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ART. I.—TIMBUCTOO.

Timbuctoo the Mysterious. By FELIX DUBOIS. Translated from the French by DIANA WHITE. London: William Heinemann. 1897.

EXPERIENCE has led us to expect that a work of travel, written by a cultivated Frenchman, will be replete with charm. It is certain to be marked by diction that is crystal-clear, rippling with coruscations of wit, and quickened by an elasticity of spirit as gracefully worn as it is welcome. In nothing of this does Dubois disappoint us. Dubois is a *savant* who writes with the grace of Sainte-Beuve and something of the sprightliness of Molière. He bears the breath of the Champs-Elysées with him even into the heart of Black Africa, where he turns the broad way of the Niger into another boulevard, alive with *jeux d'esprits*.

In *Timbuctoo the Mysterious*, Dubois proves that the romance of travel is not yet dissipated. We are apt to let go unchallenged Pearson's dictum that the ageing world

grows incurably duller, and that *ennui* will be the plague of the looming century. We fear there will be nothing new to see or to hear, no new sensation to enjoy. Stanley, and the lamented Joseph Thomson, have given this pessimistic sentiment a heavy fall; so, too, have Selous, the Nimrod of South Africa, Mr. Scott-Elliott, and Miss Balfour. Now, Dubois' brilliant record leaves the sentiment all but lifeless. Here is a new fruit of travel. For the first time Europe may read the true story of Timbuctoo, may marvel at her miseries as she fell into the hands of the Veiled Men of the Desert, of Moors expelled from Spain, or of Negraic conquerors—Napoleons of the Sudan. For the first time we may read extracts from her rich store of manuscripts, which contain that unique thing in the world of letters, a Negro literature in Arab characters, and may pore over her hybrid civilization, whose vigour has enabled it to survive frequent national calamity.

For many years there was a race between England and France to get into, and to lay hold of, this great Saharian centre. We admit with good will that our neighbour has outrun us. The tricolour floats over the vast deltas of the Niger, and all that is left to us is "the magnanimous renunciation of what we know we never shall get": this—and the expectation that France will do better for the milder races of her new colony than for the untameable Berbers of Algeria.

Timbuctoo perturbed the imagination of Europe for centuries. Wild legends, often tinged with blood, filtered through from the Sahara, upon hearing which boys dreamed of the hidden city, and men of philanthropy, as well as lovers of exploits, longed to find it. At last all mystery is ended, the fog of ages lifts; Dubois has revealed Timbuctoo. And now men of science, ethnographic, topographic, and other, following in his wake, will drive the picturesque tales of legend from the text of her history to their true position as foot-notes; and before another generation has passed we may expect to become as familiar with the manifold life of the Mysterious City as with the life and ways of Paris itself.

The first European to see Timbuctoo was Paul Imbert. He entered it a slave in 1670. Later on, the French, buzzing about the Senegal border, cast eyes upon the interior, and Colbert, Minister to the Grand Monarque, suggested a plan for reaching the Mysterious City. His plan was sagacious but premature. It fell dead at the time, but has been revived lately, and was crowned with success when, in 1893, Lieutenant Boiteux led his marines to the goal.

England made her first serious attempt when she sent out that prince of explorers, Mungo Park. Though Park never saw Timbuctoo, he was the first white man to sight and describe the inland reaches of the Niger. Dubois, who always speaks of Park with enthusiasm, says:

"The great river exercised the same fascination upon Mungo Park which was experienced by myself, and he returned to it with the intention of descending the river to its mouth (1805). He was accompanied by forty Europeans—thirty-five English soldiers, four carpenters, and an artist named Scott. This little troop, lessened in number by fever, reached the Niger at Bammaku. I found very vivid recollections of Mungo Park below this town. He had been well provided with merchandise, and had displayed a generosity in dealing with the people which had deeply impressed itself on their memories. He was called 'the man with the large beard.'"

The Touaregs—the blight of the Sudan—barred Park's way to Timbuctoo; and, finally, as is well known, his boat was flung upon the rocks of the Boussa rapids, and he himself perished in the waters. The chief relic of his ill-starred journey is a Chinese vase, which the kindly Scot presented to some hospitable natives, and which for many years adorned the summit of the mosque at Samba-Marcalla. It may now be seen upon a shelf in the Colonial Office in Paris (!).

Laing was the next to seek the Mysterious City. He ran the Touaregian gauntlet and entered Timbuctoo in 1828, having taken the northern route from Tripoli. We are indebted to Dubois for fresh and reliable information concerning Laing's death and its cause. That tragic event has hitherto been ascribed to undiluted Moslem fanaticism. The

facts, as collated by Dubois from authorities in the Sudan, are these : Laing bore in Timbuctoo the title of El Rais (the Chief). He was credited, in consequence, with an offensive alien grandeur, which was felt to be menacing. He became busy in the city, and was constantly seen in the open, asking questions, and sketching plans of native buildings in his pocket-book. He desired to be friendly, but lacked skill to win the public confidence. Suspicion gave birth to dislike, and out of dislike sprang foul plottings. "He did not talk to the people and amuse them. If he had done so he would have had friends, and they would have warned him. When Laing was about to leave the city for home, *via* Arawan, he was given into the hands of Sidi Mohammed Habeida, a local Moorish chieftain, ostensibly for safe-conduct, but with the understanding that he was to perish in the desert. "For two days they travelled together, and the unfortunate man was killed at dawn on the third day."

The game now fell to the French. Réné Caillié, a poor boy with a passion for travel, resolved to see the great Saharian city. At the age of sixteen he arrived at St. Louis, in the Senegal colony, but could get no nearer to Timbuctoo till he was twenty-four. Then he determined to succeed or die in the attempt. To invite success, he buried himself in the heart of a Moorish tribe, studied Islam, learned Arabic, mouthed the Koran, and in 1827, dressed like an Egyptian, set out on his hazardous journey—another Vambèry. He entered Timbuctoo in 1828. Scarce a trace of him, however, could Dubois find, for Caillié's disguise was so perfect that he was everywhere received on his own representations, and passed on forgotten, like one of the common herd.

It came to England's turn again. Richardson was sent out in 1850, and with him the German, Dr. Barth. Casualties soon made Barth chief of the expedition. From Tripoli he went to Lake Chad, surveyed and mapped its region, and passing by the north of Sokoto, came to Timbuctoo in 1853. Dubois is brimming with elegant scorn of Dr. Barth's account of the city. There is the play of flame about every allusion to the learned German. We do not

suspect racial animus, however, for Dubois builds up a large solid pediment for his raillery. He is able to show that Barth's pose as an authority upon Timbuctoo is histrionic, not historic, and in a great degree untrustworthy.

"From the day of his arrival to the hour of his departure the explorer lived in Timbuctoo like a prisoner. He was confined to one house, with his own and his host's servants perpetually on guard. He was unable to explore the town, or even to take an hour's walk in its streets, and all he saw of them were the few he passed through, as, surrounded by an escort, he left the city to take refuge in the desert from the hostility of the populace. He only knew Timbuctoo through the eyes of his servants and other people of that class, and that is why this portion of the book is so deceptive, vague, and empty."

The next traveller of note to reach the Desert City was Dubois himself. Dubois went from Paris to St. Louis, thence by the Senegal river to Kayes, the inland river port for the French Sudan—an eight days' steamboat voyage. From this swampy town it is three hundred and forty-one miles to Bammaku, on the Niger. A railway already traverses one-third of this distance, "and will one day carry the traveller right up to Bammaku so easily that we shall be able to reckon it a fortnight from Paris to the Niger."

Here we have a clue to the probable method of future locomotion on the Dark Continent. The watersheds of Africa with their vast rivers seem to have waited for such an age as ours, when science and enterprise are able to take the fullest advantage of them. Let but a few hundred miles of rails be laid down, and Africa will be all but enringed by a connected chain of water-ways and iron-roads, along which traffic may move as smoothly as in Europe. A glance at the map makes clear Scott-Elliott's contention that this is the most feasible way of passing from Alexandria to the mouth of the Zambezi. Stanley, in his work *Through the Dark Continent*, has shown that a sturdy boat's crew may take the traveller along magnificent water-ways from the mouth of the Zambezi to the Congo mouth. A line joining the Zambezi to the Lualaba, with others to skirt the falls on

the Congo, would complete the communications. Readers of Robinson's *Haussaland* are aware that a comparatively short railway from the eastern bank of the Niger would open up that populous and wealthy land. And now Dubois asks for but two hundred miles of metal to bring Timbuctoo and the fertile valley of the Niger within a month's journey of our northern ports.

To go to Timbuctoo from Tripoli or Morocco, across the burning desert, is to court privation ; to go down the Niger *via* the delightful town of Jenne, is to take a prolonged pleasure-trip. The Niger is a glorious river, one to be ranked with the Ganges and the Orinoco. It is more like an inland ocean than a river, its waters break on the shore with the cadence of sea-waves, and when violent winds roughen its broad bosom, the sensation of sea-sickness is not unknown to its voyagers. Dubois was much indebted to the Somnos or Bosos, a tribe of negroes who are the recognised sailors of the Niger. Savage life is bereft of its more sombre colours in his descriptions of these fine fellows. Ample and strong, jaunty and musical from morning till night, they helped to make the voyage a time of delight. A merry amiability is their chief characteristic. Life may be a burden, but if so, they "make it the burden of a song." Neither fierce nor sulky, they would even take the rattan quietly, and before the grey lines left upon their bare ebon skins had faded away, they would fall to the oars with laughter and lilt. Here is one of Dubois' Watteau-like sketches—

"I have seen them set out to the capture of their great prey (the alligator and sea-cow), looking, the black Bosos in his black canoe, like a bronze group against the blinding light. In the bow of the long, narrow, unsteady pirogue, one of their number stands upright in a fine attitude of attack, whilst the other, crouching in the stern, noiselessly obeys the directions of his companions. Silently, they advance till the watchful eye in the bow discerns some alligator asleep on the tide, or some great bearded fish dozing betwixt wind and water. Then the nude silhouette in the bow is strained by a beautiful movement of the free body, the right arm is poised and the harpoon flung, striking the great beast unawares."

Perfect skies and varying scenery accompany the traveller down the Niger.

"Its waters are now blue as the Mediterranean, now grey as the North Sea, and now, again, they were apparelled in the green of the great ocean, while Venus Anadyomenes, in black, sported on its banks, their marvellously sculptured torsos, and their bronze skins, touched into gold by the brightness of the sunshine."

Here and there were to be seen wonderful herds of oxen, troops of horses graceful as the full-blooded Arab, and flocks of sheep with long fleeces. Occasionally, wilder life came within eye-shot, as when near to Lake Debo, four black lions appeared walking in Indian file. They advanced slowly, paused when the sound of the paddles reached them, and after a look of grave disdain, turned away, still keeping their slender line till they were lost in the green woods beyond the banks. Lying on the water were numerous alligators, and at night the pink muzzles of hippopotami snorted along the surface of the current.

Many lovely birds frequent the line of the water. Pelicans are there, and scarlet flamingoes stand among the reeds like red-coats. Flocks of guinea-fowl cry, metallic blackbirds and kingfishers in every shade of azure dart and dive. "Sometimes on approaching the sedgy banks, a strange rustling is followed by a cloud of dust." It is caused by those tiny birds, scarcely bigger than crickets—the millet-eaters. And the trumpet bird, a large black wader, calls with a note like the horn of a French tramway. But the handsomest birds on the Niger, as they are also the most numerous, are the white ospreys ;

"they dappled the banks, looking like flakes of precious snow, with silky reflections made lustrous by the sun. The gracious outlines of their slender forms, the supple necks and long thin legs, stood out in such dainty visions from the green grass and grey banks, that one shot them remorsefully. Alas ! their death-warrant is attached to the base of their slender necks, for it is there that the fragile plumes grow, from which are made those precious *parures* which, mounted in jewelled clasps, place such a charming point of pride upon the forehead of brunette and blonde alike."

How truly Parisian is this, with its deftness and grace, its stagey compassion, the jaunty eviction by vanity of a sweet, if feeble, humanity, and the assurance that the world of lovely sentient life may be put to unutterable anguish to furnish decorations for the pampered jades of Europe!

The Niger or Toliba rises in the mountain chain immediately to the east of Sierra Leone. It starts from a small basin, a few feet wide, to be found in the side of a little hill, covered at the base with a tangle of thorn-trees, creepers and tree-ferns. Eight miles from its source it is eighty feet wide, and sixty-two miles from its source it is three hundred and twenty feet wide. This upland district is a land of unusually heavy rainfalls, all of which, shed to the Niger's channel, result in a river that is imposing ere it has run a hundred miles. Further along it is joined by the Bani, with a mass of waters as formidable as its own, and here the Niger becomes "immense, infinite." Now takes place what Dubois calls "the intoxication of the Niger." The river rushes over the low lands that lie between Diafaraba and Timbuctoo, flooding them far and wide "until a steppe of barren sand becomes one of the most fertile spots in the universe."

The key to the importance and striking history of the Mysterious City is the periodical overflowing of the Niger. Timbuctoo, with its enormous traffic, sits upon the verge of our planet's greatest desert. With a sea of sand upon three sides of it, if it were not for a sea of waters annually flooding its southern territories, the City could not exist. All that can be said of the value of the Nile to Lower Egypt may be said of the Niger in relation to Timbuctoo, and its sister city, Jenne. In point of fact, the area inundated by the Niger, and covered with rich silt, is wider than that overrun by the Nile; for whilst in Egypt the cultivable land is but a narrow strip by the river banks, "the Niger, on the other hand, owing to its immense plains, dispenses its benefits over an extent of more than sixty miles, without the aid of man." As ever, human prosperity is broad-based upon the largess of Nature. Silt and sun support the Sudan.

Passing the cotton district of Nyamina, the traveller reaches Sansanding and Jenne. At Sansanding the conquerors have set up an able native kinglet, by name Mademba. Mademba was trained as a boy in the French school at St. Louis, after which he did good work in the Government's telegraph department for twenty years, and eventually went with Colonel Archinard's valiant column down the Niger. For his services the French have given Mademba a kingdom. Dubois is not a little proud of this stroke of policy. He calls it "a lucky hit," and seems to be brimming with the mingled feelings of a king-maker, and the winner of a lottery-ticket. Mademba is evidently doing at least as well as the average king, black or white: he is undoubtedly a tower of strength to his masters, and a picturesque instrument of civilization in the Sudan. He believes in Mahomet, but is no bigot, for he sends his sons to the Catholic School at St. Louis; and though he is careful to drink water neat when in the presence of Moslems, "no sooner," says the laughing Dubois, "did we find ourselves at dinner, waited on by familiar servants, than red wine and champagne filled both our tumblers." The royal dress is a red fez, a green mantle embroidered in gold, and French medals. Mademba speaks French fluently, has his paper regularly from France, imports seeds from Paris, and is growing northern grain and fruits on the banks of the Niger. The style of his palace is native, but European in furnishing, with its easy-chairs, books, lamps, pens-and-ink, and other articles.

Twelve hours paddling along one of the deep natural channels that link the parallel streams of the Niger and the Bani, brought Dubois to Jenne. From this point in the record fascination accompanies every stroke of the traveller's pen. "Jenne is the jewel of the Valley of the Niger." It is an island city, and supplies a total contrast to everything else man has done in that region. It is the surprise of the Sudan. The town is built of solid houses, laid out in streets, and well-ordered. Dubois at first thought he must have reached Timbuctoo, but his sailors assured

him the Mysterious City was twelve days' journey further on:

"What is this town, then, with its wide straight roads, its houses with two stories, built in a style that instantly arrests the eye? What is this civilization sufficiently assured to possess a manner and style of its own? My thoughts naturally turn to the culture of the Khalifs: the Arabian countries are those nearest to the Niger. But there is nothing Arabic in this style. . . . These buildings have as little in common with the airy palaces of Cairo and Damascus as they have with the delicate and complicated structures of Granada or Seville. This style is not Byzantine, Roman, nor Greek; still less is it Gothic or Western. At last I recall these majestically solid forms. Their prototypes rise upon the banks of another great river, but no life is associated with their image. It is in the lifeless towns of the Pharaohs, it is in the ruins of ancient Egypt in the Valley of the Nile that I have witnessed this art before."

Dubois set himself to fathom the riddle. He interviewed chiefs, notabilities, marabuts and priests. He searched Arabic documents—native Sudan manuscripts—until he struck the trail of the truth. This is what he found: Jenne people are Songhois. They are not of the peoples round about. All the evidence proves them to be descendants of emigrants from the Nile Valley, who made their great exodus when Arab fanatics overran Egypt in the name of Mahomet. Leaving the land where their ancestors had lived for ages under the Pharaohs, they struck westward, through the desert, in which it was impossible for such a race, born beside a great and fertile river, to find a permanent resting place. Forward they fared, till they came to the Niger.

"At Gao they would find a river which would recall the shores they had left, and whose rise and fall fertilized the country in the same manner. Here they would resume their accustomed methods of labour and cultivation. . . . Half the Valley of the Niger they made their own, finding only a feeble and patient aboriginal population there, which has almost disappeared to-day. They founded Jenne, their most western territory, in 775, and made it the market of their empire."

Written documents are supported by living "human documents." The language of the Songhois differs entirely

from the dialects of Sudan. Its roots connect it with the speech of the Nile. The Songhois also bear another facial appearance. The negro is ugly, the Songhois is handsome; and though the latter is nearly as black as the former, his features show him to be of the race of Shem rather than of Ham. And Songhoi architecture is modified Egyptian.

This detached limb of Pharaohonic life had much ado to root and maintain itself in the Niger deltas. Sudan historians record several well-defined eras, brought in as a rule with war and national distress. Three great dynasties ruled in turn, the Dia, the Sunni, and the Askia. Of the first, little is known beyond the names of its rulers. The founder of the second, Sunni Ali, was, before all things, a soldier, "He surpassed all the kings, his predecessors, in the number and valour of his soldiers." But though he greatly extended the Songhois empire, the Moslem Sudanese chroniclers have covered his name with infamy, because he slighted the Koran, and sought to bring Islam into disrepute. The empire attained its greatest power and glory under Askia Mohammed. Askia was a consummate politician, a devout Mussulman, and as terrible in war as the renowned Sunni Ali. In addition to all this he reformed abuses, encouraged learning, and won for his people the victories of peace. His rule extended from the Morocco frontier to Timbuctoo, through the Niger Valley up to Bammaku, and from Lake Chad to the shores of the Atlantic. With the death of Askia Mohammed in the sixteenth century, national decay set in.

Then came the Moors, eager to glut an appetite of years upon the wealth of the Songhois cities. Beginning with a false claim to the Thegazza salt mines, the Moors did not rest until their intrepid warriors had overrun the Songhois land, slaying and looting everywhere. Their plunder was fabulous. The Sultan of Morocco, El Mansour, received so much gold-dust, musk, ebony, slaves, and other precious things, that his subjects were dazzled and stunned by the sight of them. "There were fourteen thousand smiths in the royal palace employed in making the gold into coins."

But the Moors were wasters. They lacked the genius and moral force requisite for the organisation of a prosperous empire over a vast area. In a short time disintegration set in, and within a century from the time of conquest, the freedom of the Sudan was again complete. But its peoples lived in disassociated political groups, whose weakness invited assault by the turbulent and vigorous tribes on their border. The Touaregs came. Originally Berbers expatriated by Latin conquerors, they passed the Atlas mountains into the desert, where their new environment compelled a change in the mode of life. They forsook agriculture, an industry impossible upon the burning sands, and took to a wandering existence, driving herds and flocks from pasture to pasture. Not only their pursuits, but their manners and character were revolutionised by their desert life. They now first adopted the veils which render them such conspicuous objects.

"Owing to their eyes not being accustomed to the glare of the desert, nor their lungs to its sand-storms, they adopted a head-dress of two veils. One, the *micab*, is rolled round the temples, hanging down in front to protect the eyes; the other, the *litham*, reaches from the nostrils to the edge of their clothing, completely covering the lower part of the face. The veils are never removed, even at meal-times, and the garb has become so much a part of them, that anyone being deprived of it is unrecognisable to friends and relatives. . . . Like all peoples thrown out of their natural path their souls and brains became steeped in vice. Their nomadic life soon reduced them to the level of vagabonds and brigands. The only law they recognise is the right of the strongest."

These rapacious and cruel nomads are known throughout the Sudan as "the Abandoned of God." When alone they are cringing beggars, when banded they become thieves and assassins. The Songhois empire fell a prey to these wild men. Then from the west came the Foulbes. Led by men who recall the exploits of Nebuchadnezzar, they swept the Touaregs out of the Niger territories, and settled in the great Songhois cities. It was a Foulbe king who received Major Laing in Timbuctoo and afterwards arranged for his death. In 1860, the Foulbe power was menaced by the

Toucouleurs, a tribe of negro and Foulbe half-breeds. The land was never at rest. Harried by these lawless exploiters, life on the Niger sank into stark misery. Agriculture was neglected, trade was ruined. The canoes and boats of Jenne vanished from river and docks, and the long trains of camels came but seldom to the gates of Timbuctoo. The markets were mere empty echoing spaces; the population was decimated by starvation and slavery; and large areas were depopulated, so great was the emigration of terrorised families.

French influence is changing all this, perceptibly in Timbuctoo, strikingly higher up the Niger, in Jenne and other river-towns. Emigrants are seeking their old homes and new houses are being built. Jenne throbs again with re-born energies, and the faces of her ebon peoples shine again with content and gaiety. The stores are crowded, boats come and go, the quays are full of bustle, and regular markets are held. Shops belt the market-place on three sides, on the fourth is the great Mosque, "as if in reminder that honesty and good faith should preside over all its transactions." In the open are to be seen native and European textiles; black money changers, flanked by little hills of cowries; stalls heaped high with vegetables, kariba (a native vegetable butter that Saharian heat even cannot turn rancid), fish, spices, soap, salt, kola-nuts, pearls, mirrors, matches, knives, and a thousand things besides.

"The butchers' shops are the most characteristic of all. Dead shrubs, retaining only their principal branches, are planted in front, and the joints of meat are suspended from them, while live sheep await their turn of cutlets and chops. Primitive furnaces are established near, upon which you may roast your purchase free of charge, if you buy your fuel from the wood-seller next door. It is just like a London grill-room, but instead of the heavy atmosphere and gloom peculiar to that city, there is the vast sky for ceiling, the brilliant sun for light, the beautiful decoration of an ancient Egyptian town for background, and a crowd of Songhois clothed in white draperies for surroundings."

There is hope that the ancient glory of Jenne will revive, and that she may be once more as in the days when she

gave her name to the Gulf of Guinea, and indirectly to that scarce English coin, "the guinea," so-called because the first pieces were struck from Guinea (Jenne) gold.

One scene in the heart of Old Jenne must be mentioned. There are to be viewed the ruins of the ancient Mosque, destroyed in 1830, by the great Foulbe conqueror, Cheikou Ahmadou. From its broken walls stretches the weirdest spot in Mid-Africa. Here and there, over the rough ground, terra-cotta pipes stand up out of the earth. They are the chimneys of the cave-dwellers; but the cave-dwellers are the dead, for this is the great cemetery of Jenne. Where the crust of the earth has fallen in, piles of skeletons may be seen; so many are there that soon there will be more human dust than common earth in the cemetery. This burying-place is the banqueting-hall for many creatures. Dogs and rats abound. These are preyed upon by magnificent eagles, and crows, which may always be seen hovering overhead. "Legions of red and yellow lizards frisk about in this world of worms." But the lord of the charnel-house is the enormous iguana. This beast riots here with impunity. It would be impiety to harm the reptile—for the Songhois mind retains a feeble survival of ancestral reverence for saurians, several of which were their fathers' gods. So the green iguana flourishes among the Songhois' dead, where it attains the size of a crocodile.

Reluctantly leaving Jenne, Dubois hastened to Timbuctoo. Timbuctoo is not directly upon the Niger. The traveller passes through the north bank of the river into the long winding Pool of Dai, which is connected during flood-time with the Pool of Kabara, whose waters for six weeks of each year glisten under the very walls of the Mysterious City. These pools, during the time of inundation, are forests of tall grass, through which the brawny Bosos pole and punt their boats. As the flood retires the landing-point for boats and vessels is shifted from Timbuctoo itself to Kabara, five miles nearer the Niger, and to the banks of the river. Dubois landed at Kabara.

On approaching Timbuctoo the Sahara parades its strength.

Sand-dunes rise everywhere, mass beyond mass, like serrated ramparts. Winding through these runs the road from Kabara to the City. The way is not yet safe for small parties. Tonaregs may rush from behind any of the sand-hills.

Nothing could exceed the noble appearance of the Mysterious City as seen from afar.

"An immense and brilliant sky, and an immense and brilliant stretch of land, with the grand outlines of a town uniting the two. A dark silhouette, large and long, an image of grandeur in immensity—thus appeared the Queen of the Sudan."

But, alas! this external grandeur is a mirage. No sooner are the walls passed than an opposite impression is gained. The city looks as though it had just come through a siege.

"The foreground, to which the play of sun and shadow had given the distant effect of city ramparts, proves to be a mass of deserted houses, The roofs are fallen in, the doors are gone, the walls are broken and crumbling."

Passing these ruins, the way leads to the great market-place. Here Dubois pathetically asks—

"is this the great market of Timbuctoo? These women with little baskets, selling insignificant little things, for infinitely little sums of cowries—is this the universal commerce of Timbuctoo? Why if I only recall the market of Jenne, this is the most miserable in the world. What has passed here? I ask myself in bewilderment. The houses round the market place have the appearance of being able to stand, but, O my beautiful dwellings of Jenne, how far away you seem!"

The deeper into the city he went, the worse things seemed. He found higher, larger buildings, but they were all crossed with gaps and crevices, as though about to fall. The only part of the dwelling that seemed cared for was the door. In every case this was massive, and protected with heavy armour. What was even more startling in a negro land, it was always fast closed. Right in the heart of the city were "leprous patches," areas of rubbish mingled with poor hovels; and, here and there, wandering Foulbes had their foul little clusters of straw huts fenced about with matting. Dubois' attention was drawn to a large house. It had evidently been occupied by some man of note and wealth. Whose was it? Its owner was a man whose name was

known all over the world, a man with whom the Queen of England had corresponded. El Backay lived here, the great sheik who was host and protector to Barth. Now the house "is a lamentable wreck, ceiling and roof hanging from a lacework of walls," whilst seedlings of the cotton-plant grow as weeds in the courtyard. Pathetic relics of the splendour that dazzled the German explorer!

A strong current of human life fills the streets, where it moves along through loose sand which renders motion as toilsome as upon the dry slipping sea-sands unreached by the tide. Men and women make a shifting mosaic of colour, and a new accent fills the ear at every pace, for in Timbuctoo may be heard all the idioms of North Africa. "This human amalgam is miserably clad, and their untidy, ragged, and dirty coats, are so completely in harmony with their background, that one confounds them with the ruins."

There is a visible and a concealed Timbuctoo. Herein lies the mystery of the city. What one sees at first is, for the great part, illusion—the habitual affectation of an universal wretchedness that does not really exist. What evolution has considerately done for many of our *Lepidoptera*, namely, robed them in a dingy outer dress, this native cunning has for years done for the Queen of the Sudan; individual safety being the object in both cases. From whom does Timbuctoo seek safety in sham squalor? From the Veiled Man of the Desert, the arch-villain in the Timbuctoo tragedy.

Said a native to Dubois—

"Thou hast seen those veiled men in sombre garments covered with red and yellow talismans as though by cuirasses. When they come to us now they are modest, but before the French arrived they walked insolently through the streets, carrying iron spears. Every year we paid tribute in gold, corn, salt and garments. The caravans bound for this town paid them toll in the desert. These were the least of our evils. From one end of the year to the other they treated us as captives of war, as slaves. They were constantly arriving in groups and dispersing through the town. All doors were closed as soon as they appeared, but they beat open the doors. Thou

canst see the traces of the heavy blows of their lances everywhere. We were forced to open to them, they would install themselves in the best rooms, taking all the couches and cushions, insolently demanding food and drink. On departing, they would steal something and spit upon their host. . . . They took anything that pleased them in the markets. They robbed the passers-by in the streets."

In short, they brought a reign of terror. They stole children, they outraged women, they murdered men. They were loathed as the Egyptians loathed the frogs in their chambers, and they were feared more than the black lions of the desert. Under these circumstances, multitudes fled the city. The poorest, who had little to fear from the desert-brigands, and the very rich, who were able to endure the weary blackmailing, alone remained. These adopted a new way of life. They withdrew all signs of prosperity from the open highways of the city, and strove to seal their wealth hermetically from the curious and baleful eyes of the Touaregs; whilst, in the streets they endeavoured to look as much like mendicants as possible. Rags or cheap caps took the place of the snowy turban or the tissues worn by others; old shoes and clouted were substituted for yellow slippers and silk-embroidered red boots. Caftans, shining white vestures, and all the beautiful personal decorations, once so common, are now replaced by scanty, dirty, dowdy robes that would not tempt an indigent robber. The glory of Timbuctoo veiled itself in mean attire: the city became Timbuctoo the Mysterious.

Behind her broken walls and armoured doors is the *real* Timbuctoo, rich, enterprising in commerce, and devoted to learning. Dubois made many friends, who initiated him into the secret of the dilapidated city, and so much did he see of wealth elegantiy applied, of patient persistence in traffic, of cheerful tenacity at the heart of the general terror, that he was full of admiration for the splendour of Timbuctoo's past, and the amazing vitality of to-day.

Timbuctoo is a city of middlemen. They occupy the finest point for assisting the producers of the Niger lands to trade with the desiring clients who come to her from the

desert and the lands of North Africa. Boats come laden from the south, and camels in long caravans from the north. They unload their burdens into the warehouses of the Timbuctoo merchants, who in due course, and for sure profits, pass them out again to camels and boats. It is a city of exchange. No boats are owned in Timbuctoo; they belong to Jenne; no camels are owned in Timbuctoo, they are the property of desert-nomads, who hire them to the traders.

Morocco has become the chief client of Timbuctoo. Camels leave Fez, Marrakesh, Tendouf, and other Moorish towns, half-laden with European and other sundries, such as firearms, cutlery, paper, needles, silk, coral, tea, sugar, pearls and tobacco. They complete their burden at El Djouf with slabs of rock-salt, the most precious import the Sudan receives. Touareg blackmail having been exacted *en route*, the caravans reach Timbuctoo and halt at the camel-camp outside. Fifty or sixty thousand camels have come and returned laden, within the limits of one prosperous year. The Sudanese say, "Jenne and Timbuctoo are two halves of the same city." This is not exact. Jenne is the weightier half, her citizens are creators of commerce, able and bold producers who know how to turn to account the resources of Nature. Timbuctoo creates nothing. She is a link, a depôt, a go-between. Her large commercial houses are mostly branches of Jenne concerns, established for transfer purposes. And the reason why Timbuctoo's fame soars high above that of Jenne is because the former is the trade-goal, the great emporium, beyond which consumers of Jenne's produce need not go.

Travellers halt at Timbuctoo for another reason. She has a reputation for gaiety. They are not all legitimate appetites for which she caters. Timbuctoo is the Paris, the pleasure-ground, of North Africa. Easy manners in the men, and fragile guards to modesty in the women, indicate widespread erotic life, the slime of which gleams ghastly through the silken draperies of Dubois' elegant euphemisms.

Timbuctoo's real splendour lies in her love of learning.

Her University of Sankoré ranks not far below those seats of Mohammedan scholarship which at different periods have been the glory of Cairo and Damascus, of Cordova, and of Fez. When, throughout the Songhois empire, the Egyptian cult retired before victorious Islam, Arabic became supreme as the means of intercourse for all its races. And so the vast accumulations of Arabian learning became available to the Songhois mind. Timbuctoo is the possessor of a large number of families in which scholarship seems to be hereditary. Fathers and sons have been marabouts for generations. These marabouts are the pillars of Sankoré. To them science and piety, always under the guidance of the Koran, are as their very life. These men are venerated; the great chiefs visit them; taxes have often been raised for their use; gifts rain on them; whilst the populace at large honour them, and even credit some of them with the power to work miracles. They are professors and teachers as well as students. And they own marvellous libraries. They have been known to collect from seven hundred to two thousand volumes. These collections have suffered from the ruthless ruffianism of Foulbes and Toucouleurs, but the marabouts and kadis are still well provided with books, and every rich inhabitant prides himself upon owning a few. These books are almost always in manuscript. What Dubois has to say about native Sudanese compositions, especially about that long-coveted work, the "*Tarik*"—a copy of which our traveller brought home for translation—must be read in his book.

France has a great work to do on the Niger. Jenne is quiet, but Timbuctoo is not safe. The desert is at her doors whence the chronic evils that have embittered the past may at any time make new raids. Let France relax her eagle gaze upon the illimitable sand dunes of the North, and the Touareg will be found in the city harrying as of yore. But the possibilities are noble. A century of safety, good government, peace and industry would turn the Niger deltas into a delightsome land. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

ART. II.—ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee, Archbishop of York, Bishop of Peterborough. By JOHN COTTER MCDONNELL, D.D., Canon Residentiary of Peterborough, sometime Dean of Cashel. Two Vols. Isbister & Co. 1896.

A CRITIC lately, in the *Times*, spoke of Archbishop Magee as "a great prelate, a great wit, and a great man." No candid or competent judge of character, after reading these two volumes, will question this judgment. But it is not complete. Dr. Magee was, emphatically, a good man, an earnest and humble Christian. This characteristic pervades these volumes, although of effusive religious phraseology little is to be found. It is rarely found in his correspondence, rarely even in his sermons, although they are full of Christian doctrine and the Christian spirit. But, on fit occasion, when his soul spoke out under deep emotion, his language was that of a fervent experimental believer. In 1883 he was ill for many months, and hung for two weeks between life and death. When Christmas came round he was restored to health and surrounded by his family at his episcopal home at Peterborough. Writing to his bosom and life-long friend, to whom we are indebted for this biography, he poured out his heart in the following words—

"You may well suppose what a happy and a thankful Christmastide it is to us here. To-day, for the first time for the last six months, I received the Holy Communion in the cathedral, and all my family with me. It was a solemn joy to do so. God grant me grace to give myself to Him in fuller and truer sacrifice henceforth in the doing of whatever work He has still for me to do."

Perhaps no man, without anything like eccentricity, ever stood more distinctly apart from all others than Dr. Magee. This arose in no respect from a wilful spirit of independence, it was his unaffected nature which led him to take always

an independent line of thought. His family descent no doubt had something to do with this. In him united strong strains of Scotch, Anglo-Irish and Celtic blood, the Scotch blood coming through his mother. He had English sobriety of judgment, his Scotch strain showed itself in his habit of keen analysis, and of referring everything to the ground of principle—so unlike the Celtic emotional impulsiveness—while his brilliancy of wit and of conversational power, and his unequalled gift of public eloquence, must be regarded as the evidence of his Celtic genius. The combination of these characteristics made him the most powerful debater and the most eloquent and impressive preacher of our generation. Even among the greatest speakers of the House of Lords, he was, by general consent, placed first—a speaker who combined force of argument and splendour of eloquence as no one else has done. In the pulpit, his extempore discourses—all his public addresses were extemporaneous—had a character all their own. Exposition, argument, application, appeal, were blended into perfect consecutiveness and cumulative power. When the fire was fully kindled, he was one of the most rapid speakers ever known ; scarcely any reporter could keep up with him. The aptness and felicity, the vividness and force, of his swift words were as remarkable as his rapidity of utterance; indeed, when most rapid and intense, his eloquence was most felicitous and his use of words peculiarly exact. No wonder that such a speaker found it impossible to write out his speeches or sermons, and soared far above the line of *memoriter* eloquence. For what remains to us of his speeches and discourses we are indebted to reporters ; but these remains represent imperfectly the gifts and force of the speaker. Such an extempore sermon as we have described was one which has been published, with the help of the reporter's notes, in the volume entitled *The Gospel and the Age*, and which was preached at Norwich, in 1868, before the British Association.

"It was the utterance, and all felt it to be so, of one who spoke from experience and intense conviction. Scientific men

came, perhaps, expecting to hear an attack made upon their scientific theories; they only heard the preacher insist upon the existence of other facts, which were neither included in the domain of their investigations, nor excluded by them."

There could be no better judge of the merits of such a sermon, delivered on such an occasion, than Charles Kingsley. In a note to Mr. Peach, of Bath, he said, after hearing it, "It was the most glorious piece of eloquence I ever heard."

It was chiefly Dr. Magee's eloquence that in the first place raised him to his high position as a Churchman. Without this gift his admirable balance of mind and his high character would not have lifted him so far above the level of his able and excellent friend, Dr. McDonnell, whom he found his wisest and best counsellor in all his affairs throughout his life. He was grandson, indeed, of another Archbishop Magee, a learned and masterly theologian, whose work on the doctrine of Atonement and Sacrifice has been one of the treasures of English theology, and who rose almost to the highest place in his Church. But that great prelate's son, the father of the English Archbishop, was not a highly beneficed or a very distinguished clergyman, and his son grew up without patronage, made no great mark at Trinity College, was a diligent reader but never aimed at high distinction as a scholar, entered on his career as a curate of frail health, left Ireland for England—chiefly for reasons of health—whilst still a curate, first gained distinction as a preacher—only local distinction, distinction at Bath—whilst serving as curate a vicar who was himself destitute of eloquence; was elected minister of a proprietary chapel, the Octagon Chapel, at Bath, and presently came to be famous, far and wide, as a preacher of extraordinary gifts and power. From Bath he was called to Quebec Chapel, London; from the London chapel he was quickly promoted to Enniskillen and its rectory, and he rose, steadily, but rather slowly, through a modest line of preferments, till he became Dean of Cork and Chaplain at Dublin Castle. By this time his fame was world-wide; but yet his income was

limited, and in Ireland—where he was annoyed and hampered by Orange narrowness, and where, between rival bigotries and in a world of mutual strife and intolerance, he found himself in an altogether uncongenial and disheartening position—the situation had become so intolerable for him that he wrote to Mr. D'Israeli, making a modest and indefinite request for a benefice somewhere in England. Then it was that the Tory Prime Minister startled and amazed him by the announcement that the Queen, on his recommendation, had called him to the episcopate of Peterborough.

Magee seems never to have belonged to the typical school of Irish Low Church Evangelicals; and after his early years passed in England he found himself quite out of sympathy with them. He disliked their intense Calvinism, and, if possible, he disliked still more their Orange bigotry. At Enniskillen he found his parishioners "much more of Orangemen than Churchmen." From the same place he writes to his friend, the biographer, "Truly, my soul is stirred within me by the Calvinistic Methodism of our Low Church clergy." This was in 1862; and about the same time he writes:

> "Is not our task, first to endeavour to show the thinking laity that there is a middle ground between narrow and ultra-Evangelicalism and the broad, but equally ultra views, of Maurice and Jowett and Macnaught?"

He speaks in the same letters of "endeavouring to set out an Evangelical Churchmanship, in which the writings of the earlier Evangelicals, Simeon, Venn and Wesley, too, would largely help us."

He was greatly troubled also by the bigoted narrowness of the Church Education Society. The National Board offered the clergy of all denominations a system which would in England be described as strongly denominational, only with a time-table conscience-clause, but which in Ireland was officially described as "unsectarian," in virtue of the conscience clause, and of its impartiality in dealing alike with all denominations. This system Irish Churchmen

generally stigmatised as latitudinarian or worse. "They insisted," says Dr. McDonnell, "on having schools, without a conscience clause, into which they might walk at any hour, and give any religious instruction to any child as they pleased." At first Magee himself went with this narrow view. But, after a few years of experience, he entirely changed his views, and, amid much obloquy, joining his force and influence to that of his friend McDonnell, he became one of the chief instruments in bringing the Irish clergy generally to accept the school system of the National Board. The causes which have now been explained made his life in Ireland one of not a little controversy. The course he felt it his duty to take produced for a time some estrangement between Magee and his clerical brethren, and prevented them from ever taking to him as a leader, though at length the estrangement seems to have been overcome. Ill health at this time was added to his troubles, and, in 1862, writing to his friend, he says:

"My life for the last two years has been a busy, hurried, angry, secular existence; and it is good for me to be reminded of the 'end' of it all. My present trial does that effectually. I trust that, if it pass away, I may walk henceforth with a more patient and trustful spirit in my appointed path."

If his fellow clergy, however, were divided as to his merits, the statesmen who administered Ireland from Dublin Castle were not slow to recognise his eminent and statesman-like abilities and the uprightness and breadth of his views. He had become a power in Ireland before he was called from the Deanery of Cork to a bishopric in England. His efforts for the promotion of the corporate life of the Church by the restoration of provincial synods and otherwise were, however, unsuccessful; the Primate and ecclesiastical lawyers succeeded in frustrating them for the time.

That he had, in a very high degree, the gifts and the character fitting him for the episcopate is beyond question. When, after twenty-two years at Peterborough, he was promoted to the northern primacy in January, 1891, the fitness of the appointment was universally recognised. He

was a great counsellor, and a great ruler—strong, enlightened, and equitable—as well as a speaker and preacher of unrivalled force and eloquence. In Ireland he found it his duty to resist Orange bigotry and narrow Calvinism. In England, whilst he could not be regarded as Low Church, still less could he be classed as a Ritualist. He detested Romanising Anglicanism as much as Orange Calvinism.

The history of his life is given in these two most interesting volumes by means of his correspondence, especially his correspondence with the biographer. Occasionally letters, or parts of letters, are inserted which must give pain, that need not have been given. But there is very little ground for complaint on that account. The letters show us the man as nothing else could have done, and happily the correspondence is so extensive and complete as fairly to cover his whole career. It is impossible to imagine letters more vivid, or more full of masculine sense. They brim over with life and with wit. Dr. Magee's wit was little else than the fresh energy of his mind, flung off in epigram or condensed illustration. It sparkles and flashes at every point. The unconsciousness of Dr. Magee's play of mental force in his letters, his conversation, and his best hits in speaking, is one of the special features of his interesting and absolutely individual character.

Dr. Magee and Bishop Wilberforce were congenial friends, and the loss of his brother of Winchester was deeply felt by Magee. After that loss the two leading Bishops, so long as Archbishop Tait lived, were the Primate and Magee. They differed not seldom—once the difference became for a day or two acute—but they were both men of a noble spirit, and they deeply respected each other. It is interesting to observe the alternate touches of criticism and of admiration in the references to the Primate in Dr. Magee's letters; but the settled estimate was that of admiration for a man of great nobleness, as well as ability and strength of character. Their differences were almost wholly the result of temperament and training; one was wholly Scotch, the other was Scoto-Irish, and his dash of Irish was one of his strongest

points. Neither suffers from the full disclosures of the letters in these volumes. Tait, with his temperament and training, was too Erastian for Magee, who had no little sympathy with the best side of the High Church party. In his later years Bishop Temple and Magee became cordially intimate. But Dr. Magee was more than a mere Churchman. He was a man of Catholic spirit, and cultivated friendly relations with the Nonconformists in his diocese. Dr. Stoughton was his friend and his guest. When staying at Worthing for his health, he fell in with a Methodist minister, with whose writings he had become acquainted in his early life, and invited him to a quiet meal at his house. He has left a bright fame behind him, not only for genius and as a ruler in the Church, but as a true Christian of large and noble spirit.

In the reviews which have appeared of these volumes, so far as we have observed, while the brilliant, the witty, the intellectually great, qualities which marked his character have been held up to admiration, little has been said as to his earnest and practical zeal as a preacher to the common people. Yet his evangelistic sympathy and force was a notable feature. In the diocese which contains Leicester and Northampton, there was scope for the zeal and gifts of a Home-Missionary Bishop, and in these respects Magee was not wanting. When he was suffering, in 1882, from marsh-miasma in Peterborough, although "very seedy," as he writes to Dr. McDonnell, yet he adds his hope that he may be "set up sufficiently to do some work in the Leicester mission. Nothing short of positive prohibition from my doctor," he says, "shall keep me away from the mission, and hardly even that." A few years earlier, in 1876, he took a deep and practical interest in the mission to the navvies, which was commonly called the Bishop of Peterborough's Railway Mission. He took three services on one Sunday, and his words were specially addressed to young men anxious to go and to do right, but "surrounded and pressed sore by the temptations incident to the life of those living in large numbers in huts, and engaged on public

works." He had great joy in the mission work in Northampton.

"It was," he says in one of his letters, "a great fact to see 250 *bonâ fide* Northampton shoemakers filling nearly half the new church; to have pointed out to me churchwardens and committee-men, zealous Churchmen and communicants, who, two years ago, were fierce Bradlaughites and infidels. I talked with one of these. I shall not easily forget the quiet earnestness and *modesty* of the man, nor the way he spoke of his conversion through hearing a sermon on 'the Prodigal Son.' It was 'that,' he said, 'that did it.'"

Of all the "good things" in this intensely interesting biography, none are, we venture to think, better worth remembrance than such passages as these. The wise, the witty, the strong man was a simple-hearted preacher to the poor.

ART. III.—THE BRONTË LETTERS.

Charlotte Brontë and her Circle. By CLEMENT K. SHORTER. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

IN reading Mr. Clement Shorter's book on *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, we are conscious of some such feeling as is experienced when looking at a scene through the wrong end of a telescope. The "Circle" at the other end is very small, but the figures that flit across the disc down the vista are human and alive, and when we recollect that this magic tube which has been directed for our benefit back into the past is showing us the daily life of fifty years ago, we find it difficult to shake off the feeling that there is something uncanny about the whole business.

It is as if we heard the voice of Charlotte Brontë, herself, speaking to us out of the past, just as that army of rapt listeners, of whom Mr. Haweis has told us, heard the voice of the dead Browning speaking to them by means of the

phonograph. We might almost fancy that there had hung somewhere, in that shabby Yorkshire vicarage, one of those now old-fashioned, circular, convex-faced mirrors which show their little world in miniature, and that some secret had been discovered by which the mirror, like the sea, could be made to give up its dead, and to show again on its surface the scenes it had once recorded:—the little piece of barren ground outside, with here and there a currant-bush as its sole adornment, where on a fine summer's afternoon the Brontë girls might have been seen picking the scanty fruit; the dining-room where, when the dusk was gathering, they would pace backwards and forwards telling one another their dreams; the kitchen, whither they would wander to harry the feelings of the public as then represented by the solitary serving woman, whose astonished "Lor! Miss Charlotte!" was the precursor of the horrified outcry which was to follow the publication of *Jane Eyre*; and the staircase on which Mr. Brontë would pause on his way to bed to call out "Don't be up late, children," and to wind up the loud-ticking grandfather's clock.

Mr. Shorter tells his story chiefly by means of unpublished letters from the author of *Jane Eyre* herself. He has been so fortunate as to secure the interest and co-operation of Charlotte Brontë's husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, and of the novelist's most intimate friend, Miss Ellen Nussey—both of whom are living. It is to Mr. Nicholls and Miss Nussey, that he is most indebted for the new light he has thrown upon Charlotte's personality. From the literary stand-point, the interest of his book is immensely increased by the publication, for the first time, of many characteristic letters which Charlotte wrote to Mr. W. S. Williams, who was acting as literary adviser to Messrs. Smith & Elder, when *Jane Eyre* was accepted for publication. To Mr. Williams—the father of Miss Anna Williams, and the brother-in-law of Charles Wells, for whom, as a poet, Dante Rossetti had such ardent admiration—is due the honour of Charlotte Brontë's "discovery" (as the barbarous jargon of the day has it). With him she remained

up to her death on terms of intimate friendship, and to him she addressed the most characteristic letters she wrote upon literary subjects.

But Mr. Shorter has not depended merely upon other people for "finds." The amount of research which the book has necessitated must have been enormous, for the matter which fills its five hundred odd pages is almost entirely new. He has played the detective no less than the editor. One might have supposed—from the pertinacity with which he has hunted down every stray scrap of evidence, every scattered relic—that his preface should have been dated from New Scotland Yard instead of from the Strand. As a result, we have a book which leaves the next Brontë historian —if another Brontë historian there can ever be, which we take leave to doubt—with scarce as much as a possibility of finding a chance feather with which to decorate his cap. A rival to Mrs. Gaskell's admirable *Life* the new book does not claim to be. It was to supplement, not to supersede, the work of his illustrious predecessor in the same field, that Mr. Shorter undertook his task, and whatever may be the short-comings (one shudders at the vile pun over which one's pen had almost stumbled) of his book, no one can deny that henceforth *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* must stand side by side with Mrs. Gaskell's great *Life* on the shelf of every Brontë student.

Upon one point we are particularly grateful to Mr. Shorter. He has succeeded in clearing the name of Charlotte's father from the odium which has so long attached to it. Mr. Brontë has been represented, as Mr. Shorter reminds us, as

> "a severe, ill-tempered and distinctly disagreeable character—a man who disliked the vanities of life so intensely that the new shoes of his children and the silk dress of his wife were not spared by him in sudden gusts of passion. A stern old ruffian one is inclined to consider him. His pistol-shooting rings picturesquely but not agreeably through Mrs. Gaskell's *Memoirs*."

That Patrick Brontë has scarcely had justice done to him by Mrs. Gaskell, and by other writers on the

subject of the Brontë family, has for some time been recognised, but it has remained for Mr. Shorter once and for all by documentary proof and by carefully sifted evidence to demonstrate how unfounded was much of the odium that attached to Mr. Brontë's name. There is no denying that Charlotte's father was an eccentric man. He was apt to act upon impulse rather than upon reason. He had a big brain, to which the blood would rush unduly when he was excited, and at such times he would undoubtedly say and do things, upon which outsiders, who did not understand and make allowance for "temperament" put wrong interpretations. And, moreover, he was predisposed to occasional undue indulgence in what, to a man of his temperament, was poison—whiskey. All this must be admitted against him. But so far from being morose and severe to his children, his tendency was (do not his very weaknesses and his pardonable vanity point that way ?) to be an indulgent and weakly amiable father. He was a father of whom his family never spoke except with affection. "He was proud of his daughters, and delighted with their fame," Mr. Shorter tells us. "He seems to have had no small share of their affection. Charlotte loved and esteemed him." There are hundreds of her letters, in which are severe and, indeed, unprintable things about this and that individual, but of her father these letters contain not one harsh word. She wrote to him regularly when absent. Not only did he secure the affection of his daughters, but the people most intimately asssociated with him, next to his own children, gave him life-long affection and regard. Martha Brown, the servant who lived with him till her death, always insisted that her old master had been grievously wronged, and that a kinder, more generous, and in every way more worthy man, had never lived. Nancy Garr, another servant, always spoke of Mr. Brontë as "the kindest man who ever drew breath, and as a good and affectionate father."

Grateful as we are to Mr. Shorter for his defence of Patrick Brontë, we are even more grateful to him for the new light he has been enabled to throw upon Charlotte

Brontë's Brussels life. Mrs. Gaskell mentions, casually, a "Brussels friend" of Charlotte's whose name was not given. Here was Mr. Shorter's opportunity. He ascertained, from a chance reference in a letter, that the name of the friend in question was "Wheelwright," and, realising that could he but succeed in getting into communication with the lady in question, if alive, or with her relatives, if she were dead, a new and hitherto unworked mine of information about Charlotte Brontë might be opened up, he wrote to every Wheelwright in the London Directory. The Fates favoured him, for his first communication fell into the hands of no less a person than the Miss Lætitia Wheelwright, who had known Charlotte Brontë intimately at Brussels, and with whom the novelist continued to correspond after the publication of *Jane Eyre*. To Miss Wheelwright Mr. Shorter is indebted for much that is new and interesting, but most of all for the testimony she is able to bear as to the absolute falsehood of the scandal which has sought to connect Charlotte's name with that of M. Héger, the husband of the lady who kept the Pensionnat at Brussels, where Charlotte resided during her stay in that city. Miss Wheelwright's evidence is authoritative and incontrovertible. It disposes, once and for all, of the silly charge, and clears the character of one of the most heroic of women from the only breath of scandal which has ever attached to it.

While speaking of Charlotte Brontë's life at Brussels, we must not forget to call attention to a newly discovered letter of great interest which is to be found in Mr. Shorter's book. Every reader of *Villette* will remember the dramatic incident of the confession to a Roman Catholic priest of a daughter of Protestantism. Here is Charlotte Brontë's own account of the circumstance which inspired the scene in question. It occurs in a letter to her sister Emily.

"However, I should inevitably fall into the gulf of low spirits if I stayed always by myself here without a human being to speak to, so I go out and traverse the Boulevards and streets of Bruxelles sometimes for hours together. Yesterday I went on

a pilgrimage to the cemetery, and far beyond it on a hill, where there was nothing but fields as far as the horizon. When I came back it was evening; but I had such a repugnance to return to the house, which contained nothing that I cared for, I still kept threading the streets in the neighbourhood of the Rue d'Isabelle and avoiding it. I found myself opposite to Ste. Gudule, and the bell, whose voice you know, began to toll for evening *salut*. I went in quite alone (which procedure, you will say, is not much like me), wandered about the aisles, where a few old women were saying their prayers, till vespers began. I stayed till they were over. Still I could not leave the church, or force myself to go home—to school, I mean. An odd whim came into my head. In a solitary part of the cathedral six or seven people still remained kneeling by the confessionals. In two confessionals I saw a priest. I felt as if I did not care what I did, provided it was not absolutely wrong, and that it served to vary my life and yield a moment's interest; I took a fancy to change myself into a Catholic, and go and make a real confession, to see what it was like. Knowing me as you do, you will think this odd, but when people are by themselves they have singular fancies. A penitent was occupied in confessing. They do not go into a sort of pew or cloister which the priest occupies, but kneel down on the steps and confess through a grating. Both the confessor and the penitent whisper very low, you can hardly hear their voices. After I had watched two or three penitents go and return, I approached at last and knelt down in a niche which was just vacated. I had to kneel there ten minutes waiting, for on the other side was another penitent, invisible to me. At last that went away, and a little wooden door inside the grating opened, and I saw the priest leaning his ear towards me. I was obliged to begin, and yet I did not know a word of the *formule*, with which they always commence their confessions. It was a funny position. I felt precisely as I did when alone at midnight. I commenced with saying I was a foreigner, and had been brought up a Protestant. The priest asked me if I was a Protestant then. I somehow could not tell a lie, and said "yes." He replied that in that case I could not "jouir du bonheur de la confesse," but I was determined to confess, and at last he said he would allow me, because it might be the first step towards returning to the true Church. I actually did confess, a real confession."

The story of Charlotte Brontë, as related in her own letters, is in itself so intensely interesting and picturesque that very little is needed in the way of "setting," but what setting Mr. Shorter has found it necessary to supply is admirably done.

To write a book in the first person, and yet in no way unduly to obtrude one's own personality, must ever be accounted righteousness in a biographer, and where many have fallen, Mr. Shorter has wisely taken heed to his feet. The misgivings which are aroused by a somewhat alarming remark in the opening chapter—that to be interesting the biographer ought, perhaps, to be indiscreet—are fortunately not fulfilled. Our only cause for surprise is that so kindly a critic as Mr. Shorter should have thought it necessary—quite apart from the question whether his strictures are deserved or undeserved—to introduce uncomplimentary reference to two fellow-workers in the same field: Dr. William Wright and Miss A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame James Darmesteter). Our only other matter for quarrel with Mr. Shorter is concerned with his system of classification. He has divided the book into chapters dealing with the various members of Charlotte Brontë's circle—her husband, father, sisters, brother, the most intimate of her friends, &c.—and has sorted the letters to suit this arrangement, instead of printing them in chronological order, which we cannot but think would have been more satisfactory. But in preparing such a volume for the press, one has many points to consider when deciding what system of classification to pursue. Only those who have had experience of similar work can realise the difficulties which have to be faced, and no doubt Mr. Shorter has good and sufficient reason for the plan he has adopted. In regard, however, to the head-lines of the pages, there can hardly be two opinions, and we would suggest that, in future editions, the head-line "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," which is the same throughout the book, might advantageously be retained on the left hand page only. If the right hand pages bore as their head-lines the name of the persons with whom the various chapters deal, the book would be more convenient for purposes of reference. As it now stands, there is nothing to indicate the chapter or the subject, and one has to turn to the "Contents" in order to find out what pages are devoted to any particular subject. In every other respect the arrangement of the book is

excellent. Mr. Shorter has spared no pains to make it a Brontë dictionary as well as a biography; for in addition to a carefully prepared index and a bibliography, he gives us a Brontë chronology which, in view of the non-chronological arrangement of letters, is a great convenience.

Great as is the literary interest of *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*—and it is for its records of literary life and literary people that the majority of readers will in all probability prize it—the chief fascination which the book has for ourselves is concerned not so much with things literary as with what is human. We do not mean to say that one is altogether unconcerned to know what certain shining literary lights of fifty years ago thought of their own and of each other's books, or that there is no interest in hearing how this or that dead and gone author was exultant, indignant, or cast down by the opinion of his work expressed in one of the great "reviews." But life is infinitely more interesting than literature, and the picture which the book gives us of Charlotte Brontë fighting with death for the life of her two loved sisters, and with a worse fate than death for the soul of her unhappy and dissolute brother, fascinates and holds us more than all the records of her literary travails and triumphs. The battle is so fierce, the agony and the despair of it are so terrible and so real, that we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that it is all ended, and can readily understand why the spirits of the unhappy dead are believed to return to the scenes of their sorrows and to re-enact the tragedies in which there they bore a part. No imaginative reader of Mr. Shorter's book could visit the Haworth Parsonage without feeling, as he turned the handle of a door which opened into an empty room, some sense of intrusion upon an unseen company,—without fancying that his entrance had been the signal for the sudden dispersion of startled ghosts.

ART. IV.—JEWS IN ENGLISH FICTION.

1. *The Prioresse's Tale.* By CHAUCER.
2. *The Merchant of Venice.* By SHAKSPERE.
3. *Ivanhoe.* By Sir WALTER SCOTT.
4. *Daniel Deronda.* By GEORGE ELIOT.
5. *Sebastian Strome.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
6. *Reuben Sachs.* By AMY LEVY.
7. *Children of the Ghetto.* By I. ZANGWILL.

OF late years it has been a commonplace of conversation with Englishmen to speak with extremest reprobation of German *Judenhetze* and Russian Anti-Semite ferocity, and to denounce the irritating insults, the oppressions, the plunderings, the wholesale deportations of an industrious unhappy people, in which the fanatic dislike to an alien and obstinate race has expressed itself; while the speakers have rarely failed to dwell complacently on British exemption from these offences against justice and mercy. Yet there was a time when anti-Jewish prejudices, bitter as those of Russ or German, harboured in English breasts, and expressed themselves in insults as unfeeling, and deeds as cruel. Very slowly were those prejudices modified, while the English nation, coming itself into fuller light of liberty, was won first to endure the presence of the Hebrew alien, and then to admit him, though with much hesitation, to share in the rights of citizenship.

After this it could hardly be denied, by men of liberal culture, that he was responsive to kindlier usage, and showed himself a human creature, and no enemy of mankind, one of a race distinguished by its own excellences as well as by marked defects. Yet, even thus, the extraordinary mingling in him of the base and the noble has earned for him more than his full share of disfavour in the land of his adoption, and his persistent separatism has worked to render it hard for either friend or enemy to appraise him quite justly;

one outsider has despised him, another has praised him highly; the estimate of both, it may be, has been erroneous. Perhaps it is only to-day, when some children of Israel have themselves taken the pen and written true words of their people, that the English Jew is beginning to be rightly understood by his neighbour, the English Gentile. Is it not worth our while to note under what varying aspects, and with what near or remote approach to truth, English imaginative writers have portrayed him, in this age, and in others more remote? A few typical examples may suffice us to judge what has been our advance in intelligent toleration, and what may be hoped for Israel from the freer contact with the outer world.

Our earliest great poet and earliest great master of fiction, Geoffrey Chaucer, shall lead us first into his pleasant world of Fantasy—a broad, gay, rich landscape in the promise of springtime, bathed in the warm light of unclouded sunrise; not even the earthly, gross, grotesque figures that mingle in it with more gracious shapes can do away with its special charm of "Maytime and the cheerful dawn." Yet if we look more closely into the rejoicing scene, we shall find on its sunny verdure one blot of sooty blackness; it is where, in *The Prioresse's Tale*, the figure of the "cursed Jew" is brought forward as a mark, not of sportive mockery, but of hatred too deadly to be blent with derision. The story of the little child who roused murderous hate in the inmates of "a Jewerie" by carolling loud and clear his new-learnt hymn, "O alma Redemptoris mater!" as day by day he passed their doors on his way to school, stands grim and dark among the *Canterbury Tales*, a witness to the banned existence of the Jew in mediæval England, as elsewhere in Europe, and to the fierce suspicion with which he was regarded.

To the Prioresse and her poet-creator, the Jew, enclosed in his Ghetto, is no better than some specially loathly spider encamped in its web; he is for them only the envenomed enemy of Christianity, a creature made up of cursing and bitterness. What more natural for him than to resent as an

intolerable insult the child's loud chanting of the praise of the Virgin Mother?—what so likely as his avenging that insult in the blood of the innocent offender? The legend of the crime and of its miraculous detection is told with entire faith, and with a significant reference to the fate of "young Hew of Lincoln, slain by cursed Jews"—one of the too familiar tales of child sacrifice that have haunted the painful path of Israel all down the Christian centuries; a story which, sung in ballad form by wandering minstrels, did its part in embittering English feeling against the outcast nation, actually banished from England when Chaucer told his tale.

From that dawn-time of English literature we pass to the great days of the drama. Two famous playwrights turn to profit the general abhorrence of the Jewish usurer, and make his imagined plottings against the lives of Christian men their theme; Marlowe's savage caricature in *The Jew of Malta* is followed by Shakspere's immortal picture in *The Merchant of Venice*. In drawing Barabbas, his hideous Jew, "the mere monster who kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, and invents infernal machines," Marlowe was simply embodying common English opinion concerning the Jews, driven forth of England so early as the reign of Edward I. Ignorant hate inspired that tradition, and the playwright gave vivid and violent, but scarcely exaggerated, expression to it. But it is far otherwise with Shakspere's masterpiece, the only really adequate appreciation of Jewish character, in its unlovelier aspect, produced before the present century, by any imaginative writer. The author of *The Merchant of Venice* might have been able to study from the life the Judaic traits he reproduces—the hard, but real, patriotism, the secret scorn for the injurious inconsistent Christian, the stiff tribal prejudice, the singular mixture of craft and boldness employed in the pursuit of revenge for wrongs long unwillingly borne with inward fierce resentment—these, one might suppose, must have been seen in action to be so well understood; and, indeed, some students of the play are inclined to credit its author with personal

knowledge of Venice and of its Jews, whom he has drawn with unflattering and unloving skill. A far more intelligent, but a not less real, dislike than that inspired by Marlowe's coarse misrepresentation would be produced in those who first watched with delight the unfolding of Shylock's character, and the unravelling of his murderous schemes, and exulted in the completeness of his overthrow; the kindliest feeling that an Elizabethan audience would carry away from that spectacle could only be a sort of humorous scorn for the defeated, humiliated, ruined usurer, caught in his own snare; for the cheated, plundered father, whom his only child deserts for a Christian lover. Yet is it very much that Shakspere should have seen in the Jew a man of like passions with other men, heir to the long injuries of his people, justly claiming to have suffered in his own person from maddening contempt and insult, while he has little reason to render thanks for that boasted Christian gentleness and mercy, which compels him to apostacy, and, while leaving him life, take from him the means by which he lives? Pitilessly hard, incapable of discerning that he sins in standing on mere legal right when he does so with intent to murder, this Jew still owes much of his deformity of soul to Christian ill-usage; Shakspere has discerned this, and made it evident—an astonishing achievement for this son of the sixteenth century, and a sufficient proof of his intellectual sovereignty, were there no other.

It was long before any Jewish portrait, even remotely comparable to the unsympathetic but living delineation of Shylock, was drawn by an English hand. The Hebrew, permitted at last to return to England after the Restoration, dwelt among us many years an unloved alien, and his self-seeking greed, his usurious practices, too often furnished a theme for the mockery of witty dramatists like Sheridan, and of other writers less famous; till another great artist in fiction awoke to the more serious, picturesque possibilities of the despised Oriental money-lender, and Scott gave us in *Ivanhoe* that sordid, yet pathetic, figure of Isaac of York; that noble and heroic form of his daughter Rebecca—shapes

much less realistically faithful than Shylock and Jessica, but drawn with an amount of tenderness which tells us that a new era in toleration has opened. Isaac is depicted, indeed, as a servile crouching money-lover, not incapable of insolent self-assertion if it should be absolutely safe, and too ready in using that pitiful weapon of the weak—prevarication that merges into falsehood. But we are not allowed to forget that his timid guilefulness is that of a feeble, hunted creature; and that, if he holds to his hoarded wealth with frenzied tenacity, to that wealth alone he owes the bare right to live in the midst of a community that loathes him and his, and only tolerates him because of his financial usefulness. To him Scott has attributed in full measure the strong domestic affection of his people, without indicating how that affection could on occasion transform itself into the savage feeling displayed by "the Jew whom Shakspere drew," who, in his wrath against his apostate child, would gladly bury with her death the gold and gems of which she has robbed him; "I would my daughter were dead at my feet, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" Isaac of York is imagined as a creature of softer mould, holding his fair, wise, high-hearted Rebecca dearer even than his hoarded wealth, since for her sake he will make some sacrifice of that "god of his idolatry;" feeble-hearted as he is, there is little Jewish bitterness in him; witness his kindly will towards the Gentile Ivanhoe, who has shown him some kindness; he will take some pains to serve this benefactor, and incurs some risk of loss for his sake. The contrast is more dramatic than probable between Isaac and his noble daughter, so justly proud of the past glories of her race, so humbly acquiescent in its present humiliation; merciful and generous to all, be they children of Israel or not; constant under fierce temptation, possessing her soul in lofty calmness amid the most appalling perils.

While the magician's spell is on us, we esteem father and daughter both as real, and accept the large-hearted wisdom and vestal devotion of the one as implicitly as the tremulous

weakness of the other; yet, for all the Scriptural fashion of their speech, there is so little of the true Jewish colour about them that they will not endure comparison with the harsh powerful portraiture of Shylock. A daughter of Israel might indeed give proof of virtue no less lofty than Rebecca's; but it would express itself in another guise. The gentle generous Scott chose probably to draw on his large historic imagination rather than on reality when he wished to depict this Israelitish parent and child. But the pity, sympathy and interest, aroused by his idealised representation were not the less a gain for the cause of humanity.

It is "a far cry" from *Ivanhoe* to *Oliver Twist*, yet Charles Dickens is the next great master who can furnish us with such an illustration of our theme as we need consider. He, who fell heir to much of the popularity of Scott, in his turn, made capital of the peculiar position held by the Jew in popular esteem, and gave us two widely contrasted portraits of scions of the Chosen People, whereof the second was, as is well known, intended as a sort of atonement for the first. Some atonement was indeed called for; nothing could well be more odious than that assemblage of vile human qualities known to lovers of Dickens as the Jew Fagin.

At first sight there is a remarkable air of realism about the scenes of *Oliver Twist*, which are darkened by the presence of this fiendish being; their dinginess itself seems warrant for their verisimilitude, especially when we turn upon them eyes fresh from the brilliant romance of *Ivanhoe*. That grimy thieves' kitchen, black with age and dirt, peopled by poor, common, ungainly British thieves and uncomely harlots; that villainous looking old man, the presiding genius of the place, whose sinister features are shadowed by matted red hair, and whose shrivelled form is wrapped in greasy flannel—surely there is nothing but grimmest reality in a scene made up of such elements. And yet the Fagin of Dickens lacks actuality, considered as a typical Jew, and has less that is genuinely characteristic about him than Isaac of York. Thief-master and teacher, discovered to us at first in the un-Hebraic act of cooking sausages, he has

broken so completely with his people and their ways, that none of their stiff prejudices as to the habits and food of the Gentiles cleave to him, and scarcely a trace of their peculiar diction can be discerned in his speech. He is a mere embodiment of cruel, remorseless, pitiless greed of gain, labelled with the name of "Jew" to make it more hateful. Love of lucre makes him more than willing to undertake the poisoning of a soul, and his vindictive rage at being foiled in that gainful enterprise, leads him on to the instigation of a peculiarly cruel murder—a sin one degree darker than his exultation in the fate that has fallen on many of his thievish clients, who, safely hanged out of the way, cannot betray their original betrayer and tempter, enriched by their thefts; and his ruthlessness towards others is balanced by grovelling cowardice in the face of personal peril. He is the apt caterer for every vice, he thrives on every sin, and in all his business there is not one redeeming feature.

Is it impossible that a renegade Israelite should be such an embodiment of all that is evil? Perhaps not; but assuredly it is most improbable that amongst a crowd of utterly depraved associates, a Jew should stand alone in the attainment of such heights of wickedness; and it was with justice that one of the nation libelled by the special association of such qualities with its name, made protest against the unfairness of the picture. An attempt to remedy the wrong was made in *Our Mutual Friend;* but the character therein introduced of a benevolent transparently guileless Israelite, who, in his confiding affection for a supposed benefactor, is willing to play the part of a heartless usurer, in unquestioning deference to the will of the sordid English money-lender, who employs him out of feigned charity, is something too impossible; and it remains colourless and flat in its magnanimity, its patience under injury, its tranquil superiority to insult and persistence in well-doing. There is an obvious intention to invest this figure with the distinctive Jewish air that was lacking in Fagin; but the stately serious fashion of Riah's speech, like his white-haired

venerable aspect, appears rather artificial; both make a curious impression of being theatrical properties.

One may dismiss this attempt to remedy an injustice as being a well-meant failure; yet it witnesses, taken with the character of Fagin, to the double current of feeling in regard to Israel—the sense of something superior and possessing high affinities, the opposed sense of something ignoble—which expresses itself in Scott's picture of Rebecca and her father.

We need not dwell very long on those grandiloquent passages in the writings of the late Lord Beaconsfield, which, as a novelist, he devoted to the glorification of his race. Lords of the money-market such as his *Sidonia*, with their preternatural intelligence and fabulous Oriental magnificence of liberality, are fictions too remote from the possibilities of everyday life, belonging rather to the world of the Arabian Nights; and the Hebrew heroine of his *Tancred*, who far outdoes Scott's Rebecca in the exaltation of her patriot passion, is but a visionary shape, endowed with impossible perfections by her creator, to make her a fit medium for impressing on a scornful generation his proud estimate of the vast unsuspected influence wielded through all the ages by the gifted sons of Israel—masters of mankind, according to him, in every field of thought and achievement. True or false that estimate, the characters called out of the realms of fancy in order to express it are but shadows.

A popular English novelist of a very different school, with no personal reason to actuate him but his unvarying ambition to present the very truth of things, has given us his idea of what a son of Jacob might be in good and evil; and humble as is the sphere in which moves the Isaac Levi, of Charles Reade's *Never Too Late to Mend*, he is drawn with a vigour and consistency that make him better worth considering than the superb hero of Disraeli. Faithful always to his self-interest, he will do much for those to whom he owes gratitude; keenly resentful of injury, he is keenly sensitive to kindness; astute, able, patient, he is seen following up a long-cherished revenge with terrible ingenuity

and persistency, yet he can be softened towards a fallen foe who asks of him justice tempered with mercy; and there is even a certain grandeur, a sort of Scriptural majesty about him, despite the crooked methods by which he exacts retribution from one who has insulted and oppressed him. His hard righteousness in business transactions, his active benevolence towards those whom he can serve without endamaging himself, the grave and lofty tone of his rebukes to foolish wrong-doing—all are aptly combined so as to produce a strong impression of reality. Yet, excellently imagined and portrayed as it is, this character also is much more a creation of its author's fancy than a picture wrought in presence of the living model. The details would be far other in that case; but at least there is none of the unpleasantness of caricature about the idealised figure, and its effect on the spectator is all in the direction of inclining to fair and just judgment of the nationality personified in Isaac Levi.

It was a new idea that possessed George Eliot, when, with the most serious intention to do justice to an ill-understood people, and to represent things exactly as they are, she made Jewish life, Jewish hopes and dreams, Jewish character, both of the more sordid and the more exalted sort, the leading interest in her *Daniel Deronda*. The great realistic writer knew better than to depict such extremes of vice and virtue as are exemplified in the bad and good Jews of Dickens. Her scheme of colour included nothing darker than the despicable meanness of the gambling opium-eating Lapidoth, bent on exploiting for his own sordid advantage the gifts and graces of his innocent daughter; whom, with that end in view, he has stolen from her mother, careless if the end be secured in fair ways or foul. Lapidoth is sufficiently contrasted with that poetically guileless daughter, Mirah, the "pearl whom the mud has only washed"—with his austerely pious son, the patriot dreamer whose suffering existence is consecrated to the visionary hope of achieving the regeneration and restitution of Israel. Taking these figures as representing the opposed poles of Hebrew

character, George Eliot made more strenuous, and, on the whole, more successful efforts than any of her forerunners, to secure proper local colour, and to make her characters think and act according to hereditary use and wont; but it must be admitted that none of the others are so life-like as that pawnbroking family of the Cohens, heartily and complacently vulgar, who are revealed to us, a pleasant Rembrandtish group, dark-eyed, genial, prosaic, clad with barbaric richness of colour and ornament, in their fire-lighted home on the eve of the Sabbath. Their guest, the sad enthusiast, Mordecai, whom they entertain from mixed motives—kindly pity, respect for his learning, and value for him as a cheap workman, a gratuitous teacher, and a means of earning merit for good works—is much less human and probable than his hosts; his mystical exultation is too unvarying, his aspirations, however eloquently expressed, seem formless and unsubstantial, and it remains extremely doubtful what is his exact position towards the faith of his fathers, though, as there are not a few Jews of superior attainments and character, whose position as believers is similarly uncertain, this point can hardly be regarded as impairing the verisimilitude of the creation. The gracefully-drawn figure of his sister Mirah, the Jewess ignorant of her religion and divided from her people, but passionately bent on cleaving to both, since it is her birthright duty so to do, a heritage from her dimly-remembered mother—is a fine, though purely imaginary, creation. One begins at last to suspect the pair as disguised Positivists of their creator's own school; the skilfully imposed colouring of Rabbinical allusion and Hebrew phraseology in the one case, the elaborate simplicity of manner in the other, seem the only things really differentiating them from Deronda the over-cultivated, Anglicised Jew, whose opinions are not so distinctively Christian as to be any bar to his conforming to all the requirements of the synagogue.

Unreal as the picture is, despite its carefully-studied details of Jewish modern life, it was too favourable in intention not to displease many; and a curious countercheck to its

supposed flatteries was attempted by Julian Hawthorne in his novel, *Sebastian Strome;* a story of wrong-doing and expiation, in which the most odious part is assigned to a certain Selim Fawley; a youth who has been expensively educated and duly launched in the most respectable London society attainable; his father, a thriving Jewish banker, intending that his brilliant son, who has taken high honours at Oxford, shall advance the fortunes of the firm and family by achieving an advantageous marriage connection with a wealthy heiress of irreproachable English family. The end is attained, but by methods of extraordinary baseness. Father and son are both represented as cynically indifferent on points of honour, and, indeed, of common honesty; and there is a scene between them, in which the elder man lays his commands on the younger to recompense him for the "£20,754—I don't count the shillings and sixpences"—expended on launching him as a "first-clash English shentleman"—which is all but impossible for brutal frankness. There is a formidable rival in Selim's way; he is instructed that it was his duty to have kept on friendly terms with this rival, and so to have possessed himself of any injurious secret that could be used to the rival's displacing. "There's two times," says this unscrupulous parent, "when I know I can trust a man; when I can beggar him, and when I can shame him; and shaming is twenty per cent. better than beggaring."

And on such a hint Selim acts, with a dramatic ingenuity all his own; he trades on his knowledge of some dark elements in the character of his rival, divines the difficulty he has sinned himself into, and plots so effectually that exposure and disgrace are inevitable; then he makes his own market of the wounded outraged feeling of the girl whose betrothed lover he has helped to "shame."

It does not affect his matrimonial intentions when he is authoritatively apprised that there are elements of gravest danger for his future wife in his own mental condition; what of that, when marriage means prosperity for him, and celibacy financial ruin?

Nothing is neglected that can make the picture repulsive. The attractive exterior, and the winning insinuating manners, that mask the sensuous selfishness of Selim Fawley from those among whom he moves and lives, are so described as to appear odious; there is some insistence on physical peculiarities carefully opposed to those attributed by George Eliot to her Jewish heroes; Fawley's red lips, small moist brown eyes under wide, short, black eyebrows, and husky, caressing, whispering voice, are traits full of unpleasant significance. Bred up in full knowledge of his Hebrew origin, as Deronda is not, Fawley is quite free from tribal prejudice of every sort; he willingly attends the lady of his love to a Christian church, he does not forbear to feed on swine's flesh, he describes himself, not as a Jew, but as an Englishman—of "Semitic descent" indeed, but not the less English. When first introduced, "a veneer of charity and humanity enveloped him;" but this is soon all worn away, his selfishness grows by indulgence, and stands forth undisguised; and he is already a moral ruin when physical ruin also overtakes him, and he perishes in the midst of his days, bankrupt alike in character, money and position; his unscrupulous father being at the same time dragged down in the vortex of the wild speculations into which the son plunged in his years of unsuspected mental aberration.

A character and a story more carefully opposed in every particular to the character and the story of the altruistic Deronda could not well have been invented; but if the intention of the author was to supply a corrective to the false impressions that George Eliot's picture of improbable Hebrew perfection might produce, he overshot the mark. The cynical conscienceless Fawleys, father and son, cannot be accepted as typical representatives of their race, save by those who are committed to anti-Semitic dislike too strongly to be capable of fair judgment And the hand of the outsider is evident in the attempt to describe old Fawley's Judaic peculiarities; mispronunciation of the *s* after familiar Anglo-Jewish fashion alone stamps his diction with the

brand-mark of separatism, otherwise quite lacking to his personality, as to that of his son. Nevertheless, it can hardly be doubted that the cosmopolitan son of the New England master of romance has not written this anti-Semitic story without the prompting and inspiration of some actual experience or knowledge.

A far more damaging indictment was preferred against the Israelite ambitions of winning high place in English society, when the ill-fated Amy Levy, who knew her world as a Gentile cannot, put forth her *Reuben Sachs; a Sketch;* and drew a melancholy, but not too improbable, picture of the heart-despair that might be the portion of a sensitive, tender, deeply thinking and deeply feeling girl, fated to live amid the hard conditions of modern prosperous British Judaism, where materialism and mammon-worship are recognised frankly and held wise and necessary, and obedience to their requirements counted a serious duty; while religious faith and feeling, very dimly realised, are supposed to be all on the side of the imperative obligation to attain worldly success—a creed not unheard of in the outside world, which, however, will not avow it as openly, or act on it as genuinely.

So far Amy Levy is at one with other critics of her people; but it is hers to show us imprisoned souls, cherishing other ideals than those of mere material achievement, and beating their wings vainly against the bars of the cage in which their elders live contented—or learning to accept, sadly, an unworthy submission to their captivity. Here are the nobleness of Israel and the sordidness of Jewish character and training again depicted; but is the picture wholly true?

Somehow there is a weird life-likeness about every member of that strange, half grotesque, half pathetic family group, which, overweighted with splendid array, we see gathered in drawing-rooms, far too sumptuously decorated, around Reuben Sachs, the pride of his house, the young brilliant University man, rising barrister, and successful Parliamentary candidate; or wearing out with

him in the synagogue, the long fasting hours of the Day of Atonement—an occasion not to be disregarded by the most pagan or sceptical of Jews. They are very much alive, those sad-eyed elderly women, unsatisfied and heart-hungry amid the wealth and gorgeousness which they continue to esteem as the chief good of existence; those younger, richly costumed matrons and maids, widely diverse in character, but all, whether bitterly sceptical, or calmly practical, or simply womanly, pledged to the pursuit of fashion and fortune; that white-haired, shrewd, prosperous grandfather, who, his fortune won, fills up the leisure hours of his life's evening with constant mechanical muttering of Hebrew prayers; those grandsons of his who conform, like him, to the exactions of the national religion, but in ways so diverse; some, ignorantly and unthinkingly: some, with irreverent mockery; some, who are afflicted with genius, with impatient disgust; and some, like Reuben Sachs himself, with practical philosophy, holding the Jewish religion in affection for the sake of the Jewish race; but none, to the astonishment of the aristocratic Gentile convert, who comes among them full of ideas of *Daniel Deronda*, with deep intelligent heart-conviction.

"I have always been touched," says one of the characters, referring to that famous book, "with the immense good faith with which George Eliot carried out that elaborate misconception of hers"; and another responds, in a "reasonable and pacific way," that "it is no good to pretend that our religion remains a vital force among the cultivated and thoughtful Jews of to-day."

The disappointing words have the ring of reality. Yes, these creatures are no mere wire-worked puppets, who, while made to act and express themselves in such melancholy fashion, work out the tragedy of the little story. The "sketch," however, remains a sketch only, and represents but a section of a vast society. We shall find modern Hebrew life and feeling in its totality, better reflected in the remarkable Jewish books of Zangwill.

It was a strange, complex world, full of thronging,

stirring life, and embracing all but the highest and lowest extremes of social existence, that was revealed to a surprised and interested public when the *Children of the Ghetto* first appeared; the Ghetto therein described being the unwalled region of London lying in the vicinity of Petticoat Lane, and its inmates restricting themselves to its well-recognised limits from immemorial use and wont, not from any outward compulsion. But the writer does not content himself with depicting their sordid, yet eager and hopeful, life; nor with taking into his survey the ways and doings of those "Grandchildren of the Ghetto," compeers of the characters in *Reuben Sachs*, who are willingly forgetful of the squalors of the East-end, except on the rare occasions when they appear amid them as almoners and benefactors; he bids us recognise the existence, among both the high and the lowly, of really elect Israelitish souls, capable of an ideal devotion to hopes much larger than the political independence of Judah, or the acquisition for it of a national centre in Palestine—those aims which, as far as can be discerned, would content the aspirations of a Daniel Deronda, but do not suffice for the rare enthusiasts pictured by Zangwill. He has shown these dreamers and idealists as being few indeed in number, but significant by their mere presence of a real life still warm in the heart of their race. "Though Israel has sunk low, like a tree once green and living, and has become petrified and blackened, there is stored-up sunlight in him." So, by the mouth of Joseph Strelitski, his one exponent of the idea that "the brotherhood of Israel will be the nucleus of the brotherhood of man," speaks Zangwill; and so far one may believe he is at one with his mouthpiece; for a real reverence, such as is not accorded to a dead, outworn thing, informs his pictures of the strange life of the London Ghetto, wound about with its close clinging network of mechanical pious formalities; and this feeling is not the less genuine because that life is painted as being either a constant struggle with poverty or an eager pursuit of what passes for wealth.

We are not intended to despise the tailor family, which

we first surprise noisily celebrating a betrothal feast in the dark crowded rooms, where the click of the sewing-machine, worked by the buxom daughter, is so seldom still; nor the too sedulous student of the law, reduced to hawk lemons after total failure in every other occupation, who meekly stands in the uncleanly, bustling street, crying his wares, bought with charity-money, in the hope of earning a crust for his motherless children; nor that over-shrewd Shadchan, or professional match-maker, eager in the pursuit of his well-recognised calling, at whose "Bar-mitzvah party" we assist, with due admiration for its thrifty festivities, which honour the important day when the Shadchan's son attains his religious majority with his thirteenth year; nor the Shammos or beadle, glad to supplement his scanty salary with the small fees of a letter writer; nor any of that mixed multitude of "hawkers and pedlars, tailors and cigar-makers, cobblers and furriers, glaziers and cap-makers," mostly of alien birth, who elbow each other in the scramble for the bare means of life, and fill the thick air of the Ghetto with chatter in Yiddish, and quibbling on strange points of ceremonial righteousness. For intense is their faith in the value of the quaint observances which outsiders hold so trivial, solemn to them is the importance of the proper cadence to be given to the prayers in the synagogue, the proper gestures to accompany them; of the rightful killing of meat and cooking of food; of the often repeated prayers, and the very perfunctory ablutions with no relation to cleanliness; of the due celebrating of feasts under whatever difficulties of grim London surroundings. These, and a hundred other like performances are gone through under a solemn sense of binding duty which lends to the poor, common, coarse lives of the sons and daughters of affliction a dignity lacking to their wealthier, indifferent or sceptical compatriots—a dignity seen at its height in the gentle-hearted bigot, "Reb" Shemuel, who, though full of tenderest pity for sorrow and need, destroys his daughter's hopes of happiness out of reverence for the mere letter of a misinterpreted law—and does so without losing the reader's sympathy.

But if our author renders honour to the rough, hard husk of ritual, which is the protecting envelope of a living seed, he shows us also how intolerable can be the pressure of the "yoke of bondage," and gives many instances of revolt on the part of the Children, as of the Grandchildren of the Ghetto—revolt that is due sometimes to the mere longing for lawless freedom, but sometimes also to the sincere passion for something more beautiful than traditional narrowness, and always then significant of a new stirring and surging of vital forces that may work for good. The intention to suggest far brighter possibilities than were contemplated by the sad-hearted writer of *Reuben Sachs* is accented by the leading part assigned in the *Children of the Ghetto* to a young Jewess of genius, author of a novel—*Mordecai Josephs*—as unfavourable in its strictures on Jewish materialistic vulgarity as the work of Amy Levy.

A daughter of the Ghetto, Esther Ansell, has known the sharpest pinch of humiliating poverty, in days when she shared a garret-room with three generations of her family, and beguiled hungry hours with dreaming over a "little brown book"—a New Testament, obtained by barter from a schoolmate—which fascinated her strangely, devout little Jew-maiden as she was. Memories of that book are clinging to her thoughts in the far different surroundings into which she is lifted by the kindly caprice of a wealthy, childless patroness who, fancying the girl's cleverness, has adopted, educated and developed her into brilliant womanhood. But the unquestioning piety of childhood has been crushed out of Esther; hard experience, widened knowledge, and the new atmosphere of indifferentism and luxury, have made her sceptical. Familiar with both the squalor and the gorgeousness of her people's existence, she finds both equally repugnant; and it is a sort of æsthetic disgust that expresses itself in her crude, anonymous novel, which so displeases her patrons that she dare not avow the authorship. But a saving influence comes into her life with Raphael de Leon, one of Zangwill's idealists, the philanthropic, highly cultivated scion of a wealthy family, who aims to promote

the regeneration of Israel by accepting the editorship of a new, strictly orthodox, Jewish paper, and whose impassioned belief in the Divine mission of his people surprises the girl pessimist.

Disillusion awaits Raphael, whose new task, undertaken from pure disinterested zeal, makes him acquainted with too much that is absurd, narrow, fantastic, self-interested, in his orthodox Jewish co-workers, and who has to resign his post under unfriendly pressure, after much difficult self-denying exertion; but his unpleasant experiences only work to the enlarging of his ideas, and his persistent patriot enthusiasm begins to tell on Esther Ansell, who slowly re-awakens to a sense of real but defeated grandeur in the race and religion she has criticised and scorned, even while she struggles fiercely against the tender deep attachment growing up between herself and Raphael. Wrath against her own false position seizes her; she breaks the ties that bind her to her luxurious home, and tries to lose herself anew in the unsavoury mazes of the Ghetto, to which a mysterious attraction draws her, although her own kinsfolk have long left it for America; she longs for "the old impossible Judaism," though she calls it a forlorn hope; she plans to escape from Raphael by uniting herself anew to her distant family, for she fears to injure him, not being able to share his dream that Israel should yet develop into "a sacred phalanx, a nobler brotherhood," commissioned to exemplify to the world a mystic religion all unselfishness, righteousness, and love. "Your new Judaisms," says she "will never appeal like the old, with all its imperfections. They will never keep the race together through shine and shade as that did. They do but stow off the inevitable dissolution." And yet the dream has power on her imagination, despite the resistance of her intellect; it returns on her with overwhelming force when, on the eve of sailing for America, she obeys immemorial habit and betakes herself to the synagogue on the day of the Great White Fast. There, shut up among the women, she listens to the surging sounds of prayer that ascend from the men's chamber, with ever-

growing emotion; she thrills to the mighty cry with which the whole congregation proclaims the Unity of Jehovah; "from her lips came in rapturous surrender to an over-mastering impulse the half-hysterical protestation, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one!'" and the whole history of her strange, unhappy race flashed through her mind in a whirl of resistless emotion:

"She was overwhelmed at the thought of its sons in every corner of the earth proclaiming to the sombre twilight sky the belief for which its generations had lived and died. . . . The shadow of a large mysterious destiny seemed to hang over these poor superstitious zealots whose lives she knew so well in their every-day prose."

What is the secret of that destiny? she asks herself, her soul floating between despair and hope; shall the Jew, having come so far, sink and be lost in "morasses of modern doubt"—or shall he outlast both Mohammedan and Christian? Can it be that he is designed to fulfil that noble dream of Raphael's, and, restored to the Fatherland, show forth what a nation should be?—or is it "a larger, wilder dream" that he is to realise, and shall a universal Judaism, grander, larger, nobler than the old, bless the world by its vast diffusion?

Torn by such questionings, faint with fasting and emotion, Esther Ansell comes forth from the synagogue, not as she went in; her spirit is no longer sternly shut against hope and happiness; and when we next see her, it is only a brief farewell that she is bidding to Raphael and the share of earthly blessedness he can give.

But we are left quite doubtful as to the solution of the painful riddle of Israel which commends itself to the heroine or her creator. It may be that of Strelitski, the Russian Jew, another character in the vivid novel, who, cruelly persecuted in his native land, escaped to England, and there endured a bondage, scarcely less cruel, as the minister of a fashionable synagogue, "the professional panegyrist," says he bitterly, "of the rich." Renouncing that position, and with it the outward form of orthodoxy, Strelitski turns his

eyes to the great free world of America, where, says he, "the last great battle of Judaism will be fought out," with the result, as he hopes, that his race shall become "the link of federation among the nations," acting everywhere in the interests of peace; promoting true human interests; and gathering the peoples into a great spiritual Republic of the higher life.

A magnificent vision; but can it be anything more than a vision? We have no answer from our author, who does but show us Strelitski taking ship for the New World, in hopes to work towards realising this ideal. Neither he, nor his fellow enthusiasts, seem to be aware that what they are dreaming of is, in truth, Christianity with the Christ left out, and rendered impossible by that omission. Yet references abound to the great Teacher and His doctrine, references often admiring, often tinged with a certain pride in His nationality; His words were frequent on the lips of the child Esther, His "almost limitless impress on history" is vaunted by Esther, the sceptical woman; hostility to Him, personally, is carefully limited to Israelites ignorant of the outside world. "Christianity is very beautiful in theory. . . . I should like to believe in Jesus," says Esther Ansell—it scarcely needs that we point out how impossible such words would be to the Jewess as imagined by George Eliot. But, for all this apparent admiration, there is a steady refusal of heart-homage to the Divine human Redeemer, and we are not doubtfully bidden to seek the reason in the unfaithfulness of professing Christians to the laws of Christ's kingdom. Significant is the saying, "Scratch the Christian, and you will find the pagan, spoiled," put into the mouth of a mocking Jew, himself a pagan; and the bitter judgment does not lack support from other works of Zangwill: in that "Ghetto Tragedy," called the "Diary of a Meshumad" (or apostate), in *Joseph the Dreamer*, tragic tale of a Jewish convert to Popery, the inhuman bigotry of Greek-Russian and Romanist fanatics, cruelly false to the Gospel of Love, is vehemently reprobated.

And yet, if we take Zangwill for a witness of the truth,

there is a real element of hopefulness in the tendency to appropriate the ethical teaching of Christianity, evidenced in the theories of Raphael and Strelitski, and also in their actions; there is hope in the admiration and recognition, however imperfect, of the Christ of history, in the wistful yearning of one soul and another towards His spiritual law of love, though they deem it too lofty; hope in the healthy scorn expressed by Raphael da Leon for the "eviscerated Christianity" he found in vogue at Oxford, which, says he, might be summed up thus: "There is no God, but Jesus Christ is His Son." If these pictures of educated English Israelites and their ways of thought can at all be trusted, then is there a movement going on in the best Anglo-Jewish minds, strangely corresponding to the growing passion for rendering true obedience to the law of the Master, now visibly working among the best and purest of English Christian believers; and we might well recognise one mighty influence from above, drawing Jew and Christian together in spiritual aspiration, so powerfully, that they must at last coalesce, and the recognition by Israel of her disowned Lord begin. Such a day of God shall surely dawn, though its coming may have to tarry till Christendom at large becomes more Christ-like, till all nations shall understand that they war against themselves in afflicting Israel; and till there be, even among English-speaking peoples, a vast development of that sympathetic, intelligent toleration of Jew by Christian, which our hasty survey of our own imaginative literature has shown progressing among ourselves in such slow fluctuating fashion—yet progressing.

For very slowly advances the empire of Love; but the indications are sure, which certify us of its final triumph; and not the least convincing are those gathered from revelations of the inner life of enfranchised Israel.

NOTE.—In the *Jewish Quarterly Review* for January the new Jewish propaganda, advocated by Mr. Oswald J. Simon, is discussed; this idealist dreams that a spiritualised Judaism, without historic dress or race monopoly, or Messianic hopes, would commend itself to the world of Gentile thinkers who cannot accept Christian dogma; the futility of that dream has been ably demonstrated by the *Spectator*.

ART. V.—COVENTRY PATMORE.

1. *Collected Poems of Coventry Patmore.* BELL & SONS. 1887-88.
2. *Principle in Art.* BELL & SONS. 1889.
3. *Religio Poetæ.* BELL & SONS. 1893.
4. *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower.* BELL & SONS. 1895.

WHEN the name of Mr. Coventry Patmore was mentioned to Mr. Gladstone, after the death of Lord Tennyson, as that of a possible candidate for the Laureateship, the Premier, as he then was, made the answer which nine persons out of ten would have made. "Oh, but," said he, "are you not mistaken in supposing him to be still alive?" This remark, in the mouth of a man of such keen literary interests as Mr. Gladstone, demonstrates the extent to which Coventry Patmore stood aloof from the main current of life and thought in his day and generation. It was just one of "Life's little ironies" that he should ever have achieved a great popular success; and it may safely be said that only a small proportion of those who bought the *Angel in the House* in the days of its vogue, as a wedding present, somewhere in the sixties, quite knew what the author really was driving at when, in the charming proem, he exclaims:

> "Thou primal love that grantest wings
> And voices to the woodland birds,
> Grant me the power of saying things,
> Too simple and too sweet for words."

As a writer Coventry Patmore remains our great example of simplicity as a fine art. It was his cult, as we see in the verse just quoted; to secure it he pruned his style of the redundant and the emphatic, till in his hands it became an instrument of wonderful delicacy. The nineteenth century

has seen greater poets than Mr. Patmore, but scarcely one who has sung of the deep things of the soul with a note so exquisite and so penetrating.

The fact is that simplicity, instead of being the attribute of a crude and savage state, is in reality the fine flower of an advanced stage of culture, both in the individual and in society, in the realms of morals, manners, and art. This is a common-place in certain fields, while it is scarcely recognised in others. Every dressmaker's apprentice knows the relative value of a severely cut Redfern gown, and of her own Sunday afternoon toilet, with its scraps of chiffon and ribbon, and tawdry aggressive little smartnesses. Here the course of evolution is plain. But does not character refine and develop from the complex to the simple? The savage is complex, the average boy or girl is a confusion of whims, affectations, imitations. Some people never find themselves, they stay throughout life at the point where most of us begin —intellectual and moral parasites and echoes, never having attained to the wholeness and the sincerity, without which no true simplicity is possible. The man of single eye and aim, the man of simple intention, he alone, as Thomas à Kempis hath it, thoroughly enjoys inward liberty, and wields a power which the crowd of divided hearts and vacillating wills, which make the majority of mankind, feel while they marvel at it. And so, in the realm of art, simplicity is not attained without something in the nature of a moral effort, by a costly self-denial, by almost infinite pains, by a noble scorn of cheap effects and easy successes. It indicates a confidence in the value of the thing said that dispenses with the usual gauds with which "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" are accustomed to drape their poverty of thought. It makes its quiet appeal to minds that have not so entirely succumbed to the charms of a generation of literary brass-bands and street-posters, as to have lost all discrimination of tone, all sense of delicate harmonies of tint and line. It may be overlooked or forgotten by the multitude, but it holds its place with the elect, by virtue of the eternal constitution of things. The simplicity of art attained by

Mr. Coventry Patmore was due in part no doubt to hereditary instinct, in part to sedulous cultivation; but there was also that magical something which no analysis can capture, that eternally baffling mystery which, by way of cloaking our ignorance, we call genius, and which, in nearly every instance, manifests itself in a noble simplicity.

Coventry Patmore's literary bent was hereditary. His father, who gave up commerce for literature, was the author of a volume of "Literary Reminiscences," and the friend of most of the noted writers of the day, including Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, who was one of the first to applaud the poet's early efforts. As a youth, he published a volume of short poems, crude and juvenile, but already suggesting the peculiar Patmorean quality. In 1846, at the age of twenty-three, he became one of the assistant librarians in the British Museum, and shortly afterwards, as a contributor to the *Germ*, he made the acquaintance of several of the Pre-Raphaelite group, including Rossetti, Ruskin and Woolner. But, in the seven years that followed, he found himself and his own field, aided thereto by the most powerful influence of his life. He married Miss Emily Andrews, the daughter of a Dissenting minister, and not long after, in 1853, published the *Angel in the House*, dedicated "to her by whom and for whom I became a poet."

Dr. Richard Garnett, who knew him well, has published some interesting reminiscences of this period of his life.

"When I came," he says, "a mere lad, to work in the library of the British Museum, I was introduced to all my colleagues, with one doubtless accidental exception. I was some time before finding out who the tall, spare, silent man was, who alone of the assistants sat in the King's Library; who, though perfectly urbane when he did converse, seemed rather among than of the rest of the staff, and who appeared to be usually entrusted with some exceptional task, now cataloguing a mighty collection of sermons from the King's Library Gallery, now the pamphlets of the French Revolution. His diligence was certainly exemplary, though he was not considered a particularly able assistant from the librarian's point of view, and made no pretensions to extensive linguistic attainments or bibliographic lore. . . . After we had become in a measure intimate, Patmore

fell into a habit of showing me his newly written verses, and was always most indulgently ready to look at mine. . . It was natural that I should become a visitor at his house and see the choicest of his possessions, his wife. This admirable lady, her husband's apotheosis notwithstanding, never impressed me as an 'angel,' but rather as a queen ruling by love and wisdom, 'a creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food,' wise, witty, frank, gracious, hospitable, without flaw or blemish that I could discover, but perfectly at home in this terrestrial sphere. Yet the advance of consumption, of which she must have been fully aware, seemed to throw no shadow upon her spirit, and the care of her numerous young family seemed to cause no effort or uneasiness. Her appearance is well described by her husband when he sings:

"Her Norman face,
Her large brown eyes, clear lakes of love."

The expenses of her illness and of a family of six children were very trying to Patmore, but he fought them bravely by the help of reviewing work. Yet there was enough to give the house an air of distinction—velvet chairs, well-bound books, drawings by Rossetti, Hunt and Millais. There was no ostentation, but just enough to bespeak refined taste and lofty self-respect and a willingness to submit to some privation for their gratification. The company was choice as well as the furniture. I do not remember having met an uninteresting person, and I have recollections of frequent encounters with Woolner and the two Rossettis. . . . I may give one anecdote, illustrative at once of his humour and his sensitiveness. He had been asked to meet a popular novelist, with a clear hint that the latter was esteemed the bigger lion. 'I suppose,' he said, 'that I ought to feel as proud as a cod's head and shoulders brought to the same table as a pheasant.' He was proud, though not exactly of that. But be it recorded to his honour that I never heard him express so much satisfaction at anything as at the thought that, notwithstanding the strain upon his slender means, Mrs. Patmore had wanted for nothing in her illness. 'She could not,' he said, 'have been better cared for if she had been an empress.'"

It does not always follow that the life of an author is the best commentary on his work. With some the two spheres are distinct: there is a great gulf fixed between the writer and the man. But Coventry Patmore was all of one piece; and from his books alone one might divine the personality of the man who would willingly deny himself the gratification of some common need for a fine engraving or a well-

bound volume, and who left it on record as his hope that he might be respected by posterity because he had always respected himself. Dignity and distinction of character may pretty safely be predicated of one whose work is marked, as his was throughout, by a wholesome scorn for the mentally inexpensive. Whether this pride was not sometimes too unbending, whether this scorn always escaped the kindred snare of arrogance, whether this fastidiousness of taste did not involve a certain narrowing of sympathy—these are questions which the most devout admirer of the author of *The Unknown Eros* cannot altogether decline to consider.

The course of Coventry Patmore's life, after Mrs. Patmore's death in 1862, may be briefly summed up. He went to Rome and soon afterwards professed himself a Roman Catholic. In 1865 he married the ward of Cardinal Manning. He lived for some time at Heron's Ghyll, Sussex, which was the place referred to in the series of little papers that appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, entitled, "How I Managed and Improved my Estate." Eventually he disposed of this property and removed to the Manor House, Hastings, and then to Lymington. In 1879 he published the volume entitled, *The Unknown Eros*, which contains his most characteristic work, and then three small volumes of prose essays. After the death of his second wife, he married Miss Harriet Robson, who survives him.

Opinions will probably differ widely as to the value of the work that Patmore has left behind him. Not long ago he was briefly referred to in a journal, which represents the average judgment of the intelligent middle class, as a pleasing, superannuated domestic poet, who had his day somewhere in the fifties. The *Angel in the House*, by a kind of fluke, was taken on its appearance for a mild, versified novel, and enjoyed a considerable vogue accordingly among a class of people who were quite incapable of understanding the author's drift, and would not have cared for it if they had. The blend of latter-day transcendentalism and mediæval metaphysics which formed the thought-stuff of all his writing appeared without disguise in the *Odes*, and the consequence

is that, except by a small band of enthusiasts, they remain unread, with the exception of one or two, such as the exquisite poem of "The Toys," which is in all anthologies. To understand the tendency of his writings, one must remember the strong influence exerted on his mental development by Swedenborg first, and then St. Thomas Aquinas. One must remember the nature of his occupation, and the opportunities it afforded, for the study of rare and recondite authors, in an atmosphere heavy with the dust of ancient learning. The turn of his mind, which was subtle, ingenious and delicate, rather than capacious or powerful, led him to find intellectual pasture in Swedenborg's theory of Correspondences, while a somewhat sensuous mysticism appealed to him equally in the visions of the Swedish prophet and in the ecstasies of Ste. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. He was never really in touch with his age, and his criticism of contemporaries very rarely erred on the side of amenity, though he has rendered full justice to two writers of genius, Mrs. Meynell and Mr. Francis Thompson. His was essentially a lonely mind, and as such it lacked the sane corrective that comes of association with one's fellows. On the other hand, the flashes of insight that break now and then upon the oracular cloud reach us in a radiance undimmed by a breath of the common-place. He could not construct a theory--for instance, of the relations of men and women—that would hold water; he contradicts himself on every page. Yet, while no one, even in our own time—prolific though that has been of unprofitable chatter—has written more lamentable nonsense on the subject, no one, on the other hand, has spoken more nobly and more sweetly of the secret of Love. Similarly in literary criticism, he is illuminating and suggestive on points of detail, feeble in his grasp of the whole. His prose writings, though full of stimulus and suggestiveness, annoy you by their inconsecutive incoherent character. The aphoristic vein suited him, for though he could not construct a system, he could flash a sudden search-light on some obscure state of consciousness, and here he was helped by his style, which,

whether in verse or prose, is always delightfully lucent, facile and melodious—not seldom something more. In the flowing octosyllables of the *Angel in the House*, or the *Victories of Love*, or in the more complex harmonies of the *Odes*, with their elaborate system of metrical pauses, the touch is equally sure, the movement equally happy and graceful. And always he wields the great power of simplicity, his verse gaining tenfold in poignancy and penetrative force through his disdain of the common poetic stock-in-trade. "Ornament," says Mrs. Meynell, "is the ordinary garment of poetic thought"—the sheath one might call it—but in Patmore's verse the undraped, undecorated thought sometimes seems to confront you with startling clearness, like the dazzle of a drawn sword.

The *Angel in the House* conveys, in its very title, his obligation to Swedenborg—an obligation, by the way, which weighed on his conscientious mind, but which he hesitated to acknowledge, out of deference to the prejudices of the book-buying public. He found a way out of the difficulty by acknowledging, in the first edition, his debt to the author of *Deliciæ Conjugis Amoris*. He had satisfied his conscience, and the book-buying public was none the wiser. Most people know something of Swedenborg's theory—which, of course, was not originated by him, but is the property of every mystic, from Plato to Emerson—that all things here below have their counterparts in the spiritual sphere, and that it is the mark of the purified intelligence to behold all things from the spiritual side. The process of purification takes place on earth, and so it happens that even here the soul may rise to the angelic state in which all transient relations become types of spiritual verities.

The distinction of sex, in the spiritual sphere, resolves itself into the attitude of reception on the one hand, and origination on the other, so that "spirits," as Milton has it, "may either sex assume," according as they receive truth and grace from above, or communicate it below. Balzac has given expression to this idea in the curious Swedenborgian romance of *Seraphita*, which Professor Saintsbury

ranks among the best of his works, and it is the keynote of a good deal of Patmore's writing. This distinction of giver and recipient, of Lover and Beloved, this positive and negative pole of Being finds its source and its prototype, according to him, in the ultimate mysteries of the Creative Essence.

> "Lo, there, whence love, light, life are poured,
> Veiled with impenetrable rays,
> Amidst the presence of the Lord,
> Co-equal Wisdom laughs and plays."

The throne of the Universe, so revelation tells us, is no centre of lonely splendour, but

> "In our love we dimly scan
> The love which is between Himself."

Viewing, then, pure human love as the shadow and the prophecy of the loftiest spiritual relationships, he paints it in its fairest and most fortunate earthly manifestation between an elect youth and maiden. He gives his story the lovely background of an English cathedral close, "a haunt of ancient peace"; and the personages of his little drama are born in the golden mean as to worldly condition. They know not the temptations of wealth, but they have all the charm of culture and freedom from the harassing cares of the *res angusta domi.*

> "The fair sum of six thousand years'
> Tradition of civility"

gives a grace to all the life of the quiet household, where Honoria shines the fairest among the three fair daughters of the house. There is no plot to the poem: the interest lies in the subtle way in which the development of the lover is portrayed. The dreamy boy, "in love with love," and for ever seeking a fancied ideal, recognises, as every true lover should, the beauty and glory of goodness in the one woman who comes to typify her sex for him.

> "I loved her in the name of God,
> And for the ray she was of Him,"

says this lover, and again, in speaking of the order of beautiful souls to which his beloved belongs,

> "They shine like Moses in the face,
> And teach our hearts without the rod,
> That God's grace is the only grace,
> And all grace is the grace of God."

To a devotion so highly placed all the heroisms of love are easy.

> "If now to part with her could make
> Her pleasure greater, sorrow less,
> I for my epitaph would take
> 'To serve seemed more than to possess.'
> And I perceived (the vision sweet
> Dimming with happy dew mine eyes),
> That love and joy are torches lit
> From altar fires of sacrifice."

And the poem ends with a glimpse of the long course of golden years in an ideal union.

The Victories of Love paints a commoner case. The subject is "An Ill-assorted Marriage." Frederick Graham, a naval officer, cousin and rejected suitor of Honoria, marries, in the very heartlessness and weariness of disappointment, the chaplain's daughter, "little homely Jane"—"a dear good girl," who looked as if she pitied him. The thing turns out at first as ill as might have been expected. Jane soon discovers that she has not her husband's heart, and he, on his side, is tortured by unavailing regret, and by the contrast between what is and what he once hoped might be. But the story ends happily at last, and the moral of it is that it could not end any other way, when the man is just and gentle and the woman truly womanly. Very subtly the poet indicates the gradual *rapprochement* of the uncongenial pair, the gradual bridging of the once yawning gulf between them by the daily putting of the rebellious heart to school, till at last they too, though by devious ways, arrive at the haven of content.

> "Be not amazed at life: 'tis still
> The mode of God with His elect
> Their hopes exactly to fulfil,
> In times and ways they least expect."

One cannot expect a man not to have the defects of his qualities. If we are grateful to him for shunning the snares of the facile and the obvious, we may be prepared for a somewhat supercilious attitude towards the common mind, and a perverse preoccupation with things which are "*cavaire* to the general." This is what makes Patmore, in his odes and in his prose writing also, at once so fascinating and so provoking. The passages of spiritual autobiography in the *Unknown Eros* have the truth of a mind accustomed to metaphysical accuracy of introspection. All the subtle involutions of the troubled, hoping, fearing, soul are there: all the ebb and flow of anticipation or regret. Who that has read it can forget the twilight charm of "Tristitia," where he begs his Angel, if he should be condemned, for the fault of loving her too well, to the loss of that Paradise where she walks in white, to sadden her happy state with no thought of him. He sees himself, with Virgil and the rest, in Dante's poem

"Chi senza speme vivemo in disio,"

denied like them, the Beatific Vision, the want of which makes all else worthless. Yet, even so, the thought of her love, which came between him and heaven, glows for ever in that grey eternity like the sunset rose on the edge of the wintry hills.

Of the poems consecrated to the great sorrow of his life, the most noteworthy are "Departure" and the "Azalea," both of them strangely poignant in their simplicity and charged with a pathos too deep for tears. The same delicate and sensitively truthful rendering of a mood is found in "Tired Memory," with its subtle picture of overstrung nature fainting under the strain of a vast regret.

And, in the strictly spiritual sphere, there is something strangely intense and penetrating in the picture of the discouraged struggle after perfection, to be found in "Victory in Defeat," something that reminds one of those "little ballads of the soul," as one called George Herbert's poems, or of Verlaine's religious sonnets.

"Yet what returns of love do I endure,
When to be pardoned seemed almost more sweet
Than aye to have been pure.
But day still faded into deepest night . . .
Not less to Thine unfaithful didst Thou cry,
Come back, poor child, Be all as 'twas before.
But I—
No, no, I will not promise any more,
Yet when I feel my hour is come to die,
And so I am secure of continence,
Then may I say, though haply then in vain,
My only, only Love, O take me back again. . . .
And here I lie
With no one near to mark,
Thrusting hell's phantoms feebly in the dark,
And still at point more utterly to die.
O Lord, how long,
Put forth, indeed, Thy powerful right hand,
While time is yet,
Or never shall I see the Blessed Land.
Thus I. Then He in pleasant speech and strong
(Which soon I shall forget),
The man who, though his fights be all defeats,
Still fights,
Enters at last
The Heavenly Jerusalem's rejoicing streets,
With glory more and more triumphant rites,
Than always conquering Joshua's when his blast,
The affronted walls of Jericho down cast.
And lo, the glad surprise
Of peace beyond surmise,
More than in common saints, for ever in his eyes."

He is a singularly exact observer of Nature, and no poet of our time has perceived more sensitively, or portrayed more accurately, the setting that earth and sky provide for the drama of the soul, whether he looks forward with the ache of a half-conquered sorrow to the time

"When no dews blur our eyes,
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies."

Or whether, in a brighter mood, he sketches

"The little, bright surf-breathing town"

of his Amelia and their homeward walk.

"What time the slant sun low,
Through the ploughed fields does each clod sharply show,
And softly fills
With shade, the dimples of our homeward hills."

He is equally minute in his observation and exquisite in his rendering of what he sees.

A striking instance of his power of reading a soul into a landscape is found in his lines on "Winter," which occur in Book I. of the *Unknown Eros*.

"And the flushed Robin in the evenings hoar,
Does of Love's Day as if he saw it sing."

How sweetly, and yet how briefly, the whole magic of that winter music is here summed up:

"But sweeter yet than dream or song of summer or spring
Are winter's sometimes smiles that seem to well
From infancy ineffable;
Her wandering languorous gaze,
So unfamiliar, so without amaze,
On the elemental chill adversity,
The uncomprehended rudeness; and her sigh
And solemn gathering tear,
And look of exile from some great repose."

With what grace and felicity the poet handles the elaborate metre he has chosen—a metre singularly appropriate in its grave cadence, and the fall of its balanced pauses to the lofty and delicate distinction of his verse. In spite of the refined fancy and close packed wisdom of the *Angel in the House*, we venture to think that in his *Odes* will lie his main appeal to posterity.

Patmore wrote prose like a true poet; that is to say, with a grace and force of latent suggestion which the mere prose-writer seldom attains. His literary sympathies were limited, and you look in vain for anything judicial in his criticism. He was as scornful as Coriolanus of the "most sweet voices" of the populace, and his attitude towards many of his literary contemporaries is expressed with sufficient exactness in the following sentence from *Principles of Art*:

"A man who has done his best, perhaps, to give us harmless amusement, and whose only crime is that of having succeeded

too well in adapting himself to the poor capacities and passing needs of his present audience, is now in such danger, as he never was at any former time, of finding himself rewarded with ten thousand per annum here, and an eternity of contempt hereafter."

In his prose works, as elsewhere, we find a captivating and irritating mixture of tender and profound thoughts, with outbursts of the most violent spleen and prejudice. His antipathy to modern democracy in all its forms obtrudes itself on all occasions into themes with which it has nothing to do, in a manner that is nothing less than comical. When he tells you that "party limitations coincide almost exactly with the limitations which separate silly from sensible men," and that an opponent of the side which he honours by his preference, "has no real apprehension of anything, but only feebly and foolishly opines," you feel disposed to pity the cause which is afflicted with such an advocate. It is pleasanter to follow him in his dissertation on some subtle point in Dante, or his beloved St. Thomas Aquinas, or in discoursing on Architecture, of which subject he was all his life an earnest and accomplished student. He once remarked, in speaking of those treasures gleaned from the wisdom of all ages, which are stored beneath the vast dome of the British Museum Library, that it seemed as if men in every age spent their lives in re-saying what had been said before them. But he knew, as well as any one, that each generation has its own speech, and that Truth, be her voice never so persuasive, must learn the speech of each new age if she would be intelligible to it; and he would have been the first to own that he was himself a translator of the deep thoughts of elder minds in distant unfamiliar years. But he was more than this. Though the constitution of his mind was rather receptive and critical than creative, his powers of apprehension and expression were so unique that few writers produce upon the mind a more distinct impression of originality.

"If we could see the soul of every man," he wrote in his *Religio Poetæ*, "as, indeed, we can more or less in his face, which is never much like the face of any other, we should see that

every one is in some degree 'distinguished.' He is born 'unique,' and does not make himself so, though by fidelity to himself, and by walking steadily and persistently on his own line, his distinction can be indefinitely increased, and it can be indefinitely diminished by the contrary process, until he may end in extinction; for interiorly, man lives by contrast and harmonious opposition to others, and the communion of men upon earth, as of saints in heaven, abhors identity more than nature does a vacuum. Nothing so shocks and repels the living soul as a row of exactly similar things, whether it consists of modern houses or of modern people, and nothing so delights and edifies as distinction."

"It was said of a celebrated female saint that she did nothing but what was done by everybody else, but that she did all things as no one else did them. In manners and art, as in life, it signifies far less *what* is done or said than *how* it is done and said; for the unique personality, the alone truly interesting and excellent thing, the 'distinction,' comes out in the latter alone."

It is to this distinction—the result of his steadfast truth to himself and his own inspiration, the noble simplicity and sincerity of his art—that Patmore will owe that place in our literature which may be finally assigned to him by that judgment of posterity to which, with so noble a pride, he appealed. In an age of echoes he was a Voice, whose clear, pure individual accent will find an audience, "fit though few," when the confused noise that hums about the modern idols of our market places shall be heard no more.

ART. VI.—HENRI ROCHEFORT'S ADVENTURES.

The Adventures of My Life. By HENRI ROCHEFORT. Arranged for English Readers by the Author and ERNEST W. SMITH. Two Vols. London: Edward Arnold. 1896.

IF it be true that "modern history tends neither to tragedy nor to comedy, but to sensational melodrama," M. Rochefort's life, as here presented, may be taken as a typical epitome of one part of modern history. It has

not been without its touches of true tragedy, and comedy in all its shapes is found in it, but melodrama *in excelsis* is the most complete and accurate description of this chequered and astonishing career. The story loses nothing in the telling, but, after all deductions on the score of personal bias and of literary exigency, it will take its place among the most amazing and romantic stories of the time. A restless, turbulent, ungovernable spirit, born, as he himself says, with the "instinct of revolution," M. Rochefort has been, throughout his public life, a political Ishmael. "Out with you, but not that I may take your place!" has always been his maxim towards all constituted authorities, and, not unnaturally, those authorities have not relished his disinterested attentions. His hand, in politics, has been against every man, and every man and every Government he has assailed has of necessity been against him.

"At one time or another," he says, "I have experienced nearly every imaginable sensation. For more than a quarter of a century I have been like a man on a switchback railway, continually plunged from the highest summits into the darkest depths. . . . I have tasted every joy and chewed the cud of every bitterness. . . . As journalist, deputy, and outlaw, I have moved in all classes of society. . . . I have been shaken by events, and played a *rôle* in nearly every catastrophe."

He does not tell us that he has attacked his enemies with every poisoned weapon in his armoury—every poisoned weapon to be found in any fiend's armoury—pursuing them with hatred that has never scrupled to insult the living and revile the dead, and that in the midst of all the virulence and violence of his political career he never once was visited by even a momentary qualm of conscience or remorse. But this, and much more in the way of ostentatious irreligion and malicious wit, of barbarous delight in raking up old scandals and parading new ones—rarely and faintly relieved, here and yonder, by a gleam of kindly feeling towards the helpless and oppressed—is only too apparent in the pages of this purely pagan book. The only way to read it with composure is to skip the scandal heaped around

the name of Marie Antoinette, of Josephine, of Napoleon III., of the Empress Eugenie, of Gambetta, and, by a shameless piece of candour, that of the writer himself; to shut one's eyes to "the extreme examples" which abound in it of "the application of the imagination to contemporary history"; to believe implicitly in M. Rochefort and to yield one's self to the stream of his pellucid and vivacious narrative. If at the close we find it difficult, in spite of all his biting wit and ruthless savagery, to understand how such a man, a man of noble ancestry and not without the cultured tastes of the *noblesse*, should choose and glory in a life of hardship and of exile, from motives inconsistent with the honesty and the integrity for which he would seem to plead, it will not be from any failure in his self-assurance, which is consummate, or in the unflagging spirit by which, to the end, his pretences are sustained.

Born in 1831, Henri Rochefort was just of the right age to be carried away by the exciting events of 1848 and 1851. His grandfather, the Marquis de Rochefort de Lucay, a distant descendant, it is said, of an offshoot of a sovereign house, the original Counts of Champagne, had lost his title at the French Revolution, together with his immense estates, valued at ten million francs, in the Berri, not far from George Sand's literary home at Nohant. His father, plain M. Rochefort, was penniless, and, but for his scanty earnings as a dramatist, the family would have been brought up in the direst penury. Henri was a youth at the College of St. Louis, in the Rue de la Harpe, when Louis Phillipe escaped from Paris, and he made his *début* in politics by scaling the College walls with some companions and joining the Revolutionists. "Shut up!" they cried to the astonished Latin professor, when he began his lecture, "they are murdering our brothers;" and off they started helter-skelter through the streets.

"Aunt Guérin appeared at a window overlooking the *quais* and was stupefied to see her nephew, looking like a brigand, with his hair blown out in the wind, hurrying through the streets of Paris at the head of an armed troop to attack the Palace

of the Kings. I heard her call the children and scream, 'It's Henri!' I looked up, waved my hand, and continued my triumphal way."

On leaving College, Rochefort had to earn a livelihood and to help his family to live. From the first he felt that he was born to be a writer, but it was not until after he had exhausted other means of living that he trusted to his pen. Several years were spent as tutor and as clerk in the Hotel de Ville, before he found his *métier* as a writer of lampoons. He had written one-act plays and poems and had acted as dramatic critic in his room in the Rue Saint Victor—a garret into which "the light came from above, like a bad example." At the age of twenty-two he was admitted, as a penny-a-liner, on the staff of the *Charivari*, "the writer to pay for every line beyond the first hundred." On this, and on another now forgotten journal, he acquired "the art of saying something while appearing to say nothing, as in one of his first onslaughts on Napoleon III. "We have bad news of the Emperor to-day. He is better." For several years he worked for Villemessant, the founder of the *Figaro*, and distinguished himself by the wit and virulence of his attacks upon the Emperor. "You don't want to become an academician, do you?" said Villemessant, on engaging him. "Oh, no!" "Well, then, go ahead! Don't be afraid of letting your pen follow your caprices. Hurl jokes at everybody and make everybody laugh." The free hand thus given him had a good deal to answer for. By the time the fourth number was published he had two duels on hand, which led his colleagues to declare that he was in luck's way. In 1867 he wrote the famous article on the Emperor's exploits as a sportsman, in which he said that when the Emperor went shooting there was always a rabbit which "pretended to fall dead." This *coup de lapin* might have cost the paper dear.

"Pietri commanded Villemessant to appear again at the Prefectorial Bureau. It was there pointed out to him how insulting it was to the majesty of the throne to allege that the three hundred and fifty rabbits composing the bag were one and

the same rabbit, which had contented itself with shamming dead, and had disappeared behind the scenes to come forward again like the supernumeraries in a military spectacle on the stage."

The *Figaro* was not suppressed, but Rochefort was required, as the alternative, to quit the staff.

His next move was to start the *Lanterne*, the little red-backed weekly pamphlet with a lantern on the cover, and—a rope. This brought him world-wide notoriety, and is still called up by every mention of his name. It was a veritable tomahawk to the Emperor, and a torpedo to the Empire. In the earlier numbers, sold by hundreds of thousands, Rochefort set himself to prove the Emperor's illegitimacy, and ridicule his title and his claims. He complained that he had been misunderstood. In reality, he had always been profoundly Bonapartist; only, he had claimed the right to choose his own pet hero in the dynasty. He had chosen one that was apocryphal. "As a Bonapartist, I prefer Napoleon II. In my mind he represents the ideal of a Sovereign. No one will deny that he has occupied the throne, because his successor calls himself Napoleon III." The Emperor was a Dutchman, and no Corsican at all.

"Any weapon was good enough for me to use to sap the respect with which they affected to surround that official dummy called 'the person of the Sovereign.' Ah! that unfortunate Sovereign. I twisted and wrung it like an old towel. I wrote the following, for example:—'The State has commanded M. Barye to execute an equestrian statue of Napoleon III. Everybody knows that M. Barye is one of our most celebrated sculptors of animals.'"

The eleventh number of this venomous publication contained a veiled incitement (so it was interpreted) to assassinate the Emperor. The paper was seized, and Rochefort, to evade arrest, escaped to Brussels, where he soon became the guest of Victor Hugo, who encouraged him to prosecute his paper warfare with unceasing virulence.

The glimpses Rochefort gives of Hugo's home-life are most interesting. In the poet's dining-room there stood a great armchair which no one was allowed to occupy. Between

its arms the dead were supposed to take their seat and listen to the conversation. The poet's bedroom was his study. It was an attic, through the roof of which the sky was visible and the rain came down. Rochefort had the privilege of entrance to this sanctum.

"I used to open the small door of the tiny room with all sorts of precautions, for fear of treading on the wet pages of manuscript that, not daring to put one upon the other, he used to spread out on his bed, on the mantelpiece, and on the floor. In consequence, to take my place, I had to execute a sort of egg dance. As proof of the rapidity with which he worked, the bluish paper of medium size on which he wrote scarcely ever had time to dry before he started on a fresh sheet. It is true he used to spread out his lines to such an extent that each page only contained a dozen at the outside. One morning I asked him rather indiscreetly: 'When you have finished one of these pages, what have you earned?' 'About a hundred francs,' he answered."

Hugo was as regular in his habits as John Wesley. "Every evening, however absorbing the conversation, or whatever the number of visitors, he would be off to bed exactly as the clock struck ten, while he always rose at six precisely." One morning he was up at four to fortify his guest with parting counsels and poached eggs before he started out to fight one of his innumerable duels. Throughout these months at Brussels the *Lanterne* was issued week by week, but under the greatest difficulties. How to pass it through the frontier was the problem, and the *ruses* by which it was smuggled into France were most ingenious and amusing.

"A cigar-dealer, who was friendly with the Hugos, told us that he had bribed an employee of the French Legation at Brussels to smuggle cigars into France in despatch-boxes, which, owing to the diplomatic immunity, were not examined by the Customs authorities on the French frontier. He lent us one of these boxes, and the stratagem answered admirably, until one day the minister of Foreign Affairs received a consignment of cigars instead of his diplomatic papers. The *Lanterne* was not seized, but we knew the rose was blown, and that our next batch would never get beyond the frontier. We then sent them stuffed in plaster busts of Napoleon III. himself. We circulated the report that these statues were destined to replace the

out-of-date ones in the municipal offices throughout France. As there were thirty-six thousand communes, we gave ourselves a very substantial margin. Our employees walked past the French Customs officers with a bust on each arm, but unfortunately one of them happened to be insecurely fixed upon its pedesta', and fell in pieces at the feet of the authorities. My pamphlets were scattered in all directions, and, as the police would say, we were caught red-handed. The incident was so comic that our disappointment was well compensated by the ridicule which fell on the Tuileries man. We at once hit upon another combination."

Returning to Paris in 1869 as a candidate for the first electoral division, Rochefort was arrested on the frontier, and this ineptitude on the part of the Government carried him into the House of Deputies by an overwhelming majority. Next day he was released, but then it was too late. The populace had been aroused to fury by the news of his arrest. The Grand Salon de Montmartre was crowded with electors waiting his arrival.

"Suddenly a wild rumour spread through the mass—'Rochefort is arrested!' . . . The proprietor of the Grand Salon has since told me that the yelling, stamping, and beating of the walls was so violent that he feared the building would collapse. Men were delirious with anger and indignation. So great was the excitement that even Albiot could not make himself heard for quite ten minutes, although everybody in the hall was awaiting his declaration."

When Rochefort himself attempted to address the electors during the campaign, he could not be heard, but not because of the enthusiasm, feverish as that always was. Like many other brilliant writers, Rochefort was no orator.

"My election speeches were quite incoherent. My task, however, was a very easy one, for I had only to open my mouth to excite applause. One of my meetings was reported in three lines by a ministerial newspaper — 'He appears — (Vive Rochefort)! A glass of water is handed to him—(Vive Rochefort)! He wipes his face—(Vive Rochefort)! He leaves the platform—(Vive Rochefort)!'"

Nor did he shine in the French Parliament. His speeches were made up of brief invectives and retorts. His eloquence appeared in his new paper, the *Marseillaise*, "a veritable

journal of Bashi-Bazouks, in which I undertook a daily and conscientious attack on the Empire, and everybody connected with it." The only outburst he records from all his speeches in the Chamber has sometimes been quoted as his masterpiece. When his name was called out at the Louvre, on the occasion of the oath-taking after the election, the Emperor, who presided, was seen to laugh. A few days after, Rochefort and his friend Raspail brought in a bill abolishing the conscription, which was greeted with loud jeers. The opportunity had come.

"I asked permission to make a personal explanation, and, amid the breathless silence, hurled this little speech at the majority—'The minister has taken the liberty of describing our bill as ridiculous and childish. The policy of the Government appears to be to ridicule all our acts and words. The chief of the State has been the first to adopt this attitude by daring to laugh when the name of the deputy for the first division of Paris was called out in his presence. The Emperor grossly insulted the universal suffrage on which he pretends to rely. In any case, if I am ridiculous, I shall never be so ridiculous as the individual who walked about the promenade at Boulogne with an eagle on his shoulder, and a lump of lard in his hat.'"

For a violent article on what he calls the murder of Victor Noir by Pierre, son of Lucien, Bonaparte, Rochefort was sent to prison on the 9th of February, 1870, and there he remained till he was rescued by the Paris mob soon after the disaster of Sedan. "Covered with flowers, and entwined like May-poles with coloured ribbons," he and his fellow-prisoners were carried to the Hotel de Ville, where the Provisional Government was sitting. Etienne Arago, who was walking up and down the pavement gesticulating, threw himself into Rochefort's arms, and shouted "Vive la République," at the top of his voice. "Vive la République! my child," he repeated. "The Mayor of Paris embraces you!" In response to the clamours of the crowd, the hero of the hour was made a member of the Government, Jules Favre "consoling himself with the reflection, 'It is better to have him with us than against us.'" At that moment, Rochefort thinks, he might have had the dictatorship if he

had wished. Instead of this, he threw himself into the work of preparation for the coming siege of Paris, and firmly stood between the furious populace and the Government until the "shilly-shallying" of Trochu and Jules Favre rendered his position untenable. Speaking of the horrors of the siege, the author notes, as M. Zola in *La Dèbacle*[*] observes, that, in the dearth of solid food, the people formed the habit of excessive drinking which since then has grown to such alarming proportions.

"Specialists," says M. Rochefort, "have established the fact that, during the interval between the siege and the hour at which I am writing, the sale of absinthe and similar poisons has reached such proportions, that alcoholism is extending throughout the country like a cancer, threatening to undermine not only our health, but our race."

During the Commune Rochefort devoted himself almost exclusively to his paper, the *Mot d'Ordre*, and by his criticisms, both of the Government at Versailles and of the Paris insurgents, he placed himself between two fires. It is clear that he was never directly connected with the Communards; he so ruthlessly attacked their chiefs that he only escaped the fate of Darboy and the other hostages by flight. But flight in this case meant arrest outside the walls of Paris by the agents of the Government of Thiers, for inciting an attack upon whose house, and for other crimes and misdemeanours, he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. The account of his arrest at Meaux, which was still in the hands of the Germans, is characteristic and amusing. The general in command was in high dudgeon because the prisoner had been taken without his authority.

"He compelled the commissary to lead him to the prison. . . . His severe look led me to think at first that he was going to take revenge for the warlike policy I had advocated during the siege, and the resignation I had sent to the National Assembly, rather than approve the treaty of peace. . . . I could not have been more completely deceived. Suddenly changing his manner, he approached me with a gracious air, and said, 'You are M. Henri

[*] Eng. Trans. Chatto & Windus, p. 497.

Rochefort, the celebrated author of the *Lanterne*, are you not?' I replied with a sign of acquiescence, and he continued, 'You were arrested yesterday without my knowledge. I am master here. My name is General ————. My father knew your grandfather at Coblentz during the emigration period. Kindly take my arm; you are going to leave this prison with me.' It was a tempting offer. . . . I took a moment to reflect. The prospect of being set at liberty upon the order of the men who had just dismembered my country seemed to me to be inacceptable, and I replied to the would-be liberator, 'I am much obliged to you, sir. Unfortunately I cannot allow myself to take advantage of the assistance you propose. You will understand why.' I saluted him, and returned to the garden to continue my walk."

The very same day he was hurried off by a special commissary from Versailles, who threatened to blow out his brains at the least sign of resistance, and for many weeks he expected hourly to be led out to summary execution. In September, 1871, he was tried, on several counts, before a military tribunal, and sentenced to "perpetual transportation in a fortified place." This was interpreted by the Government to mean Noumea, in New Caledonia. Victor Hugo pleaded with De Broglie, "that political and literary nonentity," for a modification of the sentence as "commuted" by the authorities. Why Noumea? Everybody knew that with his delicate constitution, Rochefort would be broken by the long and frightful voyage, or devoured by the climate, or killed by pining for his native land. The sentence as "commuted" was a sentence of death.

"It will be a day of mourning, indeed, when France learns that the grave has opened for this brilliant and valiant mind! It is a writer whose fate is at stake, and one of rare originality. You are a Minister and an Academician: your duties in this matter are in harmony and aid each other in their accomplishment."

Hugo's eloquence was thrown away. Rochefort was transported—by degrees.

First, he was sent to Fort Boyard, off the coast of France, near La Rochelle, where his coming caused a fever of excitement amongst "the Jonahs swarming in the belly of the monumental whale." In about a year he was transferred

to Oleron, not, however, until after two almost successful ventures for his liberty. In the subterranean dungeons of this citadel he experienced "durance vile" indeed. Fifty prisoners were thrust into a den too small for ten. The sea oozed through the filthy walls and dripped upon the hideous mattress that made up his stock of furniture. At night enormous water-rats, as large as cats, mistook his face and body for a racecourse, and sometimes drowned themselves in his drinking-water. Smaller vermin swarmed upon him and almost devoured him; and, all the while, the Paris press was clamouring, in the interests of equal justice, against the "scandalous favours" that were being shown to him. But there were some alleviations. In a larger room in the barracks to which he was transferred he became acquainted with the Arab chiefs, for whom he had so long and vainly demanded an amnesty, and with them he spent some pleasant hours. For the purpose of a novel he was writing he had procured some coloured fashion-plates.

"My Arabs were stupefied at this avalanche of women in pretty colours. Mahomet forbade his followers to be painted, no one has ever known why. One of my native comrades took me discreetly aside, and inquired mysteriously if these ladies were my *moukères*. I told him they were my wives and that they had all sent their portraits. He spent much of his time looking at them, with tears in his eyes, thinking probably of the wives he had left on the other side of the Mediterranean. . . . I ended by presenting the plates to him, a gift which delighted him highly, and which he regarded as princely. He pasted them on the wall over the head of his bed, and knelt before them every night when he said his prayers."

In the autumn of 1873, after having been permitted to marry the dying mother of his children "to secure their legitimacy," Rochefort was transported in a cage, in the hold of an old and crazy frigate, to New Caledonia, where, after a martyrdom of sea-sickness, he arrived on the 10th of December, amid a demonstration from the convicts on the landing-stage, such as is not often witnessed or permitted in this world. His life at Noumea was exile rather than imprisonment. He took it gaily and enjoyed it much, in

spite of the musquitos and the heat. The sunsets there reminded him of Turner's "incomparable painting," *Ulysses quitting Polyphemus*, in our National Gallery. They were of liquefied gold, transfused with amethyst. The loveliest lunar rainbows spanned the humid evening sky. The stars on clear nights seemed as if about to fall upon their heads. The phosphorescent sea on those pale nights, in which the moon shone bright enough for them to see to read, formed a spectacle of poetic beauty not to be described. But exile, even in these delightful scenes, was exile still, and, "like a joke, the better for being short." "I am not sorry to have seen this," he used to say, "but it is almost time to go and see something else."

The time was nearer than the thought. The captain of an Australian sailing vessel was easily persuaded to connive at a plan for rescuing the famous convict from a rock, to which, together with a few companions, he was to swim under cover of darkness. But the story must be told in Rochefort's words. Dumas has nothing better in the way of marvellous escapes.

"Our friend had gone on board, and, by a most encouraging coincidence, found the captain reading *Bow Bells* in his cabin, at the page containing my biography, with a portrait at the head. Grandthille had not much difficulty in making him understand his proposal. He was to receive ten thousand francs for hiding me and my companions in the hold of his barque. He accepted the proposal without any discussion. 'M. Henri Rochefort,' said he, 'is too much of a gentleman not to respect his word of honour.' . . . Returning from my farewell walk I saw a large shark disporting itself between our peninsula and the island of Nou. I called Bauër's attention to it, saying to myself in an aside, 'Perhaps that is the one that will eat us to-night.' But when we plunged into the sea the clouds were thickening, and the dog-fish, frightened by the thunder, had sought refuge at the bottom of the sea. . . . Though I had often swum out to the rock, it appeared this time to be unusually distant. The tide, which was generally very slack, had almost covered its surface, and I found it impossible to distinguish it through the leaden veil that hung around us. I began to ask myself whether we had taken the right direction, for I swam a little ahead of my two companions, when I suddenly struck my knee against a pointed piece of rock and found

that we were within our depths. More active than myself, Olivier Pain and Paschal Grousset scrambled up the peak ahead of me. . . . We danced attendance in the crevices, and talked of returning to our hut, thinking that Grandthille had not been able to seize his employer's boat. The five gas jets in front of the prison on the island of Nou were the only spots of light to be seen. Suddenly one of these lights disappeared and then reappeared, whilst the next one seemed to go out. Evidently an opaque body was passing between us and the lights. Soon afterwards the noise of rowing reached our ears. 'Are you there?' came a voice. 'Yes.' 'Well, you'll have to swim for it; the boat can't get alongside. She only needs to touch a reef and she'll sink.' We slid down into the water, and, after swimming several fathoms, managed to clutch the gunwale of the boat, like Cynægirus, and were dragged into it one after another. We dressed as hurriedly as possible, Ballière took the rudder, the boat put about, and we made for the port, where the ladder of the P. C. E. was hanging over the side ready for us to mount on board."

After numerous narrow escapes the ship got out to sea, and landed the passengers safe, but penniless, on the shores of New South Wales. Money came from France, and they were enabled to discharge their obligations and secure a passage in a steamer, *vid* Fiji and Hawaii, to San Francisco.

The later chapters are as lively and diverting as the rest, but English readers, for whom this edition has been specially prepared, would not have been sorry to have been spared the pain of seeing so much vitriolic language poured upon the author's enemies, both great and small. We pass it by, and linger for a moment on the pleasanter and more amusing portions of the narrative. When in Australia, a kangaroo-hunt was arranged for M. Rochefort and his friends.

"It was a delightful day, except for the poor kangaroos, three of which were shot, and a fourth missed, or, rather, I would have missed it if I had fired at it. . . . 'Why didn't you fire at once? We gave you the best place.' 'I couldn't fire,' I replied. 'When I saw it stand up, and put its hand in its pocket, I took it for an omnibus conductor.'"

In Honolulu they were favoured with an audience by King Kalakaava, who protested that he was more revolutionary than themselves. After far too many bottles of

champagne, his Majesty commanded them to sing the *Marseillaise.*

"It cost me something to come out as a tenor for the first time in my life. Still, Pain and I dare not refuse. Benedict went to the piano, and we all intoned the regicide anthem called for by the King. This over, Kalakaava was anxious to show that he knew something about piano-playing himself, and entertained us with one or two *morceaux* of a not very complicated order."

New York deluged him with applications for his autograph. "Come back immediately," wired Pain to Rochefort, in his brief retirement to prepare a speech. "Letters already up to my waist; mounting at the rate of about a yard an hour." In Ireland and in England his reception was not quite so cordial. The people had not yet got rid of their belief in his complicity in outrage and in murder during the Commune. In spite of his pronounced Home Rule opinions, he was stoned in the streets of Cork, and, on a visit to Madame Tussaud's, in London, he was much amused to find that, since his previous visit, his effigy had been transferred from the society of Kings and Emperors in the Saloon of Honour to the company of criminals in the Chamber of Horrors. His time in London, then and subsequently, was employed in picture-hunting, and in writing for the Press. But, both in London and Geneva, where he sheltered Vera Zassoulitch, the Russian Nihilist who shot the Chief of the St. Petersburg Police, he was the centre to which revolutionaries of all shades and countries drew, as if by instinct and affinity. Some of them were sorry specimens, as he himself admits, and but imperfectly-developed Socialists.

"One day, I was accosted by a long-bearded man in Oxford Street, who confided his troubles to me. He had just reached London, he said, after escaping an Assize Court verdict condemning him as an Anarchist. 'Ah!' I said, naively, 'For a newspaper article or for a speech?' 'Neither,' he replied, in an off-hand tone, 'it was for having brought Socialistic principles of redistribution to bear on a gold watch.' But he kept the watch, and thus this piece of redistribution turned in no way to the advantage of society."

For Boulanger, of whose latter days and doings he saw much, in Belgium and in London, Rochefort had a cordial admiration, both as patriot and as soldier.

"I am compelled," he writes, in summing up the aims of his co-exile and protégé, "to declare that all the criticisms passed upon General Boulanger, even the most favourable, are completely erroneous. He always made me his confidant. . . . The sole object which he obstinately pursued was the avenging of our disasters, and the recovery of the lost provinces."

But his wealth of admiration was not all expended on his friend. As was but fair and natural, a little was reserved for some one else. At the close of his triumphal entry into Paris, on his second amnesty in 1895, our hero wrote :

"What struck me more than anything, was this cry, which, from Calais to the Gare du Nord, never ceased to ring in my ears—'Long live honest men!' . . . I shall make this title the pride of my life. It gives the true note of popular sentiment, and shows the real significance of this demonstration. It was not the good or bad articles that I have penned during the last thirty years which were applauded by the hundreds of thousands of Parisians massed by the route followed by my collaborators and myself; it was my known disinterestedness, and the certainty that I am incapable of selling my conscience or my vote."

The auto-eulogy is not entirely undeserved. Within the limits of his rather narrow code of honour, M. Rochefort has been honesty itself, and, in spite of all his intransigeance and bitterness in public life, in other spheres he has not seldom shown a kindly and a tender heart.

"Lofty and sour to those who love him not:
To all who seek him, sweet as summer."

Of most refined and cultured pagans, so much as this may be said. To every man his due.

ART. VII.—IMPERIAL COMMERCE AND FREE TRADE.

1. *Official Report of the Third Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire*, held in the Hall of the Grocers' Company, London, June 9th-12th. 1896.

2. *Made in Germany.* By ERNEST EDWIN WILLIAMS. 5th Edition. London: HEINEMANN. 1897.

3. *The German Bogey: A Reply to "Made in Germany."* By GEORGE W. MEDLEY (Cobden Club). London: Cassell & Company, Limited. 1896.

4. *Board of Trade Memorandum on the Comparative Statistics of Population, Industry, and Commerce in the United Kingdom and some Leading Foreign Countries.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. January, 1897.

5. *Report on a Visit to Germany, with a View of Ascertaining the Recent Progress of Technical Education in that Country*, being a letter to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., Lord President of the Council; Sir Philip Magnus, Gilbert R. Redgrave, Swire-Smith, and William Woodall, M.P. Presented to Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1896.

THOUGH the favourable reply of a Minister to a question in Parliament can hardly be regarded as a guarantee that the expectations of the questioner will be realised, advocates of Britannic Confederation are, perhaps, entitled to derive exceptional encouragement from that of the Colonial Secretary to Mr. Hogan, M.P., on the 2nd February. Mr. Chamberlain stated that he would "take into consideration" the suggestion that advantage should be taken of the acceptance of his invitation to participate in the celebration

of the 60th year of Her Majesty's reign, by the Premiers of the self-governing Colonies, to hold an Imperial Conference for the completion of the work entered on by the Conferences of 1889 and 1894. The Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, held in June last, furnished conclusive proof of the growing interest and sympathy with which the object of those Conferences is regarded, both in this country and in the Colonies; and as its success was largely due to the part he took in its proceedings, there are fair grounds for hoping that Mr. Chamberlain may find himself able to adopt a proposal which offers such a favourable prospect of turning the valuable results it produced to further account.

The Congress of 1896 may fairly be regarded as one of the most important events of the year, and, considered in connection with the fact that Britannic Confederation owed its first impulse largely to the publication of the *Wealth of Nations* in 1776*, it constitutes a striking illustration of the inextinguishable vitality of Adam Smith's great conception of an indissoluble union between the Mother Country and the Colonies on the basis of Commerce. This ideal must have appeared no less practicable than desirable at the close of the Seven Years' War, which secured India and Canada to Great Britain, but was apparently rendered for ever unattainable, only a few years after the issue of his great work, by the Declaration of American Independence. He and his contemporaries would doubtless have regarded as absolutely incredible the prediction that representatives from all the provinces of a new and far vaster Colonial Empire would meet in conclave in the British capital, 120 years later, to discuss a scheme for the development of Imperial commerce, based upon his theory that "the British Empire would afford within itself an immense internal market for every part of the produce of all its different provinces."† During the century that has elapsed since it was temporarily discredited,

* *Cf.*, London Quarterly Review, 1893. Art. III. Britannic Confederation, p. 245.

† *Wealth of Nations*, pp. 281, 425.

however, the boundaries of this immense internal market have been extended by the acquisition of new Colonies, with a combined area of more than double that of the United States, and by the increase of our foreign possessions to double their total extent at the close of the last century. They now include one-fifth of the habitable globe—an estate of 10,000,000 square miles, comprising every variety of soil and climate, and capable of producing everything required for the use of the human race. And though the Mother-country, reversing the unsuccessful Colonial policy of Adam Smith's day, has been content, throughout the greater part of this period, to regard its union with its dependencies as sufficiently secured by "British military supremacy" and "the silken thread of sentiment," the results that have followed the formation of the Imperial Federation League in 1885 show that there is a growing conviction throughout the Empire that Imperial unity requires more substantial safeguards for its maintenance. The establishment of the Imperial Institute and of the United Empire Trade League, the initiation of Federation in Australia and in Africa, and the convention of the Imperial Conference of 1887, and of the three Commercial Congresses, may all alike be regarded as the outcome of the steadily-increasing desire, both of Great Britain and the Colonies, to establish their political union on a more solid basis by uniting, as closely as possible, for purposes of commerce and defence.

It is, perhaps, natural that the organisation of Imperial defence should have been the first portion of this threefold problem to attract attention, and that the principal result of the Conference of 1889 should have been the maintenance of a squadron of the Imperial Navy in Australian waters. Though the question of Commercial Federation was discussed at the second Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, held in London in 1892, it was not brought into prominence until the Imperial Conference at Ottawa in 1894, presided over by Lord Jersey, as representative of the United Kingdom; and the proposals on the subject, then unanimously adopted by representatives from all the self-

governing Colonies, were, despite his encouraging and sympathetic report, unfavourably received by Lord Ripon, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. Though, however, the Imperial Government declined to take action on any of them, save one of minor importance,* the Ottawa Resolutions not only accomplished their primary object by demonstrating the desire of the Colonies to co-operate in working out a scheme of Federation, but also served to give increased prominence to the growing recognition in this country of the danger of allowing other nations, by our neglect, to deprive us of the means of utilising them to the best advantage. When Adam Smith first drew attention to the capacity of our Colonies and Dependencies to meet the demand for every article imported into the United Kingdom by foreign nations, the fact appeared chiefly important as offering a means of extending the foreign trade of a comparatively thinly-populated country, which had just begun to benefit by the development of rich material resources far exceeding its own internal needs. During the last twenty years it has, however, acquired an entirely new significance, owing to the enormous growth of our population, and our increasing dependence on external sources for our raw material, our food supply, and a large proportion of the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life. Through the pressure of foreign competition in our colonial, as well as our home markets, it has become the dominant factor in determining the commercial relations of the component parts of the British Empire, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the Congress of 1896, which was convened at the suggestion of the London Chamber of Commerce, should, like the preceding one at Ottawa, have devoted a considerable portion of its time to the discussion of Adam Smith's theory of Commercial Federation.

* The Colonies are now free to make arrangements as to the grant of preferential duties with one another, except in Victoria and New South Wales, where, however, Acts of a restrictive nature still in force can be repealed by the Colonial Parliaments. See an article on "Commercial Federation" by Mr. J. G. Colmer, C.M.G., in the *National Review* for July, 1896, p. 653, *et seq.*

The intrinsic value of the conclusions, respecting this and other kindred subjects of scarcely less weight, arrived at by the six hundred representatives of nearly two hundred Chambers of Commerce, who met last June in the hall of one of the oldest commercial guilds in the Metropolis,* and were presided over by Sir Albert Rollit as President of the London Chamber, is largely enhanced by the Imperial character of the Congress. The delegates represented, on the one hand, all the principal commercial centres of the United Kingdom, from the capital and cities like Manchester and Birmingham, to towns like Luton and Batley; and, on the other, those, not only of all our great self-governing Colonies and of our Indian Empire, but also of such lesser foreign dependencies as Aden, Barbadoes, Cyprus, Ceylon, Hongkong, Jamaica, Malta, Mauritius, the Straits Settlements, Sierra Leone, and Trinidad. The comprehensive nature of the Congress was also further increased by the presence, as representatives of foreign commerce, of delegates from the British Chambers of Commerce at Alexandria, Constantinople, Paris and Nice, and the General Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai, and of members, invited as foreign guests, of the Anglo-Belgian, Austro-Hungarian, French, and Netherlands Chambers of Commerce established in London. And, lastly, the interest and approval of the Imperial Government were evidenced by the presence of the Secretary of State for the Colonies as Honorary President of the Congress, and the inclusion, among its fifty-one Vice-Presidents, of the Secretaries and Under-Secretaries of State for the Colonies under two preceding Administrations, the present and the late Secretary of State and two former Viceroys of India, and numerous acting and former Colonial Governors and High Commissioners. Such an assembly fully merits the title bestowed on it by Lord Jersey at a banquet given to the delegates by the London Chamber, of "a Parliament of Commerce";† and it is thus in itself a

* That of the Grocers' Company.
† *Report of Proceedings*, p. 105.

striking proof both of the wisdom and of the stability of the convictions which led our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, not only to institute the first Parliament, but also to reward commercial enterprise by raising the successful merchant to the rank of thane. "The Empire," as Mr. Chamberlain reminded his hearers on the same occasion, "is commerce,"* and as it was not only created by commerce, but could not exist to-day without it, it may be useful to examine the nature and scope of that "Imperial Commerce" which the Congress was designed to promote, and of the proposals made for furthering its development.

1. Both as regards its rapidity and extent, the growth of British commerce has hitherto been unparalleled in the history of the nations. It was not until the close of the Tudor dynasty that Britain began to discover her vocation for trade and colonization; and she had barely emerged from the small industry stage at the commencement of that of the House of Hanover. Since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution of last century, however, she has continuously developed her innumerable mills, factories, mines and warehouses, until, aided by a prolonged internal peace and the wars which exhausted the resources of her Continental rivals, she has made herself not only mistress of the markets of the world, but also the universal agent for distributing the produce of other nations. Between 1793 and 1815 the value of her exports had risen from £17,000,000 to £58,000,000. During the fifty years that have elapsed since the inauguration of Free Trade our commerce and shipping have both increased 200 per cent.; and, while the commerce of the mother-country has risen during the reign of Queen Victoria from 11; millions sterling to 750 millions, that of her foreign possessions has increased to the amount of 450 millions—a total of 1,200 millions of inward and outward commerce.† The steam tonnage of the British Empire is 10,508,443, and that of its sailing

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* *Report of Proceedings*, pp. 13, 103.
† *Ibid*, p. 101.

vessels 2,850,583, a total of 13,359,026, or rather more than half that of the whole world, which amounts to 25,614,089; while, of the countries which most nearly approach us in this respect, the United States has a tonnage of only 2,234,725, Germany one of 1,943,751, and Norway and France tonnages of 1,669,468 and 1,129,575 respectively. While three-fourths of the carrying trade between the various ports of the Empire, as well as a large share of the remainder of the total, is performed by British shippers, the sea-carrying trade in foreign countries is also largely in British hands, and the preponderance would be still larger were not many ships, owned by British capitalists, compelled to carry foreign flags.* Lastly, the profits produced by our commerce have enabled us to become the greatest national money-lenders in the world, and it has been estimated that, while the revenue derived from our exports and carrying trade defrays considerably more than half of the bill of over 400 millions sterling paid annually for our imports of food and raw material, the remainder—from 40 to 45 per cent.—is met by the interest on our loans to foreign countries.†

Facts such as these, which it would be easy to supplement, afford a sufficient proof of the commercial supremacy which we have so long enjoyed, and which, despite the effects of periods of trade depression and of the increasing stress of foreign competition, we still maintain over other nations. The exports per head of the United Kingdom are shown by the *Memorandum of the Board of Trade*, referred to at the head of this article, to be about double, and the imports per head more than double, those of either France or Germany or the United States; the imports per head being more than three times those of the last named country, while it still preponderates greatly over its rivals as a country manufac-

* *Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping*, 1896-7. *Cf.*, *The German Bogey*, pp. 91, 92. *Cf.*, Speech of Mr. Ritchie at the annual banquet of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, 17th February.

† See a Speech of Sir Richard Temple to the British Conservative Working Men's Association at Bristol, October 27th, 1896; and *The German Bogey*, pp. 62, 63, 93-5; and *Cf.*, *Accounts of Trade and Navigation*, 1895-6, pp. 123-7.

turing for export.* Though its trade, in common with that of all other nations, has been passing during recent years through a period of severe depression, and the loss between 1874-94 on the returns of agriculture—which, however, has suffered equally in Russia, Germany, and the United States from the fall in prices—amounted to no less than £88,000,000, the last eighteen months have been marked by a steady revival, which has, to a small extent, reached even to agriculture. The Returns of the Board of Trade for 1896 show that, though some important industries are still depressed, there has been an increase of £25,117,611 in the value of our imports and of £14,032,193 in our exports over the previous year, while the total trade of the United Kingdom, which in 1895 advanced on its declared value by £21,000,000, has now further increased by £36,000,000, of which £25,553,000 is due to increase in quantity, and £10,447,000 has arisen from better average prices. Of this increase fully one-fourth was supplied by the closing months of the year, and, taken in conjunction with the evidence afforded by the railway traffic receipts, the totals of the bankers' clearings in London and the provinces, and the statistics of consumption in the various branches of industry, it may be taken to prove that the tide of trade progress is steadily rising.† As regards the Colonies, no returns are available beyond 1895, but the continued progress of their trade up to that date is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that the increase of the average value of their imports from all countries between 1884-95 is shown by the *Memorandum* already quoted to be £22,329,000, or 11·5 per cent., and that of their total exports £55,913,000, or 28·3 per cent.‡

2. It will be seen from this necessarily imperfect survey

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* *Board of Trade Memorandum*, pp. 11, 18.

† See *Accounts relating to Trade and Navigation*, 1895; and *Cf.*, Three Articles on British Trade, in the *Economist* of January 9th, 16th, and 23rd, 1897.

‡ *Board of Trade Memorandum*, Table A., p. 31; and Table B., p. 34; and *Cf.*, A Lecture delivered by Sir Charles Dilke at the Society of Arts on February 1st, on "The Progress of the British Colonial Empire during the Past Sixty Years of Her Majesty's Reign."

of its more prominent features that we have just reason for priding ourselves on the progress of our commerce. An examination, however, of its present condition, in relation to that of other nations will show that its efficiency is impaired by defects which the confidence engendered by our long-continued prosperity has led us hitherto to ignore, and that, owing to the commercial progress of our rivals, our supremacy, though still maintained, is no longer unchallenged.

As regards the first point, not only is the internal organisation of our commerce far from faultless, but it is in some important details inferior to that of other countries. Austria, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, and several other countries, altogether inferior to our own in wealth, commerce, and population, have, or are taking steps to obtain, a commercial code, but the United Kingdom, which shares this distinction with the United States, has none; and, when it is remembered that all the numerous transactions necessary for transferring goods from the producer to the consumer are governed by mercantile law, and that contracts made in one country are constantly transferred to another and fulfilled in a third, it must be admitted that the want is a serious one. Though some steps have been taken to render it more uniform, the law as to bills of exchange, which would obviously form one of the most important and frequently consulted chapters in such a code, not only exhibits great divergences throughout the empire, but even differs in the different portions of the United Kingdom; and the unsatisfactory nature of that relating to the scarcely less important subject of bills of lading has long been a fruitful source of controversy between shipowners and merchants. With respect to the important question of the rule of the road at sea, we find the recent Congress unanimously condemning the system of sound signals proposed at the Washington Conference of 1889, and adopted by the Board of Trade, as dangerous and useless: and advocating the abolition of that of levying lights dues on shipping for the maintenance of lighthouses, beacons,

buoys, &c., which exists in no other European State save Turkey,* on the ground that it is a tax both on the food and on the industry of the nation. We are in some respects inferior to France as regards postal facilities; and the extent to which Germany excels us in utilising its consular system for the promotion of its commerce may be gathered from the fact that while Germany spends £500 a year on a Consul at Milan, the chief centre of Italian industry, England—which has only three commercial *attachés* for the whole of Europe, and whose principal Consul in Italy is at Florence, where there is no trade—is represented by a Vice-Consul with a salary of £50 a year, out of which he has to find his own stationery. Our export trade is seriously impeded by our refusal to adopt the metric system of weights and measures now universally in use among all nations of Europe and America; and though all other nations, even including the United States, have adopted a decimal currency, we still prefer to unnecessarily hamper our commerce by adhering to our own.† Lastly, the recent Report of Sir Philip Magnus and his former colleagues on the Technical Instruction Commission to the Duke of Devonshire shows that, as had already been previously maintained by other authorities, we are undoubtedly far behind Germany in the matter of technical education. While allowing for exaggeration in recent accounts as to the aggregate value of the foreign commerce of Germany in comparison with that of Great Britain, it states that she is undoubtedly seriously challenging our supremacy in certain industries, and notably in those manufactures in which superior knowledge, technical skill, and the agency of the expert in chemistry or other sciences can be brought to bear; such as the electrical trades, electrical engineering, colour manufacture, and various

* It is interesting to note that our Government has recently succeeded in obtaining a reduction of light dues from the Turkish Government. See *Correspondence Respecting the Reduction of the Ottoman Light Dues.* Commercial Paper, No. 1. 1897.

† See *Report of Proceedings of Congress*, pp. 48, 54, 57, 63, 74, 80-82, 95, 96; and also *Made in Germany*, pp. 16, 150, 173.

applications of printing involving artistic and scientific skill.*

With respect to what may be termed the external forces prejudicially affecting our commerce, it may be noted, in the first place, that the development of steam transport and the growth of foreign shipping are gradually depriving Great Britain of its value as a house of call, and that as merchandise, which a few years ago was sent to this country for transhipment, now goes direct to its destination, this transit trade, which Lord Ripon described in his Ottawa Despatches as "*doomed*," is not likely long to continue. This has already begun to tell on our Colonial trade—notably that with Canada and South Africa. The full importance of the change may, however, best be estimated by the fact that 120 of the 750 millions mentioned above, as representing the value of British Commerce,† represents goods simply imported for re-export, and that, subject to this deduction, the actual total value of our Imperial Commerce is not 1,200, but under 1,100 millions.‡

In the next place, though we may derive some satisfaction from the fact that they are virtually an admission of British superiority, there can be little doubt that the hostile tariffs of foreign nations, which have so long checked our export trade, show everywhere a tendency to increase, while most of our leading Colonies continue to regard Protection as essential to their existence. The indifference engendered by our long-continued isolation as Free Traders, combined with the conviction that such tariffs are, in the long run, injurious to the nations which impose them, makes us apt to underestimate the loss they entail on us. Their effect on our trade may be gathered from the fact that, while our trade with Holland, with a population of 4⅛ millions, amounts to 9 millions, that with Germany, with a population of

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* See *Report*, p. 4.

† See *ante*, p. 89.

‡ See Mr. Colmer's Article in the *National Review*, already quoted, p. 651; and an Article on the *Statist* on "Trade with the Colonies," 26th December, 1896.

52 millions, is, owing to their operation, only 17 millions; while that with France, with a population of 40 millions, is only 12 millions; and that with the United States, with a population of 62 millions, only 19 millions.*

And lastly, during the last twenty years, other nations, whom we formerly regarded merely as customers, have been making a steady commercial progress, which is enabling them to compete with us under the most favourable terms, both in our own markets and in those of foreign countries in which we formerly enjoyed a monopoly. Thus, British agricultural produce has been ousted from home markets by the amount and variety of our imports—live animals of all kinds, beef, mutton, pork, ham, bacon, eggs, cheese, butter and honey—from France, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Russia, the United States, and even from Turkey, Egypt and the Canary Islands.† Again, the impulse by the bounty system given to the import of French, Belgium, Dutch and German sugar during the last twenty years has so injured the once flourishing trade of sugar refining that all the loaf, and most of the moist sugar refiners existing in 1864 in London, Bristol, Liverpool, Plymouth, Dublin, and other places, have been closed, and the few of the latter which still survive are steadily declining.‡ Again, a comparison of the annual averages of production of coal and of pig iron during the years 1870-4 and 1890-4, shows that the percentage increase in both instances has been greater in France, Germany, and the United States than in the United Kingdom.§ And, similarly, it will be found, on an examination of the catalogue of our industries, that almost every nation is now beginning to show itself a more or less formidable competitor with us in some particular branch—the United States in machinery and hardware; Germany in chemicals, camphor refining, and saltpetre;

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* *Cf.*, Speech of Sir Richard Temple at Bristol referred to, p. 90 *ante*.

† *Cf.*, Agricultural Returns, 1892-6.

‡ See an Article on Beetroot and the Sugar Bounties, *Saturday Review*, 15th August, 1896.

§ *Board of Trade Memorandum*, pp. 7, 8.

Belgium in steel, cotton and linen; France in woollen manufactures; Sweden in chemicals, and Norway in shipping.* Such competition was, of course, inevitable when other nations began to find themselves able to enjoy, like ourselves, the blessings of a comparatively prolonged peace, and to turn to account the developments which modern science has produced in every branch of commerce, and the rapidity with which they are doing this is well illustrated by the case of Germany.

At the close of her war with France, Germany was an agricultural state, importing largely for her own consumption, with few and unimportant manufactures, a small industrial capital, and an insignificant export trade. Within the last twenty-five years, however, she has experienced an industrial development which fairly challenges a comparison with that of England a century ago. Like that of England, her population has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and deserting the rural districts for large factory towns; and, as in England, the wages in all skilled industries are rising, the standard of living of the wage-earning classes is steadily improving, and the hours of labour show a tendency to decrease, while child labour in factories has practically disappeared. Instead of relying, as formerly, on machinery imported from England, she now produces a steadily-increasing quantity of that required for the home trade, and finds new markets abroad. She has increased her shipyards —one of which, at Stettin, is said to be scarcely surpassed by any in the British Isles—and greatly developed and extended her railway system, and has largely compensated for the disadvantages of her inland position and comparative remoteness from Colonial and other markets by very low railway rates for raw material. While she has been educating her people in a manner which has made it in most branches of industry the equal, and in some the superior of the

* *Cf.*, *Made in Germany*, p. 59, 66, 74, 82, 96; *Board of Trade Memorandum*, pp. 10, 28; and Correspondence respecting the Subsidising of Steamers running between Norwegian and British Ports. Commercial Paper No. 5, 1896.

English; she has been improving English manufacturing processes, the secrets of which she has learnt through the German clerks who have made themselves so indispensable in our counting houses, and the skilled English workmen whom her manufacturers have hired to instruct their own. It is, therefore, not surprising that Sir Philip Magnus and his colleagues should have found that, during the fourteen years that have elapsed since their first visit, not only were schools "that awakened their envy in 1882" being rebuilt and replaced by larger and more serviceable edifices, but also "new factories are being erected, and new processes are being invented," and that there are "large and populous factories employing thousands of workpeople, where formerly there were workshops with but a sprinkling of artisans." Germany encourages her capitalists, who live in a simple style, enabling them to dispense with big profits, and to feed their capital; and who maintain a strict control over all the branches of their businesses, by every form of State-aid in her power—bounties, protective tariffs, cheap railway carriage, low dock charges, special rates to shipping ports, through rates from inland towns to foreign ports, and subventions to the great postal lines of steamers. The enterprise of her traders and commercial travellers, the energy and ability of her large staff of commercial Consuls, and the advantages which her diplomatists have acquired for her by innumerable commercial treaties, have enabled her to secure markets in every quarter of the globe, and she has become a great commercial State, and promises to be one of our most formidable competitors for the trade of the world.*

The impending destruction of our commercial supremacy by this new competitor forms the subject of a pamphlet by Mr. E. E. Williams, which has achieved the substantial success, rare among publications of its kind, of passing through five editions in the course of the past year. *Made in Germany* has been "highly commended" by critics of

* *Cf., Report of a Recent Visit to Germany*, pp. 4, 5, 15, 16, and *Made in Germany*, pp. 9, 10, 13, 48, 149.

such opposite views as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Stead, and the *Saturday Review*, and stigmatised as untrustworthy and alarmist by Mr. Morley, Mr. Ritchie and the *Economist;* while its advocacy of Fair Trade has led the Cobden Club to publish a reply to it by Mr. Medley, one of the delegates of the London Chamber of Commerce, at the Second Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, under the title of *The German Bogey*. The difficulty of deciding between the conflicting opinions it has evoked is, however, largely removed by the valuable *Memorandum* on Foreign Competition, by Sir Courtenay Boyle, recently issued by the Board of Trade, which must be taken to prove that, though many of Mr. Williams' statements are, as is shown by Mr. Medley, based on unscientific calculations and untrustworthy statistics, he has undoubtedly done good service by calling attention to defects in our commercial system which we cannot afford to overlook, and to the fact that the increase of foreign competition is a hostile force, the influence of which we must now begin seriously to take into account. It is pointed out by Sir Courtenay Boyle that the increase of population in Germany and the United States has recently been greater than in this country, and that as its set has, as with us, been to the towns, it has, combined with the enjoyment of a peace of nearly a quarter of a century, tended to promote the rapid development of their manufacturing and industrial power. Though we are still greatly ahead of both nations in our power of manufacturing for export, and their gains in this respect have had no serious effect upon our trade, each of them, beginning from a lower level, is, he considers, "for the moment travelling upwards more rapidly than we are," and, if peace is maintained, both, and to some extent France also, are certain to increase their rate of progress.

"Their competition with us in neutral markets, and even in our home markets, will probably, unless we ourselves are active, become increasingly serious. Every year will add to their acquired capital and skill, and they will have larger and larger additions to their population to draw upon;"

and though the increase of wealth in foreign nations is in the long run beneficial both for us and for the whole world,

"the change of conditions must be recognised, and we can scarcely expect to maintain our past undoubted pre-eminence, at any rate without strenuous effort and careful and energetic improvement in method."*

This view of our position is fully endorsed by Sir Philip Magnus and his colleagues in their Report on the Recent Progress of Technical Education in Germany. The determination of our foreign rivals to keep well ahead in the matter of facilities for instruction demonstrated by that progress is, they point out, due to their realisation of the fact that cheaper and more speedy means of transit are placing all countries more nearly on a level as regards natural resources, and that the great industries of to-day depend more and more upon the successful application of recent discoveries to ordinary manufacturing processes, and less and less upon the presence of coal, iron and raw materials.

"Improved tools and labour-saving machinery are rapidly rendering the manual skill and dexterity of the individual workman (upon which we once so greatly relied) of minor significance, and in the industrial race in which we are engaged nearly all the advantages upon which we prided ourselves in the past are possessed in a greater or less degree by our rivals, and count for little as compared with scientific knowledge and its ready application to the needs of the manufacturer."†

3. It must be generally admitted that these weighty opinions justify the conclusion that, though there are no grounds for magnifying foreign competition into a "bogey," the question of how best to develop and increase our competing power must nevertheless be regarded as one of the most important problems in connection with our commerce. And that this was also the feeling of the recent Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire is shown by the fact that, while only the two first of the Resolutions adopted by it related to what may be termed "commercial defence" and

* *Board of Trade Memorandum*, pp. 28, 29.
† *Report*, p. 10; and *Cf.*, p. 16.

the remaining fifteen to "commercial reform," two out of the four days of its session were devoted to the discussion of the former.

With regard to the second of these Resolutions, which, though it elicited but little debate, appears to us to be of the highest practical value, it is sufficient here to observe that it suggests the formation of a Consultative Imperial Council, consisting of members elected by all the self-governing and of delegates from all the Crown Colonies, for the consideration of questions of Trade, Finance and Imperial Defence affecting Colonial interests.* Both this Resolution and those that followed it are, from their more limited scope, manifestly inferior in importance to the first Resolution discussed by the Congress, which was submitted on behalf of the Toronto Board of Trade for the creation of a British Customs Union or Zollverein.

The adoption of this proposal, which is based on the principle underlying both the German Zollverein and the federation of the United States, would, as was pointed out by Mr. Chamberlain, not only be a strong bond of union between the British race throughout the world, but a permanent extension of the doctrines of Free Trade to more than 300 millions of the human race, and to some of the most thriving and rapidly increasing communities in the world.† Attractive, however, as is this scheme for realising Adam Smith's project of commercial federation, it is open to the weighty objection that it would necessarily entail the entire readjustment both of our own fiscal system and that of the Colonies—a step in each case involving such important issues that both the contracting parties have hitherto exhibited the greatest reluctance to discuss even the question of its desirability. Though "Fair Traders" have during recent years been increasing in number, the Mother-country still remains pledged to Free Trade, and the more extreme adherents of its doctrines contend that commercial federation can only be attained by the abandonment by the

* *Report of Proceedings*, p. 44. † *Ibid*, p. 5.

Colonies of their own fiscal system and the opening of their markets to the whole world—a proposal which, though in the direction of cosmopolitan union, would not specially benefit the Empire as such,* and which is altogether declined by the Colonies on the ground that their revenues are principally derived from their protective duties. The Colonies which, with a few exceptions, are thus pledged to Protection, have, on the other hand, made a proposal at the Ottawa Conference, which has been firmly declined by the Mother-country—namely, that they should be left absolutely free to impose what protective duties they please on British and foreign imports; but that, in return for a small discrimination to be made by them in favour of British trade, we should abandon our fiscal system and impose duties on food and raw material. The Resolution of the Toronto Board of Trade, though it endeavoured to provide a *via media* between these two extremes, inclines, as perhaps might be anticipated, rather more to the latter than the former. It proposed, by means of a British Zollverein to establish Free Trade throughout the Empire, while leaving both Great Britain and the Colonies free to make their own arrangements with regard to foreign goods; but with the important exception as regards the former, that she shall consent to replace moderate duties upon corn, meat, wool, sugar and some other articles of enormous consumption which are at present largely, and might under such an arrangement be wholly, produced in the Colonies by British labour.

The complexity of the interests affected by this proposal is shown by the fact that, while it was opposed by the delegates from Singapore, Tasmania and Geelong (Victoria), it was supported by those from Melbourne (Victoria), New Zealand, Canada, and Trinidad; and that, though condemned by those from London, Liverpool, Manchester, Plymouth, Swansea, Cork and Northwich, it was approved by those from Birmingham, Blackburn, Nottingham, Belfast, Dublin, Warrington, Middlesbrough and West Ham. It was con-

* See Mr. Chamberlain's Speech, *Report*, p. 5.

tended by its opponents that, as the bulk of their imports is, in many cases, of British origin, the renewal of protective duties at present imposed upon them might expose the Colonies to heavy loss, while our own consumers and manufacturers would be liable to suffer equally heavily through the imposition of duties on food and raw material. While Colonial consumers would benefit greatly by the reduction of their tariffs, and Colonial producers by the extended market they would acquire in this country, Great Britain, which does three-fourths of her trade with foreign countries, and only one-fourth with the Colonies, might, it was maintained, be exposed to a serious decrease in the former without any substantial increase in the latter, through the retaliation which preferential duties would probably provoke. As the Colonies at present only supply us with 14 million cwt. of wheat, as against 107 million cwt. obtained from foreign countries, it was argued that, until they are able to supply us with at least half our food supply, it is useless, even admitting the desirability of preferential duties, to contemplate their imposition on that imported from other sources. And lastly, it was urged that any deviation from the policy of Free Trade cannot fail to injure our commercial prosperity, and that the proposal to impose such duties must, therefore, be resisted as being "the thin end of the Protectionist wedge."*

On the other hand, it was pointed out that, while their extensive territories and sparse population render it impossible for the Colonies to raise, by direct taxation, a revenue, the receipts of which would, in many parts of Australia and Canada, be swallowed up by the cost of collection, much of the revenue now raised by protective duties comes back to this country as interest on money borrowed by them for promoting their own development, and that this development has provided additional markets for British manufactures. It was maintained that, were the sums now invested in foreign countries also devoted to this object, the richness of their

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* *Report of Proceedings*, pp. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 20, 35.

resources would enable the Colonies to supply all the needs of the Mother-country, which would thus be protected from the dangers of starvation in time of war, and that, under a system of preferential duties, manufactures now imported by the Colonies from foreign countries would be imported from Great Britain. The objection to such duties as being a veiled form of Protection, was met by the rejoinder that, though we have a system of free imports, we have never had Free Trade in this country, since we impose duties on tea, coffee, cocoa, wines and tobacco, while by preferential railway rates and shipping charges, we practically protect the foreign producer against our own. Our commercial progress, it was pointed out, has been promoted as much by various other causes, such as the discovery of gold, and the utilisation of steam and electricity, as by Free Trade; while the development, both of our Colonies and of foreign countries, and notably that of Germany, which have never adopted it, has been almost equally noteworthy. "Free Trade," it was asserted, "was made for man, and not man for Free Trade,"* and should not be adopted as a "fetish" or "shibboleth"; and, even admitting its benefits, it would not be injured by the adoption of preferential duties, the amount of which is too small to affect the prices of our national food supply. It was explained by Mr. Colmer, C.M.G.†—winner of half the £1,000 prize for an essay on this subject given by the *Statist* newspaper—that, under the scheme suggested by him, and generally adopted by the Colonial representatives, specific duties would be placed on only some 20 of 219 imports from foreign countries, which would involve an increase of revenue of about £2,700,000 but that this, by a reduction of the duties on tea, coffee, cocoa and tobacco, would be reduced to about £700,000—a sum representing about 4½d. per head of the population of the United Kingdom. And he pointed out that the Colonies are thus asking for preferential treatment on only £145,000,000

* Col. Howard Vincent, M.P. *Report*, p. 18.
† Delegate from Sydney, Cape Breton, Canada, Board of Trade.

—£90,000,000 of which come from foreign countries, and £55,000,000 from the Colonies—out of the £400,000,000 sterling imports into this country; and that as the Colonial and Indian imports would be duty free, the supply from within the Empire would dominate the market, and, with foreign competition, tend to check the increase of prices which would result from the imposition of duties from all countries alike. He endorsed the opinion advanced by the President of the Birmingham Chamber,* and other speakers, that, as we are the largest purchasers from foreign countries, which in every case import more from us than we from them, we have little to fear from retaliation on their part, which would react largely upon themselves; and he also contended that commercial federation, while enabling British manufacturers to retain control of the Imperial market, would not only make trade freer within the Empire without seriously endangering Free Trade with the world outside, but would also provide a material, as well as a sentimental, bond between the Mother-country and its Dependencies.†

This view of commercial federation received the important support of Mr. Chamberlain, who stated that a voluntary offer from the Colonies with this object would be considered "not in any huckstering spirit," but "as part of a great policy intended to unite in the closest bonds of affection and of interest all the communities which are under the British flag."‡ It was, in a more qualified degree, also approved by the late Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Sydney Buxton, who declared himself not opposed to the reimposition of certain duties if it tended to secure Free Trade within the Empire;§ while it was cordially endorsed by other speakers, who, by drawing attention to the higher aspect of the question, prevented the debate from degenerating into an academic discussion on Free Trade. Sir Albert Rollit doubtless expressed the feelings of a large majority of the

* Mr. Toules. *Report*, p. 21.
† *Report of Proceedings*, pp. 7, 13, 15, 17, 21, 23, 26, 28, 36, 37, 41.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 5.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 10.

Congress when he stated, in his able and eloquent summary of the discussion, that

"if Free Trade is a principle, so the Colonies and Commercial Union are principles—and principles to which we are bound to give a hearing;" and that "there are circumstances in which an economic sacrifice may be more than justified for the greatness of the political, social and commercial ends which we have in view."*

But, despite the favourable reception accorded to the proposals of the Canadian representatives, the general recognition that the important and complicated issues involved rendered it impossible for the Congress, in the brief time at its disposal, to pronounce a conclusive opinion on the question of a British Zollverein, led to the withdrawal of the Toronto Resolution in favour of one of a more general scope proposed by Sir Albert Rollit, which was unanimously adopted. This Resolution records the opinion of the Congress that "the establishment of closer commercial relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies and Dependencies is an object which deserves, and demands, prompt and careful consideration," and that "if the suggestion should be made on behalf of the Colonies, or some of them," it would be "right and expedient" for Her Majesty's Government "to promote such consideration, and the formulation of some practical plan, by summoning an Imperial Conference, thoroughly representative of the interests involved."† Having regard to the eminently representative character of the assembly by which it was adopted, this must be regarded as the most important step yet made towards commercial federation, and it is to be hoped that, as it originated with the Colonies, it may not be long before the latter make the "suggestion" to the Imperial Government, which is the next preliminary to a further advance.

Whatever be the fate of this result of the deliberations of the Congress, there can be little doubt that the other Resolu-

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* *Report*, pp 41, 42.

† *Report of Proceedings*, p. 41, and *Cf.*, Mr. Colmer's Article in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, above referred to, p. 654.

tions adopted by it embody objects equally "deserving and demanding prompt and careful consideration"—the formation of an Imperial Consultative Council; the development of the Colonies by British emigration and British capital; the reform and codification of mercantile law; the provision of increased postal, railway and steamship facilities; the introduction of the metric system of weights and measures; and the abolition of light dues on shipping. In all these matters the State can aid commercial enterprise without summoning an Imperial Conference, and it can also do so with regard to an equally important one, which, it is to be regretted, was not considered by the Congress. The Report of Sir Philip Magnus and his colleagues conclusively proves our own inferiority as regards technical education, to which Germany—whose schools at Berlin, Darmstadt and Stuttgart cost £450,000, £120,000 and £680,000 respectively—devotes as much of its revenue as it does to its army, and on which Russia last year expended 18½ millions, as against 10 millions in 1873, and the French Republic an amount treble that allotted to it by the Empire. The improvement and development of our higher industrial and technical educational machinery, and its adaptation to our present conditions, is absolutely essential to our equipment for the struggle for trade that lies before us, and we can no longer afford to allow it to remain below the level of that of other nations.*

As observed by Sir Courtenay Boyle, however, the assistance which the State can give is but limited, and our commercial position must be kept up, as it has been attained, mainly by the untiring zeal and energy of the industrial community. Our traders must learn to realise that they can no longer rely on the traditions and reputation of the past, and to adopt some of the methods of their foreign rivals—the thoroughness which leads the trader to learn the language and customs of the people with whom he deals, and the

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* See *Report*, p. 16, and *Passim*. *Cf.*, a Speech by Lord Reay in the House of Lords, 23rd July, 1896, in favour of a Teaching University for London.

anatomy of the machines he has to work; the adaptability which makes him comply with all the wishes of his customers, even to such details as weights and measures; and his readiness to accept all orders, however small.* Under the present conditions of hostile tariffs, and the struggle for new markets, commerce partakes largely of the nature of warfare, and it is important to remember that in commerce, as in war, success depends in no small degree on the training and efficiency of the individual combatants. To a nation with such commercial traditions as our own, however, the attainment of such efficiency presents little difficulty, provided the training be undertaken in time; and it is of no less importance for us to realise that in commerce, as in war, the union born of patriotism is strength. There are clear indications that, in the near future, we shall find ourselves entering on a commercial war of far greater magnitude than any in which we have hitherto been engaged, and it is no idle or unreasoning instinct which has, during the last few years, been drawing the Mother-country and her Colonies closer together, and which has now found expression in the proposals for commercial federation which the Congress of 1896 has, for the first time, brought within the range of practical politics. Though the process must of necessity be a work of time, the growing sentiment in favour of such a union among all British peoples, in all parts of the world, affords a good earnest of its ultimate practical accomplishment, and of the realisation of Milton's splendid dream of the future of his country:

> "She stands with all her daughter lands about her,
> Mistress of the seas, and heiress of the lands beyond the seas."†

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* *Cf.*, *Memorandum*, p. 29; *Report on Progress of Technical Education in Germany*, pp. 12, 16; and *Made in Germany*, pp. 156-163, 172.

† *Cf.*, Speech of Sir Albert Rollit. *Report of Proceedings*, p. 41.

ART. VIII.—CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

1. *Philosophy of Theism.* Being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1895-96. First and Second Series. By A. C. FRASER, LL.D. Blackwood & Sons. 1896.

2. *Recent Advances in Theistic Philosophy of Religion.* By JAMES LINDSAY, M.A., B.D., &c. Blackwood & Sons. 1897.

3. *God the Creator and the Lord of All.* By SAMUEL HARRIS, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. 2 Vols. T. & T. Clark. 1897.

4. *God and the Soul.* An Essay towards Fundamental Religion. By R. A. ARMSTRONG, B.A. Philip Green. 1896.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in a recent address to that very select audience, the Positivist Society, dwelt in a suggestive way upon what he acknowledged to be a "religious reaction" during the last thirty or forty years, on certain changes of thought and feeling which had come over the country in that time, marked by a "tendency to revert to older aims and ideals." "The result has been," said Mr. Harrison, "a return to a new type of popular enthusiasm, and to a weak solution of attenuated theology." Not, he added, that any "men of sense" believed in these earlier ideals or theological conceptions, but that, with or without reason, theological habits of thought were more potent than they were a generation ago. Mr. Harrison has seen, through his own inverted telescope, a fact which, seen with the naked eye, assumes much more significant proportions. We have no desire to magnify a feature of our time which Mr. Harrison, in our judgment, seriously minifies. Even he, however, is compelled to see that the current of thought in

the closing years of the nineteenth century is *not* setting in, as Comte prophesied, to the utter extinction of theology and the enthronement of the Positivist *Grand Etre*. The return, we may add, is not towards an "attenuated theology." On the other hand, it is precisely among the strongest and most profound minds that the tendency Mr. Harrison has observed is visible—a tendency to revert from the views of the universe which largely prevailed in the seventies, when the influence of Mill and Bain, of Huxley, and Tyndall, was all-prevalent in certain circles, to views of a much more distinctly theological cast. We say this, not as theologians, but as students of literature. Another hue has come over philosophy. Physical science has lost none of its value but it is falling into its due place in the hierarchy of knowledge. The philosophy, "falsely so called," which usurped the name of science and succeeded in identifying the valuable researches of the naturalist with the false and misleading theories supposed to be bound up with them, has been found out. A truer, deeper, more comprehensive "science," accepting all the sound conclusions of the physicist, is exposing the shallowness and ineffectiveness of the phenomenalism of which Comte was one of the chief priests, and the whole habit of thought and view of the universe implied in the Positivism which Mr. Harrison still so earnestly preaches, has been weighed in the balances and found wanting.

What has come, or is coming, in its place? The present article may afford some help in answering the question. The volumes named at the head of it cannot be reviewed in detail, but they are named together as the most recent examples of a literature which has been accumulating upon us during the last few years with amazing rapidity. The meaning of this multiplication of works upon Theism, and closely related subjects, is that philosophers and theologians are occupied in assimilating the immense amount of knowledge gathered in the regions of physical science during the last quarter of a century, and framing a *Welt-Anschauung*, a "view of God and the world," which shall do full justice to the claims of science, while keeping it in its due place in

relation to the whole field of human knowledge and life. The works before us are diverse—they have been selected, indeed, because of their diversity—whilst each has a value of its own. Dr. Fraser is the most recent, and—it may be said without invidiousness—one of the very best of the growing company of Gifford lecturers. He gives us the ripe product of a life-time of philosophical meditation : for his laurels were won long ago, though the vigorous thought and clear, effective style of these lectures might well argue that the writer was in the prime of his strength. Dr. Fraser's statement of what he calls "the ultimate problem" of human thought, his examination of the various materialistic, pantheistic, and other solutions of it current in our day, and his defence, in the fullest light of modern science and philosophy, of that theistic solution which seems to him the only one worthy of a rational being, are alike clear, cogent and admirable. We cannot summarise his argument, though to some parts of it we shall allude shortly; suffice it to say that it is conducted throughout without the faintest trace of dogmatism or obscurantism ; the closeness of its reasoning is tempered by its clearness and attractiveness of style, and the thinker and the general reader will alike be interested in this noble "Apologia."

Mr. Lindsay has followed up his able little book on *The Progressiveness of Modern Christian Thought* with a volume which deals with one section of the same subject in a much more elaborate way. His aim is indeed ambitious; for it is no slight task to pass in review the whole literature of Germany, France, England and America dealing with these great central problems of thought and life. Mr. Lindsay, however, shows a knowledge of his subject quite encyclopædic in its character; the chief drawbacks in reading his pages being that his style is often involved and cumbrous, and that, as is natural with so omniverous a reader, he too often gives us extracts from other authors, rather than the results to which his wide study has brought himself. Mr. Lindsay aims at proving the "progressiveness of Theism," and, in a very complete way, he shows how, in natural

theology, in the study of the being and attributes of God, and in recent thought on the spiritual nature of man—his reason, personality, freedom, and higher affinities and needs—distinct and most important advances have been made in the direction of ethical Theism and Christianity.

Dr. S. Harris, Professor of Theology at Yale, is well known in this country by his works, *The Philosophical Basis of Theism* and *The Self-Revelation of God.* The two volumes recently issued, which are styled, not very happily, *God, the Creator and The Lord of All,* form a continuation of the argument begun in their predecessors. Professor Harris describes the earlier books as dealing with "Fundamental Theology," while the present forms a part of "Doctrinal Theology." The treatment is in the main that of the systematic theologian, and the ground covered includes the nature, the attributes, and the government of God. But this is no ordinary theological treatise, written for believing students, or we should not have given it a place in this list. While all students of theology may benefit from the book, its standpoint is not that of the dogmatist, who proves his theses from recognised authorities, whether the Bible, the Creeds, or the Fathers. Dr. Harris meets all objectors and assailants upon the open field, shows himself well acquainted with the bearings of modern thought, and asks for no reception of his arguments, except in so far as they commend themselves to the instructed Reason, the only arbiter to which—in this portion of his book—he appeals. Instruction, however, is given, and that of the best kind, to readers who are prepared to accept the Christian Revelation, and some of the author's expositions of his great theme are amongst the fullest and best that we have ever seen.

Mr. Armstrong's *God and the Soul* is slight and popular. He is a Unitarian minister, a reverent but not slavish disciple of Dr. Martineau, and he has essayed to popularise some of the more abstruse metaphysical arguments employed by theistic writers. In this he has proved himself—as in his previous booklet, *Man's Knowledge of God*—both able and success-

ful. His lectures are interesting and occasionally eloquent. His argument is, in our estimation, weakened through his not being able to complete it by its proper topstone, the doctrine of the Incarnation, but the spirit of the book (except, perhaps, in the last chapter, on the Bible) is excellent, and it deserves a place with the more substantial works we have named, as affording an illustration that reasoning, even upon the loftiest themes, may be made clear to the comparatively untrained mind, without any lowering either of the subject or the argument.

These books are obviously very different in authorship, treatment, and aims. But the Gifford lecturer, the Presbyterian minister, the American professor, and the Unitarian preacher agree in exhibiting to us the process by which there is being formed in our midst a Christian philosophy of religion. All these writers are well acquainted with scientific and philosophical thought; and in their method, all alike appeal to arguments based upon philosophical and scientific premises. The world of nature and the soul of man, the macrocosm and the microcosm and recognised facts in each—it is upon these foundations that the arguments here used are based. All these writers agree also in holding, and, as we think, in proving, that there is no need to "reconcile" science and religion, since these two, rightly understood, are but parts of one organic whole, each incomplete without the other, each helping and strengthening the other. It is their aim to show that there should be "no schism in the body," that the dualism in human thought and knowledge, which both scientists and theologians have often accepted and sometimes tried to emphasise and deepen, has sprung from a misunderstanding which they would fain do their part to remove. The work done by Clement of Alexandria and Origen in the third century—may we not say by St. Paul on the Areopagus long before?—needs to be done again and again in every generation. The structure of a truly Christian philosophy, like a cathedral, is never complete. Some part of it always needs repairing and renewing, and in some generations a

whole "west front" needs to be rebuilt. It is difficult and often thankless work, this attempt to lay the whole field of secular knowledge under contribution and bring it into captivity to the obedience of God and of Christ. Philosophers sneer at the boldness of the devout enthusiast, whilst religious people often rebuke his alleged impiety. The Church is apt to prefer the fiery eloquence of Tertullian and the high ecclesiasticism of Cyprian to the broad spirit and various learning and calm wisdom exhibited by many of the Greek Fathers. The Church distrusts reason because it fears Rationalism, and the philosopher distrusts religion because he despises superstition. The work of the Christian philosopher is to show the error of both extremes, and this work needs to be renewed in every generation. As the late Aubrey Moore—who did noble work in this field and was only prevented by early death from doing more—well said, at the close of his able essay in *Lux Mundi*, "Human nature craves to be both religious and rational, and the life which is not both is neither." It is proposed in this article to give a few illustrations of the way in which the new light afforded by science and metaphysics is contributing to our knowledge of God, and may be used by the Christian theist in building up a truly Christian philosophy of religion.

A complete philosophy of religion should take account of the history of religions and trace, so far as may be possible, their origin and the principles which have regulated their development. This part of the subject does not come within our scope, but it may be said in passing, that evidence is accumulating which confirms the views of this subject usually taken by theists. The attempts made within the last quarter of a century to explain the origin of religion by resolving it, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, into ancestor-worship, or with Tylor, into animism, or with Strauss, by reviving the *timor fecit Deos* theory which derives the noblest feelings and aspirations of man from the lowest, cowardly fear—have ignominiously failed. So has the attempt to trace a definite and orderly sequence of development in the so-termed fetichistic, totemistic, polytheistic, henotheistic and mono-

theistic "stages" of religious growth. Little is known, indeed, by any one of the earliest stages of the history of religion, and some of the facts in the more clearly recognised historic stages are disputed. But light is beginning to dawn upon these dark places. The latest work on the subject is an *Introduction to the History of Religion*, by Professor F. B. Jevons, of the University of Durham, appointed within the last few weeks to the Principalship of Hatfield Hall. He writes without theological prepossessions, and is a pronounced evolutionist. But he sees that, in this most complete of all histories, the law of progress from lower to higher forms of religious belief cannot be laid down in the baldly simple form which has been in favour with anthropologists. According to Dr. Jevons, the origin of religion is not to be found in magic or in priestcraft, in fanciful myths or craven terror of unseen powers. These may or may not accompany religion, they are all alike insufficient to account for it. Fetichism, he shows by arguments deserving careful study, is not a generating source of religious belief, but itself a degenerate or degraded form of previously existing religion. Principal Jevons holds that "from the beginning man recognised his dependence on a personal and supernatural will, and found a peculiar happiness in the recognition." At that early stage, man was incapable of reasoning out his beliefs, but, with the facts of the universe around him, he responded to the tacit appeal which is therein made, and a sense of dependence and of obligation, sometimes passing into communion, was present in man's spiritual consciousness, though he by no means clearly realised what that consciousness implied. This immediate recognition of power, and, more or less clearly, of wisdom and love, in the universe around, constituted the origin of religion in the mind of man, though it always expressed itself in crude and inadequate forms, and too often degenerated into superstition, cruelty and wrong.

It is clear that the conclusion which this able and dispassionate student has reached by a study of the very data on which anthropologists rely, is not far removed from the

well-known description of St. Paul in the first chapter of the Romans. We do not assume that Dr. Jevons is right, but name the publication of his book as one among many signs that a theistic interpretation of the *history* of religion is more in favour than it was. Professor de la Saussaye, also one of the highest recent authorities on the Science of Religion, recognises the insufficiency of purely natural development to explain the phenomena of religion. This does not imply, however, a "primitive revelation" in the sense in which that phrase has often been understood by Christian orthodoxy. Neither the records of Genesis, nor any statements of the New Testament, require us to burden ourselves with hypotheses concerning the amount of religious knowledge possessed by Adam, theories which were framed with pious intent, but have only cumbered the progress of Christian thought. But neither can we be called upon to accept hypotheses concerning the state of pre-historic man and his religious history during subsequent ages which are not borne out by the facts thus far established. Those facts have yet to be sifted and arranged, and we are not disposed to regard any conclusions likely to be drawn from them as of supreme importance in our study of religion to-day. The end must explain the beginning, not the beginning the end. The acorn may be better understood by a study of the oak, the oak will not be more fully comprehended by an examination of the acorn. Still, it is satisfactory to convinced Theists to be told that such examination into the obscure origins of religion in the mind of primitive man as is now possible, finds the germs of man's noblest thoughts and loftiest worship, not in ignorance or in abject terror, but in primal feelings of wonder and of awe, of joyful aspiration and desire for communion with the unseen and unknown Power manifesting itself in the varied scenes of the visible universe. What those deep emotions meant, primitive man can have only dimly apprehended, and the language of ceremonial or moral observance in which he expressed them during the ages, naturally appears to us clumsy, gross or childish. But the germ of a true knowledge of God, as

manifested in nature and in man, was present, and in due time the tiny seed became a mighty tree.

It is with the knowledge of God to-day, not with the past history of that knowledge, that the Christian philosopher is chiefly concerned. That any such knowledge is possible is the first thing he has to prove; and the second, that true knowledge of God reveals the living, thinking, feeling, willing Personal God in whom the Theist believes, culminating in that consummate revelation of God Incarnate, which forms the central verity of the Christian creed. With the arguments used to establish these various theses, we are not directly concerned; what we desire to point out is the present position of the argument, together with any special modifications of it which the recent history of science and philosophy has rendered necessary. As to the first point, and the supposed prevalence of Agnosticism, it may suffice to say that the whole Theistic army may walk in through the breach in his own walls which the Agnostic leader, Mr. Herbert Spencer, has made in his very description of the Unknowable. The one absolute, omnipresent Energy, operating in the world without us, and welling up in consciousness within, is described by Mr. Spencer almost in these words, and pronounced unknowable. But such a Being or Force must already be tolerably well known to any philosopher who is aware of so much concerning it, and undertakes to pronounce that no man can be aware of anything more. This inconsistency on the part of Mr. Spencer has frequently been pointed out, and the fact to which we draw immediate attention is, that the inconsistency has borne fruit, and the effect of Spencerianism in the history of science has been to show how impossible it is to dispense with supersensible Reality. Call it only Reality, use the vaguest names and descriptions possible, there It is and must be. Spencer has made this plain, and thereby excited the frequently repeated ebullitions of Mr. Frederic Harrison's wrath. The result of his teaching has not been what Mr. Spencer intended, and his followers are perceiving that, to admit so much, means admitting much more. The

flank of the Agnostic position has been turned, and the way prepared for any teacher who can prove, before the bar of Reason, his claim to say, "whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

With the so-called proofs of the being of a personal God which the Theist employs, we are only so far concerned as to point out the measure of their *present* cogency and any modifications in them which modern thought has rendered necessary or desirable. The arguments in question—the cosmological, teleological, and ontological demonstrations of the existence of God—are no longer urged as proofs of that which cannot be "proved." They remain of great value in their place, when their scope and limits are properly understood. But a deeper and truer view of the relation of God to the universe has brought Christian philosophers to see that a "demonstration" of the existence of the Ever-Present Ultimate Ground of all being is impossible. No categories of the logical understanding are wide enough or deep enough for the purpose, the conclusion is always much too vast for the premises. Man cannot argue up to the great First Cause, as he may apply the Method of Agreement or the Method of Difference to a series of physical phenomena, nor discuss the evidence of Divine design in nature as he would examine a machine of novel and ingenious construction. But this does not imply that the cosmological and teleological lines of argument are useless. They are analyses, more or less incomplete, of the rational elements in an already existing faith; or successive "waves" of thought, as Dr. Hutchinson Stirling calls them, by which man is gradually raised Godwards. The great Theistic postulate may be tested and verified by means of them; precisely as great fundamental assumptions in physical science are tested and verified in actual experience; the only kind of "proof" which in either case is available. Prove that God is? But what is meant by the term "God"? And, if He be defined in a theistic sense, how can any series of arguments do more than show that along a number of lines of thought the facts

of human experience point, with immense, cumulative, but not mathematically demonstrative force towards Him who is the Source of all life, the underlying Principle of all thought, and the Ever-present Ground of all being ?

This change of front implies not loss, but gain. It means that the lingering traces of eighteenth century Deism are being removed, that the view of God as a Being apart from a certain cleverly constructed machine styled a Cosmos, an Artificer whose existence can be demonstrated from the ingenuity of the construction, is relinquished, and the immanence of God in creation as well as His transcendence above and beyond it, is being more fully apprehended. There may be danger of Pantheism in this insistence upon Divine immanence as a widely prevalent Deism arose in the eighteenth century from an excessive insistence upon His transcendence. But it is well to bear in mind that there is a truth in the heart of Pantheism of which Pantheists must not be allowed to possess the monopoly. And it is becoming increasingly clear that physical science on the one hand, and the tendency of the best psychology and metaphysics on the other, are compelling Christian theologians to modify their doctrine of God by laying greater stress upon His immanence in the universe. To modify, not essentially to alter it. The Theist alone can furnish a hypothesis adequate to explain the origin and history of the world ; the Christian Theist alone can present this fundamental truth in its complete and most adequate form. Thinkers of various types are falling back upon Theism, now that the poverty and emptiness of the Hegelian, the Spencerian, and other ideal substitutes for God is being more clearly discerned. But it is not precisely the Theism of the beginning of this century to which they turn. The Christian doctrine of God, as it is now understood, is the same in form and outline as it was fifty or a hundred years ago, but its content is richer, deeper and more varied, as its foundations are more stable and its scope is wider and more comprehensive than that which sufficed for our fathers. As this statement is important in itself, and may not be at once accepted by all

readers, it will be well to linger for a while upon its exposition.

Consider, for example, the tendency of the human mind to "anthropomorphism." This word has been very variously used in theistic controversy. The original and etymological meaning, of course, is the attributing to the Divine Being of human shape, making God in the likeness of men in the literal, outward, physical sense. But as applied by Agnostics, by way of objection against all forms of Theism, it has come not only to include anthropopathism, the attributing of human feelings to God, but all reasoning from man to God whatsoever. All human ideas concerning God are held to be vitiated, simply because they are human, as the purity of sunlight is impaired by passing through dull or discoloured glass. Now taking anthropomorphism in the former of these two senses, no educated man could fall into such an error to-day; while as to the second sense, it is obvious that not only our thought concerning God to some extent receives its form from the human mind, but that the same is true of all our knowledge. Our theology is no more vitiated by that necessary condition than our science or our philosophy. But between these two extremes all shades of "anthropomorphism" are to be found. These are too numerous to specify; indeed it may be said that man's thought concerning God is perpetually oscillating between the tendency, on the one hand, to make Him too much a man, and, on the other, to empty the august name of God of its significance and value by undue abstraction. It is possible, and only too common, to rob God under the pretext of honouring Him, and to substitute a metaphysical abstraction, the Infinite or the Absolute, for the God who ever lives and loves—to worship a hollow, high-sounding name in place of the ἀληθινὸς θεός, the only real and true God, of the Bible. In the swing of the pendulum between these opposite extremes, however, the tendency of Christian habit, if not of Christian teaching, has been towards the former of the two. Authorised Christian teaching, it is true, has never regarded God as "a magnified non-natural man,"

though the charge has been freely made. But it may be admitted that in practice a tendency in the direction of undue "anthropomorphism" has sometimes been perceptible. The language of the Old Testament, valuable as it is for the revelation of a personal God which it expresses and enshrines, has been misunderstood. The doctrine of the Incarnation characteristic of the New Testament, also, has not always been stated with sufficient carefulness, so that Mr. Matthew Arnold's sneers at evangelical over-familiarity in the use of the Divine name, and in describing the Divine Being, whilst far from being justifiable in the form he gave them, were not wholly without ground or warrant.

To redress the balance, if we may so speak—to correct this natural but mischievous tendency, a fuller revelation of God in nature has been vouchsafed to this generation. Our ideas concerning God are made up of what may be called cosmic and anthropic elements, drawn from our study of the world of nature and the world of man. The student of physical science is apt unduly to emphasise the former element, until the lineaments of a personal God are no longer discernible in such theology as he admits and retains. The Christian Theist has sometimes laid too great stress upon the latter element, and, as we have said, this bias is being rebuked and corrected by the discoveries of modern science. The problem of the present generation is to arrive at a just synthesis of the two, what Mr. Lindsay calls "a pure and worthy anthropo-cosmic Theism," which combines "the Aryan conception of God as Ground of the world of nature with the Semitic stress on a God who is Lord over nature and Father of spirits." The task set before the Christian Fathers of the fourth century was to show the relation between the revelation of God in Jesus of Nazareth, Son of Man and Son of God, and that more general and indistinct revelation given in history, and in the best and wisest thoughts of men, and it was accomplished by the working out of Scripture teaching concerning the Logos, Lord of creation and Light of every man. A similar task is before

the Christian teachers of to-day, and it must be similarly met. No new doctrine is required, but a fuller development of certain parts of the old doctrine concerning God, so as to meet the demands made by that new knowledge of the universe which Christianity is called upon to assimilate and make her own. Such work needs to be carefully done, since many to-day are prepared to say that the Fathers of the fourth century adulterated Christian truth by the addition of Greek philosophy, rather than purified Greek philosophy by permeating it with Christian truth, and the influence of physical science upon religious thought needs to be carefully watched. Other dangers might be mentioned attending this new synthesis or work of reconstruction, but it is being attempted, and many volunteer leaders are undertaking to show us the way.

But is such synthesis possible? Can the Ground of all being, the omnipresent Energy revealed by science, be shown to be one with the personal Ruler of men, the Father of spirits, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? This is denied in many quarters. These are said to be two incompatibles. An "Infinite Personality" is declared to be a contradiction in terms. We cannot serve two masters; hence the scientific man holds to the Infinite Energy which he sees in nature, and despises the Personal God of whom he reads in the Bible; while the devout Christian is loyal to the Father-God whom Christ reveals, and seldom troubles his mind about "processes of nature," which are doubtless under Divine government, but which belong to a wholly different field. Christian philosophy of religion aims at putting an end to this dualism, whether consciously or unconsciously held. It does so in the first place, as we have said, by laying stress on the immanence of God in the universe. But what is meant by this oft-repeated phrase? For one thing, whereas the modern physicist materialises spirit, the Christian philosopher spiritualises matter. What is matter? Physics and metaphysics alike are proving to us that, in the last analysis, matter is resolvable into force, and behind force must be mind. The old Greek notion, derived

from the East, of a certain ὕλη, a dark, gross, intractable substance forming the material, so to speak, of which the world is made, and in which lies the explanation of all evil, disappears before modern atomic research. Matter is alive, not dead; and through all the inorganic, as well as the organic world, there throbs a pulse, which modern science is enabling us to hear and feel, a pulse that beats regularly with a rhythm which we can detect and follow; and the Theist has been showing that the rhythm of that mighty pulse proves the indwelling of the living God. Some unconscious paganism has lingered in the way Christians have thought of "nature," as if it lay but partially within the domains of Deity; governed by God, indeed, as all things are, but controlled by Him as some behemoth or leviathan, led "by a hook in the jaws," rather than instinct with living energy, which He Himself continually imparts. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," is true in a deeper sense than men could understand when they dwelt upon the visible world as a finished construction of infinite skill, rather than as the living robe which God is ever weaving for Himself, a vital organism in which the living God continually energizes.

It is clear, further, that the immanence of God in the universe implies a continuous and progressive revelation of Himself in the world. To avoid the Pantheistic tendencies which such a phrase suggests, it must be remembered that Theism is based on the belief that God is above the world, has created the world, and, as free cause, intervenes from without in the history of the world. Moreover, in the world of mankind, account must be taken of free agents, to whom, within fixed limits, the power of choice and self-determination has been granted. Still, it is being increasingly felt that, what is specially needed at this moment is not an insistence upon the miraculous and exceptional action of the Divine Being in relation to men, so much as an adequate interpretation of the world as it is here and now, as it has been, according to the teaching of science, with the laws which regulate the development both of its cosmic and

anthropic elements. Such an interpretation is being freely given by Materialists and Agnostics; Theism can never expect to be triumphant over these antagonists until it has furnished another interpretation of physical facts and human history, which shows God in the midst of the world as it is, ruling, controlling, directing, interpenetrating all, until it is made plain that such a theistic interpretation of the world is not only more rational than its rivals, but the only one which a rational being can rationally hold.

The appeal here is clearly made to Reason. It must be so, if the word "reason" is rightly understood and the conditions of the appeal kept fairly in mind. No other arbiter can ever determine this suit. A little or superficial knowledge of philosophy, as Lord Bacon said, may incline the mind of man to Atheism, but "a farther proceeding therein doth bring the mind back to religion." It is a mark of scepticism, not of religion, to distrust reason. God is Reason, absolute, perfect, universal. Man as rational is made in the likeness of God, and knows God precisely in proportion as he rightly uses this God-given organ of knowledge. It is needless to say that by "reason" we do not mean the logical understanding only. Reason includes what is often called faith. It includes all the manifold processes, intuitive, empirical, reflective, logical, ethical, emotional, by which man arrives at truth. These are so far the heritage of the race that their essential "reasonableness" can be shown to all competently-trained minds, and the ultimate appeal in all controversies concerning the interpretation of the world must be made to this many-sided Reason. Professor Harris thoroughly understands this, and often insists upon it in the volumes before us. One of the finest chapters in his book is that upon "God is a Spirit—Reason." Early in his exposition he lays it down that

> "Revelation is the revelation of the highest reason to rational man. Man as rational must receive and interpret it. Revelation is of reason to reason. It is no revelation except as there is reason to interpret it; it remains unintelligible." (i. 17).

In another place he describes "the fundamental principle

of all true theology, the truth that the universe is ultimately grounded in Reason, not in Will independent of reason and above it." (p. 62). The timid theologian who is alarmed by this language will be reassured by the author's treatment of the subject later on. He is no Rationalist. In criticising the Unitarian doctrine of "the supremacy of reason over all Church organisations, over all books," Dr. Harris says: "The error here is not in the ultimate appeal to reason, but in excluding the conditions essential to the knowledge of objective reality through the exercise of reason," and he proceeds to give at some length an admirable little disquisition on the difference between the use of reason in reasoning and its abuse in Rationalism.

But this by the way. The importance of the fundamental principle just laid down appears when we come to establish the theistic interpretation of the world against all others. Common ground must somehow be secured. It is found in this, that no hypothesis can be entertained which implies our being put to permanent intellectual confusion. This is the fundamental postulate of all science. Else all scientific knowledge becomes impossible. This is the only postulate the Theist need claim in the controversy; and, if it be once granted, its application to the physical, mental, moral and spiritual worlds will lead up to all that the Christian Theist desires to secure. That is a large statement; its proof forms the substance of the Christian philosophy of religion. The study is a fascinating one, but instead of ourselves giving an exposition of its methods, let the following extract from Professor Harris furnish a passing glimpse into some of them:

"Theistic Realism is the doctrine that the reality of human knowledge necessarily presupposes, as its only reasonable basis, the existence of God and the likeness of man to Him in his rational constitution. Human knowledge presupposes that the universe is constituted intelligible, susceptible of being known by the human mind. When the universe or anything in it is studied, it is found to be constituted scientifically, so that the knowledge of it, when expressed and vindicated in words, is found to be science. If the science had not first been expressed

in the universe, the human mind could never have read it there and recorded it in a scientific treatise. This implies that the absolute power that reveals itself energizing in the universe, sustaining and evolving it, is enlightened and directed by reason, the same in kind with human reason in its essential and constituent principles and characteristics as reason. It is, therefore, identical with what the Theist calls God, and the existence of God and of man in His likeness is the necessary presupposition of the reality of human knowledge. Any power enlightened by reason is self-directive and self-exertive—a personal being. Reason is everywhere and always the same in kind; otherwise knowledge is impossible" (vol. i., p. 152).

These general principles may be applied, and Dr. Harris does apply them with great skill and force, to physical science, to ethics, to æsthetics, to the knowledge of the good, and to all belief in human progress. It becomes possible to trace out the unity and continuity of the universe as progressively realising a grand archetypal ideal of reason. "Science discovers that the universe is thus progressive in the unity and continuity of a reasonable system toward the realisation of an archetypal reasonable ideal." The progress may be traced from the homogeneous nebulous stuff from which as a beginning science traces the genesis of the physical universe, up to the appearance of rational beings. Such beings are made in the likeness of God, who is Spirit, and are capable of reading His thoughts after Him as He has expressed them in what we call the material universe, which, nevertheless, in its ultimate constitution, testifies to an indwelling Spirit. The end contemplated in such "archetypal ideal" of reason shall be described in Dr. Harris's own words:

"Thus we discover an end worthy of the existence of the universe, in the progressive development of the kingdom of God, which consists of finite rational persons in the process of education to know God and to serve Him, in unity with God and with one another in the life of love, and for ever advancing under God's guidance and influence, in spiritual development, knowledge and power. When we think of this education and development of rational and immortal beings going on in innumerable worlds and constituting the kingdom of God increasing in glory through endless time, we certainly perceive the universe

in the unity and continuity of a rational system progressively realising a grand ideal worthy of God. On the contrary, physical science, when not recognising God, is driven to the conclusion that in the evolution of the universe there is a continuous waste of energy, which sooner or later must issue in the cessation of all life and motion, and our universe will become and remain a silent, motionless, dark and frozen mass" (p. 174).

We have not touched upon controverted questions raised by the free use of the word "evolution" in this discussion. From our present point of view these are comparatively unimportant. It is well understood now that the ideas which the word evolution contains are not to be annexed by the particular theories with which in the first instance it was closely associated. Theistic evolution is as possible as materialistic evolution, and much more rational. Whether the continuity in the development of the ordered universe was as close and unbroken as some contend, is a detail; important enough in its place, and one upon which the last word has not yet been said. But continuity there is and must be, and it is in this that the significance of the history is to be largely discerned. A Christian Theist, who believes in miracle and Divine intervention, need not hesitate to admit this. The modern mind shrinks from the idea of a God who is chiefly revealed, as Professor H. Drummond expressed it, "in gaps." An ultimate rationale of this ordered universe as an organic whole is what our generation craves, and no more conclusive proof of the statement could be given than the widespread popularity of Professor Drummond's own books, in spite of serious defects which have again and again been pointed out by high authorities in science and theology. Such an ultimate rationale is only to be found, as Mr. Lindsay says, in

"theistic evolution, in which the presence of a spiritual agency renders explicable the order of the organic world, the continuous character of the results of its growths amid variation, and other phenomena which no other hypothesis has been able to explain."

As upon the physical, so also upon the metaphysical side, Christian philosophy has always contended, but never with

so great cogency and success as to-day, that personality, being the highest category of being known to man, must be predicable of God. Metaphysicians have been more or less led astray by such maxims as Spinoza's *Omnis determinatio est negatio*, and have maintained that personality as a form of determination implies limitation and cannot be predicated of the Infinite. An infinite person is difficult indeed to conceive, and the attempt may seem doomed to end in the ignoring either of the personality or the infinitude. But closer examination, in the light of the best modern psychology, shows that these views are mistaken. Personality, says Mr. Lindsay,

"is that which gives to man his unity as an unanalysed self or individual consciousness; its active elements are knowledge or intelligence, feeling or sensibility, and will or volition; and its implicates are inclusiveness of self-consciousness and self-determination or freedom."

Unity in self-consciousness, the possession of knowledge, feeling and will, the power of self-determination—does the ascribing of these faculties to the Deity, or the refusal to do so, constitute an unworthy limitation of His Being? That there are limits to *human* personality is well-known, but the positive characteristics above mentioned do not constitute limits in themselves, and, as Lotze has pointed out in often-quoted words, the Divine personality is the only personality fully worthy of the name; it is the full light of which the human is but a pale reflection.

Yet what marvellous light human personality, with all its imperfections, casts upon the problems with which we are now engaged. How impossible it seems in the abstract for an independent being to sustain finite and dependent things, without thereby becoming dependent upon them and losing its identity. Yet this seeming impossibility is solved every moment in the familiar facts of our own personal life. As Mr. Illingworth has well expressed it in his Bampton Lectures:

"As persons we are identical in the midst of change and on account of our identity we are potentially infinite; for we can

progressively appropriate the things and influences outside us, and so transform them, from being limits, into manifestations of ourselves. . . . We enter spiritually into the alien forms of being that surround us, without losing our identity the while; and so, instead of melting away into modes of them, we make them additional modes of us. . . . Thus though, as finite beings, we too are limited by the outer world, as persons, we can gradually make that world into our own; abolish, as it were, its externality and make it internal to ourselves; a world within us, instead of without us, in which we are no longer slaves, but free. Following this analogy, then, we can conceive of an Infinite Being as One whose only limit is Himself, and who is, therefore, self-determined, self-dependent, self-identical; including the finite, not as a necessary mode, but as a free manifestation of Himself, and thus, while constituting its reality, unaffected by its change—in other words, as an Infinite Person."

If we will but consider the infinitude of God as it ought to be considered, not quantitatively but qualitatively, it will be seen that so far from personality limiting infinitude, it is the highest—the only real form of infinitude known to us. It is the tendency of man to conceive infinity as limitless extension in space, and personality as identified with human nature localised in a pigmy body; hence an infinite person is obviously inconceivable, *i.e.*, incapable of being pictured to the imagination. But that is not the true meaning of conception, and a more adequate appreciation of the meaning of personality puts to flight all these superficial objections, and makes it plain that there can be no degradation of the Divine Being under pretext of honouring Him, like the denial of His personality. Recent philosophy of Theism, as Mr. Lindsay shows at length, finds

"the beginnings of this personality in the ontological proof of perfect being, gathers strength for its conclusion in the apparent cosmological craving for will as the originative force or power, gains confirmation from the intelligence that marks the teleological reasoning, and reaches the highest seal of self-existent personality in the evidences of man's mind and of moral law."

So cogent has this reasoning proved itself that Mr. Herbert Spencer, the apostle of the Unknowable, has affirmed

concerning the omnipresent energy manifest in all being, that the choice concerning its nature "lies between personality and something higher—a mode of being as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mechanical motion." We have heard much among latter-day philosophers, of this "supra-personal" nature of the Ground of all being. But man refuses thus to be cheated out of his inheritance, or to give up the substance of Personality for the shadow of Supra-personal Existence. These high-sounding phrases do but plunge us again in the unsubstantial and bottomless abysses of the unknowable, and virtually dismiss God from human thought altogether. A supra-personal absolute is a negation indeed without relation to nature or to man; and a being so defined is beneath, not above, the category of human personality.

Such are the lines along which in our time Christian philosophy lays the foundations of its intellectual structure. The next stages in the building, which space prevents us from tracing out, and which, indeed, are not traced to any considerable extent in the volumes before us, have to do with two main topics. It is necessary in the first place to meet the objections and difficulties which gather round the theistic interpretation of the world; and in the second, to show how that interpretation can only be completed—we may say only made fully intelligible—by the Christian revelation. The difficulties which have gathered round various central points of exposition are well known; some of these have been successfully removed, others are of perennial recurrence. It forms no valid objection to any interpretation of the world that it does not explain all difficulties; the very conditions of the problem imply that our grasp of such an interpretation can only be gradual and progressive. What we desire to know is that we are on the right track. And recent philosophy of religion makes it plain that, whether with reference to Darwinian theories of natural selection, or the connection of man with the animal world, or the origin of morals and the existence of evil, or the prevalence and significance of pain, or a score of

kindred subjects that might be named, the solution of apparently intractable problems is steadily proceeding. We can say no more than that it is proceeding, that Theism is successfully grappling with difficulties which perhaps can never be wholly removed; and with such a measure of success the scientific man on the ground of his science, and the Theist on the ground of his faith, ought to be content.

We had hoped to find room for at least a passing reference to the culmination and consummation of theistic philosophy in Christianity. So high a theme cannot be treated at the close of an article. But readers of Professor Harris's volumes will find a chapter on the doctrine of the Trinity which admirably illustrates the kind of treatment of Christian doctrine to which we refer. The doctrine of the Trinity, it is said, is a mystery. Truly, but that phrase in the mouth of the Christian should never be used as if it were synonymous with Mr. Spencer's Unknowable. Mystery does not imply that an object is absolutely unintelligible, but that our knowledge of it is compassed with certain limitations which have not been—perhaps which cannot at present be—transcended. We may know at least thus much concerning the doctrine of the Trinity, that, if it be true, it sheds a flood of light upon certain dark places in the views of Divine Personality as propounded by pure Theism; that it enables man to steer clear at the same time of the Scylla of Deism and the Charybdis of Pantheism; and we may add, that in our own estimation at least, those who on other grounds believe in a personal God can hardly stop short of a doctrine of Incarnation, such as that with which the Christian doctrine of the Trinity is intimately bound up, and from which, as matter of fact, it takes its rise.

But our space is exhausted. This inadequate exposition of one kind of task which the Christian theology of to-day is called upon to perform will not have been written in vain if it serve to show the importance of that task and to interest a few readers more deeply in it. It is said that "theology is killing religion." If religion is dying—which we doubt; perhaps it never was so vigorous—it is not theology, but

the lack of theology which is killing it. Theology of the right kind, itself alive and in living contact with the facts of nature and of human life, and with the problems which arise out of them, is the very nerve of religion. Feeling is good, action is better, but both feeling and action without thought are blind and helpless. The Christian Church needs to think more deeply as well as to feel more earnestly and act more strenuously. The philosophy of religion is but one side of religion, and from certain points of view, a comparatively unimportant side. Philosophy never yet saved a man nor purified even a corner of the world. None the less, inasmuch as these great problems of human thought are being grappled with by powerful minds which do not acknowledge the sway of Christianity, Christian teachers must be prepared to show, as was St. Paul in writing to the Colossians, that in Christ are "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden." These hidden treasures are not beyond our reach. They belong to us and to our children, they constitute a part of the riches of the Christian inheritance, and all that is necessary for their unfolding, is the scribe "instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven," who knows how to bring out of this treasure-house "things new and old."

ART. IX.—NANSEN'S FARTHEST NORTH.

Fridjof Nansen's Farthest North. Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship *Fram*, 1893-96; and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey. By Dr. NANSEN and LIEU. JOHANSEN. With Appendix by OTTO SVERDRUP, Captain of the *Fram*. About one hundred and twenty Full-page and numerous Text Illustrations, sixteen Coloured Plates in facsimile from Dr. Nansen's own Sketches, Etched Portrait, Photogravures and Maps. Two Volumes. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1897.

IT is not always that unusual capacity and power in men are linked to adequate performance. Many an explorer as valiant as the author of *Farthest North*, if not, perhaps, as perfectly trained and equipped for his task, has been tracked from first to last by unpropitious fate. It has been Dr. Nansen's singular good fortune to find the accessories that make or mar heroic enterprises largely in his favour; and this from the day on which he grasped the key that unlocks the way to the Pole—the key in search of which so many dauntless sailors have died—to that on which he landed from the *Windward* at Vardö, having proved that, so far from being the dupe of a sanguine imagination, he was absolutely right in his theories and calculations. The problem which had grown to be the despair of scientists and adventurers received its solution from this son of the old Norwegian Sea Kings. The barriers of the unknown, which had withstood the unrivalled courage and endurance of previous Arctic crews, fell before the well-considered and audacious plan of attack, the unfearing faith, the dogged persistence, the cool daring of Nansen and his stout-hearted comrades.

This man, who has taken all England captive by his brilliant exploits, who "has lifted the veil which concealed

the secrets of the North Polar regions," is a typical Norseman with frank blue eyes and flaxen hair. His sinewy, lithe, athletic frame is built for endurance, and is strong with the strength not of unyielding iron, but of the pines of his native land that droop their branches beneath the burden of the snow, only to rise again to their native stateliness and symmetry when the tempest has swept over. His thoughtful, open face, immobile as marble in repose, singularly expressive and luminous in conversation and laughter, is surmounted by a massive forehead, whose knitted lines are the unmistakable autograph of hardship and anxiety. When he speaks we hear not, as we might have expected, an echo of the roar and crash and grind of the ice, and of the whirl and beat of Arctic hurricane, but rather a gentle and winsome voice. His bearing is not simply that of a bluff son of ocean; it is characterised by the grace, the quiet dignity, and the unspoiled naturalness, that well become a great, self-reliant man of sublime achievement. His modesty is remarkable, and he finds the ordeal of drawing rooms more trying than ice-floe and Arctic drift. In honest self-depreciation, he says: "The man who succeeds gets a great deal of honour, but he does not always deserve it so much as the men who went before him."

Dr. Nansen is not only a cultured scientist, he is a man of unusual versatility. He is a model explorer. He can fire a rifle with the precision of a trained marksman, and handle an oar as skilfully as a viking; he is fleet in snow-shoes as any Samoyed; he can manage a dog-sledge, rear his tent, cook his food, build his rude winter hut, and readily adapt himself to the exigencies of merciless climate and swiftly-changing circumstance. He is not a mere commander, like some former Arctic explorers, though his mastery and management of men are admirable, he is comrade as well as leader; simply one of the "*Fram*-fellows" who goes share and share with the rest, only that he reserves the right to claim for himself whatever is most toilsome and perilous in their duties. And his comrades trust him perfectly as their guide, philosopher and friend—and more than trust him.

Some of the crew were asked when they got back which officer they liked best. "Oh," they said, "Captain Sverdrup." "What about Nansen?" "Oh, Nansen, we don't look on him as an officer at all; he is a demi-god." An artist, too, is the doctor, though he disclaims all artistic merit. He took thousands of photographs, of which a choice selection adorns the pages of *Farthest North*. He is a pen-and-ink draughtsman, and a tasteful worker in pastel and water-colour. He has an eye for fine effects, and an intense delight in the rich hues that flash, and change, and break up on many an ice-prism of crystal and paint the alabasters of "Nature's great ice-temple" of the Arctic desert with the tints of the rainbow; and he has the hand that can give truthful expression to what he sees and loves. In the coloured plates of these volumes we see the wondrous natural phenomena of the Polar regions; stupendous arches of pearly grey inverted on other arches, and enclosing the bright moon rivalled by ringed mock moons; the fantastic play of the aurora borealis in fan-like forms, in gorgeous streamers, that wax and wane in orange and crimson on awful depths of pure azure; the pillars of clear flame that rise up smokeless into the silent night, and seem to topple and fall and spill their splendour over half heaven; the indescribable glory of sunset—islands of crimson floating in seas of hyacinth, bands of brilliant blue, inlaid in luminous gold, which shades away into rose and purple; the beauty of the ocean shimmering in silvery light, flecked with ice-shadows, and picturing back the marvellous heavens.

Dr. Nansen's plan of attack is now well known, but it may be briefly summarised. Four main routes of advance towards the Pole had been tried by previous explorers: the Smith Sound route, the route between Greenland and Spitzbergen, Franz Josef Land route, and the Behring Strait route. Smith Sound had been the favourite route in more recent times, in spite of the fact that every successive expedition had been stopped by the immense masses of Polar ice which came drifting southwards. Nares, who assailed the problem from this base, with enormous expense

and loss in 1875-76, demonstrated for all future ages (such was his opinion) the impossibility of reaching the Pole by this route. The way of the sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen had been proved by Koldeway, in 1869-70, to be altogether impracticable for the same reason, namely, because of the strong, berg-laden current that sweeps down from the North. The west coast of Spitzbergen had the reputation of being a better route on account of the warm current that here runs north and frees the sea from ice far up into high latitudes. Further east, the conditions are less favourable, and few expeditions have directed their course through these regions. There remains the Behring's Strait route which, though hopelessly blocked with ice, Dr. Nansen came to regard as the one open door to the Farthest North. De Long, of the *Jeannette* (1879-81), first conceived the idea of utilising, for the purpose of reaching high latitudes, the current which he was led to believe, from the experience of whalers, set north from this point towards the Pole. His expedition ended in fearful disaster; but there was one man who read aright the lesson of that ill-starred voyage—the lesson being that a current certainly flows north-west between the Pole and Franz Josef Land from the Siberian Arctic Sea, and that a vessel securely caught in the ice must drift constantly in a north-westerly direction, and, eventually, into the North Atlantic Ocean. Further light came to Nansen in 1884:

"I happened to see a paper by Professor Mohn, in the Norwegian *Morgenblad*, in which it was stated that certain articles, which had come from the *Jeannette*, had been found on the south-west coast of Greenland. He conjectured that they must have drifted on an ice-floe right across the Polar Sea. It immediately occurred to me that here lay the route ready to hand. If a floe could drift right across the unknown region, that drift might also be enlisted in the service of exploration—and my plan was laid."

The articles were a list of provisions signed by De Long; a MS. list of the *Jeannette's* boats; a pair of oilskin breeches marked "Louis Noros," the name of one of the crew who was saved; and the peak of a cap, in which was written the

name of another of the crew. Other evidences of this current were forthcoming: the throwing-stick of an Alaskan Eskimo, ornamented with Chinese glass beads, found among drift timber on the coast of Greenland; quantities of Siberian larch and other woods peculiar to the northern Asiatic forests, washed up on the same shores; Siberian vegetable forms discovered among Greenland flora, doubtless grown from seeds cast up by the current referred to; the mud found on drift-ice in Denmark Strait in which were discovered diatoms identical with specimens collected during the Vega Expedition on an ice-floe off Cape Wankarem, near Behring Strait, and known nowhere else. He concluded that "*on this same drift-ice and by the same route, it would be no less possible to transport an expedition.*" In 1891, in ventilating his ideas before the Christiana Geographical Society, in an address, which grasps in a masterly way every problem concerned, anticipating and answering objections, foreseeing difficulties and the best methods of overcoming them with singular prevision and almost faultless judgment, as the event showed. He says:

"It is useless, as previous expeditions have done, to work *against* the current. The plain thing for us to do is to make our way into the current, on that side of the Pole where it flows northward, and by its help to penetrate into those regions which all who have hitherto worked against it have sought in vain to reach."

Having determined on his route, next came the question of his ship. She was to be a fully-rigged vessel of about one hundred and seventy tons, with engines to give a speed of six knots, built on such lines and of such materials as should withstand or evade the tremendous ice-pressure to which she would be subjected; not necessarily a beautiful or comfortable craft, for everything must be sacrificed to secure the requisite strength. And such was the scientifically designed and perfectly constructed ship, produced by Mr. Colin Archer, and named the *Fram*.

Dr. Nansen explains the object of the expedition in the following words:

"It is not to seek for the exact mathematical point that forms

the northern extremity of the earth's axis that we set out; for to reach this point is intrinsically of small moment. Our object is to investigate the great unknown region that surrounds the Pole; and this investigation will be equally important scientifically whether the expedition passes over the polar point itself, or some distance from it."

His views and proposed methods found scanty favour with the geographers, whom he unostentatiously gibbets in the early part of his book with evident enjoyment. McClintock wished the doctor "full and speedy success," but thought there was no probability of their seeing the *Fram* again. Nares traversed every part of the scheme, and gave it as his opinion that the ship would drift rather "towards the east than towards the west." Allen Young believed the ice must go through the *Fram*, "whatever material she was made of." Admiral Richards said "men with authority ought to speak plainly where so much was at stake." His view was that there was little current, and the *Jeannette* relics were of no importance. Sir Joseph Hooker prophesied the most doleful things—depression, scurvy, &c. As to Greeley, he is violent in his denunciation of the whole business. It is "Dr. Nansen's illogical scheme of self-destruction." But, in spite of the geographers, Nansen proceeded to carry out his plan, which had received the powerful support of the Norwegian nation, and of the King and Government of Norway.

The *Fram* was equipped with such care and completeness as has no parallel amongst Arctic exploring vessels. Literally years of thought were spent on her outfit. Every imaginable circumstance of need or peril was provided for.

On Midsummer day, the *Fram* weighed anchor, the "quays" being "black with crowds of people waving their handkerchiefs." Nimble pleasure craft swarm around her as she steers out of Lysaker Bay, bound for the unknown.

"Long, long, will it be before we shall plough these well-known waters again," remarks Nansen. "And now a last farewell to home. Yonder it lies on the point; the fjord sparkling in front, pure air and firwoods around, a little smiling meadow land, and long wood-clad ridges behind. Through the glass we could descry a summer-clad figure by the bench under the fir tree. . . . It was the darkest hour in the whole journey."

All Norway bids them God-speed. Nansen is most deeply touched with the interest and sympathy of the fisher-folk and peasants who followed the voyagers with fervent prayers for success.

"I remember one day—it was north in Helgeland"—he says, "an old woman was standing waving and waving to us on a bare crag. Her cottage lay some distance inland. 'I wonder if it can be really us she is waving to,' I said to the pilot. 'You may be sure it is,' was the answer. 'But how can she know who we are?' 'Oh! they know all about the *Fram* up here in every cabin, and they will be on the look-out for you as you come back, I can tell you,' he answered."

They bear away past Christiansand, and on to Beian, where they take Captain Sverdrup on board. They have a taste of rough weather, the heavily-laden ship plunges and rolls fearfully in the seaway; a large part of the deck cargo, consisting of paraffin casks and timber baulks, is swept away. Nansen thought the shares in the expedition stood rather low at that moment. The weather improves as they skirt the romantic coast of Nordland. Calling at different ports for dried fish, coal, and dogs, they reach Tromsö in a snow-storm on a bitter July day. Here is engaged the thirteenth member of the expedition. The number is now complete. At Vadsö they bid the pilot farewell, send off the final telegram, and then steam away toward their distant goal. On July 28th, after catching a glimpse of Novaya Zemlya, they plunge into the stubborn fog of the Arctic, which, obscuring sky and sea, wraps them in its depressing, clammy vesture of grey. This fog is the precursor of drift ice which, as soon as the fog lifts, is seen, from the elevation of the "crow's nest," to extend on every side as far as the eye can reach. To encounter so much ice at this season of the year, and in these waters, augurs anything but good, and does not tend to hopefulness. They are, however, cheered to find, as they force their way forward, that the *Fram* is proving herself, in this her first bout with the drift, an excellent ice-boat. "It was a royal pleasure to work her ahead. She twisted and turned like a ball on a platter," or she drove full tilt at the ice, ripping and cleaving it like a wedge of steel.

Finding open water, they make all speed under steam and sail for Yugor Strait. The low shores of Vaigats Island are sighted on July 29th. Soon they glide into the Strait and reach Khabarova, a wretched village of a few huts, whose strangely-clad men look like belated survivals of the Viking age. Nansen hears with joy, premature joy, that the condition of ice in the Kara Sea is favourable. To verify this information, he takes a twenty-eight miles' trip in his petroleum launch to the eastern end of the Yugor Strait. He descries close and massive ice to the north-east, but a channel of open water between it and the Siberian coast. Landing on the southern side of the Strait, on the edge of the far-stretching level tundras, where the Asiatic nomad wanders with his reindeer herds, he finds the plain carpeted with moss, and brilliant with myriads of flowers. Nature, after her long winter sleep beneath deep snows, is awake, and riots in a great prodigality of colour, and takes captive the heart of the explorer. The flowers are "the one message from a brighter world in this land of fogs." On August 3rd, thirty-five additional dogs are shipped; good-bye is said to Christofersen, the leader's secretary, whose duties have brought him thus far; and next morning the *Fram* steers out to sea, Nansen in the petroleum launch leading the way, on account of the fog. Soon they are clear of Yugor Strait, but not without an accident, which might have cost Nansen his life. The oil of the engine took fire; in a moment the stern of the boat was ablaze, and also a pail of oil that stood near; Nansen's clothes were ignited. Rushing to the bow, he succeeded in smothering the flame in which he was enveloped. Then, seizing the pail, he poured the blazing oil into the sea; and with the baler he dashed the water into the launch, and soon got the fire under. He was glad to get off with nothing more serious than badly roasted fingers.

The *Fram* is now in the dreaded Kara Sea, and Nansen believed that if they could get safely across it and past Cape Chelyuskin "the worst would be over." The task is, however, even more trying than he anticipated, though it is at

length accomplished. Finding a direct course blocked by ice, he takes the open channel and hugs the land. He is met with head winds that rise into furious gales, and cause at times a heavy sea. An unmapped island to which they come, they name Sverdrup's Island. They sight on their portside Ostrova Kamenni, with its steep shores, its high wall-like coast, and its ancient raised beaches clearly marked on the sea-face of the island. They discover that the maps and charts of former voyagers are very faulty, even those of Nordenskiöld, of whom Nansen thinks highly. They run into the Kjelmani Islands, which present smoothly rounded forms that have been wrought in the lathe of the glaciers of the great Ice Age. Here, while the boiler of the *Fram* is being refitted, they land in quest of large game. They shoot a couple of reindeer and a bear; but the surf on the flat shore is so heavy that it is impossible to get the carcases of the reindeer into the boat, and much as they wish for fresh meat, they are obliged to leave them on the beach. In getting back to the *Fram* they have the utmost difficulty. It is a life and death row. Wind and a furious current are dead against them. They try again and again to reach the ship, pulling till their "finger-tips felt as if they were bursting." They are swept away to leeward as often as they near the *Fram*.

"We bent to the oars with a will," says Nansen. "Now there were three boat lengths. Another desperate spurt. Now there were two and a half boat lengths—presently two, then only one! A few more frantic pulls, and there was a little less. 'Now boys, one or two more hard pulls and it is over! Hard! hard! Keep to it! Now another! Don't give up! One more! There, we have the buoy!' And the joyful sigh of relief passed round the boat. 'Keep the oars going or the rope will break. Row, boys!' And row we did, and soon we pulled up alongside the *Fram*."

On August 24th, the *Fram* steams out of this Sound where Nansen has been chafing under enforced delay. The next few days are marked by unwonted anxieties. Beating northwards he is ensnared amongst hitherto unknown islands. "Many new islands"; "any number of unknown

islands," he writes in his diary on August 26th. The coast is belted with skerries, and is much more indented and winding than is represented on the maps. He is bewildered by fogs, and cannot make sure whether he is approaching Taimur Sound or Cape Palander. He alters his course again and again, now under the compulsion of the ice, and now from conviction that he is in error. He fears the ice is closing in upon him at the entrance to Taimur Strait, and he tries, without much success, to reconcile himself to the idea of wintering here. Work enough can be found, he thinks, in investigating the coast, and exploring the unknown interior of the Taimur Peninsula. But no; he must go forward. The anniversary of his wedding day, September 6th, brings a change for the better. It is a good omen. A tempest has swept away the solid ice; the sun, too, peeps out. Orders are given to get up steam. At 6.30 p.m., once more they move northward. Through fog and the darkness of night, they push on, risking much for the hope that glows anew in their breast. Days of sunshine succeed. The *Fram* seems to participate in the eager haste of those who man her. "Never had she gone so fast. Soon we were through the ice, and had open water along the land. We passed point after point, discovering new fjords and islands," Nansen writes. The mountain masses standing up spotlessly white in the sunshine, must be those in the neighbourhood of Cape Chelyuskin. On the early morning of September 10th, the most northerly extremity of the Old World is reached and rounded. And "the second of the greatest difficulties" he "expected to have to overcome" on this expedition is vanquished and lies behind him. Almost at the moment of sunrise they hoist their flags and "send a thundering salute over the sea," in recognition of the fact that they have escaped a winter's imprisonment west of the Cape. Their joy is great. "Skoal, my lads, and be glad, we've passed Chelyuskin," cries the leader.

They sail away through walrus-haunted waters. The sun bursts out in splendour at intervals, the air is mild, the sea sparkles with phosphorescence. Their prospects improve

daily. It is now an open rolling sea "where no ship, no boat has ever been before." "On to the north, steadily north, with a good wind, as fast as steam and sail can take" them. "My plan is standing the test" is the exulting entry in the diary now. Nansen's imagination is fired, and his narrative glows with poetic eloquence. He has long gone against the stream, now he goes with it. The edge of the wide Arctic icefield is reached on September 20th in north latitude 77° 44′. On September 25th the *Fram* is frozen in; and the explorers begin without delay to make preparations for the long night of Arctic winter.

The chapter entitled "The Winter Night" is one of fascinating interest, relating, as it does, experiences wholly new and unique in the history of scientific adventure. There is necessarily some amount of sameness in the daily occupations of the inhabitants of this lonely citadel, but there is no monotony in the story as told by Nansen. His genius lights up every page. His graphic narrative, his descriptions of scenery so marvellously delicate and vivid, his reflections often lifting us to sublime heights of thought, his strong emotion, his homeliness and humanness, and the healthy humour that lights the sombre hour, all carry us forward with almost breathless interest to the end of this and succeeding chapters.

The perfect health which the "*Fram*-fellows" enjoyed was largely due to the excellence of their food, to regular employment, not too exacting, and to pleasant recreation. The ship's doctor, Dr. Blessing, literally finding nothing to do for the men on board, was obliged to transfer his professional attention to the dogs. The company breakfasted at eight on hard bread, cheese, corned beef or mutton, ham, biscuits, with orange marmalade, &c. There was a first-rate dinner of three courses. Supper at six, at the close of "the regulation day's work," was no less abundant. Smoking was allowed in the galley. In the evening "the saloon was transformed into a silent reading-room." The books which kind donors had furnished "naturally assisted in making the *Fram* the little oasis she was in the vast ice desert." Music

and games brightened many solitary hours; and often the ship rang with the merriment of deep-hearted men. As to work, there was plenty to be done. The ship and her sails and ropes, &c., required vigilant inspection; food had to be prepared and cooked; and the sound of labour was daily heard in the workshops. The smith was busy at his forge, the skilled mechanician was making a new current-gauge, the watchmaker "would have a thermograph to examine or clean," the sailmaker was working at dog-harness, the electrician seeing to the accumulator batteries,—for they have the electric light on board,—and every man had to be his own shoemaker. These duties were interpolated with an occasional bear-hunt.

There are now wondrous sunsets, which deeply stir Nansen's soul. He writes:

"What depth of beauty, with an undercurrent of endless sadness there is in these dreamily glorious evenings! The vanished sun has left its track of melancholy flame. Nature's music which fills all space, is instinct with sorrow that all this beauty should be spread out, day after day, year after year, over a dead world."

Soon they get their first experience of horrible ice-pressure, in which the *Fram* "behaved beautifully." There is a thunderous roar and the shattering ice piles itself in long walls, but the voyagers, having absolute faith in their ship, "sit quite tranquil" in their electric-lighted saloon. Towards the middle of October Dr. Nansen grows anxious in reference to the direction of the ice-drift.

"Unquiet hope . . . unquiet fear"

vex and disturb his spirit. His ship is being carried towards the south instead of the north. "Steadily southwards—this is most depressing." He is tortured by secret doubt as to the soundness of his theories. Has his plan come to nothing? his "house of cards fallen at the first breath of wind?" No—there is no getting over the evidence of that Siberian drift-wood. But he heartily wishes they could get out of "this hole where the ice grinds them round and round," and holds them captive. But he is not without seasons of

exhilaration, as his diary shows. He has rich compensations in his good fellowship with his brave comrades, and in Nature's charms—in the mysterious refulgence of the aurora, in the silent depths of unflecked sapphire, in the white, transparent moonlight, and in the gleaming diamonds that pave the floor of ocean and make it beautiful as the spacious star-bestrewn solitudes above. On October 26th they bid farewell to the sun and enter the night of Arctic winter, which Nansen soliloquises—"Chaste, beautiful, proud, thou floatest through ether over the frozen sea, thy glittering garment woven of aurora beams covering the vault of heaven!"

The drift to the north-west becomes now more steady and persistent, though it is extremely slow. There are few special incidents for the next four months to chronicle. The prescribed duties fill each day. A fox is killed; a fierce bear is driven off by an unarmed member of the crew, his instrument of defence being a lantern, which he breaks over the animal's head; a newspaper, the *Framsjaa*, is issued on board, the ship's doctor being editor. The great, dauntless leader, whilst he infuses heart into every one, occupies himself chiefly in pondering profound problems, watching at Nature's shrine, entering in his diary many an exquisite piece of word-painting and many a sombre meditation. His "spirits are like a pendulum," he tells us, "if one could imagine such an instrument giving all sorts of irregular swings backwards and forwards," but he takes good care not to set other human pendulums swinging in the same fashion. The *Fram* has many a sharp squeeze from the ice, but she continues to justify the large confidence placed in her. She is warm and dry, and the crew do not suffer in the least from damp, one of the drawbacks of all former Arctic exploring ships.

Still they are drifting towards the Pole, and soundings taken on December 21st reveal the fact that now there lies beneath them a deep sea. They cannot reach the bottom with 1,100 fathoms of line, which is all they possess. Nansen came to the conclusion that the idea of a shallow sea in the

vicinity of the Pole must be abandoned, and he believes that a deep ocean fills the Arctic basin.

On Christmas Day, a beautiful moonlight day, they register a temperature of—36° F. below zero.

"There was," to quote the diary, "a peculiar elevation of mood on board that was not at all common among us. Every man's inmost thoughts were with those at home; but his comrades were not to know that, and so there was more joking and laughing than usual."

There was no lack of good cheer, of speech-making, music and song. The New Year is ushered in with a great pageantry of auroral colouring, and with the calm procession of thousands of stars that display no such haste as characterises the hurrying glories of the northern lights, while "on every side the ice stretches silent and endless into the night." During the early spring, excursions are made with the dog-sledges and on snow-shoes, partly for practice and partly to shake off the inertness so irksome to Dr. Nansen, who feels that his "young eagles" of "proud imaginings" are prone to "hide themselves in the misty marshes of despondency," unless they are stirred up. On February 20th, they celebrate the return of the sun. They are now in 80° N. latitude, 132° 50′ E. longitude. The temperature drops on some days as low as—54° F. below zero; but they suffer no ill effects from the cold. "Not a soul will turn ill," to please Dr. Blessing. Alas! northerly winds are carrying them south again, much to the chagrin of Nansen, who writes:

"I laugh at the scurvy; no sanatorium could be better than ours. I laugh at the ice; we are living, as it were, in an impregnable castle. I laugh at the cold; it is nothing. But I do not laugh at the winds; they are everything; they bend to no man's will."

That the *Fram* is stationary, or drifting in the wrong direction, is the complaint now for many weeks. The months pass—March, April—bringing long bright days and pleasant sunshine, but no northward current; then the summer (of 1894) goes by, and with it at last some change for the better in winds and drift.

Many interesting experiments were made during the bright

summer months, but we have no space to recapitulate them. They discover that the ice does not attain to any great thickness by *direct* freezing. They pursue their work of taking soundings. Having made a long lead-line out of one of the *Fram's* cables, they find bottom at about 2,000 fathoms. Their investigations in reference to the temperature of the Arctic ocean yields valuable and surprising results. Marine life is here, too—seaweeds, diatoms, algæ—in abundance, providing material for the microscopic studies of Nansen and Blessing. Birds from the south arrive with the sun at these desolate regions, and soon sail away north. Whither are they bound? Ice mews, kittiwakes, fulmars, a skua, a snow bunting, and, above all, the rare and lovely Arctic rose-gull, are seen. Summer passes, and the second autumn; the light wanes, and Arctic night comes again.

During the early part of the second winter, Nansen seriously meditates an expedition, from the *Fram*, to explore the ice further north, to be undertaken by himself and one other; and he comes to the conclusion that it is an absolute duty to attempt this expedition, and that it ought to start not later than March of the ensuing year, 1895. After prolonged and careful calculation of distances to be covered, risks, possible obstacles, and lines of retreat, and after most elaborate and thoughtful preparations in regard to sledges, kayaks, tent, dogs, food, firearms, cooking apparatus, instruments, &c., Nansen and Johansen set off towards the Pole on February 26th. The *Fram* has now reached 84° N. latitude, 101° 31′ E. longitude. But the first start, and the second, are not successful, and it is not until March 14th that they get fairly away, with three dog sledges carrying two kayaks, provisions, and all *impedimenta*. They do not purpose returning to the *Fram*, but hope to gain, on their return journey, Franz Josef Land, Novaya Zemlya, or Spitzbergen. Before starting, Nansen hands over the command of the expedition to Captain Otto Sverdrup, leaving him very explicit and complete instructions in a masterly memorandum which left nothing to mere chance. He still believed that the *Fram* would drift across the Polar basin

and out into the Atlantic. How nobly Sverdrup did his part is told by himself in the Appendix to *Farthest North.*

We are strongly drawn by the daring of these two heroes setting out on their northward journey over the ice, but our space will admit of no moralising. They little recked, however, of the long months of toil and peril that lay before them on this, perhaps, the most remarkable adventure the world has yet known. After passing for some days over a comparatively level expanse, the ice becomes rough, pressure ridges and mounds being all around them, so that the travellers find themselves worn out at the close of each day with the "never ending work of helping the dogs, righting the sledges every time they capsized, and hauling or carrying them over hummocks and inequalities." Profuse perspiration condenses in their outer garments, freezing them into complete suits of ice armour, the sharp edges of which rub into Nansen's wrists deep sores whose scars he will bear for many a year. At night they pack themselves into their sleeping bags, and after shivering for a good part of the night, at length become conscious of a little warmth; their clothes thawing, but not drying, only to freeze again as soon as they turn out of their bags in the morning. This recurs day after day. Snowdrifts, pressure ridges, rubble ice, and yawning cracks interpose formidable difficulties until on April 8th, as they are met with "a veritable chaos of ice blocks stretching as far as the horizon," Nansen decides that "there is not much sense in keeping on any longer." They have reached 86° 10′ N. latitude. They turn round and shape their course for Cape Fligely.

The sledge journey homeward across the ice is even more exciting and perilous than the outward journey, and brings out grandly the heroism, the unfailing pluck, the unwearying patience, the infinite resourcefulness of these brave men. Romance has woven no story to compare in fascinating interest with this tale of actual struggle with the unrelenting forces of inhospitable nature. Before sighting land for one hundred and eight days they toiled southwards, ever southwards with the sledges which bore their provisions and

kayaks, sacrificing dog after dog to feed those that remained until only two were left, putting forth incredible exertions, harnessing themselves to the sledges as the dogs were killed one after another, keeping ever on the march, with only brief intervals for meals and sleep, never bating one jot of heart or hope through all, though rations had to be cut down, and there were serious prospects of their failing altogether before land could be reached. Added to all this was ever wearying uncertainty as to their position, and daily disappointment that no bit of coast would loom out on the far horizon to justify their calculations. It was not until twenty-two days after sighting land that on August 15th, they landed on one of the islands off the north-west end of Franz Josef Land, and felt solid ground beneath their feet for the first time for two years.

"The delight," says Nansen, "of being able to jump from block to block of granite is indescribable, and the delight was not lessened when in a sheltered corner among the stones we found moss and flowers, beautiful poppies, *Saxifraga nivalis* and a *Stellaria*."

Here they raised the Norwegian flag, and prepared their banquet, at which they regaled themselves on "hot lobscouse, made of pemmican and the last of their potatoes."

How the voyagers, after an ineffectual attempt to get further south in their kayaks, resigned themselves to the necessity of spending the winter in Franz Josef Land; how they built their lowly hut and shot bears and walruses and gathered stores for the long dark days before them; how they whiled away, in their wretched cave-like dwelling buried in the snow, in awful solitude, without books, without employment, the horrors of that Arctic winter; how in the month of June, 1896, they met Jackson by mere accident, and later returned home in the *Windward*; how Sverdrup handled the *Fram* after Nansen's departure and warped her through the ice—an unparalleled feat—and brought her safely home—for all this and much more, with hairbreadth escapes and marvels of endurance, we must refer our readers to Dr. Nansen's volumes.

The scientific gains of this notable expedition have not yet been worked out, but they are doubtless large. In physical geography, in terrestrial magnetism and meteorology, in biology and zoology, the results obtained, when we are placed in possession of them, will probably mark decided advance, if not a new departure. That there is no continent around the Pole, that, instead, there is a deep oceanic basin of comparatively warm water moving westward, and that the ice which covers it is not "eternal ice," but ice not more than six years old at the farthest—these are discoveries by which Dr. Nansen has, to a large extent, solved the Polar problem.

This book of Dr. Nansen's is one that touches us very deeply. The human interest is as unaffected, as intense, as the heroism is magnificent. The man who defies the uncontrollable forces of Nature is the same man who, on Christmas Day, in the hut in waste Franz Josef Land, talks tenderly of the candle-lighted Christmas trees at home, the joyous delights of romping children, and the feasting in cottage homes. The grotesque way in which he and Johansen kept festival has been widely told, and need not be repeated here. But the following sentences, with which we close this article, penned in the same dark hovel, show us a man whom we must honour and affectionately reverence :

"They are ringing out the old year now at home. *Our* church bell is the icy wind howling over glacier and snowfield, howling fiercely as it whirls the drifting snow on high in cloud after cloud, and sweeps it down upon us from the crest of the mountain up yonder. . . . And the full moon sails silent out of one year into another. She shines alike on the good and the evil, nor does she notice the wants and yearnings of the new year. Solitary, forsaken, hundreds of miles from all that one holds dear; but the thoughts flit restlessly to and fro on their silent paths. Once more a leaf is turned in the book of eternity, a new blank page is opened, and no one knows what will be written on it."

Commending to our readers these superbly-printed and illustrated volumes, we thank the publishers for the excellent way in which they have presented Dr. Nansen's entrancing narrative to English readers.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Causes of the Corruption of the Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels: being the Sequel to the Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels. By the late JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, B.D., Dean of Chichester. Arranged, Completed, and Edited by EDWARD MILLER, M.A., Wykehamical Prebendary of Chichester. London: George Bell & Sons. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. 1896.

This book is apparently the final instalment of such of the late Dean Burgon's papers on textual criticism as it is intended to publish. The editor's task has been admirably done. His own additions are strictly such as the fragmentary character of the original documents required, and are so marked as to prevent any confusion in regard to authorship on the part of the reader. The bulk of the volume consists of illustrations of various forms of corruption to which the text of the New Testament has been subjected. These Dr. Burgon classified, as he was wont to do most things, in a way of his own, as either accidental or intentional. In the former class he placed such alterations as were due to liturgical influence, in addition to the errors that are apt to occur in the ordinary process of transcription. The latter comprised a number of sub-divisions; but the editor himself seems to have been at a loss to find a justification for the term under which they were gathered. They are called intentional, he writes, "not because in all cases there was a settled determination to alter the text, for such, if any, was often of the faintest character, but because some sort of design was to a greater or less degree embedded in most of them." An intentional corruption accordingly is one in which there has been a design to alter the text, but in which there has been no determination. The purpose, as conceived, without any consent of the will, has passed immediately into action;

and the mental philosophers may be invited to adjust their theories with a view to explain the unusual phenomenon.

Wilfulness in the use of terms is shown again in Dr. Burgon's indignant refusal to include cases of omission in his enumeration of various readings. If of two texts, identical in other respects, a phrase occurs in the one but not in the other, most people would be disposed to acknowledge that a case of a various reading had arisen. But the bare suggestion at once arouses the author's wrath. "How can those be called various readings," he asks in various forms again and again, "which are really not readings at all?" His objection to the term is apparently due to some curious idea that the criticism of the text of the sacred books is intrinsically different from that of the text of profane authors, and that the importation of notions from the latter into the former department of enquiry tends only to perplexity and confusion. On this subject his editor, who generally writes with conviction but self-restraint, ventures elsewhere the deplorable remark, "Omissions are much in favour with a particular school of critics, though a habit of admitting them whether in ancient or modern times cannot but be symptomatic of a tendency to scepticism."

In an appendix of some thirty pages, the editor has printed an essay by Dr. Burgon on the so-called *Pericope de adultera*. Unfortunately it was never completed, and Mr. Miller has wisely left it almost entirely without additions. He describes it as a "clever and characteristic" essay; and with that opinion all who knew Dr. Burgon, or have made themselves acquainted with his writings, will agree. Attention is called first of all to such matters as the beauty of the passage, its harmony in tone and spirit with what is known of the teaching of Christ, and the possibility of fitting it with perfect adjustment into the place in Scripture where it is sometimes found; but such considerations at the best are subjective, amount only to presumptive evidence of no conclusive force, and might be pleaded in some measure in behalf of several of the *Agrapha*. Dr. Burgon then settles down to his subject, and seeks to establish that the verses occupied a position in Scripture from the earliest period to which evidence reaches. The authorities he cites are chiefly Latin, beginning with seven Old Latin MSS., the value of which may be inferred from a statement of Mr. Miller's in another place. The Old Latin MSS., he says, "are so fitful and uncertain, that some of them may witness to almost anything." The evidence of the Lectionaries is quoted next; and it is from these probably that the strongest arguments in favour of the retention of the passage can be deduced, though it is more than doubtful whether behind the reading of every Lectionary lies the authority of "the Church in her corporate capacity and official character." Nor if it did, would it preclude

the necessity of further investigation. At that point the essay breaks off, and it is impossible to estimate the value of the further evidence that Dr. Burgon would have adduced. But as the matter stands, the Revisers seem to have dealt with the passage in the fairest, and even the most considerate, way, by leaving it in the place to which it had some prescriptive right, but noting the uncertain testimony of the MSS. and other ancient authorities.

Whether this essay be treated as characteristic of the author, or his qualities be sought in his critical work as a whole, he will be found amongst the most readable of the writers on textual criticism, and amongst the most inconclusive. He was a loving and lovable man, gentle in spirit and fond of little children, but quite unable to divest his mind of preconceptions or his speech of vehemence. To him the Traditional Text was a sacred thing, and the MSS. which did not support it were "chartered libertines," "notorious false witnesses," or the "most careless of careless transcripts." To those who differed from him, even when they were his superiors in scholarship and his equals in grace, he was not always respectful; though the license he assumed in speech was generally tolerated because of his manifest sincerity and real goodwill. The opinions he held, however largely based on conjecture, were held with absolute confidence. "I pass over hundreds of instances," he writes in one place in regard to a controversy at almost every point of which there is conflicting evidence, "where I am nevertheless perfectly well aware of my own strength, my opponents' weakness." In another place, where he finds himself in the unusual position of being supported by several of the critics, he adds, "I should have been just as confident had I stood alone." It is this positiveness in matters of great complexity, together with his command of figure, and the almost rollicking self-abandon with which he fights, that effectually preserves his pages from dulness, his contentions from cogency. His books are attractive for the style in which they are written, valuable for the immense amount of information they contain. But his processes are vitiated by the undue preponderance of the personal element, and by the coercive influence exercised by his ecclesiastical and other opinions. The methods, on the other hand, of the school at which he girds are more scientific, alike in themselves and in the care and impartiality with which they are applied. And it is probable that the ultimate text when it is reached will be of a character intermediate between the Traditional and the Revised, but much more nearly resembling the latter than the former.

The Sacred Books of the Old Testament. A Critical Edition of the Hebrew Text. Edited by PAUL HAUPT, Professor

in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Part 1, Genesis, by C. J. BALL, London. Part 18, Daniel, by A. KAMPHAUSEN, Bonn. London: D. Nutt.

We give a hearty welcome to this further instalment of an important work. Without professing agreement with the extreme views of some critics in their trenchant dealing with the Massoretic text of the Old Testament, students will find it very convenient to have them on record in such a clear, full and instructive form as that furnished by Professor Paul Haupt's polychromatic edition. The plan of the work has been explained in previous notices. As to the volumes before us, the arrangement of the text of Daniel is as simple as that of Genesis is complex. The only variation in colour in the former is that the Aramaic portion of the book, ii. 4 to vii. 28, has been printed in red. The editor's explanation of the bilingual character of Daniel, is the assumption that the book was originally all written in Hebrew, and that some portions had been lost, but were afterwards supplied from an Aramaic translation—probably as satisfactory a hypothesis as any that can be assigned for a feature never completely explained. The Rev. C. J. Ball, who edits Genesis, requires a very elaborate system of some eight different colours to set forth his view of its composite authorship. The prophetic narrative known to criticism as JE is printed in purple—a combination of red, used for the Judaic document J—the older strata printed in dark, and the later in light red—and blue, which marks the presumably Ephraimitic document E. Green is used for "Deuteronomistic expansions" (D^s) added to JE during the exile; black is used for the main body of the Priestly Code, with brown for its later strata, while ch. 14 is printed in orange, as being derived "from what might be termed an exilic Midrash." Such a text is polychromatic indeed. But it presents in clear and convenient form the view of the composition of Genesis which is now accepted by the main body of critics, while the Notes appended give, in very brief compass, the editor's judgment on points of detail.

We do not feel called upon in this notice to discuss the grave questions raised on almost every page of this most interesting volume. The learning, skill and judgment shown in this, as in previous issues of the series, are conspicuous, and the value of the whole, to scholars of all shades of thinking, is unquestionable. Conservatives may here see fully exhibited the prevailing opinions of those "radical reformers," whose extreme and destructive theories appear to them so pernicious, and no careful student of the Old Testament, whatever his opinions, should fail to procure and study this representative edition of the text. We rejoice to see that English and American scholars are taking their place

adequately side by side with German collaborators. Mr. Ball's work will bear comparison with any in the series.

The Original Hebrew of a Portion of Ecclesiasticus (xxxix. 15 to xlix. 11), *together with the Early Versions and an English Translation, followed by the Quotations from Ben Sira in Rabbinical Literature.* Edited by A. E. COWLEY, M.A., and AD. NEUBAUER, M.A. With two Facsimiles. Clarendon Press. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Clarendon Press has done great service to students by this publication of the Hebrew original of the fragment of Ecclesiasticus lately discovered in the East. It was thought that Jerome was the last scholar who had seen it, but recently a book was discovered which showed that a scholar who flourished in Bagdad in 920 A.D. knew the Hebrew Original. In June, 1896, Mrs. Lewis brought home a MS. leaf from Sinai which was discovered to be part of the missing book, and, to crown this strange incident, nine leaves of the same MS. were acquired by the Bodleian. Oxford has lavished its learning on these ten pages, and they are here reproduced with the Syriac, Greek, and Old Latin versions, and an English translation. Dr. Driver has added a glossary, and the proverbs of Ben Sira, preserved in Rabbinical literature, are gathered together. There is some quaint reading here, which moralists will be glad to ponder. The work is in demy quarto, and its exquisite printing is as noteworthy as its scholarship.

A Comparative View of Church Organisations, Primitive and Protestant. By JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Kelly. 1897. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Regarded as history, this book has now an established reputation. Its arguments are not accepted by all. Anglicans, for example, who build on the dogma of necessary and supernatural descent of grace by virtue of episcopal succession and ordination, are obliged to reject the view of Church life and grace which is expounded and defended by Dr. Rigg. No attempt, however, has been made to reply to any of the main arguments in the volume, and, so far as Anglicanism is concerned, they are sharpened and driven closer home in this revised edition. A general consensus of critics has acknowledged the fairness and courtesy of the author, who, in the Preface to the second edition, gratefully recognised the generous appreciation of his critics almost without exception.

The present volume is considerably enlarged, as well as very strictly and carefully revised. "I have felt," the author says in the Preface to the second edition, "now that I have passed into the second half of my eighth decade of years in life, that it was my special duty to make this—which I must regard as my final edition of a work to which has been conceded a place in the standard literature of my Church—as accurate and complete throughout as it was possible for me to make it." He has added several papers, and made a few corrections as to some points of importance in what he has written on Anglicanism. He has also added two "condensed historical *résumés* showing the organic development of Wesleyan Methodism in two chief respects." In one of these a view is given of the rise and growth of Communal Government in Methodism by means of District Committees, now called District Synods, by which, after Wesley's death, unity and detailed efficiency of administration were secured for the Churches he had founded. In the other "a complete history is given, in outline, of the not less interesting or notably important subject of Circuit development." In the present edition an index has been provided, which adds not a little to the value of the volume.

The contents comprise two chapters on "The Primitive Church, its Fellowship and its Organisation;" three chapters on Anglicanism, from the Reformation period onwards, the Tudor period, the Stuart Restoration period, and the later history, first of Anglican "latitudinarianism," and afterwards of the high Anglican revival, being distinctly but consecutively presented to view, the fundamental defects of organisation in the Church, and its present dilemmas, being pointed out, while, at the same time, its high achievements are described in no grudging spirit; two full chapters are devoted to Presbyterianism, in its various fields and aspects; three to Congregationalism, in which, if the author sets plainly forth what he regards as the defects, he also brings out very distinctly the characteristic merits, of Independency; three chapters are given to Wesleyan Methodism; one to American Episcopal Methodism, in which is to be found information on a great chapter of Church history such as cannot elsewhere be found in one volume; and one to Methodist Secessions and Methodist Union.

The author thus describes the scope of his volume: "After giving a summary view of the characteristic features and the Church arrangements of truly primitive Christianity, I have passed in review and compared with each other, and with primitive Christianity, the chief systems of Church government among Protestant and Reformed Christian communities. . . . The various Churches have each its special genius, each its adaptation to special tastes and stages of development, intellectual or social. Methodism is, in various respects, weaker,

while, in other respects, it is stronger than the other great Churches. But in one cardinal point it is stronger, more primitive, more apostolic than other Churches—that its fellowship is wide open to all who desire to come to Christ. and that this fellowship is distinctly spiritual and evangelical. . . . If only all Churches were vital fellowship Churches, how greatly would they be strengthened, and their Christian fruitfulness increased! Their variety of form and colour and character would but multiply the attractions and add to the strength of our common Christianity."

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Luke. By the Rev. ALFRED PLUMMER, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1896.

No more valuable volume of the "International Critical Commentary" has, so far as we know, been published, than this by the Master of University College, Durham. It is ripely learned; the research it shows is extraordinary, but there is no waste and no display; all is admirably mastered. Excellent judgment and discrimination are shown in dealing with the results of criticism, heterodox critics not being neglected, nor yet with needless ostentation of open-mindedness perpetually called to the front, and quoted beyond their legitimate claims whether of learning or ability. Perhaps justice is hardly done to the harmonists, to whom reverent students of Scripture are much indebted, notwithstanding the unscholarly and unintelligent superstitions to which some of them have sometimes clung. Discrepancies of a certain kind are valuable, as well as inevitable, results of independent authorship and are welcome as marks of truth and authenticity. But to reduce the number of apparent discrepancies, to show that variations are not discrepancies, or at least not contradictions, is, notwithstanding, in many cases not only interesting and instructive, but confirmatory of the sacred record. Once or twice, Dr. Plummer, we are bound to add, has allowed himself to be led away by the now current confusions of thought involved in blind speculations on the subject of the κένωσις, as to which so much mischievous and unconsciously irreverent nonsense has been hazarded, in the vain attempt to lighten the mystery of the Divine-human personality. He speaks favourably of the hypothesis that, in attributing Psalm cx. to David, our Lord "condescended to know not more than his contemporaries." If our Lord did not know more there can have been no consciousness on His part of any condescension and therefore no act of condescension. On this subject of the hypostatic union, when will orthodox Christians cease to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." Dr.

Plummer leaves, perhaps, too many important questions quite unsettled, while indicating, more or less, the arguments on different sides. It is satisfactory, however, that he gives no countenance to Dr. Bruce's revival of the idea that Luke's Gospel was written with Matthew's and Mark's in his hands. But he favours, as we think, too late a date for the Gospel.

Life after Death and the Future of the Kingdom of God. By Bishop LARS NIELSEN DAHLE, Knight of St. Olaf. Translated from the Norse by the Rev. JOHN BEVERIDGE, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1896.

The Bishop who has written this fine book has been a Missionary Bishop in Madagascar and now directs all the missionary work of the Lutheran Episcopal Church, the national Church of Norway. The book is one of vast learning but also of great glow; the Bishop's learning is well digested and does not encumber his movement as a writer. It is a treatise instinct with life and energy, with faith and also with intelligence. It is withal a most comprehensive treatise, in which no difficulty is shirked. Nevertheless, the venerable writer is firmly orthodox throughout; he has read heresy, but weighs it and finds it wanting. He has allowed his thoughts free play round his subject, and, whilst anything but narrow or slavishly traditional, he adheres confidently to the teaching of Jesus Christ and the Apostles. There is in the volume as little taint of Popery as of Rationalism. It is a happy peculiarity of Norway that it is not contrary to State etiquette to bestow on a Bishop such a distinction as that of a non-belligerent knighthood.

The Sermon on the Mount: A Practical Exposition. By CHARLES GORE. Murray. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Canon Gore says in his preface that no plant in the spiritual garden of the Church of England needs more diligent watering and tending than the practical, devotional study of Holy Scripture. No better help towards remedying this state of things could be found than this little volume. It covers the whole of the Sermon on the Mount, bringing out clearly the order of thought and the general purport of our Lord's teaching. Difficult problems are handled in a way that will greatly help Bible students, and on every page there are passages which linger in the memory and come home to the conscience. It is not possible to go minutely into details of exposition in such a volume, but we wish that some sections had been expanded a little. We are not always able to accept Canon Gore's conclusions, but his

book is one of the most impressive, most suggestive, and most profitable discussions of the whole subject that we have seen.

Ante-Nicene Christian Library. Additional Volume containing Early Christian Works Discovered since the Completion of the Series, and Selections from the Commentaries of Origen. Edited by ALLAN MENZIES, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism, St. Mary's College, Saint Andrews. T. & T. Clark. 12*s.*

Many years ago Messrs. Clark published the valuable series known as the "Ante-Nicene Fathers." The present volume is in continuation of the original plan, and gathers together the precious fruit of recent discoveries of lost treasure. The Gospel of Peter, the Diatessaron of Tatian, the Revelation of Peter, the Vision of Paul, and a number of other Apocalypses or Romances, the Epistles of Clement, as completed from a recently discovered MS., the Apology of Aristides, the Passion of the Scillitan Martyrs, and the Commentaries of Origen, are included in this noble volume. The cheapness of the book is as remarkable as the interest and value of its contents. No library of a Biblical critic or student can be regarded as complete without it. A remarkable apparatus of indices adds very greatly to the value of the volume, and is one of many indications of the care and completeness with which the editorial work has been done.

The Book of the Prophet Isaiah. Chapters i. to xxxix. With Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. J. SKINNER, D.D. Cambridge: University Press. 4*s.*

It was, of course, impossible to treat the whole prophecy of Isaiah in one volume of the Cambridge Bible, and Dr. Skinner reserves the question of the authorship of the later chapters for the second part of his work. Here he deals with the history of Israel and Assyria in the time of Isaiah, the life and prophetic activity of the great seer, his prophetic conceptions, his character and genius. Every subject is handled with discretion and with great fulness of knowledge. The Notes are thoroughly up to date, and often throw quite a new light on the meaning of a difficult passage. The additional Note on chapter vii. 14-16 is a fair specimen of the exhaustive treatment of every important point. Every preacher and teacher ought to have this masterly exposition. It is marked throughout by rich and ripe scholarship.

The Bible in the Light of To-day. By CHARLES CROSLEIGH, D.D. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 6*s.*

Dr. Crosleigh's book may confidently be commended to all thoughtful Christian readers. Its keynote is Archbishop Magee's word: "Let us have the courage to say, once for all, the Bible is what God has made it for us, and not what we think He ought to have made it for us." The subject is divided into three sections. First comes a historical sketch of the growth of the Bible, which deals with the Hebrew and Greek manuscripts, the formation of the Old Testament and New Testament canons, and the preservation of the texts. The second part deals with the evidence that the Bible is from God. The Church's attestation, the claims of the book itself, the study of the subject-matter, the fruit borne by the Bible, and other topics are discussed clearly and with abundant knowledge. Then comes a final section, entitled "Answers and Objections," which deals with the alleged defects in the Bible, the questions of science and morality, and other matters of profound interest. This is the part of the volume which many readers will find most helpful. Dr. Crosleigh shows that the Church of England is not committed to any definition of Divine inspiration. He holds that whatever results criticism may finally reach, the Bible will always hold a position altogether unique. "'The Divine Library' is one and entire, with a unity, an integrity, which no literary discovery can affect. It is not the mechanical unity of the lifeless machine, in which the giving way of one single bolt may involve the breakdown of the whole structure. It is rather the unity of the living body, which, in spite of defect, or even of serious mutilation, may remain, by virtue of the life that animates it, still fit for the effective discharge of all its functions." With that verdict we heartily agree, though we see no sign that the Bible is likely to suffer any serious mutilation by the *final* verdict even of the critics.

The Hope of Israel. A Review of the Argument from Prophecy. By F. H. WOODS, B.D. T. & T. Clark. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a re-statement of the prophetic argument from the standpoint of the most advanced criticism. All the old views of prophecy are calmly set aside, the most startling conclusions of the higher critics are quietly accepted, and little is left except the fact that the old Jewish prophet represents an ideal of religious worship in which idolatry should cease and inward and spiritual religion should spread through the world. The

book is a very able statement from its own point of view and will be found well worthy of the close attention of students, but it empties the prophetic teaching of all real significance, and though we heartily agree with the writer in his position that a re-statement of the argument from prophecy is needed, we find ourselves in marked opposition to this book at almost every turn. The old apologists laid far too much stress on what they regarded as detailed fulfilment, but this new apologist empties prophecies of all real significance.

Village Sermons. By the late F. J. A. HORT. Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*

Dr. Hort preached these sermons in the churches of St. Ippolyts and Great Wymondley, in Hertfordshire, of which double parish he was vicar from 1857 to 1872. The sermons are peculiarly interesting as specimens of the teaching given to a village congregation by one of the greatest of Biblical scholars. They are clear, simple, instructive, evangelical, and often very felicitous in thought and phrase. The attempt to give a connected outline of "introduction" to the chief books of the Bible is a happy idea, and preachers will be interested in seeing how Dr. Hort worked out his plan. The volume deserves a place beside Dean Church's *Village Sermons.* Fine scholarship and clear thinking are happily joined to simplicity of style and language.

The Prophecies of Jesus Christ Relating to His Death, Resurrection and Second Coming, and their Fulfilment. By Dr. PAUL SCHWATZKOPFF. Translated by Rev. NEIL BUCHANAN. T. & T. Clark. 5*s.*

Dr. Schwartzkopff holds that our Lord made mistakes as to the time of His Second Coming, which He expected in the lifetime of His own generation, and that He also "believed in the existence of demons, who, as personal evil spirits united into a kingdom under Satan, were opposed to the kingdom of God." He defends his position by claiming that Christ must have been subject to the limitations which circumscribe the mental life of man. He also holds that our Lord's knowledge of His death must have gradually grown up out of definite reasons and on definite occasions, in order that it might at last be stamped by a Divine revelation. Dr. Schwartzkopff's object is to "help to free from extraneous additions the image of Him in Whom alone is contained the full knowledge of God, and the true power of God, and, indeed, our whole salvation."

His whole enquiry is conducted in a way that goes far to disarm criticism, but we find ourselves quite unable to accept conclusions which, in their desire to clear up certain difficulties of interpretation, strike at the root of Christ's divinity.

The Right of Systematic Theology. By BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, D.D. With an Introduction by Professor J. ORR, D.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 2*s.*

Dr. Warfield, of Princeton University, is an able, orthodox and highly trained teacher of theology. Dr. Orr, of Edinburgh, is a divine of established reputation in Scotland. In standing as sponsor for this defence of dogmatic theology as a compendium of doctrine on the highest subjects of thought, Dr. Orr is joined with such men as Dr. Flint, Dr. Blackie, Dr. Laidlaw, Dr. Stalker, Dr. Rainy, and many more distinguished names on theological science. The best thought of American Presbyterianism comes to us recommended by a remarkable concurrence of the ripest theological intellect and authority in Scotland. Need we say more by way of commending this small treatise to students of theology?

The Critical Review. Vol. VI. Edited by Professor SALMOND, D.D. T. & T. Clark.

The Expositor. Fifth Series. Vol. IV. Hodder & Stoughton.

No exact student of British literature would like to be without either of these periodicals. The *Expositor* is more excursive and speculative; the *Review* is naturally more strictly critical; it is also more conservative. It is closely compressed in style, and also closely printed; consequently the books and subjects dealt with are more numerous. Neither serial seems to be losing power, but rather the contrary. We find much good in both; but we also seem to find strains of teaching in both which we are bound to regard as unsound. Of dangerous tendency we discover, however, comparatively little in the *Review*. More or less rationalistic ventures have long found a lodging place in the *Expositor*, but perhaps this is inevitable.

The Old World and the New Faith. By W. FIDDIAN MOULTON, M.A. C. H. Kelly. 1896.

This unpretending but attractive volume consists of "Notes from the Historical Narrative contained in the Acts of the

Apostles." It is interesting as the work of William Fiddian Moulton. It is much to say, but it is not too much to say, that it is not unworthy of the son of such a Biblical scholar as Dr. Moulton: it is up to date: Professor Ramsay's discoveries and corrections are followed as respects the Churches of South Galatia. At the same time, it is careful and judicious; it is well done, and modestly offered to the world of Christian students.

The Clue to the Ages. Part I. Creation by Principle. By ERNEST JUDSON SAGE. Printed and Published for the Author by the Baptist Tract and Book Society. 1896.

This book is so diffuse and confusing in its style that it is not easy to determine what the writer is aiming at. He seems to be opposing the theory of evolution as applied to the explanation of the varieties to be found amongst racial and ecclesiastical types. Many of his sayings are interesting and lively, if in some cases their appositeness is not very obvious. But, judging from the authorities he cites or opposes, he is not sufficiently acquainted either with the views held by some of the greater evolutionists on the subject of original creation, or with some of the best attempts to harmonise the theory with the doctrine of Scripture. He promises, however, a further volume on the subject; and, if that is compact and explicit, a reader will be better able to see how far the teaching serves as a "clue to the ages."

Bible Helps. The Illustrated Bible Treasury. Nelson & Sons. 7*s.* 6*d.*

This volume ought to be in the hands of all Bible students. Dr. William Wright has all the qualifications necessary for editor, and he has gathered a staff of helpers whose names inspire complete confidence as to scholarship and sound judgment. The volume has upwards of 350 illustrations, a Bible atlas, indexed for convenient reference, a concordance to both the Authorised and Revised Versions, a dictionary of proper names, and all the details as to the history, authorship, and contents of each book of the Scriptures, besides articles on "Monumental Testimony to the Bible," and kindred subjects. It is a handsome book, packed with matter well up to date, and brightly put. Messrs. Nelson have rendered real service to all teachers and preachers by gathering into one volume the ripe fruit of the latest Biblical research.

The third edition of Dr. C. H. H. Wright's *Writings of St. Patrick* is considerably enlarged, a brief sketch of the Saint's life,

valuable notes and other matter having been added. It is now the best guide we have to the study of St. Patrick's life and writings—compact, scholarly, judicious.

It is convenient to have Tischendorf's famous narrative of the discovery of the Bible MS. at Sinai in the *Present Day Primers* of the Religious Tract Society. It is a story which every lover of the New Testament ought to read.

Christian Men of Science is a set of the New Biographical Tracts (R. T. S.) dealing with leaders of science like Bacon, Pascal, Newton, Sedgwick, Faraday, and Clerk Maxwell. Set side by side, the testimonies to the truth of Christianity are most impressive, and to many minds will prove most reassuring.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton send us *Field's Handbook of Christian Theology*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, which has reached its thirty-third thousand. It is quite superfluous to praise a book which has a world-wide reputation.

The Power of Pentecost, by Thomas Waugh (Joyful News Book Depôt), is a strong and sensible little book which ought to send many readers to the source of spiritual power. Mr. Waugh's wide experience as an evangelist has prepared him to write these plain words, and we should like every Christian to read them.

The Spirit of Power, as set forth in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. By the Rev. THOMAS ADAMSON, B.D. T. & T. Clark. 1*s.*

It will repay every one who is interested in this great theme to buy this suggestive little book. It is so fresh, so full, so helpful, that it ought to get into every Christian's hands, and quickly.

The Biblical Illustrator. By Rev. JOSEPH EXELL, M.A. Nisbet & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The new volume on Second Corinthians is a treasury of thought and illustration which should be of great service to students of this most personal of St. Paul's letters. The outlines are culled from the best sermon writers, and are very varied, and often very bright and suggestive. Many a busy man will be glad to have these hints, and to use them.

Ministerial Table Talk. By Rev. JOHN J. POOL, B.D. Dickinson. 4*s.*

Mr. Pool has read more than 2,500 books to prepare this volume, and others which are to follow it. It is crowded with

anecdote, and full of suggestions as to preaching, public prayers, pastoral visitation, and other allied topics. A pleasant book for a leisure hour.

Earth's Preparation for Man. H. J. ALCOCK. Nisbet & Co. 1*s.*

Mr. Alcock's object is to show that the *preparation* of the earth for man took place in six days of twenty-four hours' each. He is a determined antagonist of the Higher Criticism, and his book is interesting, though we cannot accept its conclusions.

From our Dead Selves to Higher Things, by F. J. Grant (Nisbet & Co.), is a new edition of a doctor's thoughts on the great problems of sin and grace. It is packed with suggestive matter.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Eras of the Christian Church. Edited by JOHN FULTON, D.D., LL.D. I. The Age of Hildebrand. By Professor M. R. VINCENT, D.D. II. The Age of the Great Western Schism. By the Rev. CLINTON LOCKE, D.D. III. The Age of the Crusades. By J. M. LUDLOW, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1897.

This series, published by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, consists of volumes written by American scholars. It is intended to cover the space between the rise of the Latin Church in the dawning time, after the break up of the Roman Empire, and the era of the Reformation; the Anglican Reformation, separately treated, being the final volume. The series, as it would seem, is to be completed in ten volumes, each subject being dealt with in one volume. The plan is comprehensive, and the subjects seem to be happily laid out. But the immensity of the field to be covered and the obscurity and complication of the subjects included, combine to render it impossible to comprehend the whole history in ten library volumes of good type, except by presenting a mere outline. Hence all that is proposed is to furnish a "popular" history of the eras of the Christian Church, and yet a condensed history or outline history can hardly be "popular" in respect of its attractiveness. The details, which alone can make a history vivid, must needs be omitted. As

little can there be any real discussion of the problems of history; that is, of the passages of deepest interest in the life of the Christian world. Where, for example, the whole Protestant Reformation, except only England, is to be comprised within one library volume of large type, the treatment can only be superficial.

The series begins well. *The Age of Hildebrand* is intelligently treated. Justice, perhaps, is hardly done to the great Pope. Dr. Vincent has not done for Gregory VII. what Dr. Storrs has done for Bernard. America cannot but be very jealous of Papal pretensions. To show the conditions and surroundings, which must be understood in order to estimate the greatness and to account for the errors and faults of the Pontiff, would have demanded such detailed treatment as was not possible under the conditions imposed upon the writer. The volume includes much more than the history of Hildebrand, whose name is used as a striking title for a section of Church history which covers several centuries and includes within its scope the affairs of Europe generally, from before the Norman Conquest of England to the period of the Inquisition. Among the subjects are such as the Mystical and Scholastic doctrines, including the theology of Bernard, Anselm, Scotus Erigena, Abelard. The author has to deal with such matters as these incidentally. The wonder is that he touches them as intelligently and clearly as they are touched. The volume, as a whole, may be commended as a competent and convenient summary of the period and events to which it refers. It is written in a good and unaffected style, the style of a scholar writing for the people.

Dr. Clinton Locke's subject did not lend itself to unity of treatment. The title, indeed, conveys little or no idea of the contents of his volume, which are very miscellaneous. The Papal schism and the Greek schism are both included; but the real subject is the Papacy in the fourteenth century, including the development of Monasticism, the quarrels with and among the friars, and the rise of the Inquisition. Incidentally, the German Mystics are referred to, but what is said is inexact and superficial. In connection with Avignon and the Papal schism, the history of Rienzi comes in as a "popular" subject and is suitably dealt with. If we say that this is a volume which hardly rises above the commonplace, and the style of which carries with it no mark of distinction, this is not to deny that it is a useful summary. The writer was of necessity overweighted with his large, various, and miscellaneous aggregate of subjects. He mistakes, in some places, a colloquial for a popular style. In the *Age of the Crusades* Dr. Ludlow has not only an attractive subject, but one with a unity of its own. This is an interesting, liberal-minded, and suggestive volume.

Lectures on Ecclesiastical History delivered in Norwich Cathedral. With Preface by the DEAN OF NORWICH. Nisbet & Co. 1896. 7*s.* 6*d.*

We are glad to hail the publication of this volume. It was a wise thought of Dean Lefroy to arrange a course of lectures on the Fathers of the first five centuries which should be learned, able, sympathetic, and yet free from traditional superstition and semi-Popery. Dean Farrar strikes the Reformation key-note, without any reference to the Reformation, in his opening lecture on St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp, and all the other lectures are in accord with that note. "The Apology of Aristides"—that most interesting lately recovered relic of the third century—is dealt with by Professor Robinson, of Cambridge. Canon Meyrick contributes an excellent lecture on Justin Martyr. Dr. Stanley Leathes handles well the "Life and Times of Irenæus." Archdeacon Sinclair treats Cyprian with needful discrimination. Dr. Kingsmill's subject is the great Chrysostom. Mr. Schneider, of Ridley Hall, has done Tertullian. Dr. Chase has furnished a learned, sympathetic, and yet discriminating contribution on Clement of Alexandria—perhaps he is too gentle in pointing out his mystical Rationalism. Origen is gently criticised and also not perhaps unfitly eulogised by the Rev. A. E. Brooke. Professor Gwatkin deals with Eusebius of Cæsarea; Dr. Ince with Athanasius; Bishop Barry with the "Life and Times of St. Ambrose." Dr. Gee's subject is the "Church in the Catacombs"; Jerome is handled by Professor Drury, of the Islington Church Missionary College; and St. Augustine by Dr. Moule. This is a valuable volume.

Boniface. By the Rev. J. GREGORY SMITH, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1*s.* 6*d.*

This little volume scarcely makes the famous missionary bishop, whom England gave to Germany in the eighth century, stand out quite so vividly as we could desire. It would almost have been more satisfactory if Mr. Smith had boldly incorporated the facts given in his own *Rise of Christian Monasticism* in his text rather than have reserved them for an Appendix; yet, despite some blemishes, this is a valuable and most interesting study of a noble Englishman whose aim was to civilize, as well as to Christianise, the heathen among whom he laboured. Boniface was a man of rare integrity and great boldness, singularly free from self-will. He was always ready to seek counsel, and to accept it. Where duty demanded it, he could be outspoken, even to the Pope himself. When he "found his missionary efforts hindered by reports of evil doings at Rome, of permission

given there to magical arts, charms and incantations, and other pagan superstitions, and of simoniacal abuses in conferring palls, he remonstrated plainly and earnestly with his chief." Zacharias repudiated the charges against himself and his officials, but showed no resentment against his critic. The relations between Boniface and the noble ladies resident in English convents were singularly happy. They prepare him illuminated manuscripts of the Scriptures, written in large letters, suited to his defective sight, or present such gifts as spices for incense in church, knives, the handiwork of monks in his old monastery, and a silver inkpot. Boniface sends to England a rug of silk and goat's wool to be wrapped round the feet on a winter's night, or a rough towel for wiping the feet of the brethren when the bishop or abbot has washed them on Maundy Thursday. Sometimes he makes a gift of wine from the vineyards on the Rhine, or a pair of falcons for hawking. He is never too busy to remember old friends. His influence among the Germans was enormous, and one of the Popes speaks of a hundred thousand converts added to the Church through his labours. He was thorough in everything. Ever longing for fresh enterprise, yet faithful to his present duty, plodding, persevering, tenacious. The extracts from his sermons and letters show that he was master of a terse and strong style. The martyrdom of the great missionary by the heathen Frisians, forms a dramatic close to a career of which England is justly proud.

A History of Methodists in the United States. By J. M. BUCKLEY. New York: The Christian Literature Company. 1896.

To compress the History of Methodists in the United States into one volume, though it be large and massive, is an exceedingly difficult task. Dr. Buckley is a terse and direct writer, he wastes no words, and has done as much with his single volume as any one could be expected to do. But the necessary compression has made it impossible, almost at any point, to give the details which make a history picturesque and vivid. In such details the annals of American Methodism are perhaps richer than those of any other Church. Hence, in reading this valuable compendium, there is sometimes a sense of disappointment. The author has done all that could be done; he should have had two volumes for his record of the stirring scenes and events which have made the upgrowth and spread of Methodism in the United States so wonderfully full of life and interest.

As was to be expected, he has given a large proportion of the space at his command to the personal history not only of the

Wesley brothers but of their ancestors—a truly marvellous historical chain of strong and vivid personalities. He naturally explains at some length John Wesley's not always consistent, but always conscientious and honourable, dealing with the American War of Independence, as to which, we may note in passing, it is somewhat remarkable that at the present time, opinion not only in England but also to some extent in America, is veering round towards the position which, after the war had broken out, Wesley followed Dr. Johnson in defending. Dr. Buckley gives more space in proportion to the slave-holding controversy, of which the direct result was the secession of the Methodist Conferences and Churches of the South, and their formation into a separate Church than to any other subject. Of the development of the General Conference we could have wished that the space at his command had allowed him to give a more complete account, especially of the united ministerial and lay Quadrennial Conference, as organised in 1872. But his task embraced not only the main line of historical organisation and development among the Methodists of the States, but also the rise and progress of all the various Churches throughout the Union, of which the Methodist Church South is the largest, though more than one of the separate coloured Churches are very numerous and full of vital power. There is no field of history in the world connected with a distinct family of Churches, that is so wide, so various, or comprises such a vast host of adherents as that of American Methodism, comparatively brief as the period embraced may be. For the first time an able, carefully worked out, and strictly authentic history of this vast subject is presented to the Christian world in a single volume. A story so important at every point of development, so wonderfully successful, so bound up with the most stupendous national development in the world's history thus far, and at the same time written so tersely and vigorously, set forth and arranged in an order so clear and logical, is one which cannot be read by any man of intelligence without sustained and growing interest.

Our Seven Homes. Autobiographical Reminiscences by Mrs. RUNDLE CHARLES, Author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." With Portraits. John Murray. *7s. 6d.*

Mrs. Rundle Charles gives a delightful account of the two homes of her girlhood in and near Tavistock, and of the five homes of later years in London or at Hampstead. Her father was a man of rare force of character, universally esteemed among his neighbours, and sat for some time in the House of Commons as member for Tavistock. Mrs. Charles was an only child, but she had troops of cousins, and no one could have

spent a brighter girlhood. Her father lost his fortune, and her husband died of consumption, leaving her wholly without means, but the royalty on her books brought her in a comfortable income, so that she was able to support herself and her widowed mother in comfort. The book is simply delightful. The friends of her girlhood make a lovely gallery of portraits, and in later life we get pleasing glimpses of celebrities like the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta. One of the most interesting parts of the autobiography describes the way in which César Malan saved Miss Rundle from the spell of Rome, by speaking of the love of God and the atonement of Christ. She began to see that the work of our redemption is not ours but God's, and that Christ has borne away our sins and redeemed us by His precious blood. The whole record is full of a delicate charm and perfume which can scarcely be described. It will add to the pleasure with which Mrs. Charles's books are read, and we hope it will have a great circulation, for it is an inspiration to all things that are lovely and of good report.

Romantic India. Translated from the French of ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON. By WILLIAM MARCHANT. London: Heinemann. *7s. 6d.*

M. Chevrillon passed Massouah on November 3rd, and on January 3rd was back again in the Mediterranean, so that his verdicts on the non-success of missions do not deserve serious attention, but his bright and airy book almost helps a reader to see India with his own eyes. He must not come here for facts and figures, but if he already has some knowledge of our great Eastern Empire, these photographic sketches will do much to make it live. The writer goes from place to place with open eyes, and the fact that he is a Frenchman adds piquancy to his descriptions of Englishmen and English rule. In the train to Kandy he met a Cingalese gentleman, wearing a tweed coat with a gardenia in his buttonhole, and a narrow white petticoat. "As he talks, I feel how deep is here the English stamp; he speaks the language with singular purity, without the least accent. He is a Christian, a lawyer, a member of the Legislative Council. His disdainful pity for 'the ignorance and idolatry of the poor Cingalese peasant is worthy of an English colonist. But in fifty years,' he says, 'all this will be changed; the railways have already done much good; before them the savage country retreats.'" Buddhism requires nothing more of its worshippers than "to live peaceably, and in the evening to come and bow before the smiling Buddha and throw at his feet the great flowers of the frangipani." Man is very gentle, very languid, in Ceylon, and this is therefore a religion congenial enough to flesh and blood. In Calcutta the number of shops,

offices, banks, carriages, and the placards on the walls, make you almost fancy that you are in Holborn or the Rue de la Bourse. But, instead of Europeans, the streets are filled with "a noisy multitude of small and slender Bengalis, wrapped in white muslin, delicate, feminine of feature—not indolent or drowsy as in Ceylon, but active, nervous, rapid, quivering with life." Darjeeling is an English summer resort. Its home life compares oddly with "the French colony in Tunis or Tonkin, usually all bachelors! How a man is bored there! How he feels his exile! But these English are in England here. They have brought hither not only their institutions, their customs, their prejudices, but their whole natural environment, and the *mise en scène* to which they are accustomed. The contact of a different world seems not to affect them at all. In fact, no race is less capable of adaptation, less flexible; none so continuously persists in its own type and personality. Hence, their moral energy, and the force of their will, directed by certain immutable ideas; hence, also, their limited sympathy and comprehension."

Benares made a great impression on the visitor, and he gives a living picture of its moving, changing throng of worshippers who swarm the tortuous lanes, crowd the entrance to the temples, or come down in thousands to adore the Ganges and the rising sun. Wherever he goes, M. Chevrillon's eyes are open to the wonders of the East. At Calcutta it is English India, at Benares the India of the Brahmans, at Agra the India of the Grand Moguls, at Jaipur the India of the rajahs, of novels and the opera—fairy-like and incredible. In Jaipur men live like brothers with the animals, and the scene before a stranger's eyes is a veritable living romance No city has such a variety of people in its streets as Bombay. "Everywhere, and at every hour of the day, there is the streaming crowd, more dense than Benares, a motley crowd, wherein are blended all the costumes of Asia; wherein all types of humanity elbow one another; Europeans in coats, the Arab with his fez, Persians, Afghans, thick-lipped negroes, slender Malays, effeminate Cingalese, Parsees and Jews, Chinese in robes of silk. Probably, since the time of Alexander, there has been no such epitome of the entire world, no city so cosmopolitan." With this quotation we must reluctantly close our notice, but we have perhaps said enough to show the charm of this vivacious volume. It seems to bring *Romantic India* before our eyes as we turn its pages.

The Conversion of Armenia to the Christian Faith. By W. St. Clair-Tisdall, M.A., C.M.S. Religious Tract Society. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Tisdall's position as pastor of an Armenian congregation in the suburbs of Ispahan has given him special fitness to tell

this story of the conversion of Armenia. He has made himself familiar with the chief native writers, and has given us a volume full of facts about Armenia and its people, its early history, its mythology, the introduction of the Gospel, and the gradual conversion of the whole nation. The book has peculiar interest at the present moment, and it is a wonderful story of heroic service and martyr constancy. It is brightly written and deeply interesting.

Letters from the Scenes of the Recent Massacres in Armenia. By J. RENDEL HARRIS and HELEN B. HARRIS. Nisbet & Co. 1897. 6*s.*

The affairs of Greece, it is to be hoped, have not altogether diverted public attention from the oppression and massacres of Armenia. The volume before us is intensely interesting and altogether authentic. The writers have avoided exaggeration; they have, as we judge from various indications, understated their case. They are witnesses of the highest character and competency; and they had the best opportunities of knowing the truth. Careful and critical students of the sorrowful and shameful history may be confidently recommended to read this record.

A History of Lay Preaching in the Christian Church. By JOHN TELFORD, B.A. C. H. Kelly. 1897. 2*s.* 6*d.*

This attractive and interesting volume avoids controversy. Nevertheless, a thoughtful reader might find suggestions of controversy even in its placid and pleasant pages. If there is one mark more genuine than another in its witness to Free Church life in any communion which calls itself a Church, it is that of the free exercise of lay testimony and exhortation on behalf of Gospel truth and life. But, alas! judged by this test some Protestant Churches fall strangely short. The want of this evidence of primitive character is a glaring defect in all Continental Protestantism and also in regular Presbyterianism. The best and primitive Independency of English Puritanism, the Independency of John Robinson of Leyden, in this as in other respects was true to the primitive spirit of Christianity, although other Independents were sometimes offensive fanatics. But in modern Independency this note of primitive Christianity is more often wanting than present—although in some country town Churches of a missionary spirit it has continued to live and work. The reader of this interesting volume may here find, if he looks for it, illustrations of the truth of what we have now said. Of lay preaching among the Reformed Churches of the

Continent there is nothing to say, though a chapter is given to "Lay Preaching in the Church of Rome." Baxter opposed lay preaching, though the Brownists upheld it. The Quakers kept it alive; and Methodism brought about its revival on a grand scale, so that now it is making its spirit and its stirring felt even in the Church of England.

We are pleased to find that Mr. George Newnes has included Curzon's *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant* in his "New Library," John Ruskin, long ago, described it as the most delightful volume of travels he had ever read, and it is worthy of that tribute. Few books transport their reader so completely into a new world full of illustrations of Bible customs, and it is something like a sensation to find a magnificent-looking monk on Mount Athos who had never seen a woman, and wanted Mr. Curzon to tell him what they were like. The Albanian innkeeper, who could provide nothing for the travellers save coffee, yet swelled his bill by charging for the shade of a wild walnut-tree (not his own property) under which they drank it, is a character of the book, and Mr. Curzon's adventures in search of manuscripts make this one of the most interesting of all books of travel. It is printed on antique wove paper, and no one can spend half-a-crown better than in securing a classic which has long been out of print.

Life of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. By G. BARNETT SMITH. Routledge & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*

When the first edition of this work was published, on the eve of the Queen's Jubilee, it was pronounced "the best biography of Her Majesty." Nearly one hundred pages have been added to the present edition, bringing the history down to the present year. It is not only the best, but the cheapest, chronicle of Queen Victoria's life and reign. Nothing seems to have been overlooked, and the story is told in a style so bright and simple that the Life ought to have a welcome in every household. Boys and girls who read these pages would soon get a good acquaintance with the history of their own times.

The Queen's Resolve—"I will Be Good," and her "Doubly Royal" Reign. A Gift for the Queen's Year. By CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. *Home Words* Publishing Office.

This is by no means a new book. On the title page we are informed that it belongs to the 175th thousand. But it is very suitable for the present year, and is a really good book, especially for young people.

Thomas Chalmers. By W. GARDEN BLACKIE. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 1*s.* 6*d.*

This brief biography is a splendid epitome of Dr. Chalmers' life and work. It will bring that noble figure clearly out to the younger generation, and stir every heart. We have read it from beginning to end with deepening interest and profit.

An Account of the Life and Works of Dr. Robert Watt, Author of the *Bibliotheca Britannica.* By JAMES FINLAYSON, M.D. Smith, Elder & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This little volume appeals chiefly to experts—medical and literary—but it is a fitting tribute to the memory of a man who, though he died in his forty-fifth year, had already gained distinction as a medical thinker and a writer. Watt's early struggles, his industry and devotion to his pursuits, make his life worthy of permanent record.

Memoir of the Rev. Richard Chew. By the Rev. EDWARD BOADEN. London: Andrew Crombie. 1896. 5*s.*

The preface informs us that "within the limits encircled by 'the United Methodist Free Churches' in the country of Humanity, it has pleased the benign Creator to place, here and there at least, virgin soil of great excellence," and that "a part of it, marked off by the name of Richard Chew, was of rare worth." On the title page of the volume we read the date, 1896, but it is not said that this is a new edition. Mr. Chew did not hold, as to various points, views with which we could agree; but he was a good man, as well as a man of ability. He was honoured above most in his own Church, in which this book takes rank as a standard biography.

BELLES LETTRES.

The Theology of Modern Fiction. Being the Twenty-sixth Fernley Lecture, delivered in Liverpool, July, 1896. By THOMAS G. SELBY. London: C. H. Kelly. 1896.

To say, as has been said, that by this deliverance Mr. Selby has distinctly raised the tone of the "Fernley Lecture" is to exhibit an imperfect acquaintance with the works of many

of his predecessors, and to provoke very idle comparisons. Mr. Selby has done a good piece of work, and rendered great and timely service to "the general reader" by his critical analysis of the ethics and theology (chiefly of the ethics) of a few of the more popular novelists of his generation, George Eliot, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Thomas Hardy, George Macdonald and the Scottish School, and, finally, Mark Rutherford. Within its limits, this important subject has been treated with much freshness, smartness and ability. Some readers will not care for the "newspaper English" to be found here and there in the Lecture, nor does the author's style invariably commend itself to us. A severer taste, and a more balanced and discriminating judgment, would have pruned away the too emphatic epithets which spoil and weaken the indictment, for example, of the ethics of Thomas Hardy. "A Prince in modern literature, attired in the noblest purple and fine linen, this author has a curious mania for exploring sewers, and acting Parisian ragman. Filth and defilement he faces with the calm, unshrinking countenance of a Local Board labourer, and, amazing sight! the implements of his unholy toil are shod with beaten gold, and encrusted with rubies and pearls. . . . To pass from Wessex and its pits of night-soil to the sweetness of Caledonia and the Kailyard, is like flitting from purgatory to paradise." The omission of sentences such as these would not have lowered the tone of the "Fernley Lecture," and this particular Lecture would have gained in permanent value, if not in immediate effect, had the treatment throughout been more scientific and a little less rhetorical. In substance, it is excellent. We welcome and commend it as a bright and clever series of critiques and dissertations full of moral verve and theological sagacity.

A Cathedral Pilgrimage. By JULIA C. R. DORR. London: Macmillans.

This little book is a series of impressions produced by our English cathedrals on two American ladies. They made a tour of our minsters, steeping themselves in their historic associations, wandering leisurely through them, and through the lovely scenes around them, staying quietly at the best hotels, and carrying everywhere a mental camera, sensitive to all impressions. It was a new world strangely in contrast with life three thousand miles away in their own State. The pilgrimage began at Wells. We have a happy description of the English footpaths running hither and thither across the fields. "There is nothing lovelier in all England, nothing more enticing, than these little byways. Wandering here and there, apparently at their own wild will, branching off here, skirting or climbing a hill there, now bending to follow the course of

a brook, now flying off at a tanget and disappearing behind a hedge—no doubt each seemingly purposeless curve has its own reason for being, and has ministered to the needs of generation after generation." Our visitors had stayed at Chester and saw our chief minsters in succession, but they "never ceased to feel the sweet thraldom of the inexplicable charm that makes Wells among the most lovable of English cathedrals, and clothes the unpretending little town in a veil of mysticism and romance." They visited Glastonbury, where the immensity and vastness of every part of the ruined abbey was overpowering. Winchester laid its spell on them, so that they felt they could spend weeks, months, and even years there. The Old World seemed like a palimpsest, and the High Street of Winchester like English history written in stone. Salisbury lacked something of romance and mystery despite its exquisite grace, but Peterborough. Ely, and Lincoln awoke the sense of wonder, and Ely especially inspired awe-struck silence. Fountains Abbey was one of the chief delights of the pilgrimage. "Details are utterly useless. How grand, how imposing, yet how lovely and exquisite Fountains Abbey is, with its towering, vine-clad columns, its majestic arches, its lofty bays, its traceried windows, its great stretch of double cloisters, its splendid nave, its long receding aisles, stretching on and on like infinity itself, no mortal tongue can tell." York was in possession of its fair-time crowd, so that the visitors did not get any chance of studying its great Minster; but the overwhelming glory of Durham, with the surpassing splendour of its site, made a profound impression. Furness Abbey, Canterbury, Exeter, and Lichfield all receive due attention in this delicious little Pilgrimage. Those who cannot go to see all the cathedrals for themselves should lose no time in gazing at them through Miss Dorr's fascinating pages. They will not compete with Mrs. Rensselaer's studies of the architectural beauties of our cathedrals, but as a series of fresh impressionist sketches, we know no book quite like this.

1. *The Treasury of American Sacred Song.* With Notes Explanatory and Biographical. Selected and Edited by W. GARRETT HORDER. 10*s.* 6*d.*

2. *The Pilgrim's Progress.* By JOHN BUNYAN. Edited by EDMUND VENABLES, M.A., late Precentor and Canon of Lincoln. Third Edition, in various bindings, from 13*s.* 6*d.* London: Henry Frowde.

1. Mr. Horder has done a work which lovers of sacred song

will know how to appreciate. It represents the careful research of many years, and owes not a little of its completeness to the valuable aid of friends on the other side of the Atlantic. The earliest verse, born among the Puritan settlers, is not included, for that possesses little interest, save for the student of old Colonial life. The selection ranges over the last seventy years, and is limited to the United States. Mr. Horder has shown great taste and skill in his collection. It opens with John Pierpont's hymn on "Universal Worship," written for the opening of a Congregational Church at Salem in 1824, which the editor regards as the earliest really great hymn by an American writer. It includes the work of men and women whose names are household words on both sides of the Atlantic, but it introduces to its readers a host of other writers whose thoughts will bring inspiration and comfort to all minds. As a revelation of the inmost heart of religion in America, we have nothing to equal this exquisite anthology. The notes are brief, but helpful. The volume is choicely printed on superfine paper, and tastefully bound in vellum back and cloth sides.

2. The Thumb editions of the Clarendon Press have become widely popular, and the exquisite little *Pilgrim's Progress* ought to become one of the volumes of that series most widely sought after. It is a dainty little gem weighing about an ounce, though it has 860 pages. It is printed on India paper, has a collotype portrait and other illustrations, and the type is really excellent. Bunyan would have rejoiced in such a marvel as this.

English Essays. With an Introduction by J. H. LOBBAN. Blackie & Son. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a very good volume of Messrs. Blackie's "Warwick Library." The essays contained in it are well selected, and the Introduction by Mr. Lobban is equally unpretending and suggestive, and is as well informed and sensible as it is modest. By essays for the special purpose of this book are meant "short discursive articles on any literary, philosophical, or social subject, viewed from a personal or a historical standpoint." Mr. Lobban considers that the "real history of the essay coincides with the century and a half between the appearance of the *Tatler* and the death of Leigh Hunt." He includes, however, selections from Bacon, Cowley and Defoe. His largest proportion of selections are from Steel, Addison and Charles Lamb, and, next to these, from Johnson and Goldsmith. From every essayist of mark, however, some specimen seems to be given. He does not regard Macaulay's critiques as essays in the proper sense.

Fors Clavigera. Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain. By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D. New Edition. Vols. II., III., IV. George Allen.

These Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain, with their wisdom, their eloquence, their eccentricity, their digressions and excursions, will not cease to command a sale from those who desire to study the thoughts and words of one of the most gifted and most famous writers of England. The publication will be welcomed by many thinkers, beyond as well as within the circle of those to whom the letters were addressed. We should not like to lose them from our shelves. A full and exact index adds to the value of each volume.

With the Jungle Folk. A Sketch of Burmese Village Life. By E. D. CUMING. Illustrated by a Burmese Artist. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a very interesting sketch of Burmese village life. There is nothing noble about the principal characters of the book, but it affords a very interesting glimpse of the Burmese villager, and is written with such simplicity and yet with such pictorial power, that it ought to be widely popular. It is cast into the form of a story, but it is really a study of life and character, and it will enable the reader to form a very just idea of the people and the country. The pictures by a native artist are exceedingly quaint.

Through London Spectacles. By CONSTANCE MILMAN. Smith, Elder & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*

These papers will be welcomed by those who have already noticed some of them in the *Spectator*. They are somewhat slight, but they are written in a pleasant style and linger suggestively over the lady novelists of a past generation and over the work of Thomas Browne and Charles Lamb. Country life as seen by London eyes furnishes some brief papers, which are not without a tinge of gentle melancholy. The lover of Nature and of old books will spend a happy hour or two in turning these pages.

The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil. By COULSON KERNAHAN. London: James Bowden. 2*s.*

This is a piece of work such as only Mr. Kernahan could produce. He represents the nations gathered at Rome to reject

the "fable of Christ," because they fancied they had found his dead body lying in Joseph's tomb. After their renunciation of the Nazarene we go out into a Christless world. The Cross has vanished, sin has lost the atoning Saviour who lifts its victim out of the mire, sorrow knows no comforter, the future has no revealer, the Christ has gone from the world. The dream is told with rare force and suppressed passion. A great love for Christ and loyalty to Him breathes through the book.

Lyrics in Prose by De Quincey. With Portrait.

Pen Portraits by Thomas Carlyle. With Portrait. By R. BRINLEY JOHNSON. London: George Allen.

Mr. Johnson's dainty little volumes, with their exquisite bindings and rough paper, are in themselves very attractive, and every lover of De Quincey and Carlyle will prize the selections. Each stroke of Carlyle's pen seems to tell in his vigorous portraits, whilst De Quincey's art as a master of style makes the more extended passages from his works a valuable introduction to one of our great literary craftsmen.

WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION PUBLICATIONS.

We have received a parcel of story-books from the Wesleyan Sunday School Union which may be described as bright both inside and out. They are very cheap and packed with homely lessons. Mrs. Robson's *Two Little Sisters and Humphrey* (1*s.* 6*d.*), is a really good story of a brother and the two sisters to whom he has to act the part of father and mother. Alice J. Briggs gives a lively sketch of the days of John Knox in *The Scotch Girl's Exile* (1*s.* 6*d.*). *Winsome Winnie* (1*s.* 6*d.*), by Emily Spratling, is a pleasant chronicle of an orphan girl's life in Australia. *Maggie's Life Work* (2*s.*), by Jeanie Ferry, is a touching record of a drunkard's home and the victory won by a daughter's love. *Weasel Tim* (1*s.*) is the son of a poacher, who turns into a fine lad and gets his feet firmly planted on the right way. *Lucy's Temptation* (1*s.*), by F. Spenser, is a temperance story which ought to be popular. Mr. Forster's *Voices from a Money-Box* (1*s.*) is amusing and helpful. The coins tell their story in the presence of the master of the money-box, and, of course, drop many a happy hint as to self-sacrifice and love. Mr. Forster is also responsible for *Ella's Christmas Letter* (8*d.*), a collection of stories with a moral. Annie F. Perram's *Something to do Please* (6*d.*) is a bright little book, and Mrs. J. A. Smith's *Crossing the Rainbow Bridge* (6*d.*) is a good tale of a cripple's struggle and victory. The annual volume of *Our Boys and Girls* is full of short stories and pleasant scraps of poetry and biography. The Rev. J. J.

Ingram's counsels on *Self-Improvement* (6*d*.) are good and well put. The Rev. William Allen (c.) has prepared *The Village Reciter* (6*d*.), a set of poems grave and gay. *Our Cousin Noel*, by Annie Craig, is a bright little book which the youngest child will like to read.

The Story of John Wesley, Told to Boys and Girls, by Marianne Kirlew, brings the history well within the range of infant minds. It is brightly written and relates the chief facts with considerable skill and much adaptation to its special class of readers. There are some points that need revision. A child would think that there were eighteen boys and girls at Epworth when John Wesley was born, whereas there were only six. On page 11, the statement that Wesley, at Charterhouse, "just did what he thought Jesus would have done when he was a boy at school," is not consistent with his own account of his religious life there. The theory about Hymn 59, given on page 131, cannot stand investigation. But, despite a few blemishes, the book is one likely to interest children in the story of our Founder.

Hymns that have Helped. Collected by W. T. STEAD, *Review of Reviews'* Office. "The Penny Poets," No. 51.

This is a curious *mélange*. It contains the atheistic and red republican "Marseillaise" among the *Hymns that have Helped*. It is, however, very interesting, and may be usefully suggestive. The names of the various correspondents of the great literary adventurer are of themselves of more than a little interest.

Sophonisba; or, The Prisoner of Alba, and other Poems. By E. DERRY. Digby, Long & Co.

The title poem of this volume has considerable interest and is full of incident, but it does not show any real skill in the manipulation of verse. We cannot say much more for the other poems. There is thought enough, but not much felicity of expression.

Eon the Good, and other Poems. By CHARLOTTE MURRAY. Nisbet & Co. 2*s*. 6*d*.

These poems are such as any one with a modest capacity for rhyme could put together, but they are devout and are based largely on incidents of present interest. "What is the Higher Life?" strikes us as one of the best things in the collection.

In the Promised Land, and other Poems. By MICHAEL LYNCH. Boston, U.S.A.: Charles O'Farrell.

There is some fire about these poems, but they are not fine art.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Life in West London. A Study and a Contrast. By ARTHUR SHERWELL. Methuen & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Sherwell's experience as a worker in the West London Mission has borne notable fruit in this little volume packed with facts and figures. He divides his subject under the three heads—Social, Industrial, Moral, and gives not only a mass of detailed statistics, but many wise suggestions for reform. Mr. Sherwell says justly that "so far as the most intimate facts of its moral and social life are concerned, Soho remains to a very large extent a *terra incognita* to the outsider." With the single exception of the City the area of Soho has declined more rapidly in population than any other district in London, the decrease in population between 1881 and 1891 being no less than twenty per cent. The decrease has been going on for thirty years, but between 1861-1871 it was three per cent., and between 1871-1881, 9.1 per cent. There were 582 fewer houses in the civil parishes of St. Anne and St. James, Soho, in 1891 than in 1881, while the number of uninhabited houses had increased by 209. In Soho all the ordinary facts of social life in crowded centres seem intensified by the luxury and wealth, the treasures of art and knowledge which are close at hand. The percentage of poverty is estimated by Mr. Charles Booth at 42.4. There are more than 200 people to an acre, and the district is entirely lacking in open spaces. Not far away is Mayfair, where the percentage of poverty dwindles down to 2.7. In severe weather like that of the early part of 1895 life becomes almost intolerable in Soho. Mr. Sherwell found that many, or even most, of the families lived for weeks on soup and bread procured from the various soup kitchens of the district. One family lived for weeks on bread, tea, and dripping. The average number of persons in a house in the parish of St. Mary, Soho, is 19¼. Ten per cent. of the population of Soho live four or more in a single room. One working man with a wife and a large family, who had barely enough sleeping room for themselves, took in several bakers as lodgers. The lodgers were at work all night and came home to sleep in the daytime, so that the beds were always occupied. A young, newly-married couple who had one small backroom took in a single man as lodger who slept in a chair bedstead. But there is no need to multiply details. Mr. Sherwell's pages bristle with them. The sanitary arrangements are on the old scale intended for days

when one family occupied a whole house. We are glad to see that some improvements have been made, but there is urgent need for radical change. Those who read these pages will be astonished that the health of London is what it is. Mr. Sherwell refers to one house where no fewer than forty persons were crowded together. There was only one closet for them all, and a leaking tank overhead made it hardly ever fit for use. The drains were frequently out of order. An adjoining house with a similar crowd of inhabitants had one w.c., which was always in a filthy condition. Its cellar kitchens were let as a bakehouse to some Italians who made fancy confectionery there, though under the very windows there was a breakage of the sewer-pipes. Soho, with the Strand and St. Giles district, has a larger percentage of tailors than any part of London, except St. George's-in-the-East and Whitechapel. Mr. Sherwell has many facts to give about tailors and dressmakers: their weekly earnings and the hard bondage under which some of them live. Nor is the West-End free from dangers caused by the conditions of life here. One of the best tailors had several of his children down with fever, and actually used the work on which he was engaged as a covering for them. One of these garments was afterwards worn by Cardinal Manning on a visit to Rome. In his last section Mr. Sherwell deals with the morals of Soho. The district is full of gambling, public-houses and clubs abound, so-called restaurants and hotels in quiet streets are used for immoral purposes, prostitution is a deliberate and organised trade. Mr. Sherwell's book ought to be in the hands of every man who wishes to understand the real state of life in West London. A more suggestive and soul-stirring little volume we have seldom seen.

The Works of John and Charles Wesley. A Bibliography containing an exact account of all the publications issued by the Brothers Wesley, arranged in chronological order, with a list of the early editions, and descriptive and illustrative Notes. By the Rev. RICHARD GREEN. London: C. H. Kelly.

Dr. Osborn published his *Outlines of Wesleyan Bibliography* in 1869 and it has been of untold service to Methodist antiquarians and historians. But the time had manifestly come when a fuller bibliography might be issued and all eyes have turned to Mr. Green as the only expert capable of undertaking such a thorny task. He has been for many years an enthusiastic collector of Wesley works, and has gone about his self-imposed labours with a scientific exactness which has laid

a firm basis for this great work. Dr. Osborn's sixty pages on the Wesley publications have swelled to 246, and indexes have been provided to the titles as well as to the notes. One of the most valuable features of the work is the exact statement of every title-page. Each work is also numbered and made to stand out clearly from the notes. The notes themselves epitomise the chief facts as to the history and contents of each publication. They are both instructive and interesting. It is no reflection on Dr. Osborn's labours to state that Mr. Green has been able to supply some corrections as well as to add a good many new items to the list. Mr. Green has taken immense pains with every part of his work, but in nothing is this more manifest than in the lists of Wesley's contributions to each volume of the *Arminian Magazine*. It is now possible to see at a glance what ceaseless care Wesley bestowed on this notable beginning of our religious magazine literature. The bibliography also brings out more clearly the enormous literary activity of the Wesleys. They are responsible for 326 prose works, 61 poetic, and 14 musical. But this is not an adequate statement, for the fifty volumes of the *Christian Library* and the fourteen volumes of the *Arminian Magazine* are in each case counted only as one work. John Wesley wrote 233 original works and extracted or edited 100. He supplied preface or notes for eight. Charles Wesley is responsible for twenty original works, and there are thirty works published by the brothers conjointly or about which we cannot tell whether they were prepared by John or Charles Wesley. This bibliography will form a permanent monument to Mr. Green's enthusiasm and ceaseless industry. It appeals to a somewhat limited circle, though we are happy to find that the circle is growing wider, but every expert in Methodist bibliography, every Wesleyan collector, every antiquarian on both sides of the Atlantic will feel that Mr. Green has done him a priceless personal service by this masterpiece. We wish that Mr. Green had printed on its front page a list of the editions still wanted to complete the bibliography; perhaps he might give us that in the *Methodist Recorder*, in whose columns he was able to publish his first draft of this bibliography.

A Student's Pastime. By the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, Litt.D. Clarendon Press. *7s. 6d.*

A Student's Pastime is a selection of articles dealing chiefly with English literature or etymology. They represent the chips from Professor Skeat's workshop during the last thirty years. His health broke down in his second curacy at Godalming, and he returned to Cambridge, where he was appointed Mathematical

Lecturer at his own College, and took a few pupils. He resolved to devote his leisure to Anglo-Saxon and soon found his life-work. The list of Dr. Skeat's works shows with what tireless industry and enthusiasm he has carried out his work. His Notes dealing with the derivation of words help us to trace the byways along which a great linguist's course has lain. They are full of learning and will deeply interest students of words and names.

From the Religious Tract Society we have received a parcel of valuable and cheap books. *How to Study Wild Flowers*, by the Rev. George Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c., cannot but be welcome to all who care for wild flowers. Mr. Henslow is a teacher of tested accuracy and gifts. His botanical manuals have long been deservedly popular. The *Story of our Railways*, by W. J. Gordon, gives a succinct account of the rise and development of our railway system, and, in particular, sketches the history of all our great railway lines separately, both for England and Scotland. Such a book ought to find a place in every juvenile library. *Our Journey to Sinai*, by Mrs. R. L. Bensly, was first prepared by the authoress for the use of the blind, having been written in Braille type. Mrs. Bensly had lost her own sight soon after the death of her husband, which occurred three days after his return to Cambridge. The illustrations are from photographs taken by herself. The value of the volume is enhanced by a chapter on the Sinai palimpsest, contributed by Mr. F. C. Burkitt, M.A. *The Arch of Titus and the Spoils of the Temple*, by the late William Knight, M.A., with an introduction by the Lord Bishop of Durham, and authentic illustrations, is a republication of a book first published in 1867, which has been long out of print. Its publication in this cheap form will bring it within the reach of readers who could have no opportunity of becoming acquainted with it as it was originally published. Bishop Westcott's Introduction will no doubt have the effect of directing the attention of a large circle of students of Bible history to the work of Canon Knight, of which he speaks as an "impressive and scholarly narrative," and one that "will open many fruitful lines of thought to the student." The reader "will find, as he follows the tragic incidents, that God fought against Israel, as Titus himself confessed, and fulfilled His will through the Roman armies. The overthrow of 'the Holy City' will then gain its true spiritual significance, and it will not seem strange that the priests believed they heard on entering the Temple on the night of the Pentecost, a few weeks before its fall, the voice, as of a multitude, 'We are departing hence.'" The unique interest of the sculptures of the Arch of Titus, apart from its splendour as a work of art, is that it affords the only contemporary witness to the ritual of the Herodian Temple. *The Cross in the Land of the Trident;*

or, India from a Missionary Point of View, by Harlan P. Beach. The author of this book was formerly a missionary in China, and has since been Secretary of the Students' Volunteer movement for Foreign Missions in the United States. This book was originally prepared for American students, but the present edition has been specially adapted to the requirements of English students. The subjects successively dealt with are well arranged. The readings suggested at the close of each chapter will be found very valuable. We trust this useful and compendious manual will have a large circulation. *The Voice of the People*, by the Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M.A., is described as "consisting of some proverbs and common sayings, examined and applied with special reference to practical life."

The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY.

What a peculiar, we had almost said portentous partiality, has our English speech for the prefix *dis?* While the French soften it into *de*, and the Italians not unfrequently reduce it to *s*, as in sdegno, disdain, scendere, to discend, we English not only retain it in full in most words of Romanic origin, but even compound it now and again with our native Saxon. These remarks are suggested by a perusal of two recent parts of Dr. Murray's great Dictionary, of which the major portion is allotted to the compounds of *dis*. Disbelieve, disburden, discatter, dishallow, dishearten, dislike, are some of the hybrid formations to which we refer. As the etymology of compound words is discussed under these roots, these two sections of the Oxford Dictionary are almost entirely historical. They abound, however, in interest, some of the articles, as, *e.g.*, that on *discharge*, being remarkably full and precise. The section F. (Fish—Flexuose) contains some articles of great etymological interest; as that on *flask*, though the problem whether this widely distributed root be of Teutonic or Romanic origin is, after all, left undetermined. These sections show no declension from the high standard of scholarship which this monumental work has maintained from the outset.

Relics of Primeval Life. By Sir J. WILLIAM DAWSON, K.C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S. Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.

It is always a joy to meet with Sir J. W. Dawson in the field of geology and the philosophy of life. He is a master of the subject, and also a master of expository style—he is, besides, a devout Christian. In this volume he gives us the substance of a series of lectures delivered in the Lowell Institute, Boston,

eighteen months ago, on the earliest trace of primeval life to be found in the oldest rocks known to geologists. The general conclusion at which he arrives is thus stated: "At present the production of the living from the non-living seems to be an impossibility, and the suggestion that at some vastly distant point of past time physical conditions may have been so different from those at present existing as to permit spontaneous generation, is of no scientific value. But if the existence of one primitive Protozoon be granted, what reason have we to believe that it contains potentially the germ of all the succeeding creatures in the great chain of life, and the power of co-ordinating those with the successful physical changes of the geological ages, and so producing the vast complicated system of the animal kingdom extending up to the present time. In doing so we either elevate a low form of animal life into the role of Creator, or fall back on indefinite chance with infinite probabilities against us. Reason, in short, requires us to believe in a First Cause, self-existent, omnipotent, and all-wise, designing from the first a great and homogeneous plan, of which as yet but little has been discovered by us. Thus any rational scheme of development of the earth's population in geological time must be, not an Agnostic evolution, but a reverent enquiry into the mode by which it has pleased the Creator to proceed in His great work.

It is evident that nothing is gained here by assuming that the whole geological record is but one of innumerable vast æons of æons, which have gone on in endless succession. "If the world is made to stand on an elephant, and this on a tortoise, and this on lower forms, it helps us not at all if the last supporter must stand on nothing. The difficulty thus postponed only becomes greater; and at the end we have to imagine, not only life and organisation, but even matter and energy as fortuitously originating or creating themselves, unless produced by an Almighty or Eternal Will."

This passage is worth copying. When will people, who presume themselves to be Christians, cease to use the polysyllable *evolution* as if it were a cabalistic word by which the effects of creation could be accounted for? Evolution is itself the mystery to be accounted for, and, to a reasonable thinker, it implies the will and working of a Creative mind, as the necessary condition, and as determining the laws of evolution.

The Work of the Church in London. John Murray. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bishop Barry showed true sagacity when he made the "St. James's Lectures" deal with the conditions of Church life and work in London. Dr. Temple's introductory lecture covers the whole ground, giving a lucid sketch of the special characteristics of the work in London, and the chief elements of pastoral

duty. The inadequacy of the Church's resources, and the urgent need of more general sense of responsibility, are dealt with in the masculine manner in which Dr. Temple handles every subject. After this Introductory Lecture, "London over the Border," "South London," "Work in West and North West London," and "East London," are dealt with by the Bishops or Suffragan Bishops who are mainly responsible for each division. The book is the verdict of experts of the first rank, and, with its facts and figures, forms an impressive statement of needs and methods. It ought to be carefully studied by every one engaged in Church extension, whether members of the Church of England or Nonconformists. The Bishop of Stepney gives an interesting account of the "dogged siege to individuals" which is going on in his diocese. He holds that there ought to be an Archbishop of London whose province should be London in its entirety, and six Diocesan Bishops under him. The present arrangement is certainly an anomaly. It distracts attention from the needs of a vast metropolis to have Bishops of St. Albans and Rochester who are really Bishops of London.

On the Broads. By ANNA BOWMAN DODD. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL. Macmillan & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*

A fortnight on the Broads has furnished Mrs. Dodd with a whole portfolio of impressionist sketches which it is a delight to turn over in her company. Our English Holland laid its spell upon her and the bright company who shared her happy holiday. Yachts, wherries, canoes and sailing boats, supplied the poetry of motion framed in the still life of field and marshland. Windmills, barns, church towers, caught at every angle as the little yacht wound its way through the meadows, lent colour and variety to the landscape. Cows seemed to become intimate friends as they browsed close by the little waterways, whilst the humours of boatmen and skippers furnished spice for many a pleasant hour. The artist friend who talked right on from midnight till daybreak, and the bright English girl who wins his heart, lend a warm human interest to the story. The writer has caught the charm of Norwich, and gives a very fine description of fish and fisher-folk at Yarmouth. It is a rare pleasure to turn these pages. The Broads have never been described with greater felicity, both of pen and pencil. One quotation may give some impression of the charm of the book: "For my own part, I had never been on such intimate terms with an inland country. We brushed the reedy banks as if the grasses were a friend's garment, and the branches of the trees, in their turn, swept the puffing cheeks of our sails. Geese and swans betrayed their hiding by sailing forth from their ambush to menace and,

if possible, to affright, and finding we meant no harm, ranged their battalions in line, forming a winged escort. The cows, lying or standing, took their place in our talk; they would lift their heads as we bore down upon their clover-patch, raising their wild eyes, as they stopped to listen; and then once more we would hear the sound of their slow breath upon the grass, and the rhythmic switching of their tails. The open cottage-doors took us into the privacy of family life; the farmer shouting to his plough-boy across his garden-patch, told us dinner was ready; and the voices within denoted the exact temperature of the mistress's temper." Gems of description like this meet us on every page of this delightful volume. Its binding is unique, and the volume ought to be in great favour as a present.

The Reports of State Trials. New Series. Vol. VII. 1848-50. Edited by JOHN E. P. WALLIS, M.A., of the Middle Temple. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1896. 10*s.*

One third of this volume, nearly 400 pages, is occupied with an Irish *cause célèbre*, that of the Queen against Smith O'Brien, in 1848. Many will find this interesting reading to-day. O'Brien had levied war against the Queen in Tipperary, was found guilty of high treason and sentenced to death, a sentence afterwards commuted to transportation. In 1854 he was pardoned but not allowed to return to the United Kingdom. In May, 1856, he was unconditionally pardoned and died in 1864. The trial of Charles Gavan Duffy, in the same year, occupies 160 pages, full and small-typed pages. In this case the jury twice disagreed, and in the end the prisoner—afterwards Sir Charles G. Duffy—was released on his own recognisances. There is also a curious case—The King of the Two Sicilies against Wilson and Others—arising out of a rebellion in his kingdom; and the important and critical ecclesiatical trial in the Gorham case is also included in this interesting volume.

Across the Channel (Life and Art in London). From the French of GABRIEL MOUREY. Translated by GEORGINA LATIMER. George Allen. 1896.

This volume belongs to the series "As Others See Us," of which Joseph Jacobs is the editor. The papers which it contains appeared originally in a Paris newspaper, the *Figaro*, and seem to be excellently translated. They are brilliant, half-mystical, more or less dreamy, and very French. English intelligence, if not trained in the study of French æsthetic

writings, will not always find it altogether easy to follow the French critic. Yet by the art student, and also the student of mental philosophy, the volume will be found interesting and instructive. After comparing life in England, and especially life in London, with life in France and in Paris, the author deals first with art and especially the Pre-Raphaelites; afterwards with the Renaissance of industrial art. He is a great admirer of English life, art, and industry. But his compliments sometimes to an English reader seem to be of a doubtful quality.

The Old Missionary. By Sir WILLIAM HUNTER, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D. 21st Thousand. Illustrations by Major-General Sir CHARLES D'OYLY. Henry Frowde. 1896. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Rarely has a good book been more chastely and attractively "got up" than this book as now sent forth by the celebrated Oxford University Press; and even that Press does itself honour by so publishing the *Old Missionary*. A more exquisite, a more elevating and inspiring, a more truly Christian story than this—of which, while part no doubt is fancy or invention, much must be gospel fact, instinct as it is with reality and spiritual life—has rarely been written, and the whole Christian world owes the great Indian scholar and official deep gratitude for his book. The illustrations are charming and finely executed.

Cat and Bird Stories from the "Spectator." To which are added sundry Anecdotes of Horses, Donkeys, Cows, Apes, Bears, and other animals, as well as of Insects and Reptiles. With an Introduction by JOHN ST. LOE STRACHY. T. F. Unwin. 5*s.*

The warm reception given to the *Dog Stories from the "Spectator"* has induced Mr. Strachy to gather together the delightful anecdotes about other creatures which have found their way into that journal during the last twenty years. Cat stories have the first place here, and the dignity and well-bred insolence of the tabby furnish some racy pages. One cat asked to have its gas stove lighted for the night when its master was from home, another learnt to ring the bell as often as it wanted to get through a certain door, another travelled all over the Continent with his mistress, and was allowed to spend his day in the fields or woods, returning every night to bed and supper

in his mistress's room. A cat went so far as to box the ears of a child of two, and was punished by being dragged round the room by its tail. The tales about rooks are fully as entertaining as those that deal with cats, and one of the best letters in the collection is that of Mr. John Browning defending the guinea-pig from the charge of lack of affection.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons send us their series of "Animal Life Readers," consisting of fourteen volumes. They are divided into two complete sets for the Standards. One set has been written by Miss Carrington, with quotations from Mrs. Gatty, Mrs. Ewing, Hans Andersen, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, and other well-known authors. The volumes abound with information and stories about animals and the way to treat them. The other set consists entirely of stories intended to enlist the sympathies of young folk in animals of all kinds. The prices range from 1*s.* to 8*d.* a volume. The books are printed in bold type on stout paper, are strongly bound, have lists of spelling at the end, and are bright with many a picture by Harrison Weir and other artists. *Poor Blossom*, the story of a horse, is really delightful reading, and such volumes as Miss Carrington's *Friendship of Animals*, *Man's Helpers*, and *Nature's Wonders*, Mrs. Trimmer's *History of the Robins*, will really entertain both children and their parents. The amount of instruction pleasantly packed into *Ages Ago*, a study of the ancestry of animals, deserves recognition. *The New Charter*, a discussion of the rights of men and animals from the humanitarian, the scientific, the ethical, and other sides, and Sir Benjamin W. Richardson's *Biological Experimentation* will be of great value to those who have to speak and write on these subjects. The Humanitarian League has done real service both to man and beast by these timely books, which will, we hope, find their way into every school in the kingdom.

Pioneers of Evolution. By EDWARD CLODD. Grant Richards. 1897. 5*s.* net.

Nominally a work of biography, the volume before us is in reality a strongly *ex parte* statement of certain facts and fancies relating to the history of the theory of evolution. It is the work of a man who, from the first page to the last, determines to show his animus against religion. Were he content to enter and support his protest against priestcraft we could perhaps forgive him. Priestly intolerance is, without doubt, to be severely reprehended; but when a writer wilfully and persistently drags in religion, and above all the religion of Jesus Christ, and charges it with all the faults of a few ignorant, prejudiced, or self-seeking bigots, we must protest that there is a sad display of the very spirit which is being held up to scorn. It is simply

a repetition of the "pot and kettle" contest. To those who would know the story of the upgrowth of the theory, the present volume can scarcely be honestly recommended. It is even more impartial on its side than Sir W. Dawson's *Modern Ideas of Evolution* was on the other. We want a work which is perfectly free from bias, and this we have not yet received. Mr. Clodd has, moreover, omitted many illustrious names. We do not know why he should have been so shy of Romanes, nor why Mr. Balfour should be treated so curtly, except it is because he will have nothing to do with men who hold rational views of things. We do not find Mr. Kidd's book mentioned, Owen is introduced only to be scouted, Dawson might never have written a line for all that our author knows of him; Le Conte is forgotten, and Drummond is (perhaps justly) treated with scant praise. Darwin and Wallace, Huxley and Spencer (with a brief allusion to one or two others), cover all the names of modern evolutionists. We admit that they are the masters, but they would themselves have been more generous to some of their illustrious disciples. The beginning and end of the volume might be made into a fairly useful handbook to the history of Evolution if the centre were cut bodily out and all the spleen and bitterness which is put into the part dealing with the arrest of inquiry were excised. If the gospel of Evolution is to supplant that of Christ it must show itself more worthy; it certainly will not oust Christianity—great as the faults may be with which the latter is exemplified—unless its exponents can show more gentleness, courtesy and suavity than we find among the followers of Christ. While we have thus to declare our strong objection to the method of treatment adopted by Mr. Clodd, we would cordially recognise the learning and ability which he possesses and often displays. He writes sincerely, if in error; and with wide knowledge, if with narrow sympathy. He adds little, however, to our knowledge of the subject, and, while those who are already in possession of previous volumes dealing with Evolution will not need to purchase it, those who wish to become familiar with the theme will do well to obtain a volume which is less one-sided and bitter.

Bell's Cathedral Series. The Cathedral Church of Canterbury. A Description of its Fabric, and a Brief History of the Archi-episcopal See. The Cathedral Church of Salisbury. A Description of its Fabric, and a Brief History of the See of Sarum. With Thirty-two Illustrations. GEORGE BELL & SONS. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

This series is intended to supply visitors to our great cathedrals

with well-illustrated guide books at a popular price. The student of archæology will find much that he needs here, yet the treatment is not too technical for the use of the ordinary visitor. It would have been difficult to site authorities at every point, but no sources of information have been overlooked, and special reference is made to Mr. Murray's valuable *Handbooks to the Cathedrals*. The matter is arranged in four chapters dealing with the history of the building, the exterior and precincts, the interior, and the history of the See. Everything that a visitor needs is here; the arrangement is good, the style bright and easy. Some of the illustrations are very attractive. The construction and reconstruction of Canterbury Cathedral covers a period of four centuries, so that it forms "a history, written in solid stone, of architectural progress, illustrating in itself almost all the various kinds of the style commonly called Pointed." Yet the architectural interest pales before the glories of the days of pilgrimage. The shrine, where Becket's body was placed, has long since disappeared, but on each side of the pavement, in front of its west side, is a deep mark in the soft, pinkish marble, made by the knees of generations of pilgrims who prostrated themselves here while the treasures of the shrine were displayed. The story of the pilgrims is well told. The final chapter on the history of the See gives a list of bishops, with some biographical notes, which are often of considerable interest. Salisbury cannot vie with Canterbury, but no English church has such a clear record of its history. We have a trustworthy chronicle of its first inception and each successive stage of its progress. It stands alone among English cathedrals for unity of design. It has sometimes been described as too neat, but Mrs. Van Rensselaer, whose exquisite critiques have not been overlooked, justly says: "If we think it feeble, it will be because we cannot see strength where it has been brought to perfect poise and ease. . . . There is no over-emphasis about Salisbury, neither in its effect as a whole, nor in any of its parts, neither in its design, nor in its treatment. But just in this fact lies its greatest merit, and, just by reason of this fact, joined to its mighty size and its exceptional unity, it is intensely individual, personal, distinct from all other churches in the world." Its beautiful close adds a feeling of peace to the whole building. The Chapter House, with its wonderful carvings, is fully described in this guide. We hope the handbooks will be as popular as they desire. They are very neat and light—just the thing for the modern pilgrim to slip in a bag or a pocket.

Malvern Priory Church. By JAMES NOTT. 6*s*.

Church and Monastery of Moche Malverne. By JAMES

NOTT. 3*s.* 6*d.* Post Free from the Author, Great Malvern.

One of two things is necessary for the successful study of ecclesiastical art and architecture. Either the student must be possessed of wide knowledge of the subject, so that he may be able at once to distinguish the true from the false, the genuine from the imitation, the ancient from the modern. Or he must be able to lay his hands upon a full and comprehensive series of documents relating to his theme, and so work out its history from the archives rather than discover it in the fabric itself. It goes without saying that each has its advantages; but for the local antiquary the latter requisite is usually the most important. He who studies the subject in its widest bearings cannot be expected to become a master of details. On the other hand, the master of details cannot, as a rule, cover a very wide field. A Scott, Pugin, Parker, or Bloxam might come down to Great Malvern, examine its Priory Church, and say at once: "This nave is Norman, that chapel is Perpendicular, and yonder window belongs to the Decorated period," and everyone would say that the statement was correct. But ask them to name the builder, state the name of the founder, trace out the details in the history of the building—its windows, bells, encaustic tiles, restorations, tombs, incumbents, and a host of other items of the greatest historical value—and they say at once—"for such particulars you must go to someone who has leisure to work out the details from records and deeds, registers and traditions, to which we have no access." It is here that such local antiquaries as Mr. Nott are able to render so much invaluable aid. The author of these two capital volumes has dwelt under the shadow of the ancient minster for nearly half a century, and has been indefatigable in his efforts to recover the minutest fact from oblivion. Hence we have, brought together here, a collection of material which will always be of the utmost value in all future enquiries. The author is as modest as he is painstaking, so that we are never offended by that vulgar pride which too often accompanies the conscious possession of coveted knowledge. There is no parade of learning, yet the learning is there, and though here and there we detect the evidences of self-education in the work, on the whole, it is well up to the standard of publications prepared by men who have had special training. A full review of all the theories included in the two books under notice would require much greater space than is at our disposal, and as the matter is not of a controversial nature, and seldom challenges criticism, it will suffice if we briefly indicate the nature of their contents. The first volume *(Malvern Priory Church)*, may be regarded as in some sort supplementary to the second, which is now re-issued at a reduced price. In the

earlier volume *(Church and Monastery of Moche Malverne)*, which originally appeared in 1885, we have not only a description of the church, within and without, but details of its parvise, bells, parish registers and restorations, as well as accounts of the founding and dissolution of the priory, the seals and charters, priors and patrons, hall and domestic buildings, and many other particulars. We even go without the precincts, and examine the condition of the district at various periods in history, and particularly give attention to the interesting theory respecting the vision of Piers' Ploughman. The new volume recently issued takes up and amplifies several of these themes, and, in particular, details the wonderful history of the ancient glass which is one of Malvern's glories, and shows us how the life-story of an otherwise unknown monk is here set forth. The rare collection of encaustic tiles is also studied, and a number of valuable facts brought to light respecting them. The pictorial representations are truthful and good, and, as we rise from the study of the volumes, we feel as though a kind, sympathetic, and thoroughly competent guide had taken us gradually through the church and its precincts, and made the whole of its history pleasingly intelligible.

1. *Bygone Sussex.* By WILLIAM E. A. AXON. *7s. 6d.*

2. *Antiquities and Curiosities of the Church.* Edited by WILLIAM ANDREWS. *7s. 6d.*

3. *Legal Lore.* Curiosities of Law and Lawyers. Edited by WILLIAM ANDREWS. *7s. 6d.*

4. *Chronologies and Calendars.* By JAMES C. MACDONALD, F.S.A. (Scot.) *7s. 6d.*

5. *The Months Descriptive of the Special Beauties of the Year.* By LEIGH HUNT. With Biographical Introduction by W. ANDREWS, F.R.H.S. *2s. 6d.*

London : W. Andrews & Co.

1. Few people who have not lived in Sussex know the charm of that county, with its lovely pastoral scenes, and its rolling downs stretching out towards the sea. Mr. Axon, though not a native, has caught the charm of this land of the South Saxons, and has given us one of the most interesting volumes of the "Bygone" Series. After an introductory chapter, devoted to historic events and famous names, we have a good paper on

"Pardon Brasses," and a ramble through Denis Duval's country which makes us feel the quaint charm of Rye and Winchilsea. It is enriched by some effective views, notably one of the tree under which John Wesley delivered his last open-air sermon. "Old Humphrey's" Grave at Hastings furnishes matter for a bright little paper, whilst "A Ruskin Pilgrimage" and "A Sussex Book" are specially interesting. Every lover of the county will delight in this volume.

2. *Antiquities and Curiosities of the Church* is a book which all who have a taste for such subjects will find pleasant reading. "Wearing Hats in Church" deals with some old-world customs in a popular style, and the articles on "Pulpits" and "Church Windows" are well worth attention. The paper on "Acoustic Jars" will break fresh ground for many readers, "Heathen Customs at Christian Feasts," "Shrove-tide and Lenten Customs," "The Stool of Repentance," "Alms-boxes and Alms-dishes," may be named as good specimens of the various interest of this delightfully instructive volume.

3. The success of his volume entitled *The Lawyer in History, Literature, and Humour*, has induced Mr. Andrews to prepare this companion volume on *Legal Lore*. It opens with a paper on "Bible Law," and then branches off into subjects such as Sanctuaries, Trials in Superstitious Ages, Law under the Feudal System, Trial by Jury in Old Times. The account of Barbarous Punishments is well done; the Trials of Animals furnishes a quaint chapter, whilst "Fatal Links" will attract special attention. The paper on "The Inns of Court" should not be overlooked, but the whole book is fresh and full of interest, especially for those who have any taste for the law and its curious customs.

4. Mr. Macdonald's *Chronologies and Calendars* is both instructive and pleasant reading. The subject is handled with care, and we know no book that brings together so much information on the calendars of all nations. Any one who wishes to study the subject will find this book an excellent guide.

5. Leigh Hunt's little book on *The Months* was first printed in 1819, and well deserves the honour of a reprint like this. It is full of little details as to the unfolding of nature month by month, and is brightened by many a gem of poetry. Mr. Andrews has supplied a clear and helpful introduction in small compass, and the get up of the volume is specially neat. It ought to secure a wide sale.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM PUBLICATIONS.

Bryan Roe: A Soldier of the Cross. Missionary Travels and Adventures in West Central Africa. By Rev. C. R. JOHNSON. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Days of God's Right Hand. Our Mission Tour in Australasia and Ceylon. By THOMAS COOK. 2*s.* 6*d.*

What he did for Convicts and Cannibals. The Life and Work of the Rev. Samuel Leigh. By ANNE E. KEELING. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Rambles in Central China. By W. A. CORNABY. 1*s.*

Life of Rev. Alexander McAulay. By W. SAMPSON. 2*s.*

Alys of Lutterworth. A Story of the Times of Wiclif. By KATE T. SIZER. 2*s.*

At Aunt Verbena's. By M. A. HAYCRAFT. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Scenes from the Wonderful Life. By WILLIAM J. FORSTER. 1*s.*

Digging Ditches; and other Sermons to Boys and Girls. By Rev. F. B. COWL. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Rose: Some of Mother's Memories. 1*s.*

The Christian Miscellany and Family Visitor. 1896. 3*s.*

Early Days. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Guild. Organ of the Wesley Guild. Monthly, 3*d.*

London: Charles H. Kelly.

Mr. Johnson has told the story of Bryan Roe as only one could tell it who was familiar with the conditions of life in West Africa. Mr. Roe was a living link between Wesleyan Methodism and the sister Church of Primitive Methodism, and the early pages of this biography will greatly encourage many workers in an obscure village. West African missions have had few more fearless or more enterprising pioneers than Bryan Roe, and Mr. Johnson's pages are filled with adventure and incident. The record of this brief but bright career will be an inspiration to

missionary consecration, and will bring home to many hearts the strain and peril of life on a West African mission station.

The Rev. Thomas Cook has new successes to chronicle in his record of work in Australasia and Ceylon. The vast congregations which gathered to hear him, the manifest outpouring of the Spirit, the vivid glimpses of Methodist life in Australia and New Zealand, will secure this volume a warm welcome. Mr. Cook's testimony to Methodist missions in Ceylon is of great value and forms a striking vindication of the educational policy of the early missionaries and their successors. The book is full of life and power.

No writer can be too able or gifted for such work as writing the lives of Apostolic missionaries. We are accordingly very thankful to find that Miss Keeling continues to give her help to the work of commemorating the Gospel heroes of her Church and the Church of her fathers. Her book is a clear and compendious biography of the first Wesleyan missionary in Australia and New Zealand.

Rambles in Central China is a delightful little book on China, full of facts, stories and pictures. Two sets of slides can be had from the Wesleyan Mission House for use with this book, and we hope they will be largely called for. No better way could be devised for increasing a child's interest in missions.

Mr. Sampson's *Life of Alexander McAulay* now appears in a revised and enlarged form. It is a great improvement on the first edition, and will help to keep alive the memory of one of the most notable men of modern Methodism.

Miss Sizer's sketch of Wiclif and his times in her *Alys of Lutterworth* is full of living interest. She has caught the spirit of the age, and her book will give many a young reader a pleasant glimpse of the days before the Reformation. The greed and cunning of the friars is brought home to us, and Wiclif himself wins our keenest admiration. Alys, the heroine of the book, is a fine character, and the story of her early disappointments and the happy days that followed is attractively told.

At Aunt Verbena's is a good story, which will help young people to cultivate unselfishness. Hester Walton brings sunshine into the house of her crusty old Aunt Verbena and proves herself a true woman and a brave and wise one.

Mr. Forster has put into these *Scenes from the Wonderful Life* the ripe thought and experience of many years. He seeks to present Christ to children as a living, ever-present Saviour and Friend, and there is a tone about the book which will make it a blessing wherever it goes. The studies are bright and graceful.

Mr. Cowl has gained a good degree as a preacher for children, and this volume of sermons will explain his power. His homilies have a basis of sound exposition and are full of incident which leads up to practical suggestions for a child's daily life. Every nursery will be richer where this little book is used.

Mrs. De la Mare gives a touching sketch of her little daughter Rose, from the cradle to her early grave. The child seemed almost to live in prayer, and love has treasured up many precious sayings which parents and children will delight to read.

The Christian Miscellany for 1896 is a bright volume, full of pictures and good reading of every sort. "Alys of Lutterworth" is here in serial form, with a charming pair of papers on "Bird Music," by Mr. Corlett Cowell, and a set of sententious and suggestive Bible studies by Mr. Bush.

Early Days for 1896 is very attractive. Children will delight in its pictures, its stories, and its bright little papers.

The Guild movement has grown to such dimensions and is so full of promise in every direction that it manifestly needed to have its own organ, and Mr. Kelly has made a spirited effort to provide a bright and useful magazine. The first numbers contain some good material, and the lines are being laid for future developments and improvements, which ought to secure the *Guild* a wide circle of readers. Its devotional and literary notes are good features of the magazine.

1. *An Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Wesleyan Methodist Ministers and Preachers on Trial in connection with the British and Irish Conferences.* Eighteenth Edition. Corrected and Revised to date by DAVID J. WALLER, D.D. 2*s.* 6*d.*

2. *Hall's Circuits and Ministers.* An Alphabetical List of the Circuits in Great Britain, with the Names of the Ministers stationed in each Circuit, from 1765 to 1885. With Appendix from 1886 to 1896. By the Rev. JOSEPH HALL. 4*s.*

London: C. H. Kelly.

1. "Stationing" is a great art in Methodism. To find the right niche for seven hundred men every year is a task which would drive any one to despair if it were not for a trained committee of experts who have such manuals as these in their hands, and add to them a personal knowledge of nearly every man and every

circuit that they individually represent. Hill's *Arrangement*, of which Dr. Waller has now prepared four editions, gives the history of every Methodist preacher from his theological cradle to his grave. His circuits are arranged in order, with the number of years spent in each, and in some cases there is an unbroken succession of threes, which speaks volumes as to a man's acceptance. In some cases the uniformity is broken in a way that to the expert tells of broken health or domestic affliction. At the end of the volume is the death-roll, showing that 3,013 men have died in the ranks of the Methodist ministry. 187 names have been added since the last edition appeared. Dr. Waller, in an interesting Preface, refers to Myles' *Chronological History of the People called Methodists.* Myles gives 220 names in the "First Race of Methodist Preachers," from 1739 to 1765; the Second Race, from 1766 to 1790, has 470 names; the third, stretching from 1790 to 1812, includes 866 names. Hill's first *Arrangement* was published in 1819, and the book has long held rank as a Methodist classic. Through the kindness of the noted Methodist antiquarian, Mr. Stampe, of Great Grimsby, Dr. Waller has been able to prefix to this edition a Chronological Catalogue prepared by Mr. John Pawson, the third President after Wesley. In his Preface to this pamphlet, Dr. Coke points out its value in the preparation of the rough plan for the Stations of the preachers. Space was left at the end of each letter in order that purchasers might insert the names of preachers afterwards received on trial. It simply gives the names under each letter, placed in the order in which they entered the ministry. The compilers of these early lists little dreamed of the voluminous lists of to-day, with the names of the long succession of Presidents, and, if they had, they could have formed a scanty idea of the labours entailed upon the editors of these lists.

2. Hall's list is arranged under Circuits, and it is now brought up to date with a singularly interesting list of appointments to connexional offices and annual returns of membership, from 1766 to 1896, showing the increase or decrease of each year. The book enables a local historian to see at a glance all the ministers who have travelled in any circuit, and keeps alive many a happy association of the past. Mr. Hall has done a piece of work for which he will have the warmest thanks of ministers and people.

The Rational, or Scientific, Ideal of Morality. Containing a Theory of Cognition, a Metaphysic of Religion, and an "Apologia pro Amore." By P. F. FITZGERALD. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The authoress claims "to have discovered a new principle of modern evolution." She sees in the constant action and

reaction upon each other of a man and a woman who are entirely married the most powerful of moral influences. As to its strength there can be little doubt. A relation attended by so deep a satisfaction, so rich in unselfish emotions, so fruitful in reciprocal and common obligations, the very foundation of human life and society, must have profound moral significance. This new principle of moral evolution, however, is of very narrow application in such a world as this. "Such marriages suppose on both sides a passionate devotion that only a high intelligence and an enthusiastic moral nature can know." Mrs. Fitzgerald is so completely under the spell of her theory that she undervalues, in comparison, the real, operative factors of moral progress. Religion is treated as less important than this marriage of true minds. This element of the book, which is its personal, vital strain, is explained, and at the same time withdrawn from criticism, when we read—"I have lived this experience, and continue to live in the light of it through memory and hope." There is much besides of interest and value in this volume, but, for want of method and lucidity, it is very hard to read. We often meet with such sentences as this—"Truth is intuited through the harmony of vital presentation in the neurotic diagram of the individual."

Bacon's Pocket Atlas and Gazetteer of the World. Every Map an entirely new production. By G. W. BACON, F.R.G.S. London : Bacon & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.*

This is the handiest pocket atlas we know, and it is up to date at every point. It is not too small for clear print and good maps, but it can be comfortably slipped into one's pocket and it ought to have an enormous sale. The area and population of all the countries in the world are given at the beginning of the volume, and each map is followed by a table of facts. After the map of the Polar regions, notes are given as to animal life, vegetation, phenomena, and chief modern explorers. Nansen's voyage is duly noted here—a proof that the Gazetteer is really up-to-date, as it claims to be. Besides the maps of the world here are maps of London, Paris, Berlin, and the chief towns of England. A glossary giving the origin and meaning of the prefixes, suffixes and roots in place names, and a gazetteer which compresses into a line the chief facts about every important town or city. There is also a good index.

We have received a Blue Book giving statistics of the Colony of New Zealand for 1895. The population is 698,708, an increase of 12,500 on the year. The excess of immigrants over emigrants was 10,412 in 1893, 2,253 in 1894; 895 in 1895. There is a singular drop in the number of letters received and

despatched, which was 32,168,336 in 1894 and 29,586,949 in 1895, but this is explained by the fact that letters were "counted once only." The exports were £8,390,153, imports £6,400,129. The Blue Book is a mass of facts and figures.

Messrs. Mowbray sends us the *Magdalen Psalter*, pointed for chanting by Mr. Tuckwell and Sir John Stainer, who were formerly responsible for the music at Magdalen College. There is no need to praise a work which bears such names and which has reached a twelfth edition. It is a piece of work for which all choirs and organists will be thankful.

1. *Wonderland; or, Curiosities of Nature and Art.* By WOOD SMITH.

2. *Sons of Freedom*; *or, The Fugitives from Siberia.* By FRED. WISHAW. With Ten Illustrations.

3. *Thoughtful Hours.* Poems, Original and Translated. By H. L. L.

London: T. Nelson & Sons.

1. *Wonderland* is a handsome volume, packed with pictures. Its bright descriptions of the wonders of travel, of giant trees, watches, angling, bells, postmen, bridges, toys, and a host of other things, are so entertaining and so instructive, that we strongly advise every household to get this charming book as soon as possible.

2. *Sons of Freedom* is a very exciting story of a young Russian poet's escape from Siberia. There are hair-breadth escapes and adventures on almost every page, and the book has an honest manliness about it which will do its readers good.

3. Miss Borthwick's hymn, "Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow," will win her little volume of poems—published under the letters H. L. L.—a welcome into many homes. They are full of Christian feeling, and the subjects are happily chosen. They will often have a message for a weary heart. The get-up of the book is attractive.

Entomological Notes for the Young Collector. By WILLIAM A. MORLEY. Elliot Stock. 1896.

The veteran writer has inscribed this little book to his son, in memory of "happy rambles taken together" in pursuit of entomological research. Many young persons will be glad of a cheap and useful manual to help them in similar pursuit of interesting scientific knowledge.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (November 15).—M. André Bellessort writes a second paper on Chili and Bolivia which gives some interesting notes on men and manners. The little city is a sort of minor edition of Iquique, and looks like an encampment. Everybody seems to lack moral energy. Two establishments, however, flank the town on the right and left which will bear comparison with any in the world. One is the saltpetre manufactory which was the first cause of the War of the Pacific, the other is the great works of Playa-Blanca, where silver is prepared for circulation. The writer describes the method used in preparing saltpetre and then gives an account of his visit to the "Fortress of Solid Cash," which is surrounded by ramparts, and can only be entered by those who are properly armed with a pass. It would take a whole week to examine every detail. It was built by the Huanchaca Company to work the silver ore found in the great mine of Pulacayo, which was the richest silver mine in the world. After the mine was flooded and its output greatly reduced, the factory of Playa-Blanca ceased to be restricted to one mine, and opened its doors to all the miners along the coast, who bring their minerals here for treatment. It is an immense city of rattling machinery and sulphurous atmosphere. The visitor gets his clothes covered with the grey powder which he breathes everywhere. In the laboratory a little man toils from eight in the morning to six at night, gracious in manner, active, with a smile on his lips and a pair of blue eyes full of candour. This is Latrille, a savant, a poet, an exquisite, a lover of the desert country with its vast solitudes. He has lived here twenty-five years, exploring the country and searching into all its secrets. He has prepared a map which is a masterpiece of patience and love, he has written its history in scientific journals without receiving any recompense save his own pleasure. He is laborious, upright, free from vanity, but proud and poor. His father was an old *pampino* of Atacama, who discovered the saltpetre and the mines. He was a rich man and saw himself spoiled of his fortune and his discoveries. He was not the man to struggle successfully against fraud and bad faith. In deep disgust at the wrongs inflicted on his family he took refuge in a valley on the Bolivian plateau and swore that he would not descend to the borders of the ocean. He kept his word and died there in the heights. He consecrated his exile to a work supremely pure and noble. He evangelised the humble people among whom he had chosen his tomb. He edified them by his virtues and by his example. He taught them how to cultivate their land and live in peace with their conscience, and his memory survives like that of a Bible patriarch—"clothed in probity and in white raiment."

(January 1).—M. Leroy-Beaulieu writes on "The English Colonies and projects for the organisation of the British Empire." He says that our empire is the vastest that ever existed. Its extent is three times as great as that of Europe and more than one-fifth of the habitable globe. It leaves far behind the territories, enormous though they are, occupied by Russia, China, the United States, and Brazil. Its population is probably somewhat inferior to that of the Celestial Empire, but it forms not less than a fourth of the human race. The countries over which Queen Victoria rules are scattered over all points of the globe, but the lack of cohesion is more apparent than real. The means of communication have become so rapid that a month would enable one to travel from one end of the empire to the other. It required much more time to pass over the Roman Empire eighteen centuries ago, and it needs more time to-day to traverse the Russian Empire. Nor can the necessity for crossing the sea be looked upon as a cause of weakness for such a maritime power as England. The writer shows that the imperial idea is only modern among us. Then the whole question is discussed in detail. Federation may perhaps only be a prelude to dislocation.

(January 15).—M. Art Roë contributes some "Notes on Moscow," suggested by a visit to the Coronation festivities. Moscow has lost the strong intellectual stamp set upon it by the artists of a former generation, and is now only a city of merchants, but this does not mean that the city has lost caste, for in Russia the merchants have an important social rôle. The workmen are drawn from the villages, and retain their rights to the village lands. If they do not pay their share of the fiscal burdens the village commune withdraws their passports, and they are compelled to return to the uncertainties and the gloom of country life.

(February 1).—M. de Wyzewa writes a well merited eulogy of Tissot's Life of Christ—the series of pictures, based on the four Gospels, which have aroused such interest both in England and in France. He says that he has wearied himself by gazing on the clear and harmonious images, admiring the expressive colours, the elegance of design, the variety and novelty of the whole work. But the distinctive merit of the painter is that he brings among us the Divine person of Christ. The bi-centenary article on Dupleix is a fitting tribute to a great French soldier. There is also an interesting paper on "The Industrial Monopolies of the United States," and a study of Ruskin's *Religion of Beauty*.

(February 15).—M. F. de Pressensé, in an article on "The Republic and the Crisis of Liberalism" says that the Third Republic might reply to any one who asked what it had done during the last twenty years, "I have lived." Twenty-five years is no mean existence for a French Government in the nineteenth century. No other since the Revolution has attained that age, and the very fact is a kind of virtue. The problem of the moment is whether the Republic shall exist for Republicans, party give way to principle, true parliamentarianism be subordinated to concentration, and all organic reforms be systematically adjourned, and every liberty of which Clericalism or even conscience can make a weapon be refused or mutilated. The noble course is to shake off all factitious bonds and refuse obedience where obedience is not based on justice; to use every means that cure or relieve the wrongs of humanity and claim true liberty for all. The end of that long and difficult effort will be reconciliation between the Republic and liberty, between democracy and religion, order and justice.

(March 1).—The Ruskin study of this number deals with our great critic's *Thoughts on Art*. Ruskin holds that the artists ought not only to study Nature with love, but ought to respect her forms and colours, and even more her general plan and her design. He regards generalisation with horror and rejects all synthesis. He loves architecture better than statuary or portraiture, and, since Gothic follows most faithfully the tracery of leaves and branches and flowers, Ruskin loves it better than any other style.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (October 16).—Signor Gnoli opens this excellent and varied number with a graceful nuptial salute to the Princess Hélène, of Montenegro. It shows how eagerly the princess is welcomed to her new home. Enrico Panzacchi contributes a review of an important French work on *The Vatican, the Popes and Civilization: The Central Government of the Church*. Such a volume, with its illustrations and decorations, is emphatically a product of her own age. Cardinal Bourret, in a few introductory pages, expresses his satisfaction with a study of the Church and the Papacy, which forms a complete summary of what they have done for the world from the origin of Christianity down to our own time. After a general view of the "History of the Papacy," by Giorgio Goyau, the second part of the book describes the Central Government of the Church, which shows how it lives and rules. An article on Montenegro, which deals with "Love and Marriage," is specially interesting at the present happy moment. Abundant quotations are given from the native poets. Another paper deals with Sandor (or Alexander) Petröfi, the chief glory of the poetic school of Hungary, who was born at Kiss-Körös in 1823.

(November 1).—Signor Mariani closes his paper on Crete in this number. He says the Cretans have kept their national character almost unchanged,

despite the manifold influences brought to bear upon them. The hieroglyphic and syllabic writings recently discovered by Evans, and the study of the Mycene and Pre-Mycene civilization, have made it clear that there were close relations between the Cretans and the people of Asia Minor, especially those of Syria. The population was decimated by Arab invasion, but was renewed from Byzantine stock. The inhabitants probably numbered a million in ancient times. The census of 1881 gave a total of 279,165, divided between the three cities and the thousand villages. The Orthodox Christians numbered 205,010, the Mussulmen 73,234, Jews 647, Catholics 253, Protestants 13, Armenians, 8. All speak Greek with some dialectic modification. The population is mixed, but there are villages wholly composed of Christians and others, made up of Turks. The Mussulmen are fewer in the poor and rocky districts. In those regions, into which the Mohammedans do not often penetrate, the relations between them and the Christians are less cordial, but in the east of Crete they mix more freely, and show a brotherly spirit. They frequent the same café, and pass the evening smoking together at the same tavern. The last revolution, like that which preceded it, has brought to light the squalor and misery of the smiling island. The villages are in a ruinous condition, and many families have no roof to cover their heads. The fields are devastated, the beautiful vines, cedars and olives, which form the wealth of the country, have been burned or thrown back into a wild state, and many young men, who were the hope of their families, have taken refuge in the towns, dreading a renewal of disturbances by the Mussulmen. Hundreds of families have emigrated, and the public mind has been thrown into a state of despondency.

(November 16).—Signor Loria's article on "The Controversy of Capitalism in Russia," deals with the Social revolution through which that great country has been passing since serfdom was abolished. The dispute has been carried on with great vigour, and has brought out many intelligent students of the daily life of the people, who have gained the attention of all thinking men and women in Russia. In 1861 the country was really a servile agricultural community under conditions such as mark the middle age of other nations. The state of things is clearly described with the struggle against capitalism which followed. Details are given as to the chief writers of the Socialistic school. Signor Loria thinks that, after allowing for the merely intellectual results of the struggle, the Utopian criticism (for such it substantially is) to which the youth of Russia are condemned, may leave a fruitful detritus of beneficial reform.

(December 15).—"G. G." continues his articles on "The African Enterprise." He pays tribute to the good offices of England in the hour of Italy's trouble, and hopes that the military valour, the abnegation, the discipline of her own heroic officers and soldiers, and the eminent talent displayed by some of her leaders in the hour of calamity, will yet bear fruit.

(January 1).—The *Nuova Antologia* has lost its director, Guiseppe Protonotari, who died of consumption at Florence on December 17. He was forty-five years old, and had been director for eight years, since the death of the founder, Francesco Protonotari. With his death disappears the dynasty which for thirty-one years had directed the chief review of Italy. Giuseppe was studying in the University of Rome when his elder brother died, and he was called to take up the work he had begun. As director he showed mature judgment and great power of observation. He kept up friendly relations with his eminent staff of writers, but was a retiring man who preferred to live a solitary life in the country. The review, in his hands, was faithful to its spirit of independence, and is bound up intimately with the intellectual and political unity of Italy.

(January 16).—Vittorio Fiorini discusses the origin of the Italian tricolours. He inclines to accept the explanation, offered by a companion of General La Hoz to Carnevali, that the red represented the ardour affected by the leaders of the revolution, the white their faith in themselves, the green the hope of their victory. There is another explanation, offered by Castagna, that the green was substituted for the azure of the French tricolour because Italy

was a hope. F. d'Ovidio writes on the sources of Dante's inspiration. He deals chiefly with Dante and St. Paul.

(February 1).—Signor Benedetti gives an interesting account of steam tramways and ordinary railways in Italy. In 1896, there were 2,850 kilometres of tramway lines in the country, and 1,270 of railways with limited tracks, besides 14,160 kilometres of ordinary railway. In 1895 Italy had a larger development of the tramway system than any other European country, save Germany, which was slightly ahead of it. Next came France, England and Ireland, and Belgium. The northern part of Italy, including Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, Venice and Emilia, had far the largest tramway system, for it had 2,466 of the whole 2,850 kilometres. The writer thinks that economies might be introduced which would exercise a beneficial influence on the next budget, and materially promote the prosperity of the country.

(February 16).—Raffaele Mariano is contributing a series of articles on "The Historic Antecedents of Christianity," and deals first with Judaism. He shows that in Hebraism the unity of God is a unity abstract, transcendental, empty, but in Christianity it is concrete, immanent, full. The God of Judaism created the world, and made man in his own image, but he is a Deity solitary, rigidly and abstractly indifferent to his creation, and, as it were, a stranger to the world and to conscience. In this regard Judaism comes a long way behind Christianity, with its clear revelation of the Trinity, and of God the redeemer and sanctifier.

METHODIST REVIEW (January—February).—Dr. Sanford gives an interesting sketch of Dr. Hunt, the late Senior Book Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who managed the vast Book Concern with great business capacity, and won rare success. He was modest, yet self-reliant, full of resource, and unceasing in labour. Mr. Watkinson's address to theological students, "The Apprenticeship of Preaching," is full of sound sense, put in a way likely to rivet it on the memory. He urges students to give their full strength to the technicalities of the college curriculum. "Whatever time and force are taken from 'grinding' entails an ultimate loss; nothing in life will pay you better than the drudgery of to-day, if it only be thoroughly carried through." "Do not fritter away your time in making sermons. The one grand thing you learn here is, how to learn."

METHODIST REVIEW OF EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH (September-October).—The first part of this number is taken by a reproduction of Dr. Coke's journal covering his first and most important visit to America. The journal was originally published in the *Arminian Magazine* at Philadelphia in 1789. The whole number shows progress under the new editorship. A little paper on "The Negro Dialect," has special interest. Mr. Duncan says that the negro's use of "Lawd" and "Gord" must not be deemed irreverent, for a more reverent creature than the negro cannot easily be found. It is difficult to express some of the sounds by any combination of letters and some consonants are broken in the negro dialect as though the sound of a subdued open "u" were added. Girl is "guirl," where is "whuar." R is utterly ignored both in the middle and at the end of a word. Tom is "Tawm," natural is "nat'chal," "ne'm mine" stands for never mind. This is usually a threat uttered with an ominous shake of the head. The extremely emotional character of the negro leads him to make statements which he would not believe from another, and which he knows that no one will believe from himself.

(January-February).—Dr. Hoss writes on Dr. Munsey, one of the great preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who had a rare combination of pulpit gifts. When Dr. Hoss heard him in 1870 "the effect of the sermon was truly wonderful. He grasped and swayed his whole audience as the wind sways the tops of the forest trees. It seemed to me at times that my heart would cease to beat, and that I could scarcely tell whether I was in the body or out of the body." The paper on Bishop M'Kendree ought not to be overlooked by the student of the American Methodist Constitution.