
'Joubert, Pensées of,' Attwell's, 187.
'Judaism, Studies in,' Schechter's, 389.
'Judaistic Christianity,' Hort's, 53.

'Land o' the Leal,' Lyall's, 395.
'Leonis Papae XIII.,' 205.
'Life and Christ,' Jenkins', 163.

'Magnalia Christi Americana,' Mather's, 328.
'Massachusetts Historical Society, Collections of,' 328.
'Massachussetts Bay from 1628 to 1691, History of Colony of,' Hutchinson's, 328.
'Matilda and the Cloister of Hellfde,' Bevan's, 113.
'Mere Stories,' Clifford's, 185.
'Methodism, Popular History of,' Telford's, 391.
'Monastic Life, from Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne,' Allies', 114.
'Monuments, Land of the,' Pollock's, 389.

'Nahum, Habbakuk, Zephaniah,' Davidson's, 383.
Nelson & Sons' Publications, 396.
'Nuova Antologia,' July 1 to August 1, 202-3; September 16 to October 1, 400.

'Old Stories Retold,' 179.
'Old Testament and Modern Life,' Brooke's, 168.
'Old Testament History for Schools,' Stokoe's, 170.
'Open Face, With,' Bruce's, 379.

'Pilgrim Fathers of New England,' Brown's, 328.
'Poems,' C. G. Rossetti's, 1.
'Poems, New,' C. Rossetti's, 1.
Policy, Growth of British, 32; material action of State upon State, 33; Hapsburg marriages, 35; Queen Elizabeth and her suitors, 37; counter reformation, 39; England's insular life, 41; Stuart policy of family aggrandisement, 43; England and the Netherlands, 45; effect of Cromwell's death, 47; policy of Charles II. and James II., 49; England's debt to William III., 51.
'Policy, Growth of British,' Seeley's, 32.
'Portsmouth Slum, Ten Years in a,' Dolling's, 194.
'Prayers of St. Paul,' Pope's, 165.
'Puritan in England and New England, The,' Byington's, 328.
Puritan Settlements in New England, The, 328; English Colony at Leyden, 329; Pilgrim Fathers, 331; W. Bradford and W. Brewster, 333; Miles Standish—New England scenery, 335; immigration of 1629, 337; Winthrop and Cotton, 339; influence of Plymouth upon Salem, 341; centripetal and centrifugal forces, 343; controversies—Roger Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson, 345; Baptists and Quakers—the half-way covenant, 347; Connecticut and New Haven—the Blue Laws, 349; the Indians—Philip's War, 351; tryranny of Andros—deliverance, 353.

'Quaker Worthies,' Horder's, 174.

'Religious Faith,' Hughes', 381.
'Reminiscences,' Macduff's, 387.
'Review, Methodist,' July—August, 203.
'Review, Methodist,' M. E. C. South, July—August, 204.
'Revue des Deux Mondes,' June 15—August 15, 198—202; October 1—November 1, 398—9.
'Rossetti, C. G., Brief Memoir of,' Proctor's, 2.
Rossettis, The, 1; a refugee family, 3; mother and children, 5; D. G. Rossetti and E. A. Poe, 7; delight in sensuous beauty, 9; Miss Rossetti's health and work, 11; Miss Rossetti's lover, 13; a broadening and deepening life, 15.
'Rossetti, D. G.: Family Letters,' 1.
'Rossetti, D. G.: Works of,' 1.
'Rowan's Trust, John,' Edwards', 395.
'Rumsey's Patient, Dr.,' Meade's, 181.

'Savonarola, Life and Times of, Villari's, 178.
'Scripture and its Witnesses,' Banks', 164.
'Singular Life, A.,' Phelps', 182.
Selborne, Earl, 355; the Roundells, 357; model parish clergyman, 359; his father, 361; W. Palmer, the

High Churchman, 363; outcome of W. Palmer's career, 365; his sisters, 367; crisis of his life, 369; marriage, 371; churchmanship, 373; Sabbath question, 375; Lord Aberdeen and Arthur Gordon, 377.
'Selborne's Memorials, Earl,' part i., 355.
Sheridan, 230; former biographies of Sheridan, 231; Sheridan ancestry, 233; early years and early marriage, 235; his comedies, 237-9; public career, 241; death of his wife, 243; Sheridan and Burns, 245.
'Sheridan; a Biography,' Rae's, 230.
'Siberia, Across,' Wenyon's, 391.
'Smith of Coalville, George,' Hodder's, 389.
'Sociology, Introduction to,' Fairbanks', 192.
'Story of My Life,' A. J. C. Hare's, 285.
'Story of My Life,' Temple's, 386.

'Table Talk of Jesus,' Jackson's, 382.
Theistic Speculations, New, 270; author's general position, 271; other writers of similar views, 273; Divine and human one, 275; latent Pantheism, 277; consequences, 279; effect on other doctrines, 281; extreme positions, 283.
'Theology, Introduction to,' Cave's, 383.
'Things to Live For,' Miller's, 382
'Thorold, Life and Work of Bishop,' Simpkinson's, 178.
'Tressady, Sir George,' Ward's, 392

'United States,' Goldwin Smith's, 329.
'United States, Commentaries on Constitution of,' Foster's, 189.
'United States, Legislation of Congress for,' Farrand's, 190.
'United States of America, 1765-1865,' Channing's, 171.
'United States of America, Religion in the,' Baird's, 329.
Unity, Problem of Christian, 205; goal must be faced, 207; idea of outward unification, 209; Pope's Bull on Anglican Orders, 211; cords of ecclesiastical uniformity, 213; principles of modern Anglicanism, 215; Dr. Arnold's view, 217; Wesley's ordinations for America, 219; the Anglican demand, 221; chief hindrance to unity, 223; difficulties in the way, 225; what may be hopefully attempted, 227; two Bishops on Christian unity, 229.
'Unity, Principles of Ecclesiastical,' Mason's, 205.

'Verses,' C. G. Rossetti's, 1.

'Way, the Truth, and the Life, The,' Hort's, 53.
Woman under Monasticism, 113; mother age, 115; Rome's concessions to popular superstition, 117; Queen Radegund and her convent, 119; nuns at war, 121; convents founded by royal ladies, 123; Hild and Credmon at Whitby, 125; Wilfrith and Cuthbert, 127; life in the convent, 129; a career for noble ladies, 131; Gilbert of Sempringham, 133; Catherine of Siena, 135.
'Woman under Monasticism,' Eckenstein's, 113.

'Young Man Master of Himself,' Farrar's, 382.

'Zinzendorf, Count,' Bovet's & Seed's, 173.