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ART. I.—THE VICTORIAN ERA.

WE have now completed the sixth decade of our gracious Sovereign's reign. For months past the one thought of her people has been how they may worthily commemorate this great event. A great event it is, whether we consider the length of the reign, its social and political developments, or the personality that from budding womanhood to vigorous old age has presided at its highest councils, sympathetically watched its sternest crises, and by official acts enhanced its noblest triumphs.

"Loyalty," it has been said, "left the land with the Stuarts, and only returned with Victoria." We do not care to criticise the implied compliments, sincere or sinister, to the Jameses and Charleses of the seventeenth century, or to the Georges and Williams of the eighteenth and nineteenth. Suffice it that the girl-queen of sixty years ago, who won all hearts by the modesty, simplicity and integrity of purpose with which she accepted her dignity and her duties as monarch

of this realm, has far more than fulfilled every hope that imagination had conceived or affection had indulged respecting her. The reiterated outbursts of popular sentiment at the great public appearances of Her Majesty in the successive decades are but the outward signs of an ever-deepening attachment on the part of her subjects. We need only enumerate the chief of them—the Coronation in 1838, the marriage to the Prince Consort in 1840, the opening of the Great Exhibition in 1851, the marriage of the Prince of Wales (a vicarious appearance this) in 1863, the thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince in 1872, the commemoration of the first Jubilee in 1887, and the opening of the Manchester Ship Canal in 1895. The universal mourning for the decease of the Prince Consort in the last days of 1861 formed a dark background to the more jubilant scenes. The recent celebration has surpassed, in depth of feeling as well as in splendour, all former demonstrations of respect and good-will from the whole Anglo-Saxon race, and from every Christian nation under heaven.

To add one leaf to the well-earned chaplet, by depicting, in however humble fashion, some of the glories of the reign, will be our task in the following pages. Not that those glories are to be regarded as all emanating from the occupant of the throne. The day is past when the will of one personage, whether sovereign, statesman or soldier, could give its whole form and pressure to the passing age. Gone also is the day when such praise could be ascribed in flattery to any human being. Yet the influence of Queen Victoria has been great in every department of our national life, all the greater at times for being so unobtrusive and noiseless, so strikingly in contrast with that of her only competitor upon the roll of regnant British queens.

The condition of the United Kingdom in 1837, as compared with its condition to-day, may well be cited in illustration of the progress of the period; and it will be an appropriate act of homage to the philanthropy of our gracious Sovereign if we begin with this. It was no mean inheritance she succeeded to—an inheritance in the strictest

sense, held by unbroken ties of lineage for a thousand years, with many admixtures of blood, but in one line of family descent, since the time of Alfred the Great—an empire which Alison could describe, even in 1837, as "resplendent with glory, teeming with inhabitants, overflowing with riches, boundless in extent, and seemingly the fairest and most powerful upon earth." The echoes of Waterloo are, of course, heard in this strain, but an undertone of sadness accompanies them. "Seemingly," that is, to the eye dazzled with the lustre of that quarter of a century of heroic conflict, whose prestige had scarcely yet shown signs of fading, these things were so. But the veil had only to be lifted to disclose a spectacle that made men sick at heart who pondered the future of Great Britain. The population had increased and multiplied, but not the means of subsistence. The cessation of the war put a stop to the industries dependent on it, and the nation could no longer afford to live on its capital. The introduction of machinery, destined to give such expansion to trade, threw large numbers out of work. Bad harvests kept bread at famine prices, and the Corn Laws of 1815 prohibited relief. The Poor Law fostered pauperism, which daily threatened to become a burden more crippling than any imposed by the war.

The first years of the reign gave but slight indications of improvement. The distress of the Midland hosiery district was chronic and conspicuous from 1810 to 1845, far exceeding that of the Lancashire cotton famine in 1863-66. The earnings of men ranged from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, when fully employed, while women worked hard to earn half that sum. In Manchester, in 1841, 2,000 persons earned only 1*s.* 2½*d.* a week, and 4,000 only 1*s.* 1½*d.*, while in Leeds 20,000 were only earning 11*d.* a week. This level of wages was by no means exceptional, either in the manufacturing or agricultural districts, at a time when wheat was between 60*s.* and 70*s.* a quarter. And the voice of distress was as yet scarcely heard in Parliament.

But, though all this is true, there was a spirit abroad in the land which it would be unpardonable to overlook.

So far back as the days of William Pitt, reform had been in the air. American Independence and the French Revolution had operated from without, and the great Evangelical Revival had worked powerfully within. Howard had penetrated the prisons of Europe : Clarkson and Wilberforce, and their successors, had fought for and had won, first the abolition of the slave-trade, and then the emancipation of the slaves. The Reform Bill of 1832 had furnished a political instrument that only required time to achieve immense social results. Some misdirection of energy was but natural, impeding the onward movement it was designed to help. Such, for instance, were the Chartist agitation, the Canadian rebellion, and the clamour for the repeal of the Union, incited by Daniel O'Connell. Such also was the railway mania of 1845, producing widespread disaster, unequalled perhaps since the South Sea Bubble of a hundred years before.

Just at this juncture a surpassingly dreadful calamity was made the instrument of Providence in working out the most beneficent results. The potato famine of 1846 brought gaunt death to the door of every cabin in the sister isle. This awful visitation was the turning point in our country's fortunes. Cobden and Bright had long pleaded among high and low for the abolition of the laws that restricted the importation of corn, but their efforts had been unavailing. What the terse but impassioned oratory of Bright, and the sententious philosophy of his elder colleague, failed to do, was accomplished by the potato famine, which made Sir Robert Peel a free trader. The night that saw a Tory Prime Minister break with the traditions of his party, in obedience to the dictates of humanity and the economic lessons of this visitation, was memorable in the annals of the country. Not only for its social issue in the abolition of the corn laws, but also for its political significance as the introduction of a new line of cleavage between the parties of the State. The invectives of Disraeli against his leader, delivered that night, while practically placing the helm of the Tory party in his hands, also determined the separation from it of Peel, Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Newcastle,

and Lord Aberdeen. The effect of this change was felt more and more as time went on, particularly after the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, when Gladstone and Disraeli became the protagonists of parliamentary debate and conflict. It made the Whigs more liberal, and the Tories less conservative, than ever before.

The external events of the twenty years' interval (1846-1866) distracted men's minds for the time from further extension of the franchise. The French Revolution of 1848, followed by the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon in December, 1851, and his re-establishment of the Bonaparte dynasty, led directly to the Crimean war, which, in its turn, proved to be a factor in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The American Civil War, in the following decade, had its own distracting influence. During the last six years of his life, however, the Liberal Premier, Lord Palmerston, was himself the great obstacle to Parliamentary reform. At his death all was changed. How, in 1866, Gladstone's Reform Bill was defeated through the defection of his own associates, how the much more drastic measure of his Tory rival was carried the very next year, how the abolition of public nominations of candidates followed in 1868, the Ballot Act in 1872, the Corrupt Practices Act in 1883, and the assimilation of the county to the borough franchise in 1884, together with a further redistribution of seats, need only be mentioned to illustrate the rapid progress of reform in the latter half of the Queen's reign. To complete the account, we must add Mr. Ritchie's County Councils Act of 1889, and the Parish Councils Act of Sir Henry Fowler in 1894.

Measures directed to the well-being of the working classes were not, however, postponed till their political enfranchisement. Ameliorative legislation covers the whole period, and was carried into effect quite as much by Conservative as by Liberal statesmanship. In its initiation and progress, it is honourably associated with the names of Lord Shaftesbury, Robert Owen, John Fielden, Richard Oastler, and M. T. Sadler. The Royal Commission of 1842 revealed a state of things hitherto unknown to the general public. In the

mining districts children of four, five, and six years were habitually immured the whole day through in the darkness of the mine, working as "trappers," "hurriers," "tippers," "riddlers," and "fillers." Women worked as hard and as long as men, under conditions revolting to decency. Public attention, once awakened, did not rest until these and similar abuses in other departments of industry were swept away. In 1847 the Ten Hours' Bill placed restrictions on the hours of labour. Further legislation followed, of which the working classes enjoy the benefit to-day. In brickfields, canal-boats, and places of amusement, beneficial regulations have been introduced. The agricultural gang-system has been abolished. Bakers, chimney-sweeps, apprentices, and hired servants have been protected. Shipowners have been compelled to take precautions against unseaworthiness and overloading. Crimps are no longer allowed to tempt sailors by the offer of advance-notes on future wages. To pay wages at a public-house has been declared illegal. The Bank Holidays Act of 1871, due to Sir John Lubbock, the various Early Closing Acts, and, finally, the Employers' Liability Acts, have been conceived in the same spirit.

In the wake of these forms of protective humanitarian legislation followed a multitude of Enabling Acts, sanctioning various modes of industrial association, some of which had previously been unlawful. Combination among workmen is no longer construed as conspiracy. Building societies provide homes for the thrifty poor, and co-operative societies make them shareholders in vast business concerns. Loan societies, savings' banks, and working men's clubs, train their members to self-reliance and mutual help.

The legal reforms of the period have been large and comprehensive. The length of trials, and the cost of them, had made a remedy at law impracticable to all but the wealthy, while its tortuous intricacy rendered the issue of the plainest case doubtful. The substitution of the Supreme Court of Judicature, in 1873, for the old division into common law courts and Chancery, revolutionised pro-

cedure, and lightened costs. Meantime, modern county courts, to the number of five hundred, have swept away the scandals of the old bankruptcy law. The debtor is no longer treated as, of course, a criminal. A single affidavit no longer gives the creditor power to seize his goods and send him to gaol. The greater part of his assets is no longer swallowed up in expenses.* Capital punishment, also, is now only inflicted for murder and treason; and, since 1868, public executions have not depraved the public taste. Police and sanitary legislation may be said to have been created during the present reign, a diminished death-rate affording the best testimony to the value of the latter.

In a journal that has dealt so frequently with the subject of education, it is enough to note that, while the first grant of public money was made in 1833, the first rudiments of an Education Department did not appear till 1839. Its formation was the direct result of a letter addressed, by Her Majesty's command, to the President of the Council, and laid by Lord John Russell on the table of the House of Commons, in February of that year. The vast network of elementary schools now covering the face of the land, together with technical schools, private and proprietary schools, the throwing open of the old Universities, and the creation of two new ones, has done very much to remove the reproach of our national ignorance, though the work can hardly yet be regarded as complete.

A steady flow of private benevolence has accompanied the efforts of the legislature.† Hospitals have been built, almshouses endowed, model lodging-houses erected, workmen's villages set on foot, while legions of missionaries have penetrated the haunts of vice. That rookeries still exist, in close proximity to the wealthier quarters of the metropolis, and in our great commercial centres, must be admitted. But

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* Of the assets of one trader, valued at £170,000, the sum of £50,000 had been in 13 years, 1825-38, spent in costs.

† In this connection we may refer to the rise of nursing as a fashionable profession, with the immortal Florence Nightingale at its head. Also, the St. John's Ambulance Association, and its "first aid" for the injured.

such labours as those of Müller, Barnardo, and Stephenson are doing much to cleanse the fountains from which the vicious currents take their rise. Meantime, no great calamity has been brought under public notice without evoking practical sympathy, the Queen and the Royal Family setting the example. To this category belong the Hartley Colliery Fund, the Patriotic Fund during the Crimean War, the Cotton Famine Funds in 1863-66, the Siege of Paris Fund in 1871, and those connected with two Irish and two Indian famines.*

Of all private efforts, perhaps the most earnest and least successful have been those directed against intemperance. While a vast improvement has taken place among the upper and middle classes, the lower still maintain too generally, and with little mitigation, the bad traditions of a hundred years ago. There is consolation in the thought that the Christian Church is now alive to the magnitude of the evil, and that no party in the State can avow indifference to it. Among the darker shades of the picture must also be mentioned the increasing passion for amusement, and the gambling mania. A prurient sensationalism is pandered to in theatres, music halls, and dancing saloons, and is not sufficiently rebuked by a higher tone among the upper classes. But over against this we may happily set the stainless court-life of the reign, for the continuance of which we have the best guarantee in the character of those high-placed ladies who must be primarily responsible for it.

A survey of the resources of the country, as developed through countless forms of industry, might well close our review of the reign on its domestic side. But we must limit ourselves to a few words on the incidence of taxation, as related to the finances of the kingdom and its commercial prosperity. Early in the century recurring deficits were the despair of successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, and that long after expenditure had assumed its normal peace proportions. The explanation is that three-fourths of the revenue

* The Life-boat Institution should not be forgotten here.

were obtained from customs and excise. The excise included soap, glass, bricks and paper. The customs comprised a list of 1,200 articles, and among them tea, coffee, sugar, corn, and cotton-wool, as well as tobacco, wine and spirits. The hand of the collector was heavy, not only on manufactured products, but on raw materials, almost prohibiting manufacture at home. The cost of collection was enormous and the help to the exchequer insignificant, more than counterbalanced indeed by the hindrance to trade.* The present elasticity of the revenue, in spite of vastly increased expenditure and steady reduction of the National Debt, confirms the tale told by our exports and imports, as to the wisdom of the policy which has repealed many indirect taxes and relied on direct ones, a policy more straightforward and equitable, though not without hardships and anomalies of its own.

The expansion of the commerce† of the country is, of

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* The following passage from Sydney Smith, though uttered very early in the century, graphically describes the state of things referred to in the text: "Permit me to inform you what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything in the earth and in the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home - taxes upon the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite and on the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, we must pay taxes. The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of one hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."

† Since 1837, our cotton, wool, and linen trades have more than doubled, our coal trade more than quadrupled, our iron trade decupled.

course, not entirely due to this change in the mode of taxation. The repeal of the Navigation Acts, commenced under Huskisson in 1823 and completed in 1849, gave a great impetus to our foreign trade. But the chief spur has been facility of transport.* The competition of other nations has led to serious doubts in some minds as to the wisdom of an unreciprocated free trade. The great increase in both exports and imports within the last few years has, however, somewhat allayed these apprehensions. The volume of trade in 1896 (exports and imports) was the largest ever known, amounting to 87,753,712 tons, as against 83,153,022 in 1895, against 61,604,636 in 1886, and against 45,924,859 in 1878, the first year in which these tables were issued.† A point our pessimists are in danger of overlooking is that, the wealthier other nations become, the better customers they will be. Thus even Germany, our most dreaded rival, has during the last twelve months imported more from this country than in any former year. We cannot doubt the competency of British merchants, assisted by an enlightened colonial and foreign policy, to hold their own in the markets of the world. If so, our home difficulties, even those of the depressed agricultural interest (this year stimulated by the failure of foreign crops) may in time adjust themselves. "Free trade" may thus prove itself to be "fair trade" still.

As integral members of the Empire, no less than as contributors to the national wealth, our colonies cannot be passed over in this rapid review. Their marvellous growth dates from the inauguration of a sounder policy in respect to them. The old view, which regarded a colony as an estate to be managed for the benefit of the home population

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* The railways of the United Kingdom are estimated at a thousand millions of money, bringing in an annual revenue of forty millions. To this must be added the enormous expansion of our mercantile marine, and the vast increase in its power through the application of steam.

† Annual Statistical Paper, submitted by Mr. John Williamson, of Liverpool, to the Chambers of Shipping, February 17th, 1897. Stated in values, the imports for 1896 were £416,689,658, and the exports £285,832,407, as against £62,004,000 and £97,402,726 in 1840.

and government, was as short-sighted as it was selfish. The Canadian rebellion, in the year of the Queen's accession, drew the more serious attention of Parliament to the problem. Representative institutions whose value was neutralised by an executive appointed at home, were exchanged for a measure of self-government amounting to virtual independence. This timely concession was a masterstroke. Gradually, other colonies became participators in the boon, and now all are self-governing, except the West Indies. In Canada, confederation into one Dominion of all the provinces, except Newfoundland, took place in 1867, hastened doubtless by the American Civil War and some untoward events connected therewith. In Australasia, a similar movement will probably be quickened by the recent advances of Russia towards the Pacific and the uprising of Japan.

The growth of our South African empire has been less regular. The preponderance of foreign settlers, the amazing vitality of native races, and the approach of other European Powers to our confines, here presented problems which successive home governments have sought to solve in different ways. This see-saw policy has jeopardised our position, as in the alternate annexation and emancipation of the Transvaal, twice repeated. A great future is, nevertheless, before South Africa, provided only that speculative financiers become less intent on personal profit than on the well-being of the country they profess to open up.

The spectacle presented by Greater Britain, with its eleven millions of Englishmen, is unprecedented in the history of the world. Their loyalty is undoubted. The invitation given to them by the *Times* thirty years ago, to "take up their freedom," has not been accepted. A new spirit is at work. Neither abroad nor at home is there any desire to see a single jewel dislodged from Queen Victoria's crown.

Besides the colonies, properly so called, there is that vast dependency whose government makes England an Asiatic Power. In mere extent and population this dominion has shown an amazing development, especially since the formal

assumption of its rule by the Crown after the Mutiny. Internal improvements have kept pace therewith. Four great systems of railways traverse the country. Thousands of miles of canals convey produce, and at the same time irrigate the territories they pass through, drinking up whole rivers as they go, so literally that some never reach the sea. Trade has witnessed a tenfold increase. English education and Christian missions tell powerfully on the intelligence of this great group of nations, Brahmins themselves confessing that Christianity is for the lower orders the one hope of temporal salvation.

The permanence of our Indian empire is a subject we will not discuss. We cannot "command success": our business is, as Shakespeare says, to "deserve it." The testimony of Sir H. S. Maine on this point will be welcome, as that, not of a fanatic or enthusiast, but of a sound thinker and careful student of history.

"East of the Roman Empire till it fell, east of the Mediterranean countries after its fall, there is no record of any government which can be compared with it for justice, for steadiness, for efficiency of administration, and, on the whole, for peaceableness."

With this thought will be naturally linked consideration of the British Empire as a whole. An area of 11,000,000 square miles and a population of 300,000,000 of human beings, present figures too vast to be fully realised. The Russian Empire alone rivals it in extent; the Chinese Empire alone in population. The Roman Empire, at its greatest expansion, was inferior in both. Probably so many millions of the human race never before lived in such comfort and happiness under one sceptre. Never were the various parts of one dominion, so widely scattered and composed of such heterogeneous elements, held together in the bond of such perfect loyalty and goodwill. Great, even where not supreme, on every other continent, it would be strange if this country could not hold her own in Europe. Some, indeed, have argued to the contrary, but the best reply may be found in the position she takes to-day.

Her insular situation, her boundless resources, her command of the sea, her freedom from entangling alliances, give her a weight in the councils of Europe far beyond what is due to her military power. Even on this score, skill and prowess count for more than numbers. We need not repeat the story of the wars of the reign to show that in martial qualities the English are what they always were. Recent events, far from these shores, are a sufficient proof of this. The Chitral expedition, the bloodless Ashantee campaign, the suppression of the Matabele rebellion, the capture of Dongola with the defeat of the dervishes and the projected march upon Khartoum, and lastly, the astonishing blow given to the slave-trade by the conquest of Bida in the Western Soudan, together with the prompt measures taken to avenge the Benin massacre,—all these things have had an influence upon the mind of Europe not diminished by the peaceful settlement of the Venezuelan difficulty, the part taken by England in regard to the unhappily abortive Arbitration Treaty with the United States, and the patient negotiations which even yet promise to solve the Eastern Question without breaking the world's peace. Perhaps the most striking feature of the whole romantic story of the British Isles is the fact that, after the changes and chances of these sixty years, the rivalries of parties, the many undeniable blunders in administration, the incalculable contingencies of fortune which happen to nations and individuals alike, after the vicissitudes of Continental history, the rise and fall of one imperial dynasty, the creation of another, the aggrandisement of a third, and the many constitutional readjustments among the remaining European peoples, the words of Alison about the greatness of the British Empire in 1837, only relatively true when uttered, should be so absolutely true to-day, "resplendent with glory, teeming with inhabitants, overflowing with riches, boundless in extent, the fairest and most powerful empire upon earth." The word "seemingly" may now be left out.

So far we have been occupied with subjects involving the

interests of the nation as a whole, and therefore immediately connected with the nation's head. Those that remain—science, art, literature, religion—are more dependent on individuals, or on associations expressly founded for their pursuit. With these the sovereign holds relations in her personal rather than her official character: yet the mention of them is enough to recall the broad sympathy with all things fair and noble, intellectual and truly artistic, manifested by her, in common with the lamented Prince, and other members of the Royal Family.

The establishment of the British Association for Science in 1831 marked the opening of a new era. It furnished opportunities for the interchange of thought and the diffusion of information in regard to the labours of scientific men in every part of the field. Most of the results attained during this wonderfully fertile period have been brought to the test of public discussion, and an antidote has been furnished to the narrowing effect of the mental concentration which is the *sine quâ non* of all scientific investigation. A few observations on some of these results are all that can be attempted here.

In the physical world, the age has been distinguished by two great discoveries, the atomic theory, or, as some prefer to call it, the molecular constitution of the universe, and the conservation of energy, with its attendant principle of the convertibility of one form of energy into another. In importance and universality these discoveries take rank with the achievements of Copernicus and Newton. The researches and experiments on which they have been based may be said to have laid bare, in these respects, the inmost recesses of the Creative Mind. They have resulted, among other things, in the breaking down of the barriers—for most substances—between the solid, liquid, and gaseous states, and the detection and even formation of substances, marvellously interrelated, that were before unsuspected of existence. Meanwhile, the spectroscope has demonstrated the unity, not only of the solar system, but of the sidereal universe; and the application of photography

to astronomical observation has pushed back the limits of that universe into depths of space which the most powerful telescope cannot fathom.

When we cross the border of pure physics and enter the region of life, we encounter the hypothesis of evolution, as a mode of creative working not less remarkable than the above-mentioned discoveries of its fixed laws. As a hypothesis this doctrine has gained much favour with the scientific world. Unlike the principles just referred to, it cannot be submitted to the test of experiment, hardly even of observation. Whatever the possibilities of the transmutation of species, we never catch Nature in the act. And the breach of continuity, first between the azoic and the zoic periods, and then between the irrational and the rational creatures, appears to be decisive against the universality of the law. Law it is not, in fact, but only a fascinating hypothesis. Spontaneous generation has been effectually disproved, as far as that is possible to human research, a conclusion that adds its own striking testimony to the existence of an Intelligent First Cause.

Scientific exploration has been a great feature of the age, particularly in Central Africa. The polar regions alone have so far defied the curiosity of mankind, and even these are no longer pronounced impracticable. Nansen's brilliant achievement is the latest chapter in a deeply interesting history of daring exploration.

Of the applications of science to the needs of human life, so manifest on every hand, some of the most important are those connected with medicine and surgery. We will only mention the discovery of anæsthetics, making operations safe that without them must have been fatal; the ophthalmoscope, laying bare the state of the brain and the kidneys, as well as that of the eye; the laryngoscope, performing like functions for the throat, and the stethoscope for the chest; the still more wonderful Röntgen rays, revealing foreign substances and abnormal growths; the germ theory, explaining many diseases as due to bacteria; the vast increase in our available pharmacopœia; and, finally, the multiplica-

tion of delicate instruments rendering all but the most vital organs accessible to the manipulator. These are results of science as valuable in their place as electric railways, motors, and telephones, or the elaborate contrivances of almost self-acting machinery.

In the realm of art we approach an order of ideas distinct from those of science, belonging to the spiritual part in man, though appealing to it on the material side. The pursuit of truth is, nevertheless, or ought to be, common to both. That it has been largely so, during the period under review, is owing, doubtless, to the more serious attitude of men's minds toward the realities of life and existence.

At the beginning of the reign, if we except Turner, a tenacious and traditional conventionalism appears to have hampered the freedom of our artists' work. The models of the great masters were copied with a subservience bordering on slavishness: the world was only to be seen through their spectacles. Nature was not worth representing, except in those aspects that authority prescribed as worthy of imitation. Her ordinary moods had to be exaggerated, for fear they should be thought commonplace: her extraordinary moods had to be toned down, lest they should be deemed extravagant. Under such a *régime*, advance was scarcely possible. Originality was outlawed, and mediocrity enthroned.

Concurrent with the appearance of Ruskin* as the interpreter and defender of Turner's daring conceptions, was the rise of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. The combined action of the three launched art upon a new track. It is to the credit of the author of *Modern Painters* that his entranced admiration of the genius of Turner did not blind him to the merit of the humble copyists of Nature, who, while breaking away from the dominant conventionalism, could not soar at once to the sublimity of the nineteenth-century wizard of

* It is a satisfaction to remember that an article on Ruskin, by Canon Dixon (son of Dr. Dixon), appeared in the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October, 1860. It drew forth a letter of thanks from the great art critic.

the brush. In the result, we have witnessed an approximation of those who had occupied opposite ends of the scale. The details of nature are admitted to be infinitely beyond the power of human expression. Suggestion, therefore, has had to take the place of minute reproduction; and the sacrifice has made room for the legitimate play of imagination. Truth of impression has been blended with truth of fact. The artist is to paint what he sees, but he is to see with his mind's eye as well as with that of his body.

We need not particularise: our readers have only to visit occasional exhibitions or permanent art galleries, they have only to read the art criticisms in our best journals, to know what other names, besides those of the late presidents of the Royal Academy, Leighton and Millais, of Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, Orchardson, and Alma Tadema, are competing for public appreciation and cultivating the public taste.*

In sculpture and architecture there have been similar advances. So also in house decoration and furniture, and, we wish we could add without any qualification, house architecture. Music, the only remaining member of the fine arts, is in like manner making rapid headway, as witness the Handel Festival, and the great improvement in church psalmody. If not always enlisted in the service of the highest interests, music is becoming more and more the handmaid of refined intelligence, domestic purity, and fervent religion.

The new spirit we have found in other departments of our national life also pervades our literature. It was at work before. The great outburst of poetry that signalised the beginning of the century, as it percolated through the subjacent strata of human thought and endeavour, had a fertilising effect; so that, before the opening of the Victorian era, the new truth found a prepared soil in the moral consciousness of the age. Hence the reception accorded

* We cannot but enter a protest against a growing danger in the free treatment of the human form. The maxim, "art for art's sake," sometimes pleaded in justification, should be enough of itself to safeguard the rights of purity.

in the early years of the reign to Carlyle and Ruskin, and the growing appreciation, first of Tennyson, and then of Browning. Even so volatile a spirit as that of the youthful Dickens could not but yield obedience to the new demand, gradually passing from the sheer comic of the Pickwick Papers into the more serious vein of his later productions, though never reaching the sustained dignity of Thackeray's best work.

The literature of the reign divides into two sub-periods, as will be obvious to any one who compares the favourites of its first quarter of a century with those of its last, leaving as a time of transition the intermediate decade. The spell of the four writers first-named remains, indeed, unbroken, and one of them is still with us. But the tone of the teaching has altered. The optimism of the earlier years is exchanged for a very different strain, in which the minor key of pessimism is but too predominant. The buoyancy of Macaulay, for instance, in his history, his essays, his ballads, is almost juvenile compared with Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*, or Kidd's *Social Evolution*.

The causes of the change are not far to seek. The rebound from the bondage and miseries of a former age gave rise to extravagant expectations. Material progress and political enfranchisement were about to usher in the glories of a millennial day. Slavery had disappeared, and war was to follow it into the limbo of barbarous and obsolete institutions. The earthquake of 1848 was but a transient paroxysm. Only one European throne was overturned by it, and that would never again be filled. The reign of universal peace had begun, with industrial competition as its security, in which British energy and enterprise were to take the undisputed lead. So men talked as they patrolled the aisles of the crystal fabric that glistened amid the sombre foliage of Hyde Park in the summer of 1851. They soon found they had talked like children, and that the structure in which they had done so aptly symbolised the unsubstantial nature of their dreams. The vacant foreign throne was seized by the adventurer already standing on its

steps; and though the motto blazoned on his banner read, "The Empire is peace," yet Europe proved its hidden meaning to be preparedness for war.

This is but a sample of the disillusionising process that has pervaded the second half of Her Majesty's reign. All its helpfulness has failed to engender a corresponding hopefulness, so far as we may judge from the literature of the day. The problems of life have been found too deep for easy solution: this is confessed in every poem, and in every work of fiction that does not persistently ignore them. There is honesty in the confession, and in the honesty we see the germ of a new and better hope.

Of productions that do ignore these problems—and there are many such—the same cannot be said. Not a few writers of fiction cater for the multitude without a thought of moral responsibility. An ephemeral popularity is easily purchased by pandering to unworthy passion. But surely those who gain the golden gleaming fruit would find it crumble to ashes before their disenchanted eyes, did they but remember the thousand homes in which their unhallowed merchandise has filled youthful minds with madness and despair, and marred for ever the budding prospects of conscious innocence and virgin purity and connubial peace.

There is, we know, a danger besetting ignorance, as well as a danger besetting knowledge. In a world where good and evil mix, virtue is never more nobly portrayed than in her triumph over the blandishments of vice. But when the true issues are falsified—the daring of vice rewarded by escape from its inevitable shame, and the heroism of virtue proportionately robbed of its due honour—no plea of realism can be permitted to extenuate the moral outrage and the enormous wrong. Posterity will expose such writings in its pillory of irreversible infamy, or, more mercifully to its children, consign such refuse to its waste-heap of well-deserved oblivion.

Some of our modern poetry lies open to the same criticism. The greatest of possible candidates for the vacant laureateship was not free from this condemnation. But our complaint

of recent poetry, if complaint there must be, touches rather its rank as poetry than the purity of its moral tone. Neither Alfred Austin, nor William Morris, nor Coventry Patmore, nor William Watson, nor the sweet Christina Rossetti, can hope to attain the first class. They will consort with P. J. Bailey, A. H. Clough, or Felicia Hemans, not with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, and the Brownings. These have left no successors. Matthew Arnold's profound unbelief and scoffing narrowness of sympathy fatally limited the range of a true poet and artist. It has been said with truth that the present is "the Augustan age—of minor poets."

But the high standard of the magnates of the century must be borne in mind. If not of the highest type, much of our recent verse is more than respectable in quality, while in quantity it is only too abundant. Metrical volumes drop dead from the press every year which a century ago would have counted as classics, displaying a finish of style and a subtlety of thought hardly to be met with in the pages of Cowper, Young, Thomson, or any of the poets of a hundred years ago, except Collins, Gray, and Chatterton. Imitations or echoes they may be; but imitations of a very lofty style, echoes of a truly noble music. A plethora of such poetry is, after all, no disgrace to the age: it is a sign of widespread culture. Let us be thankful for the splendid galaxy that does illuminate our intellectual firmament, and for the stars of the first magnitude that spangle it here and there; and let us await with patience the dawn of some new constellation that shall surpass all others in glory.

Better than the poets and the novelists, perhaps, the historians reflect the characteristics of the age. They are not, like the latter, expected to suit their music to their audience. Nor are they, like the former, under temptation to speak as from some mountain-top of absorbed meditation or from some hard-won pinnacle of inspired vision. The historian is—at least nowadays—nothing if not historical, and knows that his occupation is gone if he tamper with his facts. Original research is demanded;

and, the coffers that contain the archives being open, the writer works as under the eyes of inspectors ever ready to collate his quotations with the documents from which they are cited. Hence the severer style of such historians as Stubbs, Freeman, Green, Gardiner and Seeley, compared with their most famous predecessors.*

The passion for truth has brought with it a claim to freedom of enquiry, not confined to the departments of history, science or art. Nowhere has this claim been asserted more strenuously than in the domain of theology. Let any one who is old enough contrast the reception of the *Essays and Reviews* and of Colenso's *Pentateuch* with the attitude of the public toward the late Robertson Smith and the advocates of the Higher Criticism, and he will admit that we have travelled a long way in the direction of free theological thought. Whether greater liberty will prove a blessing or a curse depends on the use that may be made of it. Could the intellectual atmosphere be purged of the vapours of earth-born passion, the rays of truth would suffer no refraction as they travel to us from the orb of day. But this "dry light" is as rare now as in the days when Bacon proclaimed it the only perfect vehicle of knowledge. In the see-saw movement between two opposite extremes, to which the human mind is so liable, orthodoxy is just now for a large section of the public distinctly out of favour. Conformity to established creed argues dulness, or timorousness, or insincerity, while the craze for a bold individualism makes a fetish of the veriest eccentricity. On the other hand, a deepened reverence, even on the part of the sceptical, in discussing sacred things, is a hopeful feature. And so it comes to pass that theology still holds her own, both in the department of Biblical exposition and in that of sermonic literature. Meanwhile, in the lowlands of literature signs are not wanting of some success in the truly Christian

* Of the various histories of the reign, we would call attention to one, of which we have made large use in this article, published by Smith, Elder & Co. during the last Jubilee. It is entitled, *The Reign of Queen Victoria* (two volumes), and was the work of various writers, all experts in their several lines.

endeavour to supplant vicious productions by those of a purer type, as weeds are crowded out by healthy vegetation, strong in fibre and well suited to the soil.*

We have now surveyed the principal departments of our national life, except religion and morals. As to the latter, we wish we could believe that in every grade of society the tone is distinctly higher than sixty years ago.† Yet, when we consider the massing of so large a portion of the people in towns, the total result is perhaps better than might have been expected. The greater publicity given to crime, and the sterner condemnation pronounced upon it, form a moral police of the highest value. But in the fashionable world society journals will have to amend, if a deplorable degeneracy is not to set in.

Political partisanship, also, threatens to run to a baleful extreme. It is not a mere question of tone and temper. The envenomed acrimony of debate may have been equalled or surpassed under the old code of honour, which exacted for the least offence a challenge to mortal combat. It is the exaggeration, the distortion, the perversion, wilful or unwitting, that seems to-day inseparable from party spirit, as if men had forgotten the lessons of the age of chivalry, and the more recent teachings of their dead laureate, true echoes of the father of English poetry, with his old-world principles,

"Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy."

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* For the newspaper press it will be enough to quote the following statistics from the fifty-second issue of the *Newspaper Press Directory:*

	1839.	1897.
London	94°	494
Provinces (including Wales and the Isles)	256	1,499
Scotland	59	232
Ireland	70	171
	479	2,396†

The increase steadily followed the abolition of the "taxes on knowledge," *i.e.*, the advertisement duty in 1853, the stamp duty in 1855, and the paper duty in 1861.

° 12 daily, none out of London. † 218 daily.

† Sir W. Besant's *Fifty Years Ago* does not fairly represent the generation of which it treats. We could as easily believe that all its sculptures were gargoyles and griffins.

But the earth has become a great whispering-gallery, in which every utterance, as it rises and spreads, seems to swell into a volume out of all proportion to its exciting cause. The one good feature of modern political strife is that its clamour is hushed into silence at the edge of the grave.

It is only in virtue of a happy inconsistency if the same can be said of the warfare waged by some sections of the Christian Church. Controversy here, however, has almost narrowed down to one issue, between High Anglicanism, on the one hand, and Evangelicalism, within or without the Establishment, on the other. The Lincoln judgment of seven years ago, which domiciled Ritualism in the Anglican Church, so far from "increasing its charity," as Archdeacon Diggle* says, has had precisely the opposite effect. It has very much increased the contempt of the Ritualists for the Evangelicals within their own borders, as well as their boldness in denying the blessings of the Christian covenant, in this world and the next, to all—except Roman Catholics —outside their own pale.

There are, indeed, parts of the country in which Ritualism wears the character of a true "revival," so successful have its adherents been, not only in gathering congregations, but in training them at least to habits of sincere devotion. In other parts, Ritualism is but a revival in the same sense as the rage for Queen Anne furniture, or as the recrudescence of Gothic architecture. In our large towns it is often rather an ecclesiastical fashion than a vital spiritual force. The apostleship it claims lacks the genuine "signs of an apostle." For these we ought to be able to look to Christian teachers less arrogant in ecclesiastical assumption. The choicest fruits of the Spirit of grace often bloom outside the walled vineyard, though not, perhaps, in such profusion as in the palmy days of the Methodist revival. In the work of moral rescue and uplifting of the sunken masses all the Churches show a truly apostolical zeal and self-denial,

* In his Farewell Sermon as Vicar of Mossley Hill, February 21st, 1897.

rejoicing to honour, as among the most enterprising and successful of their number, that unique creation of the Victorian age, the Salvation Army.

The High Anglican schism apart, with the bitterness it has naturally engendered, the prospects of the Churches are good. Missions at home and abroad were never more popular and never more successful. Missions of every kind abound, to soldiers and sailors, to deep-sea fishermen, to discharged prisoners, to seaside visitors, to the blind, to the deaf and dumb, to the Jews, to our overcrowded city populations; in short, to all sorts and conditions of men. Youth is being enlisted in their behalf by movements specially directed to this end,—by the Young Men's Christian Association, which has just kept its jubilee under the presidency of its founder, Sir George Williams; by the Christian Endeavour Society, with its million of members and its world-wide ramifications; by Guilds of various complexion, and, in particular, by the Methodist Guild; by the Students' Volunteer Association, that stalwart outgrowth of the missionary spirit; and, last not least, by University settlements in the very midst of our city slums.

The one fact most of all to be deplored is the general neglect of public worship on the part of the working classes. Even this evil is not so great as was supposed, if we may credit the results of house-to-house visitations undertaken by the Nonconformist Churches in Bradford, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other large towns. Indifference, not hostility, is assigned as the cause of the regrettable abstention.

Of the liberality called forth by the Diamond Jubilee, with its astonishing evidences of the nation's wealth and loyalty, we can no more speak in terms of adequate description than we can of the gorgeous spectacle in which, before these pages are published, the rounding year will have had its felicitous consummation. To both the popular prints have borne profuse and ungrudging testimony. Nor will the glories of the time vanish with the splendid pageant that celebrates them. Much good fruit will permanently

remain. In yearly revenues of philanthropy, no less than in monumental brass and carven stone, will many noble institutions hand on to future ages the memory and blessing of this great event. But the highest tribute and worthiest memorial of all must be reserved for some yet distant day of calm judicial retrospection, when posterity, in the guise of impartial history, shall sit in judgment on this England of the nineteenth century. What nobler verdict can be hoped for then, as the long roll of illustrious names is read out to prove it, than that our art, literature, science, commerce, and the chief forms of our public and domestic life, were largely governed, despite many drawbacks, by a spirit tending, through the union of monarch and people, to weld the various orders of society and the distant dependencies of the empire into the unity of a powerful kingdom, standing before the world as the symbol of truth, peace, honour, righteousness, humanity, patriotism, and, above all, of loyalty to the Saviour of all nations and Sovereign of all worlds.

ART. II.—A JACOBITE ARCH-TRAITOR.

Pickle the Spy; or, the Incognito of Prince Charlie. By ANDREW LANG. Second Edition. Longmans, Green & Co. 1897.

IT may savour of the commonplace to dwell much to-day on the curious long-enduring interest attaching to the two most conspicuously unfortunate members of the unfortunate House of Stuart, Mary Queen of Scots and the Young Pretender; yet we may be permitted to note how differently that interest has manifested itself in the two cases. The enigmatic character of Mary Stuart has furnished matter of impassioned debate to grave historical students, and her friends and foes alike have toiled not unsuccessfully to bring into fullest light the whole of her active career, from

the landing at Leith to the death at Fotheringay; every inch of that debatable ground continuing to be contested with astonishing vivacity. It has been otherwise with her ill-starred descendant. His personal merits have aroused comparatively little controversy; to-day the brilliant promise of his youth is no more open to cavil than the melancholy degeneracy of his forlorn old age, over which ungenerous enemies once exulted; and his career, rich in painful human interest as it is, has hitherto been imperfectly explored. The attention which lingered fondly on the story of the rash-heroic attempt of the Forty-five, and on the perilous wanderings following it, with all the details of cheerful endurance on the part of the hunted Adventurer, and loyal devotion on that of his adherents, was checked at the skirts of the cloudy mystery in which a very important subsequent period of the hero's life was involved—a self-induced mystery on his part, persevered in as much from predilection as from necessity; a mystery which long baffled the Courts and diplomatists of Europe, and was a standing puzzle to curious historical enquirers. The veil is removed at last; thanks to the happy industry of Mr. Andrew Lang, and to the agency of that strange personage whom he has tracked down and identified for us—a figure as sinister as singular—"the great, highborn, Highland chief who sold himself as a spy to the English Government," who betrayed his Prince and his countrymen, and whose letters remain to betray him in his turn to the contempt of posterity. We are enabled to study the character of "Prince Charlie" in its transition stage from the heroic to the abject, to note what fatal tendencies combined with unkind fortune to ruin it, and to estimate what dangers to the English commonweal were averted by the wholly selfish activity of the Spy, whose complex unlovely personality comes out in brilliant distinctness under the skilful handling of Mr. Lang. The bloom is brushed off the romance of princely chivalry and loyal devotion; but a miserable Tragedy of the darkest sort remains—"a strange melancholy tale of desperate loyalties, and of a treason almost unparalleled in its secrecy and

persistence." It is like, it is unlike, the intricate imposing tragedy of Mary Stuart; there is a sordid element in the later history that did not mingle in the older one.

The portraits of Charles Edward, four in number, which are reproduced for this volume, are enough to show us the radiant charm of his youthful years, and the gradual decay of that wonderful attractiveness under the canker of cynical distrust and of ruinous vices; nothing more bewitching than the frank, almost girlish, grace and gaiety of *the Prince* in 1734, nothing more unlikely to inspire affection than the sidelong suspicious look and wrathful sadness of *the King* in 1780. Yet there is something in the boyish face, with its pure outlines and open direct gaze out of clear dark eyes, that hints of "the little rift within the lute"—the love of pleasure, the unbalanced judgment, the excessive self-esteem —which one day would destroy all the harmonies of a nature originally finely-tuned. Yet more subtle are the unfavourable indications in that portrait of the Young Glengarry which forms the frontispiece of the volume, and under which stands the surprising legend, "Pickle the Spy." "Handsome, fair, athletic," stately and tall in his rich sombre Highland chieftain's garb, he confronts us with an air of assured superiority; something arrogant in look and bearing does not quite please, but could only suggest faithlessness to an observer thoroughly convinced that "the proud man often is the mean." Was it pride offended, or covetousness cheated, that turned this haughty gentleman into a traitor? The balance seems to hang evenly between the two motives.

Accepting as irresistible the proofs of the Spy's identity accumulated by Mr. Lang, we more than guess that this cold, self-centred spirit was never invaded by the passion of loyalty so strong in many a Highland breast, for "the gay, kind, brave, loyal, clement Prince Charlie," the generous, high-spirited, hardy knight-errant of the Forty-five, so efficiently defended in the pages before us from every imputation on his youthful courage. We are permitted to judge Alastair Ruadh Macdonnell, heir to Glengarry, out of

his own mouth; almost the first authentic utterance that we hear from him is one of resentful complaint. He and his family had suffered much through the Prince's enterprise; playing to win, they lost heavily; Alastair, very sensitive to his own loss and suffering, finds himself indifferently compensated for them.

This young Highland gentleman in the French service had been caught on the seas at the close of 1745, conveying to Scotland certain troops in the same service; what he terms "a tedious confinement" of twenty-two months in the Tower of London ensued. There he received advances from the Court of France which, says he, he spent in relieving his poor fellow prisoners. When, in 1747, he was released, the adventure he was to have aided had failed; his younger brother, who had fought under the Prince, was dead by chance-medley; his father was lying in Edinburgh Castle as a Jacobite sympathiser. "The family was in desperate straits." 1748 finds Alastair in Paris, protesting loyalty to his king at Rome, but complaining that he has not "mett with suitable encouragement." His grievances multiply fast. He covets a vacant colonelcy in a Scoto-French regiment; King James III. has already recommended another candidate, and declares himself much too poor to relieve the money wants of the disappointed petitioner, who however is indulged with the "exact duplicate copie" of his grandfather's warrant to be a Jacobite peer, which he had asked for. Empty honour instead of solid cash! A few months and his case is yet worse. The French War Office is detaining four years of his pay in repayment of those advances made to him in the Tower; his home supplies are checked, his father being a prisoner and his "lands entirely destroyed." Does not the House of Stuart owe him instant relief?

But, however proudly he might urge his claim, he cannot have "mett suitable encouragement," since the autumn of 1749 shows a glimpse of him "in great distress" in London. There went a story some years later that at this time he approached the English Government with offers to serve

them "in any shape thought proper," avowing himself convinced of the "folly" of devotion to "the ungrateful family of Stuart"; and already distrust may have fastened on the inveterate self-seeker and occasioned the neglect which he so keenly resented. At the close of the year he certainly journeyed to Scotland, in company with the loyal Lochgarry, his kinsman, and secured a share of the fatal hoard of French gold, buried after Culloden at Loch Arkaig and guarded for the Prince by Cluny Macpherson. It was darkly hinted that Glengarry had to "counterfeit His Majesty's signature" before he could obtain any part of the treasure—could he mean honestly? It does not appear that he had any aim but to supply his own wants. But men more faithful than he managed to get their shares of the hoard, it might be with better intent; then began "contending charges of disloyalty, forgery, and theft among certain of the Highland chiefs;" Glengarry himself denouncing Archibald Cameron for "taking 6,000 louis d'ors" of the money. The accusation may have been merely a defensive measure, to shift suspicion from the accuser, yet, since through Cameron he had lost his coveted colonelcy, and since Cameron afterwards perished through his agency, the matter has an ugly look. Mutual distrust and disunion, already existing in the Jacobite camp, were greatly aggravated by these plunderings and slanderings.

The future Spy was already far down the descent leading to treason, if not actually plunged in that mire. One may discern the motives that determined his long career of treachery. Not the *auri sacra fames* alone had power on him; the overweening opinion he betrays of his own importance, merit, and sufferings, the proportionate resentment he felt at being very poorly recompensed, combined with great actual necessity, would inspire the vindictive intention to punish the "ungrateful" Stuarts for their lack of appreciation. He could make the ability and influence they had slighted formidable and fatal to them; their most trusted agents should toil in vain for them while *he* was counterworking them; the fortune impaired in their cause should

be re-edified by the hands of their enemies; and all could, nay, must be done under such a show of devout zeal for their cause as should befool them thoroughly. Very much of this programme was triumphantly carried out. Glengarry failed indeed to secure the substantial money rewards for which he conditioned; but he had his secret imaginative joy in his successful counterplotting of Stuart plots, for which his position as son and heir of the chief of the greatest Jacobite clan gave him unexampled facilities. "No rising in the Highlands could take place without him," so the Spy asserts; and he exulted in his knowledge of Jacobite schemes and his power of controlling them. Not without reason does Mr. Lang speak of the "deliberate and rejoicing devilry" of this "cool, good-humoured, smiling, unscrupulous villain . . . happily unconscious of his own unspeakable infamy," who, *de par le marché*, was an extortionate landlord and tainted with personal profligacy, while he was "a picturesque hypocrite in religion," and curiously "sensitive on the point of honour."

But for all Glengarry's ability, power and vindictiveness, his treason could not have flourished as it did but for those defects of character and those cruel circumstances which worked together for the moral and physical ruin of Charles Edward Stuart, and involved him for years in dark and dubious courses.

Difficulties with which he was ill-fitted to cope, temptations which he did not resist, awaited the Prince when, in 1746, he returned to France from Scotland, "his head full of indigested romance, his heart rich in chimerical expectations," which he tried to realise, with growing irritation at his failures, during two years of baffled intrigues. While he was vainly seeking help from France and Spain, while he was "the centre of fashion and disaffection at Paris," while he was adored and besieged by fair ladies, his sore and angry spirit found consolation in easy but not innocent love-affairs, and in the fatal habit of drinking, to which he had been early inclined, and which had grown on him in his Scottish wanderings.

There were no strong religious convictions to restrain him; a mixed Catholic and Protestant education had left him sceptical, and he chose to affect an indifference in matters of faith displeasing to his devout father, who saw in it only cold policy; while Charles, on his side, resented the conduct of his brother, the Duke of York, in accepting the "fatal Cardinal's hat," and thus stamping the brand of Rome indelibly on the Stuart cause. "A deep, well-grounded mistrust of the people employed by his father," an aversion to James's "spy-ridden" Court at Rome, had also induced the *Young* Pretender to conceal his plans and movements from the *Old* Pretender; the advisers of each were distrusted by the other; the "split in the Jacobite camp" daily grew wider and deeper; and the alienation between father and son had its own pernicious effect on the wilful and self-opinionated young man. At a later date it laid him open to the machinations of the Spy, whose treachery was known to the Jacobite Court in Rome, while the Prince, in blindest confidence, was dining with the traitor, discoursing to him of his schemes and presenting him with a gold snuff-box. No breath of suspicion could blow from Rome to disturb the royal dupe's trust in Glengarry; by his obstinate secrecy and his more than carelessness of his father's wishes Charles Edward had "cut the communications" long before.

There are not wanting palliations of the Prince's perverse-seeming conduct. How intolerable his position became when, in 1748, an Article of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, closed to him every secular State in Europe; how energetically and vainly he protested against Louis XV.'s acceptance of that cruel Article, in violation of the most solemn previous engagements; with what fruitless daring he defied the royal request for his withdrawal; how, while all Paris admired his dauntless bravado, he was unworthily arrested, imprisoned, and expelled; and how he vanished from the Papal city of Avignon and walked thereafter invisible for a long tract of time, has been told by every chronicler of his unhappy story. Perhaps sufficient stress has not been laid on the fact that he was as resolute against

being driven into the arms of Rome as the English Government was desirous of compelling him to seek that refuge, already embraced by his father; the Prince discerning that identification with the cause of Popery must be hurtful to his interests. Interest only, not conviction, moved him; but here is one powerful motive for the "hidden and wandering life" he embraced when only the Papal dominions lay open to him, and for his alienation from a devotee father and priestly brother. Another incentive must be sought in the universal but not groundless suspicion that was invading and embittering his soul. There is ample proof in the diplomatic correspondence of English agents abroad that he had good warrant for the belief that there were plots against him as well as for him, and that something more than espionage would wait on his movements if they could be followed. Lord Hyndford, at Moscow, suspecting the wanderer to be in Poland, suggests how, by help of Russia, he may be caught and sent in endless exile to Siberia; Hanbury Williams, at Dresden, somewhat better informed, has scheme upon scheme for waylaying him either in Austrian or Polish territory; so zealously do they and others glean up the most extraordinary reports of the unhappy Prince's whereabouts and doings, that it would seem as if only the extreme secretivenesss which he practised could have cheated them. But the "fugitive and hidden life" had a queer charm of its own for Charles. Expert already in travesty and evasion, he seems to have derived a boyish satisfaction from his success in mystifying Europe and eluding his enemies; "he relished secrecy, pass-words, disguises, the 'properties' of the conspirator;" if we believe Pickle, he had all an actor's skill in making-up, and could mingle quite undetected in companies of travelling English; his curious little notes to many confidants show a complacent lingering on small contrivances to cheat hostile vigilance. Hunted like a fox, he could extract a certain pleasure from the shifts and turns which baffled his pursuers.

In all this there is double cause for pity. There was a corroding element of deception in the perpetual masquerade,

there was degradation in the continual skulking, the incessant anxious care for his personal safety, while the poison of hope deferred and confidence cheated was eating the heart out of him. Very melancholy is the catalogue of that wild succession of schemes of advancement, air-blown brilliant bubbles, which broke under his touch; plans of marriage with the Czarina, with a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, with a Polish lady, with a sister of Frederick the Great; dreams of help from Sweden, from Prussia; projects ever renewed for new Jacobite risings in England or Scotland; all as futile as that strange visit to London secretly made in 1750, when the Prince, whose motives for startling his adherents there by his unlooked-for appearance are not of the clearest, "did little but espouse the Anglican religion," a step easy enough to him, though certain to be disapproved by his father. It had not the propitious influence on his fortunes which the convert doubtless hoped for.

What was the refuge always open to the hunted Prince during those mysterious strayings of his, following on his disappearance from Avignon? what the hiding-place whence he escaped for his fantastic London expedition, having lain there unsuspected while he was vainly sought up and down Europe? The answer to this question, at last supplied by aid of the Stuart papers at Windsor and some French *mémoires* and letters, points to one efficient cause of the Prince's deterioration—his stormy, lawless relations with the Princesse de Talmond, a Parisian *grande dame* much older than himself, akin to him by the mother's side, who became "the unworthy Flora Macdonald of his later wanderings," and who, governing him with "fury and folly," even while she protected him, gave him his first lessons in ingratitude.

False wife and fickle friend, capricious, imperious, clever, and sceptical, the Princess can only be reckoned an evil influence.

She sheltered the Prince in Lorraine, which she often visited, and where the exiled Polish king Stanislas, their kinsman, held his little court at Lunéville; Charles can be discerned domiciled there, with Mittie, the King's surgeon;

but a more impenetrable retreat was his in the fashionable Parisian convent of St. Joseph, where the princess and two other distinguished friends of Charles, Madame de Vassé and Mademoiselle Ferrand, occupied apartments. It is a humiliating picture of Prince Charlie, which shows him shut up all day in "a little garderobe of Madame de Vassé's," and lurking in the evening "behind an alcove in the rooms of Mademoiselle Ferrand." What though, while "thus unseen and unknown, he enjoyed every day the conversation of the most distinguished society and heard much good and evil spoken of himself"? Such stolen fruit is tainted with poison, only less virulent than that which infects unhallowed attachments. His false, unnatural position, had its proper effect on the luckless Prince; he is soon seen distrusting, irritating, vilifying the violent-tempered woman who held his life in her hands. She did not betray him; but yet to her belongs the credit of having helped him some way on his downward path. There are pleasanter figures than hers in that coterie, very intellectual and "philosophical," gathered in the convent of St. Joseph; notably the "Mademoiselle Luci" (or Ferrand), who discharged many confidential commissions, literary and other, for the invisible Prince, and whose regard for him seems of the simplest, kindliest sort, just tinged with romance: but neither on her slight story, nor on that of the Prince's relations with Montesquieu and his friend, Madame d'Aiguillon, can we afford to linger.

A more disastrous stage of the melancholy story opens when the Parisian convent ceased to shelter the restless exile, and when one of those "false loves that turn to hate" had burned out in smoke and snuff, giving place to another destined to end in yet more offensive fashion, and while it lasted, to give such profound disquietude to Charles's best friends as greatly hastened the ruin of his cause. But to the unhappy person most concerned a new era of hope seemed dawning when, in 1751, it pleased Frederick the Great to send the Earl Marischal, a Jacobite exile in Prussia, as his Ambassador to the Court of Versailles. It was an insult

to England that looked very promising: the earl's house became a centre of Jacobite intrigues; and plots were framed offering great promise of success. But at this very juncture the shadow of Pickle, the Spy, falls black across Charles's path; and the intervention of that accomplished traitor makes void the best concerted schemes. For the most unlimited confidence was now reposed in him, as his minute and full disclosures to his English employers show; no doubt being entertained of his loyal assistance in that remarkable combination known as the "Elibank plot," when it was first framed. We may catch the very words in which the Earl Marischal, a "candid friend" though not strictly an accomplice, criticised the scheme and its contrivers; we surprise Charles Edward himself in discourse with the Spy at an inn, eloquent on his high hopes and on the certainty that they will be crowned with success; once and again betrayer and betrayed are visible conferring about reports and memorials bearing on schemes for risings in Scotland and England.

It is a piteons spectacle to see Charles, who quarrelled with his most devoted adherents, seeking out this one traitorous egotist who was proof against all his fascination, pressing confidences on him, and letting him into the secret of his ramblings "about Flanders and on the borders of France." Pickle could indicate to the English Government the refuge with "friends in Lorraine," which had escaped so many watchful enemies; he could send off to Henry Pelham, Secretary of State and brother to the Duke of Newcastle, all the most essential particulars of a detailed report, prepared by the loyal Lochgarry, on the state of the Highlands, the best way of promoting a rising there, and the number of clans ready to join it,—the traitor, who knew himself credited with the power and inclination to raise about 5,000 men for the cause he was betraying, seems almost to chuckle over the satisfaction that the Prince evidenced with this report, and over his concurrent apprehensions of being dogged by a Jewish spy.

The "Elibank plot," thus foredoomed in its birth, was

first devised by Alexander Murray, brother of the "douce, learned" Jacobite Lord Elibank. There was in it something of fantastic daring suitable to its hot-headed projector; yet it was deemed feasible by far cooler persons. The original plan was for surprising St. James's Palace and seizing the King and Royal Family by an armed night-onset of Highlanders, officered by young daring gentlemen in the French service, Glengarry (who betrayed the scheme), aiding as was expected. This wild project was soon blended with "intrigues for Prussian and Swedish aid, and finally with a plan for a simultaneous rising in the Highlands"; the underhand encouragement which Frederick of Prussia gave to it, for his own politic reasons, made it seem feasible, as nothing else could have done; and the Prince could apprise Pickle of delusive promises made to him personally by Frederick, who, in the not impossible event of a rupture between Prussia and England, would help him to "six thousand Swedes" who should embark from Göthenburg.

Frederick was not unwilling to make things unpleasant for his good uncle of England; his interest in Charles went no further. Between cold friend and false friend the scheme became hopeless. The caution of its English promoters, who would not commit their communications with the Prince to writing, proved vain; the first and last result of much eager sanguine activity was a new disaster to the Stuart cause, a new source of demoralising suspicion to the unhappy Prince. One of the truest and most unselfish of his Scottish partisans was seized while in Scotland on business connected with the hoped-for rising, carried to London, and there executed on his old attainder for being "out in the Forty-five"; the Government choosing this cruel-seeming course, lest they should betray their secret source of information as to the recent conspiracy, for which he really suffered. This latest martyr to the Stuart cause seems to have perished through a double treason, if his dying words, denouncing "Samuel Cameron" as "basest of spies" are rightly interpreted; that man was suspected by

more than Archy Cameron, who could not know how carefully his Scottish mission had been described to the English Government by Glengarry months before his capture was effected.

No greater contrast could be found to the heartless hypocrite of loyalty, Alastair Macdonnell, than is presented by this Doctor Archibald Cameron, cultured and humane, sweet of manners as of nature, who, with his famous brother Lochiel, had striven to civilize their clan, and who, not easily won to join the standard of Prince Charlie, had —to use his own words—become so "captivated with his amiable and princely virtues," that neither the immediate prospect of a frightful death, nor flattering promises of safety and reward, could win him to a discovery of his Prince's purposes. The only clemency shown him was the remission of the specially hideous tortures of a death for treason; his wife, who had vainly besieged George II. and the Royal Family with petitions for mercy, being shut up with her husband to bar any more such attempts. Cameron, who had counted the cost, paid the forfeit of failure with intrepidity; he died "like a brave man, a Christian and a gentleman," his chief concern seemingly to testify in dying to the high qualities of the Prince in whose cause he perished. Enviable such a death, compared with the death-in-life of the traitor who had ensnared him to it, and of the master whom all this loyalty could not save from self-destruction.

Charles was made "very uneasy" by the capture of Cameron; he and his friends scented treachery; it was clear he was tracked; but by whom? The plot went smouldering on; a young, wealthy, adventurous and scholarly English gentleman, James Dawkins, is seen approaching Frederick of Prussia; Henry Goring, another loyal enthusiastic servitor, comes and goes; still the enterprise hangs fire; the Prince's heart is sick and sore with hope deferred; other spies, less able or less well-informed than Pickle, are hovering about him like a cloud of gnats.

Meanwhile, his conduct is increasingly irritating to his

adherents. He resents bitterly what he deems their insolence in desiring the removal from his neighbourhood of Clementina Walkinshaw, unhappy successor of Madame de Talmond in the Prince's fatal favour ; they regard her with a distrust that may have been undeserved but could not be called groundless. She has a sister in the service of the Princess Dowager of Wales; her very presence is an element of peril, for the Prince is too easily traced when encumbered by her and her little daughter ; his freedom, perhaps his life, is thus imperilled ; and risk to him involves risk to the loyal correspondents whose letters are in his keeping. They have every way a right to require the dissolution of a dangerous connection, and to deem it a proof of ominous judicial blindness when the Prince, already displeased with the lady and ready to discard her as a "Papist" who behaved unworthily, insists on retaining her because his followers wish her removal. How little of any feeling but angry pride mixed in that resolve was evident some years later, when the person in dispute escaped from him, carrying off her child, to Paris, and obtained protection from the Cardinal Duke of York and the French king; she, like more noble friends, had at last found the Prince "impossible." His degeneration had progressed with frightful rapidity.

There were other grave causes of dissatisfaction. The stages can be traced by which he passed from open-handed generosity to cruel avarice. There was a middle period when, though some adherents accused him of niggardliness, the reproach was not quite just. His money supplies were irregular, his necessary expenses great; arms and stores for those vainly projected expeditions were bought; many retainers were maintained ; there were constant journeyings involving constant outlay; and still, though he might feel the grip of want, he professed himself, not untruly, ready to share his last loaf with a loyal servant. But this lingering virtue did not withstand the effects of his unwholesome habits, the constant irritation of defeated hopes, the angry suspicions he entertained of faltering loyalty in his followers. He became high and imperious in his demands for

money, grudging in the dispensing of it. Henry Goring, one of his noblest and worst rewarded adherents, could scarce adduce a single instance of his having relieved a faithful suffering subject "with compassion and tenderness"; and reproached him with cruel, impolitic ingratitude towards trusty servants who knew his secrets, and whom he proposed to turn adrift as a measure of economy, on pretence of their being Papists, reckless of the peril, to others as well as himself, involved in such a proceeding. And still the scene darkens. Goring, who has been left unassisted in Paris, in imminent danger of the Bastille, finally renounces the Prince's service, and betakes himself to Berlin to die under Prussian protection ; the Earl Marischal bids Charles a stern farewell ; Dawkins, once so zealous for the Stuart cause, describes the Prince as given up to "an irregular debauched life, even to excess," leaving him, "in some degree devoid of reason," "obstinate," "ungrateful," "unforgiving and revengeful for the very smallest offences." Still some honourable men were true to a Prince no longer true to himself, who saw presumption and malice in their most serious and tender remonstrances ; but one by one he drove from him the most constant and affectionate, resenting even their efforts to screen his fallen greatness from public derision.

There was a "last faint chance" for him in 1759, when France, planning an invasion of England, hoped to ensure its success by means of the Prince and his party ; there was a last dim flash of patriot pride in Charles's obstinate refusal to lend himself to a policy that might break up and enfeeble the realm he claimed for his own ; he wanted no separate throne at Holyrood or Dublin ; he would be landed in England or nowhere. "All or nothing," was his ultimatum to the French Ministry ; once more his faltering partisans approved him. Vain resolution, idle hopes ! Every dream of a new successful Jacobite rising vanished when Admiral Hawke routed, in the Bay of Quiberon, the fleet of Conflans, designed to effect a landing in England. True, the French Ministry amused Charles awhile with flattering assurances

of good-will; but they had too much to say of "difficulties" in the way of their project of invasion, and he had resumed his old attitude of sullen anger with France before the Peace came to make void every chance of French help to the Stuart cause. One more once-friendly power was to fail him. His father dying, in 1766, at Rome, Charles betook himself to that city, so long and sedulously shunned; he had some years before returned to the Roman Catholic Church, but the Pope lacked courage to concede to him the empty title of king which he now claimed. Thereafter the gloom of his downward course is never broken by those fine gleams of honour and chivalry which lit its earlier stages; he, once tender of the lives of inveterate enemies, became cruel to his best friends. Piteous it is to see what noble possibilities were made naught in him for lack of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," genuine faith, and high unselfish resolution.

How fared it meanwhile with the Spy who had helped to ruin him? It stirs some malicious satisfaction to see that Glengarry's patient, persevering treachery was more profitable to England than to himself. "But for him there might have been another Highland rising, with fire and bloodshed; but for him the Royal Family might have perished in a nocturnal brawl." He served the land he did not love much better than he was able to serve Alastair Macdonnell, the object of his tenderest anxiety. After 1754, when, by his father's death, he came into his little Highland kingdom, he was obviously less useful as a spy; no longer near the Prince, he could only supply second-hand information, and bitter are his complaints of neglect, pertinacious his proffers of loyal service worthy of the highest recompense—which he did not receive. The sponge, squeezed almost dry, was to be tossed scornfully aside. He could not understand it; his arrogant sense of his own value grew ever higher until death surprised him in the midst of his plottings in 1761, just after the bubble of the projected French invasion burst. Was that death at all hastened by the sharp illness which had seized him when he was most gleefully successful in his

treasons? But it scarcely needs such an irony of fortune to point the moral of a consistently and infamously selfish career which failed of its immediate ends, and which at this late hour is exposed in its blackness—an exposure which, above any other punishment, would have been cruelly felt by that "scoundrel, sensitive on the point of honour," Alastair Ruadh Macdonnell, "Pickle the Spy."

ART. III.—ARCTIC SIBERIA AND ITS WONDERS.

1. *From North Pole to Equator.* By ALFRED EDMUND BREHM. London. 1896.
2. *Journals of the Royal Geographical Society.* May 1894 and September 1887.
3. *Tent Life in Siberia.* By GEORGE KENNAN. New Edition. London. 1893.
4. *Ice-Pack and Tundra.* By WILLIAM H. GILDER. London. 1883.

NORTHERN SIBERIA has recently been the scene of most valuable and interesting explorations. Nordenskiold has coasted its Arctic shores; Nansen has lately crossed its Polar waters; and Captain Wiggins has navigated the Kara Sea, and has opened up a channel for commerce by ascending the Yenesei. Nor have the remote inland regions been neglected. Schmidt, Maydell, and Chersky, have traversed the barren Tundras in search of Mammoths' remains, and have shown themselves worthy rivals of Middendorf, who, sometime ago, explored the icy wastes of the Taimyr Peninsula. Seebohm has visited the lower Yenesei, and has graphically described the breaking up of

the ice on that river in summer.* Telegraphs cross the country, steamers navigate its rivers, and the railway will soon join the Urals with the Pacific.

The Siberian Forest—which covers the central region of the country—stretches, without a break, from Eastern Russia to the sea of Okhotsk. Its southern limit is near the 58th and 59th parallel of north latitude, and it extends northwards far beyond the Arctic Circle. Nordenskiold found that, on the lower Yenesei, woods began, a little to the north of Dudino (69° 50′), and a few leagues south of that town, the pine forest was magnificent. In the Taimyr Peninsula, Middendorf found that the forests reached to 72° 20′; but at this point the trees were stunted and feeble. East of the Lena, the woods approach so near to the shore that the Tundra between them and the coast is often less than a hundred miles wide, while in the valleys of the Yana, Aniui, and Kolyma, larch trees are found not very far from the Arctic Ocean.†

Between the northern limit of woods, and the Polar Sea, extend those dreary wastes known as the Tundras, which may be divided into the Mossy Tundras and the Stony Tundras. The former consist of vast plains, covered to a depth of several feet, with a dense growth of soft, spongy Arctic moss, saturated with water, so that all through the summer they are nearly impassable, being little more than soft quaking morasses. Hillocks rise here and there, covered with bright berries and flowers, but all is silent and forsaken, so that these lonely moss-covered expanses have been called "types of everlasting rest." The Stony Tundras present a different appearance. They are plains of gravel and sand, which bear a few mosses and lichens, on which the wild reindeer feed; but these plains become more and more

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* See his most interesting book entitled *Siberia in Asia*. Another work by the same author, called *Siberia in Europe*, describes the desolate regions along the banks of the lower Petchora.

† On the lower Kolyma Wrangell and Matiuschkin found that the northern limit of trees was 68° 54′. Kosmin, on the Tundra of the Indigirka, found no trees beyond 68° 40′.

barren as the Arctic Ocean is approached, until, at last, vegetation entirely disappears from their desolate surfaces. Nordenskiold found that the Tundra on the east of the Yenesei formed nearly a level plain, sloping towards the river, the banks of which were from 50 to 100 feet high, and no considerable elevations broke the monotonous level of the great expanse.* Over these plains wild reindeer wander, and every summer they migrate to and from the shores of the Polar Sea. Wrangell witnessed these myriads of reindeer on the march, and thus describes the extraordinary spectacle:

"I had hardly finished the observation, when my whole attention was called to a highly interesting, and to me a perfectly novel, spectacle. Two large migrating bodies of reindeer passed us at no great distance. They were descending the hills from the north-west, and crossing the plain on their way to the forests, where they spend the winter. Both bodies of deer extended further than the eye could reach, and formed a compact mass, narrowing towards the front. They moved slowly and majestically along, their broad antlers resembling a moving wood of leafless trees. Each body was led by a deer of unusual size, which my guides assured me was always a female. One of the herds was stealthily followed by a wolf, who was apparently watching for an opportunity of seizing any one of the younger and weaker deer which might fall behind the rest, but on seeing us he made off in another direction. The other column was followed at some distance by a large black bear, who, however, appeared only intent on digging out a mouse's nest, every now and then, so much so that he took no notice of us. . . . We remained for two hours whilst the herds of deer were passing by, and then resumed our march."†

It is in the soil of these Tundras that the tusks and bones of Mammoths and rhinoceroses are found, in such vast quantities that the whole of Northern Siberia may be described as a graveyard full of animal remains. The plains bordering the lower courses of the Yana, the Indigirka, and the Kolyma, seem to be the regions most prolific in these bones; but this is doubtful, for Schmidt states that the land of the Yuraks—which lies between the lower courses of the

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* *Voyage of the Vega*, vol. i., p. 377.
† *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, pp. 282, 283.

Obi and the Yenesei—is a perfect mine of Mammoths' remains.

In the Arctic Ocean, to the north of Siberia, lie the famous Mammoth Islands, which consist of three groups. First come the Bear Islands, which are six in number, and lie opposite the mouth of Kolyma, and have been well described by Wrangell.* They are mere wastes of sand and gravel, with granite hills here and there; bears, foxes and wolves are the only animals, and the earthy soil of one of these islands is full of Mammoths' bones.

Fifty miles north from the mouth of the Yana lies the second group, which has been called—from its discoverer—the Liakoff Islands. The largest of these islands is so full of the tusks, teeth, and bones of Mammoths, rhinoceroses and musk-oxen, that enormous quantities of fossil ivory have been carried away from it since its discovery in 1770. The other islands of the group are called Maloi and Belkova, in the former of which elephants' bones have been discovered. The New Siberian Islands form the third and largest group of the Mammoth Islands, and lie much farther out in the Arctic Ocean, being nearly two hundred miles north of the mouth of the Lena. They consist of three large islands, named Kotelnoi, Fadeyeffskoi, and New Siberia, which are all alike mere icy wildernesses, with no vegetation save lichens and mosses, with a few flowers, while their shores are surrounded, even in the summer, by masses of ice. And yet, such is the vast quantity of the bones of Mammoths, rhinoceroses, horses and musk-oxen that they contain, that these desolate islands are literally *packed full* of the remains of these animals! Some distance to the east of New Siberia lies Bennett Island, which was discovered by Captain De Long and his companions, after the sinking of the *Jeannette*.† It is mountainous, rising to a height of 2,500 feet above the sea, and it sends down, from

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* *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, pp. 151—155.

† See Gilder's *Ice Pack and Tundra*, also *The Voyage of the Jeannette*, edited by Emma De Long. Henrietta Island and Jeannette Island were also discovered by De Long.

the snow-fields, glaciers to the water's edge, while the cliffs, which rise above the beach, afford homes to myriads of screaming sea-birds. According to Professor Prestwich, Mammoths' remains have been found in Bennett Island.*

It was to explore the New Siberian and Liakoff Islands that Baron Toll and Professor Bunge set forth in 1886, starting from Svaitoi Noss, a headland running into the Arctic Ocean, a little to the east of the mouth of the Yana.

Nothing can exceed the desolation of the shores of the Arctic Ocean in this region. The coast is generally low and flat, and the cliffs of earth rise only a few feet above the beach. Icebergs lie stranded on the shore, or float on the water, and sheets of fixed ice run out for some distance into the sea. Even in summer, at many points, there is not the least vegetation, and inland the eye roams over a flat dreary waste. In the earth-cliffs by the beach, petrified forests often occur, with the trees standing upright. In these cliffs of frozen earth, Mammoths' bones are found in great abundance, and when, after an exceptional thaw, the earth falls away from the face of the cliffs, the remains of these huge elephants fall on the beach, so that their tusks and teeth may be seen whitening the shore for long distances.†

In 1886, Baron Toll and Professor Bunge started to explore the Mammoth Islands, their point of departure from the mainland being Cape Svaitoi Noss. Dr. Bunge went to the largest of the Liakoff Islands, the sands and gravels of which have yielded enormous stores of fossil ivory for more than a century. This island contains some lofty mountains, and the icy cliffs of a lake in its interior are full of the tusks of elephants and the horns of rhinoceroses. So extraordinary is the amount of the remains of Mammoths on this island that Sannikoff, who visited it in 1809, declared that the whole soil of the island seemed to be composed of the bones of elephants! Dr. Bunge found that, with the

* *Geology*, vol. ii., p. 460. See also a description of Bennett Island in *The Voyage of the Jeannette*, edited by Emma De Long, vol. ii., p. 744. Deposits of coal occur in the island.

† Wrangell, p. 216.

exception of some lofty granite mountains, the soil of the island was entirely composed of sand and gravel, and he discovered in these alluvial beds not only the remains of Mammoths, rhinoceroses and musk-oxen, but also those of buffaloes, deer and horses.

While Professor Bunge was exploring Liakoff's Island, Baron Toll went northwards to Kotelnoi, which is the largest and most western of the New Siberian Islands. Kotelnoi was discovered and explored by Liakoff and Protodiakonoff in 1773 and 1775. They found its shores blocked by icebergs, amidst which whales were spouting and dolphins gambolling. The island was a wilderness of stony mountains and barren plains. It contained large rivers full of fish, and these rivers brought down drift-wood, showing that fossil forests existed in the interior of the island. Kotelnoi, on being explored, was found to be full of animal remains, the plains and hills in the interior being covered with such vast accumulations of the bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, and buffaloes, that these animals must once have lived in the island in countless numbers.*

Baron Toll made a complete circuit of Kotelnoi in forty days, and found that its northern portions consisted of Devonian, and its southern of Trias, rocks. The weather was most severe. Although it was the middle of summer, snow fell nearly every day, and in most of the valleys the snow lay unmelted, while all round the shore lay sheets and masses of ice. From the northern point of Kotelnoi, Baron Toll obtained a sight of the far-distant island of Sannikoff Land, which lies one hundred miles to the north-west, and has never yet been visited by Europeans. After visiting Fadeyeffskoi, Baron Toll explored the great neighbouring island of New Siberia, which lies directly to the eastward. In New Siberia the quantity of fossil ivory is greater than on any island, or on any portion of the mainland of Siberia,

* The survivors from the *Jeannette* landed on Kotelnoi, and found the tusks of elephants on the shores and in the cliffs. See *The Voyage of the Jeannette*, by Emma De Long, vol. ii., p. 740.

and the amount of Mammoths' remains taken from this remarkable island is perfectly astounding. The whole soil is packed full of elephants' tusks and of rhinoceroses' horns. New Siberia is, in fact, an immense ivory quarry, from which enormous stores of fossil ivory are taken every year, and sent to Europe and to China. It is remarkable that the Mammoths' tusks on the islands are much fresher than those from the mainland. They are also smaller, for whilst tusks on the mainland are constantly found which weigh 430 lbs., the average weight of the tusks on the islands is only 120 lbs. Another strange phenomenon in New Siberia is the petrified forests, or "Wood Hills," as they are called by the ivory traders. New Siberia was discovered by Sirovatskoi in 1806, and, three years afterwards, Hedenström visited the island. He described the Wood Hills as being 200 feet high, and declared that they were visible at a distance of eighty miles. They were formed of layers of sandstone and bituminous trunks of trees, and on the tops of the hills many trees were standing upright. Lieutenant Anjou, who surveyed the island in 1822-23, says that these hills extended for three miles along the shore. In the sloping hillside, trunks of trees occurred piled irregularly; the wood was black, and did not burn with a flame, but only emitted a glow.* Erman gives a good account of the Wood Hills, which he received from the ivory traders at Yakutsk in 1828. He says that the hills are from 200 to 300 feet in height, and that, while in their lower layers the trunks of the trees lie horizontally, they are, in the upper portions of the hills, piled up in all ways, and in inextricable disorder. He concludes that the trees were washed upon New Siberia by a flood, which must have submerged all the lowlands of Northern Siberia.† Baron Toll describes these Wood Hills of New Siberia as containing vegetation of a late Tertiary age, and exactly corresponding with similar portions of the fossil flora of Greenland and Spitzbergen, so ably described

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* Wrangell's *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, p. 486.
† *Travels in Siberia*, vol. ii., pp. 379, 380.

by Professor Heer. Probably *two* deposits of trees, of different age, are mingled in this remarkable place. Similar fossil forests occur on Kotelnoi.

In 1889, the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences received information that a Mammoth had been found under the 73rd degree of latitude, on the Balakhna River, which flows into the Khatanga Bay. The region had been scientifically described by Middendorf half a century ago. This able explorer left Turukhansk on the Yenesei in 1843, and, having entered the basin of the Khatanga, established a camp on the Boginda, one of its tributaries. Thence, amidst great hardships, he descended the Taimyr to the Arctic Ocean, which he reached on the 12th of August. He met with tempestuous weather whilst crossing Lake Taimyr, and below the lake the river ran through high mountains and beneath towering precipices. On August 10th, in latitude 75° and only thirty-five miles from the Polar Sea, Middendorf found the body of a Mammoth on the banks of the Taimyr. The carcase belonged to a young animal, and its flesh was partly decayed. Elephants' remains have been found still further north, for Laptieff and his party, in 1739, whilst erecting a signal station at Cape St. Faddei in latitude 76° 47′, found a fine Mammoth's tusk. This is the most northern point of the Siberian mainland at which Mammoths' remains have been discovered. After intense suffering and much peril from the icebergs on Lake Taimyr, Middendorf regained the Boginda.

On receiving the news of the finding of the Mammoth, in 1889, M. Chersky was despatched to investigate the matter, and to collect the bones of Quaternary mammals in the neighbourhood of the rivers Yana, Indigirka and Kolyma. The region drained by these three rivers is more productive of Mammoth remains than any other portion of Northern Siberia. It is completely shut off from Central Siberia by the lofty range of the Verkoyansk Mountains, and the upper valleys of the rivers are separated by lower ridges of hills. Further to the north the hills sink into the plain, and vast barren Tundras extend to the Arctic Ocean. The basin of

these three rivers is the coldest portion of the earth's surface. The Yana, the most western of the three rivers, freezes in the first week in September and does not thaw until the middle of May. At Verkoyansk, on the Yana, in latitude 67° 34′ and longitude 133° 51′, the temperature sinks to −90° Fahr., and the average temperature of January, the coldest month in the year, is −63° Fahr. Nevertheless, all along the lower course of the Yana, and near its mouth, Mammoths' remains are constantly discovered, and, in 1877, the perfect carcase of a rhinoceros was found on the banks of a tributary of the Yana, 150 miles north of Verkoyansk.*

In 1810 Hedenström crossed the plains between the Indigirka and the Yana, and passed the Chostach Lake, which is near the Arctic Ocean. This lake every autumn throws up fragments of bituminous wood in such quantities that its shores are covered with this fossil timber to a depth of nearly three feet. On the same desolate plains, Hedenström met with large dead trees, standing upright, with bark, branches and roots perfect. These ghosts of trees seemed well preserved, but they were quite dead, and when lighted, they merely glowed but did not burn with a flame.† Erman says, that in the plains near the Yana, the fossil trunks of trees thrown up by the waters of the lakes are so numerous that the Yukaghirs use no other fuel. The remains of these fossil trees also (like those of the Mammoth) increase in numbers as the Polar Sea is approached, so that, while they are found but rarely at Yakutsk, they are much more abundant farther north, and are met with in extraordinary numbers on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.‡ The Chostach Lake, near which Hedenström found the fossil forests, is three degrees to the north of the limit of living trees at present in Northern Siberia.

* This rhinoceros was of a different type from those generally found in Siberia, and is known as *Rhinoceros Merkii*. All the other remains of rhinoceroses in Siberia belong to the woolly rhinoceros, or *Rhinoceros Tichorhinus*.

† Wrangell, pp. 491, 492.

‡ *Travels in Siberia*, vol. ii., p. 379.

M. Chersky unfortunately died before he could visit the spot where the Mammoth was found, and in January, 1893, Baron Toll and Lieutenant Shileiko were sent to verify the discovery. On reaching Irkutsk they learnt that the body had been found near the Arctic Ocean, not far from the mouth of the Yana; thither therefore they directed their steps. After a long journey they reached the Polar Sea and arrived at the place where the Mammoth's carcase was discovered, 170 miles north-east of the settlement of Ustyansk, which stands near the mouth of the Yana. The only remains of the Mammoth found by Baron Toll were bits of skin covered with wool, parts of the feet, and the lower jaw. The tusks and skull were gone, carried away by the wolves and ivory hunters, but the body must have been perfect when it was first discovered.

Fifty miles west of Cape Svaitoi Noss lies the island of Maloi, discovered by Liakoff in 1770, who crossed the ice to it in a sledge drawn by dogs. On revisiting Maloi, in 1775, he found in it cliffs of solid ice, and on the top of these cliffs a thin layer of moss was growing, in which were many flowers in full bloom![*] Baron Toll and his companion crossed over to Maloi and thoroughly investigated these ice-cliffs. Toll calls the ice-cliffs "fossil glaciers," and gives many photographs of them in the account of his expedition. Beneath the cliffs of ice he found a fresh-water deposit full of elephants' bones, and containing also trunks of coniferous trees, 15 feet in length, which still retained their cones. These fossil trees are also found on the island of Kotelnoi, and they resemble those found in the Wood Hills of New Siberia, and prove that when the Mammoth and rhinoceros lived in Northern Siberia the climate was much milder than now, and that forests grew as far north as 75° N. latitude. Cliffs of pure ice often occur on the coast of Northern Siberia in many places, and when Adams, in 1806, was collecting the remains of a

[*] An interesting account of Liakoff's voyage to these islands may be found in the account of *A Voyage to the Northern Portions of the Russian Empire by Captain Billings*, by Martin Sauer, pp. 103—106.

Mammoth at the mouth of the Lena, he observed that the shore was bordered by cliffs of ice, the cracks and chasms of which were full of the tusks of elephants.*

Having again visited Kotelnoi and examined its ice-cliffs or "fossil glaciers," Baron Toll returned over the ice to Svaitoi Noss, having encountered many perils on the return journey from the melting of the ice. He next visited the delta of the Lena, which is an icy wilderness of gravel and sand, and covered with snow for the greater portion of the year. It was amidst these awful solitudes that Captain De Long and many of the *Jeannette's* crew perished. Having surveyed the delta of the Lena, notwithstanding constant storms of wind and rain, Baron Toll turned westwards to the mouth of the Olonek, and reached the place where Pronchischeff died in 1736, and, having re-established the cross over the explorer's grave, Toll and Shileiko, in August, 1893, started westwards to visit a region where no European had come for 150 years. With a long caravan of nearly one hundred reindeer-sledges they crossed the desolate plains to the Anabar, which river Lieutenant Shileiko ascended for nearly three hundred miles. While Toll returned to Bulun on the Lena, his companion explored Khatanga Bay, which is a great inlet of the Arctic Ocean, and was visited by Pronchischeff in 1735, and by Laptieff in 1739. Its entrance is thirty miles broad, but it is very shallow. Its shores are wandered over by Tunguses, some of whom live in huts, while others roam over the plains with herds of tame reindeer.

Baron Toll returned to the Anabar in November, 1893, and, between Bulun and the Anabar, he crossed a plateau which divides the latter river from the Khatanga, and which he found to be composed of volcanic rocks, principally basalt. In crossing this plateau Toll encountered frequent snow-storms and suffered much from the intense cold, the temperature falling to 53° below zero (Fahr.); he at

* Beechey's *Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits*, vol. ii., pp. 607, 608.

length reached Khatangskoye in safety, where he met Shileiko. This place stands on the Khatanga, at a considerable distance to the south of the spot where this river flows into the Bay of Khatanga, and is nothing but a small settlement. From it the travellers made their way in ten days to Dudino on the Lower Yenesei; a month after they were at Yeneseisk; and in twenty-three days more they arrived at St. Petersburg, and thus ended one of the most valuable and heroic journeys ever undertaken.

The peninsula of Kamstchatka contains some of the grandest scenery in the world. Dense forests, flowery slopes, verdant meadows and placid rivers, repose under the shadow of giant mountains, whose summits are covered with eternal snow. The peninsula is full of volcanoes, both extinct and active, the highest of the latter being the magnificent snow-clad cone of Kloochefskoi, which attains an altitude of 16,500 feet. Smoke continually issues from its summit, thunderings from within reverberate through the valleys at its base, and the lowlands beneath it are often so thickly covered with ashes that they cannot be crossed in winter in sledges. In 1883, the mountain poured forth torrents of lava for a whole month, while many other peaks in the peninsula are incessantly smoking, and fields of lava cover the land in all directions. Northwards the mountains decline in height, and sink at last into the vast plains of the Land of the Koraks, which reach from the head of the Gulf of Okhotsk to the mouth of the Anadyr.

At the close of the Civil War an American company undertook to construct an overland telegraph line from California, by Behring's Straits, to the mouth of the Amoor, and Mr. Kennan and others were despatched by the company to Kamstchatka to examine the route, to obtain telegraph poles, and to make arrangements.

The party landed in August, 1865, at the little town of Petropavlovski, which lies in an inlet of Avatcha Bay. In summer the prospect is beautiful. The meadows are vividly green, and the hills glow with beautiful flowers of the brightest colours, whilst behind rise wooded hills and

snowy mountains. The monuments of Behring, Clerke and La Perouse stand on the green hills above the town, and here also may be seen the remains of the batteries which repulsed the English and the French when they attacked the town in 1854.

Soon after landing, the party started to cross Kamstchatka to its western coast, and entered some of the most beautiful regions in the world, the river scenery of which Mr. Kennan thus graphically describes :

"Day was just breaking in the east when I awoke. The mist, which for a week had hung in grey clouds around the mountains, had now vanished, and the first object which met my eyes through the open door of the tent was the great white cone of Villoóchinski gleaming spectrally through the greyness of the dawn. As the red flush in the east deepened, all nature seemed to awake. Ducks and geese quacked from every bunch of reeds along the shore; the strange wailing cries of sea-gulls could be heard from the neighbouring coast; and from the clear blue sky came down the melodious trumpeting of wild swans, as they flew inland to their feeding places. I washed my face in the clear, cold water of the river, and waked Dodd to see the mountains. Directly behind our tent, in one unbroken sheet of snow, rose the colossal peak of Ko-rat-skoi, 10,500 feet in height, its sharp white summit already crimsoning with the rays of the rising sun, while the morning star yet throbbed faintly over the cool purple of its eastern slope. A little to the right was the huge volcano of Avatcha, with a long banner of golden smoke hung out from its broken summit, and the Roselskoi volcano, puffing out dark vapour from three craters. Far down the coast, thirty miles away, stood the sharp peak of Villoóchinski, with the watch fires of morning already burning upon its summit, and beyond it the hazy blue outlines of the coast range. Shreds of fleecy mist here and there floated up the mountain sides, and vanished like the spirits of the night dews rising from earth to heaven in bright resurrection. Steadily the warm rosy flush of sunrise crept down the snowy slopes of the mountains, until at last, with a quick sudden burst, it poured a flood of light into the valley, tinging our little white tent with a delicate pink, like that of a wild rose-leaf, turning every pendent dew-drop into a twinkling brilliant, and lighting up the still water of the river, until it became a quivering, flashing mass of liquid silver. . . . The vegetation everywhere, untouched as yet by the autumn frosts, seemed to have an almost tropical luxuriance. High wild grass, mingled with vari-coloured flowers, extended to the very river's brink; Alpine roses and cinquefoil grew in dense

thickets along the bank, and dropped their pink and yellow petals like fairy boats upon the surface of the clear still water; yellow columbine drooped low over the river, to see its graceful image mirrored beside that of the majestic volcano, and strange black Kamstchatkan lilies, with downcast looks, stood here and there in sad loneliness, mourning in funereal garb some unknown flowery bereavement."*

Mr. Kennan and his party crossed the central range of the Peninsula over mossy swamps and fields of lava, and descended to the western coast, which they reached at the village of Tigil. Then they made their way up the coast and over the mountains, through fearful storms, to the settlement of Geezegha, which lies at the head of the gulf of the same name, which is itself an inlet at the northern end of the Sea of Okhotsk. Beyond this settlement, to the north, lie the boundless plains, covered deep with snow during the winter, which form the home of the wandering Koraks, who roam over them with their skin-tents and their countless herds of reindeer. The Koraks are purely wanderers, pitching their tents amidst the plains, and gathering their reindeer around them. All through the long winter nights, beneath the glare of the aurora, and amidst the awful cold, sentinels guard the deer from the attacks of the wolves; and the nightly watching of herds, though an occupation of fearful severity, is performed with the most wonderful skill and care. The size of these herds of tame reindeer is remarkable, for many Koraks possess herds of from eight thousand to twelve thousand, and Mr. Kennan was informed that one wealthy chief possessed no fewer than *thirty thousand*. The Koraks are frank and hospitable. Their religion consists in a worship of evil spirits, and they are entirely under the control of their Shamans. The Russians have tried to Christianize them, but with little success.

Early in December Mr. Kennan and his party drove into Geezegha in sledges drawn by dogs, and, after a short rest, they prepared to start for Anadyrsk, which lies 300 miles

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* *Tent Life in Siberia*, pp. 58—61.

to the north, and is the last Russian Settlement towards Behring's Straits. Dog sledges were procured, provisions laid in, and on the 13th of December, with the temperature 31° below zero, the intrepid Americans again set forth. Every trace of vegetation was quickly left behind, and they drove out upon the great snowy wilderness which lies around the head of the Penzinsk Gulf. Mr. Kennan thus describes this fearful region :

"It was a land of desolation. A great level steppe, as boundless to the weary eye as the ocean itself, stretched away in every direction to the far horizon, without a single tree or bush to relieve its white, snowy surface. Nowhere did we see any sign of animal or vegetable life, any suggestion of summer, or flowers, or warm sunshine, to brighten the weary waste of storm-drifted snow. White, cold and silent, it lay before us like a vast frozen ocean, lighted up faintly by the slender crescent of the waning moon in the east, and the weird blue streamers of the aurora, which went racing back and forth along the northern horizon. Even when the sun rose, huge and fiery, in a haze of frozen moisture at the south, it did not seem to infuse any warmth or life into the bleak wintry landscape. It only drowned in a dull red glare the blue tremulous streamers of the aurora, and the white radiance of the moon and stars tinged the snow with a faint colour like a stormy sunset, and lighted up a splendid mirage in the northwest which startled us with its solemn mockery of familiar scenes. The wand of the Northern Enchanter touched the barren, snowy steppe, and it suddenly became a blue tropical lake, upon whose distant shore rose the walls, domes, and slender minarets of a vast oriental city. Masses of luxuriant foliage seemed to overhang the clear blue water, and to be reflected in its depths; while the white walls above just caught the first flush of the rising sun. Never was the illusion of summer in winter, of life in death, more palpable or more perfect. One almost instinctively glanced around to assure himself, by the sight of familiar objects, that it was not a dream; but as his eye turned again to the northwest, across the dim blue lake, the vast tremulous outlines of the mirage still confronted him in their unearthly beauty, and the 'cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces' seemed, by their mysterious solemnity, to rebuke the doubt which would ascribe them to a dream."*

Desolate as these snowy wastes were by day, their aspect

* *Tent Life in Siberia*, pp. 253, 254.

by night was awe-inspiring in the extreme, and is thus pourtrayed by our author:

"The night was clear, still, and intensely cold, the thermometer at sunset marking 44° below zero, and sinking rapidly to 50°, as the rosy flush in the west grew fainter and fainter and darkness settled down upon the vast steppe. Many times before in Siberia and Kamschatka, I had seen Nature in her sterner moods and winter garb; but never before had the element of cold, barrenness, and desolation seemed to combine into a picture so dreary as the one which was presented to us that night near Behring's Straits. Far as the eye could pierce the gathering gloom in every direction lay the barren steppe like a boundless ocean of snow, blown into long, wave-like ridges by previous storms. There was not a tree, nor a bush, nor any sign of animal or vegetable life to show that we were not travelling on a frozen ocean. All was silence and desolation. The country seemed abandoned by God and man to the Arctic Spirit, whose trembling banners of auroral light flared out fitfully in the north in token of his conquest and dominion. About eight o'clock the full moon rose, huge and red in the east, casting a lurid glare over the vast field of snow; but as if it, too, were under the control of the Arctic Spirit, it was nothing more than a mockery of a moon, and was constantly assuming the most fantastic and varied shapes. Now it extended itself laterally into a long ellipse, then gathered itself up again into the semblance of a huge red urn, lengthened out to a long perpendicular bar with rounded ends, and finally became triangular. It can hardly be imagined what added wildness and strangeness this blood-red distorted moon gave to a scene already wild and strange. We seemed to have entered upon some frozen abandoned world, where all the ordinary laws and phenomena of Nature were suspended, where animal and vegetable life were extinct, and from which even the favour of the Creator had been withdrawn. The intense cold, the solitude, the oppressive silence, and the red gloomy moonlight, like the glare of a distant but mighty conflagration, all united to excite in the mind feelings of awe, which were perhaps intensified by the consciousness that never before had any human being, save a few wandering Chookchees, ventured in winter upon these domains of the Frost King."*

Whilst camping amongst some trees on Christmas night the travellers were awakened by the roaring of a furious storm of wind. At daybreak the snow-storm was so fearful

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* *Tent Life in Siberia*, pp. 310, 311.

that it was impossible to proceed or even to see more than a few yards. A sort of breastwork was formed by the sledges, furs and skins were spread behind it, and the party lay on the snow for two days, while the storm raged around them with awful fury. At last it ceased, the sledges were dug out, the journey was resumed, and, after several days more amidst the snow, Anadyrsk—the *Ultima Thule* of Russian civilization—was reached. This settlement is buried in a dense forest, and beyond it there extends a vast wilderness, inhabited only by wandering tribes, as far as Behring's Straits.

Shortly before he reached Anadyrsk, Mr. Kennan was informed by the Koraks that some white men were encamped at the mouth of the Anadyr; that they had built a hut amidst the snow, with an iron tube out of which issued smoke and sparks, which was clearly a smoke-stack. It was plain that some of the Telegraph Company's agents had landed in the wilderness, and, fearing that they might perish during the winter, Messrs. Kennan and Dodd started in dog-sledges, with native guides, to their rescue. This winter journey to the mouth of the Anadyr was a fearful experience. Vegetation rapidly disappeared as the Arctic Ocean was approached, the hills on both sides of the river sank to low banks, and at last a boundless plain of snow—lit by the feeble sunlight during the day and by the red glare of the aurora by night—stretched away on all sides as far as the eye could reach. The temperature fell to nearly 60° below zero, but the hut of the encamped party was at last discovered, almost buried in the snow at the mouth of the Anadyr. The entombed Americans were rescued, and the whole party returned to Anadyrsk in safety.

On the snowy plains of Northern Siberia, the aurora presents one of the most magnificent and awful sights that it is possible to witness. The darkness of the night is illuminated by the intense crimson glare, long streamers flash to and fro over the heavens, and the snow-clad wastes seem to be turned into blood. Often, however, as he had seen these splendours, Mr. Kennan never witnessed such a sublime

sight as he saw at Anadyrsk on the night of February 26th, 1866. The whole sky seemed to be on fire, and a broad arch of brilliant prismatic colours spanned the heavens like a vast rainbow, while luminous bands swept from the main arch across the whole sky. The colours changed incessantly, and then the auroral rainbow moved up to the zenith and another formed beneath it. The luminous bands revolved like wheels, and ever and anon a great crimson wave, surging up from the north, would deluge earth and sky with a blood-red glare. The sight was awfully sublime, and the natives, in terror, cried aloud, "God, have mercy!"

When the winter had departed, Mr. Kennan returned to Geezegha, at the head of the Sea of Okhotsk, and, while waiting here, observed the wonderful way in which animal and vegetable life burst forth on the advent of summer. The change from winter to summer takes place in a few weeks in the early part of June. In a few days the snow departs and the plains are covered with the brightest flowers. Long before the ice has gone from the bays, innumerable flocks of wild birds arrive and cover the banks of the rivers in indescribable numbers. By day the temperature often rises to 70°, and it is sunlight through nearly all the night.

After again visiting Anadyrsk, Mr. Kennan and Mr. Leet started southwards for Okhotsk, travelling along the western coast of the sea of the same name. The country was hilly and covered with forests, and all went well until they reached the valley of the Viliga. This valley runs like a deep trough far up into the Stanovoi Mountains, and the snow-storms which rage in it cause it to resemble a boiling cauldron. The guide objected to cross it, but, on the Americans insisting on proceeding, the attempt was made. But, as the travellers were descending the slopes, a fearful storm of wind and snow burst upon them, which they experienced in all its fury as their dog-sledges reached the ice covering the river. The terrific wind swept the sledges down the ice nearly to the sea, which was not far off, and it was only by the most desperate exertions that the opposite

bank was gained. They struggled on and found shelter amidst a forest, and at last made their way through the ice along the shore. Other storms followed, but the party ultimately reached Okhotsk in safety. Here they found that their work was all useless, as the Company had been compelled to abandon its operations, owing to the success of the Atlantic Cable, and the agents of the Company immediately returned to America.

A more delightful book of travels than that of Mr. Kennan has never been written, and his heroism as a traveller, and vividness as a narrator, cannot be surpassed.

The fame of Alfred Edmund Brehm, as a naturalist, is widely spread throughout Germany, and his reputation as a picturesque writer will be greatly increased by his splendid work which has just been published.* In it he describes the bird-bergs of Lapland, the steppes of Central Africa, and the forests on the banks of the Blue Nile, while he takes his readers also with him through the Nubian Desert and down the broad stream of the Danube. But the book principally relates the author's Siberian travels in the region of the steppes, and in the neighbourhood of the Arctic Ocean. In 1876 he entered Siberia across the Ural Mountains, and, having visited the Khirghiz in the steppes of Chinese Tartary, he next year embarked on the great river Obi, on the broad bosom of which he sailed northwards for 1,700 miles. The river is of gigantic size, and was flooded to its highest water-mark. Slightly below Tomsk cultivation ceases, cattle pasture on the banks for a short distance further to the north, and then a boundless primeval forest extends away beyond the banks of the river to the Urals on the west, and to Kamschatka on the east. Brehm vividly describes this vast forest-wilderness, with its endless monotony and its appalling solitude. The gloom is oppressive, the sameness wearisome, and the silence overpowering. Animal life is poor, birds are not numerous, and in hundreds of square miles of the forests no human beings, save a few

* *From North Pole to Equator.*

wretched natives, can be met with. After a dreary voyage the traveller reaches Berezof, a miserable Russian settlement standing on the banks of a stream which flows into the Obi. This place is surrounded by immense pine forests, which impart to it an atmosphere of gloom, described by the Russians as "the half-dark day." Erman, who visited Berezof in 1825, states that it appeared to him like the last habitation of man,* and the solitude is frightful. The soil is perpetually frozen only a few feet below the surface, and when, in 1821, the grave of Prince Mentchichoff—who was banished to Berezof a century before—was opened, the coffin and clothing of the deceased were found to be almost perfect, having been preserved by the intense cold! It has been said that the snows of Berezof cover the flower of the Russian court and army, so many political exiles having been banished to this dreary solitude. North of Berezof the Obi divides into broad channels and flows through vast swamps, bordered by impenetrable forests. A miserable race of Siberians, called Ostyaks, dwells on its banks, and maintains a wretched existence by hunting and fishing. Some are nominal Christians, but most are utter heathen, entirely under the control of their Shamans, and practising Pagan sacrifices. Setting out again from Berezof, Brehm at length reached Obdorsk, which is the last Russian settlement on the Obi, and stands not far from the point where the river falls into the gulf of the same name. Obdorsk is built beyond the limits of trees, and vast desolate plains extend around it towards the Arctic Ocean, over which the wandering Ostyaks and Samoyeds roam with their herds of tame reindeer. In the fishing season many Russians visit Obdorsk, and an annual fair is held here in January, when the natives assemble from all sides, bringing with them for sale furs, birds' skins, and Mammoths' tusks. The tusks of the Mammoths are found in great numbers along the shores of the

* *Travels in Siberia*, vol. i., p. 459. A most interesting account of Berezof and of the life of the exiles in that place is given in *Revelations of Siberia*, by a banished Polish lady, and edited by Colonel Lach Szyrma. Published in London in 1853.

Gulf of Obi, and the natives declare that the great beast still lives, and that it frequents the shores at night, feeding on the dead bodies. The numbers of the natives attending the fair at Obdorsk are enormous, and they come from hundreds of miles in all directions.* Obdorsk presents a peculiar appearance, as log huts and Ostyak yourts rise side by side. There is, however, a little wooden church, and the Russian Government has lately built a school for the instruction of the Ostyaks and Samoyeds.

Leaving Obdorsk, Brehm and his party ascended the Shtchutshya, which rises in the Urals, and for eight days worked their boat up the stream, whilst great boggy plains spread out on all sides. Most vivid is our author's description of these boundless plains or tundras, which border the Arctic Ocean from the Urals to Behring's Straits. They are monotonous wastes and endless morasses swarming with mosquitoes in summer, and boundless expanses of snow in the winter, when they are deserted by man, and abandoned to the Arctic fox and the snowy owl, and lighted by the red glare of the aurora through the long winter night. They form the vast graveyard of the Mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the buffalo, the bones of which animals lie buried in countless numbers in the frozen soil, only a few feet below the surface of the ground. Leaving his boat on the eighth day, Brehm and his party journeyed on foot towards the mountains, through vast marshes, past nameless lakes, and over unnamed rivers. The rain, day after day, drove in their faces, the wild Polar wind buffeted them, and myriads of mosquitoes assailed them by day and night. At length they reached the natives, but only to find them in great distress. Splenic fever had broken out amongst their herds, and the reindeer were dying by hundreds. The sight was pitiable; nothing could be done; one herd, which a short time before was two thousand strong, was now shrunk to one hundred. Other herds were suffering in the same propor-

* Erman most picturesquely describes Obdorsk in his *Travels in Siberia*, vol. ii., chap. ii.

tion, and the track of the nomads from the Urals could be traced by the hundreds of dead reindeer which lay in all directions. The very men were infected and dying, and Brehm made haste to escape from this region of pestilence and misery.

It had been his intention to explore the Peninsula of Yalmal, which extends northwards between the Gulf of Obi and the Kara Sea, and is the most unknown portion of Northern Siberia. It consists of boundless grassy plains, full of pools and lakes, and traversed by meandering streams. During the brief Arctic summer, the Samoyeds lead their herds of reindeer over its vast pastures, which are then gay with bright flowers, but on the approach of winter these nomads retire to the south, and the region is forsaken by man. In 1875, Nordenskiold and his party landed on the northern extremity of Yalmal, which they found to be a level grassy land, raised only slightly above the sea, and, as it was summer, the grass was covered with flowers. Traces of natives were numerous, but none were actually encountered.* Brehm could not visit Yalmal, and returned up the Obi.

On the great plains of Northern Siberia, the lemming is the most abundant animal. It increases rapidly, and spreads over the solitary wastes in amazing numbers. At times its numbers consume all the food supply, and then vast armies of these little creatures commence to migrate. Their swarms are countless, and they all follow a definite direction. They heed no obstacles, and pass through rivers and down cliffs without stopping. Wolves, foxes, and birds of prey assail the marching myriads, and thousands are drowned, devoured, or dashed to pieces at the foot of cliffs. The survivors, however, press on ceaselessly, and in apparently undiminished numbers; so innumerable do these migrating lemmings appear that travellers are often stayed in their journey for hours, waiting for the marching past of these boundless and interminable huge crowds! Where they go, and how they

* *Voyage of the Vega*, vol. i., pp. 203—209.

end, no one knows, but in a few years fresh swarms traverse the plains in the same directions.

For a long time an opinion had been held that north of the New Siberian Islands open water extended nearly to the Pole in winter, and it was also conjectured that a chain of islands reached from Novaya Zembla to the extreme north-western points of America. Recent discoveries, and particularly Nansen's voyage, have, however, destroyed this theory.

In the summer of 1881 the United States' steamship *Rodgers* left San Francisco to search for the *Jeannette*, having on board Mr. W. H. Gilder, as correspondent of the *New York Herald*. This gentleman's narrative is chiefly valuable from a scientific point of view, for the account which he gives of the first exploration of the great—and until then unknown—island of Wrangell Land, which lies in the Arctic Ocean, in longitude 180° E., and more than 100 miles north of the north-eastern peninsula of Siberia.

Strange stories had for a long time been told to the Russians of a vast tract of land lying far out in the Polar Sea to the north of the Tchuktche Peninsula. Wrangell, during his fourth journey on the ice, in 1823, had been informed by the natives that from the heights of Cape Jakan, on a clear day, the tops of snowy mountains could be seen far away across the water on the northern horizon. It was further reported that reindeer were in the habit of crossing the ice from this distant country to the mainland, and Wrangell was also told that a tribe of Eskimo had been driven by the Tchuktches to cross the sea in boats, and to take refuge in the unknown land. Wrangell reached Cape Jakan, but as he gazed to the north he could see nothing of the reported mountains; only the dreary frozen expanse of the Polar Sea stretched away to the northern horizon.* In 1849 H.M.S. *Herald*, under Captain Kellett, was sent into the Arctic Ocean, north of Behring's Straits, to assist in the search for Sir John Franklin, and her officers made many

* *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, p. 344.

scientific discoveries in Kotzebue Sound and in the region of north-western Alaska. They discovered Herald Island, longitude 184° E., and, at the same time, looking towards the west, they distinctly saw a range of high mountains belonging to an unexplored country,* and the name of Kellett Land was for some time bestowed upon this unknown region. As time went on rumours became more definite about this strange country. It was declared to be of vast dimensions, and a volcano was placed on its southern coast; while one captain declared that, having landed on it, he found vegetation plentiful, and discovered the tracks of reindeer and musk-oxen.

No wonder, then, that the interest of the officers of the *Rodgers* was highly excited as they neared the shores of Wrangell Land, as the country was then generally called, from the indefatigable Russian explorer. As the *Rodgers*, in August, 1881, approached the coast of Wrangell Land, it was seen that the shores were blocked with masses of floating ice, but not the least trace of the supposed volcano could be discovered. A safe harbour was at last found, and the Americans landed on the shore of the hitherto unexplored country. The beach was low and gravelly, as is generally the case in these regions, and the shore was covered with driftwood in all directions. Captain Berry immediately organised three expeditions to explore the newly-discovered land. The first, commanded by himself, was to travel inland, and to determine if the land were an island or part of a continent. The other parties, in boats, were to skirt the shores in different directions, and, if possible to effect a junction. Captain Berry's party found that the interior of Wrangell Land was a desolate wilderness, with no vegetation, neither tree, shrub, nor grass. Two lofty ranges of mountains ran parallel to the north and south coasts, and between them was an open rolling country,

* Seeman's *Narrative of the Voyage of the "Herald,"* vol. ii., pp. 114—116. The ice-cliffs at Escholtz Bay were also visited by the officers of the *Herald* and are well described in Seeman's *Narrative*, and also in the *Zoology of the Voyage of the "Herald."*

watered by the streams descending from the mountains. On gaining the summit of a lofty mountain, 2,500 feet above the sea, the party had a clear view in nearly every direction, and distinctly saw that Wrangell Land was not part of a continent, but formed an island. The only animals seen were bears, mice, and foxes, but birds were plentiful, and the sea all round was full of walruses. Signs of man there were none. Most interesting is the fact that Captain Berry's party, whilst exploring the inland districts of Wrangell Land, found a number of Mammoths' tusks, one of which was of a very considerable size. Some tusks also of Mammoths were found on the beach, and had probably fallen from the icy cliffs, or were buried in the sandbanks, as in Liakoff's Island. It may be also that some were thrown up by the waves, in which case there is a great deposit of elephants' tusks at the bottom of the sea around Wrangell Land, as is known to exist around Liakoff's Island; for in this latter island the ivory hunters always find numbers of Mammoths' tusks thrown up on the sandbanks after a heavy gale. The fact also that in Wrangell Land Mammoths' tusks were found not only on the beach, but far inland also, shows that the island is probably full of the remains of these great elephants. The dimensions of Wrangell Land are much smaller than had been imagined, since the island is but slightly over one hundred miles in length and hardly fifty in breadth, and is only traversed by small rivers. The boating parties found the shores to be blocked with ice, and to be sandy and utterly desolate.*

Mr. Gilder did not join either of the exploring parties, and shortly afterwards he was left on the coast with some companions to winter, at a spot called Eeteetlan, only a few miles from the place where the *Vega* was frozen into the ice at the beginning of the winter of 1878. In January, 1882, Mr. Gilder left Eeteetlan in a dog-sledge for Nijne Kolymsk, journeying along the coast. As this journey was performed

* The account of the exploration of Wrangell Land will be found in *Ice Pack and Tundra*, chaps. vi., vii.

in the depth of winter, only the frozen expanse of the sea could be seen to the north and the snow-covered country to the south. He passed in succession North Cape, Cape Jakan, and Cape Chelagskoi, and constantly sheltered amidst the settlements of the Tchuktches. These strange Siberian aborigines offered a most desperate resistance to the Russians during the conquest of Siberia, and are still virtually independent. Their country begins to the east of the Kolyma at Tchaun Bay, and extends past Behring's Straits as far southwards as the mouth of the Anadyr; it thus includes all the north-eastern peninsula of Siberia. The region they inhabit is chiefly a barren wilderness of stony mountains and desolate Tundras. This portion of Siberia is but little known, and a thorough exploration of it would be attended with important results. The Tchuktches do not resemble the other natives of Siberia. They have not the Turkish affinities of the Yakuts, nor the Chinese characters of the Tunguses. Neither is there any likeness between them and the Finnic Voguls, Ostyaks and Samoyedes. In fact, the Tchuktches resemble the Red Indians of North America, and have many points in common with the Koraks of Northern Kamstchatka and the Upper Anadyr. They trade with the Russians in furs and walrus teeth, and generally dwell on the sea coast, although there are many who roam over the interior with herds of reindeer.

On turning into the Kolyma river, Mr. Gilder noticed that the scenery very quickly improved. No trees are to be seen at the mouth of the river, but on the first day's journey up its banks, bushes are met with, then solitary trees appear, which by and bye are seen standing in groups. All this change in the vegetation takes place in two days' sledging up the ice on the river. Nijne Kolymsk is—with the exception of Anadyrsk—the last of the chain of Russian settlements which the traveller meets with in crossing Northern Siberia from west to east. The Kolyma at this place freezes in the beginning of September, and the ice on its surface does not break up until the early part of May, when great floods descend the river and spread out far over the lowlands.

Although only a small settlement of log-houses, Nijne Kolymsk can boast of some history, as it was founded in 1644, and was made the starting place by Billings and Wrangell, when these gallant travellers were carrying on their explorations of the Polar Sea. The scenery around is dreary in the extreme. The little settlement stands on an island, and, away to the north and west, boundless plains (or tundras) stretch to the horizon. There is, however, a telegraph station which connects the place with the outer world, although it cannot be expected that any railway will ever reach this outpost of civilization. Mr. Gilder, after a short rest at Nijne Kolymsk, started up the Kolyma for Sredne Kolymsk, which stands at a considerable distance further up the river. The country continues to improve as the Polar Sea is left behind; woods of larch, poplars and willows rise on every side; Yakut settlements, surrounded by fertile fields, meet the eye continually; and the whole aspect of the landscape is pleasing, after the fearful wastes which lie to the north. Sredne Kolymsk is a little place containing five hundred inhabitants, of whom only a small portion consists of Russians, the remainder being formed of Yakuts and Tchuktches. The houses are all built of logs, and are but one storey high, with windows of blocks of transparent ice. There is a large church, with a dome surmounted by a cross, which is conspicuous from a great distance. From Sredne Kolymsk Mr. Gilder journeyed to Verkoyansk, and, having crossed the mountains which divide the basins of the Yana, Indigirka and Kolyma, from that of the Lena, made his way to Yakutsk.

A great commercial future lies before some portions of Siberia. The middle-basin of the Obi has great capacities for furnishing Europe with cereals, timber, tallow, and with many valuable minerals. At present the Obi and its tributaries are traversed by a fleet of at least 50 steamers, which can, when they are increased in size, easily bring any amount of merchandise to the mouth of the river. True, the passage of the Gulf of Obi and of the Kara Sea is difficult, owing to the masses of floating ice, and the proposed canal across

the Yalmal Peninsula is a mere chimera. Nevertheless, the voyages of Captain Wiggins have proved that these icy seas are passable, and we may expect that the trade to Europe from this region by sea will soon become important. The valley of the Yenesei is further off and more difficult to reach, and as the doubling of Cape Taimyr presents a serious difficulty, not much can be expected from a trade with the lower Lena by sea. Northern Siberia, along the shores of the Polar Sea, must always remain a land of desolation. It is a very Grave of Nature, abandoned to the aurora and to perpetual winter, and containing only remains of the creatures of a former world. Into such a wilderness man may well refuse to enter and no blame can attach to him if he allows many of these awful solitudes to be long called by the name of Unknown Siberia.

ART. IV.—THE STRUCTURE OF ST. PAUL'S DOCTRINE.

1. *The Pauline Theology: a Study of the Origin and Correlation of the Doctrinal Teachings of the Apostle Paul.* By GEORGE B. STEVENS, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of Theology in Yale University. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1892.

2. *St. Paul's Conception of Christianity.* By A. B. BRUCE, D.D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1894.

3. *L'apôtre Paul: esquisse d'une histoire de sa pensée.* Par A. SABATIER, doyen de la Faculté de Théologie Protestante de Paris. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

Troisième edition, Paris, 1896. Second English Edition, 1895. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

4. *New Testament Theology; or, Historical Account of the Teaching of Jesus and of Primitive Christianity according to the New Testament Sources.* By Dr. WILLIBALD BEYSCHLAG, Professor of Theology at Halle. Translated by the Rev. NEIL BUCHANAN. In Two Volumes. Second English Edition, 1896. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. Book IV. : *The Pauline System*, vol. ii., pp. 1-281.

THE originality of St. Paul's mind was due, as Auguste Sabatier has well said, in the work above-named, "to the fruitful combination in him of two spiritual forces which are seldom found united in this degree in one personality, viz., dialectical power and religious inspiration . . . or, to borrow Paul's own language, the activity of the νοῦς and that of the πνεῦμα." He was at once a mystic and a logician of the highest quality. To these attributes we must add, in order to understand his mental constitution the Apostle's heart of fire, the glow of passion and imagination which fused his mystical intuitions and logical apprehensions into one, his fine sensibility, vivacity, subtlety and humour, his keen faculty of moral observation, and the vigorous and creative, though not facile, gift of expression that supplied the fitting mould, as original as the thought itself, into which his doctrine ran. Listening to him, we find ourselves in the presence of one of the great thinkers of our race, the master-builder of Christian theology, and a creative spirit of the first order in the region of the religious philosophy of life. With such an intellect as St. Paul's, it was inevitable that he should build his ideas into a system. "An imperious necessity compelled him to give his belief full dialectic expression, and to raise it above its contradictories." Had Saul not become a Christian, he must have been a great Jewish theologian, whose name would have towered above all others in a, possibly, purer and more orderly Talmud. Saul's parents had a true insight into the

nature of their gifted boy, when they sent him from Tarsus to receive his training at the feet of Gamaliel, in the hope that he would grow into a famous Rabbi and master in Israel.

Not that the Apostle at any time addressed himself to the task of systematising his teaching in a theoretical way, of presenting it in an abstract and compendious view. It is a mistake to suppose that even the Epistle to the Romans has a construction of this kind, and was designed as a methodical treatise upon Christian doctrine. It is an occasional letter, a *pièce de circonstance* like the rest of St. Paul's extant writings, and must not be supposed to exhaust the writer's mind or to give the full range and measure of his ideas. St. Paul was no professor of theology, but a missionary preacher. He brought everything to bear upon his immediate work in the salvation of souls, and in the consuming task of "presenting every man" in the Churches of his care "perfect in Christ." But, from the make of his mind, St. Paul's thinkings and teachings could not help shaping themselves into organic form; they grew, by a spontaneous and almost unconscious process, into a grand fabric of universal truth. The Spirit of revelation, who is also the Spirit of the order and beauty of the universe, found in the mind of this man one of His most powerful and pliant instruments.

We have a right then to speak of structure in the doctrine of the Apostle Paul. We look for method and logical coherence in its several parts, notwithstanding the incidental and homiletic form in which it has been preserved for us. The unsolved contradictions, the undigested elements of conflicting belief and varying practice alleged against St. Paul, both by contemporary and modern critics, and which some of them insist upon with so much acrimony, are the discovery of men who fail to rise to the elevation of his principles, and to appreciate the lively susceptibility of his temperament; or they resolve themselves into those irreducible antinomies—such as that of Divine sovereignty and human freedom—which beset all finite thinking, and are involved in the very fact of the soul's communion with God. Like

most men of bold intellect, St. Paul delights in paradox, in stating the opposite sides of great cardinal verities, and touching now at this point, and now at that, upon those deep things of God which we can know only in part. He never shrinks from a verbal contradiction, when that will give a sharper edge to the truth of the moment; he ties himself to no set phrases, he has no hackneyed formulæ, and if contentious or pedantic people choose to make discrepancies out of his varieties of expression and mood, these "changes of voice" as he once calls them (Gal. iv. 20), they are welcome to do so. Every intelligent and fair-minded reader feels that, behind these discursive letters of the missionary Apostle—with their abrupt transitions, their glancing allusions, their shifting play of emotion and argument—there exists in the writer's mind a body of solid principle, deeply laid and firmly knit. He grasps you with a hand as sure as it is delicate, as steady as it is sensitive and sympathetic.

If we can find the right centre and true point of departure of St. Paul's Christian logic, taking account, at the same time, of the growth and advancement that existed in his world of thought as in every living structure—and if (as we are convinced) the thirteen Epistles, from 1 Thessalonians down to 2 Timothy, are the fruit of the same mind—it must be possible to systematise the Pauline writings and survey their contents in their harmony and correlation. Various in topic and rich in substance as the Epistles are, manifold and discordant as were the materials that they dealt with and the environing influences—Jewish, Hellenic, Roman, Oriental—that affected their composition, there are spiritual threads which weave them inseparably together; there are notes and accents of an identical voice heard through their whole extent; and it is the same powerful idiosyncrasy that stamps itself upon them all, though not upon all with equal energy and emphasis of distinction. The very fertility of the Apostle's genius, and the numerous and tempting points of view that these documents afford, that make the analysis of his teaching difficult. Theologians still differ

widely, even within the same school, as to the order and interdependence of the Pauline ideas, and the basis upon which the Apostle's doctrine should be systematised. The old mode of analysis, which applied the ready-made categories of scholastic theology to the various books of Scripture and catalogued its texts under the headings furnished from this source, is now discredited. The dogmatic point of view in exegesis has been exchanged, under the pressure of modern discussion, for the historical and psychological. Dogma itself is suffering an excessive depreciation, in revenge for its long and often tyrannous ascendency; and the word "dogmatic" is now a commonplace of popular denunciation. We have been taught—and in the main, rightly taught—to approach the Apostle and interpret his thoughts no longer through the preconceptions of Confessional theology, but in the light of his own times and under the conditions of his actual life. We look at his origin and environment, at the juncture in which he stood and the conflicting currents which played around him. We distinguish the various types of New Testament teaching; we trace the lines of connection, sympathetic or antipathetic, between Pauline doctrine and earlier or contemporaneous thought. But here a new danger presents itself, and new disturbing influences affect our judgment. We shake off the bondage of the past, but who will deliver us from the illusions of the present? The prepossessions of historical theory are equally warping with those of dogmatic system. The focus of the picture may be displaced and its colours falsified by philosophical, no less than by ecclesiastical, spectacles. The history of Biblical criticism during the last sixty years supplies ample justification for this warning. In some of the ablest modern expositions, especially those proceeding from the speculative and academic Germans, Paul and his doctrine have been reduced to an eviscerated *Paulinismus*,—the theoretical development of a predetermined idea; and his Epistles are made the expression of so many phases of thought, embodied in antagonistic or concurrent "tendencies" which float phantom-like and protean in the air.

With F. C. Baur, of Tübingen, for instance, acknowledged by Germans as the father of historical New Testament criticism, Paul stood for the antithesis to the Judaic legalism in which it was assumed that the first disciples of Jesus were held fast. The Paulinism so conceived Baur found in the four major Epistles; and he rejected, as the work of successors and imitators of the Apostle, touched by other influences, everything ascribed to his hand which did not square with this formula and could not be brought within the terms of the legalistic controversy. Baur set out, as he claimed to do, from the true Protestant and Lutheran standpoint. Paul's doctrine was, in his conception, a system of experimental religion, and he deduced it scientifically from the Apostle's conversion, of which, however, he took too narrow and cold a view. Saul of Tarsus underwent, as Baur apprehended, a complete reaction from the Pharisaism of his youth; and his entire subsequent course is explained by that revulsion. Developing this antithesis at once with subtlety and clearness, and with great historical learning, Baur restated, in a remarkably fresh and effective way, the grand Pauline principle of Justification by Faith and drew out, so far as the limits of his theory allowed, its doctrinal consequences. It is no small service that the leader of the Tendency School has thus rendered; and it is no small advantage to have from the hand of that destructive critic and much-dreaded rationalist the testimony which he has given, in his great book on *Paul, His Life and Work*, to the historical truth and the cardinal significance of the Paulinism of Salvation by Faith.

Later writers of the Tübingen School, such as Heinrich J. Holtzmann and Otto Pfleiderer, acknowledge the claims of other Epistles to genuineness beside the major four—1 Thessalonians, Philippians, and Philemon at least. They have felt the inadequacy of Baur's negative explanation of St. Paul's line of thought. They see that his Gentile mission, and its astonishing success, involve other factors than those of which their master took account, that Paul was something more than an inverted Pharisaical Rabbi, and that the

uncontested Epistles contain ideas looking beyond the anti-Judæan polemic* to which Baur would have narrowed Paul's Christian teaching. "To the Greeks" he "became as a Greek." Hellenism, to be sure, had its part in moulding Saul of Tarsus, as well as Hebraism; and certain prevalent Greek ideas had entered deeply into his mind and set up a hidden ferment there, so that the Jewish zealot carried under his Rabbinical cloak and orthodox straitness the germs of the revolution he was destined to accomplish. Pfleiderer writes accordingly of "a double root" of Paulinism in "Pharisaic theology and Hellenistic theosophy," of two sides presented by the Apostle's teaching—"a Christianized Pharisaism" embodied in the doctrine of the Cross and Justification by Faith, and "a Christianized Hellenism" resulting in the doctrines of Salvation by the risen, celestial Christ, and the working of the Holy Spirit.† Pfleiderer's new analysis of Paulinism, and the theories which ascribe to Greek thought a radical influence upon St. Paul's way of thinking, have gained, however, but little foothold. Harnack's pronouncement upon them will be generally accepted, when he says that "notwithstanding Paul's Greek culture, his conception of Christianity is, in its deepest ground, independent of Hellenism." We shall readily endorse Harnack's further dictum upon this matter: "The Pauline theology, this theology of a converted Pharisee, is the strongest proof of the self-complete

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* The inconsistency disclosing itself in Baur's position has led to the division of his following into two wings—right and left. The former, of which Holtzmann (in the successive editions of his *Einleitung in das N.T.*) is, perhaps, the best representative, have gradually approximated toward the conservative position in regard to the Pauline documents. The other party—consisting of the Dutch School of radical critics, headed by Loman, Pierson, Naber, and Van Manen, with the Germans Steck and Völter—applying Baur's method with unsparing rigour, find that large parts of the "undisputed" Epistles are post-Pauline, and that mere morsels and fragments have survived to us of the genuine Paul. The results reached by these ultra-Baurians are a patent *reductio ad absurdum* of the Baurian criticism.

† See Pfleiderer's *Urchristenthum*, the *Vorwort* and pp. 174—178. In this work, and in the Second Edition of his *Paulinismus* (1890), the author has recast, considerably for the worse as it seems to us, the exposition of the Pauline doctrine presented in the original *Paulinismus* (translated into English), and in the *Hibbert Lectures* of 1885.

and universal power of the influence of the person of Jesus." The recent admirable Commentary of Dr. Sanday and Mr. Headlam upon the Epistle to the Romans shows more clearly than had before been shown that Paul's dialect and mental training were derived from native Jewish sources.

The defect of the Tübingen School, and of German historical construction generally, seems to us to lie very much in its inadequate grasp of personalities. It turns Christian history, after the Hegelian fashion, into a theatre for the drama of the Idea—a play of abstractions and emanations, of which the personages in the scene become the characterless puppets. Paul disappears behind his own "Paulinism"; he is torn into strips to supply out of his amplitude a row of shadowy actors. Jesus Christ Himself seems at times to be dissolved into a resultant of the currents and forces that gave birth to His religion. This mode of interpretation opens a boundless field for speculative ingenuity; but it is untrue to facts, and utterly uncertain in its results. The most ordinary person is something more than the product of his circumstances; and great men are the makers of their age rather than the age of them. The environment supplies the material and form of their work, but they breathe into it a creative fire kindled by God in their own breast, and which admits of no other explanation. We discover the initiative, the generating and directing influence of St. Paul's Christian career, the spring from which the stream of his new life flowed, in his personal contact with Jesus Christ, whose Spirit henceforth possessed his passionate heart and vivid intellect.

The French theologians, Reuss and Sabatier, have better apprehended the living nature of St. Paul's teaching, its strong personal stamp and idiosyncrasy.

"The doctrine of Paul," says Reuss, "is the natural corollary of his history. . . . This is the reason why multitudes of Christians have turned to his system with predilection and found themselves at home in it; they have had analogous experiences, which became for them at once the clearest explanation and the most pressing recommendation of a theology which can only remain a closed secret and dead letter for too

many others, who bring to its study nothing better than the hermeneutic supplied by books, or by a religion of routine. . . . The life of Paul is the key to his theology; the life of the Christian will be its demonstration."*

St. Paul's Christianity was no combination of Jewish and Greek elements imposed upon him from without; it was the issue of a revolution within the man, and was born out of the travail of his soul by which Christ was formed in him. Not at once, indeed, did the Pauline Gospel leap full-grown and armed from its author's brain, when he was smitten by Christ's lightning stroke on the way to Damascus; but it was then born in its essential elements and features, and with the latent potencies of its future development. Paul's Old Testament knowledge and training, his striving after legal righteousness and his poignant convictions of sin, his Rabbinical culture and his large acquaintance with the Gentile world, constituted the material to which the revelation of the living Jesus supplied the magnetic centre, around which that troubled world of thought and feeling crystallised into its new Christian form.

Now the revelation that gave birth to the Pauline Gospel may be conceived in two ways: objectively, as an imparting of Christ to the soul of Paul; or, subjectively, as an imparting of salvation through Christ. Reuss adopts the latter point of view, and finds the centre of Paul's teaching therefore in Rom. iii. 21—24 and the principle of righteousness through faith. The topics of his digest of Paulinism run in this order: Righteousness, Sin, The Law, The Gospel; God, the Author of Salvation; Christ, His Person, His Work; and so forth. Sabatier puts himself at the former standpoint. "The Person of Christ," he affirms, "is the principle of the Christian consciousness" (pp. 280—285); and the text, "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me,"

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* *Histoire de la Théologie au siècle apostolique* (3me ed., 1864), tome ii., p. 15. This full and luminous work, which is by no means superseded, was published in an English translation, with a preface from the pen of Dr. R. W. Dale, in 1873.

contains, upon his view, "the germ of Paulinism" (p. 71). Baur spoke now in the one sense and now in the other; but practically he took the former position, making the fundamental question to be, not who Jesus Christ is, but what He does for men. The difference resembles that between the ancient Greek and Latin theology, the one finding its centre in the Incarnation, the other in the Atonement. St. Paul's doctrine seen from the one side is a Christology; seen from the other, a Soteriology. Dr. A. B. Bruce, in his recent book upon this subject (which, if it does not rank with his most successful works, is marked by his characteristic manly vigour, his wealth of scholarship and breadth of view, combined with evangelical warmth and loyalty), allies himself with Baur and Reuss. The Epistle to the Romans supplies to Dr. Bruce, with little more ado, the scheme of the Pauline theology. "In Galatians ii. 14—21 we have the Pauline Gospel *in nuce*" (p. 12). His analysis begins with Sin, the Righteousness of God, the Death of Christ, and ends with chapters upon Christ (*i.e.* the Person of Christ), the Christian Life, the Church, the Last Things.

With the distinction above-stated in view, one understands why Sabatier and those who think with him lay so much stress upon the Epistle to the Ephesians, and regard the third group of the Epistles as containing Paul's ripest and most advanced ideas. Dr. Reuss, on the other hand, like most Pauline critics who affect a practical, as distinguished from a metaphysical, theology, contests any such advancement in the series of the letters. He gathers St. Paul's entire "conception of Christianity" from "the four great Epistles of the Judaic controversy," and is accordingly little concerned as to the genuineness or otherwise of Ephesians. "Jesus was for Paul," he writes, "the Lord, because He was the Saviour"—a statement which might surely be reversed with still greater truth (p. 328). The relation of Jesus to God is a question that from the first occupied St. Paul's mind directly and intently, before his conversion as well as after. Until the moment of his vision near Damascus Saul,

as a loyal Pharisee, execrated the memory of the Nazarene, because He had claimed, being a man, to be the very Son of God. "Who art Thou, Lord?" was his question to the Celestial One who appeared to him in the way; and the narrative of the Acts is true to the situation when it tells us, in chap. ix. 19, 20, that immediately upon his conversion Saul "began to preach" in the synagogues of Damascus "that this Jesus is the Son of God." Vital as the doctrines of salvation admittedly are in St. Paul's ministry, his belief in the Divine character of Jesus is anterior to them. What Jesus Christ did for men is accounted for by what He is to God. Hence the Epistle to the Romans, the grand exposition of the Soteriology of Paul, begins as the writing of one who is "separated unto the gospel of God concerning His Son."

Sabatier's analysis of Paulinism is a taking piece of work, elaborated with characteristic French skill and symmetry. Beginning with the Person of Christ as "the Principle of the Christian Consciousness," he traces the unfolding of that principle (1) in the sphere of Psychology—the doctrine of Man, embracing Sin, the Flesh, the Law, Death on the one hand, and Righteousness, the Word of the Cross, Faith, Life on the other; (2) The Christian Principle in the sphere of Society and History—the doctrine of the Church, with the Two Covenants, the First and Second Adam, the End of all Things, Faith, Hope, and Love; (3) The Christian Principle in the sphere of Metaphysics, or Theology proper —the doctrine of Grace, the Divine Purpose, the Nature of Christ, the Trinity, the Conception of God (pp. 280, 281). Now this might be an excellent synopsis for a course of present-day lectures in theology; but would St. Paul have recognised himself in it? The scheme smacks of the modern and scientific; it proceeds from effect to cause, from the human to the Divine; and rearranges the Apostle's thoughts for him upon a philosophical plan, as the older analyses arranged them upon a dogmatic plan, instead of tracing out their native lines of cleavage and connexion. Sabatier does not lay bare, as it seems to us, the real articulation of the Pauline system. And his plan is inconsistent at the outset,

for it announces as its "generating principle" the Person of Christ, but leaves that Person to be defined only in the third, the metaphysical division. It is partly due to this faulty method that Sabatier, after much that is charming in description and masterly in exposition, arrives in the end at an impoverished notion of the Divinity of Christ and the Pauline Trinity; for he examines into his foundations only when he has overlaid and covered them up with the superstructure.

The digest of "The Pauline System" given by Dr. Beyschlag in his *New Testament Theology*, where he expounds the Apostle's teaching in its experimental bearing with insight and spiritual sympathy, as well as with rare constructive power—pursues more thoroughly the path adopted by Sabatier. Its chapters are headed Flesh and Spirit, Adam and Christ, God and the World, the Establishment of Salvation, the Way of Salvation, Life in the Spirit, the Church, the Consummation of the Kingdom. Paul's theology on this scheme becomes a kind of psychological development, the focus of which lies in the human antithesis of Flesh and Spirit, with Adam and Christ for the historical expression of the two principles. In such texts as Rom. viii. 1—4 and v. 12—21 Beyschlag finds the essence of Paulinism, and he certainly brings into prominence factors of importance that have been too much neglected by other interpreters of St. Paul, and throws a striking light at several points upon the working of the Apostle's mind. But we cannot wonder that with his anthropological starting-point Beyschlag arrives, as he confesses, at "an anthropocentric Christology" (p. 76). His Christ is the ideal and archetypal man, the representative of the spiritual in humanity, as Adam of the natural—and nothing more.

The Apostle Paul, if he had had the revision of such schemes as these, would at once have turned them upside down. "What you call my metaphysics," he would have said, "is the most positive, immediate and sovereign thing in the universe to me. My conception of God comes first and last, and is all and in all to my reason alike and to my heart. This determines my views of man and history, of

the world, life, death, things present and to come." So far the old-fashioned dogmatic analysis was right, in starting with the doctrine of God and disposing under that the notions of righteousness, sin, faith, which form the elements of Pauline Soteriology. We are glad to see this path resumed in the work of Dr. G. B. Stevens, of Yale, of which we have placed the title at the head of this article—a work that, comparatively brief as it is and plain in style, in its mastery of the subject is scarcely inferior to any of those previously named, while it excels them in balance of judgment and theological sense. If we content ourselves with this passing reference to Dr. Stevens' discussion, this is really because we find so little to disagree with in his treatment.

The vision of the glorified Jesus that made Saul of Tarsus a Christian Apostle, revealed to him the Son of God as his Saviour; but that God, whose Son Jesus Christ now proved Himself to be, was already known to Saul's faith. No passage in St. Paul strikes more deeply into the heart of his experience than the words of 2 Cor. iv. 4—6, where, speaking of the epiphany that dispelled his Jewish blindness, he tells how "there beamed forth the illumination of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God . . . God who said, Out of darkness light shall shine, shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Christ." It was the God of his fathers, so well known and yet unknown, whose splendour dawned upon Paul's mind in the dazzling form of the exalted Jesus; and with his remorseful sense of the outrage he had done to the Redeemer there mingled abasing thoughts of his ignorance of God's real character and his mad resistance to God's holy will. "*God* was there in Christ, reconciling" Saul "unto Himself," and the old things became new to him from that hour. A new idea of God was given to Paul by this revelation and a new relationship to God established for him, from which his subsequent life took its beginning. Henceforth that life remained "hid with Christ *in God*." St. Paul's Christology and Soteriology are grounded in his Theology.

Saul's conversion to the faith of Jesus was, to a large extent, the development of his youthful creed. Instead of ceasing to be a Jew by becoming a Christian, he regarded himself as now, in truth, belonging to "the Israel of God" (Gal. vi. 16). "We," he says, "are the circumcision, who worship by the Spirit of God and exult in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 3). At times he speaks (and the saying of 2 Tim. i. 3 is in keeping with those of the never mentioned Epistles) as if his whole career were continuous and there had been no break in it at all: "I thank God, whom I serve from my forefathers, in a pure conscience." The Gentile Apostle was not severed from the stock of Abraham, nor did he renounce the promise made to Abraham's seed (see Acts xiii. 32, 33; xxvi. 6—8; xxviii. 20); only he sought to graft the Gentiles into that "good olive tree"; and only by their admission into the Abrahamic covenant is the father of the faithful put in possession of his promised heritage (Rom. iv. 16, 17; xi. 17—24). A profound unity underlies the Judaic and Christian stages of Paul's life; the first business of his interpreter is to recognise this unity and to show how Saul's new faith had its roots in the old, how the Christian Apostle blossomed out of the Israelitish believer and scholar. The converted Saul carried with him into the bosom of the new community his Scriptures—and his God. Throughout his spiritual experience, his preaching to the heathen, his discipline and edification of the Church, it is God—"the living and true God"—that is the centre and return of all his thoughts.

1. In systematising the Pauline teaching, therefore, we are bound to ask first, What was Saul's earlier belief in *God?* and how was that belief enlarged and remodelled by his Christian conversion? Such terms as "the grace of God," "the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," as "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," indicate the immense change that Saul's views of the Godhead underwent. On the other hand, when he speaks of the "righteousness of God," of "holiness" and "sin," when he repeats the watchword "God is one," when he exclaims "O the depth of the riches and the

wisdom and knowledge of God," we are sensible how large and powerfully developed a doctrine of the Divine nature the Apostle brought with him from the Jewish camp. Only an Israelite indeed could have framed the grand thesis of the Epistle to the Romans (i. 16, 17), the declaration that in the Gospel "God's righteousness is revealed from faith unto faith," in which disclosure, he adds, there resides "God's power" bent to accomplish the world's salvation. This expression is not, it seems to us, to be resolved into "a righteousness from God:"* righteousness is God's own property, His nature as apprehensible to men and ascertained from His word. But this supreme righteousness is exhibited anew, upon another and hitherto veiled side—as communicative and redeeming—a righteousness that elicits and appeals to human trust instead of fear. The righteousness revealed in the Gospel is the character of "God our Father, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" (i. 7, vi. 4, viii. 15)—not the mere justice of the Sovereign of the worlds, but of the Father of our race, into whose dealings with men there justly enter all the considerations which belong to fatherhood; of One who acts through Jesus Christ upon the rights of fatherly love and pity, as well as upon those of governmental rule, who is therefore "just Himself"—and just to Himself—in "justifiying him who is of faith in Jesus."

The love of God, that broke like a flood upon Saul's heart in the face and speech of the risen Jesus, by no means destroyed his strict sense of God's judicial rectitude; in the next breath he speaks awful words of the revelation of "the wrath of God from heaven" (i. 18 *ff.*). The new revelation coalesced with the old. Righteousness gains a larger and loftier sway. It takes grace into its alliance, and wins from the heart "the obedience of faith," where before it had worked on men through command and in ways of constraint. Thus righteousness is seen at length in its fulness and majesty—a "stern lawgiver" yet wearing "the

* See Sanday and Headlam's *Commentary on Romans, in loco.* The view there established is one that the present writer has long held.

Godhead's most benignant grace." "The law" that breeds transgression and "worketh wrath" (Rom. iv. 15), had made Righteousness the accuser of a world of hapless criminals; she is, under the Gospel, the supreme reconciler, the arbiter of the moral universe, which gives its due to the sin of men but also to the love of God, and will do justice to them both. It is no mockery, as it had seemed to Saul, the honest Pharisee torturing himself in the vain effort to achieve a legal righteousness, when the prophet speaks of Israel's Jehovah as "a just God and a saviour." The contradiction has become an identity. He is a saviour, because He is just: He is just, because He saves. Salvation is the outflow of God's righteousness; it is part and parcel thereof.

Along with his conception of righteousness, St. Paul's conception of law was widened, and virtually transformed, by his discovery of Jesus Christ. Law had been for him the expression of the normal relation of Israel to God, determined by the Mosaic covenant; now it signifies the normal relation of mankind to God determined by the new covenant established in Jesus Christ, a new covenant whose promise and root lay deeper than the old, being virtually contained in the transaction of God with Abraham (Gal. iii. 14—22). Hence the Apostle, while in his communion with "the lawless" Gentiles he becomes "as lawless" and appears such to Jewish eyes, is in reality as far removed as possible from this condition; he is "not lawless towards God, but in the law of Christ," whose law is no outward yoke but an inward nature to him (1 Cor. ix. 21). The moral code the Apostle to the Gentiles conceives as written not on the stone tables of Moses only, but in broader characters upon the conscience of mankind; to this witness, his universal gospel, with its message of pardon and of doom, makes everywhere its sure appeal. Love is its master principle, and true fulfilment. On the Divine side, the same law embraces faith and the action of the Holy Spirit as legitimate and decisive factors in God's dealings with mankind; so that the Apostle consistently speaks of "a law of faith" and "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ

Jesus." Love, faith, the gift of the Spirit—things that seem most antithetical to law and righteousness—are thus brought within these pre-existent categories. This identification is peculiarly characteristic of St. Paul's mind. Antinomianism, in every shade and shape, he loathed. Anything arbitrary and disordered in the system of things—a love at variance with righteousness, a faith resting upon no settled principle of the Divine government—neither his reason nor his reverence could have tolerated for a moment. An irregular salvation, one that did not satisfy God's laws and square with the moral principles on which the universe is governed, his soul would have spurned in holy pride. "Do we make void law through our faith [in Christ]? Anything but that," he cries; "Nay, we establish law!" He combats Jewish legalism in the interests of a truer and more ancient legality, a juster righteousness, which lies deep in the nature of God and in the heart of Scripture.

Over against the Apostle's doctrine of God and of Righteousness lies his doctrine of *Man*—the race and the individual—of *Man*, and of *Sin*. Here also we should distinguish the Jewish substratum and the Christian modification, the Old Testament root and the New Testament upgrowth. Of signal interest at this point, as linking Paul's doctrine of Man to that of God, is the summing up in Romans iii. of Paul's arraignment against sin—a conclusion that annihilates Jewish pride: "There is no distinction; for all have sinned, and find themselves short of the glory of God"—that glorious image in which man was made. But a word here must suffice to intimate a wide range of teaching. We are writing a critical sketch, not an exposition.

2. Now, in the second place, on the basis of St. Paul's conceptions of God and of Righteousness, of Man and of Sin, it is possible to erect his doctrine of *Christ*.

The Pharisee Saul persecuted Jesus of Nazareth after His death for the same reason for which He had been put to death—namely, His claim to be the Son of God. In a moment Saul discovered his utter mistake, and reversed his opinion of the Nazarene. Jesus had in truth risen from the

dead, as His disciples affirmed. He was then, after all, the Messiah. More than that, He was, as He had asserted before the Sanhedrin and as His apostles continually preached, the Son of the Highest, now seated at the Father's right hand in glory. These convictions entered, with one lightning flash, the soul of the stricken persecutor; and Saul was not the man to trifle with them. The terms of the believer's faith in the Person of Christ were already present to his thought; he needed only to substitute "Jesus Lord" for "Jesus anathema" and to adore whom he had blasphemed. "Immediately," we are told, he went and "preached" to the Jews of Damascus "that this Jesus is the Son of God." What was meant, to Jewish ears, by "the Son of God," let the trial before the Sanhedrin and the authentic record of St. John's Gospel show. For the Apostle's subsequent teaching, it is enough to refer to his frequent acts of prayer to "the Lord Jesus," worshipped by the side of "God our Father," and to the line of texts which culminates in Phil. ii. 5—11 and the *θεὸς εὐλογητὸς εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας* of Romans ix. 5—passages treated by Sabatier and Beyschlag in an evasive fashion that detracts greatly from the value of works of high ability and merit. The God of Saul's ancestral faith he henceforth glorifies as "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The manhood of Jesus Christ no one in the Church as yet dreamed of doubting; and the co-existence of the Divine and human in Him is Paul's constant wonder. On the definition of Christ's relations to mankind much of the Apostle's most careful and subtle thinking is expended. Jesus Christ was a member of our race—or, rather, its pre-mundane head and channel of life, the truer Adam, the mould in which our humanity was cast, "the one man" from whom all take their spiritual nature (1 Cor. viii. 6, xi. 3, xv. 22, 44—49; Rom. v. 14—21; Gal. iv. 6; Eph. i. 4, 5, ii. 10, v. 30—32; Col. i. 15 *ff*). He is concerned, therefore, in our fall, in the curse that came upon us through transgression, and becomes answerable on this account. God "made Him sin on our behalf" (2 Cor. v. 21). Yet His freedom was never compromised, His purity remained unspotted; it was

"the likeness of sinful flesh" in which God "sent" Him, not its actual carnality, and though true man He "knew no sin."

Man is bound up with the cosmos around him, which is implicated with him in the "bondage of corruption" (Rom. viii. 19—23) and awaits its redemption from the same Saviour. The Lord Christ, as St. Paul taught the Colossians, is not merely the archetype of humanity, but the "first begotten in respect of all creation"; in Him the natural world has its standing and coherence. His Person is the centre of unity to the universe itself, the rallying point of the forces that make for life and blessing, the centre and nucleus about which "all things in heaven and earth" are "gathered into one" throughout this disordered and unhinged creation (Col. i. 15—20; Eph. i. 10).

Now the Christ so constituted, and living upon earth as "David's seed" and God's own Son, sin-cursed yet sinless, died a victim for human transgression. This fact is, to St. Paul's mind, the focus of the Christian system. The Cross is the main shaft of the superstructure resting on the basis already described; it is the trunk into which run up all the roots of Paul's Christian thought, and that supports its branches and fruitage. All that has previously emerged in the Apostle's teaching respecting God and man, righteousness and sin, wrath and grace, the Deity and humanity of Jesus, leads up to Calvary and is a kind of prologue to the Cross; and from that centre there streams forth the light of salvation shed over all men and ages. "Far be it from me to glory," he exclaims, "save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!" Everything that Paul knows, exults in, builds upon, is poised there.

The Apostle uses many terms to express the meaning of the death of Christ, for it is a many-sided fact, of endless significance. Our errors arise from seeing it only upon one side, from interpreting it upon a single plane of thought and ignoring the rest. It is a vicarious, representative death, as He who thus suffered is the Leader of the race, the "One" who "died for all" (2 Cor. v. 14, 15), who alone had the

right and power to do so. It is a legal sacrifice, in the very largest sense, coming under that awful law which yokes death to sin as its universal human penalty (Rom. v. 12, viii. 2; 1 Cor. xv. 22); and the pardon based upon it is accordingly a "justification," a legal acquittal and release in the court of the eternal justice, inasmuch as "He that died hath been justified from sin" and "all died in Him" (Rom. iv. 25, vi. 7; 2 Cor. v. 14). It is a "propitiation," since He who endured it dreadfully realised, and with sympathy and entire submission, the holy resentment that burns against human wickedness through all the miseries that it entails; and the meek endurance of the undeserving voluntary Sufferer, full of pity for His guilty brethren, was "an odour of sweet smell" (Rom. iii. 25; Eph. v. 2). Thus, in every fitting sense, the death of Jesus was a sacrifice offered upon man's part.

But since "Christ is God's" rather than ours (1 Cor. iii. 23), that sacrifice was presented (for it had been provided) by God, the Father of Christ and of men, who "*sent* His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin," who "*spared not* His own Son but delivered Him up for us all," and who thus "commends *His own love* to us" (Rom. v. 8, viii. 3, 32). Therefore that death of Christ is on every account, and on both sides, a "reconciliation" (Rom. v. 1—11; 2 Cor. v. 18—21). On this strange ground God and man meet again in friendship. The Divine family is reconstituted around the Elder Brother. With His nail-pierced hand He leads us into the Father's house; He reconciles us each to the other, as He reconciles us all to God, by the blood of His cross, and slays all enmity by yielding to the cruel enmity that slew Him upon the tree (Eph. ii. 13—18). On the basis of this atonement forgiveness, adoption, regeneration through the restored gift of the Holy Spirit, are bestowed (Eph. i. 5—7; 1 Cor. vi. 11, 19; 1 Th. iv. 7, 8; Tit. iii. 5—7; finally, the body is recovered from the grasp of death and glorified after the fashion of Christ's "body of glory" (Rom. viii. 11, 18—23; 1 Cor. xv. 20—58; Ph. iii. 20, 21). All the sum of blessings is guaranteed that make up our salvation—blessings collectively named "redemption," since they were won for us

at the cost of the blood of Christ (1 Cor. i. 30, vi. 20; Eph. i. 14; Acts xx. 28).

Correlative to St. Paul's doctrine of the death of the incarnate Christ is that of life in the risen and glorified (spiritual) Christ. While on the former side the working of sin is at each point countervailed and undone, in the place of that which is thus destroyed there is built up, in the individual throughout his life and in the race throughout its history, a new order of things, a regenerated world. The principle of this reconstruction is nowhere better seen than in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where the "newness of life" experienced by the believer is shown to result from his fellowship with the living Saviour and from the operation upon him of Christ's heavenly being. St. Paul's theory of Christian morals comes under this head; it is a recasting and broadening of Old Testament ethics, developed under the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. Union by faith with the risen and celestial Christ is the key to his doctrine of Christian life and conduct, just as much as union with the dying Christ is the key to his doctrine of deliverance from sin. This union will be consummated by the second coming of the Redeemer, whose triumphant return ushers in God's eternal kingdom for the saints; while, negatively, it imports the final doom of the irreconcilable and incurably corrupt, pronounced by His lips who is our Judge, no less than our Saviour, because He is our Lord (1 Th. v. 3; 2 Th. i. 6—10; Ph. iii. 18—21; Rom. ii. 5—16; Acts xvii. 30, 31).

3. In the development of the second and central division of St. Paul's doctrine, his Christology (or Christianity proper), we find a third movement of thought essentially involved—that embracing the doctrines of *the Spirit* and *the Church*.

The relation of members to the body is the figure under which the Apostle habitually represents the communion of believers with the Lord. In the Epistle to the Ephesians, after a passing reference of this kind in 2 Cor. xi. 2, he adopts the institution of marriage—a familiar symbol in the Old Testament for the covenant of Jehovah with Israel—to

set forth the bond that holds between Christ and the Church. The two relations do not present simply a moral parallel; but each true wedlock is, in St. Paul's view, a type of Christ and His Bride. Human marriage was founded upon this ideal already in the mind of the Creator (Eph. v. 22—32). That "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for her" is a truth lying as close to Paul's heart as the faith that "He loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20; Eph. v. 25). The wife is the complement of the husband, and the members of the head (Eph. i. 22): if we need Christ for our Saviour and Head, He too requires us for his limbs. Even our physical organs, the Apostle says in one place (1 Cor. vi. 15), are "members of Christ."

Now this invisible union with the Lord Jesus implies the inward possession of men by His Spirit. "He that is joined (cemented) to the Lord is one spirit" with Him (1 Cor. vi. 17); there is no live body without a unifying and animating spirit. It further implies Church communion, social fellowship, as a vital factor of our life in Him. "The communion of the Holy Ghost"—the consummating benediction of the Christian Church (2 Cor. xiii. 14)—is a fellowship in "that one and the self-same Spirit" of each believer with his brethren on earth, as truly as with the exalted Head. The Lord's Supper does not constitute such communion, but is its seal and witness for "the many" who "are one loaf, one body" in Christ (1 Cor. x. 16, 17). Holiness upon the one side, brotherly love upon the other, are the conditions securing our individual fellowship in the Spirit and the Church. These ideas, which space will not allow us to expand, play a large part in the Pauline system; they are structural to it. It is important to observe how entirely the Church, as conceived by the Apostle, is the body of the Holy Spirit; its constitution and offices are determined by this one fact. St. Paul supplies no real basis whatever for materialistic sacramentarian theories. The ministry and the sacraments are, upon Pauline principles, proper functions indeed, but not originating nor mechanically limiting conditions of Church life.

St. Paul's doctrine of the Spirit and the Church is, we venture to think, the doctrine of the future. To face the decisive struggle with sacerdotalism that awaits us, we must have a clear, positive, fighting and working theory of Church life, a doctrine with the strength and weight of the New Testament behind it. Negations will not save us. Silence and indifference do not shield the Methodist and Nonconformist Churches from the resolute, confident, and often skilful assaults directed against them by the ubiquitous "Catholic" priesthoods.

In the examination of this third division of Paulinism the Apostle's dependence upon the teaching of Jesus comes out more distinctly than in any previous part of his theology. The preconditions and suggestions of his doctrines of God and man, and even of his Christology, we could trace largely to the Old Testament and pre-Christian experience. But Paul's notions respecting the Holy Spirit we can in no way account for except by his acquaintance with our Lord's personal teaching upon this subject—and specifically with that contained in the Fourth Gospel—knowledge which St. John assuredly did not keep locked up within his breast until his record was published in its final form near the end of the first century. This opens up the difficult and deeply interesting question of the relation between the doctrine of Paul and of his Master, which we can only mention to pass by.

4. Finally, the doctrine of the Apostle Paul may be summed up under the conception, supplied by the Old Testament and assumed by Jesus for His earliest watchword, of *the kingdom of God*. The earnest Pharisee, it must be remembered, strove to win legal righteousness, not merely to secure his personal salvation, but in order to bring about for Israel, and for the cause and glory of God, the promised Messianic kingdom. To this end "the twelve tribes, intently serving God night and day, hoped to attain." Paul pursued the same goal as a Christian Apostle, seeing it now far more clearly and in proportion, infinitely larger.

The announcement of the kingdom is prominent in the Apostle's missionary preaching. Though not conspicuous

in the Epistles, it runs through the entire series and comes in significantly at the critical points of doctrine. When St. Paul speaks of himself as "going about heralding the kingdom" (Acts xx. 25), of God as "calling the Thessalonians unto His own kingdom and glory" (1 Th. ii. 12), and "translating" the Colossians "from the dominion of darkness into the kingdom of the Son of His love" (i. 13), when he describes this realm to the Ephesians as "the kingdom of Christ and God" (v. 5), and to the Romans as not consisting in "eating and drinking, but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" (xiv. 17), when he anticipates himself entering at his approaching martyrdom "into the heavenly kingdom of the Lord" (2 Tim. iv. 18), and foresees "the end, when Christ," after "bringing to naught every rule and every dominion and power," shall, as the last act of His grand obedience, "deliver over the kingdom to God, even the Father" (1 Cor. xv. 24—28),—with this train of sayings in view, one sees that the thought and hope of the kingdom occupied in St. Paul's mind a place no less commanding than it did in the mind of Jesus and of the Twelve. The kingdom of God embraces all the Apostle's doctrinal ideas, in one way or other, within its scope; it is the alpha and omega of Paulinism.

Under this head comes the Apostle's Eschatology, the climax of his religious system, which gathers its wealth and splendour of anticipation from all that has preceded it in the order of time and in the march of revelation. No saying of the Apostle's looks further or has a wider reach than that which closes his comparison of Christ and Adam in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where he declares that the entire Divine economy, of Law and of Gospel, had this single purpose, "that even as sin reigned in death, so also grace might reign through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Grace, after all, is St. Paul's last and dearest word (2 Tim. iv. 22). His Gospel, like his life, was the manifestation of the all-conquering grace of God. The reign, the eternal reign of grace, is its true heaven.

ART. V.—MISS KINGSLEY IN WEST AFRICA.

Travels in West Africa. Congo Français, Corisco and Cameroons. By MARY H. KINGSLEY. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1897.

MISS KINGSLEY has stepped at once into the front rank of lady travellers. There is no volume in our vast library of travel and exploration quite like hers. This English lady travelled among cannibal tribes, and was more than once actually stalked by the natives as a novel head of game; she rose at the dead of night to fling water pots and three-legged stools at a leopard, she forded horrible swamps, and came to close quarters with elephants, hippos, crocodiles and gorillas, and she tells her story with a boisterous mirth and gaiety of heart, which shows how much she has enjoyed her adventures, and how eager she is for more. But this bulky volume is not merely packed with adventure and with grotesque incident; it is one of our most instructive books of travel. Its studies of fetish and witchcraft will, to most readers, be a revelation as to what life actually is in a West African village, whilst its discussions of trade problems, of missionary methods, of polygamy, and of the liquor traffic, will arouse animated discussion and controversy. Miss Kingsley's somewhat authoritative pronouncements will not be accepted by Christian students, for she declares that "both polygamy and slavery are essential to the well-being of Africa;" but no one can fail to recognise the sincere desire for the well-being of the natives which marks her discussion of these burning questions.

It was in 1893 that Miss Kingsley found herself free to spend five or six months in exploration. After due deliberation, she resolved to devote her holiday to West Africa. Her search for information was far from encouraging. The majority of her friends knew nothing about the region she proposed to visit, but a percentage said, "Oh, you can't

possibly go there; that's where Sierra Leone is, the white man's grave, you know." The doctors told her cheerfully, "Deadliest spot on earth." She gained her first idea of the social condition of the country from the missionary reports and journals. This prepared her for the pronouncement of an old friend who had lived seven years on the Coast:

"When you have made up your mind," he said, "to go to West Africa, the very best thing you can do is to get it unmade again and go to Scotland instead; but if your intelligence is not strong enough to do so, abstain from exposing yourself to the direct rays of the sun, take four grains of quinine every day for a fortnight before you reach the Rivers, and get some introduction to the Wesleyans; they are the only people on the Coast who have got a hearse with feathers."

A feeling of foreboding settled on Miss Kingsley as she left London for Liverpool, which was deepened by the steamboat agents, who frankly informed her that they did not issue return tickets by the West African lines of steamers.

The process of her education is interesting and instructive. One by one ideas derived from books and other sources had to be revised or entirely given up. The greatest recantation Miss Kingsley had to make was in her estimate of the traders. She found herself entirely dependent on their good offices, and quickly discovered that she could entirely trust them. Thanks to the "Agent," she visited places she could never otherwise have seen, and the respect and affection in which he is held by the native secured her safety in many perils. She owes much to his gracious hospitality.

"He has bestowed himself—Allah only knows where—on his small trading vessels, so that I might have his one cabin. He has fished me out of sea and fresh water with boat-hooks; he has continually given me good advice, which, if I had only followed, would have enabled me to keep out of water and any other sort of affliction; and although he holds the meanest opinion of my intellect for going to such a place as West Africa for beetles, fishes and fetish, he has given me the greatest assistance in my work."

The charm of the Coast laid hold on Miss Kingsley as soon as she left Sierra Leone on her first voyage, and she

saw that there was "any amount of work worth doing down there." The first visit was so promising that, on December 23rd, 1894, she left Liverpool on a second voyage. She had been asked to travel with Lady MacDonald, who was going out to join her husband, then Governor of Old Calabar, and, despite the fact that they were cast in an entirely different mould, the two ladies soon became attached friends. South of Gibraltar the interest of the voyage began. The Peak of Teneriffe displayed itself as usual as an entirely celestial phenomenon. Many people do not see the mountain, because they look straight before them, instead of raising their eyes to the glittering white triangle somewhere near the zenith. On certain days the Peak stands out clear from ocean to summit, looking every inch and more of its 12,080 feet, but "whenever and however it may be seen, soft and dream-like in the sunshine, or melodramatic and bizarre in the moonlight, it is one of the most beautiful things the eye of man may see." It is hard to judge whether it is superior, however, to Grand Canary, as seen from the sea. When Miss Kingsley sailed past, the superb cone of Teneriffe stood out a deep purple against a serpent-green sky, separated from the brilliant blue ocean by a girdle of pink and gold cumulus, whilst Grand Canary and Lanzarote looked as though formed out of fantastic-shaped sunset cloud-banks turned into a solid mass by some enchanter's spell.

Sierra Leone looks best from the sea. Its capital, Free Town, "the Liverpool of West Africa," seems in the distance to be built of graystone, but most of its stores and houses are of painted wood, with corrugated iron roofs. Here and there is a thatched roof covered with creeping plants and inhabited by colonies of insects. Some of the stores and churches are built of the local red stone. "In the crannies of these buildings trailing plants covered with pretty mauve or yellow flowers take root, and everywhere, along the tops of the walls, and in the cracks of the houses, are ferns and flowering plants." The town has one central street, from which others run off at right angles. These are covered with green Bahama grass, save where they are so nearly

perpendicular, that the heavy rains have swept them bare down to the red bed-rock. The fronts of the shops are taken away, and the walls are lined with shelves, on which rest bundles of gay-coloured Manchester cottons and shawls, Swiss clocks, brass, copper and iron cooking pots. Inside the store you will see the proprietor, with his family and a few friends, all exceedingly plump and happy, having a social "shout" together. Natives walk along the springy turf of the streets at a brisk pace, carrying huge burdens on their heads. They take no notice where they are going, and sometimes charge recklessly into a section of bearers who have set down their loads right in the middle of the street "to have a friendly yell with some acquaintances." Then the uproar becomes simply terrific. Among the crowd of country people in Free Town walk stately Mohammedans from the Western Soudan, wearing a long white loose-sleeved skirt, covered by a black or deep blue mohair or silk gown. These are the gentlemen of the native population, and add not a little to the difficulty of missionary work. The noise, the smell, and the heat of Free Town greatly try a visitor, but he almost forgets these things as he studies the costume of the people.

"The ordinary man in the street wears anything he may have been able to acquire, anyhow, and he does not fasten it on securely. I fancy it must be capillary attraction, or some other partially-understood force, that takes part in the matter. It is certainly neither braces nor buttons. There are of course some articles which from their very structure are fairly secure, such as an umbrella with the stick and ribs removed, or a shirt. This last-mentioned treasure, which usually becomes the property of the ordinary man from a female relative or admirer taking in white men's washing, is always worn flowing free, and has such a charm in itself that the happy possessor cares little what he continues his costume with—trousers, loin cloth, red flannel petticoat, or rice-bag drawers, being, as he would put it, 'all same for one' to him."

One day when Miss Kingsley was in the outskirts of the town she saw a party of country people coming in to market. It was the wet season, and they had nothing on worth mentioning. Each carried a bundle done up in

American cloth, with a closed umbrella tucked into it. When they got near the town they pulled up and solemnly dressed, holding umbrellas over each other during the operation. "Then, dignified and decorated, and each sporting his gingham, they marched into the town." The women's costumes are nearly as quaintly various as those of the men, but neater and cleaner. They themselves are picturesque figures, and occasionally very pretty.

"A market-woman with her jolly brown face and laughing brown eyes—eyes all the softer for a touch of antimony—her ample form clothed in a lively print overall, made with a yoke at the shoulders, and a full long flounce which is gathered on to the yoke under the arms and falls fully to the feet; with her head done up in a yellow or red handkerchief, and her snowy white teeth gleaming through her vast smiles, is a mighty pleasant thing to see, and to talk to. But, Allah! the circumference of them!"

Miss Kingsley's days at Cape Coast Castle were among the hottest but the most pleasant she spent on the Gold Coast. She pays special tribute to the kindness of the Rev. Dennis Kemp and his wife, of the Wesleyan Mission. The large Wesleyan church in the centre of the town far surpasses the cathedral at Sierra Leone, and the native members are taught to give, whilst "almost all the other native Christian bodies are content to be in a state of pauperised dependency on British subscriptions." Seen from the sea, the Gold Coast is a pleasant looking land. Its long lines of yellow sandy beach are backed by an almost continuous line of blue hills, which in some places come close to the beach. It is hard to think as you pass by that this region is so unhealthy as it really is, for the land stands high, and those great masses of mangrove swamp that you usually associate with a bad fever district are absent.

The voyage terminated at Calabar. Miss Kingsley was able to make a little visit to Fernando Po with Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald. This island is the most important on the coast of West Africa, and one of the most beautiful in the world. A great volcanic mass, with many craters,

culminates in the magnificent cone, Clarence Peak. The island is heavily forested, almost to its peak. It is very rich in oil palms and tree ferns, and in the undergrowth there is an immense variety of ferns and mosses. Sugar cane grows wild, which is an uncommon thing in West Africa. The natives, the Bubis, care nothing for trade. They covet a little rum and a few beads, but they bend their attention ordinarily to catching porcupines or the beautiful little gazelles, gray on the back and white underneath, with which the island abounds. When the Bubi wants to buy rum or beads he extracts palm oil from the rich supply of nuts. The language depends so much on gesture that they cannot talk in it to each other after dark. The people are ostentatiously unclothed. The Spanish authorities insist that when they come into town they should have something on, but when they turn homeward they strip off their bit of cotton cloth outside the town and put it into their baskets. Yet, despite his contempt for clothes, the Bubi is a dandy in his own way. His idea of decoration is to spread a plaster of tola pomatum over his body and cover his head with a palm-leaf hat adorned with birds' feathers. One chief fastened on his gorgeous headgear with a row of wooden bonnet pins. Pieces of wood stuck through the ear serve as earrings, whilst bits of the backbones of pythons, teeth, feathers, and antelope horns are hung as charms round the neck; round the upper arm they wear bracelets made of ivory or beads.

After her return from Fernando Po, Miss Kingsley spent four or five months collecting fish and insects in the Calabar River, and the woods around it. She formed a friendship with Miss Slessor, of Okÿon, who had been living eighteen years at Calabar, and was able to give her invaluable help in the matter of fetish and native customs. This lady has won profound esteem from the natives, and has done a great work among them. In May Miss Kingsley started for Congo Français, intending to collect fishes in the Ogowé River, as the yield in the Calabar proved disappointing. She had plenty of time to study the habits of West Coast

rivers. All the really great rivers, save the Congo, come out to sea with as much mystery as possible, lounging lazily along through numberless channels which communicate with each other, and are bordered by green-black walls of mangroves. The river looks like a pathway of polished metal, for it is as heavily weighted as is possible with evil-smelling mud. At high water a small canoe can thread the mangrove swamps for miles, but care must be taken lest the crocodiles snap at the little bark. You can watch the land being made from the edge of the waters. A mangrove seed lights on a mud bank; others join it, and struggle on together, forming a network of roots, stopping mud and palm leaves, and thus making the way ready for other mangroves and for pines and palms.

"First the screw-pines come and live among them; then the wine-palm and various creepers, and then the oil-palm; and the *débris* of these plants being greater, and making better soil than dead mangroves, they work quicker, and the mangrove is doomed. Soon the salt waters are shut right out, the mangrove dies, and that bit of Africa is made. It is very interesting to get into these regions; you see along the river-bank a rich, thick, lovely wall of soft wooded plants, and behind this you find great stretches of death—miles and miles sometimes of gaunt white mangrove skeletons standing on grey stuff that is not yet earth, and is no longer slime, and through the crust of which you can sink into rotting putrefaction. Yet, long after you are dead, buried and forgotten, this will become a forest of soft-wooded plants and palms; and, finally, of hard-wooded trees. Districts of this description you will find in great sweeps of Kama country, for example, and in the rich low regions up to the base of the Sierra del Cristal and the Rumby range."

People speak of the lifelessness of mangrove swamps, but Miss Kingsley found them far from lifeless. Crocodiles abounded, there were quantities of flies, hopping mud-fish, crabs, cat-fish. There were no birds, save the grey parrots that passed over them in the evening, hoarsely squawking! After nightfall the swamp is full of noises—grunts, splashes, and, above all, the strange whine and sighing cough of the crocodile.

After passing a succession of such swamps, Miss Kingsley reached the French Congo. On her former visit to Africa,

she had met the Agent-General of one of the great trading companies. He gave her permission to collect fish in the Ogowé, the largest river between the Niger and the Congo. In the forests along this waterway live some notoriously savage tribes. Chief of these are the Fans, who have made their appearance here within the memory of living men, and are in a state of migration seawards. They are a bright and active race, who form a strange contrast to the slothful and lethargic tribes on the West Coast. The French Congo has a coast line of about nine hundred miles, with an area of some two hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and a population variously estimated at from two to five millions. Miss Kingsley found a warm welcome at Gaboon, the great trading station of the French Congo, one of the finest harbours on the coast. Here she spent a fortnight exploring the sea-shore, swamp and forest, and learning much from Dr. Nassau, the pioneer missionary and explorer of the district, who is an authority on native customs. On June 5th, 1895, she steamed round to the Ogowé in the *Mové*. Forest cliffs rich in bamboo, oil and wine palms, rose right up out of the mirror-like brown water. Many of the highest trees were covered with clusters of brown-pink young shoots, others were decorated by climbing palms gay with bunches of bright crimson berries. Climbing plants with mauve, yellow or white flowers festooned the trees, from which a heavy breath of fragrance was wafted out towards the steamer. The river winds so sharply that it seemed to close in behind the *Mové*, whilst in front it opened up fresh vistas of superb forest beauty, stretching ahead like a broad road of burnished bronze. The climbing plants grew finer as they sailed up the river, forming great veils and curtains between and above the trees. Sometimes these hanging curtains were forty feet wide and seventy feet high, decorated with large, bell-shaped bright-coloured flowers, or delicate sprays of white blossoms. All day long the *Mové* steamed past scenes of loveliness such as these.

Miss Kingsley soon found herself an honoured guest at Kangwe, the station of the Mission Evangélique. M. Jacot

was absent on an evangelising tour, but his wife spared no pains to make her English visitor feel at home. Miss Kingsley says :

"I daily saw there what it is possible to do, even in the wildest and most remote regions of West Africa, and recognised that there is still one heroic form of human being whose praise has never adequately been sung, namely, the missionary's wife."

Despite the enervating climate, Madame Jacot taught a tribe of school children of the Fan and Igalwa tribes, brought up her own two little ones, and kept her house as clean and neat as though it had been in Paris. After a fortnight at Kangwe, Miss Kingsley found it possible to push further up the Ogowé in a river steamer. She received a warm welcome at the French Mission (Evangélique), in Talagouga. Madame Forget, her new hostess, was "a perfectly lovely French girl, with a pale, transparent skin, and the most perfect great dark eyes, with indescribable charm, grace of manner, and vivacity in conversation." The station seemed almost hanging on to the rocky hillside which rises abruptly from the river. The little church was very pretty, though a European felt uneasy, because no precautions were taken to exclude snakes, lizards, or insects. The pews consisted of round poles, neatly mounted on stumps about ten inches from the ground. Yet even native elders fell sound asleep on these unpromising poles. The trees were never stirred by a breeze while Miss Kingsley was here. The only sign of motion was the river sweeping past at a terrific pace. Now and again a canoe, filled with wild and nearly naked savages, crept upwards, or came rushing down in the centre of the river, or one of the steamers slipped past. Miss Kingsley got some new specimens of fish from the Fans, and wandered through the dense forest. There were no bush paths, for no Fan villager cares to go to a neighbour village, and all the trade is carried on in canoes.

"On first entering the great grim twilight region of an African forest you hardly see anything but the vast column-like grey tree-stems in their countless thousands around you, and the

sparsely vegetated ground beneath. But day by day, as you get trained to your surroundings, you see more and more, and a whole world grows up gradually out of the gloom before your eyes. Snakes, beetles, bats and beasts people the region that at first seemed lifeless. It is the same with the better lit regions, where vegetation is many-formed and luxuriant. As you get used to it, what seemed at first to be an inextricable tangle ceases to be so. The separate sort of plants stand out before your eyes with ever increasing clearness, until you can pick out the one particular one you may want; and daily you find it easier to make your way through what looked at first an impenetrable wall, for you have learned that it is in the end easier to worm your way in among networks of creepers, than to shirk these and go for the softer walls of climbing grasses and curtains of lycopodium; and not only is it easier but safer, for in the grass and lycopodium there are nearly certain to be snakes galore, and the chances are you may force yourself into the privacy of a gigantic python's sleeping place."

However well you know the forest by day it is quite another world after sunset. Miss Kingsley found nothing so fascinating as a night in an African forest, but those who have not fallen under its spell feel this the most awful life in death imaginable. It is like being shut up in a library whose books you cannot read. All the while you are "tormented, terrified and bored." Round Talagouga Miss Kingsley tasted some of these sylvan delights. Several times she came across a long trail of flattened undergrowth, with a musky smell which bore witness that a boa constrictor had recently gone that way. Twice she was in danger of being stalked by native hunters, but as it is their custom to get as near as they can before firing she escaped with her life.

Miss Kingsley's heart was still set on getting further up the Ogowé. After much difficulty she secured a canoe and four Igalwa natives, who spoke trade English. When they reached Njole the authorities were very reluctant to allow an English lady to endanger her life in the rapids. But Miss Kingsley was not to be denied. The party pushed up the Ogowé. In two hours they were facing their first rapid. Grey black masses of smoothed rock rose in all directions out of the whirling water. When the sun shone it covered

them with a halo of soft light blue haze. This, with the forest covered hill-sides and the little beaches of glistening white sand, formed one of the most perfect of Nature's pictures. The canoe hugged the right-hand bank, keeping as much as possible out of the swiftest current. When the natives could not force the boat round a projecting point the head man shouted to Miss Kingsley, "Jump for bank, sar!" She then leaped ashore, followed by half the crew.

"Such banks! sheets, and walls, and rubbish-heaps of rock, mixed up with trees, fallen and standing. One appalling corner I shall not forget, for I had to jump at a rock wall, and hang on to it in a manner more befitting an insect than an insect-hunter, and then scramble up it into a close-set forest, heavily burdened with boulders of all sizes."

Whilst Miss Kingsley was climbing across the promontory the crew were hauling the canoe round the point by means of the strong chain fixed in the bow in readiness for such emergencies. Then all got on board and paddled away till they met their next tribulation. Night fell before they reached the Fan village for which they were steering. They had only starlight enough to see the flying foam of the rapids, not enough to detect the great trees that had fallen from the bank into the water. They fought their way round corners, though they could not jump on the banks in the darkness. About half-past nine, however, they got into a savage rapid:

"We fought it inch by inch. The canoe jammed herself on some barely sunken rocks in it. We shoved her off over them. She tilted over and chucked us out. The rocks round being just awash, we survived and got her straight again, and got into her and drove her unmercifully; she struck again and bucked like a broncho, and we fell in heaps upon each other, but stayed inside that time—the men by the aid of their intelligent feet, I by clinching my hands into the bush-rope lacing which ran round the rim of the canoe, and the meaning of which I did not understand when I left Talagouga. We sorted ourselves out hastily and sent her at it again. Smash went a sorely-tried pole and a paddle. Round and round we spun in an exultant whirlpool, which, in a light-hearted maliciously joking way, hurled us tail first out of it into the current."

It was impossible to push their way further up the river,

so the canoe was allowed to drift downward at a terrific pace. Two of the men stood in the bows to pole it off the rocks. Despite every effort they got many a severe shaking. At last they were tightly wedged on a large black reef. They tied the canoe firmly to the rock and scrambled on to an island where, after much searching, they found a little village. It was a collection of palm mat-built huts, very low and squalid. The villagers, painted vermilion all over their nearly naked bodies, were dancing enthusiastically to a lively tune played by an old gentleman on a black and white drum. They had been making too much noise to hear the party arrive, but received them kindly. They were in sore straits, for their village had been destroyed by the Fans and they had not yet had time to rebuild. They said the rapids were now at their worst, and told some rather depressing stories about the risks travellers ran. After her meal Miss Kingsley strolled down the slippery path towards the river. The scene was intensely lovely. Thousands of fire-flies flew about, while from below arose the thunder of the foaming river.

Next morning a new set of poles was secured and a native hired to help them up the rapids. They now saw that the river had two channels; that down which they had been swept in the darkness was almost completely barred by rock. The other was more open, and the water rushed through it in a terrific, swirling mass. Had they been caught in this current they must inevitably have been drowned. Even in daylight, and with added help, it was as much as they could do to struggle up the rapids. At one point even Miss Kingsley felt as though they must be beaten, for they had to force their canoe between huge monoliths standing out of the water like a gateway. They clung to the bank and rocks with hands, poles, and paddles, passing the gateway and the great whirlpool in front of it safely. When they reached Kondo Kondo Island they saw the Alemba River tearing in thunder along its northern side. Miss Kingsley says: "nobler pens than mine must sing its glory and its grandeur. Its face was like nothing I have seen before. Its voice was like

nothing I have heard. Those other rapids are not to be compared to it; they are wild, headstrong, and malignant enough, but the Alemba is not as they. It does not struggle and writhe, and brawl among the rocks, but comes in a majestic, springing dance, a stretch of waltzing foam—triumphant."

The run down the rapids was even more dangerous than the struggle upwards, but in due time the canoe got safely back to Talagouga. Here Miss Kingsley took her passage on the French steamer. The most exciting incident of the return voyage was the hauling on board and cutting up of a hippopotamus which the engineer had shot a week before. It was rather high, but the crew and lower-deck passengers had a rare feast. Miss Kingsley says she has enjoyed hippo flesh far more than the stringy beef or vapid goat's flesh of the district. On her return to Kangwe she mastered the difficult art of paddling a native canoe, not without danger from the swift Ogowé current. Her struggle with her little craft caused no small amusement to the natives and the members of the mission household, but it was rewarded with complete success. Miss Kingsley says that there are only two things of which she is proud—that Dr. Günther of the British Museum has approved her fishes and that she can paddle an Ogowé canoe.

The monotony of the forest view at Kangwe was broken by a long sandbank which appeared as the dry season advanced. Madame Jacot used to take her work on to the verandah and watch the merry brown forms of the children, dancing or lying stretched on the yellow sand, where patchwork quilts and chintz mosquito-bars were spread out to dry. The French lady felt it a real relief to watch the scene.

"That bank," she said, "is the only piece of clear ground I see in the year, and that only lasts a few weeks until the wet season comes, and then it goes, and there is nothing but forest, forest, forest, for another year. It is two years now since I came to this place; it may be I know not how many more before we go home again."

The future was hidden from her. Soon after Miss Kingsley's return to England she heard that M. Jacot had fallen a

victim to malignant fever. He was a fine, powerful, energetic man in the prime of life, a teetotaler and a vegetarian. The natives held him in the greatest respect and affection. He had gained great influence over them, and was compiling a dictionary of the Fan language. He had other schemes in view, which would have facilitated all missionary work in the district. He was born in France, but had been brought up in America, and had received a University education, which was of much service in his linguistic work. The picture of this missionary household and its labours is one of the most attractive in Miss Kingsley's volume.

We are inclined to agree with the strictures on the training given in the Mission Evangélique Schools. The boys receive no technical instruction, and the sewing, washing, and ironing which the girls learn is of little use when they return to their native village. Two dresses are given to a scholar when she leaves the mission, but for these is soon substituted one filthy rag, which serves as dress, sheet, towel, and dish cloth. One afternoon M. Jacot returned from a visit to some Fan towns, saying that he had been told of a new reason for polygamy. It enabled a man to get enough to eat. The Fans are a very hungry tribe, who enjoy about ten meals a day. The men spend most of their time in the palaver houses at each end of the village street, where the women bring bowls of food of one kind or another all day long. When hunting in the forest they halt every two hours for a substantial snack, "and the gorge they all go in for after a successful elephant hunt is a thing to see once." A single wife would be quite unequal to the work of a Fan household. Miss Kingsley says she had an Irish charwoman who would have done the whole week's work of an African village in an afternoon, but the dilatory Fan woman is cast in quite another mould. Ample material is furnished for the discussion of the polygamy question. But Miss Kingsley's views are opposed to the experiences of Christian missionaries and to New Testament teaching.

At the end of July Miss Kingsley was ready for the most adventurous part of her journey across the country to the

river Rembwé. Besides her Ajumba or canoe men she now secured a little escort of Fans. They were infinitely the most swift-footed Africans she had met, and their pace severely tried the Ajumba. "What saved us weaklings was the Fans' appetites; every two hours they sat down, and had a snack of a pound or so of meat and aguma apiece, followed by a pipe of tobacco. We used to come up with them at these halts." After a few minutes' rest and chat Miss Kingsley used to push on alone and get a good start. One afternoon as she thus advanced she found five elephants wading and rolling in the mud at the bottom of a ravine. She crept forward until she was so close that she could have hit the nearest elephant with a stone. When these creatures marched off Miss Kingsley and her party pushed through the quagmire. The marshy ground nearly pulled their legs off. Then came a search for the elephant ticks, which had fastened on their flesh and made a fearful pricking irritation, with a shooting rheumatic pain, at the spot where they had embedded their heads in the flesh.

The forest consisted chiefly of ebony and hard wood trees. Climbing palms stretched up one giant stem and down another, or ran along the ground over anything they met—rock or fallen timber.

"The character of the whole forest was very interesting. Sometimes for hours we passed among thousands upon thousands of grey-white columns of uniform height (about 100—150 feet); at the top of these the boughs branched out and interlaced among each other, forming a canopy or ceiling, which dimmed the light even of the equatorial sun to such an extent that no undergrowth could thrive in the gloom. The statement of the struggle for existence was published here in plain figures, but it was not, as in our climate, a struggle against climate mainly, but an internecine war from over-population. Now and again we passed among vast stems of buttressed trees, sometimes enormous in girth, and from their far-away summits hung great bush-ropes, some as straight as plumb-lines, others coiled round and interwined among each other until one could fancy one was looking on some mighty battle between armies of gigantic serpents that had been arrested at its height by some magic spell. All these bush-ropes were as bare of foliage as a ship's wire rigging, but a good many had thorns."

Sometimes the wreck of a forest giant by lightning or tornado had allowed sunlight to stream in, and the half-starved seedlings began a race towards the light. No time to send out side branches or grow fat in the stem!

"Up, up to the light level, and he among them who reached it first won in the game of life or death; for when he gets there he spreads out his crown of upper branches, and shuts off the life-giving sunshine from his competitors, who pale off and die, or remain dragging on an attenuated existence waiting for another chance, and waiting sometimes for centuries."

Miss Kingsley soon made friends with her Fan escort, though the other natives regarded them as hopeless reprobates. They never lost a chance of telling their mistress: "Those Fan be bad man too much." One Fan gentleman, "with the manners of a duke, and the habits of a dustbin," had joined the party on his own account. He was evidently a person of importance, for his companions treated him with great respect. He carried a splendid gun, with a gorilla skin sheath for its lock, and ornamented all over the stock with brass nails. His costume consisted of a small piece of dirty rag round his loins, and, when going through swamps and dense undergrowth, he wore this scandalously short.

The first day in the forest one of the men shot a snake which was hanging from a bough. The natives say there is no remedy for the bite of this species. The "duke" flattened its head against the tree with a blow of his gun butt, and stuck it into the bag which he carried over his shoulder. It made a savoury supper for Miss Kingsley and the Fans, though the other natives would not touch it. Another day they came upon five gorillas, an old male and a young one, with three females. One of the females had a youngster clinging to her, covered with beautiful wavy black hair, which had a slight kink in it. The big male was crouching on his haunches, with his long arms hanging down on either side. The backs of the hands were toward the ground. The elder lady was tearing to pieces and eating a pine apple, the rest were pulling down plantains, eating some and destroying more. The big gorillas seemed to be over six

feet high, the others four or five. They kept up a sort of whinnying, chattering noise. Their reach of arm was immense, and when the Fan hunter startled them by "a paroxysm of falsetto sneezes," they swung themselves off into the forest from bough to bough.

"I have seen many wild animals in their native wilds, but never have I seen anything to equal gorillas going through bush: it is a graceful, powerful, superbly perfect hand-trapeze performance."

When the party got near to the Fan town of Efoua, Miss Kingsley took a short cut across some underbush, and suddenly found herself in a heap on a lot of spikes, at the bottom of a game pit fifteen feet deep. Her thick skirt saved her from serious injury. She sat on the nine ebony spikes, about twelve inches long, and howled lustily to her men who were behind. They hauled her up with a bush rope, but she was scarcely out before one of the natives had crashed through another pit.

They were now close on Efoua, and passing through a thick plantain patch, came out into a great clearing in the forest, covered by the low huts of a big town. They passed through a kind of guard-house gateway in single file, and formed themselves into as imposing a party as possible in the centre of the street. The astonished Efouerians quietly gathered round them, while women and children rushed into the huts and took stock of the new arrivals from the door-holes. The main body of townsmen were away on an elephant hunt. Two of Miss Kingsley's men had friends in Efoua, and a house with two rooms was cleared for her party. The outer room had a pile of boxes in it, with a small fire burning on the floor. Some little bags hung from the roof poles, and there was a general supply of insects. The inner room contained nothing save a hard plank raised on four short pegs from the earth floor. When Miss Kingsley had seen her baggage stowed, she went outside and sat at the doorway on a rickety mushroom-shaped stool, waiting impatiently for her tea. The people thought she was a trader, and were eager to do business. One old man,

after a rare hunt in his boxes, brought out a treasure. Miss Kingsley anxiously watched him uncover it, in the hope to secure some rare object of fetish worship. But, to her disgust, it proved to be an old shilling razor. When night came Miss Kingsley curled herself on the boxes, with her head on the tobacco sack. Waking up in the night she found a violent smell, and, by the smouldering bush light on the floor, traced it to the bags. She opened one and poured its contents into her hat, lest she should lose anything of value. A human hand, three big toes, four eyes, two ears, and other parts of the human frame dropped out. The hand was fresh; the other contents of the bag were shrivelled. The Fans like to keep a memento of their victims.

The next day's march lay along a series of hills, separated by deep ravines. Each ravine had its swamp, through which a river ran. Some swamps were crusted over by exposure to the sun, and it was possible to cross them with a rush, but those that lay in shade were more difficult. The leader of the party would wade in, searching for a ford, till the black, batter-like ooze reached his neck. Success sometimes came at the third or fourth attempt. Then he would struggle out and try again. Miss Kingsley had to undertake this pleasant duty herself when she happened to be in front. The Fan regarded this as a matter of course, and she was too uncertain of them to dare to show the white feather. Near Egaja an enormous tree lay about fifteen feet above a river, forming a kind of bridge. Its bark had been removed, so that it was very slippery, but Miss Kingsley managed to dash across. Inside the town the party was received by a villainous-looking scoundrel, smeared with soot and draped in a fragment of genuine antique cloth. This was a head chief in mourning. He placed a house with four apartments at Miss Kingsley's service. After a while the other chief, who had been out fishing, arrived. He wore a gentleman's black frock-coat, with a bright blue sombrero hat, and an ample cloth of Boma check. His face was very powerful and intelligent. He showed Miss Kingsley great courtesy,

ordered his people to bring stools outside for her and himself, and gave her much information about the district. His mother came for medical advice. She had a terrible hand and arm—a mass of yellow pus, and ulcers, with a big abscess in the arm-pit. Miss Kingsley opened the abscess, washed it out, and poulticed the whole arm. All the cases of sickness in the town had to be dealt with. One was a case of filaria, where the entire white of one eye was full of active little worms with a ridge of them migrating under the skin of the nose towards the other eye. It was eleven at night before Miss Kingsley had dismissed her last patient.

One swamp which they had to cross on their line of march was a gem of beauty, covered with flowers. They saw a native woman ford it, and, following her lead, got on to a submerged bridge. Here Miss Kingsley lost her footing, and had to be fished out of the bog. A little further on lay a still bigger swamp. They met a party of men and women carrying rubber, and thus learnt how to cross. It took an hour and three quarters to wade through up to the chin. Miss Kingsley only went over head once or twice, but others of her party were less fortunate. One man, finding that he was getting out of his depth, seized a palm frond and pulled himself into deeper water still. Here he had to rest till a special expedition of the tallest men went and gathered him like a flower. One and all were horribly attacked by leeches, which formed a frill round their necks like an Astrachan collar, and covered their hands. They were sorely faint from loss of blood, but it was a comical sight to see the victims salting each other. This was the last serious difficulty of this adventurous march. The party soon emerged on the Rembwé, where Miss Kingsley paid off her Fans at the trade factory. With all their faults and failings, they were real men. Their mistress was sorry to part from them, though she hopes that their next journey together may not be over a country that seems to have been "laid down as an obstacle race track for Mr. G. F. Watts's Titans, and to have fallen into shocking bad repair."

Miss Kingsley gives some interesting details of the life of

the black traders in West Africa. Trade follows definite routes, and a village far away in the forest expects the trader to appear twice a year to purchase its rubber and ivory. If he does not come the village grows uneasy. The ladies want their new clothes, the gentlemen are eager for their tobacco. If it should be found that another village has killed the trader and stolen his goods, things are made extremely uncomfortable for that village. Herein lies the trader's chief safety, yet he needs another defence. He therefore secures a wife in each village. Miss Kingsley says, "I know myself one gentleman whose wives stretch over three hundred miles of country, with a good wife base in a Coast town as well." The black trader marries into influential families at each village. All his wife's relations on the mother's side thus regard him as one of themselves and look after him and his interests. The discreet husband repays these friendly relatives with many a little favour.

We also learn much about the native tribes in this volume. The young Fan leads a struggling life, aided only by his mother, until he can steal a runaway wife from a neighbouring village or gather enough rubber and ivory to buy one. Meanwhile he gets his living by fishing or hunting. He aims at securing as wife some widow who, though unattractive in person, knows the way to adulterate the india-rubber so that it will weigh well. Having secured a wife, he takes her round to his relatives, who make little presents to set up the pair in housekeeping. Even then he cannot settle down, for his wife will not kill herself by attempting all the work of the family. Both toil hard till the man can buy more wives. "Some of these are young children, others widows, not necessarily old." It is not till he is well advanced in life that the Fan secures the six or seven wives that he covets. He is a good husband.

"He will chop fire-wood, or goat's chop, or he will carry the baby with pleasure, while his good lady does these things; and in bush villages he always escorts her, so as to be at hand in case of leopards, or other local unpleasantnesses. When inside the house he will lay down his gun within handy reach, and

build the house, tease out fibre to make game nets with, and plait baskets, or make pottery with the ladies, cheerily chatting the while."

The net work and iron work of the Fans is excellent. Ivory, of course, plays an important part in the wealth of the tribe. It is "everywhere an evil thing before which the quest for gold sinks into a parlour game." A very common method of collecting a tooth is to kill the person who owns it. If you own a tooth you must bury it safely till the trader comes along to buy it. The Fans are light bronze in colour, with bright and expressive faces. They are "full of fire, temper, intelligence, and go; very teachable, rather difficult to manage, quick to take offence, and utterly indifferent to human life."

Miss Kingsley sailed down the Rembwé in a partly-finished native canoe, and never enjoyed Africa as she did when steering this bark along the black, winding river at dead of night. In a chapter on "Congo Français" she does justice to the splendid work of the greatest West African explorer, M. de Brazza, who has made the French flag respected and feared throughout the region. She also bears witness to Du Chaillu's accuracy and the truthfulness of his descriptions. She knows places where the gorillas are "every bit as thick" as Du Chaillu says. After some supplementary expeditions to Corisco and Cape Esterias Miss Kingsley spent a few weeks in Gaboon, and then sailed on the *Niger* for Cameroon Bay. She made an ascent of the magnificent peak called Mungo Mah Lobeh—the Throne of Thunder—which furnishes some pleasant pages for her volume. After a few more weeks on the coast she found her way safely back to England.

Miss Kingsley's chapters on Fetish are profoundly interesting. The West Coast tribes have a universal belief in charms, the virtue of which depends on having in them part of the hair, nail parings, or blood of the person over whom you wish to gain influence. The Igalwa and other tribes allow no one but a trusted friend to do their hair; bits of nails or hair are carefully burnt and thrown away into a

river. Charms are made for loving, hating, fishing, planting, travelling, hunting. A great love charm consists of water the lover has washed in. Mingled with the drink of the loved one this will melt the hardest heart. If a charm fails the medicine man who made it proceeds to investigate the matter. He will perhaps report that the spirit has been lured away from the charm, or killed by a more powerful spirit which is in the pay of some enemy of yours. Graves are sometimes rifled for human eyes, especially those of white men, which have great virtue as charms. The "man that lives in your eye" is thus secured for the service of the village. The heads of important chiefs in the Calabar districts are usually cut off before the body is buried, and kept secretly, lest the head, and therefore the spirit, should be stolen from the town. Charms are hung round the person, round the canoe, the house, and the plantation. A new-born child starts life with a health-knot tied round the wrist, neck, or loins, and its collection increases as the years go on, though it does not attain inconvenient dimensions, through the failure of some charms to work.

In Calabar each person has his Ibet, or thing which he must not touch. In buying a slave the purchaser always asks what the slave's Ibet is? for if that were eaten he would be seized by serious illness. Shortly after a child is born some of the elderly female relatives meet, and discover by use of magic, what the little one's Ibet is to be. He has to keep it for his whole life.

Witchcraft kills more people in West Africa than the slave trade. At almost every death suspicion of unfair dealing arises, and the witch doctor is called in.

"Then woe to the unpopular men, the weak women, and the slaves; for on some of them will fall the accusation that means ordeal by poison, or fire, followed, if these point to guilt, as from their nature they usually do, by a terrible death: slow roasting alive—mutilation by degrees before the throat is mercifully cut—tying to stakes at low tide, that the high tide may come and drown—and any other death human ingenuity and hate can devise."

Miss Kingsley has seen mild, gentle men and women

turned in a moment, by the terror of witchcraft, into incarnate fiends, ready to rend and destroy those who, a moment before, were nearest and dearest to them. When a great man or woman dies, a terrible fear falls like a spell on the village, and long, low howls creep up out of the silence. The men tear off their clothes, and wear only the most filthy rags, the women strip off their ornaments. Their faces are whitened with chalk, their heads shaven, and they sit crouched on the floor of their huts in abject terror. The only safety for those accused of witchcraft is flight to a sanctuary, but this is no easy matter. It is not uncommon for ten or more persons to be destroyed for one man's sickness or death. Some of the smaller tribes have thus been almost wiped out. In the Calabar district, entire villages have poisoned themselves because the village was accused of witchcraft by a neighbouring village.

The witch doctor is often the medical man of the village. He seldom resorts to surgery, but when he does he adopts heroic measures. Dr. Nassau knew of one man who had been accidentally shot. The native doctor made a perpendicular incision into the man's chest, extending down to the last rib. Then he cut diagonally across, lifted the wall of the chest, and groped among the vitals for the bullet, which he successfully extracted. No anæsthetic was employed, and the patient died. The Dualla doctors are great on poultices, and baths, accompanied by massage, are much esteemed.

Dying, especially in the Niger Delta, is made very terrible. When the patient has become insensible,

"violent means are taken to restore the spirit to the body. Pepper is forced up the nose and into the eyes. The mouth is propped open with a stick. The shredded fibres of the outside of the oil-nut are set alight and held under the nose, and the whole crowd of friends and relations—with whom the stifling hot hut is tightly packed—yell the dying man's name at the top of their voices, in a way that makes them hoarse for days, just as if they were calling to a person lost in the bush, or to a person struggling and being torn or lured away from them. 'Hi, hi, don't you hear? come back, come back. See here. This is your place,'" &c.

If a woman dies, leaving a child over six months' old, special care is taken to pacify her, lest her spirit should come back for the little one. The child is brought in and held just in front of the dead mother. Then it is gradually smuggled out of the hut while a bundle of plantains is put in with the body. Very young children they do not attempt to keep, but throw them away into the bush alive. Woe to the woman who bears twins. Her peace and prosperity are wrecked. If she escapes with life, she becomes a pariah. The under-world to which the spirit goes after death is regarded by negroes and Bantus as just the same as this world, only dimmer. "One day in this world is worth a year in Srahmandazi."

Miss Kingsley says that she is not afraid of any wild animal until she sees it; then she will yield to no one in terror. She was once caught in a tornado in a dense forest, and came within a yard of a great leopard, who was happily so absorbed in watching the storm that he did not notice the intruder. She crouched behind a rock for twenty minutes till the splendid creature disappeared. One night she heard a great dog fighting outside. Rushing into the feeble moonlight she fired two mushroom-shaped stools into the whirling mass, which broke up into a leopard and a dog. The leopard crouched as though ready to spring on his new adversary, but she seized an earthen water cooler which stood near, and sent it crashing straight between his eyes. The leopard lost no time in vanishing into the bush.

In a valuable Appendix, Miss Kingsley deals with the problem of "Trade and Labour in West Africa." She pays high tribute to the Kruboys, or natives of the Grain Coast, who make splendid native servants when well handled, though you need the patience of Job to deal with them. They are mixed characters. The laziest and the most industrious of mortals by turn. Ungrateful and faithful to death, honest and thievish, all in one. Miss Kingsley holds strong views as to the liquor traffic, and maintains that English spirit is almost an essential for the natives of the Niger delta who live in forest swamps saturated with malaria. Some

form of alcohol, she says, they will have, and their own concoctions are far more injurious than our gin or rum. His palm wine makes the native a disgusting nuisance for days, and produces renal disease, which either cuts his life short in a paroxysm, or kills him gradually with dropsy. Another native drink is made from honey, flavoured with the bark of a tree. It produces intoxication combined with a brilliant bilious attack. She maintains that the missionary party have gravely exaggerated both the evil and the extent of the liquor traffic in West Africa, but adds :

"I make an exception in favour of the late Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission of the Gold Coast, the Rev. Dennis Kemp, who had enough courage and truth in him to stand up at a public meeting in Liverpool, on July 2nd, 1896, and record it as his opinion that 'the natives of the Gold Coast were remarkably abstemious; but spirits were, he believed, of no benefit to the natives, and they would be better without them.'"

This section is one of the contentious parts of Miss Kingsley's book and will call forth many severe critiques. The whole liquor trade is demoralising and degrading, and we are sorry that Miss Kingsley takes the position she does. Another Appendix on Disease in West Africa shows that, great as are the delay and difficulty caused by the labour problem, the deadliness of the climate is a far greater and more terrible obstacle to the development of West Africa's immense resources. "Nothing hinders a man, Miss Kingsley, half so much as dying," a friend said the other day. No other region in the world can match West Africa "for the steady kill, kill, kill that its malaria works on the white men who come under its influence." Eighty-five per cent. of the West Coasters die of fever, or return home with health permanently wrecked. A few men have been out for years and have never had the fever, but you can count them on the fingers of one hand; another class have been out for twelve months at a time and have not had a touch of fever. These you can count on the fingers of two hands. By far the largest class have a slight dose of fever once a fortnight; and some day, apparently for no extra

reason, get a heavy dose and die. There is a fourth class, and it is a very considerable one—those who die within a fortnight to a month of going ashore. Yet, despite the toll of life which they exact, our West African possessions repay us as a mercantile nation by an annual trade of about nine millions sterling. Miss Kingsley gives due honour to the heroes of commerce who have founded and built up our West Coast trade and influence, "for of them, as well as of such men as Sir Gerald Portal, truly it may be said—of such is the kingdom of England." But a nobler crown rests on the head of missionaries and missionaries' wives who have braved the terrors of West Africa, and paved the way for its future greatness. They love their work too dearly to quarrel with Miss Kingsley for her critiques on their methods, and will not be slow to gather hints from one who is an enthusiast for West Africa. Greater attention is being given to that technical training on which this volume so strongly insists, and in this our own Mission is leading the van. Africa has had no friends and helpers like its missionaries, and of such truly "is the kingdom of heaven."

ART. VI.—JOWETT AS A TEACHER.

1. *The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford.* By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D., and LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D. In 2 Vols. John Murray. 1897.
2. *Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol.* By the Hon. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE. Edward Arnold. 1895.

PLATO, in a well-known passage of the *Symposium*, compares Socrates to Marsyas the satyr and flute-player, because Marsyas by his instruments used to charm the souls of men, but

"you, Socrates, produce the same effect with your voice only, and do not require the flute. When we hear any other speaker,

even a very good one, his words produce absolutely no effect upon us in comparison, whereas the very fragments of you and your words, even at second-hand, and however imperfectly repeated, amaze and possess the souls of every man, woman, and child who comes within hearing of them."

And in another passage, in the *Theætetus*, Socrates is made to compare himself with a midwife, who does not bring forth children herself, but aids women who are in travail; his art of midwifery differing in this, that

"I attend men and not women, and I practise on their souls when they are in labour, and not on their bodies; and the triumph of my art is in thoroughly examining whether the thought which the mind of the young man brings forth is a false idol or a noble and true birth."

Similar words might perhaps be used of every true teacher. But they are specially applicable to the remarkable man whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose biography most educated Englishmen have been reading during the last few months. The late Master of Balliol may be compared to Socrates from many different points of view, but as a teacher it may be emphatically said that his words appeared to exercise a kind of magic influence over those who knew him personally, like the fatally fascinating strains of Marsyas, and that his influence over others was derived not so much from the positive teaching which he imparted, as from the extent to which he enabled others to use their own powers, to think for themselves, and to bring to the birth thoughts which might else have blindly and dumbly struggled within them. Friends of Jowett might be disposed to add that he was like Socrates further in this, that his searching words offended the authorities of orthodox Ecclesiasticism, because they were thought dangerously to undermine the comfortable conventionalisms which had come to be accepted as axioms, and that though he was not made to drink of the hemlock, the Oxford Professor of Greek was for some years mulcted of a well-earned salary. But such a comparison involves a bathos we would fain avoid. Jowett was not a martyr, but for the greater part of

his life a clergyman whose lines fell in particularly pleasant places, and who occupied a position of high dignity, ample emolument, and wide-spread influence. He was not a martyr for the truth which he felt it his mission to proclaim; but he was a teacher who for half-a-century was one of the most potent influences in Oxford, and who, through the *alumni* of the College which he so ardently loved and so largely moulded, made his influence to be felt from end to end of the country. The character, opinions, and life of such a man are well worth study; they deserve, indeed, a much fuller study than can be afforded within the limits of the present article.

Benjamin Jowett was born on April 15th, 1817, and died on October 1st, 1893. His ancestors lived at Manningham, near Bradford, and numbered amongst them yeomen, woolstaplers, and clergymen, who in different walks of life proved the vigour of the sturdy Yorkshire stock from which they sprang. A great-uncle of Jowett's was Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge, and his father was a furrier in Bermondsey, who seems later to have belonged to a firm of printers in Fleet Street. It is interesting to observe that for one or two generations the Jowetts were deeply and earnestly evangelical; as the biographer says, the history of the family "carries the reader into the heart of English Methodism in its earliest stage. The names of Whitefield and Wesley, of Henry Venn, John Newton, Isaac Milner, Farish, Simeon, Robinson of Leicester, are as household words to all this family. The impression which the documents produce," further says Professor Lewis Campbell, "is irresistible—that in the immediate followers of Wesley and Whitefield personal religion was a very real thing. It was the mainspring of conduct, affecting all relationships, not in word only, but with power." The future Master of Balliol never was an Evangelical. In his early manhood he cast off a large portion at least of traditional Christian belief; but who shall say that the influence of godly ancestors was not felt in the deep, instructive religiousness of character which marked Jowett,

even when his creed was of the scantiest and his opposition to orthodox doctrine most pronounced? If such a supposition appear far-fetched, a slight incident may show that the effects of heredity and environment in Jowett's education did leave some traces upon his subsequent life. When a lady who met him at Lord Bowen's house in later days happened to quote Cowper, he said, "I was brought up on Cowper;" and Bowen and he continued for good part of an hour repeating familiar lines without exhausting either's repertory.[*] It is not likely that the power to repeat Cowper's verse was the only result of that early education.

It is no part of our present object to recount in detail the incidents of a life which was, indeed, singularly uneventful. Jowett was educated at Camberwell, Blackheath, and St. Paul's. He was, as might be expected, a precocious boy. When about twelve years of age, he and his sister Emily tried who could first commit to memory a thousand lines of Virgil. "Before he left St. Paul's, he could repeat the greater part of Virgil and Sophocles, probably also the Trilogy and *Prometheus* of Aeschylus." In December, 1835, when only "a slightly built, curly-headed lad," he won the blue ribbon of Oxford, the Balliol Scholarship, "an honour which no Pauline had at that time won," and he entered as freshman at Oxford in October, 1836, being then nineteen years of age. A similar honour awaited him at the further end of his undergraduate course, when in November, 1838, he gained one of the fellowships of Balliol, which by statute were "open to all Bachelors of Arts of the University, *and to scholars of Balliol.*" Such an achievement was almost unprecedented; but once before, according to tradition, had a youth of nineteen, who had not taken his degree, been thus preferred before the elect of University graduates. He took his first class in due course in 1839, and from that time to his death, more than fifty years afterwards, Balliol College was his home, his delight, his pride, the first object of his affections, and the abiding centre of his influence and

[*] *Life*, vol. i., p. 31.

work. At the opening of the new Hall, which was due to Jowett's indefatigable efforts, Archbishop Tait said of him :

"*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.* Many buildings have risen at his bidding; and this great gathering shows to all that there must be some secret of fascination about him, which not only enables Balliol to keep its place, but which has raised it to a far higher position than it ever held before."

Amongst the speakers on that occasion—all old Balliol men—were to be found some of the foremost figures in Church and State—Archbishop Tait, Bishop Jackson, Dean Stanley, Justice Coleridge, Lord Cardwell, Lord Bowen, Matthew Arnold, Lord Lansdowne, Sir A. Grant, Professor H. J. Smith, and many more, who testified to the importance of the work which, even at that time (1877), Jowett had accomplished. But for nearly twenty years longer he lived to sway the College, and through it the University, with a kind of mild autocracy which "the Master" won only through his intellectual pre-eminence and the power of his personal character. Some who were brought under the influence of that τυραννίς would hardly allow that his sovereignty was "mild," but it may be presumed that that was their own fault.

"To him," says the biographer, "the College was all in all, the home of his youth, the chief centre of his thoughts and interests. There was no other place round which his affections clung so warmly; 'Make the College beautiful,' was one of his last sayings."

Such a position, however, was not gained at once or easily. Jowett was for thirty years Fellow and Tutor of Balliol before he was elected to the Mastership, and in 1854, when he had for several years been the most hard-working and foremost of the College Tutors, and when nearly half of the Balliol Fellows had been his pupils, he not unnaturally expected that the efforts of his friends to place him in the Mastership, vacated by the death of Dr. Jenkyns, would be successful. He had every claim for the post, and came within one vote of gaining it. But a candidate from the country, Rev. Robert Scott, of "Liddell and Scott" celebrity,

afterwards Dean of Rochester, was preferred, partly on theological grounds, but partly, also, as the biographers admit, because there were those who "resented the firmness of Jowett's attitude in College controversies, and did not choose to place him in authority." Jowett could not but deeply feel this check in his career, but we have referred to the incident chiefly because it brings out a marked feature of his character. A similar rebuff was inflicted, it will be remembered, on Mark Pattison, who occupied a theological and literary position not unlike Jowett's. But the latter did not, like Pattison, sulk in his tent, Achilles-fashion, or allow what was obviously a severe blow to paralyse his energies. He silently smarted under the slight thus passed upon him, and keenly resented his defeat, but it only roused him to fresh efforts, and in later years he could more calmly say: "I should not have been fit for the Mastership then. I did not know enough of the world." The shy and sensitive scholar had manliness—not to say godliness—enough to bear the sharp rebuff bravely and well. He earned the right to give the advice which we find him giving, ten years afterwards, to Professor John Nichol, who would have been a happier man had he been able to profit by it:

"Don't allow yourself to become that most miserable and contemptible of all characters, a disappointed man. There is no class that the world has less sympathy for than those who are full of sympathy for themselves."*

He goes on to hint, very delicately, but in a characteristic tone of admonition, that "not thinking of oneself more highly than one ought to think," and "casting all our care on Him who careth for us," are considerations which may well come to the mind of one who is disappointed of his cherished hopes: "I believe firmly in these things, and feel that I have need of them." There speaks, not only the philosopher, but the Christian.

The events of Jowett's life, such as they are, must be very

* See a very instructive letter, written by Jowett in 1864, and published in the *Life of Professor Nichol*, p. 190.

rapidly summarised. In the earlier part of his Oxford course W. G. Ward was amongst his intimate friends and he had nearly thrown in his lot with Newman. "But for some Divine Providence," he said himself later, "I might have become a Roman Catholic." Another of his earliest friends was A. P. Stanley, and this intimacy was close and uninterrupted till death. These two were, perhaps, the most active spirits in the small group of Oxford Liberals during the period after the Tractarian movement was at its height. Jowett devoted himself heart and soul to his pupils, forming reading parties in the vacations as well as diligently training them, in a manner most unlike that of the ordinary "coach," during Term. This was no mere official or formal connection:

"the careers of these and other friends who had been his pupils cannot be separated from the course of Jowett's own existence. Their interests, both in private and public, are as coloured strands, which appear and reappear in the texture of his life. If he gave them support and strength, they were his "wings," to use the quaint phrase of Niebuhr. He read their books in MS.; he followed every step of their success or their discomfiture; he formed close friendships with their wives and children."

Morier, Sellar, Grant, Sandars, Palgrave, Walrond, H. J. Smith—a series of brilliant names—were only a few of those during the fifties who owed to Jowett the shaping of their minds, and to some extent of their lives. During this period, also, the subject of University Reform occupied much of his attention, and the assistance which he gave to that important but hardly popular movement was very valuable. In 1855 he published his Commentary on certain Epistles of St. Paul, the volumes appearing on the very day that Stanley's *Corinthians* was published. Certain parts of this work, especially the Essay on the Atonement, aroused strong opposition, which was naturally increased when, in 1860, Jowett's name appeared amongst the "*Septem contra Christum*" in *Essays and Reviews*. This was the period during which the storms blew most fiercely round him. Excluded from the Mastership of Balliol, occupying the

Regius Professorship of Greek, but prevented by the dislike which his religious opinions had excited from enjoying the remuneration to which he was justly entitled, suspected by the authorities and largely isolated from men of his own age and standing, Jowett for a decade or more found himself in the cold shade of opposition. In 1870 the tide turned. He was elected Master of his College by general consent, and in the same year he published his great work, the translation of *Plato*. For nearly a quarter of a century he directed the affairs of the College, which so largely led the thought and gave the tone to the Oxford of the time, literally building up its external structure and in a hundred ways strengthening, cementing and enriching the life of the community over which he presided. He was Vice-Chancellor during the years 1882—1886, and made his influence felt beyond the average of Vice-Chancellors, both within and without the University. The "Master," as he was called alike through respect and affection, did not return to theology in the sense of publishing his theological views, though the subject was not long absent from his mind. His chief publications in his later days were the translations of Thucydides and of Aristotle's *Politics*, whilst much time was spent on later editions of the *Plato* to make it as nearly perfect as possible. During the last twenty years of life Jowett possessed in abundance

> "That which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Amongst his correspondents were many of the ablest, wisest and most eminent men of the day in the most various walks of life; he never married, but he counted amongst his intimate friends women of rank and ability, who prized almost every word he spoke; and at his funeral, amongst the pall-bearers, were no fewer than seven Heads of Houses who had been his pupils. He was active to the last, and in illness was surrounded by the affection and tender care of friends who already almost reverenced him. Amongst his very last words were, "I bless Thee for my life"—repeated

again and again—"mine has been a happy life, I bless God for my life."

The wide and deep influence which Jowett exercised over those who knew him personally is not easily intelligible to outsiders.

"His personality," says Professor Campbell, "was very impressive. The look of great refinement, yet of manly strength, of subtlety, combined with simplicity; his unaffected candour, tempered with reserve, could not fail to attract even when it baffled observation."

Mr. L. Tollemache says:

"*The voice was the man.* To say this of Jowett is a pardonable exaggeration, and is at once felt to be so if we observe how inevitably his friends, when repeating his sayings, fall into his peculiar accent. Would that his cherubic chirp (so to call it), when he was at his ease and at his best, had been embalmed in a phonograph. . . . Let me add that his peculiar charm, a charm springing in great part from incongruity, was brought home to one whenever one saw him (*O qualis facies et quali digna tabellâ*) with his commanding forehead and infantine smile; but especially was it brought home to one when one heard him giving utterance to genially cynical sentiments in his pleasantly falsetto voice."

Such descriptions of the exterior man, however, bring him little nearer to a reader. The first explanation of his influence—which is no explanation—is that Jowett, like Newman, and unlike a score of other able contemporaries of both, was a man of genius. In analysing personal influence, to dissect is for the most part to murder. And no account of Jowett's attainments, or his wonderful insight, or his sympathy, or his penetration and power of incisive utterance, or all these combined, will suffice to explain the personal magnetism which he exercised, especially over young men. The *θεῖον τι καὶ δαιμονίον*, of which Socrates speaks in the *Apology*, visits some men more than others, and manifests itself in ways which no analysis of character can explain, but which all can discern who see the face and hear the words of men in whom this spark of celestial fire glows. The responsibilities of men of genius is a subject on which an adequate essay yet remains to be written.

There were, however, qualities in this born teacher which come more readily within the ken, and go far to explain his personal ascendency. His intellectual ability was obvious. He was not a scholar, in the narrower sense of the term; not a philologist, but a philosopher. He studied Hegel and German philosophy generally in earlier manhood, but neither embraced nor shaped for himself a philosophical system. Systems of all kinds he disliked and distrusted. His perception of truth was intuitive, and his exposition of it aphoristic. Neither the paragraphs in his Essays, nor the sentences in his paragraphs, can be said fully to cohere or form an organic whole. His style is clear, in the sense that separate utterances are readily intelligible, and they possess a beauty and brilliance of their own. But the whole tenor of the thought is not clear, in the sense that its origin, cause and goal, can be easily traced. As with the writer, so for the most part with the speaker. In conversation—when Jowett did fairly converse—he fascinated, rather than instructed. "Everything he said had an edge on it; and was so perfectly expressed as to seem final. This made the give and take of conversation difficult." His apophthegms were remembered, but detailed exposition no one received, and no one expected, from him. When jewels are looped in a glittering circle, no one troubles much about the string. The reader of Emerson is stimulated by a succession of mild electric shocks, and Jowett's admirers appear to have been fascinated by a similar influence. It is not wise to depreciate any kind of power, but it is obvious that this particular kind has many drawbacks, especially in the training and shaping of young men.

To this characteristic is to be attributed the copious "mythology" which has grown up around Jowett's name. All kinds of *bon-mots* were attributed to him, and one regrets to find that, in the responsible biographies, the good stories which can be verified are so few. Professor Nichol tells us that, once when he was extolling Browning in glowing language, Jowett pulled him up with characteristic irony, "Tom Moore is a greater poet than Browning." When

challenged on the subject in after years, the "brief and unperturbed" answer was, "Did I say that?" It was the kind of thing he delighted to say in some of his moods, and he was too wise to attempt to write a commentary on his own paradoxes. The story has often been repeated of the neat and effective way in which he cut short a conversation, "over the walnuts and the wine," which threatened to become too Rabelaisian—"Shall we continue the conversation when we have joined the ladies?" Mr. Tollemache repeats some of his epigrammatic sayings, and others are given in the fuller biography. "Never retract. Never explain. Get it done and let them howl." To a little child friend, he writes: "Never be afraid. Never cry." Sometimes he was severe enough. A scholar of the College one day brought him a set of Greek verses. He glanced over them, and, looking up rather blankly, said: "Have you any taste for mathematics?" It is a question whether the following story is true, but if it is not, it ought to be, for it exactly reflects what Jowett was, on occasion. A "priggish youth," says Mr. Tollemache, told the Master that he could not convince himself of the existence of God: "I cannot see any signs of Him in nature, and when I look into my own heart, I fail to find Him there." Jowett, knowing with whom he had to deal, propounded the dilemma very succinctly, "You must either find Him by to-morrow morning, or leave the College." Another story which Mr. Tollemache repeats from "ear witnesses" sounds apocryphal, but it is true of Jowett in the spirit, if not in the letter. He is said to have taken for his text in the College pulpit, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth," stopping at that word and preaching a sermon on the importance and uses of good conversation.

But Jowett's wit and "wickedness" were only as the spice and garnish which gave piquancy to other qualities. That which really laid the foundation of his influence was his wide and yet most discriminating and tender sympathy, and his indefatigable helpfulness. He spent himself in first

discovering the precise mental and moral needs and aspirations and deficiencies of those whom he desired to serve, and then in aiding them, by all conceivable means—sharp and unpleasant, as well as gracious and kindly—to remove their own deficiencies, and realise their own highest and best selves. A man of pre-eminent ability, who will spend all his powers for half-a-century in such work for the choicest among our English youth, never losing sight of a pupil in whom he has been interested, never despairing of one, never suffering one to rust through idleness or spoil through self-indulgence, or sink below a high ideal for want of admonition or encouragement, is likely to be a man of influence. No one can spend a lifetime in sowing such seed without reaping a rich harvest. How far the cavils about Jowett's concentration of attention upon clever youths, and his worship of worldly success, his love of earthly greatness and eminence, were justified, it is not for us to say. That there was *much* that was unworthy of this sort in Jowett's character is exceedingly unlikely; on the other hand, to say that he was wholly free from such defects of his qualities would be to make him more than human. He emphasised worldly success, because he saw plainly enough that for the most part it was in the field of action that his young men were to be tried, and he knew enough of the dangers which beset dons and mere scholars to be anxious that his pupils should not, as he phrased it, "make a mess of life." As to his own friends, doubtless they were amongst the men who had made their mark, for he had ample range and choice, and he attracted and was attracted by such men as Stanley amongst Churchmen; and Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Sir H. Taylor, amongst poets; Caird, Campbell, Nichol, Ward, amongst Professors; Lord Sherbrooke, Gladstone, Disraeli, amongst statesmen; and Lady Abercromby, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Wemyss, Miss Tennant, and Miss Symonds, afterwards Mrs. J. R. Green, amongst the large circle of his lady acquaintances. His kindly helpfulness, however, was not confined to the successful, as scores of old Balliol men would testify. What the biographer says

of the Tutor in 1850 was true, according to its measure, of Jowett through his whole life:

"It was within this group that there sprang up what outsiders designated a sort of 'Jowett-worship;' but it will be seen by and bye how little there was amongst them of the spirit of what is called a 'mutual admiration society.' They were on the best terms of good fellowship, and devotedly attached to Jowett as their teacher and friend, submitting to his insistent criticism only because of his evident good-will towards them. His devotion to his pupils was at this time something unique at Oxford, and it was rendered more effective by the singular personal charm which made him irresistible to younger men, and the candour of his judgment, in which he always sought to take in the man as a whole, without regarding minor points of position, conduct, or opinion. More valuable than all was the penetrating sympathy with which he discerned the individual wants of his pupils and the critical points in their mental history, and the eager promptitude with which he came to their aid unasked in difficulties which his sagacity had divined."*

This influence was exerted in spite of that habit of taciturnity which often made Jowett an embarrassing companion to his friends, and a terror to the average undergraduate. This was due partly to shyness, partly to reserve, partly to his resolute sincerity and determination never to speak for the sake of saying something.

"Many of his pupils, and even his older friends, will remember how silent he was at times. He would ask you to wine or to take a walk with him, and the time would pass away with a few disjointed remarks. You might start one subject after another, but there was no cordial response. And sometimes, even in the full flow of conversation, he would suddenly freeze up on the arrival of some acquaintance who was not congenial. Often, no doubt, he was too weary to talk well, and preferred not to talk at all; and now and then he may have been intentionally silent in order to draw out his companion, but in a great measure his silence was due to a natural shyness which he never shook off."†

This did not alienate those who knew him well. Mr. W. L. Newman says:

"He always had a dislike for small talk and trivialities, and never talked unless he had something to say. I have heard of his excusing his silence by saying, 'If I say nothing, it is not

* *Life*, vol. i., p. 126. † *Ibid*, vol. ii., p. 156.

because I am out of temper, but because I have nothing to say.' His occasional abstraction or apparent abstraction—now and then accompanied by the half-conscious 'crooning' in a low voice of a kind of tune—never disguised to those who knew him his real alertness or the keen watchfulness of his interest in his pupils. . . . I liked his abrupt and peremptory, yet always serene and kindly, ways."

The very knots in the wood made the graining more admirable in the eyes of those who knew its value.

Thus far we have dealt with Jowett only as a College tutor of exceptional ability and influence. Viewed from this standpoint only, he was a true teacher, who had a rare power of influencing youth. But Jowett was a clergyman; more or less professedly a theologian and a philosopher, one who both wrote and spoke on the highest themes, one who as a Christian minister and an Anglican clergyman may well have been expected to have some kind of Gospel to deliver, some kind of effective teaching to impart upon things Divine as well as human. When we enquire into Jowett's theological beliefs, our judgment of him as a teacher must be very different. We will not now discuss the vexed question of his subscription to the Articles as a clergyman of the Church of England. When he signed them first, he accepted but a small proportion of orthodox Christian doctrine, and when, on his appointment to the Greek Professorship, he was put into the humiliating position of having to sign them a second time, it is evident from the biography that he believed still less. As life went on, it is tolerably clear that his religious creed dwindled, until, whilst it might be said that he believed in a God and a future life, even these articles of faith could only have been subscribed in a carefully-defined sense. Jowett's position has been recently stigmatised in a journal of wide circulation as profoundly "immoral," and to the average man it must be at best unintelligible. Jowett himself was clear in his own conscience that with his views concerning the need of a radical reformation of the Christian religion, he could be of more use inside the Church than out of it, and inside it accordingly he remained. "Don't resign" was his fre-

quently-repeated advice to friends who ceased to hold "orthodox" doctrines. Of a clergyman who did so resign he said:

"No doubt one ought to say, God bless him, to every man who makes a sacrifice for what he believes to be the truth. But if men drop off in this way, they will at best only get into the position of Nonjurors or Unitarians. If the present condition of religion in England is ever to be improved, I am convinced it must be through the Church of England."

That is to say, if a clergyman holds Unitarian opinions, he must not leave the Church of England, lest he should sink into "the position of a Unitarian," but he should remain in his benefice in the hope of "improving religion." Such advice Professor Jowett gave to Mr. Voysey and others who consulted him, and doubtless he had methods of vindicating such a course to his own conscience and to others. The methods, however, do not appear in the *Life*, and we find ourselves utterly unable to divine them. The best that can be said for them, perhaps, is that they may rank with those which Newman at one time employed, and which so many "Anglo-Catholics" are content still to employ, for remaining in a Protestant Church whilst holding nearly all the doctrines of the Church of Rome except the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope.

It must be more than forty years ago that Dr. Rigg first wrote his volume on *Modern Anglican Theology*, and analysed the teaching of Hare and Maurice, of Kingsley and Jowett. The third edition of this book, published less than twenty years ago, is still sometimes read to-day. In it the author traces out the genesis of some of the phases of unbelief characteristic of this particular school of Broad Churchmen, and, in Jowett's case, the chapters on his semi-pantheism, his doctrine (or no-doctrine) of the Atonement, and his relation to Coleridge and Coleridge's German progenitors, are interesting to refer to in common with his life as now before us.* But since then a good deal of water

* See *Modern Anglican Theology*. Third Edition, pp. 417—489.

has gone over the wheel. Many changes have taken place in the Church of England and outside it, both in the orthodoxy and heterodoxy of the time, and Jowett's teaching needs to be examined from a somewhat different point of view. The publication of this *Life*, moreover, has made it possible to understand his position, as it was impossible to understand it from his comparatively scanty published utterances on theological topics. It is not a question now whether Professor Jowett held views upon the Atonement such as in 1855 would be considered orthodox, but whether the Master of Balliol, who was such a power in Oxford for half-a-century, was anything more than a Theist. The *Life* seems distinctly to show that he was not; that in his earlier and middle life he was a Theist with a decidedly Christian tinge, but that as time went on, even his Theism was more feebly and uncertainly held, *so far as creed was concerned.* We would emphasise the last words, because, all his life through, Jowett was a devout and spiritually-minded man, and his true religiousness of temper did not diminish, but perhaps even increased, during his later years. Letter after letter which he wrote, and testimony after testimony from those who knew him, make this abundantly clear. To speak of Jowett as if he were "sceptic" or "infidel," in the sense of irreligious or anti-religious, is to misrepresent him altogether.

But he was pre-eminently a teacher, and he was also a minister in a Christian Church. What did he actually believe? The question surely is not irrelevant or presumptuous. What did he actually teach, on the highest of all subjects, to the crowd of able young men who were so largely moulded by him? Is it said that he was not Professor of Divinity, and it was enough that he taught them Plato, secured them a First in "Greats," and helped to forward them in their subsequent career, and that it is a kind of impertinence to enquire what was his relation to the great verities of Christianity? If we are to trust some of the organs of public opinion, that is pretty much the position which a reviewer is expected to take at the end of the

nineteenth century. If Jowett had been a layman, the case would have been different. Even then it would have been a question of the first importance—How far did so influential an Oxford Tutor and Head retain his faith in the central truths of Christianity? But, as the case stands, such a question is inevitable, and the answer appears to us a sad one, so far as Jowett's own faith was concerned, and a serious one in its bearing on many current controversies.

In 1844, for example, Jowett believed in miracles; thirty years later he pronounced such faith to be tenable "only by a violent effort, which must revive many other superstitions." In the forties it is said of him: "Behind all ecclesiastical obligations, all speculative difficulties, were the realities in which he afterwards summed up the influences of religion—'the Power of God, the Love of Christ, the efficacy of Prayer.'"* In the seventies he taught concerning the love of Christ that "it is impossible and contrary to human nature that we should be able to concentrate our thoughts on a person scarcely known to us, who lived 1,800 years ago. But there might be a passionate longing and yearning for goodness and truth."† And a little later he described the Gospels as "an unauthenticated fragment belonging to an age absolutely unknown, which is adduced as the witness of the most incredible things." On the efficacy of Prayer, which at thirty was to him one of the three great realities, he wrote five-and-twenty years later: "Morning and evening prayers are almost impossible to me. Church is difficult. But I desire more and more never to let a day pass without some idea or aspiration arising in my mind."‡ The passage continues: "I am always thinking of death and of God, and of the improvement of human nature," and many passages show, as we have said, that Jowett never lost personal devoutness of spirit. But this does not necessarily imply a belief in "the efficacy of prayer," and his remarks on the subject show that he came to regard it more as

* See *Life*, vol. i. p. 86, and *Epistles of St. Paul*. Third Edition, vol. ii. p. 86

† *Life*, vol. ii., p. 151. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 190.

religious meditation than anything else. A belief in God and Immortality, in some sense of the terms, he never lost. But whereas in earlier letters, when consoling the bereaved, he can dwell at some length upon that "Divine love which encompasses us, the dead and the living together," in later years, upon similar occasions, he insists rather upon its being "weak and wrong to rebel against the order of Nature, which is also the will of God." And, towards the close of life, he expressly states in private notes that the only ground of belief in immortality is not the resurrection of Christ—in which we have no evidence that he believed—but in human nature, and in writing to Lord Sherbrooke, on the death of his wife, in a beautiful and touching letter, the highest note he can strike upon the subject is, "We know that the dead are at rest; we hope that they are in some happier world." In another place he says: "The more we think of reason as the highest thing in the world, and of man as a rational being, the more disposed shall we be to think of human beings as immortal." Further than that he seems unable to go.

It is needless to say that we have no desire to minimise the element of religious belief in the mind and history of this distinguished man. So far as his spirit and character are concerned there was much that was deeply religious in both. His friend, Sir H. Acland, who was much with him in the illness of 1891—2, wrote:

"I then first felt that I knew the man. We seldom spoke, and in the many weeks never on anything that could be controversial. I would sit by him, feeling that I sat by the side of a lover of God and a lover of man, whose life was not of this world, teeming as it was with its interests of every kind, and sympathetic with all good, wherever good could be found or made, and with a sense of humour which sparkled through in silence."*

The following is a prayer which he composed during the same illness:

"Grant, O Lord, that we may have age without pain, and death without suffering; that we may love Thee and be resigned

* *Life*, vol. ii., p. 367.

to Thy will, and may acknowledge Thy laws to be in all things the rule of our life. Let us say in our hearts, The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Make us to think in the hour of death of the sufferings of others rather than of our own, and let us not forget that there are blessings reserved for us greater than any pains and suffering. Give us peace, O Lord, in the hour of our agony, and let us thank Thee for having made suffering possible to us."

Such a prayer could only be written by a devout spirit, though it as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains. But we are not disposed to comment on anyone's prayers in a critical spirit. It is touching and instructive to read all that the *Life* has to tell us concerning the personal piety of this unquestionably devoted, sympathetic and helpful leader of men.

But as a teacher? As a teacher of religion? As presumably a believer in some religious doctrines, and certainly as one who undertook to guide others on the highest and deepest questions of life? What is to be our judgment here? Jowett is described in these volumes as a man who began his active career with a meagre and scanty creed, and who found apparently increasing difficulty in holding even its few articles with the clearness and fulness of his earlier years. He was very severe, especially during the years 1840—1870, upon what he calls the "pious fraud line" of the clergy generally. In 1846 he writes to Stanley, "I never hear a sermon scarcely which does not seem equally divided between truth and falsehood; it seems like a treachery to be one of them." And again, "Is there one theological writer of the present day who can be said to be morally and intellectually truthful?"* He held that "treachery to the clergy is loyalty to the Church," that "if religion is to be saved at all it must be through the laity and statesmen," &c. Whether a clergyman of the Church of England who held only Jowett's creed was likely to raise the standard of

* *Life*, vol. i., pp. 150, 227, *note*.

"moral and intellectual truthfulness" by subscribing the Articles and claiming the name and status of a minister of Christ, seems questionable. He pleads in one place:

"Newman, Manning, Gladstone would call me an infidel. Are they quite certain that they are not more infidel than I, and more Materialist? They believe in the Church only and an ecclesiastical organisation. I try to believe in God and in the presence and possibility of God everywhere."*

It is hardly fair to say that Roman or Anglo-Catholics believe *only* in Church organisation, though they may lay too great stress upon it. But is a pious man who simply "tries to believe in the possibility of God everywhere"—all honour to him!—a true teacher of the Christian religion? Has it come to this, that the only intellectually honest Christian ministers are those who announce that they have given up belief in revelation, miracles, the credibility of the Gospels, forgiveness and salvation through Christ, and nearly all the characteristic doctrines of Christianity, reducing religion to its lowest terms—a belief in God as the Orderer of Nature and a hope of immortality on the ground that man is a rational being? Professor Campbell says:

"To cast off the incrustations with which historical Christianity was so heavily encumbered, and to bring into clearer light what was of eternal import, without breaking rudely with the past or ignoring present needs, was the problem which he had set himself to solve."

Are we to understand, then, that Christianity is freed from "incrustations" when we are brought to the point that we know hardly anything about the person called Jesus, and cannot be expected to fix our thoughts on Him, but that we may still pursue an ideal of goodness more or less associated with His name? This question is vital, if any question is; and in our opinion no reviewer is doing his duty who shirks it on the ground that Jowett was a man of devout spirit, of high and pure aims, and of deservedly great moral influence.

To show that we are not misrepresenting the position, we

* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 78.

give the following extract from notes which Jowett wrote on religious subjects in the early part of 1886. They are somewhat roughly cast, but we have the biographer's authority for saying that they represent his most mature reflections on these important themes. The passage on the "Two Great Forms of Religion" is too long to reproduce, but we may give the following on

"THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

"The question arises, whether there can be any intellectual forms in which this new Christianity will be presented:—

"1. The idea of God as goodness and wisdom, tending ever to realise itself in the world.

"2. The idea of man ever realising itself more and more.

"3. The idea of law in the world, answering (α) to resignation, (β) to co-operation in the human mind.

"4. The abatement of self-assertion, and the acknowledgment that in some way there will be, or has been, a partaking of Christ's kingdom.

"5. The sense that we know as much as Christ did, or might know, if we had given ourselves for men: *παθήματα μαθήματα.*

"6. Though we seem to be giving up a great deal, yet the orthodox view, when examined, contains no more than ours. Its God, and immortality, and human soul separated from the body, are equally a negation, and equally a reality. Its only advantage is that it is in possession of a number of sacred names, which are also partly a hindrance to the true nature of religion."*

It is hardly necessary to say more. It would be useless to transcribe passages we had marked on inspiration, the Gospels, the life of Christ, and other topics. The above represents Christianity freed from "incrustations" and those "sacred names" which are "partly a hindrance to true religion." It was not a touch of characteristic paradox

* *Life*, vol. ii., pp. 311, 312.

when Jowett said that "Voltaire had done more good than all the Fathers of the Church put together." He probably meant what he said, and found Voltaire's Deism more to his mind than the Christianity of Athanasius and Augustine. It sets one thinking, however, to find from this biography that such was the Gospel, the Christianity freed from "incrustations," by means of which the teacher, who did so much to shape Oxford for five and twenty years, proposed to raise and renew the world!

We need not discuss the possibility of its acceptance. It is condemned already. Jowett founded no school, for he had no system; he has left no band of followers, for his teaching had little or no constructive or cohesive force. History has already pronounced upon the futility of this Broad Church Gospel, "which is not a Gospel." Jowett and Martineau—whose theological views largely coincided—are names greatly and deservedly honoured by many who have derived from these eminent teachers intellectual stimulus and moral and spiritual quickening. But the religion of the future, whatever it is to be, will not consist of that pure but attenuated and easily evaporating Theism which formed their creed; a residuum of Christianity, such as derives its strength and inspiration very largely from articles of faith which have been discarded, and views of life pronounced to be no longer tenable. Jowett long purposed to write a "Life of Christ," and sadly gave up the project because "God has not given me the power to do it." It was well he did not make the attempt; the Christ of the Gospels has been the life of the ages, whilst the Christ in whom Jowett believed was a shadow seen in a dream.

Such sacred topics apart, however, the teaching of the late Master of Balliol is full of interest and value. Independence was a marked feature of his character and original vigour of his thought. Amongst his rules for himself this note frequently occurs—"*to be independent of all persons*, never to worry, and above all, never to quarrel." He held firmly, says his biographer, "to the pursuit of the practical ideal, standing jealously aloof both from scientific materialism

and from mere literary and artistic self-culture." He would be bound by no school, philosophical, scientific, or religious; he shaped his own life by such truth as had commended itself to his own mind, was faithful to his own ideal to the very last, and his life was spent in raising the ideal of life held by others, and in keeping them true to its uncompromising standard. His influence was more felt in active life than through the medium of his books. Nevertheless, there are few pages of his writings in which a sympathetic reader will not find suggestion and stimulus. He has made Plato an English classic. Some of his Introductions—*e.g.*, the "Phædo," the "Gorgias," the "Republic"—are, compared with other philosophical disquisitions, as a living tree to dead logs. He pierces to the heart of the truth himself, and makes it possible for a modern reader to apprehend it also, in spite of the tough integument of unfamiliar phraseology and obsolete modes of thought. So also with St. Paul, if the conditions which prevented Jowett from being an adequate interpreter of the Apostle are borne in mind. The essays on "Conversion," on "Natural Religion," and other subjects, contain many passages of insight, and if wisely handled, they may be useful to some students by enabling them to avoid the dangers of a merely conventional, traditional exegesis. We had marked passages to illustrate these points, but space forbids their quotation. It may be more appropriate to note some of the brief, apophthegmatic utterances which are so numerous in the *Life*, especially the second volume, and which give brightness and vivacity to the whole.

Jowett was influenced in turn by Hegel and by Comte, but subjugated by neither. He dismisses each in an epigram. "Hegel seems to me, not the perfect philosophy, but the perfect self-consciousness of philosophy."* He admitted that Comte had great knowledge of the world in one way, but very little in another. "Comtism destroys the minds of men; Carlyleism destroys their morals."† Very character-

* *Life*, vol. i., p. 92. † *Ibid*, p. 101.

istic, again, is his distrust of mere erudition. When he heard of some one who had a wonderful knowledge of the commentators on Aristotle, he said: "That sort of learning is a great power, *if a man can only keep his mind above it.*" His saying about a bishopric has often been quoted, but may bear repetition in its context. It is found in a letter, dated 1865:

"I see that you think I am hungering after the fleshpots of Egypt. But, indeed, that is not the case. I have long been aware that this head is so oddly constructed that, if mitres were to rain from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it. Also, I agree with Lord Melbourne, 'My dear fellow, would you wear such a dress as that for £10,000 a year?'"

His remark on the work of the Revisers of the New Testament may have been prompted by the *spretæ injuria formæ*, but was thoroughly characteristic of the man—"They seem to have forgotten that, in a certain sense, the Authorised Version is more inspired than the original." His prejudices and predilections were strong and invincible. In Euripides he could see no merits. "I have been reading Euripides again," he says in one place, "and I think even less of him than I did. He is immoral when he is irreligious, and, when he is religious, he is more immoral still."* The following passage from his memoranda well describes his philosophy of life:

"What will be the deepest, most useful, truest, most lasting form of philosophy? Common sense idealised; or, rather, a meeting of common sense and metaphysics, well expressed by Coleridge, 'Common sense is intolerable when not based upon metaphysics.' But are not metaphysics intolerable when not based upon common sense?" †

The idealising of actual life was what Jowett continually set before himself and others, often with marvellous success. Self-improvement was a theme always present to his mind, long after the period at which most men have settled down

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* *Life*, vol. ii., p. 68. † *Ibid*, p. 77.

to the dull, mechanic round of life. He never lost hope about the improvement of character.

"People talk about repeated actions giving habits; this is a very old thesis. But much more interesting to me is the curious effect on character which may be produced by single acts, seeming to raise the mind to a higher level, or to give a power previously unknown. I think that this is especially the case with acts of courage, or disinterestedness, or forgiveness."*

Towards the close of life his own character distinctly mellowed, and some of his letters are full of beauty, as well as wisdom. To the Duchess of Bedford he wrote a year or two before his death:

"When persons only wish for the happiness of another, and when they never pass a day without doing a kindness, how can they be otherwise than happy? And when difficulties are very great, they have only to ascend to the level of doing the will of God; they will be happy still. If they are determined to act rightly, to live as the best men and women have lived, there is no more difficulty of unbelief. They see, not having seen; they go out trusting in God, but not knowing whither they go. There is no delight in life equal to that of setting the world right, of reconciling things and persons to one another, by understanding them, not by embittering them. True sympathy with every one is the path of perfect peace."†

It is in the same spirit that we find him elsewhere stirring up a friend to follow his own ideal of life:

"It is a hard thing to be in the world, and not of it; to be outwardly much like other people, and yet to be cherishing an ideal which extends over the whole of life and beyond; to have a natural love for every one, especially for the poor, and to get rid, not of wit and good humour, but of frivolity or excitement—to live selfless according to the will of God, and not after the fashion or opinion of men and women."‡

A noble text; and a large part of Jowett's life formed a noble commentary upon it. "I think that I believe more and more in Christianity," he wrote in 1887, "not in miracles or hell or verbal inspiration or atonement, but in living for

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* *Life*, vol. ii., p. 211. † *Ibid*, p. 402, 3. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 309.

others and going about doing good." Excellent fruit, but who shall provide the tree upon which it shall perennially grow? And if the old stock of humanity be found to produce fruit of very different quality, who shall "make the tree good and his fruit good?" The Gospel of the Oxford sage is that of the optimist who would prune the old branches, and for such a process of moral pruning—most useful in its place—some admirable advice may be found in these pages. But for the weak and the wayward and the persistently wicked, for the earth-bound and sense-bound and self-bound, for the "old man," not in his unamiable habits and acknowledged frailties and unworthy ambitions, but in the very fibre and tissue of his being, how shall renewal be reached? Not assuredly by a message which bids him not to trouble about the past, but to be as unselfish as he can for the future. "There is no remedy," said Cotter Morison, "for a bad heart, and no substitute for a good one." A teacher who can enable men and women with passably "good hearts" to make them better, deserves well of his generation. But the teacher whom the world needs must be also a Saviour, one who can disprove the despairing dictum of the scientist, and provide, what Nature cannot give, a remedy for the heart that knows itself evil and searches the world in vain for regenerating power. A different kind of moral dynamic from any which Jowett recognised or taught is needed for the work of world renewal. The demonstration of the reality of the Christ of the Gospels and of the religion of the New Testament is found in the pages of history. It has proved its power to do for the worst what the wise and sympathetic and helpful Socrates of modern Oxford was unable to do for the best of his disciples.

ART. VII.—THE PROGRESS OF OUR COLONIAL EMPIRE DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

1. *Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire in the West Indies, South America, North America, Asia, Austral-Asia, Africa, and Europe.* From the Records of the Colonial Office. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY MARTIN, ESQ. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1839.

2. *Introduction to a Historical Geography of the British Colonies.* By C. P. LUCAS, B.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Colonial Office, London. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1887.

3. *A Historical Geography of the British Colonies.* By C. P. LUCAS, B.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Colonial Office, London. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888. (In progress).

4. *The Statesman's Year Book, 1897.* Edited by JOHN SCOTT KELTIE, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society. London: Macmillan & Co. 1897.

5. *Chapters on Law Relating to the Colonies.* By CHARLES J. TARRING, Judge of the Supreme Court, Constantinople. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1893.

MARTIN'S *Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire* has long shared the oblivion into which the majority of the works, published at the commencement of a century, have usually passed at its close, and to which each new generation, as it finds increasing difficulty in dealing with the growing volume of contemporary literature, is perforce ever more ready to consign the productions of the last. It was, however, for some years the standard authority on "the Colonies," and it is also noteworthy as a curious example of literary co-operation between private

enterprise and the State. Dr. Martin had previously published, in 1834, *A History of the Colonies*, in five volumes, the first book on the subject, besides *The Colonial Library*, a smaller work in eight volumes. He had also, as he states in his Preface to the *Statistics*, devoted "a third of his life at home and abroad" to the then rather hopeless object of "making the condition of the Colonies of the Empire known to, and their importance appreciated by, the British Public." In 1836-7 a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to enquire into the financial condition of the Colonies, examined witnesses with respect to the feasibility of reducing the Reports which had been annually made by the Colonies to the Colonial Office since 1828 into a form adapted for publication. The Government, however, refused to carry out the recommendations of the Committee on the subject, and Dr. Martin then applied for permission to undertake the work at his own expense. His request was granted, rooms being assigned to him at the Colonial Office and the East India House; and as the Colonial returns up to 1836, and all the necessary documents, were placed at his disposal, the volume he published in 1839 may be regarded as a semi-official record of the history of the Colonies up to, and their condition in, the year preceding the Queen's accession. When studied in conjunction with Mr. Lucas's valuable and interesting *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*—which is still in progress—and with the other recently published works enumerated at the head of this article, it is thus well worthy of attention at a time when the nation has been celebrating the completion of Her Majesty's sixtieth year of sovereignty. We propose, therefore, with the aid of these authorities, to examine the nature and extent of our Colonial Empire, and to review its material, political and social progress during the longest, and perhaps the most eventful, reign in English history.

1. It is a curious, though, perhaps, characteristically "British," anomaly that the greatest colonizing Power in the world should not possess a single colony within the strict sense of the term, which is defined by Sir George

Cornwall Lewis in his *Government of Dependencies*, to denote

"a body of persons belonging to one country or political community, who, having abandoned that country or community, form a new and separate society, independent or dependent, in some district wholly or nearly uninhabited, or from which they expel the ancient inhabitants."

This definition, as pointed out by Mr. Lucas, not only excludes all dependencies on the Mother-country, such as our Eastern Colonies, the Mediterranean Stations, and the Settlements on the West Coast of Africa, but also Canada, New Zealand, and even Australia, the first inhabitants of which were convicts sent out against their will; while the only English Colonies it would include are the United States, which have ceased to have any connection with us.* Martin comprised under the term Colonies all the "trans-marine dependencies," as he terms them, of the United Kingdom, including India, the Ionian Isles—which, though then under our protection, were an independent Republic—the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands. This obviously convenient abuse of the word still prevails largely in popular phraseology, but the variety of the forms of government of our older Colonies, and the new classes of foreign possessions which have been added to our Colonial Empire during the Queen's reign, have recently obliged the Legislature to prescribe definite rules for their description. By an Interpretation Act of 1889, a "Colony" is defined to be any part of Her Majesty's dominions, exclusive of the British Isles and of British India; "British Possessions" are any of Her Majesty's dominions, exclusive of the United Kingdom; and a "British Settlement" is any British possession which has not been acquired by cession or conquest, and is not for the time being within the jurisdiction of the Legislature of any British possession.† Colonies, strictly so called, are, by the rules and regulations printed in the

* Introduction to *Historical Geography*, pp. 1—3.
† 37 & 38 Vict. c. 27; Tarring's *Law Relating to the Colonies*, pp. 1—3.

annual Colonial Office List, divided into Crown Colonies; Colonies possessing Representative institutions, but not Responsible government; and Colonies possessing both Representative institutions and Responsible government. In the first class, the Crown has entire control of legislation, while the administration is carried on by public officers under the Home Government, the legislative power being either entirely in the hands of the Governor—as in Gibraltar, Labuan, Basutoland, and British Bechuanaland—or exercised by him in conjunction with a council, deriving its authority in some cases from the Crown—as in Ceylon, Hong Kong, and Fiji—and in others from Imperial or Local law, as in the Straits Settlements, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast. In the second class, the Crown has no more than a veto on legislation, but the Home Government retains control of public offices, laws being made by the Governor, with the concurrence either of two legislative bodies—a Council nominated by the Crown, and an Assembly composed of elected members—as in the Bahamas, Barbados, and Bermuda; or of a single legislative chamber, partly elected and partly nominated by the Crown, as in British Guiana, Jamaica, and Natal. In the third class, which comprises Canada, the Cape, and the Australasian Colonies, the Crown has only a veto on legislation, and the Home Government has no control over any public officer except the Governor, the control of all public departments being thus practically in the hands of persons commanding the confidence of a representative legislature.[a] The other "British Possessions," excluding the Colonies, consist of the Indian Empire, which, in addition to the Provinces administered by the Indian Government, includes some 650 Native States over which it exercises a varying degree of indirect control; nine Protectorates in South, West, East and Central Africa, two of which are administered by Chartered Companies, and the remainder by the Imperial Government; and one Territory,

[a] Tarring's *Law Relating to the Colonies*, pp. 69—73, and *cf.*, *Historical Geography of British Colonies*, p. 129.

that of Zululand, which is under the control of the Governor of Natal.

The legal systems of our foreign possessions are as varied as their forms of government. English law applies in newly-discovered countries, and also to settlements in barbarous countries; but, after a Colony is once planted, no Act made after that date is considered to extend to it without express words showing that it is the intention of the Legislature that it should do so. In conquered countries, however, the national law remains unaltered, unless it is changed by the conquerors; and the French law prevails, in civil cases, both in Quebec and in Mauritius, while St. Lucia is governed by a code based on the old civil law of the island. The Roman Dutch law is in force in Ceylon, the Cape, Natal, and British Guiana; and in Trinidad the law of Spain, as established there before its capture by England in 1797, remains in force, so far as not abolished by legislation.*

The acquisition of this heterogeneous Colonial Empire, which may be said to have begun with the unsuccessful colonization of Newfoundland in 1610,† has occupied nearly three centuries. Nearly all of them have, with the exception of Australia, been acquired by conquest, and have been the scene of conflicts and vicissitudes, which, combined with the unlikeness to England of their natural surroundings and their varied relations with the Mother-country, make their history one of the most interesting and romantic chapters in that of the world. All have been acquired, not from mere love of conquest, but for purposes of settlement or of trade; and partly from the natural instinct of a maritime people, and partly from policy, the old British Colonial Empire, which was confined to seaboards, peninsulas and islands, has been extended gradually inland from the sea, except

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* Tarring's *Law Relating to the Colonies*, p. 18.

† Newfoundland, which claims to be the oldest English Colony, was formally annexed to Great Britain by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583. The first two attempts to colonize it—by a Bristol Company in 1610, and by Lord Baltimore in 1626—had but little success, and it was not assured to England till the peace of Utrecht, 1713. The first Virginian Settlement by John Smith was made in 1607.—*Introduction to Historical Geography*, p. 97.

where the pressure of foreign competition has quickened the movement.

Our possessions in Europe—Malta, Gozo, Gibraltar, and Cyprus—are all military and naval stations. Those in Asia, where more than in any other part of the world the English have been called to the task of governing an overflowing native population, all consist of peninsulas and islands on the outskirts of the continent accessible from the southern ocean, and are all held not as settlements but either directly for their own value—like the great peninsula of India and the islands of Ceylon, Hong Kong, Labuan, and the Straits Settlements; or—like the island of Perim, the peninsula of Aden, and the smaller eastern colonies—partly as military stations and partly as emporia of trade. In Africa, over which the English have a far greater command than any other European power,* the British estate consists, as in Asia, almost entirely of islands and peninsulas, forming a kind of chain round the continent, which is completed with the help of the European and Asiatic stations; but while the peninsula of the Cape is the chief British possession in Africa as that of India is in Asia, the Cape and Natal, owing to the temperate climate of South Africa, are not, as India must always remain, merely dependencies, but colonial settlements. In America Great Britain holds a distinctly continental empire instead of, as in Asia and Africa, a series of peninsulas and islands; and though, owing to the extreme cold, the British possessions, as compared with those in Asia, comprise a much larger area with an infinitely smaller number of inhabitants, the native race, instead of being predominant, is an insignificant fraction. No other part of the world, with the exception of Australia, has been made so completely its own by the Anglo-Saxon race as North America; while even in the tropical West Indies the English breed, favoured by sea breezes, has lasted for many generations. Our Australasian possessions—a series of islands

* See a paper by Sir Rawson Rawson on "The Territorial Partition of the Coast of Africa" in *The Magazine of the Royal Geographical Society*, November, 1884, p. iii.

which have from the first been peculiarly British—are not dependencies but settlements in which the British breed, owing to the decay of the always weak native element and the vast extent of uninhabited country in all of them, can reproduce itself *ad infinitum*.* Lastly, the combined area of our "colonies," "possessions," and "settlements," exclusive of "protectorates" and "spheres of influence," is 8,973,012 square miles, three-fourths of which are estimated to be in the temperate zone† and the bulk of the remaining fourth in the tropics; while their total population in 1896 amounted to 307,812,749, their total shipping to 105,475,567 tons, their total revenue to £143,716,006, and their total expenditure to £144,708,841.‡

2. If these figures be compared as below with the corresponding ones for 1836 given in Martin's work, it will be found that during the Queen's reign the area of our Colonial Empire has more than trebled, and its population more than doubled; while its shipping has increased by 97,960,982 tons, its revenue by £120,725,846, and its expenditure by £119,710,181:

	Area.	Population.	Shipping.	Receipts.	Expenditure.
	Sq. miles.		Tons.	£	£
1836	2,119,709	100,708,323	7,514,585	22,990,160	24,998,660
1896	8,973,012	307,812,749	105,475,567	143,716,006	144,708,841

In addition to this, British rule has during this period been extended over protectorates and spheres of influence in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific, which have a combined area of 2,440,400 square miles and a total population of 36,210,000.

In Europe we have lost Heligoland, while Cyprus—which politically, if not geographically, should be included in the

* *Introduction to Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, pp. 109—115.

† See Sir R. Rawson's "Inaugural Address to the Statistical Society," November, 1884.

‡ These figures are taken from *The Statesman's Year Book*, 1897.

European rather than the Asiatic list—though it figures in the list of our possessions, is only occupied and administered by us provisionally under the Convention of 1878, and is still part of the Ottoman Empire.* On the other hand, while the populations of Gibraltar and of Malta and Gozo have respectively increased from 15,000 and 126,264 to 20,528 and 172,537, the shipping of the former has increased from 446,000 to 9,078,256 tons, and that of the latter from 416,000 to 7,034,207 tons.

In Asia we find a total increase in area of 1,210,973 square miles, and in population of 129,292,431.

Martin describes India in 1836 as consisting of Bengal, Agra, "the Ultra-Gangetic provinces," Madras and Bombay, and groups it with Ceylon, Penang, the Wellesley Provinces, Malacca, and Singapore under the head of Asia. Since then it has through a series of conquests been increased by the annexation of Scinde in 1843, of the Punjaub in 1849, and of Oude in 1856, and by the addition of the Burmese Provinces, acquired after three wars in 1824, 1852, and 1885. The Mutiny of 1858 led to its transfer from the East India Company to the Crown, and it has now just completed its twentieth year of existence as an Empire.† Between 1840 and 1896 its area, including that of the Feudatory States, has increased by 1,174,258 square miles, and its population by 128,643,431. Its revenue and expenditure have respectively risen from £20,124,038 and £22,228,011 to £95,187,429 and £94,494,319, while its public debt has swelled from over £30,000,000 to over £232,000,000. Its imports and exports which twenty-six years ago were valued at £7,597,965 and £11,073,076 respectively are now estimated at £47,647,066 and £65,480,254, and its shipping has risen from 2,000,000 to 8,226,600 tons.

Ceylon, which at the Queen's accession had a population

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* The convention provides for its evacuation on the restoration by Russia to Turkey of Kars and other conquests in Armenia made during the Russo-Turkish War, 1877—78. *Introduction to Historical Geography*, p. 10, and *Historical Geography*, vol. i., p. 30.

† The Queen was proclaimed Empress of India on the 1st January, 1877.

of 1,259,000, has now 3,235,342 inhabitants, and its trade, which was then about £700,000, has risen to £8,946,614. The Straits Settlements, which were finally severed from India and received their present constitution in 1867, have increased their population from slightly over 2,000 to more than 500,000, their trade from £250,000 to £39,439,285, and their shipping from 370,000 tons to 11,610,444 tons. In Arabia we have acquired Aden, with the islands of Socotra and Perim (1839), Hong Kong (1842), Labuan (1846), and North Borneo (1877)—a total area of 33,131 square miles, with a total population of 439,000.* Of these Aden is chiefly important as a military station, but it is also the emporium of the whole trade of Southern Arabia, its exports and imports amounting to 95,000,000 rupees in value. Hong Kong, which was originally a chosen resort of pirates, has had, perhaps, commercially speaking, the most flourishing history of any settlement in the world; for, though it is an island which produces nothing, it is a free port which forms the centre of a trade that now amounts to £50,000,000 sterling annually. Our dependencies in the Indian Ocean, Mauritius, and the Seychelles, with the Keelings and other minor dependencies, have on the whole made comparatively little progress. The revenue of the Mauritius has indeed fallen off, though its trade has slightly increased, and it still remains a most important coaling station for our naval predominance in the Indian Ocean.†

Turning to America, we find the total population of Canada, as given by Martin in 1836, to be 1,528,300, its commerce £9,611,000, and its shipping 2,472,000 tons; while its revenue was £499,000 and its expenditure £914,000. By 1861 the population had more than doubled, and between 1891 and 1897 it has increased from 4,833,239 to

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* *Cf.* Martin's *Statistics of British Colonies, Introduction to Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, pp. 50—142, and *Statesman's Year Book.*

† See a paper on "The Progress of the British Colonial Empire during the Sixty Years of the Queen's Reign," by Sir Charles Dilke, *Journal of the Society of Arts*, February, 1897, and *cf. Introduction to Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, pp. 182 and 183.

5,250,000. The year of the Queen's accession was marked by an outbreak of rebellion in both Upper and Lower Canada, and that of 1866 by a Fenian invasion, while it has been in a constant state of friction with its neighbour, the United States. In spite of these troubles and the fact that its population comprises the two antagonistic nationalities of France and England, few possessions of Great Britain have made greater strides in wealth. Its revenue in 1895 was $33,976,129, and its expenditure $38,132,005; its exports amounted to $113,638,803, and its imports to $110,782,682. It alone, among British Colonies, has become a great maritime State during the Queen's reign, and its seagoing shipping entered and cleared in 1895 was 10,976,829 tons.

The West Indies, some of the oldest and most beautiful of our foreign possessions, the history of which—notably that of Barbados and Jamaica—is full of picturesque interest, have, partly through depression in the sugar industry and partly through the rise of newer Colonies, diminished somewhat in importance since 1836; but they have, nevertheless, increased in population, trade, and revenue. Martin gives their population as 711,058; their commerce as £8,461,000; their shipping as 823,100 tons; their revenue as £709,000; and their expenditure as £1,088,000. Their population is now 1,465,324; their commerce £11,896,500; their shipping 8,127,648 tons; their revenue £1,843,637; and their expenditure £1,932,858. These figures are inclusive of the Bahamas, which were not included under the title of West Indies when Martin wrote—a title which now also includes the Bermudas and the mainland possessions of Honduras and Guiana. The Bermudas, one of the earliest, though the smallest, of all the American dependencies, are both geographically and historically a link between our Colonies in North America and the West Indies, and have been in turn a port of call, the possession of a trading company, the home of a slave-owning community, and a colony with the fullest representative institutions. Their population has increased from 8,500 to 15,794, while their revenue

has trebled and their exports and imports have both more than trebled. British Guiana, the three Colonies of which were united in 1831, and which has recently attracted attention through its connection with the Venezuelan boundary, is noteworthy among once slave-owning Colonies for the immigration of free labourers which followed the abolition of slavery. Between 1835 and 1875 as many as 187,000 were introduced, of whom 29,000 were from Madeira, 98,000 from the East Indies, and 13,000 from China. India has, however, practically become the sole source of supply of late years, and at the end of 1888 the Indian element was estimated as forming one-third of the total population, which was then 278,000 and is now 280,000. During the Queen's reign its commerce has risen from £3,148,000 to £3,213,053, its revenue from £100,000 to £567,749, and its expenditure from £145,000 to £596,493. British Honduras which was first settled in 1638, and is interesting from the alliance between the British and the Mosquito Indians, has since 1836 increased its population from 3,974 to 31,471, its commerce from £85,300 to £395,601, and its shipping from 58,000 to 315,186 tons.*

In America, as in Europe, there have been no fresh acquisitions of territory, but in Africa the increase in area of our Colonial Empire, which amounts in all to 2,477,571 square miles,† is double that in Asia, though the increase in population—26,082,592—is only a little more than one-fifth of the gain under this head in that continent.

Africa, the connection of which with Great Britain began with the settlement of the Gambia in 1631, contains within its limits, as Mr. Lucas points out, almost every possible factor in the history of colonization—samples of the trading station, the military outpost, the Protectorate, and the self-governing colony; the difficulties and conflicts arising where white men settle among coloured races; the pioneer

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* Martin's *Statistics: Introduction to Historical Geography*, pp. 95—8, 101; *Historical Geography*, vol. ii., *passim;* and Sir C. Dilke's paper above mentioned.

† This includes Protectorates.

work of missionaries and explorers; and the enterprise of individual traders and chartered companies. While Europe, as Professor Seeley shows, was expanding east and west into Asia and America, and even after these had been appropriated and the southern continent of Australia, to which it was also on the way, had been opened, Africa had merely a subsidiary value, which was increased when it became a depot for the slave trade. It was only after it had been deprived of this by the abolition of the slave trade and by the opening of new sailing routes which made it useless as a place of call, that explorers and traders began to visit it for its own sake. Then, when Western Europe, having reconstructed its own map by a series of wars, began again to expand, its true value was realised, and during the last twenty years, Great Britain, France, Germany and Portugal have been steadily acquiring great stretches of continent and building up African dominions as they built Asiatic and American dominions in the past.*

In this scramble for Africa, Great Britain, which had secured its first footing in the continent at the Cape and on the Gold Coast, and which the Ashantee War of 1873-4 left without a rival, has been the most successful of the competitors. In West Africa we have acquired the island of Lagos on the Slave Coast (1861), and, through the enterprise of the Royal Niger Company (incorporated 1886), an area of 511,100 square miles, with a population of 25,085,607, on the mainland, which comprises the territories of the company and of the Niger Coast Protectorate, established in 1884. In Central Africa the journeys and discoveries of Livingstone and his successors, and in South Africa a series of wars with the Kaffirs, the Zulus, the Bechuanas, the Basutos, the Matabele and the Boers, combined with the operations of the South Africa Company, have resulted in an increase of our Empire by an area of 976,754 square miles, with a population of 996,985—including the Colonies of Natal (1840), Basutoland (1884), and Bechuanaland (1885); the Territory

* *Historical Geography of British Colonies*, vol. iii., pp. 1, 2.

of Zululand (1885); the British Central Africa Protectorate on Lake Nyassa (1891); and the South African Company's territories known as Rhodesia or Zambesia. In East Africa, in which again missionaries were the pioneers, our efforts for the repression of slavery resulted in the Protectorate, established in 1890, over the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba; while the enterprise of another chartered company, which has since surrendered its charter—the East African—has acquired for us the East Africa Protectorate (1895-6) extending from the coast to Uganda and including Witu, and the Uganda Protectorate (1896), embracing Uganda, Ungoro and other countries—an area of more than 1,000,000 square miles, the population of which is unknown. And in addition to this the prosperity of our older possessions, materially aided by the discovery of the diamond fields at Kimberley, and of the richest gold fields in the world in the Transvaal, has been increasing by leaps and bounds. The population of Cape Colony has increased from 150,000 in 1836 to 1,799,600; its revenue and expenditure from £150,000 and £280,000 to £5,416,612 and £5,388,157 respectively; its commerce from £1,300,000 to £35,999,636; and its shipping from 265,000 tons to 3,880,076 tons. Natal has, after half a century's existence, a population of 584,326; its revenue and expenditure have increased between the years 1860 and 1890 from £86,859 and £80,385 respectively to £1,422,688 and £1,328,468; and the tonnage of its shipping during the same period from 29,628 to 1,035,999.*

Lastly, the history of our Colonial Empire in Australasia during the Queen's reign presents a marked contrast in its peaceful progress—disturbed only by one trifling war in New Zealand—to that of our African and Asiatic dominions. The Colony of South Australia, carved out of New South Wales in 1836, and that of New Zealand, the sovereignty of which was ceded by the Maori chiefs in 1841, have come into existence, and the total area of the seven Colonies

* *Historical Geography of British Colonies*, vol. iii., p. 137, and vol. iv. pp. 85, 268, and *passim*. *Cf.* Martin's *Statistics* and *Statesman's Year Book*.

is now 3,161,458 square miles—one-third of the British Empire, and almost equal in extent to Europe.* We have also acquired, in 1888, an area of some 90,000 square miles, with a population of about 150,000, in New Guinea, the largest island in the world after Australia, and in 1874 the Fijis—a group of more than 200 islands in the South Pacific, the area of the largest of which, Viti Livu, is 4,250 square miles, about the same size as Jamaica. Since 1836 the total population of Australasia has increased from 186,800 to 4,713,251. Its total commerce, as given by Martin, was £3,016,500, its revenue £455,000, its expenditure £795,000, and the tonnage of its shipping 244,000, and its progress during the last sixty years may be gathered from a comparison of these figures with those for 1897 given in the subjoined table.†

Australasia.	Population.	Commerce.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Shipping.
		£	£	£	Tons.
Fiji	120,245	573,968	78,240	76,204	235,402
New Guinea	350,000	53,922	6,547	15,000	28,704
N. S. Wales	1,277,870	37,927,200	9,251,845	9,886,277	5,860,038
New Zealand	703,360	14,950,353	4,107,078	4,370,481	1,321,897
Queensland	460,550	14,331,607	3,641,583	3,567,947	971,905
S. Australia	357,407	12,762,639	2,521,409	2,509,468	2,979,643
Tasmania ...	160,833	2,467,520	761,971	748,946	937,525
Victoria ...	1,181,751	27,020,076	6,461,142	6,573,647	4,348,686
W. Australia	101,235	5,107,505	1,438,717	1,212,314	1,578,553
Total ...	4,713,251	115,194,790	28,268,532	28,960,284	18,262,353

* See the *Year Book for Australia* (published annually), 1894.
† *Statesman's Year Book*, 1897.

It will be evident from this necessarily imperfect survey that the material progress of our Colonial Empire in every portion of the globe during the last sixty years has been almost unparalleled in the history of the world; and it may be noted that this is in a large degree attributable to the scientific inventions and discoveries during the nineteenth century, which have so largely revolutionised every phase of life, and which have nowhere had fuller play than in the British Empire and the United States. Ship canals, railways, steamships, and telegraphs have practically destroyed the barriers of time and space which previously hampered the intercourse between the Mother-country and her foreign possessions, and have largely aided the development of these by facilitating the intercommunication of their component parts. The Suez Canal has opened a new road to India and the Eastern Colonies, and thus increased the importance of the Mediterranean stations, and, by furnishing a shorter alternative route to Australia, has brought it more within the sphere of European politics. The Canadian Canals secure the intercourse between Upper and Lower Canada, and by providing unbroken communication between the sea and the interior, combine with the Canadian Pacific Railway, which spans the whole extent of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific,* to weld together the provinces of the Confederation. The Mother-country is now in telegraphic communication with the greater part of her foreign possessions, and there is no colony, however remote, which is not connected with the outer world by a regular line of steamers, while the rapid development of railways in our Colonial Empire is one of the most striking features in its progress. India, between 1853 and 1890, increased its railway mileage from 20 miles, held by guaranteed companies and all in British territory, to 3,242 miles held by guaranteed and 593 by assisted companies, 11,060 miles of

* British Columbia joined the Confederation under the express stipulation embodied in an Order of Council, May 6th, 1871, that the Canadian Pacific Railway should be made.

State railways, and 1,206 miles in Native States, and had in 1896 a total mileage of 19,678. Canada, which heads the list of the self-governing Colonies, began in 1875 with 4,443 miles and has now 16,091, while Australasia has increased its mileage from 2,323 miles in 1870 to 13,813, 2,189 of which are in New Zealand. Nor are railways confined to the greater Colonies, for Mauritius, which started in 1890 with 66 miles has now 105; British Guinea has 23; Barbados, 24; Trinidad and Tobago, 54; Newfoundland and Labrador, 464. Besides thus promoting material progress, this development of facilities of intercommunication has also, as Mr. Lucas points out, revolutionised the government of the Empire, which is now carried on far more exclusively from home and in a far more systematic manner. It has also brought public opinion, both at home and abroad, to bear to a far greater extent than formerly on foreign and colonial questions, and thus at the same time rendered administrators far less self-reliant and less capable of independent action than their predecessors.*

3. The development of science has thus had an important influence on both the political and social aspects of our Colonial progress.

As regards the former, by far the most noteworthy feature is the grant of responsible government to the great Colonies, which, as pointed out by Lord Grey in his *Letters on Colonial Policy*,† was closely connected with the application to them of the principles of Free Trade, since the abolition of differential duties in favour of their produce in British, or of British produce in Colonial markets, was a primary step towards the recognition of their independence. Like most of the changes which have taken place in this century, it is an entirely new feature in the history of the world. The colonies of Greece, Rome, and Carthage were either wholly subject to or wholly separate from the parent State, and the

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* *Introduction to the Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, pp. 119—126, and *cf. Statesman's Year Book.*

† Vol. i., Letter 1.

conversion of subordinate into practically co-ordinate and independent communities is still one of the more recent characteristics of modern history. It is only during the last half century that Great Britain, realising by slow degrees the lesson taught by the loss of the United States, has gradually adopted the principle of giving home rule in its widest sense to North America, Australasia, and the South African Colonies. In Canada responsible government dates from 1840, when it was granted to the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the last Colonies in the Dominion to obtain it were British Columbia and Vancouver in 1858. In Australasia, New Zealand, which obtained the grant in 1852, is the oldest, and West Australia, which obtained it in 1893, the youngest self-governing Colony, while the Cape has possessed responsible government since 1892 and Natal since 1893. The right thus accorded naturally imposed on the grantees the duty of providing, as far as possible, for self-defence, and the Imperial troops have now been replaced by local militia in all the self-governing Colonies, though garrisons are still maintained at Halifax in the Dominion and at Cape Town, both of which are regarded as Imperial stations. Though, however, all our Colonies enjoy the benefits of the protection of the Imperial Fleet, only those of Australasia, which have done so since 1887, have hitherto contributed towards the cost of its maintenance.*

Closely allied with the grant of responsible government is the movement for Confederation, both Colonial and Imperial, which, though like it, a development of the political progress of the century, is, unlike it, not principally confined to Great Britain, but has been steadily promoted throughout Europe and in the United States as offering a compromise between small States and great Empires, calculated to preserve the advantages of both, and to reconcile local autonomy with Imperial unity.†

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* *Introduction to the Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, p. 128, *et seq.*, and *cf. Statesman's Year Book.* South Africa, as we pass through the press, decides to follow the example of Australasia.

† *Introduction to the Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, p. 132.

Colonial Confederation—the union of a group of Colonies under one central government—is only possible where there are sufficient facilities for intercommunication between the existing Colonies to allow of the establishment of a common centre, and where differences of race, religion, and interest have been effectually harmonised, and it can only be effected by the agency of a strong motive force to demonstrate its desirability. All these requisites are to be found in the case of Canada, the first and only one of our great Colonies in which it has been successfully accomplished, and in which its commencement was coincident with the grant of responsible government.* Its magnificent water communications and its great transcontinental railway effectually counterbalance the drawbacks of its vast extent of territory; and while the Indians are too few to be taken into consideration, the assimilating qualities of the French have enabled English and French Canadians to live in harmony, and the fear of pressure from the United States supplies an effectual basis for the maintenance of Canadian unity. In Australia, where a Federal Convention met at Adelaide in the Spring of this year to discuss the question,† and in South Africa, where it has not yet come within the range of practical politics, the conditions are far more unfavourable. In the former, though the racial difficulty is practically non-existent, the geographical one is rendered far greater by the large extent of uninhabited tracts in the interior separating the north from the south and the east from the west, and the absence of any water system like that of Canada; while there is no motive, except the very remote possibility of complications with France in New Caledonia and Germany in New Guinea, sufficiently strong to overcome the mutual jealousies of the different Colonies. In South Africa the want of means of intercommunication is still greater than in Australia, and the promoters of Confederation have to face the problem

* The grant of self-government was coupled with the Union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1840.

† In March and April, 1897.

of harmoniously uniting the dominant British race not only with a large subject native population, but also with the Dutch Boers, whose rugged independence and innate antagonism to us have been accentuated by frequent conflicts. Both in South Africa and in Australia, therefore, the best hope for Confederation appears to lie in the probability that the development of facilities for intercommunication may gradually lead the individual Colonies to realise the advantages of commercial union.*

Imperial Confederation, which is designed to be an equipoise to Colonial independence and to bind the Colonies more closely to the Mother-country, by giving them an interest in Imperial affairs, has been too recently discussed in this REVIEW to require reconsideration here;† but it may be noted that the movement, like the new Colonial policy of which it is a development, has been largely promoted by the change in public opinion with regard to the Colonies which has gradually taken place during the Queen's reign. At the time of her accession it had become largely the custom to describe them as unremunerative incumbrances, the inevitable separation of which from this country should be facilitated by every possible means, and Martin was probably fully justified in lamenting, in the dedication of his *Colonial History* to William IV. in 1834, "that the intrinsic worth of our Colonial possessions was not understood or appreciated." The "Society for Promoting Systematic Colonization," founded in 1830 by Mr. Wakefield, author of *The Art of Colonization*, in conjunction with Dr. Hinds, Dean of Carlisle, Mr. Charles Butler, M.P., and Mr. John Stuart Mill, had indeed begun to lay the foundations of a new school of thought on the subject. The theories that "Colonization has a tendency to increase employment for capital and labour at home,"‡ and that "in

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* *Introduction to the Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, pp. 132—135.

† LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, April, 1897, Art. iii., "Imperial Commerce and Free Trade."

‡ *Art of Colonization*, p. 2.

the present state of the world" it is "the very best affair of business in which the capital of an old and wealthy country can possibly engage,"* were, however, too diametrically opposed to the traditional policy of the Colonial Office to find any general acceptance. The Royal Colonial Institute, at its foundation in 1868, still represented—as Mr. Chamberlain recently reminded its present members at their annual dinner—only a small minority united to protest against the doctrine of separation as injurious to our interests and derogatory to our honour. The grant of a charter of incorporation to the Institute fourteen years later, and the formation in 1885 of the Imperial Federation League, may be taken to indicate the commencement of the new and broader conceptions of the Empire, and of its relations to its foreign possessions, which have been developed by the work of these and kindred organisations and the writings of Froude and Seeley. We no longer regard our self-governing Colonies as dependencies, but, to quote Mr. Chamberlain,

"as part of ourselves, as part of the British Empire, united to us, although they may be dispersed throughout the world, united to us by ties of kindred, of religion, of literature, and of language, and joined to us by seas that formerly seemed to divide us."

And we have also learned to realise that the only justification for our rule over that far larger and more populous portion of our Empire, in which the native inhabitants must always far outnumber the resident Europeans, is the proof that it really conduces to the happiness and prosperity of the people we govern.†

This recognition of our responsibilities with respect to native races, which has been materially promoted by the work of such philanthropic organisations as the Aborigines Protection Society, is manifestly closely connected with the

* *Principles of Political Economy*, Book v., chap. xi., sec. 14, and *cf.* Cunningham's *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, vol. ii., pp. 599—607.

† See Speech by Mr. Chamberlain at the Annual Dinner of the Royal Colonial Institute on March 31st, 1897.

social side of our commercial progress, the two most important features of which have been the anti-transportation movement and the anti-slavery movement.

The abolition, in 1853, of the transportation system, which had been established by the Mother-country for its own benefit, was the result of a strong outburst of self-assertion, aided by a few sympathisers in England, on the part of the Australian Colonies, which afforded an earnest of their capacity for the system of self-government of which they now furnish the most striking example. Unlike the anti-slavery movement, it was entirely confined to Great Britain, and it further differs from it in the fact that, though transportation was attacked on humanitarian and moral grounds in this country by Archbishop Whately and other high-minded men, just as Wilberforce and his friends attacked slavery, it is not, like it, contrary to right and justice, but is immoral only in its consequences.*

Slavery, like the transportation system, was confined to one group of Colonies, the West Indies, which, it may be noted, are all Crown Colonies, and its abolition was an exercise of the supremacy of the Mother-country with regard to a system which was bound up with their prosperity, and had been accepted as a necessity from time immemorial. It is difficult for us now to realise not only that ancient society was based on slavery, and that, as Hallam tells us, "in every age and community until times comparatively recent personal servitude seems to have been the lot of a large, perhaps the greater, portion of mankind;"† but also that, after it had disappeared from their own countries, the nations of modern Europe introduced negro slavery and developed it into a valuable kind of commerce. And when it is remembered that the Assiento Treaties of 1713 secured to England the sole right of importing slaves into the Spanish Colonies, and that so late as the eighteenth century Englishmen looked on the slave trade as a great

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* *Introduction to Historical Geography of British Colonies*, pp. 128, 129.
† *Middle Ages*, vol. ii., p. 11.

branch of the cargo trade,* its suppression in 1834, and the vote by Parliament of twenty millions sterling as compensation to the slave-owners, must be regarded as one of the most remarkable events in history. That the Mother-country should thus compensate those injured by a law which revolutionised society in her then most prosperous Colonies may at first sight appear merely just. The act assumes, however, a far higher significance when it is remembered that the sacrifice entailed by this vote of public money was made to improve not the material but the moral welfare of the Colonies, and in order to abolish a system which offended public morality at home. The crusade against slavery, thus begun in the West Indies on the eve of the Queen's accession, has, during her reign, extended to the whole world, and the current of feeling which led to its first initiation still powerfully influences our policy as to the retention and extension of our African possessions. The advocates of a strong Colonial policy, who do not fear to enlarge the British Empire or increase the number of its subjects, are in a large measure supported by the class which holds that Great Britain has a high call to fulfil and should not fear to incur obligations in order to introduce law and liberty into the darker regions of the world. Nor should it be forgotten that missionaries of almost every creed have for more than a century before slavery was abolished been steadily carrying out this high ideal of our national duty. Not only have they been the devoted teachers of Christianity to the race which Europe specially selected for slavery, but also the indefatigable pioneers of discovery and civilization; they have taught the black and the white men to live together, and they have made Africa attractive to Europe "as a scene of adventure where, among wild beasts and wild men, noble lives were lived and sometimes lost."†

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* *Cf.* Cunningham's *Growth of English Industry and Commmerce*, p. 317.

† *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, vol. iv., part i., pp. 130—330. *Cf. Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa*, by J. G.

Thus, in its highest as well as its more material aspect, the record of the progress of our Colonial Empire during the Queen's reign is one on which the nation may justly pride itself and for which it has every reason to be thankful. We cannot, indeed, allow our gratification to lead us to forget the sadder record of conflict and suffering enshrined in the Colonial history of the last sixty years, nor to ignore either the manifold evil underlying present prosperity, or the dangers which threaten that prosperity in the future. The Empire is entering on a new era, which must inevitably bring with it its due portion of storm and stress, but we may take comfort in the thought that, as Mr. Lucas well says, "greatness and nobility come with struggle and endurance, and it is only through much tribulation that communities of men and women, like individual men and women, enter into the kingdom of heaven."*

Progress is many sided, and when we reflect how little even the most sanguine of Her Majesty's subjects could have anticipated at her accession the wonderful development of her Empire during her reign, we have good grounds for hoping that, though it may be less rapid and in some respects checked for a time altogether, that development is destined to continue.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creek and islet making,
Comes silent flooding in the main.

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light.
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward look the land is bright."†

Thompson, published 1827. The first missionaries were the Moravian United Brethren who landed at the Cape 1722, followed by the London Missionary Society 1799, and the Wesleyans in 1816, and subsequently by Scotch Presbyterians, English Episcopalians, French Protestants, Rhenish Missions, and Missions of the Church of Rome in East Africa.

* *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, vol. iv., part i., p. 131.

† Poems by Arthur Hugh Clough, "Progress Many-sided."

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

A Concordance to the Greek Testament according to the Texts of Westcott and Hort, Tischendorf and the English Revisers. Edited by Rev. W. F. MOULTON, D.D., and Rev. A. S. GEDEN, M.A. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1897.

Only three books are absolutely indispensable to the student of New Testament Greek besides the sacred text—Grammar, Lexicon and Concordance, and of these to the advanced student the last is in some respects the most important. Dr. Moulton's edition of Winer has for years been the standard Grammar, and Thayer's edition of Grimm has for a shorter time occupied the place of the best Lexicon. For both these we have been indebted to the Edinburgh publishing house of Messrs. T. & T. Clark, and now the same firm have brought out what promises to be the standard Concordance. "Bruder" has hitherto been the student's stay, but it is founded on the *Textus Receptus*, and, though in recent editions attempts have been made to include references to some of the chief critical texts, that part of this invaluable handbook has been anything but satisfactory. It is a matter of congratulation to the Wesleyan Methodist Church that in this instance again the scholarship of her sons has been called into exercise. Dr. Moulton, Professor A. S. Geden and the Rev. J. H. Moulton are chiefly responsible for the work before us, though a number of younger scholarly ministers have also rendered service in connection with it. The bulk of the enormous labour incurred has fallen upon Mr. Geden, and we heartily congratulate him and all who have toiled at this great enterprise on the successful issue to which it has been brought.

The characteristic feature of this Concordance is that by its means the Biblical student is for the first time enabled to lay his hand upon every word or phrase which finds a place in any of the three chief critical editions of the Greek Testament, while all phrases and words which cannot claim the sanction of the approval of one or other of these are excluded. Granted that the time has even yet hardly come when one common standard text can be recognised as universally accepted; it remains true that the Received Text is admittedly unscientific,

and a consensus of educated opinion in this country at all events would pronounce Westcott and Hort's text to be the nearest approach to a satisfactory critical edition at present available. This text accordingly forms the basis of the present Concordance; but W H.'s marginal readings have also been included, as well as the texts and marginal readings of Tischendorf's eighth edition and the English Revisers. The editors, therefore, may fairly claim—*pace* Dr. Burgon, Mr. Miller and a small minority of kindred spirits—that the method employed "precludes the omission of any expression which, by even a remote probability, might be regarded as forming part of the true text of the New Testament." On the other hand, passages are excluded as to the spuriousness of which there is now a general agreement of opinion amongst New Testament scholars.

The Concordance, however, furnishes much additional information. By a simple use of small numerals the student is enabled at a glance to trace out noteworthy usages and constructions; as, for example, under ὀδός, it is easy to distinguish all the occurrences of ὁδὸς θεοῦ, ὁδὸς σαββάτου, and the metaphorical and other uses of the word. Under the word θεός, which occupies some thirty closely printed columns—the places in which κύριος ὁ θεός occurs can readily be distinguished, also θεὸς πατήρ, θεὸς Ἀβραάμ and other characteristic expressions. In the choice of these the editor's judgment must necessarily be decisive, and all will not agree as to the selection actually made, but in the main it appears to be very judicious. The publication of the Oxford Concordance to the Septuagint has enabled the editors, by the use of asterisks and other signs, to give valuable information as to the occurrence or non-occurrence of particular words in the LXX. or other Greek versions of the Canonical Scriptures and of the Apocrypha. The part of the book in which Professor Geden was compelled to rely upon Trommius was compiled at considerable disadvantage, as a glance at the corrigenda in the Appendix shows. The Hebrew original of Old Testament passages quoted in the New is given with care and accuracy.

The labour implied in the compilation of such a work is far greater than any one could believe who has not fairly set himself to engage in a portion of such a task, and the vigilance exercised must be minute, keen, and absolutely uninterrmittent. Dr. Moulton's high scholarship, long experience and watchful care have here been invaluable. It is not in human nature to be infallible over such an extensive area of details, but, so far as we can judge, a very high degree of accuracy has been attained for the first edition of such a work. We have noticed a few slips—*e.g.*, Mr. Geden can hardly have intended on the first page of his Preface, to write: "A different principle has been carried out than in earlier works of this class." In the

references to bracketed phrases and in some minute matters also we think we have observed slight inaccuracies, but our examination has necessarily been cursory and inadequate, and nothing but constant use can really test a work of this kind. The clearness of the type, the excellence of the printing, the arrangement and general presentation of the mass of detail involved is beyond all praise. In this respect the Concordance ranks with Hatch and Redpath's Concordance to the LXX., and that is only another way of saying that it is perfect in its kind.

We cannot close this imperfect notice without urging upon all who study the Greek Testament the importance of using regularly a first-rate Concordance, and the great value of this, the only complete Concordance to the best critical texts. An hour spent in the examination of parallel passages, with no aid but the best Concordance, will often teach more than many hours spent in investigations pursued by the help of such crutches as lexicons and commentaries furnish. Not, of course, that these aids are to be depreciated; they are of the highest value in their place. But the Concordance leads to a study of the text at first hand and the habits which are taught by a judicious use of such a book as this will prove simply invaluable to the student of the sacred text. We trust that those who have thus successfully accomplished the great task of producing a Greek Testament Concordance which is fully abreast of modern critical study, will find their reward in its extensive circulation and general adoption. It should have a place in all public and private theological libraries, and its editors and publishers alike deserve the abiding gratitude of all Biblical students.

A Study of St. Paul: His Character and Opinions. By S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. Isbister & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Baring-Gould approaches the life of St. Paul as a man of the world, a novelist with some experience of life and some acquaintance with the springs of human conduct. The novelist, he describes as "one who seeks to sound the depths of human nature, to probe the very heart of man, to stand patiently at his side with finger on pulse." Mr. Baring-Gould does not regard inspiration as a power that overmasters those who come under its influence. He thinks that, like all life given by God, it contains in itself the faculty of growth. In this book he considers St. Paul mainly from the human side, and does not hesitate to pronounce judgment, sometimes very severe judgment, on him and his contemporaries. He shows how the Tübingen school has made capital out of its discovery of a supposed fiery antagonism between St. James and St. Peter on the one side and St. Paul on the other, but holds that all the facts are capable of quite a different interpretation from that put upon them by

the critics. Many flashes of light are thrown on Apostolic history. An impressive study of Jewish methods of training shows how it made accuracy of memory an hereditary power among the Jews and thus has given us a guarantee of the substantial accuracy of the Gospel record. Every page has some sparkling statement, and the little touches descriptive of scenery give new life to familiar scenes. One impressive passage describes the blessing which the Jews might have brought to the world had they taken the position designed for them by God. "There would have been that highly gifted people, not degraded to money-grubbing and unscrupulous in its sordid greed, a source of demoralisation wherever it is, but a great fountain of enlightenment, of inspiration, ever flowing, an ever present witness to the truth; its wonderful tenacity making it a meet guardian of revelation, a whole nation become the spiritual leaders of the world." But Mr. Baring-Gould disfigures his book by such strictures as those on Stephen, whom he represents as a man without self-control, whose defence was a series of wounding stabs "He spoke truths in the most rasping manner and couched in the most opprobrious terms." We are persuaded that this is an utter travesty of the facts, and it is not the only instance where freedom of criticism runs into outrage and irreverence. Nor can we for a moment allow, even to the author of the *Lives of the Saints*, the comparison between St. Paul and Theresa, who is represented as a female counterpart of the Apostle. There is a notable passage on St. Paul's writing. "His eloquence may be conjectured from his Epistles, written in the heat of controversy. It is like a torrent that digs out its own bed and overthrows all barriers. Unfinished sentences, daring admissions, rabbinic subtleties, half thought-out arguments, biting sneers, violent apostrophes, original ideas, all are whirled along on the waves, jostling each other, the significance of each lost in the irresistibility of the current which hurries them down." The discussion of the relations between Lydia and St. Paul is startling indeed, and grossly improbable, while the critiques on St. Paul's teaching seem to us both feeble and irreverent. Yet, with all its faults, there is so much to stir thought and provoke discussion that this volume is sure to find many eager readers.

Outlines of the History of the Theological Literature of the Church of England from the Reformation to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. By JOHN DOWDEN, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 3*s*.

These lectures were delivered before the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, on

the foundation called "The Bishop Paddock Lectureship." It was no easy task to present a survey of two and a half centuries of theological literature in the course of six brief lectures, but Dr. Dowden succeeds in giving a distinct idea of the chief writers and the chief works of the period. The first lecture deals with anti-Roman controversialists of the sixteenth century. Here Jewel, who was described by Hooker as "the worthiest divine that Christendom hath bred for some hundreds of years," and Hooker receive careful attention. In the second lecture on the Anglican and Puritan position, Hooker's work is further discussed, and the writings of Whitgift, Cartwright and Bilson are duly noticed. The seventeenth century was the "Golden Age" of Anglican theology. In the lecture upon this period the work of Bishop Andrewes, Dean Jackson and Ussher is discussed. Laud, Chillingworth and Jeremy Taylor are considered in the next lecture. Then the moral theology of the seventeenth century is passed in review. The English Church has been in general gravely deficient in moral theology. It is interesting to find that the Puritan school was the first to study questions of casuistry with care. The concluding lecture presents a rapid survey of theological literature in the eighteenth century. The whole book is marked by ripe learning and sound judgment. It is a thoroughly interesting work which ought to have a wide circulation, and to tempt its readers to farther study in a fruitful field.

The Christian Ecclesia. A Course of Lectures on the Early History and Early Conceptions of the Ecclesia, and Four Sermons. By F. J. A. HORT, D.D. Macmillan & Co.

The earlier part of this volume—the Lectures—consists of a characteristically careful, detailed, and suggestive analysis of the passages in the New Testament which throw light on the nature of the Ecclesia—on the meaning of the word Church in its various connections and correlations. The day-light clearness and candour of the analyst is conspicuous throughout. High Anglicanism, accordingly, finds no place for harbourage in this volume. The special meaning and virtue of the imposition of hands, as contended for by High Anglicans, is quietly thrown over (p. 216). The Church is described as "made up of men in great part divided from each other by all sorts of earthly conditions, but united by the confession of the One Lord," as "not a local community, but the community of Christians as a whole." Of the Episcopal Succession, and the communication of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, as essential to the Ecclesia, nothing is to be found in this learned, candid, and suggestive book.

Jesus Christ During His Ministry. By EDMUND STAPFER, Professor in the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris. Translated by LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON. R. D. Dickinson. 4*s*.

This is a very clever book, showing a fine power of realistic and historical imagination. But it is too rationalistic for our taste. The Professor understands our Lord perfectly, and describes all his views and motives with an easy mastery. The divine-human person, in his exposition, becomes level to any fairly cultivated understanding. We are led out into a highway where impenetrable mysteries are scarcely to be met with. We suppose the author has subscribed an authorised creed, but, to judge from his book, we should take him to be a Unitarian, with much less reverence and sense of mystery than many English and American Unitarians.

The Incarnation: A Study of Philippians ii. 5—11. By E. H. GIFFORD, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Most strongly and earnestly do we recommend this scholarly, luminous, fine-toned, and every way admirable exposition. It is to be hoped that it will effectually check the extraordinary aberration of certain expositors who round a confused and blundering interpretation of St. Paul's word, ἐκένωσεν, have woven exceedingly perilous and really heterodox speculations on the mode and meaning of the divine-human twofold nature in our Lord. Nothing can be more temperate or more satisfactory than Dr. Gifford's treatment, which is every way worthy of one who formerly held a Canonry at St. Paul's and was Archdeacon of London.

Philippian Studies. By H. C. G. MOULE, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s*.

The Principal of Ridley Hall is always scholarly, orthodox, evangelical, and experimental. The lovely epistle here dealt with is a favourite study with him, on which he has written in the Cambridge Greek Testament. Like Dr. Gifford he does good service in this volume by giving the true and natural exposition of the just now much misunderstood expression, κένωσις, as used in the 5th chapter of the Epistle.

Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges: The Epistle to the Philippians. With Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, D.D. Cambridge: University Press.

This is a first-rate piece of work, furnished with all the critical

notes that a student of the text needs, and enriched by many excellent quotations from divines and commentators, and a notable appendix on "St. Paul's Use of Athletic Metaphors," which is largely due to Dr. Robinson, the general editor of the series. The Introduction is very full and well arranged. It not only gives the history of the Church, but contains a valuable summary of Polycarp's "Epistle to the Philippians," a chapter on the Greek Text in this edition, and an Analysis of the Apostle's argument. Some of the notes are especially helpful, *e.g.*, those on χάρις, αὐτάρχης, and on "the body of our humiliation." Dr. Moule avails himself of the labours of his great predecessors, but he always exercises his own judgment and puts his own stamp on every discussion. It will well repay every student to get this little volume and to master it.

Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament. By the Right Rev. BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Durham. Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.*

This volume comes somewhat late, but will be very useful. We are not sure that some of the merits put forward by the Bishop may not be regarded by some competent critics as defects—rigid adherence, for example, to identity of rendering under all conditions, and a pedantic rendering of tense-forms, where, in English, a freer rendering may really represent more truly the intention of the original. However this may be, we welcome this useful and scholarly volume, which will be found very instructive and helpful for students. The Bishop anticipates that by degrees the Revised Version will take the place of the Authorised.

The R.T.S. has added to its valuable series of "Present Day Primers," one on *Old Testament Criticism and the Rights of the Unlearned*, by the Rev. J. Kennedy, M.A., D.D. Price 1*s.* No primer of the series will be more welcome than this. Dr. Kennedy was originally a Scotch Congregationalist minister, a pupil, we believe, of Dr. Wardlaw. He came to London as pastor of Stepney Church fifty years or more ago. In his later life he became Honorary Professor at New College, London, and is the author of theological treatises which are highly valued beyond the circle of his own denomination. In this little book he takes his stand very firmly on the ground held by scholarly divines of the orthodox Churches as to the authority of the Old Testament, and the antiquity and unity of Deuteronomy, before any orthodox English Churchman had yielded to the invasion of German advanced ideas on the subject of the Pentateuch and the writings of the prophets. Dr. Kennedy has weighed the

modern theories, as taught by such writers as Dean Farrar, and gives his reasons for decisively rejecting them.

The Key to Dr. Green's Introduction to New Testament Greek (1s.) will be found very useful by teachers and private students.

Religious Teaching in Secondary Schools. Suggestions to Teachers and Parents. By the Rev. GEO. C. BELL, M.A., Master of Marlborough College. Macmillan & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a well-conceived, well-executed, and also a peculiarly well-timed volume. In general it will be found an excellent guide. But the author is not equally strong throughout. In his dealing with the earlier books of Scripture, and especially with Deuteronomy, he seems to us to be weak and second-hand. We are, ourselves, convinced that the more that book is read, the more its intrinsic unity, and its genuine antiquity, will be felt by the devout and open-minded student.

1. *Foundation Truths of Scripture.* By Professor J. LAIDLAW, D.D. 1*s.* 6*d.*

2. *The Times of Christ.* By the Rev. L. A. MUIRHEAD, B.D. T. & T. Clark. 2*s.*

1. This is one of the "Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students," published by the well-known Edinburgh theological publishers. The mint-mark of Professor Laidlaw will be acknowledged as a guarantee of good metal.

2. Mr. Muirhead's book is careful and learned, without any pedantry or ostentation. It supplies a vast amount of knowledge only otherwise to be had by mastering the contents of large and costly works.

The Modern Reader's Bible. The Kings. By Professor RICHARD G. MOULTON. Macmillans.

This is another volume of the series so well-known and so justly popular. We need not bespeak for it a welcome.

We are very glad that the Methodist Book Room has published separately, and in the form of a neat sixpenny book, John Wesley's standard and masterly sermon on the *Scripture Way of Salvation*, which exhibits his characteristic theology in its ripest form. Wesley was the most fresh and independent teacher of the primitive evangelical truth, certainly of the last century, and perhaps of English Church history; he was also the plainest and least technical in form. Plainness was what he

aimed at; his admirable style was, above all things, clear and simple. His theology was derived direct from Scripture, but to his study of Scripture he came prepared by wide reading both of ancient and modern divines, and by a critical study of the New Testament more true of apprehension, and more critically perspicacious than that of most divines. Dr. Beet has prefixed a brief but apposite and helpful Preface to this re-publication.

Messrs. C. J. Clay & Sons send us from the Cambridge University Press a Bible and Prayer Book for this Jubilee Year which ought to have a great sale. The Bible is ruby, 8vo, with maps and references, and has flap edges. Inside the cover is a stamped label with portrait and signature of the Queen, and the priestly benediction from the Book of Numbers. The Jubilee Prayer Book, ruby, 32mo, with Hymns Ancient and Modern, bears a similar label, with the prayer for the Queen underneath. These are the best mementoes we have seen for this year of national rejoicing.

The Oxford University also issues a Diamond Jubilee Bible, in sizes and prices to suit every loyal subject. The frontispiece is a portrait by H. E. Dawe, representing the Queen attending service at Windsor in 1837. Opposite to this is another portrait of the Queen, taken sixty years' later. Scattered through the Bible are seven photographic illustrations of Sir Joshua Reynold's cartoons—of Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude—painted in 1778 for the famous window in New College, Oxford. Mrs. Siddons sat for Charity. The prices of the Bible, without these cartoons, range from 2*s.* 6*d.* upward, or, with the cartoons, from 4*s.* 6*d.* The Bible is turned out in the best style by the Clarendon Press, and will make a charming present.

1. *The Saviour in the Light of the First Century.* By the Rev. John Parker, St. James's, Glasgow.

2. *Books that Help the Religious Life.* By the Rev. H. M. P. Reid. Edinburgh: J. Gardner Hill.

1. This is a well-conceived and useful book.

2. This small volume contains short extracts from Augustine's *Confessions*, from the *Imitation*, Taylor's *Holy Living and Holy Dying*, Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, Law's *Serious Call*, &c., with comments by Mr. Reid.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Renaissance in Italy. Vol. I. The Age of the Despots. Vol. II. The Revival of Learning. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. New Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

This new and cheaper edition of Mr. Symonds' classical and monumental work is being issued in seven volumes, and will be completed by November. Every one who wishes to study the Renaissance period ought to buy this book. The first volume paints some terrible pictures of sensuality and cruelty among the despots of the Italian cities and the Popes of Rome. It is a world where intense devotion to art and literature are blended with all the worst passions of human nature. Machiavelli's portrait of a model prince has been branded as demoniacal, but nearly every Italian city could furnish a despot who might have sat for that portrait. In Machiavelli "Cosimo's positivism is reduced to theory. Fraud becomes a rule of conduct. Force is advocated when the dagger or the poisoned draught, or the extermination of a city, may lead the individual straight forward to his object. Religion is shown to be a political engine. Hypocrisy is a mask that must be worn. The sanctities of ancient use and custom controlling appetite have no place assigned them in the system. Action is analysed as a branch of the fine arts; and the spirit of the age, of which the philosopher makes himself the hierophant, compels him to portray it as a sinister and evil art." The vast learning of Mr. Symonds' work is not less notable than its clear judgment, its sound sense, and its grasp of principles. "The Revival of Learning" is a more pleasing subject than "The Age of the Despots," and Mr. Symonds shows how the vagabond humanists carried the torch of the new learning from city to city, welcomed everywhere as angels of light. Filelfo writes from Florence: "The whole State is turned to look at me. All men love and honour me, and praise me to the skies. My name is on every lip. Not only the leaders of the city, but women also of the noblest birth, make way for me, paying me so much respect that I am ashamed of their worship. My audience numbers every day four hundred persons, mostly men advanced in years, and of the dignity of senators." These humanists, with their enthusiasm for Greek and Latin, their fulsome flattery of popes and princes, their literary duels, and their passion for a Pagan ideal, form a gallery of portraits well worthy the study of the moralist as well as the lover of literature. "They ceased to fear God; but they did not acquire either the self-restraint of the Greek or the patriotic virtues of the Roman." They followed the promptings of an undisciplined self, and some of them wallowed in sensuality,

and affected the worst vices of Paganism. The whole study is profoundly instructive and suggestive.

Burnet's History of My Own Time. A new Edition, based on that of M. J. Routh, D.D. Part I. The Reign of Charles the Second. Edited by OSMUND AIRY, M.A. In two Volumes. Volume I. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12*s.* 6*d.*

No historian of Burnet's rank has been so often and so strongly charged with prejudice and inaccuracy as he. But the most careful and most recent research shows that he has been hardly treated. His latest editor does not hesitate to say that, when it is remembered that Burnet was the first to exhibit on a large scale the picture of his time, and did his work almost entirely without the aid of documentary evidence, it is astonishing to find a man whose temper was so impulsive, and who played so important a part in the events he records, so free from grave error. Mr. Airy pronounces him to be conspicuously and honourably fair in tone, both as to events and persons, even though frequently inaccurate in detail. This is emphatically true when he treats of Scotland and Scotsmen. A close study of the subject shows that there is little to detract from the value of his great work, or to cause surprise at the slight blemishes upon it. His history has, indeed, no conscious artistic arrangement or sense of proportion; it lacks grace; its language is often inelegant, and even obscure; yet it is one of the main sources for our history in a period of far-reaching importance. This is a worthy edition of Burnet's great work. The text has been very carefully collated with the original MS.; Dr Routh's notes have been thoroughly revised, and the latest fruit of research has been incorporated with them or added to them. The result is a standard edition of an historical classic printed in the best style of the Clarendon Press. It will have an eager welcome from students, and we hope that it will induce many to make themselves acquainted with a work which will never lose its importance or its interest.

A History of Our Own Times, from 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Chatto and Windus. 12*s.*

The appearance of this volume, on the eve of the Diamond Jubilee, will add much to its interest. Mr. McCarthy has a style of his own which has made his earlier volumes as popular as his best stories, and in this latest part of his history we find the old felicity of touch. At some points the work needs revision, for there are a few repetitions and awkward phrases,

but it is delightful reading, and Mr. McCarthy is equally at home in dealing with such subjects as the expedition to Benin, the feats of Blondin, the voyage of Nansen, the service rendered to society by men like Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Isaac Pitman, and the literary celebrities of the period. His catholicity as a critic may be seen by his remarks on Mr. Alfred Austin's appointment as Poet Laureate. Mr. McCarthy's treatment of Irish questions is a crucial test of his candour, and though he will not satisfy every Unionist reader, and is, we feel, less than just to Mr. Balfour, he bears the test very well. Such a book invests the history of our own times with additional interest, and every one who reads it will follow the course of current events with keener and more intelligent interest.

Fifty Years Ago. By Sir WALTER BESANT. Chatto & Windus. 5*s.*

This book was first published in the Jubilee year, and has since been revised and enlarged. No better picture of the actual condition of England at the beginning of the Queen's reign is to be found than this. It is full of facts, it is bright and humorous, and a noble enthusiasm for the general uplifting of the masses breathes in its pages. The chapter entitled "In Factory and Mine" is a good illustration of the spirit of the book. Sir Walter Besant will not carry many of his readers with him in his pages on the art of self-defence, but the volume is the more interesting because it arouses controversy at a good many points. When the present reign began "there was no loyalty at all, either to the Queen, or to the institution of a limited Monarchy, or to the Constitution, or to the Church;" not one of the great railways was opened; prophets foretold the speedy downfall of an Empire which they said could no longer defend her vast territories; forty per cent. of the men and sixty-five per cent. of the women could not sign their own names; drink was working havoc among the people; prisons were schools for vice; the people were brutish and ill-conditioned. The record of progress in every department makes an Englishman's pulse beat higher, and should inspire every reader of this book with hope and zeal for the work of the coming century.

Sixty Years of the Queen's Reign. An Epoch of Empire Making. By the Right Hon. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart. 1*s.* 6*d.*

National Progress in the Queen's Reign. 1837—1897. By MICHAEL G. MULHALL. George Routledge & Sons. 1*s.*

Two of the most valuable contributions to the Jubilee Library. Mr. Mulhall gives statistics to show the growth of population,

commerce, shipping, mining, and a number of other matters during the Queen's reign. His comments on the figures bring out their force and meaning very clearly. Sir Richard Temple surveys the reign as an epoch of Empire-making. The Free Trade system makes an Empire beyond the seas a vital necessity to this country, in order that it may have markets in all quarters of the globe. During Queen Victoria's rule we have added one hundred and seven millions to our Indian population, and by land settlements, canals, railways, &c., have greatly promoted the well-being of the natives. In Africa we have added two million square miles and forty million people to our Empire. Similar growth in many parts of the world has brought eleven and a half millions of square miles under our flag. Russia comes next with eight and three-quarter millions. Chapters are given to India, Africa, the Crown Colonies, Colonies having Responsible Government, Imperial Defence, Material and Social Progress of the British Isles, Imperial Statistics. These are followed by an impressive Epitome of Results during the reign. Every one ought to get this masterly little book.

The Religious Tract Society has issued some good books for the Diamond Jubilee. *These Sixty Years* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a review of the progress of the nation under the rule of our Queen. After a chapter on Her Majesty's personal life we have sections on Literature and Journalism, Art, Science, the Navy, with two singularly full and instructive chapters on industrial progress and the religious, philanthropic, and missionary activities of the reign. This is a valuable book, and ought to be widely circulated. Mrs. Walton in *Our Gracious Queen* (1*s.*) gives pictures and stories from the Queen's life in a form that will charm children. Emma Leslie's *Life and Reign of Queen Victoria*, Dr. Macaulay's *Victoria, R.I.*, are penny lives full of facts and incidents. Dr. Green's *Diamond Jubilee* will set many thinking about our national mercies and opportunities, and there is also a halfpenny broadsheet of dates and facts which ought to get a place in every cottage in the country.

Great Britain and Her Queen. By ANNE E. KEELING. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. C. H. Kelly.

Miss Keeling is an admirable writer, as all know who are familiar with the books—not a few—which she has written and the Wesleyan Book Room has published. Her biographies, her historical novelettes, her tracts, are all excellent; some have been justly described as fascinating. The present volume is an enlarged edition of a Jubilee history published ten years ago. It is brought down to date, much care having been given to the history of the last ten years. It does such justice as is not elsewhere done to the history of Nonconformity, and especially of

Wesleyan Methodism during the last sixty years. It is a book which ought to be in every Methodist home.

The Thackerays in India and Some Calcutta Graves. By Sir WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D. London: Henry Frowde.

It is no secret that the author of the *Old Missionary* is also the writer on Indian affairs for the leading journal. From such a writer so beautiful a volume as the present can be no surprise; it is beautiful in substance and style, and spirit. It is also beautifully printed and bound and "got up," as might be expected when the publisher is Henry Frowde. *Some Calcutta Graves* is most interesting and pathetic. It consists of meditations and historical or biographical notes, suggested by the "procession of well-known Indian names" which passed before him as he paced up and down the "thick-set avenues of tombs" in some old burial grounds in the outskirts of Calcutta. The remainder of the volume is occupied with the Thackerays—the family of the novelist—his grandfather, his uncles, his father, and his female ancestors, especially his mother. It is a volume of great interest and charm.

In the Tiger Jungle, and other Stories of Missionary Work among the Telugus of India. By the Rev. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.D., thirty-seven years a Missionary. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Chamberlain is a missionary of the "Reform Church" in America. We do not know precisely the Church to which he belongs. But this book is one of great freshness and interest. Combining the work of a medical missionary and an itinerant missionary pioneer and preacher, he has stories to tell of peculiar interest, including perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

The "Blackwood" Group. By Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Very bright and discriminating sketches of Christopher North, John Galt, D. M. Moir, Miss Ferrier, Michael Scott, and Thomas Hamilton. The reader will find himself in a gallery of famous literary portraits, and will perhaps be tempted to read some of the books in which our grandfathers and grandmothers found such delight. The facts of each writer's life are well brought out, and a good idea is given of their chief works.

The Early History of the Scottish Union Question. By G. W. T. OMOND. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2*s.* 6*d.*

This is a clear and comprehensive little book, which furnishes

an introductory background (if this is not an Hibernian phrase) of historical instruction for those who read in English histories accounts of the final union of England and Scotland. Teachers will find it very useful. It saves the trouble of not a little difficult research.

Joseph Garibaldi: Patriot and Soldier (Wesleyan Book Room. 1*s*.), is a piece of R. Corlett Cowell's best work. The romantic story of the patriot of Italy is told in a way that cannot fail to kindle enthusiasm, and its lessons are forcibly brought out. It is the book for any one who wants to know about Garibaldi and his times, and every boy and every man will be braver and better for reading it.

BELLES LETTRES.

A Sheaf of Holiday Books.

Even Mr. Marion Crawford has given us no more subtle and powerful study of Italian life than *Taquisara* (Macmillans, 2 vols., 12*s*). The scene opens in the Palazzo Macomer, where Veronica Serra, the last of her proud race, is worried by her uncle and aunt Macomer into signing a will which leaves all the girl's vast estates to these relatives. Her uncle is regarded as a miser, but he is really a ruined man, who has only staved off disgrace and bankruptcy by using his ward's money. He and his wife now employ every art to get Veronica married to Bosio Macomer. The girl has long found a friend in Bosio, and in her utter ignorance of the world and of her own heart, she is prepared to accept as her husband a man whom she trusts and respects. But there is a terrible bond between Bosio and the Countess Macomer, and, rather than commit such an outrage as to marry Veronica, Bosio commits suicide. The Countess now seeks to poison her niece, and her diabolical plot is almost successful. Veronica escapes, and her as yet undeveloped strength of character and force of will come out splendidly in the terrible scene where she confronts her guilty relatives, charges them with attempting to murder her, and seeks refuge with her friend, Bianca Corleone. Here she meets Gianluca della Spina, the eldest son of a great ducal house, who has conceived a great passion for her. His friend, Taquisara, pleads his cause, and out of pity and esteem for his noble character, Veronica consents to marry him. A ceremony is gone through in great haste, when Gianluca seems to be dying, and though he recovers in some measure, Veronica cannot muster courage to face the legal ceremony which is still necessary to complete the marriage. Her vigorous nature

revolts against the thought of being tied for life to a half-paralysed man. By degrees she discovers that her heart is really given to his friend Taquisara, who is worthy even of her. Gianluca, whom they have nursed with absolute devotion, sees how things really stand, and before his death he joins their hands and pronounces a benediction upon them. The sketches of village life in Italy, with its squalor and hopelessness, are masterly, and Mr. Crawford gives some glimpses of Italy which go far to explain its present condition. "Upon the good reality of unity, the deadly dream of military greatness descended as a killing blight, and the evil vision of political power has blasted the common sense of a whole people." There are a few passages of this sort which throw light on current affairs, but the charm of the book lies in its tragic story, in its masterly delineations of character, and its even more masterly style.

The Queen of the Moor, by Frederic Adye (Macmillans, 6*s*.), is one of the best stories of the season. Cecil Calmody is a noble queen, and a true, warm-hearted woman. Frank Forster, the young Cornish squire, tries hard to win her, but though they have been friends from childhood, Cecil's love is not for him. She loses her heart to Arnaud de Valence, a young French captain, one of the exile prisoners at the great fortress prison near her house. There is quite a wealth of courtships in this romance, and some of them, notably that of the bright and romping Gunhilda Forster, are very unconventional. But the descriptions of the moor, with its fox-hunting; the details of prison life among the French soldiers; above all, the account of Waterloo, and of our army in Brussels before the fight, are enough to make the fortune of any book. There is a good deal of moralising, but this is quite as spicy as the story, and will afford much room for musing and for controversy.

A Fountain Sealed (Chatto & Windus, 6*s*.), is a piece of Sir Walter Besant's most dainty work. Nancy Walden, a lovely young Quakeress, becomes a victim to melancholia through living alone with her strait-laced brother. She is rescued by a cousin, the widow of a city merchant, who takes her to London, and introduces her to the delights of music, literature, art and fashion. A stranger and his brother rescue her one night from the hands of two gentlemen who have been drinking, and the elder brother soon loses his heart to the beautiful girl. She is entirely ignorant of his rank, and after some months of courtship and adventure, Nancy is about to be married to her lover. She is dressed for the ceremony, the bridegroom has arrived, when his brother rushes in to announce that the King is dead, and greets him as George the Third. The plan for a private marriage thus falls to the ground, and the ardent lover vanishes out of poor Nancy's sight for ever. Sir Walter has worked up an old bit of Court gossip into a very pleasant story. It has a

slight air of unreality, and George finds it far too easy to banish his lady from his heart, but it is a book that will be read with great delight, and it is full of a subtle charm with which Sir Walter Besant invests all his work.

In *Phroso* (Methuens, 6s.) Mr. Anthony Hope gives us a romance of a Mediterranean island. Lord Wheatley buys the island from its owner, and goes to take possession. But he soon finds himself in a nest of hornets. The people are roused to fury by their old lord's nephew—Constantine Stefanopoulos—and besiege their new master in the family mansion. Here he goes through a series of adventures which take away the reader's breath, and keep him in a fever of excitement from the first page of the story to the very last. The Lady Euphrosyne—or Phroso, as the old lord's niece is called—is engaged to Constantine, but that despicable fellow is already married. He is the arch-villain of the piece, Phroso is the dainty heroine. Lord Wheatley, his friend Denny, and the Greek Kortes are a fine set of brave fellows, and we have a Turkish-Armenian Pasha who almost outrivals Constantine in treachery and cruel hatred. The English lord wins Phroso's heart, and though his honour makes him struggle against his growing love, he is jilted at the critical moment by the English girl to whom he had been engaged, and the way is made clear for a happy sequel to the adventures. A more entertaining romance we have seldom read. It is full of sensational situations, but it is a delightful book, which every one ought to read.

Sister Jane (Constable & Co., 6s.), by Joel Chandler Harris, is cast in quite a different mould, but it is a work of genius. The daily life of an American village is sketched with such minute fidelity, such humour, such tenderness, such insight, that this book will not only be read, but will be treasured by every one who loves a story of still life. Mary Bullard is a perfect character, and Sister Jane, with her sharp sayings and her loving spirit, completely wins the reader's heart.

Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland (Unwin, 6s.), is a masterpiece such as Olive Schreiner might be expected to produce. The trooper, separated from his companions, spends the night on a kopje, where he is joined by a mysterious stranger. As they sit together by the fire, the rough soldier lays bare his heart. He has caught the fever for wealth, and hopes, by some lucky speculation, to make his fortune, as others are doing around him. He has taken two black women to live with him, and is full of rage because one has run off to rejoin her black husband, from whom she had been torn away. The stranger listens in silence, but at last the trooper persuades him also to lay bare his heart. He claims to belong to the most vast of all companies on earth, and a company that is always growing.

As the stranger describes that company, Trooper Halket notices that he talks just like his own old mother in England. He prays to be excused from one task after another, till at last the stranger lays upon him the hardest task of all. "In that small spot where alone on earth your will rules, bring there into being the kingdom to-day. Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you. . . . Succour the oppressed; deliver the captive." The Christ disappears, the trooper lives a changed life. The second part of the story shows how he sets free a miserable black who is to be shot on the morrow, and is himself killed in doing that deed of mercy. The story is intensely powerful, and a great passion for the oppressed burns in every phrase. It is really a diatribe against the Chartered Company, and especially against Mr. Cecil Rhodes. We are not prepared to admit the justice of the indictment, yet, if our judgment is not convinced, we are deeply impressed by the passionate earnestness of the writer.

In *The Ways of Life* (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.) Mrs. Oliphant tries to paint the feelings of a man who discovers that the tide of life is at the ebb. She argues in her introductory note that twenty-five is not the only age that has its problems and deserves to attract the attention of the novelist. She has, indeed, shrunk from leading Mr. Sandford, the hero of the first tale, down to the deepest depths of humiliation and dismay, but she gives a touching sketch of the painter's discovery that his star is waning, and the interest of the study deepens to the close. "Mr. Robert Dalyell," who is thought to have been drowned whilst bathing, is another painful yet powerful sketch. His family are saved from ruin by his heavy insurances, and though he reappears at the close of the tale, he is really drowned a few hours later. Mrs. Oliphant's reputation seems secure from any ebb tide, judging from such gems of the literary craft as these.

Mr. William Westall's *With the Red Eagle* (Chatto & Windus) is a romance of 1809, when the Tyrolese peasants under Andreas Hofer made such a brave stand for freedom against Bavarians and Frenchmen. Captain Maynard, the English envoy, who has gone to aid the peasants with money and counsel, is about as fine a specimen of the soldier adventurer as we know, and he proves as brave and as hardy as the Tyrolese themselves. He has a wonderful series of escapes, and renders great service to the cause of independence. The course of the struggle, with its grim fighting on mountain roads, is vividly sketched, and the hardy mountaineers with their splendid markmanship, their sharpened senses, and their love of a carouse, are manifestly drawn from the life. Captain Maynard wins the hand and heart of the Baroness Hildegarde, and well deserves his good fortune. Any one who begins this book will find it hard to put it down

till the last page is reached, and he will be sorry that there are no more.

A Missing Witness, by Frank Barrett (Chatto & Windus), is a clever story of a dressmaker and her two bright daughters who live at Wood Green. There is a mystery about the father which casts a shadow over the little household, but by degrees we learn that he has been sentenced to penal servitude for the supposed murder of his master. By and bye the real villain appears, and, by the skill of a young doctor who is engaged to Elsie Heatherly, a man who had witnessed the crime regains his memory and the crime is brought home to James Redmond. The story, despite its plot, is not sensational, though it becomes exciting towards the end. It will be eagerly read in the family circle, and the two girls and their lovers are not more attractive than the convict father and his brave little wife.

Mark Twain's *Prince and the Pauper* (Chatto & Windus) is a veritable Comedy of Errors which will please old people as much as children. "Tom Canty," the pauper boy from Offal Court, goes to Westminster and finds his way into the royal palace, where he wins a friend in Edward VI., then Prince of Wales. The boys change clothes, and are amazed at their likeness to each other. Edward goes outside the palace, and finds that no one will believe that he is the prince. Tom stays inside, and cannot escape the dignity and honour lavished upon him. The adventures of the two boys in their new worlds keep one amused and interested throughout. But that is by no means all. Edward learns in his months of poverty and loneliness what the life of his people is. He sees the inside of a prison, discovers how cruel the laws of his country are, and learns many a lesson which bears fruit when he gets his own again. Tom Canty proves himself a lad with a good head and a warm heart. He is nearly crowned, but the true prince steps in at the critical moment and claims his rights.

Gilbert Murray, by A. E. Houghton (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.), loses his father suddenly by an accident, and soon after his death discovers that all his fortune has gone in a disastrous investment. He has to begin life at the bottom of the ladder, and has some odd adventures, but struggles bravely upwards, wins a noble friend, and gains the heart and hand of Elizabeth Jocelyn, one of the daintiest, purest, and sweetest of maidens. There is a little too much religious sentimentality in the story, and it is not very well written, but it is so pure and healthy in tone that it ought to have a welcome in every family circle.

Under the Circumstances, by Archie Armstrong (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.), is a Society novel written with a good deal of vivacity, and abounding in dramatic situations. May Daryll, the adopted

daughter of a rich country gentleman, finds herself after his death left without a penny through his marriage to his housekeeper. She bears her misfortune bravely, and becomes a governess to Mr. Chedworth. The eldest Miss Chedworth, who has a thousand a year in her own right, runs away from home to marry an elderly scamp. She is traced to Weymouth, and there it is found that the man who was about to marry her had personated May Daryll's adopted father and defrauded her of her fortune. Everything comes right at last, the villains are unmasked, Blance Chedworth is saved, and May Daryll recovers her fortune and is able to marry Sir Henry Waterville.

In *The Pilgrimage of the Ben Beriah* (Macmillan & Co., 6s.) Miss Yonge throws new light for young readers on the exodus of the tribes of Israel and their journey to Canaan. The Ben Beriah are the descendants of Beriah the son of Ephraim, and Miss Yonge tells in a series of vivid sketches the story of the first Passover, the crossing of the Red Sea, the encamping at Sinai, and the other incidents of the desert march. Sherah and her brother Ulim are as strong in faith as Caleb and Joshua. Sherah's son marries the sister of Korah and sympathises warmly with his resentment at the position of Aaron. Miss Yonge uses her materials so skilfully that the story never drags. This is just the book for a Sunday library, and it will be found to light up Bible history and bring out its meaning.

The Lady Grange, by Alexander Innes Shand (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.), is a very powerful tragedy. Lady Grange, a beautiful and passionate woman, has gained possession of political secrets which dangerously compromise her dissolute husband and Lord Lovat. The friends agree to abduct the lady, who is carried off to the Highlands and held in close durance. Her terrible experiences are described with dramatic force, and the character painting is unusually fine. The Highland scenery and the life of the fisher folk at St. Kilda are very vigorously sketched. The story is not altogether pleasant, but it is full of power.

My Lord Duke, by E. W. Hornung (Cassells, 6s.), is a clever story of a bushman brought home from Australia as the Duke of St. Osmund's. Claude Lafont, whose prospects as heir to the dukedom have been blighted by the discovery of "Jack," proves himself a true friend to the bushman, and teaches him the rudiments of manners. Jack is a manly, honest fellow, and though it is finally proved that he is not the real heir he wins the Home Secretary's daughter, and shows himself worthy of that good fortune. There is plenty of excitement in the story, and it is a holiday book that no one should overlook.

From Grave to Gay. By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY. Smith Elder & Co. 6*s.*

Mr. Strachey, who is now the editor of *Cornhill*, served his apprenticeship on the staff of the *Spectator*, from whose columns these articles are reprinted with many additions, and much revision. They cover a wide range of subjects, being grouped under the headings: Studies in Seriousness; Literary Studies; the Puritans; Humours of the Fray. The set of papers on Robert Louis Stevenson strike us as the ablest in the collection. While paying tribute to the consummate perfection of Stevenson's wordcraft, Mr. Strachey asks why the great writer's literary work is never wholly satisfying? He thinks that the answer is found in the academic way in which Stevenson approached and attacked the art of letters. These studies are a fine specimen of Mr. Strachey's insight as a critic. Nor is there less freshness, force and suggestiveness in the Puritan Studies, such as the discriminating sketch of Cromwell, the masterly essay on Pepys as "A Puritan gone rotten," and on Swift as "A Puritan turned sour." Every paper in the collection bears the unmistakable *Spectator* stamp, and many readers of that journal will be thankful to have in permanent form articles which they have already enjoyed. There is a fine tone about every paper, whether grave or gay, and much pleasant humour. It is the very book for a quiet hour, and young writers will here gain some valuable lessons in their craft.

The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D. With a Biographical Introduction. By W. E. H. LECKY, M.P. Vol. I. London: George Bell & Sons. Ten Vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. 1897.

It has long been felt that there was great need of a new edition of Swift's works, at once complete, handy, and cheap. The volume before us is the first of such an edition. The publishers have been fortunate in securing, from the pen of Mr. Lecky, a biographical introduction, which, in a spirit of just and yet not unkindly review, furnishes a sketch of Swift's life, with the needful, though judiciously brief, account of his writings. One of the ablest and most historically important of our essayists, a master of style, a personality of commanding influence, alike with statesmen, literary leaders, and gifted women, and yet a cynical misanthrope, and sometimes a deliberately coarse and disgusting writer, Swift's character and history must always be a mystery only to be explained, if at all, by the strain of dark and hypochondriac insanity which was part of his nature.

The Cornhill Magazine. New Series. Vol. II. January to June, 1897. Smith, Elder & Co.

Mr. Strachey is to be congratulated on his work as editor of *Cornhill.* He has given us a monthly magazine full of really pleasant reading, bright yet instructive, thoroughly up to date, full of variety and with a good spice of humour. The Anniversary Studies, Stories of Famous Trials, the racy, though sometimes prosaic, "Pages from a Private Diary," and such thrilling papers as Mr. Bullen's "Incidents of the Sperm and Whale Fishery," ought to make *Cornhill* welcome in every reading household.

1. *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine.* Vol. LIII.

2. *St. Nicholas.* An Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. Conducted by MARY MAPES DODGE. Vol. XXIV.

Macmillan & Co.

1. The *Century* is fortunate in its current serial, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," which is a piece of fine character sketching. "Campaigning with Grant," whatever its charms for the other side of the water, is far too protracted for English readers. The paper on George Grey Barnard, the American sculptor, will be read with interest, and "Thackeray in Weimar" is another delightful article. "In the Desert with the Bedouin" gives a vigorous sketch of Arab life, and Captain Mahan's masterly studies on Nelson in the Battle of the Nile, at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, are profoundly interesting.

2. *St. Nicholas* always seems fresh. Its pictures, its stories, its rhyme and its instructive little papers are models of work for children. The editress and her staff seem to have brains that teem with pleasant devices for securing the attention of young people.

The Wesleyan Book Room sends us *Barbara Heck*, by W. H. Withrow (2*s.* 6*d.*) which puts, in the form of a story, the history of Methodism in America. The history is carefully followed and its significance is skilfully brought out. There are some specially interesting illustrations, and the volume will form a pleasant introduction to the wonderful story of Methodism across the Atlantic. *Overruled* is a characteristic tale, by Pansy (2*s.* 6*d.*), with plenty of incident, much fine Christian teaching, and a good deal of various interest.

We have received a second and cheap edition of Mr. Derry's *Sophonisba and other Poems* (Digby, Long & Co.), 2*s.* There is much incident and movement in these stirring lays.

English Lyric Poetry. 1500—1700. With an Introduction. By FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER. Blackie & Son. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This volume belongs to the valuable series published by Messrs. Blackie as the "Warwick Library," under the competent general editorship of Professor Herford. The special editor of the present volume is a distinguished American critic, Dr. F. I. Carpenter, who is Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Chicago, and has been a close student of our Elizabethan literature, especially the minor dramatists and the lyric poets of the period. His Introduction is fresh, original, and excellently written. The selection of poems is large but careful. It includes samples of lyric poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from John Skelton to Dryden. We strongly recommend this cheap but sterling book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Summary of Methodist Law and Discipline; being a new edition of "The Large Minutes." By the Rev. JOHN S. SIMON. London: C. H. Kelly. 6*s.*

The hour was ripe for this *Summary of Methodist Law and Discipline.* It will be seen from the Introduction to this volume that *The Large Minutes*, which have been given to every young Methodist Minister on his Ordination, were utterly inadequate. The legislative Acts of a century were unrecorded in its pages. During late years especially the Statute Book has been growing, and the Conference of 1895 unanimously expressed the opinion that "a new document should be prepared, which should carry out for the present time the purpose which was served by the publication of *The Large Minutes.*" The Committee of experts which has worked with Mr. Simon consisted of the President and Secretary of Conference, Dr. Rigg, Joseph Bush, John Samuel Jones, and Charles E. Wansbrough. The *Summary* has been arranged under five heads—the Society, the Circuit, Ministers, District Synods, the Conference. To "the ancient rules" the later regulations have been added. The resolutions of Conference affecting a minister, from the time he is a candidate to the close of his career, have been grouped together, and a special attempt has been made to assist Superintendent Ministers in the discharge of the duties of their office. A most interesting feature of the book is the "Superintendent's

Kalendar," which gives a list of the events in circuit life under each month of the year. The student of Methodism will find it very interesting to read some of these pages. The regulation of 1806 directs that any Superintendent who permits a vote to be taken in the execution or rejection of the rules of Methodism shall on proof of this be deprived of his office. Many interesting details might be added. The clearness of the type, the boldness of the head-lines, the convenient arrangement, the full Index, and the important set of documents printed in the Appendix make this one of the most valuable volumes for the use of ministers and laymen ever issued from the Book Room. It ought to be in the hands of every minister and every circuit official in Methodism.

The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY and Mr. HENRY BRADLEY. Vol. III., Distrustfully—Doom. Vol. IV., Flexuosity—Forster. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1897.

The article of most philological interest in these parts of Dr. Murray's great work is undoubtedly that on our familiar verb *do*, which, curiously failing of any cognate form in the Gothic and Norse dialects, appears not only in the High German as *thun*, but in the old Frisian as *dua*, in the Sanskrit as *dha*, in the old Persian as *da*, in the Greek as τίθημι, and in the Latin as *do*, the Greek and the compound Latin forms *condo*, *dedo*, preserving its primitive sense of put, set, or place. This verb thus stands as a peculiarly apt symbol of the original unity of the Aryan speech, and the history of its inflexional forms is traced in the article allotted to it with a fulness of detail, a precision of discrimination, and a wealth of illustration which will probably prove to have exhausted the topic. The development of the signification is traced with no less care from the original sense of *put*, which is still faintly felt in our common expression "do to death," through various obsolete usages to the familiar idiom "to do credit," in which the secondary sense of *conferring* is still plainly apparent, and so through the labyrinthine ramifications of literary and colloquial phraseology. Another interesting article is consecrated to *docket*, a word familiar to archivists since the renaissance, but of which the etymology remains a problem. This article may be especially commended to historical students for the exact information which it furnishes as to the legal use and effect of dockets of State papers and legal instruments. We can but refer to the very learned and interesting article on *dog*, which occupies seven columns, and the no less entertaining and exhaustive treatment which *fly* receives in the second part. The labour involved in amassing, digesting, and arranging the material packed into these dissertations can only

be adequately appreciated by experts, and the editors and contributors to this unparalleled undertaking deserve the highest praise for the care, acumen, learning, and accuracy observable on every page.

Grant Allen's Historical Guides. "Paris." "Florence." London: Grant Richards. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

These neat and clearly printed *Guides* are just the thing to slip into a tourist's pocket or satchel. They are not intended to furnish details as to hotels, cab fares, and other every-day matters. Mr. Grant Allen has set himself to supply the historical and antiquarian information which will enable a visitor to understand and enjoy the architecture, sculpture, painting, and minor arts of the towns he visits. The *Guides* gather up the fruit of thirty-five years of foreign travel, and give in compendious form results which have cost the writer much research, thought, and labour. Wise hints are given for the use of the books, and the tourist will soon feel that he is under the charge of an expert, who introduces him without delay or trouble to the things that will best repay study. In his "Paris" Mr. Allen begins with the Ile de la Cité, then he passes to the left bank of the Seine, then to Renaissance Paris with the Louvre, the North Bank, the Faubourg St. Germain, St. Denis, the Outer Ring, &c. The "Florence" is arranged in the same style, so that as we put ourselves into Mr. Grant Allen's hands we get a far better idea of the development of the city and its art than we could possibly do by haphazard visits, and the earlier steps explain the later. A comparison with other guides will soon show how notably these volumes supplement them and fill in their general outline. They deserve a place in every traveller's bag, and even those who are forced to stay at home will find these *Guides* an education in the fine arts.

The Cathedral Church of Oxford. A Description of its Fabric and a Brief History of the Episcopal See. By the Rev. PERCY DEARMER, M.A.

The Cathedral Church of Rochester. By G. H. PALMER, B.A. George Bell & Sons. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

We are glad to receive two more volumes of this series of handbooks. They are so full, so accurate, and yet so complete and pleasant to handle, that they ought to find their way into the hands of every visitor to our cathedrals. Every stage in the history of the buildings, and every feature of interest in the architecture and the monuments is discussed with adequate skill and learning, and the illustrations are sometimes very

happy. The peculiar position of Christ Church as a cathedral, which is three parts college chapel, is apparent to the most casual observer, who finds himself in an open quadrangle, with a fine hall on one side, but no sign of a cathedral anywhere, except a spire, which seems so far off that it might very well belong to some other college. It was built for the small monastery of St. Frideswide, and was raised to cathedral rank when it had been reduced in size by the destruction of half the nave. The cathedral at Rochester is one of the smallest in England, and cannot claim attention by its magnitude or grandeur, but it is an interesting structure well worthy of careful study, and this handbook will be a valuable introduction to the eventful history of the building.

Who's Who, 1897. New Issue. Edited by DOUGLAS SLADEN. Forty-ninth Year. A. & C. Black. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The vein of personal information is being well worked. *Men of the Time*—now *Men and Women of the Time*; *Allibone*; Hazell's *Annual*; Kelly's *Handbook*—besides Peerages, Baronetages, and all books of that sort—belong to it. While we write, Mr. W. T. Stead's ingenuity is getting up a volume to be entitled *Notables*. The book before us is handy, elegant and cheap. It is also very carefully edited, and may be relied upon as authentic throughout. It has, besides, its characteristic features which give it a special value. It is particularly full in its information as to writers. Mr. Sladen thinks that hitherto justice has hardly been done to them. Certainly no such complaint can be made as to the present volume. The autobiographical—the "frankly personal"—character of the notices in this book is another special feature. The editor, we may explain, sends round to all whom he wishes to include in his list, a form to be filled up giving all the "frankly personal" information he desires to collect. It is characteristic of the present *fin de siècle* period that in this form each person approached is requested to set down his recreations, and also the amount of his real property in land. Mr. Chamberlain would seem to have no recreations; Mr. Balfour has not a few which he cultivates, golf and others. Mr. Chamberlain, it may be remembered, is by long descent an English Presbyterian, and, though he has not inherited the orthodoxy of the old Presbyterian sect, he has, together with their intelligence and culture, inherited their more or less austere indifference to "sport," finding his recreation in change of employment rather than in physical exercise or games. We are somewhat surprised to find how "frankly personal" are the statements as to property in land. Mr. Balfour, for instance, we learn owns 88,000 acres. *Who's Who* is an annual publication. It gives no account of any but living persons. It con-

tains a complete peerage, and much more by way of personal information as to men of official distinction, ecclesiastical and legal as well as parliamentary.

Later Gleanings. A New Series of Gleanings of Past Years. By the Right Honourable W. E. GLADSTONE. John Murray. 1897.

This is an intrinsically valuable, and a yet more interesting than valuable, contribution from the most facile and fertile pen of our times. Some parts of it are felicitous and eloquent, with a natural and unlaboured eloquence beyond the average of Mr. Gladstone's writing. The papers are theological and ecclesiastical. The most suggestive, perhaps, are the two on the relations of Queen Elizabeth to the Church of England and on the religious condition of England in her reign, and the one on the Church under Henry VIII. That on Heresy and Schism is here; also the "Soliloquium and Postscript" relating to the controversy with Rome on Anglican Orders which, through the Archbishop of York, was communicated to the public papers last year. The eloquent Introduction to Sheppard's *Pictorial Bible* is included in the volume; and other papers of evidential controversy which have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *North American Review*. The volume should be found in every gentleman's library. We say this, whilst we regard Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical position as an untenable one, midway between externalism and spiritual Christianity.

In Court and Kampong. Being Tales and Sketches of native life in the Malay Peninsula. By HUGH CLIFFORD. London: Grant Richards.

Mr. Clifford writes with authority, for he is devoting the best years of his life to bring about the revolution, in facts and in ideas, which is so greatly needed in the Malay Peninsula. No one who has seen the horrors of native rule, and the misery to which the people living under it are often reduced, can fail to recognise that the only salvation for the Malay lies in the increase of British influence in the Peninsula. The Malay is a creature without bowels, and some of these sketches are terrible revelations. "The Tale of a Theft" is, perhaps, the most awful, but "A Night of Terror," when a man-eating tiger broke into a native house and slaughtered a whole family, is enough to give one the horrors. "Among the Fisher-Folk," a description of the daring of the sea-going men of the east side of the Peninsula, is a fine study of native character. "In Cock-pit and Bull-ring" introduces us to the pastimes of the people, and there are a few sentences about the Kelantan prize fights where

the combatants "strike, kick, pinch, bite, scratch, and even spit, until one or the other is unable to move." These degrading spectacles excite the spectators to ecstasies of delight and laughter. Mr. Clifford has lived on familiar terms with the people for many years, and his sketches will be quite a revelation to many readers. They deal with the least pleasing sides of human nature, but those are the sides which are most in evidence in the Malay Peninsula. The literary force of the sketches, and their vigorous word-painting, add greatly to the interest of this notable study of Malay courts and kampongs, or villages. In the first line of p. 148, "talk" is a mistake for "tack."

Words, Facts and Phrases. A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. A new edition. Chatto & Windus. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a very cheap and very useful volume. Every page has got some light to throw on words, facts and phrases, and Mr. Edwards is a master in the art of condensation. He gives his information in so compact and so interesting a form that his book is always a lively, as well as an instructive, companion for a leisure hour. The explanation of Boniface as a name for publicans, of going the whole hog, of Kew, mint sauce, cad, and a host of other words and phrases, are good samples of the treasures which Mr. Edwards has gathered together here.

Cassell's Concise Cyclopædia. Edited by WILLIAM HEATON. With Numerous Illustrations. Cassell & Co.

This is an extraordinary book. For five shillings it is now possible to get a one-volume Cyclopædia, with 1,340 double-column pages, containing nearly twelve thousand articles—mythological, historical, biographical, geographical, topographical, scientific and technical. Some of them, like the article on "Botany," give a bird's-eye view of a whole science, and give it in such a way that a careful reader will feel that he has almost mastered the elements of a science. The articles, though compact, are clearly expressed, and packed with information. The book is well supplied with illustrations, is clearly printed, convenient to handle, and a volume which will be a treasure in any library.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

The Religious Tract Society counts science as among religious studies, and as teaching divine truths supplementary to the truths of Christian revelation. The scientific manuals published by the Society are not by any means to be reckoned among its least important books. *Through a Pocket Lens* is a manual of handy miscroscopic discovery written by Henry Scherren, F.Z.S., known already by his handy books on *Ponds and Rock Pools, A*

Popular History of Animals, &c. To our young readers especially we heartily recommend this fascinating half-a-crown volume. Here may be learnt about beetles—water, great water, and cocktail—cockroaches, earwigs, grasshoppers, water scorpions, spiders, and mites, crustaceans of all sorts, and much besides. A good index adds much to the value of the book.

We doubt whether the Religious Tract Society has on its list a more lovely publication than *True Stories for the Little Ones*, by L. J. Tonge and E. M. Tonge. The stories are delightful, and the illustrations are most attractive.

Sunday Hours, Vol. I., is a beautiful volume of reading specially appropriate for Sunday reading; interesting and not excluding stories, but throughout such as may on any page be dipped into without finding anything unsuitable to the sacred character of the Day of Rest and Worship. It will be welcomed as a god-send in innumerable homes. Its illustrations are very good, many, indeed, super-excellent.

Reformation Martyrs. Hus, Tyndale, Latimer, Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, Bishop Hooper, are the martyrs whose story is told and whose likenesses—capitally done—are given in this cheap large tract, done up in stiff cloth cover, and sold at 8*d.* full retail price.

Spring-time; the only Pretty Ring-time, edited by Charles Peters, is a most charming volume. Here is natural history, and here are illustrations of rare beauty—birds, plants, flowers, fancy-scenes. The volume is very beautiful and very cheap.

Among the Dark-haired Race in the Flowery Land, by Samuel B. Drake, of the Baptist Missionary Society (2*s.*), embodies the results of nearly twenty years' experience. It is an artless record, but it brings the real facts of social life in China home very closely, and should make an impression on many minds.

Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh and London, publish an *Empire Atlas* (6*s.*) which gives an impressive view of England's colonies and possessions in all parts of the world. We know no popular atlas like it for its detailed maps of various parts of India and Africa, and Mr. Lucas' Historical Introduction, tracing the growth of our Empire in Queen Victoria's reign, is very instructive. The *Multum in Parvo Atlas of the World* (crown 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*) has ninety-six maps, not only of countries and cities, but of river systems and geological and physical features, with a page of facts and figures as to each map. It is in its fourth edition and is one of the handiest atlases we have seen. Messrs. Johnston send us a large view of Edinburgh drawn on stone and printed in colours, also a Jubilee portrait of the Queen with the Prince Consort, the Coronation, the Wedding and views of Kensington Palace and Windsor Castle. The colours are soft and well blended. Many a household will be glad to have such a memento of the Jubilee.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (April 1).—M. Emile Faguet's study of Lammenais pays a merited tribute to his pure and noble spirit, so far removed from self-seeking. As may be seen from his correspondence, he was candid, credulous, naive, simple and without pretension, constant and deliciously expansive in his affections. He was a man who loved to be loved and had an insatiable desire for friendship. He was stupefied when he did not receive the sympathy which he felt to be his due. Scherer was not wrong when he said: There was something of Rousseau in that man. It is a rare thing to find such men free from irritability. Their candour is a perpetual source of deceptions for them, and their need of being loved an occasion of incessant mortifications. Lammenais was irritable at the best of times, and the struggles which he had to face reduced him to a state of incessant exasperation. But the two essential traits of Lammenais were that he was born a Breton and an orator. The Breton is stubborn when he has no mixture of the Gascon in his nature but is a Breton pure and intact. It might be said by some who mocked at the theory of race distinctions, that there were no striking resemblances between Lesage, Duclos and Chateaubriand, and something may be said for this objection. Lammenais, however, was very stubborn and eager in disputation, and had an intrepid confidence in his own opinion, which was never attenuated by any grain of irony or of doubt. At the same time he was a born orator, especially when he had a pen in his hand. Eloquence, which without being precisely a defect, is one of the greatest dangers which a man can carry about with him, is especially dangerous for obstinate people. The peculiarity of the orator is to believe what he says, whilst common people say what they believe. Lammenais was an excited dogmatist, who held conflicting dogmas, but found in his ardour a means of not seeing those differences, and in his eloquence a means for veiling them from others and himself. He became a sincere sophist, the most profoundly sincere of sophists, though he never recognised the fact, and had the greatest horror of sophism.

(April 15).—M. Art Roë, in his "Impressions of Russia," gives an account of Holy Week in Kief. St. Petersburg is only a bit of Europe in the heart of Russia, Moscow is the rude capital where the people breathe the true national atmosphere, but Kief has nothing to recommend it save the past graces of its history and the sombre charm of religion. The approach of the Paschal season augments the archaic character of the place, which sets in their true light and restores in all their fascination the sacred hills and famous and venerated domes of the city. The whole place seemed to feel the influence of the season, social duties gave way to religious, and even to pay a visit seemed in a sense unfitting. There was no way to employ these ascetic days, but to share in the life of the people, It was no Parisian Lent, with literary sermons, masses at St. Gervais, charity bazaars, &c.; it was a people's Lent, made up of rude observances and fatiguing rites, rich in a naive faith and a dolorous poetry, full of prayers and full of tears. M. Roë describes each stage of the observances in Saint Sophia, the old Byzantine Church, the mother of Russian Churches. On Easter Day friends salute one another with the words, "Christ is risen," and, after the reply, "He is risen indeed," they exchange three times the Christian kiss. M. Robert de La Sizeranne contributes another article on Ruskin, dealing with his thoughts on life. He says that his passion for Nature has been for Ruskin the beginning and end of all; it has composed each trait of his character, dictated all his words, directed the course of each of his thoughts.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (April 1).—The writer of the "Review of English

Literature" says that it is scarcely an exaggeration to state that the popularity of British literature in Italy is almost confined to some romances of Sir Walter Scott and some dramas of Shakespeare, which are put upon the stage in a mutilated form. Under these circumstances his review must be limited to a few books, and thus gain in extension what is lost in numbers. The condition of things in England is quite different. Contemporary Italian literature is almost unknown, but an intense love is cherished for the literature of the past, and there is a cultivation of it so fertile that it seems like a heritage from the days of Sidney and Spenser. Dante, in particular, is studied with a fervour like that which young Germany studied Shakespeare in the second decade of this century. The writer shows that this admiration and application have assumed quite a popular form. This spirit is shown by the Selections from Villari's *Florentine Chronicles*, recently translated by Rose E. Selfe. The writer also refers to Edward Moore's *Textual Criticism of the Divina Commedia*, and his *Scripture and Classical Authors in Dante*, where more than fifteen hundred quotations have been arranged and classified. Mr. Armstrong's *Lorenzo de Medici* is also singled out for notice. The *Autobiography of Gibbon* is discussed in a few well-informed paragraphs, then *Sir George Tressady* and *Trooper Peter Halket* are noticed, and a few lines given to Lord Roberts' *Forty-one Years in India*.

(April 16).—Signor Bonfadini writes on "The Fears of the East." He shows that England is afraid lest Russia should get possession of Constantinople, Russia is afraid of not having sufficient strength to take it; France is afraid lest the defeat of the Christians in the East should put off the probability of regaining certain Western Christians. Italy and Austria both have their grounds for fear. The Turks fear the Armenians, the Armenians fear the Turks; the Grand Sultan is afraid of everybody. The writer contrasts the days when some hundreds of Maronites were massacred by the Druses and France sent a force of twenty thousand men, with our days, when the Sultan has killed three hundred thousand Armenians in two years and the European Governments counsel him to moderation and reform. The treaty of San Stefano required the Sublime Porte to realise without further delay the ameliorations and reforms required by local needs in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians and to guarantee their security against the Kurds and Circassians. Five months later, in the yet more solemn treaty of Berlin, this condition was confirmed and enforced. The writer of this article points out that an autonomous Crete will inevitably be a preparation for a Greek Crete, and a pacified Greece will be a Greece sufficiently near to augment its territorial and political importance. They are intelligent people who know how to wait, and Greece has awaited this event for ages and is able to await it for a few years longer.

METHODIST REVIEW (May—June).—Professor Sitterly gives an interesting account of "The Atmosphere and the Personnel of Oxford University," laying special stress on the Wesleys' life there. It is an article which will be read with almost equal pleasure on both sides of the Atlantic. In one of the Editorial Notes tribute is paid to Professor Drummond as "The Chinese Gordon of Evangelism in the religious life of Scotland, with a similar magnetic moral mastery and power to subdue not merely the weak but the strong."

THE METHODIST REVIEW, SOUTH (May—June).—The Rev. George Lester deals with Lord Tennyson's knowledge and use of the Bible in a way that will not only interest the readers of this *Review*, but will send them afresh to the study of the poems. Bishop Galloway gives a valuable sketch of the history of Trevecca College, and throws much pleasant light on the life and times of the Countess of Huntingdon. Dr. Withrow's "Religion in High Places" will introduce many to the life of Sir Arthur Blackwood, which is crowded with incidents of the greatest value to the preacher. The editor pursues his studies in "The Making of Methodism," and there is an extended notice of our April issue with much other matter of great interest. The whole number is a success.

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