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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—NELSON.

The Life of Nelson: The Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain. By Captain A. T. MAHAN, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1783," &c. In two Volumes. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., Limited. 1897.

CAPTAIN MAHAN had already, by his previous works—*The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, and *The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and the Empire*—placed himself in the front rank of naval historians, winning distinction by his perfect mastery of strategy, his philosophic insight and perspicacity, his power of exposition and analysis, and his well-reasoned and clearly-balanced judgments. It was to be expected that the *Life of Nelson* would be characterised by the same qualities,—that for exhaustive professional knowledge, for adequate treatment of

Nelson's career, his relation to the Admiralty and to questions of State polity, for appreciation of his military genius, and for dispassionate judicial temper in handling the character of his hero, Captain Mahan's book would satisfy the demands of criticism. But, even from a writer of Captain Mahan's acknowledged ability, few persons were prepared for a life like that which is here presented to us. Here "the mightiest seaman that ever trod the deck of a ship" is faithfully and reverently drawn in all his consummate strength, in all his deplorable weakness, and he stands out alive from the page. We see no idealised man, impossible in his shadowy excellences, the creature of a captivated imagination, but one of like passions with ourselves, "subject to vanity," yet of astonishing gifts of intellect and character. Captain Mahan disengages "the figure of the hero from the glory that cloaks it." The secrets of his life are laid bare with unflinching truth—with equal justice and tenderness. Nelson's guiding principles and motives in the service of his country are carefully traced and luminously exemplified, and their nobility is impressed upon us. The one sad moral lapse is not hidden. His apparent inability to recognise his culpability; his defiance of wholesome social laws and usages, and his strange self-justification in a course that called only for self-reprobation, are set down without extenuation; but they are not permitted to obscure his many shining virtues. There is unstinted admiration of his martial genius; of his alertness of mind, swift as the lightning in its movement, overleaping the ordinary processes of reasoning, seldom mistaken in its intuitive conclusions; of his long patience to wait and wear out his foes, and his dash, like the tiger's spring, when the opportunity arrived; of his high courage; of his unfailing magnanimity and generosity towards his officers and men; above all, of his sacred regard for duty, and, as he conceived it, for honour—the lode-stars of his career. The cords of sympathy and pathos are often touched as the struggles and disappointments of his life pass under review. The dominant note, however, is that of eulogy. We are called on to witness a

mere child from a country rectory joining the service, steadily climbing the perilous road to glory as the years roll on, now chafed by ill health, now despondent under neglect, now beaten back by unpropitious fate, but now also encouraged, flattered, and rewarded, till, in spite of the stain on his family relationships, he becomes, because of his valour and patriotism, the idol and hope of his fellow-countrymen, and dies in the hour of his supreme triumph, the deliverer of his native land from the dread of French invasion, which had brooded as a lowering and thunder-charged night over this realm.

Many memoirs of our great admiral have been written, but Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* has no important rival. It has the merit of opportuneness; it faces boldly and with discrimination, if it does not perfectly elucidate, the uninviting and perplexing moral problems concerned; it correlates his native genius and his temperament alike with his unique military successes, and with the errors that indelibly stain his character; it establishes Nelson's distinguished position, "the name of Nelson suggesting not merely a personality or a career, but a great force, or a great era concrete in a single man who is its standard bearer before the nations;" it discusses, with the skill of an expert, his great campaigns, passing masterly judgment on his plans, expounding the far-reaching schemes which he evolved to thwart Napoleon, and setting forth, in a style in which unusual strength and clearness are united, the methods by which Nelson gave effect to these schemes. For the future, this is the book to which all students of the hero of the Nile, of Copenhagen, and Trafalgar will turn, as his one authoritative, accurate, and adequate biography and psychology.

The aim of Captain Mahan has been "to make Nelson describe himself—tell the story of his own inner life as well as of his external actions." He does not follow the current fashion of crowding his pages with letters which bear to one another no specific relation, which distract the reader rather than conduce to that unity of presentation which is

essential to the true conception of a life. It may be interesting to understand Captain Mahan's method:

"The author's method has been to make a careful study of Nelson's voluminous correspondence, analysing it, in order to detect the leading features of temperament, traits of thought, and motives of action; and thence to conceive within himself, by gradual familiarity even more than by formal effort, the character revealed therein. The impression thus produced he has sought to convey to others, partly in the form of ordinary narrative,—daily living with his hero,—and partly by such grouping of incidents and utterances, not always, not even nearly, simultaneous, as shall serve by their joint evidence to emphasize particular traits, or particular opinions, more forcibly than when such testimonies are scattered far apart; as they would be, if recounted in a strict order of time. A like method is pursued in regard to that purely external part of Nelson's career in which are embraced his military actions as well as his public and private life."

It is thus that Captain Mahan "draws forth a distinct living image of the man himself, as sketched at random and loosely by his own hands."

Nelson, as we have mentioned, tasted the rough life of the sea at an early age. He was twelve when, in order to lessen the burden of responsibility and pecuniary care which threatened to crush his father, he volunteered for service with his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, who commanded the sixty-four gun ship *Raisonnable*. Suckling, who was staggered at the pluck of this undersized, fragile youngster, said, "Let him come, and if a cannon ball takes off his head he will at least be provided for." Mother Ocean, who has fostered so many great captains, seldom took under her tutelage a more unlikely pupil than this delicate child in whom, no one could imagine, slept the first of naval heroes. There are associated with those early days anecdotes, not to be treated with incredulity or neglect, illustrating his love of conspicuous achievement and disregard of personal danger, and showing that already he was under the spell of that motive to which in after years an appeal was never made in vain—"the idealized conception which presented itself now as duty, now as honour, according as it bore for the moment on his relations to the State and to his own person-

ality." This was "the radiant orb" which, as he told Captain Hardy, "beckoned him onward to renown." Transferred from ship to ship, this year in the West Indies, next year in the Arctic, he developed by degrees that fearlessness of responsibility, which St. Vincent pronounced to be "the test of courage," and that recklessness of peril when it concerned himself (he was never reckless of his men and his ships), which was among his chief traits. He was rated midshipman when he was sixteen years old, and received an acting appointment as lieutenant when he was eighteen. Practice as pilot in the passages between the Keys Islands gained for him that confidence in himself among rocks and sands which was of incalculable service in critical moments like those of the Bay of Aboukir and Copenhagen, when he had to thread his way amidst shoals to the scene of battle. His success on these occasions was largely the result of this early habit "grafted upon a singularly steady nerve wherewith he was endowed by nature." Advancement came rapidly. In 1779 he became post captain in the *Hinchinbrook* frigate, when he was under twenty-one. "With this early start, every artificial impediment was cleared out of his path; his extraordinary ability was able to assert itself, and could be given due opportunity without a too violent straining of service methods." Eighteen years later, when he was still in his prime, he obtained his flag rank; thus distancing distinguished contemporaries like Saumares, Pellew, and Collingwood. This promotion was doubtless largely owing to his energy and attention to work, and to his power to inspire attachment and win the confidence of his superior officers. Its immediate cause was the number of vacancies created by sickness, which, on the West Indian station, made more havoc than the deadliest engagement. While ardently coveting opportunities for distinction and glory, and determined to neglect no chance that could help him on, he had as yet scarcely seen a gun fired. In the beginning of 1780, however, he was summoned to take part in an expedition against the Nicaraguan Fort, San Juan,—an enterprise that ended in no conspicuous

result, save that it showed Nelson to be a capable officer, "the first in every service, whether day or night," as Governor Dalling wrote. Here we mark the earliest record of that simple, almost childish, delight in his own exploits which grew stronger with his years. It crops up in his correspondence at every turn, and we know it laid him open to the wiles of the flatterer. But whilst never insensible to his merits, he did not exaggerate them. His account of the San Juan affair resembles the "sententious tablets of Eastern conquerors: 'I boarded an outpost of the enemy, I made batteries, and afterwards fought them, and was the principal cause of success.'" This naïve self-satisfaction is one of those touches of nature that associate a supremely gifted man with his humbler fellows, checking in them the tendency to offensive hero worship.

Nelson was ever ready to invest those near him with his own great qualities. When appointed to the *Albemarle*, in 1787, he expressed complete satisfaction with the officers and crew: "I have an exceedingly good ship's company. Not a man would I wish to change. I am perfectly satisfied." And this was a life-long characteristic, an habitual mood. Of his men in the *Agamemnon*, he wrote,—"We are all well; indeed, nobody can be ill with my ship's company. They are a fine set." At the Nile he spoke of his crew as "a band of brothers," as "my friends." It was his custom to summon his captains on board his flag ship for consultation, to show his confidence in them, and to widen his own outlook, but never to surrender one particle of his authority. He ever associated with himself, in full and grateful remembrance, those who fought with him. After the victory of the Nile, before the blood was washed from the decks of his ships, he issued a general order congratulating, by explicit mention of each class, the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, upon the result of the conflict: "The admiral desires they will accept his most sincere and cordial thanks for their gallant behaviour in the glorious battle." In reference to this order, Captain Mahan says:

"There is in it no appeal to egotism, to the gratified passion

for glory, although to that he was far from insensible; it is the simple speech of man to man, between those who had stood by one another in the hour of danger and done their duty,—the acknowledgment after the event, which is the complement of the famous signal before Trafalgar."

The same characteristic was manifested when he was manning the *Victory*, for the conflict just named. He declined to select his own officers, and bade the First Lord of the Admiralty choose them: "Choose yourself, my Lord. The same spirit actuates the whole profession. You cannot choose wrong."

"His frequent praise of others," to quote his biographer, "in his despatches and letters has none of the formal perfunctory ring of an official paper; it springs from the warmest appreciation and admiration, is heartfelt, showing no deceptive exterior, but the native fibre of the man, full of the charity which is kind and thinketh no evil."

He attributes almost invariably to others, and especially to his subordinates, the ideal excellences of affection, courage, patriotism, duty, which command the homage and love of his own nature. It was thus he enthroned himself in the affections of others. Of course, the persons whom he saw through the coloured medium of his kindness were not always what he regarded them; but this disposition,

"a most noteworthy feature of his character—goes far to explain the attraction he exerted over others, the enthusiasm which ever followed him, the greatness of his success, *and also unhappily the otherwise almost inexplicable but enduring infatuation which enslaved his later years, and has left the most serious blot on his memory.*"

The latter part of 1782 saw him transferred to Lord Hood's squadron. This admiral perceiving in Nelson an officer of much promise gave him his friendship. This was really the commencement of his unparalleled career. He found in Hood's fleet his opportunity; he was ready by his knowledge of the higher part of his profession to take advantage of it; and he was thus "swept into the current that carried him to fame by the irresistible tendency of his own conscious will and cherished purpose."

A picture of Nelson at this period, drawn from the life by Prince William Henry, afterwards William the Fourth, is furnished by Captain Mahan :

"Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, came in a barge alongside. He appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld, and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform, his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length, the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation when speaking on professional subjects that showed he was no common being."

In this quaint figure exists a high-minded sailor, animated by the purpose to maintain the dignity of his country and not to serve himself. This is evidenced by his attitude in the matter of prize-money, which was the principal source of attraction to some of the captains on the North American station. "Nothing else," says Nelson, "is attended to." But he disdained—as he did to the end of his life—to find in money a motive of action,—a motive which the honour of his country rightly supplied. Lord Radstock said later, when Nelson was cruising in the Mediterranean, that a perpetual thirst of glory was raging in him, that "he ever showed himself as great a despiser of riches as he is a lover of glory. 'I am fully convinced,' he said 'that he would sooner defeat a French fleet than capture fifty galleons.'" Not that he was insensible to the value of money, nor that, on account of large private means, he was enfranchised from the need of money-getting ; but that he felt there was a whole heaven between the zenith of honour and the nadir of ignoble pursuit of gold :

"I have closed the war without a fortune, but I trust, and from the attention which has been paid me, believe that there is not a speck on my character. True honour, I hope, predominates in my mind far above riches."

He was as prompt to assert the rights of his official position as he was to succour the weak and dependent. With the British consul at Madeira he declined to have any

intercourse, because the consul had, on the plea of having no boat, neglected to return Nelson's visit. At Martinique he placed under arrest the officer of the citadel which guards the harbour of Fort Royal for neglecting to hoist colours in observance of the customary practice when a ship was approaching. To the testy governor of certain British West India islands to whom he had made some suggestions for the more efficient discharge of his duties, and who, being himself an old general, resented Nelson's interference, sending back a curt message that "old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen," he wrote:

"I have the honour, sir, of being as old as the Prime Minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as that minister is of governing the State."

He did not shrink from the responsibility of raising a direct issue with his commander-in-chief, when he was convinced he had right on his side. He was prepared to stake all that was dear to him, and to appear recalcitrant in contesting points of military discipline considered by him vital to the welfare of the navy and his country. His fidelity in enforcing, in opposition to Admiral Hughes' orders, the navigation laws, and in suppressing the contraband trade of the Americans with the West Indies, involved him in legal proceedings, made him the victim of social ostracism and persecution, and injuriously affected his health.

"His temper was too kindly and social not to feel the general alienation. It could not affect his purpose, but the sense of right-doing which sustained him did not make his road otherwise easier. It is specially to be noticed that there is not in him that hard, unyielding fibre upon which care, neglect, or anxiety makes little impression. He was, on the contrary, extremely sympathetic, even emotional; and although insensible to bodily fear, he was by no means so to censure or to risk of other misfortune."

It was at this period that Nelson first met Mrs. Nisbet, a young widow, who became his wife in March, 1789. She

was a lady of "sense, polite manners and beauty." Her character was then, and ever after, irreproachable. Captain Mahan contends, however, and, we think, makes good his contention, that her failure even in the hey-day of courtship to arouse in Nelson any extravagance of emotion, any illusive exaltation of her merits, left vacant that throne in his mind which could be permanently occupied only by a highly wrought excellence—even though that were the purely subjective creation of his own enthusiasm. Yet it is clear, from Nelson's correspondence, that he truly esteemed her during the earlier years of their married life. There is abundant evidence of this. Not long before he fell under the malign influence of Lady Hamilton, he averred, in response to a friendly suggestion that no doubt he regarded the day of the victory of the Nile as the happiest day of his life, that the happiest day of life was that on which he married Lady Nelson. How his love for her became anæmic, and died of inanition, is a sad story. Probably, it was never more than sincere regard, and was dependent on "propinquity and custom for its continued existence." There was no child to unite their hearts in a common object of affection. Her love was not of the character to captivate his emotional nature, and it wanted the kindling glow of admiration of his unique genius. Nor was it an affection whose clear intellectual ardour and appreciation enamoured him, commanding his homage and awakening a kindred flame. There is no evidence that there was in her soul any "thrill of response to the greatness of her husband's daring." To answer the demands of a nature like Nelson's, capable of such absorbing passion as that to which he afterwards sacrificed so much, "was beyond the gentle, well-ordered, and somewhat prosaic charms with which alone Mrs. Nisbet was invested by Nelson, even when most love-like in tone." So she failed to bind him to herself. He wearied of her because she was commonplace and did not appeal to his imagination, because she was out of sight for long years and the charm she originally possessed gradually vanished, and because he came under the tremendous fascination of a woman as beautiful as ambitious, as

clever as she was dissolute and designing,—even her dissoluteness and design being robed in the garments of disinterested, womanly kindness.

Lady Nelson's memory appeals strongly to pity. If there is little to praise, there is less to blame. And Captain Mahan relates an anecdote of singular pathos—an anecdote which bears all the marks of authenticity—which places her in a pleasing light. The latter years of Lady Nelson were passed partly in Paris, where she lived with her son, Captain Nisbet, and his family. Her eldest grandchild, a girl, was eight or ten years old at the time of Lady Nelson's death. She tells that she often saw her take from a casket a miniature of Nelson, look at it affectionately, kiss it, and then replace it gently; after which she would turn to the child and say, "When you are old, little Fan, you too may know what it is to have a broken heart." Contrast this with Lady Hamilton pursuing her intrigue in the house of the man whose wife she was, and on whose honour she probably imposed until the day of his death, when we see her in the company of her paramour holding in his last moments the hands of Sir William, who either in utter self-effacement accepted the inevitable and silently acquiesced in the hideous wrong, or who, in the blindness of his good faith, never suspected the shameful betrayal!

Captain Mahan disclaims the idea that Nelson was naturally inconstant. He thinks that the Admiral's devotion to the one woman "in whom he found, or imagined he found, the qualities that appealed to the heroic side of his character," disproves any such contention. But that such a woman should have obtained complete mastery of all the approaches to his heart, should have stirred his profoundest emotions and won "his passionate fondness and extravagant admiration;" should have led him, with the full knowledge of her antecedents, to sacrifice self-respect, loyalty to the true woman who was his wedded wife, honour in respect of the man who was his friend and the husband of this tyrannous soiled syren—oh, the mockery of it, the misery, and the mystery! So tragic, so unutterably sad is this story that the muffled peal in which Captain Mahan bewails it echoes

recurrently in these volumes. We never seem to get quite out of the hearing of it. And while, with Captain Mahan, we claim for Nelson the manly charity that will not close its eyes to much that is noble in his character, notwithstanding the squalid tragedy that blots it, we must sternly condemn—even more sternly than does Captain Mahan in his dignified reserve—as inexcusable, as mean and wicked to the last extreme, Nelson's conduct in this affair. No tenderness, no admiration, no delicacy must interfere with our fidelity to the divinely imposed and universally sanctioned standard of social ethics on which is based the purity and sweetness and security of home life. What grieves us deeply is to see the incongruity between such faith, such devotion as Nelson's to this woman, and, as Captain Mahan says, "the distasteful inadequacy of their object."

We pass to more attractive features of Nelson's life with a sense of relief. The supreme purpose of Nelson during his brilliant career was to checkmate, to restrict and drive back French aggressiveness, the product of the Revolution, marshalled and directed by one whose military genius was only second to his own, and who, like himself, was by nature a leader of men, possessing the power to arouse affection and enthusiasm. To quote Captain Mahan :

"To beat back that spirit of aggression was the mission of Nelson. Therein is found the true significance of his career, which mounts higher and higher in strenuous effort and gigantic achievement, as the blast of the Revolution swells fiercer and stronger under the mighty impulse of the great Corsican. At each of the momentous crises, so far removed in time and space, at the Nile, at Copenhagen, at Trafalgar, as the unfolding drama of the age reveals to the onlooker the schemes of the arch planner about to touch success, over against Napoleon rises ever Nelson, and as the latter in the hour of victory drops upon the stage where he has played so chief a part, his task is seen to be accomplished, his triumph secured. In the very act of dying he has dealt the foe a blow from which recovery is impossible. Moscow and Waterloo are the inevitable consequences of Trafalgar."

The great Admiral's special fitness for this herculean task

is brought into view by Captain Mahan as it never has been by any previous writer. Nelson is not simply a bold and skilful fighter, defying unpromising chances, ever thirsting for battle and never refusing a challenge. He is much more. He is a man of imperial force of intellect and will, and of flashing intuitive vision that does not wait on reason though it is always endorsed by reason, that apprehends immediately.

"Reasoning of a very high order illumined Nelson's mental processes, and justified his conclusions, but it is not in the power of reason, when face to face with emergency, to bridge the chasm which separates perception however clear from the inward conviction which alone sustains the loftiest action."

His acute mind had for its indispensable complement a moral energy which enabled him "to trust the inner light, to have faith,—a power which dominates hesitation and sustains action in the most tremendous emergencies," and entitles a man to rank as a great captain. In Nelson these elements met, and "their coincidence with the exceptional opportunities afforded him constituted his good fortune." Nelson's chief engagements afford striking illustration of the truth of these remarks,—remarks which display the biographer's insight and sagacity.

Appointed to the *Agamemnon* on January 30th, 1793, a few days after Louis XVI. had been beheaded, and a few days before the French Republic declared war against Great Britain, Nelson during the next twelve years ran that illustrious course which was to find a fitting close at Trafalgar. He was now in the fulness of his strength. His health, which from a boy had never been good, seemed to be established. He was elastic, hopeful, even sanguine. Illusions had not yet vanished; success had not brought its mingled satisfactions. Never before or after was he so happy as at this hour.

"The surrounding conditions of enterprise, of difficulties to overcome and dangers to be met, were in complete correspondence with those native powers that had so long struggled painfully for room to exert themselves."

These twelve years fall naturally into two periods, the first ending with the battle of St. Vincent which won for him national fame; the second, marking at once the ascent of his glory, "the burst of meridian splendour with which the sun of his renown was to rise upon men's eyes," and his moral disaster. During this final period were fought the three great sea battles which are enduringly linked with his military prowess.

We cannot follow him step by step through these years. We can but indicate some principal events as they serve to interpret the man. He did not escape without bodily injury from the missiles of war. At the siege of Calvi a ricochetting ball, which only cleared his head by a hair's breadth, drove the sand into his right eye. He made light of the incident; it was but "a little hurt;" but the result was that the sight of the eye was permanently destroyed. At the assault of Santa Cruz, he lost his right arm under circumstances which evinced his extraordinary fortitude and humanity. During the battle of the Nile, he was seriously wounded in the forehead by a flying piece of iron that lacerated his flesh, completely blinding him for the time with the blood, and with the flap of skin that hung down over his one good eye. He exclaimed, "I am killed. Remember me to my wife;" Captain Berry caught him in his arms and carried him below to the cockpit,—and here the mettle of the man shows itself. "The surgeon went to him immediately, but he refused to be attended before his turn arrived, in due succession to the injured lying around him." As he associated himself with his brave men in conflict, so he was content when wounded to be treated on the same level with his maimed comrades.

Nelson's element is action. The prospect of a battle is a tonic for his spirit, whilst, on the other hand, his health suffers and he grows despondent in times of inaction. This is illustrated again and again in his biography. Exposure, peril, illness,—he patiently bore at the siege of Calvi. Here "the atmosphere of exertion, the delightful consciousness of distinguished action, of heroic persistence through toil and

danger, prevailed even in his physical frame over the insidious climate and his distressing wound." But the *Agamemnon* is compelled to go to Leghorn for repairs, and she remains there a month. Immediately Nelson falls into the fretful mood that usually marked him in quiet times: "Lying in port is misery to me. I am uneasy for fear they will fight, and the *Agamemnon* not present. It is misery to me to be laid up dismantled." And the strain referred to frequently recurs. For him vitality and consciousness of power ever wait on activity, while gloom, anxiety, and querulousness dog idleness. Bodily suffering, we may add, never robs him of his elasticity and cheerfulness. When he was invalided home in 1798, after losing his arm, he meets Colonel Drinkwater, who tells us that one of the first questions Nelson put to him was whether he had been to the Admiralty.

"I told him there was a rumour that the British fleet had been engaged with that of Holland. He started up in his peculiar energetic manner, notwithstanding Lady Nelson's attempt to quiet him, and stretching out his unwounded arm, said 'Drinkwater, I would give this other arm to be with Duncan (the Admiral in command of the British fleet which fought at Camperdown) at this moment.' So unconquerable was the spirit of the man, and so intense his eagerness to give every instant of his life to the service.'"

We can understand how such a man, annoyed at not seeing his name gazetted, when he believed he had fairly earned distinction, could say, in the proud consciousness of ability and merit which must yet earn advancement, "Never mind; some day I will have a Gazette all to myself."

In 1796 Napoleon induced or compelled all the Continental nations to make peace with him. England, alone and undismayed, was soon to face all Europe. Nelson, England's indomitable champion, outshining all contemporary admirals, was the elect of Heaven destined to bring to bear on the enemies of his country the concentrated energies, the unconquerable valour, the naval supremacy of his race; and to win victories that will remain in the highest degree glorious in the annals of the nations. As yet Nelson

has a very insufficient idea of the importance of the impending struggle, "of the broader issues at stake, the recognition of which intensified and sustained the peace-loving minister who then directed the policy of Great Britain." This wider view of events as they bore on the fortunes of his country gradually appeared to him as the conflict thickened. His renown steadily grows during 1796, and of this Nelson is fully aware.

"If credit in the service," he writes, "be desirable, I have my full share. I have never lost an opportunity of distinguishing myself, not only as a gallant man, but as having a head, for, of the numerous plans I have laid, not one has failed."

The exceptional brilliance of his deeds at the battle of Cape St. Vincent greatly augmented his fame. It is common knowledge that the fortunes of the day were largely due to Nelson's spontaneous and sudden movement, taken, for the moment, single-handed and purely on his own initiative, without the authority of his chief, Admiral Sir John Jervis; a movement that cut in twain the enemy's line of battle, and gave illustration of the preciousness of those times when opportunity offers its hand to him who has eyes to see and who is ready, and bold enough, to grasp and control it. Nelson was ever on the alert for opportunity. Jervis, whose orders Nelson had flung to the winds, magnanimously acknowledged Nelson's "great exertions on that glorious day." Talking in the evening, with Calder, the chief of staff, over the events of the day, Calder spoke of Nelson wearing out of the line as "an unauthorised departure from the method of attack" prescribed by the Admiral. "It certainly was so," replied Jervis, "and if ever you commit such a breach of orders I will forgive you also." Captain Mahan eloquently says that this exploit of Nelson "was no sporadic outburst, but only a signal manifestation of the intuitive sagacity, the flashing promptness, and the sustained energy whose steady fires burnt without slackening of force or change of motive." It was a striking illustration of Nelson's great power of "distinguishing contingencies—an

inspired blindness which, at the moment of decision, sees not risks but the one road to possible victory." Nelson was knighted. To his wife he wrote, "Though we can afford no more than a cottage—yet, with a contented mind, my chains, medals, and ribbons are all sufficient."

In discussing the question of military obedience, as to how far it is absolutely obligatory, Captain Mahan is at his best:

"It is possible to recognise the sound policy, the moral courage, and the correctness of such a step in the particular instance, without at all sanctioning the idea that an officer may be justified in violating orders, because he thinks it right. The justification rests not upon what he thinks, but upon the attendant circumstances which prove that he is right; and, if he is mistaken, if the conditions have not warranted the infraction of the fundamental principle of military efficiency—obedience—he must take the full consequences of his error, however honest he may have been. Nor can the justification of disobedience fairly rest upon any happy consequences that follow upon it, though it is a commonplace to say that the result is very apt to determine the question of reward or blame. There is a certain confusion of thought prevalent on this matter, most holding the rule of obedience too absolutely, others tending to the disorganising view that the integrity of the intention is sufficient; the practical result, and for the average man the better result, being to shun the grave responsibility of departing from the letter of the order. But all this only shows more clearly the great professional courage and professional sagacity of Nelson, that he so often assumed such a responsibility, and so generally—with, perhaps, but a single exception—was demonstrably correct in his action."

Before passing away from the battle of Cape St. Vincent, we must call attention to an incident which places before us Nelson's readiness to risk disaster in the interests of friendship. Captain Hardy had been placed in charge of the Spanish frigate *Sabina*, which had surrendered in the Mediterranean. Unfortunately, the *Sabina* was recaptured, and Hardy made prisoner. Nelson effected an exchange of prisoners, and Hardy came on board the *Minerve*, a dismasted frigate carrying jury masts, in which Nelson was hastening to join Jervis. The frigate was chased and pressed hard by some Spanish ships-of-the-line.

"It soon became evident that the leading ship of the line was gaining upon the frigate, and the latter cleared for action. Nelson had a poor opinion of the Spanish Navy of his day, and doubtless chose, before surrendering, to take his chance in one of those risks which in war often give strange results. He said to Drinkwater that he thought an engagement probable, but added, 'Before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting I will have a struggle with them, and sooner than give up the frigate I'll run her ashore.' About this time the officers' dinner was announced. Drinkwater went below, and was just congratulating Lieutenant Hardy, who had been captured in the *Sabina*, upon his exchange, when the cry, 'Man overboard!' was heard. The party dispersed hurriedly, in sympathy with the impulse which invariably causes a rush under such circumstances, and Drinkwater, running to the stern windows, saw a boat already lowering with Hardy in it, to recover the man, who, however, could not be found. The boat, therefore, making signal to that effect, soon turned to pull to the ship. The situation was extremely embarrassing, not to say critical. On the one hand, the natural reluctance to abandon anyone or anything to the enemy; on the other, the imminent risk of sacrificing the ship and all concerned by any delay—for the leading Spaniard, by himself far superior in force, was nearly within gunshot. Temperament and habit decide in questions where reason has little time and less certainty upon which to act. By nature and experience Nelson was inclined to take risks. It was evident the boat could not overtake the frigate unless the latter's way was lessened, and each moment that passed made this step more perilous, as the pursuer was already overhauling the *Minerve*. 'By God, I'll not lose Hardy!' he exclaimed, 'back the mizzen topsail.' The ship's speed being thus checked, the boat came alongside, and the party scrambled on board. Singularly enough, the enemy, disconcerted by Nelson's action, stopped also, to allow his consort to come up—a measure wholly inexcusable and only to be accounted for by that singular moral effect produced in many men by a sudden and unexpected occurrence. The daring deed had, therefore, the happiest results of a stratagem, and the frigate was troubled no further."

We must not linger over the events leading up to the battle of the Nile,—the futile overtures for peace, the rapid aggrandisement of France, the growing insolence of Napoleon, who had said,—"Either our government must destroy the English Monarchy, or must expect itself to be destroyed by the corruption and intrigue of those active islanders;" nor is it within the scope of this article to describe the brilliant

victory in the Bay of Aboukir and the important consequences flowing from it. We must pause to remark incidentally that the struggle throws much additional light on Nelson's genius and character. When, in the early part of the campaign, the flagship *Vanguard* had been dismasted in a violent gale of wind, and a severe check placed on the activity of one who always chafed under enforced delay, he bore it with noble fortitude.

"His manner of bearing it," to quote Captain Mahan, "illustrated both the religious character which the experience of grave emergencies tends to develop and strengthen in men of action, and the firmness of a really great man, never more signally displayed than under the pressure of calamity and suspense."

"I trust," he wrote St. Vincent, "my friends will think I bore my chastisement like a man. I hope it has made me a better officer and a better man. On Sunday evening I thought myself one of the most fortunate of men to command such a squadron in such a place, and my pride was too great for man."

To his wife he wrote: "I ought not to call what has happened to the *Vanguard* by the cold name of accident. I believe firmly that it was the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity." We see him, whilst he is searching for the French fleet, following through criticism, delays and disappointments the clear light of duty, and carrying with manly dignity that immense burden of responsibility, the inevitable "penalty of command," which was to be the measure of the glory that awaited him. We may imagine what the burden was that could wring from him, in bitter mental anguish, words like these: "On the 18th I had near died with the swellings of some of the vessels of the heart. More people, perhaps, die of broken heart than we are aware of." To Admiral Trowbridge he declared that the extraordinary anxiety broke his heart. But there was no clouding of his convictions, no slackening of his purpose to attack the French. When this great battle, in which he was so sorely wounded, was won, his immediate impulse was to recognise the hand of God:

"The secretary being too agitated to write" (a despatch to the Admiralty), "Nelson tried to do so himself, and it was

characteristic that the first few lines he was able to trace—blinded, suffering, confused—expressed that dependence on Almighty God which was habitual to him."

Eager as he was to follow up victory and make the most of it, he paused an instant that he might first express publicly his gratitude to Heaven. On the morning succeeding the terrible night of blood, the following memorandum was issued to the captains of the squadron :

"*Vanguard*, off the mouth of the Nile, 2nd August, 1798.
"Almighty God having blessed His Majesty's arms with victory, the Admiral intends returning Public Thanksgiving for the same at 2 o'clock this day; and he recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient.

"HORATIO NELSON."

While world-wide congratulations and gifts were showered upon him, and he was made a peer, as Baron Nelson of the Nile, he found leisure to intercede, in vain it is true, for his friend Trowbridge, one of the greatest of England's Admirals, who, because he had the misfortune to ground the unlucky *Culloden* on a shoal, and was not able, to his deep chagrin, to take part in the actual battle, was left out of the list of those captains to whom a gold commemorative medal was given.

"For Heaven's sake, for my sake," he wrote St. Vincent, "get it altered. Our dear friend Trowbridge has suffered enough. His sufferings in every respect were more than any of us. He deserves every reward a grateful country can bestow on the most meritorious sea-officer of his standing in the service. I have felt his worth every hour of my command."

If we were not dealing with Nelson, we should like to pay some tribute to Trowbridge for the urgent kindly letter of manly remonstrance he wrote to his chief, Nelson, when the latter was beginning to be entangled in Lady Hamilton's snares. Trowbridge is "a pattern of that most faithful friendship which dares to risk alienation that it may save." No better service could he have rendered Nelson, in return for his intercession with the Admiralty in reference

to the commemoration medal. Nelson seems never to have replied to this letter.

Captain Mahan's masculine judgment does not fail him in handling the difficult Caracciolo affair. He vindicates Nelson's character against writers like Professor Sloane, who, in the matter of the execution of Caracciolo, have charged the English admiral with "judicial assassination." This grave stigma he removes, but he is far from justifying Nelson's general action towards the Neapolitan insurgents, and he sees in it Lady Hamilton's malign influence, though it is true that Nelson himself ever exercised extreme severity towards military offenders. The biographer's summing up of the case displays fine judicial temper, and he bases his conclusions on the "broad equities of humanity." We must be content with an extract from it :

"But, while all this is true, the instinctive aversion with which this act of Nelson's has been regarded generally is well founded. It was not decent, for it was not necessary, that capture should be followed so rapidly by trial, and condemnation by execution. Neither time nor circumstances pressed. The insurrection was over. Except the siege of St. Elmo, hostilities near Naples were at an end. That Caracciolo's judges were naval officers who had recently been in action with him would be, with average military men, rather in the prisoner's favour than otherwise; but it was very far from being in his favour that they were men in whom the angry passions engendered by civil warfare, and licentious spoliation, had not yet had time to cool. Neither the judges nor the revising power allowed themselves space for reflection. Nelson himself failed to sustain the dispassionate and magnanimous attitude that befitted the admiral of a great squadron, so placed as to have the happy chance to moderate the excesses which commonly follow the triumph of parties in intestine strife. But, however he then or afterwards may have justified his course to his own conscience, his great offence was against his own people. To his secondary and factitious position of delegate from the King of Naples, he virtually sacrificed the consideration due to his inalienable character of representative of the King and State of Great Britain. He should have remembered that the act would appear to the world, not as that of the Neapolitan plenipotentiary, but of the British officer, and that his nation, while liable like others to bursts of unreasoning savagery, in its normal moods delights to see justice clothed in orderly forms, unstained by precipita-

tion or suspicion of perversion, advancing to its ends with the majesty of law, without unseemly haste, providing things honest in the sight of all men. That he did not do so, when he could have done so, has been intuitively felt; and to the instinctive resentment thus aroused among his countrymen has been due the facility with which the worst has been too easily believed."

We must pass over the Baltic Expedition, and the battle of Copenhagen, with the shining feats of strategy, and the rare humanity which distinguished Nelson in this memorable engagement. We can spare no space for the unhealthy home life at Merton which followed, with the moral problems it suggests. In May, 1803, Nelson left Merton to take command of the *Victory*. Signs are not wanting that he was not sorry to be called away. He is no sooner on the deck of his ship than the old love of action seizes him, and he is impatient to reach the Mediterranean, which, after long pondering, he concluded would be the chief scene of operations in the effort to foil Bonaparte's long cherished project to land an invading army of 150,000 men in England. At Toulon, with its arsenal, Nelson believed the principal French fleet would be got ready. Cruising and watching in the Mediterranean, displaying his usual sagacity, promptness and daring, husbanding his means, looking to the efficiency of his instruments, and seeking to draw the enemy out of his lair, "he crouches for a spring with the drowsy appearance of caution and indifference." In his letters to Lady Hamilton, during this period, the old nobility of the man shows itself, despite their unhappy relations. She appears to have suggested that she might come on board the *Victory*. He replies: "I, that have given orders to carry no woman to sea in the *Victory*, to be the first to break them!" She must take a second place in his life, the first being assigned to duty, whose voice it was that summoned him abroad. The call of his country makes absence from home indispensable. She can only be a sharer of his glory, he tells her, by accepting the inevitable. He was fully occupied, rising early, and, with the aid of his secretaries, despatching much business, committing to paper his reflections, com-

municating to the Admiralty his opinions on current events, meeting his captains, examining into the needs of his fleet, and ever keeping an eye on the French. He lived an abstemious, regular life, not without a certain sentiment of religiousness, which, we think with the biographer, deepened into something better during these closing solitary years.

"A marked elevation of character, as death draws nearer, signalises these last most glorious years of a glorious life, while his intellect develops as if for the express purpose of thwarting Napoleon's gigantic combinations."

Notwithstanding his vigilance, the French fleet eluded him, escaping from Toulon and the Mediterranean in March 1805. Without definite tidings he concluded after carefully reasoning out the probabilities, that they had gone to the West Indies, and he resolved to give chase. "If I fail," he said, "if they are not gone to the West Indies, I shall be blamed; to be burnt in effigy, or Westminster Abbey is my alternative." By anxiety during these months of suspense, when England was daily agitated by fear of invasion by the combined French fleets, Nelson was worn to a skeleton, but his purpose never faltered, nor did his light grow dim. He is determined to overtake and annihilate the Toulon fleet. "Salt beef and the French fleet," he says, "are far preferable to roast beef and champagne without them." On reaching Barbadoes he was misled by false intelligence, and success escaped him. The French admiral, hearing of the approach of the British, decided at once to return to Europe; and thus, without firing a shot Nelson saved our West Indian possessions by his right judgment and his dash. Following the French fleet back to Europe without the coveted joy of once sighting them, Nelson brought the *Victory* to London in August 1805, thus ending a four months' chase in which he displayed "the same striking combination of rapidity, circumspection, and purpose prepared by reflection for instant action in emergencies," which had characterised him in previous campaigns. Nelson's distress at having missed the enemy was only surpassed by the joy with which his

countrymen welcomed him. The heads of the State, and the people in the street, drew encouragement from his indomitable confidence, and looked up to him with "wistful and reverent dependence." He had saved the chief jewel among the colonies of the Empire; he will stand between the people of this land and the hated French. During the brief fortnight which he was able to remain in England, "he was conspicuously the first man in the country—first alike in the love of the people and in importance to the State."

One more act and the magnificent drama closes. Nelson had, it would seem, "vague premonitions of the coming end, which deepened and darkened about him as he went forward to his fate;" presentiments that consecrated the passing moments, but did not appal his heroic soul or convert cheerfulness into sadness. Friends noted his exhilaration amid the general public gloom. His last act, before leaving Merton, was to pray by the bed of his sleeping child. The same night he entered in his private diary a prayer which contains an anticipation of the end:

"If it is His good Providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me that I leave behind. His will be done. Amen. Amen. Amen."

On October 19th, the combined fleets of the French put to sea from Cadiz, and the English frigates lying inshore signal to the commander, "The enemy coming out of port." Nelson was ready. His tactical methods—"the Nelson touch" or Plan of Attack—which embodied the ripened experience of its author, had been expounded to his captains some days before. He faced the prospect with perfect composure, but with the presentiment of death, to which we have referred, fixed in his mind. In the attitude of prayer, as the battle was opening, the last touching words he ever penned were written:

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious

victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

The famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," was now run up, followed by another for close action. Before half an hour had passed, Nelson, mortally wounded, was carried below. "They have done for me at last," he said. The pathetic scene in the cockpit has often been described, but never so tenderly as by Captain Mahan. To abridge it would be well nigh sacrilege. Our readers must peruse it for themselves. His last words were, "God and my country."

"Happy he who lives to finish all his task. The words, 'I have done my duty,' sealed the closed book of Nelson's story with a truth broader and deeper than he himself could suspect. His duty was done and its fruit perfected. Other men have died in the hour of victory, but for no other has victory so singular and so signal graced the fulfilment and ending of a great life's work. *Finis coronat opus* has of no man been more true than of Nelson. There were, indeed, consequences momentous and stupendous yet to flow from the decisive supremacy of Great Britain's sea power, the establishment of which, beyond all question or competition, was Nelson's great achievement; but his part was done when Trafalgar was fought. The coincidence of his death with the moment of completed success has impressed upon that superb battle a stamp of finality, an immortality of fame, which even its own grandeur scarcely could have insured. He needed, and he left, no successor. To use again St. Vincent's words, 'There is but one Nelson.'"

ART. II.—PETER THE GREAT.

Peter the Great. By K. WALISZEWSKI. Translated from the French by Lady MARY LOYD. In Two Volumes. London: William Heinemann. 1897.

IT is not often that one meets with a book that may be more unhesitatingly classed with the signs of the times than the new Life, by a Russian writer, of the great Reforming Tsar, hero of so many legends and object of so much extravagant praise and reprobation. The present work is something more than a serious and adequate attempt to set forth worthily the story of a popular hero, and to dissipate the clouds of misrepresentation that may have gathered around him. That work, so congenial to the temper of our critical age, is performed here indeed, but in an unusual spirit; motives other than those of the dispassionate historical student have swayed the writer, though he holds no brief for the defence of the maker of modern Russia, and is quite curiously free from the partisanship of the biographer; the hero's least heroic weaknesses are pitilessly set forth, and his most repulsive vices are nowise palliated, if the detestable details are only indicated, in deference to human decency. For all this the book has the air of a patriot manifesto; national pride breathes in and through it; pride in a greatness achieved with amazing rapidity, fortunate omen of a vaster greatness to ensue; pride in the world-wide attention attracted to that portentous expansion, pride in the universal anxiety inspired, as the Russian believes, by that "mighty sea of physical and moral energy which has surged up suddenly between Old Europe and Ancient Asia;" pride in the

"immeasurable force, which, these three centuries past, has defied all calculation, which has transformed Ivan's wretched

patrimony—a sparsely inhabited patch of wild steppe land . . . into an empire exceeding in size and population every other known sovereignty in Europe, Asia, and Africa—surpassing those of Alexander the Great or Ancient Rome, the realm of the Khalifs, and even the present British Empire, with all its colonies."

"Once on a time that force was called 'Peter the Great.'" That is enough. The work wrought is so prodigious, the strength displayed so enormous, that the chronicler feels he can well afford to be candid about the fantastic or cruel freaks, as of a giant babe that has not yet developed a conscience, in which the human incarnation of the new world-power once indulged itself. Yet very serious attention is due to every manifestation of character in Peter, if it be true, as our writer calmly asserts, that he, beyond all others, is a representative man,

"the one *unique* man, perhaps, in the history of the human race. . . . Peter is Russia—her flesh and blood, her temperament and genius, her virtues and her vices. With his various aptitudes, his multiplicity of effort, his tumultuous passions, he rises up before us, a collective being. . . . There is no need to call his figure up. He stands before us, surviving his own existence, perpetuating himself—a continual actual fact. . . . The name is changed. The characteristics are unchanged. It is still the soul of a people—and the soul, too, of a great man, in whom the thoughts and wills of millions of human beings are centred."

This study of the great Tsar, then, has, as its professed aim, the supplying of valuable information relative to the character and destiny of his people—objects, as Waliszewski observes, with a certain complacency, of "universal curiosity and dread." Are the characteristics, so persistent to this day, such as may justly inspire confidence or apprehension? A brief review of them may help us towards some kind of an answer.

If we would do the Reformer-barbarian any justice, we must of necessity take into account his surroundings and antecedents. Nothing else in Europe resembled the Russia into which, on the 30th of May, 1672, Peter was born; it

was fairly symbolised by "the Kreml"* of Moscow as then existing—that tangle of edifices sacred and secular, German-Gothic, Indian, Byzantine, Italian in style, that "strange, wild orgie of decoration, of form, of colour," where the palace rubbed shoulders with the church and the monastery, where the Sovereign on his throne resembled the neighbouring relic of some saint in its shrine, and a swarming population of monks and warriors elbowed each other, amid vague mysterious sounds of priests chanting in the churches, women's voices singing behind the jealously closed doors of the *terem*, muffled roar of revelling, moan of prisoner tortured in secret vaults. It was a world of terror and suspicion, where men talked in whispers, each one watching his neighbour; "a crypt, a seraglio, a gaol." As was the life of the palace, such was the life of the people. Triple fetters of superstition, sensual vice, and terror, enchained the undeveloped life of a great nation, checked in its natural growth four centuries before, when the flood of Mongol conquest pouring over the land, swamped all the young germs of civilization. Russia, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, had a fair chance of developing, like its neighbour Sweden; the Tartar invasion destroyed that chance for generations, till the patient Kniaz of Moscow, descendant of the ancient Rurik, having long submitted to the Asiatic conquerors in order to overpower them, was able at last to push their hordes back from his carefully acquired territories, and style himself Sovereign of all the Russias. Priceless centuries had been wasted in the struggle.

"Save for the traditions of the Byzantine-Russian Church, preserved by Greek monks and nuns, the State and the society . . . were essentially Asiatic and genuinely barbarous. State and society alike had known nothing of the great school in which the intellectual and moral unity of the West was shaped; of the feudal system, the Crusades, chivalry, the study of Roman law . . . of the great struggle between the religious

* Thus spelt and pronounced in Russian; *Kremlin*, says our author, is a spurious form, of Polish origin.

and temporal powers, in which the spirit of freedom took its birth."

Russia knew no Age of Chivalry. Not all at once do we realise the enormous disadvantage implied in those words. There was no gradual educating of a race emerging from barbarism into high ideals of personal conduct; no exalting of courage, truth and loyalty, into a religion; no idealising worship of pure and noble womanhood; the "sensibility of honour that felt a stain like a wound" was not only unknown, but was unimaginable by the people who said, and honestly thought, that "Flight from battle was not noble, but was very safe," and preferred to act accordingly; who could see neither shame nor robbery in bribery, and were bribeable to a man. Their religion was a gross superstition; extreme devotion and unbridled licentiousness were quite compatible and of constant occurrence; and a truly Oriental fatalism easily co-existed with inhuman indifference to suffering. At first sight it appears much more surprising that a civilizing reformer of restless activity and imperious will should arise amid this strange society, than that his character should be marred by the sensuality and savagery of an Eastern despot, whose position was so closely analogous to his own; and the early inclination to regard his appearance and his achievements as inexplicable phenomena, and himself as a sort of "Man of Destiny," was natural enough. But such a view does not in the least commend itself to our writer, who sees in Peter the true child of his time, and gives good reason for his opinion. A breath from the West was already moving on the face of that mysterious abyss, Russian society; there was a stirring of new life in it; Peter himself was the son of a marriage of inclination, contracted in a fashion unknown to the Asiatic fashions of the Russian Court, and his mother, Nathalia Naryshkin, second wife of the Tsar Alexis, was found by her sovereign in the bosom of a family already civilized and cultivated, through the marriage of its head with a fair Hamilton, scion of one of the numerous noble Jacobite families which had found refuge in Russia, and had brought with them, like other

foreign refugees sheltered there, ideas and habits alien to those of the barbarous people who showed them kindness, and who were well rewarded for their hospitality by the inflowing of Western thought and Western civilizing influences. A strangely-constituted foreign colony had slowly grown up outside the gates of "Holy Moscow;" Dutch and German traders and professional men mingled there with expatriated Huguenot and Jacobite, and the members of the foreign Corps Diplomatique resident there brought the element of European politics into the daily life of the *Sloboda*, as this suburb was called. Here were schools, here was literature, here a society not without polish, enjoying temperate pleasures, and enlivened by graceful womanly presences. It was here that Peter found the two foreigners, Patrick Gordon and Francis Lefort, who had a considerable influence on his career; and here he learned to think that immense improvements were possible in various departments of Russian life. His father Alexis, however, had shown the way; his less pronounced Western tastes had resulted in obvious benefit to the land—"industrial successes, legislative reforms, real progress." What was special to Peter was the absolute rupture with the past, in its traditions and beliefs, which his liking for the people and the doings of the *Sloboda* gradually brought about.

The story of the great Tsar's childhood—of his enthronement at the age of ten, of the *coup d'état* shortly following, which, amid sanguinary horrors scarcely equalled during the French Reign of Terror, transferred the real sovereignty to his half-sister, Sophia, and the counter-stroke which overthrew that Princess after the seven years of her reactionary Regency—is told by our author with a fulness of detail which we can only indicate, but which is fully justified by the importance of these events in their action on Peter's character. These riotous Streltsy, these degenerate Prætorians, so terrific as a mob, and so inefficient as an army, were destined to pay bitterly for the lesson of savagery they taught the young Tsar on the evil day when they "drew his little feet through the blood of his uncle," butchered by

them, with many other kinsfolk of Nathalia, in the red hour of Sophia's triumph. That terrible early experience, that anguish, that terror, made him, his life long, at once a timid, a violent, a vindictive and a cruel being;

"prone to easy disturbance of the moral faculties by any violent shock; . . . inclined to bewilderment and loss of self-control in the face of danger. . . . His violence was not invariably unconscious . . . but it was absolutely unreflecting, breaking away, momentarily, from the control of his reason and his will."

Of the timidity alleged our author gives sufficient proof. There were occasions when it degenerated into downright cowardice, as at Narva, when Peter, who had long played at soldiering with the zest of a schoolboy, saw the "great face of war" in its grimness, and fled from it under cloud of night, leaving his army to fend for itself. Again—when the decisive success of Poltava should have taught him better—he sank, for a brief space, into terror and despair, on finding himself hemmed in by his Turkish foes on the Pruth. The situation was terrible, indeed, but it proved not hopeless when he could rally his faculties to meet it. These are conspicuous instances of the moral weakness imputed; lesser ones are not wanting; he could shed floods of tears at the news of a defeat of his forces; he was over-ready for retreat when affairs seemed going unfavourably, though subordinate officers saved him by their heroic disobedience; and he proved himself continually "an almost paradoxical mixture of strength and weakness."

On the other hand, the savage and persistent cruelty that was associated with this instinctive and impulsive fear is sufficiently demonstrated. There is too much evidence of a delight in devising physical and moral torments for those who had become obnoxious to his hatred or his dread. This appears not only in the unexaggerated recital of his dealings with the troublesome revolted Streltsy, whom he saw fit to exterminate; not only in the long torturing of their suspected fellow-conspirators; not only in the iniquitous severity of his dealings with the wife whom he repudiated when she was quite blameless, and the hideous punishment

he awarded to the lover into whose arms his persecution had driven her; not only in the infamous transactions which ended in the violent death of his son Alexis; but in a hundred other deeds, which show like the acts of a homicidal maniac. His reign gradually became a true reign of terror. Informers were stimulated to bring all sorts of accusations by rewards and threats.

"A peasant was put to the torture, and condemned to hard labour for life, for having, when in a state of intoxication, done obeisance to the Tsar 'in an unusual manner.' Another shared his fate for not having been aware that the Tsar had assumed the title of Emperor. A woman found letters, traced by an unknown hand, and in an unknown tongue, on a barrel of beer in her own cellar. She was examined, could give no explanation, and died under the knout. . . . A tipsy student who had spoken some unseemly words was given thirty lashes with the knout; his nostrils were torn out, and he was sent to hard labour for life. I quote from official documents."

Some ukases of Peter, in their fantastic severity, recall the laws of Draco:

"Death to the soldier, marching to the assault, who shall give vent to 'wild cries,' or stop to pick up a wounded man, even his own father. Death to the office clerk, who should not complete a given piece of work within the time prescribed. Death in almost every imaginable case. . . . This severity lasted till the end of the reign. How came it to have been so long patiently endured? Surely because it corresponded with the national customs. The whole nation was a party to it. A century and a half later, this condition of mind remained almost unchanged."

Was it not, indeed, as true of his people as of the Tsar that early experiences fraught with terror had bred such an apprehensiveness as is easily transformed into frenzied cruelty? "To be furious is to be frightened out of fear," and one may recognise this temper in the pitiless ferocity of Nihilist outrage no less clearly than in the red riot of earlier Russian revolutions and the savage reprisals of the triumphant sovereign. The horrors endured in Poland under Nicholas, the brutality which crushed every effort there at achieving national independence, amazed Western Europe,

but not Russia. Such things entered too frequently into Russian domestic history.

In another respect, and a very important one, Peter's character was in too complete harmony with his surroundings. He to whom belongs the glory of having broken from the neck of Russian womanhood an intolerable "yoke of bondage," was himself tainted through and through with the vices bred by the unnatural position his countrywomen had too long endured, and by their exclusion from general society, which, deprived of their purifying presence, appears to have become absolutely rotten. The *terem* in which Russian women vegetated, deprived of light and air, in dungeon-like cells, behind thick-curtained windows and heavily padlocked doors, was a prison more rigid than the Zenana or the convent, whose peculiarities it combined. There was a theory of monogamy; but marriages, as in the barbaric East, were arranged by go-betweens for bride and bridegroom, who never might see other's face till the wedding ceremony was concluded; and a husband, displeased with the wife who had fallen to him, could dismiss her on the spot into a cloister, if the heavy drinking inseparable from the wedding feast perchance left him in a position to judge and act on his judgment. Extreme misery often resulted from unions of this kind, and from the despotic power with which Russian husbands and fathers were invested; frightful domestic scandals were common; husbands would escape from their home wretchedness into the cloister; wives avenged themselves on their tyrants with poison or with steel, regardless of the terrible punishment they would incur if their guilt became known; and, as ever, where woman is despised and oppressed, men were debased. Like the prisoners of the Zenana, those of the *terem* consoled themselves with splendid dress; like them, they were kept in ignorance. They had another affliction—the obligation to much fasting and austerity; and another consolation—the habit of drinking to excess, which they shared with their lords and masters. We have to remember all this when we recoil from the spectacle of the brutal debaucheries and the

unspeakable vices in which the great Tsar indulged himself, amid a circle of men and women favourites whose moral degradation could find a fit parallel only in the darker annals of Imperial Rome and Byzantium. No part of the popular legend about Peter is so completely proved mythical in these volumes as the romance of his relations with the woman whom he made his Tsarina, and who, as Catherine I., succeeded him on his throne. The popularity of the Empress, Catherine II., and the respect in which her memory was held by her people, despite what, to our ideas, seem the intolerable moral defects of her character, become quite intelligible when we see what kind of sovereigns had been tolerated before her, who was refinement, intelligence and humanity embodied, when compared with certain of her predecessors. Yet, "brutal and cynical" as Peter unmistakably was, "woman was more to him than mere beautiful flesh; his conception of her part in the family, and in society, was so high as to approach within measurable distance of our modern ideal;" and he worked energetically to secure the realisation of his conception. He broke open the *terem* doors, he effected some reform in the marriage customs, he insisted on women taking their equal place in society, he tried to ensure that they should be intelligently educated. It is contended by modern Russian historians that, in doing thus, Peter was quite in sympathy with the natural tendency of the national spirit, inclined to proclaim the equality of the sexes, as the legislation and the habits of the country evince to-day. The mischievous and barbarous domestic *régime* we have described, say they, is as surely of foreign origin as it is Byzantine and ascetic in spirit. Here, then, again, the Reformer must be accepted as the true representative of his nation. Unhappily some of his most odious vices are not less national; and the amazing dishonesty and profligacy which he tolerated in his nearest intimates have not ceased to be a public plague in Russia, unless all tales be false. The sinister figure of his favourite Menshikof does not stand alone in the annals of his country, though it has traits not easy to parallel elsewhere among

Christian peoples; and it is more than probable that our author is warranted in the remark that "the moral character of Russian women will long bear traces of the strange fashion in which Peter the Great introduced the sex into social life."

We must perforce refer our readers to Waliszewski's own pages if they would see Peter at his work of evolving an army from such unpromising raw material as his dirty, indolent, fatalistic Moujiks, and creating under their sensual fleece the idea of military honour and aspiration; toiling at the impossible task of erecting his realm, with its vast inland spaces and deficient seaboard, into a great maritime power; endeavouring to supply what was lacking in public justice, to develop public credit, to bring Russia in touch with contemporary economic existence; and struggling, with the fondest belief in the efficiency of ukases and physical force, to create a commercial and industrial life, and rule its movements, "just as he embodied regiments and drilled them." He worked blindly, recklessly, ignorantly; it was not humanly possible that he should do half what he hoped to do; yet he accomplished very much; and there is something grandly formidable in the indomitable perseverance, the untiring energy, which he consecrated to his vast aims. For here, too, is a national trait. He could learn by failures, he could make them the stepping-stones to success—a priceless quality if consecrated to noble ends. But his career at large demonstrates that what he aimed at, for himself and his people, was only material grandeur and prosperity, with intellectual development in such directions as might serve these ambitions; and to-day the history of Russia shows the nation faithfully following in the path he traced for it. Waliszewski scatters to the winds that story of Peter's mysterious testamentary "Will" so long implicitly accepted in Western Europe; the great Sovereign whose fate came on him suddenly in the midst of his violent activities, and who faced death with extreme fear, executed no testament of any description. It was, notwithstanding, the imperious and persistent personal will of this typical Muscovite that, through his work, has continued to dominate the destinies

of the people who found in him their representative and teacher.

Faint indeed are the traces in him of the spiritual nature; and it is much to be deplored that this hard-headed practical ruler of a fanatically religious though debased people should have been shown religion in such a shape as only moved him to contempt. The state of the old Muscovite Church, with its prosperous, powerful, ignorant and degraded clergy, with its monasteries, nests of idleness and profligacy, sheltering a vast floating population and withdrawing it from usefulness and activity, constituted a grave peril to the State and society, and called aloud for reform. Peter grappled boldly with these crying evils, and carried out many sweeping reforms, amid the universal discontent of his subjects, but in the process he was drawn into complicity with the official Church in persecuting the sectarian enthusiasts, austere and pious, who were known as the Raskolniks, and who had been beguiled to join the opponents of the imperial Reformer, whom they more than half suspected as Antichrist himself. These transactions, odious to the Tsar, had their share in leading him to the suppression of the Patriarchate and the substitution for it of that "Holy Synod" which still holds its sittings at St. Petersburg. But a much stranger element is mingled with his serious, if high-handed, ecclesiastical doings—those mad buffooneries, that "wild and licentious debauch of fancy" with which, during more than twenty years of his reign, he chose to surround the mock Patriarchate, with its drunken conclave of mock Cardinals, creation of his own wild phantasy. For the solemn procession of Palm Sunday, in which Tsars of a former age had walked, leading the Patriarch's mule, Peter substituted the "burlesque *cortège*" of his *knes-papa*, or mock Patriarch, riding on an ox, followed by an army of vehicles drawn by hogs, bears and goats. The maddest orgies, the most fantastic masquerades, a concert of noises making the most infernal music, sometimes openly affronted the eyes and ears of the people of St. Petersburg in connection with this insulting parody of

the religion they had honestly, if slavishly, venerated; the Sovereign took care to parade his scorn for it in the face of the sun. Is it to be wondered at if a cynical or despairing scepticism alternates with orthodox bigotry in the nation which, in the very dawning of its new life, saw this example in high places—an example the more potent because the coarse humour and more than coarse jollity associated with it were thoroughly consonant with the national instincts? The upper classes of Russia—can we rightly call them an aristocracy?—were taught a more fatal, because a more cynical, love of excess by this Sovereign than by any of his predecessors.

We have been able to say little of the redeeming features of the Tsar's strange character; but that on which our writer loves most to dwell, that which Peter shared most fully with his people, that which is most formidable to the civilized world outside Russia, is the really astonishing tenacity of purpose which achieved success despite every disadvantage.

"Perseverance, obstinate determination to reach the goal, even when that seemed utterly impossible . . . this is the secret hidden in the Russian soul, tempered to adamantine hardness by centuries of slavery and centuries of redeeming toil . . . *hardened on the anvil which wore out their conqueror's hammers.*"

But there is a finer secret than this in the inner heart of Russia—a secret unknown to Peter, the callous mocker—a redeeming possibility, made manifest in these last days only, of true if not yet wholly enlightened obedience to the words of One whose power that rude spirit never really acknowledged. Were it not for this, there would be reason only to shudder at the growing greatness and irresistible expansion of a nation wholly made in the image of that extraordinary Reformer of a State, that wild redresser of abuses—the Tsar, who, with all his monstrous defects, is not wholly unworthy of his historic title of "Peter the Great."

ART. III.—THE MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION.

The Consciousness of our Lord in His Mortal Life. (Dissertations on Subjects connected with the Incarnation.) By CHARLES GORE, M.A., Canon of Westminster. London: John Murray. 1895.

THE above essay is a complete treatment of a theme which the author has touched on twice before. In his essay on Inspiration in *Lux Mundi*, Canon Gore suggested the limitation of our Lord's knowledge as explaining His adoption of current Jewish ideas respecting the Old Testament books, which modern critics hold to be erroneous. His desire in taking up this position apparently is to allow free scope to critical inquiry. In his *Bampton Lectures* he states at length the evidence from the Gospels for the position (pp. 145 *ff.*). The present essay goes over the same ground with greater completeness and in full detail. We have the author's mature judgment after much thought and research. The most striking feature in the essay is the ample account of the course of opinion on the subject in the Church from the beginning to the present time—patristic, mediæval, modern. No fuller account is likely to be forthcoming. One result of the review is to show the great difference between the author's conclusions and the general trend of opinion in the past. That he should so seriously and strongly dissent from the school of teaching with which otherwise he is in close sympathy, exhibits his independence and courage in a striking light. Whether we agree with his peculiar views or not, we honour his determination to abide by what he believes to be the Christ of the Gospels, in preference to the Christ of the schools. There is much truth in his assertion that, from the first, theology has failed to do justice to the human side of the Lord's life, the divine side being almost exclusively taken into account. The modern Church has amply redressed the balance. So far as

Canon Gore—in the name of modern High-Churchmen, despite his strong sympathies with early Creeds and Councils—protests against the old one-sidedness, we go with him. We greatly fear, however, that in his leaning to a modified form of Kenotist theory as to the Incarnation he is in danger of falling into very dangerous one-sidedness in the opposite direction.

The position contended for in the essay is, that in our conception of the earthly Christ, limitation of knowledge must be added to the limitation of power always admitted. "An old writer said of our Lord that within His humanity He 'withdrew from operation both His power and His majesty.' To this we must add—His omniscience." It is not enough to say that He veiled or for a time suppressed these attributes, He renounced them, emptying Himself, making Himself poor for our sakes. A favourite phrase of the author's is to the effect that the eternal Son lived under the conditions of humanity, with power and knowledge like ours. The Incarnation was "no mere addition of a manhood to His Godhead." "The Son of God, without ceasing to be God . . . in assuming human nature, so truly entered into it as really to live and grow as Son of Man under properly human conditions, that is to say, also under properly human limitations." "The self-sacrifice of the Incarnation appears to have lain, in great measure, so far as human words can express it, in His refraining from the Divine mode of consciousness within the sphere of His human life, that He might really enter into human experience."

The evidence adduced for such limitation of knowledge includes much more than the usual references to our Lord's ignorance of the time of the judgment and His growth in knowledge (Mark xiii. 32, Luke ii. 52). From the earliest days these passages have been subjects of controversy, some affirming, others denying, the reality of the ignorance and the growth. Canon Gore shows that these passages do not stand alone, that there are many other incidents of the Lord's life pointing in the same direction. These incidents include the

expression of surprise, asking questions for information, dependence on God in faith and prayer, the frequent appeal to the authority of the Father. These phenomena need not surprise us; they are only what we should expect in a genuinely human life, such as every one admits of the Lord. But when the author goes on to say that Christ's teaching is due simply to prophetic inspiration, and that His miracles are wrought by the delegated power of God, we hesitate to follow him. After giving examples of Christ's supernatural knowledge, he says that "such supernatural illumination is, if of higher quality, yet analogous to that vouchsafed to prophets and apostles. It is not necessarily Divine consciousness." "His miracles in general are attributed by our Lord to the Father, as answering His own prayer" (p. 165.) "Beyond the rare words of our Lord about His own essential being, there is very little recorded in our Lord's life —may I say nothing?—which belongs to the Divine nature *per se*, and not rather to the Divine nature acting under conditions of manhood." This position is precisely the one held by the leading Kenotists of Germany, and is very advanced indeed. If it is right, our faith in Christ's divinity rests on His statements and assertions about Himself and those of the Apostles about Him. His divinity is never manifested in word and act. How, in that case, do we explain the immense difference between His teaching and all other inspired teaching—or the number and character of His miracles? However unintentionally, the new position seems to us greatly to weaken the argument for the Lord's divinity.

Canon Gore is constantly asserting and reserving the divinity and the infallibility of Christ. We should be afraid to say how often he does this in the present essay, and in the *Bampton Lectures*. And there was great need for such emphatic iteration. Our Lord is on a par with us in limitation of knowledge—yet He is infallible in His teaching! He never speaks and acts but as man—yet He is truly God!

"The facts which continually suggest that He is more than man, that He is, in a unique sense, Son of God, and those which

suggest that He is living and speaking under conditions of human limitation, are indissolubly intermingled with one another" (p. 87.)

How this agrees with the previous quotation, is not very clear. The two classes of "facts," according to the author's showing, are not at all on an equality. The concessions made are substantial, the reserves are verbal and arbitrary. To take only one instance: a German writer, whose work has just appeared in English dress, asserts that our Lord expected the end of the world in His own day. If this is true, what becomes of the infallible teacher? Canon Gore refers to the "eschatological discourses of our Lord," as examples of his prophetic inspiration (p. 84); of course, he would not agree with the German writer's position.

The long review of opinion (pp. 98—201) brings out two sharply distinguished schools—those who in the most unqualified sense admit, and those who deny, or more or less explain away, the obvious meaning of the passages in Mark and Luke. The names in the first class, if eminent, are comparatively few (Irenæus, Origen, Athanasius, Theodoret, Gregory of Nyssa). That the difficulty should have been felt so early, and various hypotheses suggested for its removal, is significant. It is a strange comment on the modern inhibition of theological research and discussion that most of our controversies are ancient ones. Irenæus, earliest and sanest of theologians, emphasises the reality of the Lord's human life and experience, saying, "He passed through every age, from infancy to manhood, restoring to each communion with God." "To the *person* of the Son, Irenæus certainly attributes limitation of knowledge." Origen, that mighty theological genius, gives us a choice between two interpretations of Matt. xxiv. 36. According to one, even Christ Jesus must wait His time for perfect knowledge; according to the other, He is speaking in the person of the Church, a solution which appeared again at a later date. "Jesus, while yet a child, is seen to advance. Now, no one who is already perfect advances, for to advance implies the need of advance."

He also compares Christ to a full-grown man learning to talk like a child.

"Therefore, when He comes into the human body, He says to the Father, 'I cannot speak; I know indeed things too great for human speech. But Thou wishest Me to speak to men. I have not yet acquired human speech. I have Thy speech, I am Thy Word, I can speak to Thee; but I know not how to speak to men, for I am a child."

Athanasius is on the same side, although somewhat ambiguous. Thus, explaining John xi. 34, Mark vi. 38, he both admits a possible ignorance as regards the manhood, and also holds that the questions do not really involve ignorance. Theodoret is the most emphatic: "If He knew the day, and, wishing to conceal it, said He was ignorant, see what blasphemy is the result of this conclusion. Truth tells a lie." Canon Gore illustrates the different treatment in early days of the Lord's divinity and humanity by comparing the voluminous arguments against Arianism and the meagre replies to Apollinarianism which mutilated the humanity. Gregory of Nyssa is as emphatic as Theodoret. "He points out (what is rarely noticed) that the miracles of our Lord were not purely Divine acts, but acts which at least might have been done by a humanity empowered by God." He also recognises that the Incarnation implies on God's part accommodation to strange conditions, finding in such condescension the highest evidence of Divine power.

By far the greatest number of writers explain away both the ignorance and the growth in knowledge (Clement Alexandrinus, Ambrose, Augustine, Hilary, Cyril, John of Damascus, and many others). The tendency to Docetic views grows stronger with time, and in the Middle Ages is universal and supreme. A favourite device is the reference to "economy." Cyril Alexandrinus speaks of Christ "economically" suffering the measures of humanity to prevail. Canon Gore comments thus:

"I have left 'economy' untranslated, because, starting from meaning the process by which God communicates and reveals Himself in such a way as to be intelligible to man, it passes

imperceptibly into meaning a process of Divine reserve which is, in fact, deception. It does not necessarily carry with it any sense of unreality;"

the latter remark seems strange.

This strong, pervasive taint of Docetism at least bears witness to the Church's profound conviction of the Lord's divinity. Even Clement Alexandrinus, a contemporary of Irenæus at the beginning of the third century, appears to assert that the incarnate Christ was omniscient in virtue of His Godhead, and denies to Him the most innocent emotions and appetites. Ambrose, Augustine's teacher and spiritual father, after suggesting that the words, "neither the Son," in Matt. xxiv. 36, are an interpolation, "goes on finally to deny the ignorance of Christ altogether, like all late Westerns, and to make the profession merely economic." Augustine evades the point thus: "He does not know what He makes others not to know, *i.e.*, He does not so know as to tell His disciples; as it is said to Abraham, 'Now I know that thou fearest God,' *i.e.*, Now I have made thee to know." Canon Gore says:

"Hilary, Ambrose, and Jerome led the way in the West with the doctrine of our Lord's 'economic' ignorance, the doctrine, that is, that our Lord knew, but represented Himself as ignorant for purposes of edification. Augustine retains this way out of the difficulty caused by Mark xiii. 32, but in interpreting our Lord's growth in wisdom and His cry of desolation upon the cross, he seems to regard Christ as spoken of or speaking in the person of His Church, not for Himself, thus returning to a mode of explanation with which Origen had already made us familiar."

Cyril Alexandrinus, like Hilary, "refuses to apply the idea of the self-emptying so as to admit the reality of intellectual growth or limitation of knowledge in the incarnate Lord. He falls back upon a merely 'economic' ignorance." "Cardinal Newman's Tract on St. Cyril's formula, in spite of its interest and learning, is really in great part an apology for minimizing the meaning of our Lord's manhood." John Damascene, who may be said to close the tradition of patristic theology, "repudiates as Nestorian any assertion of

real increase in our Lord's knowledge as man, or real limitation in His knowledge of the future." He writes:

"The soul of the Lord, because of its unity with the person of God the Word and its hypostatic identity, was enriched, as with the other Divine miracles, so with the knowledge of the future. . . . Those who say that He grew in wisdom and in grace, as really receiving increase in these, deny the fact that the flesh was united to the Word from the first moment of its existence, nor do they allow the union to be hypostatic, but assent to Nestorius."

The Docetic tendency went much farther in the theology of the Middle Ages. Writer after writer puts the divinity and humanity of Christ on the same level as to knowledge, possibly allowing a difference as to the mode of knowledge. Our author states the sum of the teaching of great masters, like Aquinas, Suarez, de Lugo, thus:

"It is affirmed in the strongest way, and with complete unanimity, that Christ's human soul was, from the moment of its creation, what is commonly meant by omniscient, so that no place is left in it for faith or hope, and the distinction of the Divine and human consciousness is safeguarded only by metaphysical refinements."

These extravagances of speculation are traced to two causes, first, the use of dogmatic definitions, which were meant simply to be protests, as material for further definitions, and, secondly, the substitution of Greek metaphysical conceptions of God for the moral conceptions of Scripture. The latter mischievous error was mainly the work of the writer, called pseudonymously Dionysius the Areopagite (500 A.D.), whose influence on mediæval theology seems to have been most profound. With his abstract conceptions of the Divine transcendence and immutableness the Incarnation is reduced to mere semblance. Corderius, the editor of Thomas Aquinas, says: "It is evident that the angelical doctor (Aquinas) drew nearly all his theological teaching from the pure fount of Dionysius" (p. 174). Peter Lombard (twelfth century) had previously spoken of the Lord's humanity as a mere dress (*habitus*).

We heartily subscribe to Canon Gore's condemnation of

this persistent undervaluing or ignoring of the Lord's humanity. The mistake, of which we are now paying the penalty, is traceable to, though not justified by, three causes. 1. Exact study of the text of Scripture is quite modern. It was unknown to the fathers and schoolmen. The Antiochian school, which began such a method of study in the fifth century, soon disappeared, and the reign of allegory with its utter lawlessness continued unchecked. 2. The idea of God was ruled by the abstract categories of Greek philosophy instead of by the disclosures of God in Scripture. "An *à priori* philosophy of nature or of history is sure to be at fault, and still more surely an *à priori* philosophy of God. Most certainly our human knowledge of what God is, what His omnipotence, immutability, omniscience mean, is limited strictly by what God is found to have disclosed of Himself in nature and humanity, by experience, through inspired prophets, and Jesus Christ, His Son." 3. "No heresies excited so much antagonism as those which impugned our Lord's Godhead. By none, then, did the Church run so much risk of being driven into opposite extremes. Into such extremes she was not driven so far as her dogmatic decisions were concerned, but the effect of undue reaction is traceable in many even of her greatest schools of theology." Among other evil effects of this neglect was the growth of the worship of the Virgin and the saints. The craving for sympathy, which would have found satisfaction in the devout contemplation of the Lord's perfect humanity, sought that satisfaction in illegitimate ways.

We fear, however, that in advocating absolute limitation of knowledge and power in Christ, which is what is meant by the Son of God living completely under human conditions, Canon Gore is guilty of similar one-sidedness to that which he charges upon former days. To conceive conscious parting with knowledge is scarcely possible—and is quite different from the thought of a conscious parting with power. Such a phrase as "refraining from the Divine mode of consciousness within the sphere of His human life" conveys no idea to us.

There is no analogy to enable us to understand it. We simply have two mysteries where we had one. The new mystery, also, seems to us to amount to a contradiction in thought.

It is curious that the point which is our author's entire contention—limitation of knowledge—was held by the Agnoetae, a Monophysite sect of the sixth century (p. 155). As Monophysites the Agnoetae should have held only the Divine nature in Christ, and should not have ascribed ignorance to it, "but men are not always consistent," even Monophysites "allowed a great deal of reality to the humanity." At all events, Eulogius of Alexandria, writing against this sect, denies that Christ was ignorant either in His manhood or Godhead. "Christ may have been speaking economically; or, again, nothing hinders us from interpreting His words by referring them back from the Head who spoke them to the members of the body for whom He spoke." Leontius of Byzantium, an important writer of the sixth century who is just now coming into prominence, says that the Agnoetae make Christ ignorant as man.

"Pope Gregory, in his correspondence with Eulogius, regards the question at issue to be our Lord's ignorance as man. This he, with Eulogius, is emphatic in denying. They both admit that humanity as such, and therefore Christ's humanity by itself, would be ignorant. But they say that, in fact, as united to the Godhead in one person, its ignorance was removed. If He was ignorant *ex humanitate*, He was not so *in humanitate*. If He professes ignorance as man, He is speaking as Head for the members, and economically."

Canon Gore is not afraid of agreeing with the poor, heretical Agnoetae, as the "orthodox Leontius" emphatically did.

What, then, is Canon Gore's final position? It is that form of the modern *kenosis* theory of the Incarnation which affirms a double life in Christ, Divine and human. First of all, he considers and rejects three other forms of the theory, the absolute one of Gess and Godet, the partial one of Thomasius, Delitzsch and Fairbairn, the gradual Incarnation of Dorner. As to the first one, it affirms the

withdrawal for a time of the Son from His place in the Godhead and the universe, surely an impossible supposition.

"If we are asked, Can the functions of the Son in the Godhead and in the universe have been suspended by the Incarnation? we cannot but answer with the theologians of the Church, from Irenæus to Dr. Westcott, that it is to us inconceivable" (p. 93).

"The Christian consciousness has from the beginning found it an inconceivable supposition that the cosmic functions of the Son and His Divine functions—such as His share in the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost—should be interrupted by the Incarnation" (pp. 98, 189).

The second view distinguishes between the ethical and the physical attributes and asserts an absolute renunciation of the latter, a position which leads to the same inconceivable consequences. Dorner's view is rejected as unscriptural and Nestorian. The view seems to posit two persons, two egos, which gradually coalesce; but Dorner's meaning is not very clear.

The view adopted, on the whole, is the one advocated by Bishop Martensen, in his *Christian Dogmatics*, and Mr. R. H. Hutton, in his *Theological Essays*. Martensen says:

"As the pure Logos of Deity, He works through the kingdom of Nature by His all-pervading presence, creates the presuppositions and conditions of the revelation of His all-completing love. As the Christ, He works through the kingdom of grace, of redemption and perfection, and points back to His preexistence."

Truly enough our author says:

"To this view there is, I think, no objection except the difficulty of conceiving it. It accounts for all the scriptural language on both sides, and it is reconcilable with the authoritative decisions of the Church."

From his special standpoint, Canon Gore is naturally anxious to show that his new position is reconcilable with the definitions of Councils accepted by Anglicans. It might seem as if there were some infringement of the proper Deity or proper humanity of the Lord, but we are assured it is not so, inasmuch as the only change in the Divine sphere is such adaptation of Divine working as is involved in

God's creation and government of the world. He says again, "The view expressed above involves no limitation of the Divine activity of the Word absolutely or in the world, but only within a certain area" (p. 210). We note the last words, "only within a certain area." Still, here there is such limitation. One of the great objections to the *kenosis* theory in every form is that it implies some change, greater or less, in the Divine nature of the Son. In the form adopted by our author the area is, virtually at least, reduced to a minimum. Still it is there. And is it conceivable, or reconcilable with the Divine immutability? Dr. Bruce, in his *Humiliation of Christ*, agrees with Canon Gore in thinking that no objection lies against the *kenosis* doctrine on this score. He thinks that we cannot set any limit to what Divine omnipotence can do at the instance of Divine love. While appreciating the spirit of the reply, we note the imminence of the peril. It seems to border close on contradiction or heresy.

The author proceeds to endeavour to show the reasonableness of the idea of such a double life. Three of the four general arguments he uses for this purpose tell just as much in favour of the ordinary view as of his own. Thus we are reminded that the inconceivable is not therefore incredible, the illustration used being the existence of ether, which is unperceivable by any sense and is difficult to class either among solids or fluids. Again, the vast differences which must perforce exist between the Divine and human knowledge—one intuitive, infinitely comprehensive, reaching to the essence of things—the other conditioned by the senses, fragmentary, dwelling on the surface of things—are referred to. Once more, God's respect for the independence of the creatures He has called into being, He as it were standing aloof and allowing them to work out their nature, is suggestive of what takes place in the Incarnation. It is evident that these arguments do not specially support the theory advocated in this volume. The second one, especially, borrowed from a writer in the *Church Quarterly* (October, 1891) was, if we remember rightly, used against

Canon Gore's position. At the same time, we do not care to dwell too much on the disparateness of Divine and human knowledge. We remember some speculations about disparateness in ethical attributes, which told against the purpose for which they were used.

The chief argument is drawn from the nature of sympathy, which is called "the keynote of the Incarnation. It is along this line that we can best hope to understand it." It is unquestionable that, by the power of sympathetic love, we are said to put ourselves in the position of the poor and suffering.

> "This is how Origen would have us understand the mystery of the Divine condescension. It is the grown man learning to speak as a child; it is the Divine putting Himself at the point of view of the human."

There is an undoubted analogy in this respect. Still the analogy goes but a little way to establish the theory of "a sleep and a forgetting." There might have been, nay, there was, the uttermost sympathy in the Infinite Father before and apart from the Incarnation. In the human sympathizer the superior knowledge and position and means are not renounced or even forgotten. Canon Gore, indeed, speaks as if this might be a hindrance to perfection of sympathy, that it would be better if the wise and strong and rich could cease to be such and become altogether like the object of pity. We doubt this. Sympathy, to be effectual, must have resources at command out of which to dispense help. Indeed, the illustration from the action of human sympathy rather favours the ordinary view, according to which, in the Incarnation the Divine nature assumes to itself the human, not ceasing to be what it was but becoming what it was not. The analogy scarcely helps us to "understand" the mystery.

Then, is not a double life suggestive of a double personality? When we find our author speaking of "the personal life of the Word" being "lived as it were from more than one centre," and saying, "He who knows and does all

things in the Father and in the universe begins to live (reverently be it said) from a new centre when He assumes manhood" (p. 215), we seem to be back at the Nestorianism charged upon Dorner's view (p. 194). What is the difference between such a position and saying, as the Fathers often did and as ordinary Christians often do still, that He knew as God and did not know as man?

With all our sincere admiration for the honesty and courage, the theological knowledge and acumen of the essay, we cannot feel that it has succeeded in its aim, or come nearer solving the problem of ages. In order to secure the truth and reality of the manhood it imperils both proof of the divinity of the Son and the unity of the person. The new doctrine is no more level to the understanding or supported by analogy than the old one. We prefer to leave the subject in its unsolved mystery. The wisdom of the early Church in stopping at negative conclusions, and, being content with warding off deadly error, commends itself more than ever to us as evidence of Divine direction.

It may be useful to indicate the opinions of modern authorities on the points in question, and especially as to the real meaning of the *kenosis*, or emptying, of which St. Paul speaks in Philippians. Dr. Gifford, in his most scholarly and exhaustive discussion of Phil. ii. 5—11,* shows conclusively the meaning to be that the form and the essence of God are inseparable, and that the Divine Son emptied Himself, not of the form of God, but of the state of equality with God.

"The Son of God could not possibly divest Himself of the form of God at His Incarnation without thereby ceasing to be God: so that, in all interpretations which assume that the form of God was laid aside when the form of a servant was assumed, it is in fact, however unintentionally and unconsciously, denied that Jesus Christ during His life on earth was really and truly God" (p. 35).

* *The Incarnation.* Hodder & Stoughton.

It is remarkable that the view advocated by Dr. Gifford is that of the Synod of Antioch (269 A.D.) The definition runs:

"On which account the same God and man, Jesus Christ, in all the Church under heaven has been believed in as God having emptied Himself from being on an equality with God, and as man of the seed of David according to the flesh" (p. 72).*

The being on an equality with God denotes a mode of existence, "and one mode of existence may be exchanged for another, though the essential nature is immutable" (p. 44). "When a poor man becomes rich, his mode of existence is changed, but not his nature as man." When Principal Moule, on Phil. ii. 7, approvingly quotes Bishop Lightfoot's words, we obtain two great authorities at once: "He divested Himself, not of His Divine nature, for this was impossible, but of the glories, the prerogatives of Deity."† Bishop Ellicott, on the passage, writes:

"Of what did He empty Himself? Not exactly of the form of God (Meyer, Alford)—but of that which He had in that form, that Godlike majesty and those visible glories which He had for all eternity."

Dr. Lumby, speaking of two phases of the Kenotist theory, says of one:

"It is hard to see how the Logos can, without detriment to His essential qualities, strip Himself of self-consciousness; or, when so stripped, of what advantage the Logos, deprived of personality, could be to humanity," and of the other, "It disturbs our conception of God, and seems to suspend for a time the existence of the Trinity, and, so far from making our appreciation of the union between the Divine and the human more complete, makes either the Divine convert itself into the human, or the two to exist side by side without any union at all."‡

Bishop Westcott adheres to the ancient line of thought. His comment on John i. 14 is a wonderfully clear and preg-

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* See much acute criticism of Canon Gore, p. 89 *ff.*

† *Cambridge Bible.*

‡ *Popular Commentary*, p. 442.

nant exposition of the idea of the Incarnation, so far as we can understand it:

"The word *became* must not be so understood as to support the belief that the Word ceased to be what He was before; and the word *flesh* must not be taken to exclude the rational soul of man. The clear apprehension of the meaning of the phrase, so far as we can apprehend it, lies in the recognition of the unity of the Lord's Person, before and after the Incarnation." . . . "The Lord's human and Divine natures remained without change, each fulfilling its part according to its proper laws."

Principal Rainy[o] says:

"It seems most certain that this cannot import that He who was with God and was God could renounce His own essential nature and cease to be Divine. The assertion of a contradiction like this involves the mind in mere darkness. The notion is excluded by other Scriptures; for He who came on earth among us is Immanuel, God with us; and it is not required by the passage before us; for the emptying can at most apply to the form of God (?)—the exercise and enjoyment of Divine attributes such as adequately express the Divine nature; and it may perhaps not extend its sense even so far; for the writer significantly abstains from carrying his thought further than the bare word 'He emptied Himself.'"

Dean Gwynn, in the *Speaker's Commentary*, says, on the passage:

"Emptied Himself of the outward tokens of Godhead in the Incarnation (as the occasion marked by the aorist). The sense is that He had laid aside—not the essence which is inalienable from His Godhead, but—that which is relative to finite perceptions, its outward manifestation."

Professor Bruce's exposition and criticism of the kenosis theories, in the *Humiliation of Christ*, written before, to our loss, he forsook the field of dogmatic theology, remains the fullest that we have. After urging the difficulties of each form of the doctrine and expressing considerable sympathy with its aims, he rests at last in the "attitude of suspended judgment."

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[o] *Epistle to Philippians*, "Expositor's Bible Series," p. 118.

"The hypotheses of a double life, a gradual Incarnation and a depotentiated Logos, are all legitimate enough as tentative solutions of a hard problem; and those who require their aid may use any one of them as a prop round which faith may twine. But it is not necessary to adopt any one of them, and it is best when faith is strong enough to dispense with their services. Wisdom dictates that we should clearly and broadly distinguish between the great truths revealed to us in Scripture, and the hypotheses which deep thinkers have invented for the purpose of bringing these truths more fully within the grasp of their understandings."

To him, as to Canon Gore, the "double life" theory of Martensen is inconceivable.* Readers will find an abundance of trenchant criticism of Kenotist theories in the third volume of Dorner's *System of Christian Doctrine* (pp. 263, &c.). In reference to the position of Thomasius, that the surrender applies only to the relation of the Logos to the world, he says that omniscience cannot be so limited, it must also refer to God and the world.

"If the Logos surrendered the knowledge of God, He would not surrender a merely relative attribute, but one essentially Divine, and it would violate the idea of God; but if He retained His absolute knowledge, self-emptying and its aim would be surrendered, according to which the Divine side is supposed to empty itself until it no longer reaches beyond the human, but is simply equal thereto. For the human soul cannot have from the beginning perfect knowledge of God. A renunciation of knowledge by an act of will is in itself unthinkable, for by willing to forget knowledge I have, I have thought it again. So also it is unthinkable that actual love should surrender itself from love.†

The duty of reticence on such subjects has not always been observed even by orthodox writers. The desire to penetrate all mysteries was one cause of the early heresies. A good rule of ancient days was, *Scrutator majestatis absorbetur a gloria.* Professor Moule well says:

"The ultimate and reasoned analysis of the unique phenomenon, God and Man, One Christ, is, as to its actual consciousness, if we may use the word, a matter more for His knowledge than our inquiry."

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* *Humiliation of Christ*, 1st ed., p. 245. † *Ibid*, vol. iii., p. 266.

Dr. Lumby writes :

"The history of these and kindred speculations is an evidence that for us the doctrine is not to be divested of its mystery, and that we tread then on safest ground when we use such words concerning it as are supplied to us by Revelation."

It is hard to understand how High Churchmen like Canon Gore can accept the position which he now occupies. It appears to us that he is unawares selling the citadel which he professes to defend. It is hard to see how the Deity of the Christ can be held on this ground. It would be to believe without or even against evidence. Rationalism and High Anglicanism at this point seem distinctly to shake hands.

ART. IV.—THE TREATMENT OF DISSENT IN ENGLISH FICTION.

FOR the first example of a Dissenter in English prose fiction we shall have to go as far back as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The Dissenter is primarily the Individualist; the man who follows the Inward Light, as against the tradition of the elders, and that voice of the multitude which may or may not be the voice of God. Dissent stands for self-reliance—for self-assertion, if you will; it may mean either a narrow egotism or a great faith. It is the magnificent trust in God of Cromwell or Whitefield or Gordon; it is also the spirit in which David Deans, looking round with complacency on the whole of the religious public of his time, limits the true fold to "Johnny Dods of Farthing's Acre, and ane mair that shall be nameless." Ignorance, climbing over the wall into the King's Highway, is a Dissenter in the bad sense; Christian is a Nonconformist in the City of Destruction and among the booths of Vanity Fair.

From the Revival of Learning right on to the French Revolution and the great Reform Bills that brought about a less sensational but no less momentous revolution in the history of our own land, the triumphs of the human spirit have been the triumphs of Individualism. The right of every man to speak the thing he believes as truth and worship God in the way that commends itself to his own conscience, the triumphs of free speech and free thought, the pulling down of barriers and elimination of privileges—these have been the watchwords of social progress until late years. The movement may be said to have begun with Peter before the Sanhedrim, and to have been renewed by Luther in his conflict with the Pope, and his world-famed utterance before the great Emperor at the great Diet. The tide at present seems to be setting in a different direction. The charm of historic association, the bond of historic continuity, the prestige of an ancient tradition, are being invoked to support reaction ; and the religious forces which made the Reformation, the Puritan Revolution, and the Evangelical Revival, are, in some sense, on their trial. There is a strong tendency towards collectivism in society, and towards unity—or uniformity, at any rate—in the Church ; and every organised religious body feels the double call to justify its existence to the historic sense, and to that yearning for conscious corporate life which has replaced to a large extent the formula of Newman's earliest religious experience, "Myself and my Creator."

But, without looking forward to the Nonconformity of the future, we may consider what reflection the Nonconformity of the past has thrown on that mirror of our English life which we call fiction. We shall look for those traits of outward dress and manner that marked off Dissenters from the mass of their fellow-citizens, with a tolerable certainty of finding what we seek. A Quaker dress, a Methodist bonnet (when the Methodist bonnet was a distinct species), a Salvation Army jersey, is within the mark of the casual story-teller. What is more rare and more valuable is a sympathetic presentation of the "true inwardness" of Non-

conformity, of the type of mind and character, the sort of human society, that produces Dissent, and is produced by it.

Let us get back again to our starting point, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. If Bunyan's hero is not a Dissenter there is no meaning in words. He dissents from the whole system of things in which he finds himself, from the society of which Mr. Worldly Wiseman is a representative, from the Church that claims the services of Mr. Legality, and from the public opinion represented by the chatter of Mrs. Timorous and Mrs. Bats' Eyes on each other's doorsteps. The man's conscience is awake, he has suddenly become aware of God, as a living Spirit striving with his spirit. The Church speaks to him as to one in an organised body, with symbols, institutions, ceremonies. But all these, however valuable, however essential, mean little or nothing to the man on whom the weight of God's anger lies heavily, whose whole nature is longing to feel the reconciling touch of the Divine hand on his spirit. In that struggle everything stands apart, away from the man and his God; nothing can or ought to hinder the direct immediate access of the spirit to the Father of spirits.

This tremendous conception imparts a new seriousness, a new value, a new dignity to life. The humblest may be a king and priest of God, the highest can be no more. Wherever English Dissent has kept anything of the spirit of its origin, it has been marked by this awed consciousness of unseen realities.

"Give me to feel their solemn weight"

wrote the Methodist poet, and the aspiration lies at the root of the Puritan consciousness.

It is marked by the sense that it gives of the dignity of humanity. Bunyan and his fellows believed that the humblest man or woman might be the channel of Divine grace to his neighbours. They may have been wanting in reverence for places, rites and offices; but they knew how to reverence the temple of the Holy Spirit in their brother

man. In one of the loveliest passages of his autobiography Bunyan has told us of the three poor women whom he heard speaking together, as they sat at their cottage door, of the love of God and the grace of Christ, and of the longing that came upon him, as he listened, to enter into their joy. This is the key to much that has scandalised, and to much that has amused the average man in the public ministrations of Dissent. But the man whose mind is saturated with the thought of the sovereignty of God, His power to choose the channels of His grace where He will, and the priestly privilege of all who receive Him, will see nothing strange in receiving the spiritual ministrations of ignorant and unlettered men, provided that their work carries with it the signs and sanctions of Divine truth and power.

With these principles in our minds, we can better judge to what extent the English novelists of the reign have apprehended the social phenomena which are collected under the term Dissent.

The two greatest names in Victorian fiction will not detain us long in this connection. Thackeray mentions a Dissenting minister in the circle of Mrs. Hobson Newcome, the banker's wife, in Bryanston Square. The good lady was a devotee of the "Clapham sect," for which Thackeray seems to have had very little liking, but which, though it was not unfriendly to certain forms of moderate Dissent, was itself a highly respectable school of Evangelical Churchmanship. The reference is so slight as hardly to be worth dwelling on. The society which Thackeray depicts, literary Bohemian on the one hand and Clubland on the other, is not a suitable soil for the growth of the plant we are considering.

Nor did Dissent come much in Dickens's way. The egregious Mr. Stiggins is hardly a case in point. He no more represents the class of Nonconformist preachers than Sequah represents the profession of dental surgery. He is the begging friar of the nineteenth century, with his laziness, his greed, his hypocrisy, and the coarse, boisterous satire of

his chronicler is the modern version of the mediæval ditties, that told how

> "The monks of Melrose made good kale
> On Fridays when they fasted,"

with other peccadilloes of the barefooted brotherhood.

There is very little material for the student of Dissent either in the East-end, according to Dickens, or the West-end, according to Thackeray. It is most at home in the middle-class life of the Provinces, and accordingly we find, in the works of the great novelist who won her first successes in that field, some of the most thoughtful and accurate studies of Dissent. Those who want to understand what Nonconformity was and did in the first half of the century, will not go far wrong if they take their impressions of the Methodist evangelist from *Adam Bede*, and of the political Nonconformist from *Felix Holt*.

George Eliot was greatest in portraying the life that she knew in her youth. In that large, slow, capacious intelligence of hers, an impression had to lie latent for years before it yielded all there was in it; and the seed that gave its harvest in the portraits of Dinah Morris, the Bedes, Rufus Lyon and Silas Marner, was sown in her earliest years. The example and experience of her Methodist aunt had a lasting effect upon her character and genius. The consequence is, that in Dinah Morris she has given for all time an exquisite picture of that developed God-consciousness, that intense feeling of personal responsibility, and that "passion for souls" which are the bequest of Puritanism to the religious life of the nation. It does not disturb Dinah that she is only an ignorant mill-girl. Cannot the Lord choose His instruments where He will? Her account, given to the Rector, of how she came to preach, has often been quoted; it will bear quoting again:

> "It was one Sunday I walked with brother Marlowe, who was an aged man, one of the local preachers, all the way to Hetton Deeps—that's a village where the people get their living by working in the lead mines, and where there's no church nor preacher, but they live like sheep without a shepherd. It's

better than twelve miles from Snowfield, so we set out early in the morning, for it was summer time, and I had a wonderful sense of the Divine Love as we walked over the hills, where there's no trees, sir, as there is here, to make the sky look smaller, but you see the heavens stretched out like a tent, and you feel the everlasting Arms about you. But, before we got to Hetton, brother Marlowe was seized with dizziness that made him afraid of falling, for he overworked himself sadly at his years, in watching and praying, and walking so many miles to speak the Word, as well as in carrying on his trade of linen-weaving. And when we got to the village the people were expecting him, for he'd appointed the time and the place when he was there before, and such of them as cared to hear the Word of Life were assembled. . . . But he felt as he couldn't stand up to preach, and he was forced to lie down in the first of the cottages we came to. So I went to tell the people, thinking we'd go into one of the cottages, and I would read and pray with them. But as I passed along by the cottages, and saw the aged and trembling women at the doors, and the hard looks of the men, who seemed to have their eyes no more filled with the sight of the Sabbath morning than if they had been dumb oxen that never looked up to the sky, I felt a great movement in my soul, and I trembled as if I was shaken by a strong spirit entering into my weak body. And I went to where the little flock of people were gathered together, and stepped on the low wall that was built against the green hillside, and I spoke the words that were given to me abundantly. And they all came round me out of all the cottages, and many wept over their sins, and have since been joined to the Lord. That was the beginning of my preaching, sir, and I've preached ever since."

Equally characteristic of what was best in the Methodist movement is Dinah's yearning over Hetty on the evening of her departure from the Hall Farm, and her method of finding guidance may be paralleled from many passages in the journals of the Evangelical leaders :

"Her imagination had created a thorny thicket of sin and sorrow, in which she saw the poor thing struggling torn and bleeding, looking with tears for rescue and finding none. . . . Dinah was not satisfied without a more unmistakable guidance than those inward voices. There was light enough for her, if she opened her Bible, to discern the text sufficiently to know what it would say to her. She knew the physiognomy of every page, and could tell on what book she opened, sometimes on what chapter, without seeing title or number. It was a small, thick Bible, worn quite round at the edges. Dinah laid it side-

ways on the window ledge, where the light was strongest, and then opened it with her forefinger. The first words she looked at were those at the top of the left-hand page. 'And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him.' That was enough for Dinah, she had opened on that memorable parting at Ephesus, when Paul had felt bound to open his heart in a last exhortation and warning. She hesitated no longer, but opening her own door gently, went and tapped at Hetty's."

One of the sweetest sketches in the same artist's *Scenes of Clerical Life* is that of the White House with its charming old-fashioned garden, and the ancient pair who inhabit it, all touched in with that quiet sunshiny breadth and ease of handling which soothes one after the restless trickiness of too much modern writing.

"In his boyish days Mr. Jerome had been thrown where Dissent seemed to have the balance of piety, purity, and good works on its side, and to become a Dissenter was to him identical with choosing God instead of mammon."

"Well, sir," he tells his friend, "I lived at Tilston, and the rector there was a terrible drinkin', fox hunting man: you niver see such a parish i' your time for wickedness: Milby's nothing to it. Well, sir, my father was a working man an' couldn't afford to give me ony eddication, so I went to a night school as was kep' by a Dissenter, one Jacob Wright; an' it was from that man, sir, that I got my little schoolin' an' my knowledge of religion. I went to chapel wi' Jacob: he was a good man was Jacob, and to chapel I've been iver since."

One of the points seized in this sketch is the influence, not only religious, but educational and social, which Nonconformity exercised in the days before the Anglican Revival. The man who "got religion" under the influence of the Nonconformist preacher got at the same time, generally at least, a wholesome ambition and thirst for knowledge. The early Methodist read the *Arminian Magazine* and the *Christian Library*, which was always something. In a later generation the awakened Nonconformist often joined a Mechanics' Institute. People do not realise how much Wesley did to promote the movement in favour of cheap literature which has attained such proportions in our own day. In spite of all our boasted progress, the hymns of

Watts and Doddridge and Charles Wesley appeal to a far higher intellectual standard than the ditties of the modern mission hall.

Perhaps the best thing in George Eliot's very unequal novel of *Felix Holt* is her portrait of the little Independent minister, Rufus Lyon. Usually, when a novelist represents a Dissenting minister of more than common gifts, he is pictured as fretted beyond endurance by the smallness and meanness of his surroundings, and hopelessly in subjection to his deacons. George Eliot's minister is a man too much occupied with great thoughts to care whether or not he is welcomed into what calls itself the "society" of his town: too unworldly to feel the temptation of subservience for the sake of a temporal advantage.

"To many respectable Church people old Lyon's little legs and large head seemed to make Dissent additionally preposterous. But he was too short-sighted to notice those who tittered at him—too absent from the world of small facts and petty impulses in which titterers live. With Satan to argue against on matters of vital experience as well as of Church government, with great texts to meditate upon, which seemed to get deeper as he tried to fathom them, it had never occurred to him to reflect what sort of image his small person made on the retina of a lightminded beholder. The good Rufus had his ire and his egoism, but they existed only as the red heat which gave force to his belief and teaching."

The picture belongs to a day when Dissent still laboured under civil disabilities; and when the struggles for civil and religious liberty ran in the same channel. So we find Mr. Lyon politician as well as preacher, quite ready to defend himself for uttering such names as Brougham and Wellington in the pulpit by references to Rabshakeh and Balaam.

Charlotte Brontë gives us nothing on our subject but a vignette or two etched with extraordinary vigour, and with that gift of visual presentation that marks everything she wrote. Her graphic power in presenting, for instance, a noisy Methodist prayer-meeting is as noteworthy as her inability to get at the true inwardness of it, or of anything else that

did not touch her somewhat narrow sympathies. She is the clergyman's daughter in her appreciation of the conventicle; she is the governess in her descriptions of English social life, and she seldom frees herself from the limits of her circumstances: her field of vision is always limited, now by the horizon visible from the schoolroom, and now by that which bounds the outlook from the rectory. Take this passage:

"Briar Chapel, a large new raw Wesleyan place of worship, rose but a hundred yards distant; and, as there was even now a prayer-meeting being held within its walls, the illumination of its windows cast a bright reflection on the road; while a hymn of a very extraordinary description, such as even a very Quaker might feel himself moved by the Spirit to dance to, roused cheerily all the echoes of the vicinage. The words were distinctly audible by snatches, and the singers passed jauntily from hymn to hymn and from tune to tune with an ease and buoyancy all their own.

"'Oh, who can explain this struggle for life,
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife,
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult and war,
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare.'

"Here followed an interval of clamorous prayer, accompanied by fearful groans. A shout of 'I've found liberty.' 'Doad o' Bill's has found liberty' rung from the chapel, and out the assembly broke again.

"'What a mercy is His, what a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I,
Gathered into Thy fold, with Thy people enrolled,
With Thy people to live and to die.'

"The stanza which followed this, after another and longer interregnum of shouts, yells, ejaculations, frantic cries, agonised groans, seemed to cap the climax of noise and zeal. . . . The roof of the chapel did not fly off, which speaks volumes in praise of its solid slating."

Mrs. Oliphant, in spite of her own statement that she knew nothing about Dissent, devoted two of her most popular books to pictures of life in a Dissenting community. It is worth while to look at them for a moment, for they reflect, if not any very exact knowledge or profound study,

at least the general notions of a large class of people on the subject with which they deal.

The first postulate with which the writer starts is, that a young minister of any intelligence and education, coming as pastor to a small Nonconformist church, must of necessity be devoured by discontent with his lot, and by anxiety to make his way into the society which his views and his occupation would naturally close to him. This is the case with Arthur Vincent in *Salem Chapel*, with Horace Northcote in *Phœbe, Junior*. That any young man in this position could be so moved by the spirit of his office, so anxious for the souls of his people, so interested in his pastoral work, as to have neither time nor thought for the gossip of Grange Lane, never seems to occur to her. And then we are called on to sympathise with these young men in the treatment which they receive at the hands of narrow-minded office-bearers. To the dispassionate reader, on the other hand, it appears that the deacons are not quite fairly dealt with. Horace Northcote comes to Carlingford as a young Boanerges of the Liberation Society, and makes his *début* as a public speaker by an ill-bred personal attack on one of the resident clergy. That the courteous and friendly treatment which he receives from the object of his attack should soften the bitterness of his polemics is all very well, but when it comes to his spending all his available time in dancing attendance on the Rector's daughter, and the consequent neglect of his ministerial duties, we cannot but feel that Mr. Tozer, the butterman, and Mr. Pigeon, the family grocer, are not unreasonable in their complaints.

But the grievance with Mrs. Oliphant, and with other novelists who attempt to depict the life of Dissenting communities, is that such men should have anything to say at all in such a matter. They are never weary of insisting on the humiliating position of dependence in which the Dissenting minister stands to his flock. Mrs. Oliphant brings together the young clergyman, Reginald May, and the young pastor aforesaid, Horace Northcote, on the common ground of Mr. Tozer's parlour. The worthy Tozer is abject in his

demeanour to the clergyman, whom he regards as a being of a loftier race, while he treats Northcote with the easy offensive patronage of the man who pays the piper and calls for the tune; and this, as the novelist points out, though the Nonconformist is as well-bred, and as well-born, as the Churchman, to say nothing of being considerably better off. The household of the minister lives in incessant dread of the opinion of the "flock"; the minister himself dare not call his soul his own. He cannot preach out his message from a full heart, without considering first what will be thought of it by some cantankerous but wealthy pillar of the "cause"; he cannot take an independent, manly line on any question, for fear of a deputation of infuriated deacons, guiltless of "h's," and bearing about with them the atmosphere of the small shop, descending upon him and proposing to cut off his salary. Anyone who knows much of Dissent would recognise the amount of exaggeration that there is in this view. In many Nonconformist Churches—as, for instance, the Methodist Churches – the direct pecuniary dependence of a certain pastor on a certain congregation does not exist; and, even in the Churches where it does, it is not more likely to affect the man of courage and character than the despotism of the local squire to affect the spirit of the village clergyman. No profession is beyond the temptation of truckling to those who hold the purse-strings. The artist may be tempted to flatter the patron, and the author to pander to a depraved public taste; the man of science may be led to sell his knowledge, and the political aspirant his honour. In the Church of England, it is true, the beneficed clergyman enjoys the freehold of his benefice, but it is otherwise with the unbeneficed mass of the clergy; and in all cases there are the various parochial good works dependent on voluntary contributions. Do all these stand outside the humiliating necessities which weigh so heavily, we are told, on the Nonconformist pastor? There is a powerful scene in Anthony Trollope's novel of *Barchester Towers*, which represents Archdeacon Grantly on his knees by the dying bed of his father the Bishop, and unable, even

at that solemn moment, to compose his mind to the thoughts that befit the occasion, because he fears that the Government may be out of office before the Bishop expires, and thus he will lose all chance of being nominated Bishop of Barchester. This appalling conflict of feeling, in the heart of an honest and kindly-natured man, springs from a temptation, which is spared at any rate to the humble pastors of the Voluntary system. As to Dissenting ministers receiving too little respect or consideration from their flock, the general tendency, we believe, is rather the other way. The minister, if he be a worthy representative of his profession, has a double claim on the regard of his people; he represents to them the authority both of conscience and culture; and, on the whole, is more in danger, in his youth especially, of being spoiled by undue adulation, and elevated to the position of a sort of oracle, than of being trampled under foot, and having all the manhood crushed out of him, by illiterate office-bearers.

The minister in any of the Protestant Nonconformist Churches claims no supernatural distinction from his brethren. Nor does he claim the privilege of a higher social rank. Since the introduction of a more democratic element among their congregations has largely destroyed the latter ground of superiority among the clergy of the Church of England, they have fallen back on the former. But the Baptist or Methodist, or Congregational pastor claims to be, not the overlord, but the servant and the representative of his flock, leading their devotions; admitting to the Church on their behalf, as their solemnly-appointed minister, the new converts; and administering in the same capacity the Memorials of their Redemption. More than this, he believes himself to have received a special call from on High to the care and guidance of souls, and to the proclamation of his Master's message. All this, however, does not invalidate the right of the Church to which he ministers through its representative meeting to take an active part in its own government and management. And anyone who knows anything of rural life in England must recognise how largely the capacity for local self-government has been

trained by the important part in Church government which the laity of each congregation are called upon to play. Indeed, as Guizot pointed out long ago, the training of English Presbyterians and Nonconformists to bear a share in the government of their Churches, had much to do in preparing the people of England—without passing through any such Revolution as that of France a hundred years ago —for asserting and working out their civil and religious freedom, and their national self-government. Brother Tozer and Brother Pigeon may be open to caricature, but there is an aspect of their functions which is not without dignity and significance.

Miss Adeline Sergeant, author of that very powerful and painful book, *The Story of a Penitent Soul*, writes of Nonconformity with considerably more knowledge and sympathy than her brilliant compeer. The gloom and self-righteousness into which Puritanism may harden the soul are vividly sketched in Stephen Dart, the minister, while full justice is done to the backbone of rectitude in the man, as shown in his stern yet genuine kindness to his erring sister. In one little scene this "dour" nature is effectively contrasted with the peculiarly radiant saintliness which marked some of the shining lights of the more liberal Evangelical school—I mean the one in which Father Spring, that winning type of the Methodist preacher, expresses his wistful longing for the experience of "perfect love"; while his brother minister replies, with great self-complaisance, "Oh, I have known it from such an hour," quite unregardful of the observant child in the corner who is reckoning up his small domestic sins.

In her clever story, *Esther Denison*, the same writer depicts the development of a girl, "brought up a Methodist," who leaves her parents' Church, not so much on account of any doctrinal difficulty, as from a longing to be in the current of things, to be in the movement, to have a share in what is going on. Such a feeling was more comprehensible in the days when Nonconformists were shut out from the Universities and from public life and practically forced back upon a narrow and retired existence, than it is at present.

Nowadays a Dissenter has practically the same chance as any other man of being "in the movement" if he cares to use it. A woman in a small provincial town or watering-place may find her social horizon somewhat circumscribed by the fact that she goes to chapel instead of to church, but this "light affliction" is the last survival of the disabilities to which our fathers submitted gladly for the sake of principles which were vital to them, whatever they may be to their descendants.

The series of books published under the name of *Mark Rutherford* throws some interesting side-lights on the village Dissent of fifty years ago. The central figure is a youth, brought up and educated in an effete type of Calvinism, who first enters the ministry of his own Church, then becomes a Unitarian preacher, and, finally, sickened with the fruitless negations of the lately adopted system, throws up his position for that of a clerk in a London office, and, gradually, in the midst of his painful struggle for daily bread, wins his way back to faith in the revelation of God in Christ. The author has given a study of the half-educated hypersensitive young man, with his high aspirations, his hunger for affection, his yearning for light, his constant humiliating consciousness of inefficiency, which is painfully arresting in its unadorned sincerity. The autobiography of the hero is a most melancholy, most suggestive piece of work, homely in its expression, delicately subtle in dealing with the refinements of the moral life. One remark, which he makes in connection with a fellow-struggler, might well be applied to himself.

"One reason, as may be conjectured, for his mistakes, was his education in Dissenting Calvinism, a religion which is entirely metaphysical and encourages in everybody a taste for the most tremendous problems. So long as Calvinism is unshaken, the mischief is often not obvious, because a ready solution taken on trust is provided, but when doubts arise the evil results become apparent, and the poor helpless victim, totally at a loss, is torn first in this direction and then in the other, and cannot let these questions alone. He has been taught to believe that they are connected with salvation, and he is compelled to busy himself with them rather than with simple external piety."

Readers of Mrs. Stowe's charming and too much neglected study of New England life, *The Minister's Wooing*, will remember how the whole of the society described is absorbed in theological problems. At social gatherings predestination forms the main topic, and even the farmer's wife, as she kneads up the dough, keeps open on the kitchen table beside her, *Edwards on the Affections*. We need not insist in this place on the good done by the Reformation leaders in throwing the field of theology open even to "the wayfaring man"; but, in casting on the individual the weight that used to be borne by the Church, the new movement placed a heavy burden on feeble minds and sickly consciences. Salvation was no longer attached to the performance of certain ritual acts in connection with an organised community; it depended on that conscious act of the individual known as faith. Similarly, the conscientious Protestant could no longer accept the teaching of an infallible Church; on him lay the onus of giving a reason for the faith that was in him. This is the glory of the Reformed movement; but, like every step in human progress, it claims its victims; the morbid and the feeble "cannot let these questions alone," and are too often crushed by a pressure that they have it not in them to bear.

These books teach the much-needed lesson that formalism is not confined to certain Churches; that revolution from ritual may evolve a ritual of its own, quite as soulless as anything it superseded; and that no branch of the Church of Christ can afford to rest on its laurels, or to go on "in the strength of yesterday's faith, hoping it will come back to-morrow." There is nothing so helplessly dead as the fossilisation of a movement that has once been intensely spiritual. New life may be breathed into ancient forms; but when the revolt against formalism has itself become stereotyped, what hope is there?

This is his description of his theological education:

"The theological and biblical teaching was a sham. We had come to the College, in the first place, to learn the Bible. Our whole existence was in future to be based upon that book;

our lives were to be passed in preaching it. I will venture to say that there was no book less understood either by students or professors. I see the President now, a gentleman with lightish hair, with a most mellifluous voice, and a most pastoral manner, reading his prim little tracts to us, directed against 'the shallow infidel,' who seemed to deny conclusions so obvious that we were certain he could not be sincere. . . . We used a sort of Calvinistic manual, which began by setting forth that mankind was absolutely in God's power. The author then mechanically built up the Calvinistic system step by step, like a house of cards. Systematic theology was the great business of our academical life. We had to read sermons to the President in class, and no sermon was considered complete and proper unless it unfolded what was called the scheme of redemption from beginning to end. So it came to pass that about the Bible, as I have already said, we were in darkness. It was a magazine of texts, and those portions of it which contributed nothing in the shape of texts, or formed no part of the scheme, were neglected. In after years . . . the Bible was really opened to me, and became what it is now, the most precious of books. The society among the students was very poor. Not a single friendship formed then has remained with me. They were mostly young men of no education, who had been taken from the counter, and their spiritual life was not very deep. In many of them it did not even exist, and their whole attention was absorbed upon their chances of getting wealthy congregations or making desirable matches. . . . I cannot call to mind a single conversation on any but the most trivial topics, nor did our talk ever turn upon religion, so far as it was a thing affecting the soul, but only upon it as something subsidiary to chapels, 'causes,' deacons, and the like."

But that even under such a system, and with such teachers, the peace of God may descend upon the soul of the truly earnest seeker after God, is made clear in the sequel of the story. Let us quote the experience of one of the members of the small Calvinistic meeting-house, of which so unattractive a description is given in the opening pages of *Mark Rutherford*:

"During almost the whole of her married life, Mrs. Butts had had much trouble. She was much by herself, and she naturally turned to the Bible. In the Gospel of St. Luke she read that she was to hope for nothing again from her love, and that she was to be merciful, as her Father in heaven is merciful. That is really the expression of the *idea* in morality. Christ always taught it, the inward born, the heavenly law, towards which

everything strives. . . . It must be admitted, too, that the Calvinism of that day had a powerful influence in helping men and women to endure, although I object to giving the name of Calvin to a philosophy which is a necessity in all ages. 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?—and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.' This is the last word which can be said. Nothing can go beyond it, and at times it is the only ground which we do not feel shake under our feet. All life is summed up, and due account taken of it, according to its degree. Mrs. Butts' Calvinism, however, hardly took the usual dogmatic form. She was too simple to penetrate the depths of metaphysical theology; and she would never have dared to set down any of her fellow creatures as irrevocably lost. But she fully understood what St. Paul means when he tells the Thessalonians that, because they were called, therefore they were to stand fast. She thought with Paul that being called, having a duty plainly laid upon her, being bidden as by a general to do something, she ought to stand fast; and she stood fast, supported by the consciousness of fulfilling the special orders of one who was her superior. There is no doubt that this dogma of a personal calling is a great consolation and a great truth. Looking at the masses of humanity, driven this way and that way, the Christian teaching is apt to be forgotten that, for each individual soul, there is a vocation as real as if that soul were alone upon the planet.

"This has been a long digression which I did not intend; but I could not help it. I was anxious to show how Mrs. Butts met her trouble through her religion. The Apostle says that 'they drank of the spiritual Rock which followed them, and that Rock was Christ.' That was true of her. The way through the desert was not annihilated; the path remained stony and sore to the feet, but it was accompanied to the end by a sweet stream to which she could turn aside, and from which she could obtain refreshment and strength."

Some of the most brilliant of our short story writers have dealt with Nonconformity in various parts of England as one of the elements of local colour in which they are so prodigal. In several of "Q's" clever and fantastic sketches we are made to feel the part that it plays in the life of the Cornish fisherman or miner, with his strange mingling of austerity and passion. The same may be said of the pictures of West-country life in the novels of the two Kingsleys and of "Lucas Malet." In the tales of that gifted young writer, H. D. Lowry, the religious element has even a stronger place. Few things in the kind of literature to which it

belongs are more exquisite than his story of the brave and faithful woman whose devotion had saved her husband from the madhouse. He had never been much but a drag on her superior energy, we gather :

"he was hardly ever asked to give his experience in class-meeting, and no one attended very closely when he did speak. On the still rarer occasions when he was called upon to pray, his utterances were a mere excuse for devout exclamations on the part of all the others. He did pray, certainly, but John Pendry helped him out so often with cries of 'Ah, that's true,' 'Amen, Lord,' that David's voice was lost entirely. No incivility was intended ; it came natural to a strong man who saw David in a place of responsibility to hurry to his relief."

Then he goes on to describe the gradual weakening of the poor fellow's intellect, until at last he comes home "mazed," hopelessly imbecile, to the day of his death.

"Ten years later, Betty lay dying, and to the lady who sat with her, she told, for the first time, the story of those two awful years. It happened in this way. She was enumerating the great and manifold mercies vouchsafed to her throughout her life; and, as the current of thankfulness welled up in her, she broke silence and spoke of God's crowning mercy, and how He had granted her strength through those dark years, to save her husband from the horrors of the workhouse."

It is the mission and the glory of the writer of fiction not to improve on the facts of life, but to do justice to them, to see and reveal to an unobserving world the virtues and heroisms of humble souls like this. It is their task to discover the soul of beauty, the significance and power, that may lurk in things so hopelessly common to the casual eye as even the village chapel, which was only a cottage in the beginning, but where the people who worshipped in it, from generation to generation, learned the secret of strength, having "at the root of their natures an awful faith in God."

A leading Victorian novelist has summed up the essence of Nonconformity as "a desire to be better than one's neighbours." This reduction of all the varied movements of the different Churches outside the Establishment to "pure cussedness" has its comical side. It evidently does not

occur to such critics that there can be any difference in religious matters for which any sensible man would sacrifice the comforts and advantages of Conformity. "The grasp of the truth on us, that men are willing to die for," has no significance for them; and that those whose fathers endured the loss of all things for the sake of a compelling belief, should feel bound to stand by their creed and respect their memory, is also "not dreamt of in their philosophy." To such minds Dissent as a field for serious fiction—for anything that transcends the caricature of certain superficial peculiarities—does not and cannot appeal.

No one disputes the picturesque quality of the village church. What a subject for the artist or the poet is that venerable grey tower, that roof spotted with the lichen stain of centuries, the carved effigy of the Crusader in the chancel niche within, while all about in the still churchyard, under the solemn shade of immemorial yews,

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The bare, unsightly, barn-like meeting-house comes badly off in comparison. Yet even this, rightly viewed, has a poetry of its own. Whether it be the plain brick building, grimed with city smoke, built in a back street in the persecuting days, when to be seen entering it was a crime, or whether it be some village sanctuary on a Yorkshire or Lancashire upland among the stone-dyked fields—it represents an amount of humble sacrifice and devotion known only to God. Many silent tragedies have been enacted within those whitewashed walls; and, through the homely worship of the place, hundreds of simple souls have learned, in the exquisite phrase of the Belgian mystic, "to turn into beauty the little things that are given them." It is surely no mean vocation to interpret lovingly and truly, as many of the ablest among our younger writers are doing, the joys and sorrows, the temptations and consolations of these hidden lives, to which, perhaps, most of us owe more than we ever suspect of our own prosperity and peace.

ART. V.—THE CHURCH OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Christian Ecclesia: A Course of Lectures on the Early History and Early Conceptions of the Ecclesia. By F. T. A. HORT, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 1897.

IT is interesting to watch how the controversies of generations are being settled by the use of the historic method. Time-honoured, plausible arguments which proceeded upon the convenient plan of getting your theory first and fitting in your facts—or some of them—afterwards, have disappeared before the action of this most potent solvent. This was one of Carlyle's chief virtues as historian. Not his vivid imagination, which often misled his readers; not his graphic style, which palls in sustained narration; but his indomitable perseverance in getting at the facts, and making them live, forms his chief title to honour. That things happened thus, and not thus, is often the best, the only foundation on which to build. The facts may be difficult to ascertain; the more reason why such as can clearly be proved should be clearly laid down, and no others invented to fill up gaps. History will not do everything, but over a wide area of human study knowledge of history, exact, accurate, incontrovertible, is the gate through which one must enter upon any field that is to be thoroughly mastered.

If these commonplace maxims had always been duly observed, from how much fruitless theological controversy should we have been preserved! This is true in a pre-eminent degree of controversies concerning ecclesiastical polity. Two or three blows of a deftly-wielded axe will cut down quantities of tangled brushwood and clear the way through a thicket of misunderstanding, so that opponents may at least see in what and why they differ. For example, let such questions as the following be clearly answered on both sides by those who differ concerning the true Church

of Christ on earth. First, what is the standard of appeal; Scripture only, or Scripture *plus* more or less of ecclesiastical tradition? It is vain to argue till this question is settled. Secondly, in what sense is Scripture a standard? Does it prescribe an exact form of Church government for all time, or lay down principles which may receive most various illustration under varying circumstances? And thirdly, in order rightly to answer the other two questions, What was the precise history, so far as we know it, of the Church of the New Testament?

Those who would answer the last question can hardly have a better guide than Dr. Hort. Nothing so valuable as this posthumous treatise has appeared since the publication of Bishop Lightfoot's famous essay on the Christian Ministry. The two compositions come from the same workshop, are fashioned in the same mould, and lead to the same incontrovertible conclusions. The lectures here reproduced were not prepared by Dr. Hort for the press. Perhaps, even if he had lived another half century, they would never have seen the light; so fastidious was he about his work, so anxious that everything which ought to be said upon his subject should be said and said aright. But the torso possesses a certain completeness of its own. The limb is complete, if not the whole body; and what wonderful modelling it exhibits! The author examines only the evidence of the New Testament concerning the *Origines* of the Christian Church, but all other evidence is unimportant in comparison with this, and the examination into all its bearings is conducted with a quiet thoroughness which reveals the master-hand. Students who would learn how to handle questions of Biblical Theology should read and re-read this golden little treatise. If they are repelled at first by the dry, cold treatment of a great theme, the more reason why they should persevere; they will learn what should be left out of a scientific enquiry in Biblical research, as well as what should be included in it. Dr. Hort teaches more by the way in which he handles a slight variation of reading than ordinary lecturers in pages of diffuse rhetoric. And if any

one would learn how *not* to conduct such an enquiry as is here pursued, let him turn to Canon Gore's *The Church and the Ministry*. This able writer takes the high *à priori* road for an excellent reason—it is the only way to the goal he has determined to reach. He begins by saying—Let it be supposed that Christ laid down such and such a constitution for His Church, and that the Apostles received and handed it on, then how admirably would all this correspond with the principles of the Incarnation, the Sacraments—and so forth. Dr. Hort was, in a sense, a High Churchman, as readers of his Letters well know; but as scientific theologian he knows no ecclesiastical theories. It is his business to trace history as revealed by documents, and he is quite prepared to go (as Socrates so often says in Plato) whither the argument carries him. What the argument in this case is, and whither it will carry those who candidly trust themselves to its guidance, we proceed briefly to show.

The choice of title is significant. Dr. Hort will not use the word "Church" because of the associations which it necessarily carries with it, and it is part of his method to employ colourless words, lest the simplicity of the dry light of science should be impaired. It is further characteristic of the historic method that the use of the term *Ecclesia* and its Hebrew progenitors in the Old Testament should be carefully studied in order that the reader of the New may understand the connotation of the term in the Gospels and the Epistles. Our Lord's great utterance on the subject in Matt. xvi. 18 is expounded with a simplicity and directness to which only a master of exegesis could attain. Dr. Hort says that if we might read for the moment, "on this rock I will build My Israel," the impression produced on our minds would approximate to that produced on the minds of the Apostles by what must have been to them an enigmatic utterance. Word by word Dr. Hort builds up his exposition of this great passage. Into the details we cannot follow him, but on the vexed question of Peter's place in the Church, he says :

"I believe the most obvious interpretation of this famous

phrase is the true one. St. Peter himself, yet not exclusively St. Peter but the other disciples of whom he was then the spokesman and interpreter, and should hereafter be the leader, was the rock which Christ had here in view."

But it should be carefully noted that

"it was no question of an authority given to St. Peter—still less of an authority which should be transmitted by St. Peter to others. The whole was a matter of personal or individual qualifications and personal or individual work. The outburst of keenly perceptive faith had now at last shown St. Peter, carrying with him the rest, to have the prime qualification for the task which his Lord contemplated for him."

Whoever will carefully read over three or four times the piece of exegesis of which the above is the gist, will see how simply and easily the historic method unties knots and tangles which generations of theological disputants have woven round this cardinal utterance of Christ concerning His Church.

It is no part of our object to trace out all the steps by which Dr. Hort leads patiently up to his conclusions. We may note in passing, however, that the term Apostle was not used of the Twelve during our Lord's lifetime to describe an habitual relation, but only a temporary mission. "Discipleship, not Apostleship, was the primary active function, so to speak, of the Twelve till the Ascension, and, as we shall see, it remained always their fundamental function." In the Acts of the Apostles a change passes over the connotation of the word, which Dr. Hort duly notes and uses. The universality of the new Apostolic mission and its work of bearing witness are the features upon which he dwells, and he well shows how the whole meaning of witness-bearing lay in the immediate and unique experience of the men who had "companied" with Christ from the beginning, and how accordingly their position is unique and their office incommunicable. A whole tissue of theories concerning "Apostolic succession" disappears when the bearings of this fact are rightly apprehended and applied.

The course of Dr. Hort's exposition can only be traced in

its outlines. The earliest stage of all, that described in Acts ii. 41—47, is full of interest. We can hardly agree with the learned author that the *κοινωνία* of ver. 42, translated "fellowship" in Revised Version, is to be understood as "conduct expressive of and resulting from the strong sense of fellowship with the other members of the brotherhood, probably public acts by which the rich bore some of the burdens of the poor." This rendering, it is true, is supported by occasional usage both of noun and verb, and has been adopted by some high authorities. But the word *κοινωνία* is too large and rich, when used absolutely, to be thus narrowed down to such expression of fellowship only as is implied in giving and receiving. We can follow Dr. Hort with less hesitation when he makes a passing note upon the *τοὺς σωζομένους* of ver. 47. He translates, "And the Lord added to their company day by day them that were saved (or Revised Version 'were being saved')—neither rendering satisfactory." Those who begrudge attention paid to details of exposition may well consider for a moment how much depends in this instance upon the exact rendering of the present participle in Greek. No one would now defend the Authorised Version translation, "Such as should be saved," but its adoption, for some centuries has been seriously misleading. Dr. Hort's comment is perfectly just: no English tense gives the precise meaning, yet how important is a right understanding of the relation existing between "salvation" and a joining of the company of the infant Ecclesia!

At the very opening, however, of the history, it is made abundantly clear that the condition of entrance into the Christian community was personal faith in a personal Christ, a once crucified, now risen and ascended Saviour. Equally clear is it that this strongly individual condition of membership is balanced by the fact that the life lived was one of close community, each member holding himself and his possessions (within limits) as a kind of sacred trust to be employed for the good of all. By what stages did the little community, consisting at first of scores and then of a few

hundreds or thousands, develop into that Church of Christ which, before the canon of the New Testament closed, had spread over the area of the known world? Dr Hort says:

"at first the oneness of the Ecclesia is a visible fact due simply to its limitation to the one city of Jerusalem. Presently it enlarges and includes all the Holy Land, becoming ideally conterminous with the Jewish Ecclesia. But at length discipleship on a large scale springs up at Antioch, and so we have a new Ecclesia."

These Churches remain distinct, though in close and friendly relation with one another. Then the Ecclesia of Antioch sends forth Paul and Barnabas, who go first to the Jews of the Dispersion, and afterwards to the Gentiles, constituting communities of their converts, under Elders, and so there arises a multiplication of Ecclesiæ. It must be very carefully noted, however, that

"we find St. Paul cultivating the friendliest relations between these different bodies, and sometimes in language grouping together those of a single region; but we do not find him establishing or noticing any formal connection between those of one region or between all generally."

In what sense, then, is unity recognised? Dr. Hort holds, and proves by his patient examination of passages, that only towards the close of St. Paul's life, in the Epistles of the imprisonment, is this real and interior One-ness made clear and prominent. When the danger of schism between Judaic and Gentilic elements had been, largely through his instrumentality, averted, St. Paul could expatiate with satisfaction and fulness upon the true, underlying unity of all these widely-scattered communities. Most instructive is it that he does not point to organisation or any external marks of unity, neither to a head at Jerusalem, nor at Antioch, nor at Rome. It is a spiritual unity in which this most spiritual of teachers glories.

"Finally, in Ephesians and partly Colossians, he does from his Roman habitation not only set forth emphatically the unity of the whole body, but expatiate in mystic language on its spiritual relation to its unseen Head, catching up and carrying

on the language of prophets about the ancient Israel as the bride of Jehovah, and suggest that this one Ecclesia, now sealed as one by the creating of the two peoples into one, is God's primary agent in His ever expanding counsels towards mankind."

Here, again, doctrinal results of importance follow from a careful study of words and particles. Those who have given most attention to the subject will most fully appreciate the excellence of Dr. Hort's analysis of the usage of *ἐκκλησία* in the New Testament. In the most exhaustive way he examines it in singular and in plural, with and without the article, with dependent genitive and prepositional clause, as used with adjuncts and absolutely. No hasty generalisation from one or two passages made by a convinced High Churchman who reads into the text his own view of what would "correspond with the Incarnation and the Sacraments," can stand for a moment in comparison with such scientific exegesis. Dr. Hort is absolutely fearless. Episcopalian as he is—High Churchman in some respects—he shrinks from no conclusions to which an examination of the facts leads him. If he holds that Episcopacy is of the *bene esse* or even of the *esse* of the Church to-day, he will not hint at its probable existence in the Church of the New Testament, where he does not distinctly find it. If he thinks organisation of a certain kind important, he will not say that the Apostles instituted it, or may have instituted it, or cannot but have instituted it. In one place we read :

"nothing has perhaps been more prominent in our examination of the Ecclesiæ of the Apostolic age than the fact that the Ecclesia itself, *i.e.*, apparently the sum of all its male adult members, is the primary body, and it would seem, even the primary authority."

It may be said this is Congregationalism, pure and unadulterated. Be it so, says the historian, if the facts of the New Testament point to such a conclusion. But such a conclusion is not yet actually reached ; the whole enquiry is not complete. One step at a time. If Congregationalism implies that the Church of Christ for all time must exhibit the comparatively structureless condition of its earliest stage,

we are far from having reached such a position. But if the above are the facts of New Testament history, it follows, says Dr. Hort, that the principle of constitution thus laid down can never be ruled out as obsolete. "We cannot properly speak of an organisation of a community from which the greater part of its members are excluded." There is no warrant in the New Testament for that most mischievous identification of the Church with the clergy, which has done more to narrow the scope and pervert the aims of corporate Christianity than perhaps any error in history. "The true way, the Apostolic way," says Dr. Hort, "of regarding offices or officers in the Ecclesia is to regard them as organs of its corporate life for special purposes," and if this lesson of history were once truly learned, a large proportion of the figments of Roman and Anglo-Catholicism would disappear.

Dr. Hort's conclusions as to the officers existing in New Testament times and the nature of the iroffice, are his own, and may not carry universal conviction with them. The Apostles, he says—and here we heartily agree with him—were not in any proper sense officers of the Ecclesia. Their position was unique and they have no successors. The Seven, whose appointment is recorded in Acts vi., were chosen for "a strictly subordinate and external function, though men of wisdom and a holy spirit were needed for it." The "deacons" mentioned in some of the Epistles held, not so much the same, as a partly analogous office. So far the course is tolerably clear; nor will there be much difference of opinion as to the institution of the Elders, which obtained almost from the very first, and to all appearance universally. Dr. Hort goes on to say:

"Of officers higher than Elders we find nothing that points to an institution or system, nothing like the Episcopal system of later times. In the New Testament the word ἐπίσκοπος as applied to men, mainly if not always, is *not* a title, but a description of the Elder's function."

With the former of these statements we fully agree, about the latter we are more than doubtful.

The important point, of course, is the recognition that no institution of diocesan episcopacy, hardly even in its beginnings, is discernible in the New Testament. Hort here agrees with Lightfoot, though the conclusion is reached by a different path and expressed in different words. Whatever the New Testament ἐπίσκοπος was, he was not a bishop of a diocese, nor is any such official discernible in the Acts or Epistles. On the other hand, it is by no means clear that the word only describes a function, not a functionary. It is very dangerous to differ from Dr. Hort, but his arguments have not convinced us. Beginning with Acts xx. 28, he argues that the phrase "in which the Holy Spirit set you as ἐπισκόπους," is much more appropriately understood as describing the Elders' duty than as a second title. So far we agree, though we could hardly say that this meaning of overseer "*alone* gives a clear sense here." It is otherwise, however, in Phil. i. 1, where the salutation addressed to the saints "with the *episcopoi* and *diakonoi*" is far more readily understood if the two latter words describe officers. The passage (1 Tim. iii.) stands between these two, though we think it supports the usage of Phil. i. 1 more fully than that of Acts xx. 28. The subsequent use of the word in Clement and the Didaché is surely also in favour of our understanding ἐπίσκοπος to be a recognised title of office. "Choose for yourselves, as *episcopoi* and *diakonoi*, men worthy of the Lord, meek," &c., we read in the fifteenth chapter of the Didaché, but arguments derived from later usage must be applied with great caution. With so narrow an area of passages on which to found our induction, it is perhaps impossible to determine how soon the word "overseer" passed from a designation of part of the Elder's function to be a recognised name of the officer as such; nor is it of the highest importance to decide this point. Dr. Hort, however, has not shaken our conviction that the Elder or presbyter of the New Testament was also known as "bishop"; and that this accounts for the fact that, as Lightfoot puts it,

"the Episcopate was formed, not out of the Apostolic order by

localisation, but out of the presbyteral by elevation; and the title, which originally was common to all, came at length to be appropriated to the chief among them."

Is there, then, no trace of the highest of "the three orders" in the New Testament? Congregationalism we have found, in some at least of its principles; Presbyterianism also; is Episcopalianism entirely absent? Dr. Hort's answer is:

"the monarchical principle, which is the essence of Episcopacy, receives in the Apostolic age a practical, though a limited recognition, not so much in the absolutely exceptional position of St. Peter in the early days at Jerusalem, or the equally exceptional position of St. Paul throughout the Ecclesiæ of his own foundation, as in the position ultimately held by St. James at Jerusalem, and also to a limited extent in the temporary functions entrusted by St. Paul to Timothy and Titus, when he left them behind for a little while to complete arrangements begun by himself at Ephesus and in Crete respectively."

The reader will notice the care with which this sentence is framed. From the examples of St. Peter and St. Paul we can learn nothing concerning the ordinary principles of Church government, since their case was exceptional and peculiar. From the cases of Timothy and Titus we learn little, since their functions were temporary and they were deputies only. Thus the historian strengthens us against the presumptions of the theological theoriser.

The position of St. James at Jerusalem receives full and careful consideration at the hands of Dr. Hort. He defines it as "a peculiar function founded on peculiar qualifications." He knows better than to commit the anachronism of styling James "Bishop of Jerusalem." He does not think that he presided at the memorable conference described in Acts xv. He interprets the ἐγὼ κρίνω of ver. 19, not as an authoritative judgment, but as the expression of an individual opinion which, from the special circumstances, had great weight with the assembly. "The sense is doubtless, 'I for my part judge'; 'This is my vote,' as we should say." Hort holds, however, that James did exercise a kind of local charge in Jerusalem, to which we have no parallel elsewhere,

and that this tended to become "more distinct, and, so to speak, monarchical, when the other Apostles were absent from Jerusalem." From this, it is clear, only very slender arguments can be drawn as to the desirability of "monarchical" government in the Church.

The fact is that the real strength of the arguments for diocesan Episcopacy lies elsewhere. When High Anglicans attempt to find this mode of government in the New Testament, and to show that it is essential to the very existence of a Church in every age, their arguments are feeble and futile in the extreme. When they point to its very early origin, its wide acceptance before the middle of the second century, its probable rise in sub-Apostolic times, the invaluable help given by it to the Church at certain periods of severe conflict, its all but necessity during several centuries of ecclesiastical life, their position is unassailable. As *a* form of Church government, always permissible, often most useful, and sometimes almost indispensable, Episcopacy can easily vindicate itself. As *the* Divinely prescribed form of Church government, without which there can be no "priesthood," no sacraments, no grace and no salvation, Episcopalian theorising can only be a laughing-stock to any one who knows his New Testament, and trusts to it as a sufficient guide in these matters. Neither Christ nor His Apostles have prescribed any form or order of Ecclesiastical polity. "That which is best administered is best," and Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Congregationalism—and Methodism, which is identical with none of these—may all alike find sanction for some of their principles in the Acts and the Epistles, as all alike have been favoured by the presence and blessing of the Divine Spirit in their very various attempts at establishing and extending the Kingdom of Christ in the earth.

We have said that the volume before us is a fragment. It completes the most important part of Dr. Hort's design, the examination of the New Testament evidence as to the growth of the Christian Ecclesia. He had intended further to deal in full with the ecclesiastical problems of the second century, with the evidence of Clement and Hermas, the

Didaché, Justin, Ignatius and the rest. This part of his work was never completed; would that he had lived to give it to the world! As is his wont, however, in half a page he sheds a flood of light upon difficult problems by putting his readers at the right point of view for regarding them. Dr. Hort holds that the controversial differences of later days had their root in the actual experiences of the times, and in "the natural falling apart of ideas which in the Apostolic writings are combined and complementary to each other." Let the reader carefully consider how much of suggestion lies in the following pregnant hints:

"Think of the different lights," says Dr. Hort, "in which Church membership might naturally present itself, first when Christians were only scattered sojourners in the midst of a suspicious and often hostile population; next, when they had become, though a minority, yet an important and tolerated minority; then when they were set on a place of vantage by the civil power, and so were increased by hosts of mere time servers; and lastly, when they had come to constitute practically the whole population, and a Christian world had come into existence. The fundamental perplexing fact throughout was the paradox of a holy Ecclesia, consisting in part of men very unholy."

With such an Ariadne clue, it becomes comparatively easy to thread the labyrinth of controversies represented by Montanism, Novatianism, and Donatism, while the action of the Church "catholic," at first sight variable and somewhat inconsistent, becomes clear and intelligible.

But this lies far beyond the scope of the present article. We have done but imperfect justice to the book on which we have been commenting, but shall feel that we have earned the thanks of readers who may be induced by the sketch we have given to turn to the book itself and study it carefully. The chief value of the work in these days is that coming from a devoted Episcopalian, it protests against the use of unsound arguments to prop up Episcopacy. It points out

"the futility of endeavouring to make the Apostolic history into a set of authoritative precedents, to be rigorously copied

without regard to time and place, thus turning the Gospel into a second Levitical code."

It urges, what cannot be too strenuously urged in these or in any times, that in the New Testament we have a most instructive record of principles and purposes, which is to be used throughout the generations in the spirit, not of the Old Covenant, but of the New, to which it belongs. The Holy Spirit is vouchsafed to the Church, not for one age only, but for all time. Generation by generation the inspired record of the establishment and early growth of the Christian Ecclesia is to be used as a living guide for a living Church, not as a rigid code for ecclesiastical formalists. The Church of the living God has new conditions to cope with and new demands to meet, in carrying on the work which her Divine Master has entrusted to her, and no one who thoroughly understands Him and His teaching can believe that He intended to fetter His followers in all ages by one unvarying form of ecclesiastical order. We end where we began this article, but in Dr. Hort's words, not our own, and their importance deserves that they be italicised—"*The lesson-book of the Ecclesia, and of every Ecclesia, is not a law but a history.*"

ART. VI.—MRS. OLIPHANT: AN APPRECIATION.

THE death of Mrs. Oliphant, coming as it did in the midst of the Jubilee festivities of last summer, means more to us than the loss of a delightful and accomplished writer: it is, in some sense, the close of an epoch. Her literary activity had very nearly coincided with the Queen's reign. At the time when George Eliot's first story appeared in *Blackwood*, she was already a power in the world of letters; and yet it seems but yesterday that we were all reading a new story from her pen—a story more distinctive

of her best style than anything that she had for some time given to the world. Few writers of either sex can look back on so long a record of work, often brilliant, always able and conscientious, and throughout successful. Her fertility as an author was marvellous. It is said that one day, at her own house, some members of her family and Anthony Trollope, who was one of her personal friends, were numbering her published works against his, in playful rivalry, and even the Chronicler of Barset, with so many volumes to his credit, had to own himself defeated. But what is more remarkable than the number of her books is the average level of excellence attained in them. They were not all inspired by the afflatus of the artist. Some of them, indeed, are mere bits of literary taskwork. But even the taskwork is solid, skilful, competent; the work of a master of the craft. Mrs. Oliphant's novels are the best known part of her work, but they are far from representing the whole of it. There was hardly any *genre* that she did not attempt. In biography, with her lives of Edward Irving and Laurence Oliphant, she showed no mean skill in sympathetic portraiture: her *Makers of Venice* and *Royal Edinburgh*, with other books of that class, would in themselves have made the reputation of another woman, and no one who wishes to arrive at a fair estimate of her talents should forget the admirable critical work which appeared anonymously in the pages of *Blackwood*. She was a supremely capable woman in many fields of literature, though it was in fiction that her best work was done.

People of course are asking themselves the question, how much of all this mass of work is likely to be permanent. Mrs. Oliphant's warmest admirers could not claim for her, what she, with that eminently just and sane view of her own powers which always distinguished her, would never have thought of claiming for herself, the rank of one of the great creative novelists. She is a delightful story-teller, but her *dramatis personæ*, with rare exceptions, do not dwell with us and become the friends of our imagination, as do Scott's Border Farmers, or Miss Austen's spinsters, or

Mrs. Poyser, or Pendennis or Mr. Micawber. What attracts one most in her books is the "criticism of life": the touch of her own personality in all she writes—a wise, a gracious, a delightfully humane personality, the more attractive from its very limitations. She never puts her characters impersonally before us. She tells us about them, with pleasant thoughtful comments, taking us into confidence about them as she goes along, discussing them and their mistakes and sorrows, follies and absurdities, now with gentle satire, now with rare and delicate sympathy. The title of "The Looker-on," under which she wrote a good deal for *Blackwood*, suggests this quality of her work, in which there was as much observation and social criticism as imagination. Her style helps the illusion. It is not academic, not unfrequently indeed a little careless; but it is natural, well-bred, picturesque, with the easy conversational accent of a woman of the world. So for fifty years she went on picturing, describing, discussing the life about her with an unfailing warmth of interest; and in her completed work we get a picture that it would be hard to match of the social conditions of the last fifty years.

There was a dramatic fitness in the fact that her career closed just when it did. She was a characteristic product of the Victorian age. The ends of that age have come upon us, and how she would have borne the new æon we cannot tell. It is certain that many of its developments, so far as they have announced themselves at present, were not at all to her mind. It was well for her, doubtless, that she passed away as she did, at the close of an era which she had done so much not only to chronicle but to adorn, while her skill had suffered no diminution nor "her natural force abated."

But if her personality thus revealed itself in her work, it was unconsciously done. In an age of blatant self-advertising, nothing was more admirable about Mrs. Oliphant than the dignified and womanly reserve which she maintained. Any kind of purposeful self-revelation was repugnant to her, and if ever she wrote freely of herself,

it was almost always when sheltered behind the veil of anonymity.

Margaret Oliphant Wilson came, as her country-people say, of "kent folk," simple, worthy, intelligent Scottish people of the middle class. Her mother, like Sir Walter Scott's, was a delightful, racy *raconteur*, with an endless store of family history and legend, and it was from her that the little Margaret learned not merely many of the stories with which she afterwards delighted the world, but the art of the tale-teller itself. The child does not appear to have had much systematic education; but she was one of those born bookworms and browsers in libraries, whose natural hunger for the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge nothing can restrain. She must have been the more shut up to books and the society of her mother by the fact that she was the youngest of the family by some years and that the two elder children were boys.

In a pleasant chapter of reminiscences, contributed to a late number of *Blackwood*, Mrs. Oliphant describes her first remembered journey—the trip from Edinburgh to Glasgow, which is now made in an hour. Then it was an affair of a canal boat and took the greater part of the day, from the dark of the winter morning to the evening dusk, "with scattered wind-blown lights along the quay" when she arrived.

"At Falkirk I think the party changed into another boat, which was lively with red and green paint, and in which a warm stove was alight. . . . There was also a table covered with newspapers. Do not suppose that there were picture papers in those days; a penny magazine with a print of a steam-engine was the highest effort of the periodical press. But the journey all the same ended in triumph and happiness, all the little world of passengers applauding her proficiency in letters—for our young friend could read."

Evidently drawn from personal recollection is another picture of a middle-class home in early Victorian days:

"With the two candles on the table, the one weekly newspaper, the anxious look-out for franks, the occasional journey in a stuffy coach or slow canal boat. Through the interior of the house, persons passing from one room to another carried a

candle, and little children, not trusted with such aids, flew breathless with beating hearts, every run from the parlour to the nursery being haunted with horror through the dark passages.

"When the Queen came to the throne most of the rooms were furnished with black haircloth, covering their chairs and sofas, blocks of mahogany—sideboards, catafalques—against the walls. Moreen curtains, stiff as so many boards, hung straight over the windows. Who invented that extinct material we know not, any more than who invented black haircloth; but in the forties they were both in full possession of the domestic hearth. We believe the atrocious invention of antimacassars (still surviving under the more human title of chairbacks) arose from a despairing attempt to mitigate the horrors of the black haircloth sofa, which pricked the cheek of anyone who ventured to repose upon it, and the so-called easy chairs, which peopled with blackness the unhappy room. Young ladies executed with pride these awful works in the early days of Victoria. . . . I remember a bed in those days with solemn dark-red moreen curtains drawn round it, which a wicked wit somewhat profanely called, the 'field to bury strangers in,' seeing it was in the special guest-chamber, the best room of the house. Such was the aspect of the dwelling in early Victorian days."

In spite of the moreen and the funereal haircloth, Margaret Wilson could look back upon a happy childhood. When she was about eight years old the family removed to Liverpool. Her literary gift developed unusually early, and at the age of eighteen she had finished what was a very remarkable performance for a girl of that age, the novel of *Margaret Maitland*. In one of her early books there is a pretty sketch, evidently taken from personal experience, of a girl novelist, working at her stories in the odd moments that came in the midst of her household duties, not by stealth, as Jane Austen did, lest she should be detected in a pursuit that savoured of the blue-stocking; but amid the cordial sympathy of the home circle, the father calling out, as he settles to the fire after the day's work, "Now, child, read us some more of your nonsense," and the rest of the party more respectful and equally interested. Then the elder brother, carrying away the parcel to a publisher, wrapped up in brown paper, the wild scene of delight when the note of acceptance arrives, and the excitement and interest

over the proofs—all this is a transcript of actual experience.

Even at this date, the reflections and experiences of Mrs. Margaret Maitland are very pleasant reading. The character of the old Scottish gentlewoman, with her pride and her piety, her tender charity and her array of little old-world prejudices, is a distinct achievement in its way, while the old Scottish peasant people are—and continued to be in all Mrs. Oliphant's books—altogether admirable. The adventures of the nominal heroine are very much in the style of the current fiction of the time; there is an injured orphan and a group of unnatural relatives with designs on her property; a true lover of modest rank, and a wealthy but objectionable baronet by way of a rival. But, in spite of these marks of juvenility, the book is saved by its genuine pathos, humour and observation. It was a wholesome and charming contrast to the washy sentiment and coarse extravaganza which to a great extent represented the early Victorian novel, between Jane Austen and Thackeray.

Shortly after her first success, Miss Wilson married her cousin, Francis Oliphant, and settled with him in London. He was an artist and designer of stained glass—an amiable, enthusiastic, somewhat unpractical and ineffective man. One of Mrs. Oliphant's novels, *The Three Brothers*, contains some pleasant sketches of artist life, which may well have been suggested by these early experiences. She went on writing steadily, but, except for a little Scotch idyll, *Katie Stewart*, produced for some time nothing so good as her first attempt. By this time her life-long connection with the great publishing house of Blackwoods had commenced. Soon after her literary *debut*, she was introduced by "Delta" (D. M. Moir), a distinguished contributor on the staff of *Maga*, to the great Christopher North. "So long as she is young and happy work will do her no harm," was the verdict of that literary dictator. And indeed those days seem to have been happy. "My soul is prodigal of hope," she wrote in a little poem published about that time. True woman, as she was true artist, she found infinite delight in

her little children and her home; and if this was not enough she had the keener and more stimulating pleasures and interests of a successful literary career. The Blackwoods were among her warmest admirers and kindest friends. "I am going to dine with Katie Stewart," one of them wrote from London, calling her, as they often did, after one of her own heroines.

But in a few years the shadows, that never wholly lifted to the end of her long life, began to darken about her. Mr. Oliphant's health gave way, and he was ordered to Italy. After travelling about for some time, they finally settled in Rome, and here in 1859 Mr. Oliphant died, six weeks before the birth of his youngest child. One hardly knows whether or not to reckon it an alleviation, or an aggravation, of this terrible trial, that all through his long illness Mrs. Oliphant's powers were tasked to provide the needful means of living. It may be a blessing when one has not leisure to weep, but one shudders at the idea of a novel in three volumes written, from beginning to end, in six weeks by the bedside of a dying husband, under such circumstances, and with the knowledge that the writer would have thenceforth to fight the world for herself and her three little ones.

The young widow took her babies home to Scotland confiding, with every reason, in the friendship of the Blackwoods. It was not strange that the strain through which she had passed should have told upon her powers, and the time came when the firm had to express, very reluctantly one may be sure, the disappointment which her contributions were causing them. It must have seemed to the tired worker almost like her sentence of death. But the very sharpness of the stroke seems to have stimulated her mind to fresh activity; she sat down that same evening, it is said, and began the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, the work by which she is still best known.

The *Chronicles of Carlingford* was a success from the first, and established her position among the foremost of contemporary writers. In the books of this series and those that follow there is a certainty and definiteness, a sureness

of handling, as of one who has found herself and her true field, which marks them out from anything that went before. In them her powers of social satire first become apparent. She hits off very brightly, with a dash of caricature, the notabilities of the little town—the society of Grange Lane, "exclusion itself"—like the boarding-school recommended to Paul Dombey—the curates and retired colonels, and maiden ladies, and especially the great Lucilla Marjoribanks, whose efforts to constitute a *salon* constitute one of the most amusing chapters in the comedy of modern fiction. Her satire is seldom bitter, except in the case of Nonconformists, against whom she nourished an ill-informed prejudice, which vitiates two of her cleverest books, *Salem Chapel* and *Phœbe Junior*. The last named is noteworthy as the study of a type of woman which has always existed in societies where women count at all, though some people seem to regard it as a peculiar product of these days. The clever daughter of the Dissenting minister, frank, brave, kindly enough, but with more head than heart, who looks upon marriage as *la carrière ouverte aux talens*, and marries the stupid son of her father's leading deacon with a view to the position he can give her, is not much like the New Woman of the last literary fashion, though she belongs to the same family. Mrs. Oliphant's sympathies are all with the other kind of heroine, the woman to whom love is the beginning and the end of life; but there was considerable originality, at that time, in her picture of Phœbe and her ambitions. She understood that women might have aspirations towards an existence that should not merely be the complement of some other; an independent sphere—

> "With power on their own act and on the world."

And though such women were not those whom she preferred, she could understand the aspiration and make it understood. That a woman like Phœbe could only find the opportunity she needed through marriage, was the fault of society, and not hers; she gave as much as she received,

and if she ever thought the price she had paid too heavy, the historian of Carlingford does not give us so to understand.

Mrs. Oliphant never posed as a social reformer. She clung, up to the last, to the reticence and modesty in utterance which marked the traditions of the great Victorian novelists; but her condemnation of social crime and injustice was no less scathing, her scorn of ungrounded assumption no less bitter, because she remembered what was due to herself and her sex. The dull, poor-natured man's scorn of woman as woman, the masculine vanity that manifests itself so incongruously in the worst specimens of the sex, have seldom been pilloried as they were by her; and in one of her later books, *Lady Car*, there is a picture of the consequences of a forced marriage, which, in its reticence, appeals more strongly to the conscience and the imagination than all the eloquence of Madame Sarah Grand and her imitators.

One could wish that she had never employed her powers less worthily. There is too much in her books, one feels, that appeals to the spirit of caste. No one can read them without a saddened consciousness of the extent to which English social life is pervaded by the narrowest and meanest social ambition. At Carlingford or Dinglewood, or wherever it may be, the object of the common herd is to enter the charmed circle represented by Lady Weston's "evenings" or Lady Denzil's garden-parties, while the fortunate *habitués* of the upper sphere are equally absorbed in repelling these pretensions. Looked at from one point of view, there is something pathetic, as well as mirth-provoking, in the struggles of, say, Mrs. Tozer, the butterman's wife, to rise from a dismal and illiberal existence into a sphere of greater "sweetness and light." She cannot be expected to know, poor woman, that in everything that constitutes the real worth of life she might not gain as much as she expects by the exchange. The misplaced "h's" and ill-judged attempts at gentility, over which Mrs. Oliphant is never weary of inviting our mirth, cease to be amusing at last. Is it not conceivable that there are some, even in the ranks of small

trade, who are more anxious to glorify their calling than to "rise above it?" Mrs. Oliphant can see this in some cases; her Scottish peasant takes his stand on the simple dignity of his manhood, in a way which is inconceivable to her on the part of an English shopkeeper.

After all, in spite of the brightness, the buoyancy, the high spirits of books like *Mrs. Marjoribanks* and *Phœbe Junior*, the prevailing impression left by Mrs. Oliphant's work is one of deep melancholy. Her earliest books, written while she was yet a happy girl, show a deep and sensitive appreciation of the sorrowful mysteries of life. As time went on and troubles thickened upon her—husband, friends, children, one after another taken away—the minor note becomes more audible, the bright confident faith of the earlier books passes into a wistful appeal to the clouded heavens for light. The eternal problem of pain presses upon her. In the powerful story of *Agnes*, written at the death-bed of her daughter, she pictures a beautiful and innocent soul driven to the edge of despair by a long course of unmerited misfortune. Disillusion, disappointment is the keynote of much of her strongest work. The mothers whose children grow up to wring their hearts, the wife who has to fight day by day against the growth of a sick contempt for him who was once her ideal of manhood, the passionate young idealists drearily settling down to a "second best"—these are the themes which, with a rare delicacy and subtlety of treatment, she chooses to elaborate.

Then as the years passed on, and the shadows thickened, we see how she came to look forward with a passionate yearning to the veiled hopes of the world to come. More and more as those whom she loved passed from her into the Unseen, her thoughts followed them, wistfully intent on what might be beyond the veil, in that mystery which had claimed them for its own. These tender and pathetic surmises are the groundwork of that series of books, *The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen*, *The Beleagured City*, and others which appeared anonymously in *Blackwood*. In literary grace and exquisiteness of workmanship they stand among

her best work; but it is hard for any, who have loved and lost, to read these sketches critically. They are the words of one who has drunk deep of the cup of sorrow, who in this transitory life has known what it was to faint and be bewildered, and sometimes almost to doubt the care and goodness of God, but who sees and trusts the gleam of light that falls upon her path, and sends her word of comfort through the mist to others. They are the fancies of a loving soul about those who have gone for a time out of her ken, but not out of her love. The first of the series was suggested by the sudden death of a dear friend, of whom she draws this touching portrait:

"When I call her a little Pilgrim, I do not mean that she was a child; on the contrary, she was not even young. She was little by nature, with as little flesh and blood as is consistent with mortal life; and she was one of those who are always little for love. The tongue found diminutives for her; the heart kept her in a perpetual youth. She was so modest and gentle that she always came last, so long as there was anyone whom she could put before her. But this little body, and the soul which was not little, and the heart which was big and great, had known all the round of sorrows which fill a woman's life, without knowing any of its warmer blessings. She had nursed the sick, she had entertained the weary, she had consoled the dying. She had gone about the world, which had no prize or recompense for her, with a smile. She was not clever; you might have said she had no mind at all; but so wise and right and tender a heart that it was as good as genius."

And what can the critic say to the sweet fancy of the bereaved mother, touching that meeting in the Unseen of her friend and the "little Margaret," whom she herself had seen laid to rest so many years ago, under the Roman violets?

"And chiefly, the little Pilgrim thought of a friend whom she loved, who was often in great perplexity, and did not know how to guide herself among the difficulties of the world. As she was thinking . . . some one came up to her, crossing over the flowery greenness, leaving the path on purpose. This was a being with flowing hair, all crisped with touches of sunshine, and a dress all white and soft, like the feathers of a white dove. There was something in her face by which the little Pilgrim

knew somehow that she had come here as a child, and grown up in this celestial place. . . . But when the heavenly maiden came near, her face, though it was so fair, looked to the Pilgrim like another face which she had known very well—indeed, like the homely and troubled face of the friend of whom she had been thinking. And so she smiled all the more, and held out her hands and said, 'I am sure I know you,' upon which the other kissed her and said, 'We all know each other,' and knelt down by her, and took the little Pilgrim's hands in hers. . . .

"'Are you a child,' said the little Pilgrim, 'or are you an angel?' And then she paused a little, still looking at her, and cried, 'Oh, if she could but see you, little Margaret. That would do her most good of all.'"

The Beleagured City is another of these books, and in some respects a more remarkable one, full of a strange visionary pathos and charm. The prevailing idea of it is that the happy dead may be nearer to us than we imagine; may be yearning for a communion which to our grosser natures is impossible. In the *Wizard's Son* she works out, somewhat unequally, the conception of a human will in conflict with a malign ancestral influence on the spiritual plane. The tempted youth gains the victory, partly, as in *Tannhaüser*, through the faith and self-sacrifice of the pure girl who loves him, and in part through the intercession of the recluse, whose earthly hopes had been ruined by that same influence years before. Like most people of her nation, Mrs. Oliphant had a strong vein of the romantic and the visionary in her nature.

But the mystical side of her thought and literary effort, significant as it is, seems almost lost in the overwhelming mass of her contributions to general literature. She wrote too much for her own reputation, yet when one looks fairly at this enormous literary output, it is with astonishment at its even excellence. Her *Makers of Rome*, and such work, may be book-making, but it is book-making of a very refined and entertaining kind. In everything she wrote one could calculate on good sense, good taste, and the charm of wide culture. Besides the novels that came in quick succession from the press, abounding in happy strokes of character drawing, in humour and pathos, and sympathetic

insight, there were the long biographies of Laurence Oliphant and Principal Tulloch, the *History of English Literature*—not a very successful performance—and the quantity of critical work, most of it anonymous, which she did for *Blackwood's Magazine*. One of her latest literary tasks was the *History of "Blackwood's Magazine,"* on which she was engaged at the time of her death.

"It has been the fate of *Blackwood's Magazine*," she wrote, "to secure a genuine attachment from its contributors more than any other literary organ has ever had. It is the same sort of feeling which makes sailors identify themselves with their ship, rejoicing in the feats which they attribute somehow to her own personality, and maintaining a generous pride in the vessel, which would be but a paltry feeling if it were translated into a mere self-complacence as to their own achievements."

One of the most noteworthy of her contributions to the great magazine was the attack on certain tendencies in modern fiction, which she called "The Anti-marriage League." Some people may have thought that she showed an uncalled-for severity in her remarks on the work of one writer of genius, whose praise is in all the leading reviews. But no one can refuse a tribute of admiration to the courage with which the aged woman, at the close of a long literary career, raised her voice in defence of those principles of which all her life's work was an exemplification. With all her reticence, her shrinking from public comment and notice, she dared to run counter to a popular craze, and to speak her warning against the danger, which seemed to her (and surely not without cause) to be menacing our social life.

These years of hard work were also years of sore trouble and anxiety—"the clouds returned after the rain." Since the death of her husband and little daughter, her heart had been wrapped up in her two sons; she removed first to Eton, and then to Oxford, to be near them, finally settling in the house at Windsor with which her name has been associated for so many years. But both her sons unfortunately had inherited their father's delicacy of constitution, and one after another they were taken from her, leaving her,

as to earth's comforts, almost desolate. Her work, her indomitable courage, and her strong religious faith, sustained her to the end. Only the other day, as it seemed, we were startled by the appearance of a little book, *The Ways of Life*, which may stand on a level with the achievements of her best days. It tells the story of the close of a career: the courted and successful painter, waking up one day to discover that his day was over, that the current of things had left him stranded, that henceforth there was nothing for him to do in the world. Nothing she ever wrote is more subtle or more pathetic, than her description of the effect of this consciousness on the mind of the doomed man, while those about him, his nearest and dearest, go on all unconscious of the change—till at last, his work being done, Death comes to him softly, as a friend. In the preface—one of her rare prefaces—the author seemed moved to take the public into her confidence, and in those dignified and pathetic lines, there appears to be now, as we look back, some foreshadowing of the end. Yet the event that followed, only a few days afterwards, struck the world with a chill of surprise. It seemed almost incredible that one who, the day before, was a living and influential presence among us, should have passed away, that the eloquent pathetic voice, so recently sounding in our ears, should already be silent for ever.

"I have no thought," she said to one who watched her on her death-bed, "not even of my boys—only of my Saviour waiting to receive me, and of the Father."

One thinks of the words that Browning puts into the mouth of Pompilia:

> "To me was never evening yet,
> But seemed far beautifuller than its day,
> For past is past."

And this peaceful end, after the gallant struggle of seventy years, sheds back upon the life-path of the gifted writer and good woman such a radiance as Turner painted about the track of his old battle ship, passing slowly to its final haven in the glory of the sunset sky.

ART. VII.—THE FIN-DE-SIECLE WOMAN.

1. *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction, and other Essays on Kindred Subjects.* By ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN. London and New York: John Lane. 1897.

2. *The Woman's Bible.* Part I. The Pentateuch. SYDNEY L. OLLIF. London: The Phœnix Press.

IT might not be easy to find two more suggestive pieces of evidence as to the character of that remarkable product of the dying nineteenth century, the "New Woman Movement," than are supplied by these two books, widely different as they are in spirit, intention, and execution, which have been put forth in the same year by one English authoress and by a handful of American women. There may be some difficulty in preserving proper judicial gravity in dealing with some of these witnesses, but it will be worth while to bring out the real significance of their utterances, and to consider what promise or what peril for the future is involved in the mental attitude indicated.

It is possible to take Miss Chapman seriously. She writes at once with moderation and with earnestness; there is dignity in the self-restraint of her style, and the moral purpose evident in most of the essays collected in her present volume is worthy of all honour. Such praise can hardly be accorded even to the one or two among the fair Transatlantic critics of the Pentateuch who may be credited with some glimmerings of common sense, some religious reverence, and some appreciation of the enormous difficulties of the enterprise they have been induced to share. The general tone of the queer production for which they are responsible is such as to make it surprising and refreshing when "Ursula N. Gestefeld" warns her partners in the *Woman's Bible* not to "split on the rock" of an exclusively feminine Bible in avoiding "the whirlpool" of an exclusively masculine Bible. "This would separate what is *intensely joined together*"

(phrase only too characteristic), "and would defeat the end desired. The book," adds this most conservative of the commentators, "is the soul's guide in the fulfilling of its destiny. . . . The soul, in sleep, is sexless. Its faculties and powers are differentiated, are masculine and feminine." We have in these words one of the least absurd deliverances to be found in a wilderness of some hundred and forty pages, pervaded by the intention of "revising those texts and chapters directly referring to women, and those also in which women are made prominent by exclusion," and so correcting the sacred writers as to confute the misguided persons who cite them in opposition to the New Woman's claim, not of absolute and universal equality with man simply—that is a small matter—but of superiority to him in almost every respect. The lady who has initiated and who controls this enterprise, "Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton," leaves us in no doubt as to her own aim. It is to destroy, as far as possible, the lingering reverence for Scriptural authority in the minds of her sister-women. Unacquainted with the history of Christianity as an enfranchising and elevating power, she ranks it indiscriminately with other religions, and asserts that all, without exception, degrade woman; while she accepts any of them "her emancipation is impossible." With unscrupulous ingenuity, which would be formidable if its results were less preposterous, she perverts the meaning of every casual reference to the Israelitish woman, and then announces her disbelief in the inspired character of the book where they are found. "I do not believe," she says, "that God inspired the Mosaic code, or told the historians what they say He did about woman," the reason she gives being that these authorities do not harmonise with the views of the American emancipated female. Happily this champion's logic, intelligence, and information are on a par with her modesty, and her style of reasoning goes far to justify that Shakesperean saying which Miss Chapman finds so unjust and so unworthy of a sovereign poet:

> "I have no other but a woman's reason;
> I think him so, because I think him so."

Mrs. Stanton's are "woman's reasons" of this very description, hardly to be surpassed as such in any literature. It is an irresistible temptation to gather a few of the fine flowers of bad taste and of unconscious humour from her pages, where they bloom so profusely.

Her first effort towards "revising" Scripture in the interests of the New Woman astonishes by its modesty. It is only a remodelling of the doctrine of the Trinity, and a suggestion of a new object of worship. The words "God said, Let Us make man in Our image. . . . God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them;" are irrefragable evidence to Mrs. Stanton of duality, not trinity, in the Godhead, and of the eternal co-existence of the feminine with the masculine element in the Divinity, "equal in power and glory."

"The Heavenly Father and Mother!" she exclaims rapturously:

"'God created man in His own image, male and female.' Thus Scripture, as well as science and philosophy, declares the eternity and equality of sex. . . . The first step in the elevation of woman to her true position, as an equal factor in human progress, is the cultivation of the religious sentiment in regard to her dignity and equality, the recognition by the rising generation of an ideal Heavenly Mother, to whom their prayers should be addressed, as well as to a Father."

This reformer's extensive acquaintance with the history of religions, and thorough marshalling of all the facts bearing on her case, could hardly be better exemplified than in this passage, so totally ignoring the fact that its "first step in the elevation of woman" was taken long ages ago; that during many generations a large section of Christendom has been rendering homage, deepening into absolute adoration, to a "Heavenly Mother" who has usurped the place of the Heavenly Father and the Divine Redeemer; no appreciable betterment in the condition of women resulting in the lands where this cult prevails—where, indeed, womanhood is held cheaper than among nations that have not elevated a woman

to the throne of divine worship. It would be too much to expect that a writer—who appears unaware of the existence of any other Semitic race besides Israel, and who regards universal Oriental usages and opinions as being Jewish peculiarities directly traceable to Jewish religious belief—should be acquainted with the nature and extent of goddess-worship in heathendom, ancient and modern, and the precise amount of amelioration thereby imported into the suffering lot of non-Christian women.

She might, however, have such a working acquaintance with her mother tongue as should save her from talking of the "paucity" when she means the "poverty" of a language, and such a respect for ordinary accuracy as would forbid her describing "the Jews" as "making a God in their own image, *who approved of whatever they did*;" a statement which irresistibly suggests that its author is now studying the Scriptures for the first time, and has not yet reached the prophetic books, despite her patronising remark that "parts of the Bible are so true, so grand, so beautiful, that it is a pity *it* (*sic*) should have been bound in the same volume with sentiments and descriptions so gross and immoral" as to hurt the educated sensibility of Mrs. Stanton, who would have liked the Revising Committees to "infuse a little sentiment into the ancient manuscripts" they contented themselves with merely collating and comparing. Imagine a translation revised so as to suit the taste of a lady who moralises thus on the characters of the primeval Bible-women:

"while we drop a tear at the tomb of Sarah, we cannot recommend her as an example to the young women of our day, as she lacked several of the cardinal virtues. She was undignified, untruthful, and unkind to Hagar. But our moral standard differs from that of the period when she lived;"

who finds "a kleptomaniac" among the wives of the patriarchs; suggests that a woman architect would have greatly improved the construction of the Ark by introducing "a series of portholes;" describes the Almighty as being "discouraged" and "perplexed" by the iniquity of His

creatures; speaks of the "prolonged interview" between Eve and the Serpent, and suggests that the Mother of all living had an "intense thirst for knowledge," not to be satisfied by "the simple pleasures of picking flowers and talking with Adam." But the bright consummate flower of this lady's peculiar style is undoubtedly to be found in this passage, relating to the Fall of Man, as narrated in Genesis:

"The unprejudiced reader must be impressed with the courage, the dignity, and the lofty ambition of the woman. The tempter . . . saw at a glance the high character of the person he met by chance in his walks in the garden. He did not try to tempt her from the path of duty by *brilliant jewels, rich dresses, worldly luxuries** and pleasures, but with the promise of knowledge, with the wisdom of the gods."

Even this deliverance, however, is run very close by the remarkable comment on the story of Balaam's ass, who, as became a much-enduring female, "manifested all the cardinal virtues," was "far wiser than her master, with a far keener spiritual insight," and in every respect commends herself to this original commentator as an adequate representative of the gentler half of humanity. Not every critical eye would have recognised in the appeal of the poor ass to the prophet a "text concerning women," or would have discovered, by analysis of the wording of the Fourth Commandment, that the Hebrew women did not share in the rest of the Sabbath-day with the men, the maidens, the oxen and the asses of the family establishment. These discoveries were reserved for that "keen spiritual insight, with which the female sex has been specially endowed," and which is so conspicuously exemplified in Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who disposes of the Levitical priesthood as "prestidigitators," and of Moses as a clever self-seeker, whose skill in "pyrotechnics" enabled him to invest his code with a semblance of Divine authority—this being the lady's reading of that majestic story of the giving of the Law on the Mount of God which is found in the nineteenth chapter of

* Italics ours.

Exodus. Few pages of this "Woman's Commentary" fail to supply excellent matter for mirth; but the crass ignorance, the fanaticism, and the arrogance of its authors are such as rather to move the readers to melancholy. These women, some of whom are decorated with the title of "Reverend," have attained considerable notoriety among their own people; their confident assertions are accepted as oracular truth by too many of their countrywomen; and the calculated unscrupulousness of their handling of Scripture, their distortion of fact and misreading of doctrine, can only have a pernicious effect on their disciples; and, by investing the cause they profess to champion with unspeakable and odious absurdity, retard the redressing of those real wrongs of which, even in Christianized and highly civilized lands, the "weaker vessel" may still complain.

Some of these are indicated in the reasonable, moderate, and well considered essays of Miss Chapman. This lady is alive to the dangers to which women are exposed by the blind eagerness of would-be reformers in their own ranks, who, whether they know it or not, "mean license when they cry liberty," and such a license as would end in slavery more degrading than any form of bondage from which they seek escape. In the study of a certain class of novels by British authors, which forms the title-essay of her volume, some excellent work is done in exposing the true significance of that Anti-Marriage crusade, preached by writers who, like Mr. Grant Allen and Mrs. Mona Caird, secure a wide circulation for their mischievous ideas by employing the vehicle of fiction, and, consciously or unconsciously, "are making the systematic moral poisoning of youth their life-task." Mrs. Caird, indeed, is credited with doing her destructive work, womanlike, in illogical blindness to the tendency of her action; she "attacks the legal bond" of marriage, but has failed to apprehend how the position of woman and the moral interests of humanity would suffer by its abrogation. No such excuse can be or is alleged for Mr. Grant Allen, who, while aiming at the "abolition of marriage and the family" and discoursing of the "freedom"

and the "moral emancipation" which women may secure thereby, scarcely takes the trouble to hide his contemptuous estimate of the creatures to be thus enfranchised, or his comfortable certainty of their inevitable submission to masculine control, which would be nowise affected by any loosening of the legal obligations. "The woman must give way in the end, even in matters of principle, to virile self-assertion." That being so in this *soi-distant* reformer's opinion, it is tolerably obvious in what interests he would overthrow those immemorial institutions, which bind the human creature with cords of self-restraint and duty, "marriage and the family;" and there is sinister significance in his explanation of his method of action:

"Women are the chief readers of fiction; and it is women whom one mainly desires to arouse to interest in profound problems by the aid of this vehicle. . . . Especially should one arouse them to such living interest while they are still young and plastic."

Something in these words makes one shudder, remembering to what a perilous extent the fashion set by this propagandist and by his much more gifted compeer, Thomas Hardy, has been followed by the mob of modern novelists, and how the subtle poison of their teaching is every day more widely diffused throughout the realm of English fiction. Not only that object of Miss Chapman's just compassion, "the cleverish ardent girl, in whom intellect has outstripped experience," but her simpler-minded young sister, as yet untroubled by ideas and seeking mere idle amusement from her novel, is drinking in moral contagion and death from its seductive pages; nay, one meets with older women, whose youthful religious belief, never thoroughly vitalised, has ill withstood the wear and tear of life, and who, at the bidding of some daring romancer, are casting away their faith in God and goodness, and are ready to condone, if not to commit, the gravest offences against truth and purity. It is, therefore, well done of writers who, like Mrs. Fawcett and Miss Chapman, are in sympathy with "the saner and truer aspirations of their sex," to point out that the

real tendency of this demoralising, and in truth dehumanising, literature is towards "the degeneration, the degradation, and the rapid re-enslavement of women," and to unmask the "crafty plausibility" with which the anti-marriage crusader seeks to make them the agents of their own undoing. Yet, for all her excellent sense and right perception, our English champion of her sex's best interests now and then betrays a disquieting kinship with those "*Américaines pour rire*," the compilers of the *Woman's Bible*. Her essay on the "Disparagement of Women in Literature" is pitched too much in the key of their commentary on the Pentateuch, driving one to the conclusion that, to satisfy critics of her school, woman must be described as "the faultless monster that the world ne'er saw," combining in herself all male and female excellences, with the characteristic faults of neither sex. Scarcely would she accept that tender judgment which ranked as truest woman her who was

> "Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> That all male minds swayed from their sphere perforce
> And girdled her with music."

Spenser's "Britomart," stainless of soul and strong of hand, armed manlike at all points, and striking a good stroke for herself and her feebler sisters, should be a type more acceptable to Miss Chapman; but, whether from real ignorance, or from the easily besetting disingenuousness of the advocate briefed for one side only, she makes no reference to the high ideal of womanly character and service set up by the great Elizabethan poet, and by his best known Victorian follower, Charles Kingsley—woman-worshippers both, so far as consists with a high spiritual Christianity.

This leads us directly to consider the gravest characteristic defect of the *Fin-de-Siècle* woman, the most damaging flaw in the theories of certain advocates of Woman's Rights, with whom, however reluctantly, we must class Miss Chapman. All her insisting on the "religious manner of regarding marriage" as the main factor in the evolution of true

marriage in the past and its development in the future; all her recognition of a "sacramental" character in this all-important human institution, does not conceal and is not meant to conceal her rejection of "the old sanctions" of morality. These, says she, "are crumbling"—the "old props" are falling—"and the cry goes forth, If the foundations be destroyed—the foundations of conduct and morality, upon which our hopes are built, upon which our hearts repose—what can the righteous do?" The gospel according to Darwin and Huxley, which, as it would appear, alone commands her unquestioning allegiance, supplies her with an answer to this despairing cry—but an answer such as can only commend itself to the doctrinaire who, in building up his charming theories, leaves every-day human nature out of his calculations. Self-restraint, self-denial, self-sacrifice—in fine, all the duties enjoined by that Moral Law to which our writer renders devout homage as being real, sovereign, and sublime, "whatever its origin"—these are to be practised by all sorts and conditions of men and women, and the worst-fitting yoke must be patiently endured by them in the living present, because the great interests of the community and of posterity imperatively demand it. True is the word; but how shall obedience be ensured? "All chosen souls, all the pure in heart, all men and women of fine understanding" may follow this counsel of perfection, but these never have constituted and do not now constitute the majority of the human race; how shall they win "the sensual and the dark, slaves by their own compulsion," to follow their high example? A more compelling motive is needed; awe for a Divine Giver of the Law, for the Voice that spoke from Heaven; love, strong enough to expel by its radiant presence that unclean throng of night-birds, the base and earthward passions of the soul—love for the Divine-Human Redeemer whose example stirs us to walk in His footsteps and give ourselves for others, as He gave Himself for us; the "old sanctions," in fact, the Authority at once old and new, are alone sufficient for these things. Here it is, we must say with profound regret, that many of the best and sanest of

those who lead the New Woman movement fall short, and assimilate themselves too much to the herd of hysterical and irrational she-revolutionaries, like the authors of the *Woman's Bible*—contemptible these in their own persons, but formidable and almost appalling if considered as signs of the times.

ART. VIII.—THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THIS journal has now become not only virtually, but legally, the property, and the literary organ, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. This is a fact which happily consummates an honourable history, covering a period of more than forty years. It involves no change in the principles and aims which have governed this journal since its establishment in 1853. The Church which, from the first, the managers of the REVIEW have made it their business to serve, and in a liberal spirit—a spirit of truly Catholic generosity in relation to other Churches, as well as of fidelity to the Church which John Wesley founded—to represent and interpret, has now definitely accepted the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW as the property of the Connexion of Churches which is fitly spoken of as the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England, and which is the parent Church of the many Methodist Churches of the world.

The LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW was established in 1853 by the enterprise and generosity of two Methodist gentlemen, of whom one, the late John Robinson Kay, of Summerseat, near Bury, Lancashire, died many years ago, the other, Mr. James S. Budgett, of Stoke Park, Guildford, happily still surviving. After these gentlemen had borne the considerable charge of its maintenance for eight years, the REVIEW became, in 1862, the property of a "limited" company of shareholders, by whom, with the liberal help for some years past of the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room,

it has been maintained till the present time. It now, as we have said, has become, legally and absolutely, the property of the Conference of the People called Methodists. The vote by which the Conference accepted the REVIEW was of the most cordial and gratifying character. In a large Conference, after a full and earnest discussion, the affirmative resolution was carried by a virtually unanimous vote, there being only three dissentients.

This REVIEW is now the only high-class quarterly which represents orthodox Protestant Nonconformist views and culture, within the circle of literature, in its full scope and sense. History and poetry, science and prose, and fiction in its best character and aims, philosophy and theology, have from the beginning been included within the range of its responsibility. Biography as a true part, and indeed the foundation of history, has received special attention. Philosophy has been understood to include political and social economy, as well as metaphysics and ethics. The REVIEW has not discredited its constituency. It has long been recognised in the world of literature and abstract thought as a journal of mark. It stands in the great libraries of the country. It has for many years been among the journals reprinted in the United States.

Two able and powerful reviews, representative of Nonconformity, the one for Scotland, the other in England, held at one time a distinguished position in the world of letters — we refer to the *North British Review* and the *British Quarterly*. Of these the former was the organ of the Free Church of Scotland, and was established in the early flush of enterprise and laudable ambition of that great Secession Church. While the memory of Chalmers was fresh, and such men as Candlish were yet living to lead the communion they had founded along its pathway of high endeavour and growing success, the *North British* achieved great distinction. Charles Kingsley was glad to contribute to its pages, and so long as he lived, Sir David Brewster, its leading layman, continued to enrich it with scientific articles which were as brilliant as they were valuable. When it came

to an end, as a Scotch Presbyterian journal, some thirty years ago, a large number of readers, who were neither Presbyterians nor Scotchmen, lamented its demise. It was, strange to say, conducted for a while with the same title, as an organ of liberal Roman Catholicism, under the editorship, we believe, of Sir John, now Lord Acton. But this lasted only for a few numbers, and then its name disappeared from the roll of quarterlies.

The *British Quarterly Review* was established as an organ of Congregationalist Nonconformists soon after the *North British* first appeared as representative of Free Presbyterianism.* Dr. Robert Vaughan, Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, edited it with great ability for many years and rendered invaluable service to orthodox Christianity at a time when the sceptical writings of Theodore Parker and of Francis W. Newman were disturbing the minds of many Christian students. After the death of Dr. Vaughan, the journal, though with less sustained ability and less wisdom and mature judgment, still filled a useful place in the guidance of the public mind for many years. It became, however, eventually strongly political,—of a deeply marked party and ecclesiastico-political colour. It had long been maintained chiefly by the munificent liberality of Mr. Samuel Morley. He withdrew his support, and, after a life of nearly forty years, the *Review* ceased to exist. Its extinction was a loss greatly to be regretted in the interests of Protestant orthodoxy and of cultivated and large-minded Nonconformity.

There remain now, besides the LONDON QUARTERLY, two able Reviews, which represent at the same time literary criticism and scientific thought, both theological and general. Of these, one is the *Dublin Review*, in which the late Dr. Ward rendered such notable service to Christian Theism by his criticism of John Stuart Mill's metaphysical and moral philosophy. This great service must, in mere justice, be allowed some weight in the scales against the

* In 1845.

Ultramontane Romanism of which the same journal was the organ. The other Review to which we refer is the *Church Quarterly*, which, somewhat late in the day, the scholarship of the Church of England established, and in which, among too many narrow and shallow High Church articles, are to be found, from time to time, theological articles of remarkable ability and great value. But for the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW theology in its highest aspects and Christian philosophy in its deepest inquiries and its loftiest range would be represented by these two quarterlies, the one Roman Catholic, the other High Anglican. The LONDON QUARTERLY has hitherto been able to hold its own alike in literature, philosophy, historical criticism, and in theology and Biblical hermeneutics. The resources of Methodism for sustaining such a Review are now larger than at any previous period; the scholars, trained thinkers, able and attractive writers at the disposal of our Church for the purposes of such a journal were never so numerous; more names of scholars and writers belonging to Christian Methodism are known to the world of Christian students than formerly. Other writers, as yet scarcely known, are nevertheless powerful and able contributors, whose names will some day be heard of. Scholars also and men of science of other Christian denominations, among whom clergymen of the Church of England take their place, are glad to contribute to the only high-class Quarterly which combines scholarship and trained ability with such views of the Christian Church and Christian theology as have no trace either of sectarian intolerance or of essentially Romish error.

The collective Church character of Methodism enables it to sustain such a journal when other Nonconformist bodies are compelled to abandon the attempt, while painfully conscious of the need they are unable to supply. Such a collective Church character is one of the points of likeness between Wesleyan Methodism and Apostolic and primitive Christianity. It behoves the managers of the REVIEW, with renewed energy and hope, to apply themselves to the task of

conducting it. It cannot be doubted that, among the most cultivated members of the Methodist Church, and especially its ministers, the REVIEW will hold a higher and more secure position in future than it has ever done during its history of more than forty years. It is mere ignorance to suppose that such work as has been done by representative Christian Quarterly Reviews can be done by monthly journals. Cheap monthlies fitly represent current opinion, and reflect or answer to passing tastes, but they cannot deal adequately with the deepest and most important questions relating to faith and life, to eternal truth and Divine revelation, to the need, the destiny, the duty of man's mysterious and wondrous race.

ART. IX.—THE MEANING AND SUPREMACY OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible: Its Meaning and Supremacy. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Canterbury. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1897.

WHATEVER demerits as a controversialist, a theologian, a man of letters, Dean Farrar may possess, he certainly performs a public service of no inconsiderable value. He puts vigorously and vividly views and sentiments which, for want of a better word, may be described as fashionable. Mr. Baring Gould, in his *Study of St. Paul*, dubs him "that mouther of common opinion"—a phrase which, despite its ostentatious discourtesy, has sufficient appropriateness to render it mordant. It is not, however, altogether fair, for Dean Farrar is abundantly convinced of the truth of his own representations. Indeed, he holds, with proudly conspicuous honesty, that disagreement with his sentiments can proceed only from blameworthy or pitiable ignorance or from wilful distortion or evasion of

indubitable facts. But, for all that and more, he "voices" opinions in current vogue amongst those who deem themselves liberal-minded, unprejudiced, "up to date"—this above everything—in matters relating to the Bible and religion, and wish so to be regarded by others. Christianity, they say, must be preserved, nothing essential to it disallowed, but we must be prepared to alter our notions of its basis, of the nature of its revelation, of the composition and authority of the Book that enshrines it, and to admit freely and gladly all the consequences that flow from these changes. No other position is tenable, consistent with to-day's enlightenment, worthy of the dawn of the twentieth century, tolerable to a disciple of the Higher Criticism. We must learn to distinguish between the letter and the spirit, the husk and the kernel. We must cultivate a fine disregard of detail and be satisfied with, enthusiastic over, general impression and broad effect. This is distinctly the doctrine at present in fashion, and Dean Farrar is its faithful votary, its applauded and successful demagogue.

This is not the *rôle* he affects. He prefers to pose as the martyr to truth, the revealer of the secrets of college and cloister, the aristocratic champion of popular liberty and knowledge. He will save the people from Bible worship—they shall no longer be deluded into thinking that the Bible is the Word of God. Yet he will furnish for their faith in the Bible a securer foundation, and not even the Articles of the Church of England, as by law established, shall be impugned or evaded. This must be clear from the first—that he stands the outspoken proclaimer of the naked truth, and that he must be awarded high praise for his fearlessness, his sincerity, his contempt of cost. So he prefaces his volume and most of its chapters with "mottoes," drawn from all sorts of sources, setting forth the paramount claims of truth, and the risks run, the sacrifices offered by its advocates, whose one fault, besides their fearless honesty, is that they are a little in advance of their age, a great deal more clear-sighted and far-seeing than the common herd of their contemporaries. We have five of these quotations on

the title-page, where, perhaps, they may not be altogether out of place, and two pages of "General Mottoes" preceding the Contents, and so on throughout the book.

The expectations raised by this imposing array of elegant extracts are doomed to disappointment. The matter thus introduced consists of two parts—one, in the main, exposing alleged mistakes in the interpretation and use of the Bible, the other a collection of testimonies to the value of the Bible and of illustrative anecdotes. Few, if any, of these latter are new. Most of them have been printed again and again; some more than once by Dean Farrar himself. Still, the collection is intrinsically a capital one, though it might easily have been rendered fresher and less incomplete. Between the two parts of the book there is no sort of connection, unless, indeed, they are intended as weights in opposite scales of an ill-adjusted balance. To say this is not merely to point out defective arrangement in a particular volume, it indicates a principle; or, at least, a practical rule, on which a certain class of commentators on the Bible consistently act. It is seen, though after a different fashion, in Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Driver as well as in Dr. Farrar. It is required to show that opinions, usually associated with the Higher Criticism as to the nature and meaning of Holy Scripture do not detract from our estimate of its moral weight and worth. These opinions are stated, supported, illustrated, with quite sufficient compassion for people who do not at once accept them fully; then we are bidden to observe what beautiful lessons may be conveyed by myth or legend or fable, or distorted history; we are informed how, notwithstanding much destructive criticism, there is yet left a substantial and considerable remnant of Divine truth, and how valuable that remnant is; or there is given to us, and Dean Farrar exceeds in this particular, a collection of testimonies to the character of the Bible. But of the distinction between myth and allegory modestly bearing their own names, and myth and allegory passing themselves off as sacred history, not a syllable is spoken; it is not explained to what extent the demonstrated inaccuracy or falsehood of

one part of a narrative taints all that proceeds from the same or similar sources; it is forgotten altogether that the glowing eulogies pronounced upon the Bible, the striking testimonies to its blessed effects, in nearly every instance belong to the period when the Book was regarded precisely in the manner now declared to be worse than erroneous.

We are far from saying that the difficulties thus raised are insoluble; the pity is that they are ignored completely, or else treated in a perfunctory and half-contemptuous fashion. It would seem as if some sense of irony prevented these critics from attempting to argue that if the Bible, hitherto so greatly misunderstood and underrated, has achieved so marvellous and so blessed results, much more may be anticipated from it when it is set in this fresher and fuller light, when its relations to God and to man are appreciated so much more correctly. It is at least suggestive that this line of reasoning is never attempted; it has not crossed the vision of the school of apologists referred to; always an uneasy feeling is apparent that the authority of the Scriptures is being undermined; their power for good is being diminished. Surely then some effort should be put forth to bridge the hiatus indicated above. Till this is done, such collections as Dean Farrar's are almost destitute of meaning, they are wholly out of place in the volume under review. It is an insult to the general intelligence to print them as unarticulated addenda to scores of pages of depreciation.

After all, however, the more original portion of the volume contains little that has not been said often before, half-a-dozen times by Dean Farrar himself. Some difference there is in the literary setting, in the ground covered, in the air of restrained learning, in the lucidity with which the points are put. But there is nothing to warrant the preliminary flourish of trumpets, the defiance of anticipated foes, the appeal to the sympathy of the spectators. Of all the summoned adversaries who are presumed to fall before Dr. Farrar's weapons, Dean Burgon is almost the only representative of the current half-century. Yet the speaker has right with him in one respect; the questions discussed are those fer-

menting in the mind of the Christian public. And he knows his audience—few men better—and has their ear in no ordinary degree; he has at his command an extensive range of reading, and he is a man of indefatigable industry. It will be well to notice how he treats his subjects, and to offer some brief observations on the subjects themselves, which, we would fain hope, may help in some degree to remove stumbling-blocks out of the true way, and to indicate to the Bible student the landmarks that may guide his progress. This will involve some examination of paths which will lead either nowhither, or to goals most undesirable to be reached.

Before attempting this, in justice to both Dean Farrar and ourselves, we cull a short paragraph from his Introduction:

"In order, then, to support the faith of all who are now shaken by assaults on the Bible, I wish to illustrate what the Bible is, what the Bible is not. That my statements will be attacked can make no difference in my duty; that many readers, and especially those who have been left by their teachers in an ignorance which takes itself for knowledge, will at first disagree with much that I say, is certain. I hold it to be no less certain that the opinions here maintained will become those of the whole Christian world; and I hold this because they are in accordance with a general drift of evidence which is daily acquiring more and more the volume and majesty of an ocean tide."

Let this stand for evidence of the spirit and claims of the chapters that follow.

The first proposition laid down is, "The Bible is not one homogeneous book, but a gradually collected canon." Save for the confusion between the volume itself and the rule by which it is defined and measured, we seem to have heard something like this very long ago. We are reminded of the slow admission of certain Books, of the doubts which, to a late period, beset some of them. We are bidden to beware of the acceptance of some human authority as the basis of that of the Scriptures, but no positive help is so much as hinted—a grave fault in a book for popular consumption, and for the relief of the perplexed. The obvious distinction between

the ascertainment of the canon, and the validity of its contents when ascertained, is discreetly ignored. So again, when it is argued that "the Bible represents the remains of a much wider literature," no conclusion is drawn; we have only a bare statement of what are presumed to be facts. The proposition itself is couched in recklessly ambiguous phraseology. The Book of Jasher, "the sayings of the seers," and other documents, are quoted in the Old Testament; apocryphal Gospels and Epistles once competed with those of the New; certain passages may be found in our Authorised English version (and its sources) which are of doubtful, or more than doubtful authenticity. These are specimens of the "much wider literature" which the Bible "represents." We are not helped to get out of the maze. "The Old Testament represents the selected and fragmentary remains of Hebrew literature. The New Testament represents a selected portion of the earliest Christian literature." Are we to understand, then, that the only difference between the Bible and these literatures is that which exists between—let us say—Elizabethan literature and the specimens of it that are printed in College text-books? Does Dean Farrar really mean that the *Shepherd* of Hermas and the Epistle to the Ephesians of St. Paul stand so much upon the same level that between them was only a question of selection from things of the same class? It is true that the story of the Woman taken in Adultery may not properly belong to the original text of *St. John's Gospel*, but does that cast doubts upon the authenticity and trustworthiness of the entire book? Perhaps the Dean would shrink from answering these queries with a decided and deliberate affirmative. The mischief is that he not only forces the interrogations, but intimates that the answers at best hang in the scales. If he wishes to heal the wounds of simple souls whose faith in the Bible has been injured, or place upon a secure foundation the faith that has been disturbed, and if this is to be done by the exhibition of that which he holds to be the truth, he must not state premises and insinuate conclusions, but declare plainly what he believes to be the actual state of the case. It is impossible

to relieve doubt after this fashion. Moreover, emphatic declaration is made of adherence to the general faith of Christendom, and to the formularies of the Church of England. All Protestant Churches, including the Anglican, maintain an essential difference between the canonical Books and the other writings which Dean Farrar ranges with them. The books of the two Testaments are not venerated, and have not been preserved, simply or mainly as fragments of Hebrew or super-excellent specimens of early Christian literature. This unquestionable fact and the underlying reasons are passed over in absolute silence. If it had been the author's wish to enlighten the laymen misled by teachers who mistake ignorance for knowledge, it would have been easy to point out that the qualities which the Bible necessarily possesses, in common with all other literature, do not reduce it to the level of other literature, but leave its special quality unimpaired. That literature differs *toto cœlo* from this, because of both the stamp upon it and the essence of it.

The next two chapters on the Variety and Unity of the Bible and on the Allegorical Method of Exegesis may be passed over with the one observation, that as no one nowadays advocates the subtil and fanciful absurdities of Philo and Origen, there can be no earthly reason for dragging these in except to create prejudice.

The discussion on the morality of Old Testament times is conducted in a rough-and-ready, not to say coarse, fashion. Certain things would be wrong now, therefore they were wrong then. If they were wrong, God could not have enjoined them, therefore the Book that asserts that He did enjoin them asserts that which is untrue. The next inference we are left to draw without external assistance.

The problems of Old Testament morality are not to be solved in this both easy-going and headlong manner, and by a few superficial references to Mozley's *Ruling Ideas* and his *Lectures on the Old Testament*. It is quite possible to see clearly and to feel the weight of the moral difficulties connected with the Imprecatory Psalms, the treatment of

Slavery (Deut. v. 22, etc.), the Wars of Extermination, certain narratives of the Patriarchs, the temptation of David, Jepthah's daughter, the Slaughter of the Seven Sons of Saul, and many other Biblical records, without pronouncing a summary condemnation of the morality itself or of the books that preserve the history. The edge of much hot indignation is turned by the very obvious consideration that in many cases the Bible gives only a historical statement of events, and expresses no judgment on the right or wrong of the facts themselves. In others a different interpretation from Dean Farrar's is at least tenable. For instance, Jepthah's sacrifice may have involved only her perpetual virginity and seclusion, and not her violent death. The designation of David as the man after God's own heart does not approve his sins, but only, as Thomas Carlyle pointed out, his earnest penitence, his desires after God and his struggles after goodness, his general loyalty and faithfulness. The temptation of David to the numbering of the people may be—indeed is—ascribed both to God and to Satan according to a Hebraistic form of speech. Still, very serious difficulties remain. They deserve reverent and sober thought, not cheap denunciation, or rhetoric in the style of Bradlaugh or Ingersoll. After all, the method of relief is clear, the direction in which it should be sought plain. Critics of Dean Farrar's school never weary of reminding us that there is a human element in the Bible to which must be allowed all due power and influence. It is equally true and equally important that revelation is conditioned, not merely by the channels through which it passes, but also by the capacity of the vessels into which it is intended to be poured. Everybody recognises that revelation is gradual and progressive, *i.e.*, it came not only in successive portions, but in advancing degrees of light. This being so, to contrast the morality of the Old and of the New Testaments, and to argue that, if the purer and higher proceeded from God, the inferior must not be ascribed to Him, is simply to overlook an absolutely essential element of the case, the very element on which at other times and for other purposes

so much stress is laid. You cannot have a greater without having also a less. In the process of education and instruction—of development, if you prefer that word—there must be times of ignorance which God passed over, and according to the capacity of which He limited His revelation. It is absurd to dislocate the Scriptures and to declare that their morality is not homogeneous because their first steps have not attained to the lofty heights of their last. This is precisely the conduct of those who set the morality of the New Testament against that of the Old, and pronounce that the Jehovah of the earlier Testament cannot be the God declared by Jesus Christ, or that the earlier Books cannot have had their origin in the same source as the later.

We admit at once that the above reasoning does not answer the entire question. But it carries us an appreciable distance towards a complete reply. It accords with the πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως of *Hebrews*. And it suggests another consideration of the utmost weight, flouted though this consideration is in some quarters. When our Lord enlarges, deepens, spiritualises the injunctions of the men of old time, He betrays no consciousness that He is pronouncing an unfavourable judgment on the ancient Scriptures. When He distinctly states that Moses permitted certain customs with regard to divorce on account of the hardness of the hearts of those for whom the Mosaic legislation was given, He condemns neither Moses nor the specific laws. Assuredly no sign appears that He is casting doubt upon the inspiration of the Old Testament or of any part of it. The authority of our Lord is in some cases disposed of by modern critics with the aid of a crude and shallow interpretation of the Apostle's word κένωσις. Here, however, the Kenotic idea does not apply. It is not a matter of knowledge of facts, concerning which the men of the then time are presumed to be ignorant, but of spiritual sensitiveness and moral propriety—qualities that even advanced new critics allow our Lord to have possessed. One suspects some lack of modesty when superior moral insight and keener delicacy of feeling to those of Jesus Christ are paraded so confidently.

Could He not judge what was intrinsically worthy or unworthy of His Father as accurately as ourselves ?

Still, we shall be told, practices are sanctioned, injunctions are issued, that contradict both the principles of the New Testament and our own sense of justice and love. We are not dealing, it will be said, with a position analogous to that of the child when compared with the full-grown and fully-instructed man ; it is not a question of less or more inculcation in what is right, but of absolute wrong permitted, even enjoined. Once again we might fairly suggest grounds of distinction. The slow transition from darkness to light cannot be gone through without errors on the part of intelligent beings affected by the process—errors of partial ignorance, or of misconceptions and distortions of truth. But this was not our Lord's defence, and, indeed, is an understatement of lamentable facts. The revelation of the Bible was given for the recovery of a sinful, a lost race, which yet retained some notions of righteousness, perverted, adulterated, poisoned. These could not be neglected ; to them the appeal must, in the first instance, address itself ; otherwise the appeal will not be heeded, and, so far as our understanding of human thought and emotion goes, could not have worked out the desired results. The process had to do with teaching the ignorant and training the unskilful, with correcting vices and prejudices, with the employment of power and capacities both enfeebled and depraved.

Look at the people to whom the Levitical laws were promulgated—a nation of slaves, who had lived for four centuries in a heathen country, who had adopted much of the spirit and many of the customs of their heathen masters, who showed themselves incapable of assimilating the morality propounded to them. Imagine this people confronted with the Sermon on the Mount and the First Epistle of St. John ! All was given to them that they could bear. The precepts that rouse Dean Farrar's ire were distinct limitations and ameliorations of familiar and approved usages. Because all that was desirable could not be effected then and there, were no steps to be taken towards the ultimate goal ? Modern

physical science could not have been communicated during the wilderness wanderings, because the people could not have received it; for a similar reason the morality of the New Testament was withheld.

It is impossible now to follow out incidents in detail. We must content ourselves with a very few words upon the class represented by the extermination of the Canaanites and the execution of the seven sons of Saul. Leaving altogether out of the account the by no means trivial factor of Divine designs through chosen instruments, these things harmonised with the people's sense of retributive justice with which and upon which it was necessary to work. Dean Farrar enquires triumphantly (and unfortunately the query was anticipated by Canon Mozley with particular reference to the projected sacrifice of Isaac) whether, if such behests were issued now, they would be obeyed. It seems to us that both the Dean and the Canon, though on totally different grounds, fall into an almost identical error. Such behests certainly would be repugnant to our sense of righteousness and benignity. For that reason we can scarcely conceive of their being issued to us, or of evidence sufficient to convince us of their Divine origin. We may be well assured that God would never command a man to act in direct violation of his conscience and of principles that God Himself has taught and enforced. But our conviction that God could not require us to be faithless to His own teaching, could not lift us to a higher level, and then require us to act in accordance with the lower from which Himself had raised us, would compel us to demand an inconceivable quantity and quality of evidence that the supposed order had actually come from Him. Once we were absolutely convinced of that, the matter would assume another complexion entirely. The angels who gather the tares together into bundles and burn them are justified because of their certainty of a Divine commission. The destruction of the Canaanites was a clear advance in the upward progress of the human race, and manifested God's wrath against sin in the most effective manner possible in the age and circumstances.

We need not discuss "the antitheses of Scripture." They are treated as perversely as the great contrast on which we have just been dwelling. Varying degrees of illumination, difference of points of view, account for all the so-called contradictions. But the method adopted in this volume is to accentuate and magnify them to the utmost degree possible.

We confess that we have scarcely patience to examine the chapters on Inspiration. For one thing, despite their ostentatiously modish air, they are utterly out of date. It is a strange way of helping men perplexed with present-day teaching to amass and reply to quotations from writers a century or two old, or even more. No one nowadays argues that the pointing of the Hebrew text is inspired, or holds that the inspired writers were merely pens in God's hand, or denies textual interpolations or failures in transmission, or contends that we can discover the text infallibly and precisely as it was first written. What, in the name of common sense and common fairness, can be the use of elaborately displaying and answering all these opinions? Even if the doctrine of "verbal inspiration" has ever been held by any large section of the Church, it is now abandoned, at any rate, in the form in which it is here presented. To discuss it is mere waste of words, unless with a view to arriving at some definite doctrine. The Dean's object appears to be the insinuation of doubt as to any and every doctrine of inspiration. The sacred writers quote documents, therefore they could not have been divinely led to quote them. St. Luke "gives no hint of miraculous guidance, but only claims the merit of a painstaking historian," therefore inspiration could not be his in any other sense than that in which it belonged to—let us say—Lord Macaulay. Arguments such as these show only animus, not study or research.

"Plenary inspiration" receives somewhat more respectful treatment, but even here there rages the reckless appetite for destruction. Because we cannot formulate a demonstrably perfect theory of inspiration, therefore the thing itself does not exist, is about as reasonable a contention as that the

will has no power over our muscles, because we cannot explain the exact connection between the volition and the movement. Then we have a chapter on "the Higher Criticism," which tells us nothing whatever about it, but only exhorts us not to be afraid of it. Next comes a chapter entitled, "The Bible contains the Word of God," in which some real attempt is made to support the thesis; then one on "Biblical Infallibility," which does not fairly meet, which indeed does not fairly state, the question raised; this is followed, after an interval, by one headed, "The Bible not the only Source from which we can Learn of God," specious and plausible; and there are two or three others setting forth mistakes about and misuses of the Bible, hardly relevant to the issue; for obviously the Scriptures cannot be held responsible for human errors in the employment of them.

A fairly strong case is made out for the contention that the doctrine of the Established Church of England, and indeed of the Church Catholic, is that "the Bible contains the Word of God." Certainly the phrase is used where we should look for something like formal definition; *e.g.*, in the Ordination Service the enquiry occurs: "Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures *contain* sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ?" The verbal argument must go for what it is worth, and the phrase is one to be noted. But no one in full possession of his senses could imagine that the term was intended originally to carry the consequences that fashionable theology to-day deduces from it. There were two errors to be guarded against—first, that any other source existed from which things necessary to salvation could be drawn; second, that all the contents of Scripture were equally necessary for salvation. Not even Dr. Farrar can suppose that the theologians he caricatures believed that a knowledge of the stations of the Israelites is necessary to salvation. What other word could even *they* have chosen except *contain*? Besides, the things necessary to salvation were expressed generally in doctrines deduced from, not immediately and formally declared in, the Scriptures. For

this reason no other term than "contain," or its equivalent, was possible.

When, however, the phrase is made to mean—parts of the Scriptures are the Word of God and parts are not, and these parts are not definitely distinguishable from one another, the Dean's authorities have guarded themselves expressly against this interpretation, whether intentionally or not, by speaking of "the Holy Scriptures," implying, of course, that all the writings are alike holy, *i.e.*, proceeded from God. The Dean does not scruple to accept, to urge, this absurd interpretation, and to assure us that the individual Christian conscience is amply capable of determining for itself what is the Word of God to it, and what is not. He lands us in inextricable intellectual confusion. It would be a logically tenable proposition, however contrary to fact, that the Scriptures as a whole are the Word of God, but that only a portion applied to any particular man, and that it is an element of our probation to ascertain what that portion is in each separate case. This idea evidently hangs loosely in his mind, and affects his phraseology, but it is not his real intent; though it saves him, as he thinks, from some of the consequences of his actual contention. He is dealing with questions of external history, and is driven to the position that this and this did and did not proceed from God, as the individual Christian consciousness decides at different times, and in various persons at the same time. Can the force of crude thought carry a man any further?

The theory that the Bible contains the Word of God may be held in a less objectionable and rather less unreasonable way. It might be said that the Bible consists of kernel and husk, of the waters of life and the channels through which it is conveyed. But if so, we should be able to distinguish the one from the other. No one confuses the great aqueduct with the precious fluid brought by it. But, in the case of the Scriptures, such a differentiation is often impossible. This impossibility goes very far towards destroying the entire hypothesis. Consider it, however, apart from this difficulty, remembering that the channel is not, from this

point of view, men or manuscripts, but the revelation itself vouchsafed to or through them. Then we must perceive that the distinction ceases to be more than that which must ever exist between thought and the symbols through which it is expressed for human conception. To say, as some do, "the Bible is not the revelation, but the inspired record of the revelation," is to make an equally unavailable distinction. An inspired record must be a revelation. The whole truth comes to no more than this—there is a clear difference between thought and the methods by which it is communicated, and this is evident in the Bible as well as in every possible communication to man. The natural comment on such a text is that it is not worth while going through so much to learn so little. But it is proclaimed with a proudly triumphant *Eureka* that Archimedes might have envied.

The predominant idea in the treatment of the Bible and its inspiration appears to be somewhat as follows: every good deed, word, thought, writing is inspired by God; some of these have more inspiration, some less; no book in the world can show so large a proportion of inspiration as the Bible, but the difference relates to quantity, not to quality. The notion is as old as the hills, and recently has been restated as provokingly as possible by Dr. Horton. The Dean of Canterbury's manner is less irritating than Dr. Horton's, but there is not much improvement in the matter. He thus expresses himself:

"Supposing, it has been said, that a man should try to represent the biography of the English people, and in order to do so should make a compilation from the fragments of Saxon sagas and Witenagemote decisions, with some paragraphs of the Venerable Bede, of Gildas, of Beowulf, some poems of Caedmon, of Walter Neapes, of Chaucer and Drayton, and Skelton and Thomas Turser, some chapters of Froissart's Chronicles, of William of Tyre and the Gesta Dei per Francos, and the historic plays of Shakespeare, Spenser's Epithalamion, and parts of Milton and Bacon, ending with selections of Pope, Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning—*externally* such a collection would offer some slight analogy to the Old Testament. And why would it not as a whole be a sacred book? Not because the hand of God is less visible in the history of England than in that of Israel; not because the inspiration of God's

Holy Spirit has been exclusively confined to the sacred writers; but because such a collection would have no truth to make known to us respecting the ways and the will of God which is not already implicitly revealed in Scripture."

If the "analogy" is so "slight," why is it paraded so elaborately? The answer furnished to the enquiry, why the supposed collection of documents would not be "a sacred book," reaches the very climax of absurdity,—because another somewhat similar collection had preceded it! There is nothing, it is said, peculiar about Hebrew history, or about the manner in which it is recorded; there is no special authority about the Biblical precepts, no virtue whatever in "Thus saith the Lord;" there is no guarantee for the truthfulness of its declarations of God's nature and of His will concerning us that might not attach to the imaginary compilation; no peculiar importance inheres in the revelation of the Father by the Son, or in the words of Jesus the Christ—only the Bible happens to have been the first in the field. So, sacredness is the prerogative of priority in time. Perhaps this is showing a little too much respect for old age. We have only to suppose the Bible non-existent, and to put the imaginary compilation in its place, to perceive the utter futility of the entire comparison.

The chapter headed "The Bible not the only Source from which we can learn of God" enumerates other sources of Divine knowledge, and claims for the Pagans a measure of revelation.

"Although the Bible has been to mankind a boon immeasurably precious, and though it contains the revelation of the Son of God, yet God has not *confined* His messages to its writers. Inspiration is the eternal act by which God, imparting Himself so to speak to men, manifests Himself to their divine nature; and God can do this, and has done it, and that for ages, without any aid from the written word."

Be it so; let us concede the utmost allowance to the teachings of "History, and Experience, and Nature, and Conscience"—and what then? All these afforded but light enough to make visible the darkness in which the heathen

peoples sat. It remains that through the Bible alone, and the truths to which it witnesses, can the world be regenerated. The supreme question is whether the Bible is or is not the message of God to man in a sense in which no other source of Divine knowledge can be. Whether inspiration can or cannot be attributed to Shakespeare and other men of genius is altogether beside the mark. To us these trivialities seem mere playing with life and death. If Dean Farrar means that the inspiration which created *Hamlet* and the inspiration which wrote the Gospels are of the same nature, let him tell us plainly. If the inspiration of the Bible is *sui generis*, so far the debate is over. Place side by side the noble touching lines about "the quality of mercy" and the statement that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." The poetry puts *truth* with the touch of a master—but, stay, how do we know that the beautiful sentiments *are* true? that they are not merely admirable heart-moving efforts of the imagination? In the long-run the answer will have to be sought in the possession of the Bible, and there the explanation of the deepest secret of their power. Nevertheless, we prize them for their poetic beauty. But in St. John's simple statement we seek not for literary skill, nor for poetry, nor for beauty of illustration or melody of words; it is the truth itself that constitutes their value. Shakespeare's genius may display itself in high and rare visions of imagination; that is as it should be, the legitimate production of a magic wand. But St. John's words are of comparatively little use to us unless they are an authoritative message from God. No violent stretch of fancy might picture us moved to tears by the infinite pathos of the words, if we had found them only in some Greek poet. But unless God Himself spoke them and commanded St. John to communicate them to us, they offer no remedy for the world's sin. Cannot Dean Farrar see the difference between the two kinds of inspiration, between the stimulating of the faculties to their highest natural capacity, on the one hand, and the direct revelation by God of Himself to man and for man? A sadder spectacle can hardly be conceived than

that of a Christian teacher employing his eloquence and influence to lower the two kinds of inspiration to one and the same level.

We have not been able to indicate one-half the dangerous misrepresentations of this most mischievous book. Nor have we been able to give any idea of the unscholarly inaccuracies which abound in its pages. The spirit, tone, tendency, substance of the volume have been our chief concern.

ART. X.—THE GROWTH OF LONDON DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

1. *London and its Environs: The Stranger's Guide or New Ambulator for the Tour of the Metropolis and its Vicinity.* London: T. Hughes. 1825.
2. *London and its Environs.* By Mrs. E. T. COOK. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1897.
3. *The Great Metropolis.* By JAMES GRANT, Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." London. 1836.
4. *Fifty Years Ago.* By Sir WALTER BESANT. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.
5. *Census of 1831.*
6. *Census of 1891.*

ALTHOUGH, except locally, one of the least important items in the programme of the Jubilee celebrations, the visit of the Queen to her "dear old native town" of Kensington, will have served to remind her subjects of the existence of a personal connection between Her Majesty and the Metropolis of which many of them may have previously been unaware. This connection is rendered espe-

cially noteworthy by the fact that the growth of London since her accession to the throne is one of the most remarkable results of her eventful reign; and it may, therefore, be interesting, by a comparison of the works cited at the head of this article, to endeavour to trace some of its most salient features.

Of these the first that will probably suggest itself to many is the extension of the area of the Metropolis; and of this process the Queen's birthplace itself supplies one of the most striking illustrations. Kensington, now a town sufficiently large to petition Parliament during the present year for a grant of the privilege of incorporation, is described in 1825 as "a village in Middlesex, one and a half miles from Hyde Park Corner, containing the hamlets of Brompton, Earl's Court, the Gravel Pits, and a part of Little Chelsea." Chelsea and Battersea, "long famous for its asparagus," were still both villages, and Bayswater was "a small hamlet in the parish of Paddington"; while Canonbury, Islington, Hampstead, and Hornsey on the North, and Bethnal Green, Stepney, and Stratford on the East, were all in like manner hamlets or villages within from one to four miles distant from London.* Even as late as 1851 we find all these places, together with Acton, Clapham, Chiswick, Fulham, Hammersmith and Norwood, grouped in a guide-book of that year, with Box Hill, Epsom and Windsor as environs "possessing attractions for visitors"; while Primrose Hill is described in the same work as "a commanding eminence between Regent's Park and Hampstead, from the top of which a fine view of London may be obtained," and Richmond as "the most beautiful village" in its neighbourhood.†

In 1837 the northern and eastern boundaries of London, taken as a whole, would have been marked on the map by a line drawn from a point a little above the south side of

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* *The Stranger's Guide or New Ambulator for the Tour of the Metropolis and its Vicinity.*

† *The British Metropolis in* 1851. Arthur Hall. London: Virtue & Co. 1851.

Regent's Park to the Edgware Road on the west, and on the east to the Regent's Canal, and then following the canal up to its junction with the Regent's Canal Docks. The western boundary was the lower end of the Edgware Road, Park Lane, and a line drawn from Hyde Park Corner to Westminster Bridge; and the Thames formed the southern boundary. Though the Borough already made a narrow fringe of houses beyond the river, there were open fields and gardens lying behind the roads in Kennington, Brixton and Camberwell; and open fields too between Vauxhall Gardens and the Oval, and at the north end of Kennington Common, then a dreary, uncared-for expanse. On the north of London, fields stretched north and east round Primrose Hill, the nearest house to which was Belsize House with its park. The Bayswater rivulet—which was joined by two other brooks, one of which, rising in St. John's Wood, flowed through what are now called Craven Gardens into the Serpentine—flowed through the pleasant meadows of Kilburn, in which the remains of Kilburn Priory were still standing. Chalk Farm still had its farm buildings, and Camden Town was a village, clustered about its High Street, in the Hampstead Road; while Islington was little more than a single street, and "Mr. Agar's Farm" stretched behind St. Pancras Churchyard. Bagnigge Wells, which stood at the north end of St. Andrew's Burying Ground in the Gray's Inn Road, was in full swing; King's Cross was Battle Bridge, and Pentonville was only in its infancy. On the East, Bow was a little village; Stratford, now a town of 90,000 inhabitants, did not exist; Bromley was a marsh; and Dalston, Clapton and Hackney, now great towns, were mere villages. Lastly, on the west, the south of Blandford Square was occupied by a great nursery ground, and west of Edgware Road there were hardly any buildings. The Bayswater Road, then just laid out for building, ran for its whole length, with the exception of a few houses at St. Petersburgh Place, through market gardens, and Westbourne Park was a green enclosure. There were only one or two great houses on Campden Hill and none on Notting Hill; and from

Westbourne Green, on which there were only a few cottages, a field path led pleasantly to the Kensington Gravel Pits.*

After reading this description of its limits at the Queen's accession the Londoner of the present day will perhaps be somewhat amused to find a writer of the period stating that "the first thing which strikes a person on his visiting London for the first time is its enormous extent,"† and he will probably be equally surprised to hear that it was even then, according to Sir Walter Besant, twice as big as Paris is now, or the present city of New York.‡ The census of 1831 gives its area, divided into 153 parishes, as 14,000 acres, or nearly 22 square miles, and its population in 1837 was about 2,000,000, and its yearly rental £7,000,000. The process of expansion has converted the large tract of pleasant country which surrounded the London of sixty years ago into a wilderness of bricks and mortar, and increased its extent fivefold. Registration or Inner London now includes Highgate, Hampstead, Holloway, and Stoke Newington on the north; Plumstead, Eltham, and Woolwich on the east; Sydenham, Norwood, and Tooting on the south; and Fulham, Putney, and Wandsworth on the west. Its area, according to the census of 1891, was 74,672 acres, or over 110 square miles, including 195 civil and 581 ecclesiastical parishes, and its population 4,211,743—a density of 35,998 to the square mile. The term "London," moreover, the meaning of which has expanded as largely as the Metropolis itself, is now no longer limited to Registration London, but—setting aside at least nine other less important areas§—also covers the Administrative County of London, which has an area of 75,442 acres, with a population of 4,232,118, and "Greater London," which includes Registration London and the parishes within the Metropolitan Police

* *Fifty Years Ago*, pp. 27—30.
† *The Great Metropolis*, p. 1.
‡ *Fifty Years Ago*, p. 30.
§ These under the respective jurisdictions of the Police, the Magistracy, the Poor Law Guardians and Asylum Board, the Central Criminal Court, the School Board, the Water Companies, the Gas Companies, and the Post Office.

District—an area of 443,421 acres, and a population of 4,766,661. The rateable value of this district, exclusive of that of the City, which is over £4,000,000, is nearly £39,000,000.

The number of houses in London increased from 250,000 in 1837 to 584,583 in 1891,* while the number of new ones built since 1849, up to and including the year 1895, is 598,192, with 4,007 in course of erection, and the new mileage since 1849 is 2,043. "London," says Mr. Loftie, "has been practically rebuilt since the beginning of the present reign, yet how little there is of good architecture to be seen anywhere!"† He adds that "some of the new houses would be a disgrace to any city," and Sir Walter Besant, though by no means so severe a critic, considers that there have been "more losses than gains" through the process.‡ A third Royal Exchange, designed by Sir William Tite, and opened by the Queen in 1844, stands on the site in turn occupied by that built by Sir Thomas Gresham and by its successor, both of which were destroyed by fire. Sion College, which stood in the street called London Wall, on the site of the old Cripplegate Nunnery, has been pulled down and replaced by a large warehouse, and a new but by no means beautiful Sion College has been erected on the Embankment. Northumberland House—the last of the great houses except Somerset House, which, having been erected in 1776—1786 on the site of the old palace, is nearly all modern—has shared the same fate. Temple Bar has been replaced by a grotesque monstrosity, which, though it had itself no architectural merits, must make all who pass its site perpetually regret its disappearance. Allhallows, Broad Street, St. Benet, Gracechurch Street, and some half-dozen other old city churches have been demolished, and their sites can only be traced by the small enclosures, "about the size," to quote Sir Walter Besant, "of a dining-room

* This relates to Registration London. The number of uninhabited houses is 39,608, as against 544,977.

† *London City*, by W. J. Loftie, B.A., p. 279.

‡ *Fifty Years Ago*, p. 37.

table," and containing one or at most two tombs, which stand in the midst of the warehouses covering the remainder of their old burying-grounds.* Still more complete, with the one exception of the Roman Bath in the Strand, has been the destruction of the old baths of London, some of which might well have been spared—St. Annice le Clair and St. Chad's Wells, in the Gray's Inn Road, near Battle Bridge (now King's Cross), both of which were famous for their medicinal properties; the Peerless Pool, considered the best swimming bath in London; and the swimming baths in Shepherdess Walk and in Cold Bath Fields.†

On the other hand, there is much in the London of 1897 to counterbalance the loss of picturesqueness and the architectural defects which Mr. Loftie and Sir Walter Besant deplore. Trafalgar Square now stands on the site formerly occupied by the King's Mews and the group of mean and squalid streets surrounding them, and Charing Cross Street and Shaftesbury Avenue have effected a similar clearance northwards and eastwards. The lower end of the Strand has been improved by the erection of Charing Cross Station and Hotel and Northumberland Avenue, and the Thames Embankments are thoroughfares of which any city would be proud. The Law Courts have replaced the mass of rookeries that formerly stood on the north side of Temple Bar, and Holborn Viaduct has replaced Snow Hill and Holborn Hill as a thoroughfare to the City. Everywhere broad airy streets are gradually taking the place of narrow lanes and crowded courts, and while the London of 1837 had only the four Royal parks—St. James's, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens—there are now more than a score of parks and open spaces in Registration London, the united area of eighteen of the largest of which is over 3,000 acres.‡

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* Sir Walter observes that this form of "preservation" recalls the mode by which tobacconists at the beginning of the Victorian Era used to show their respect for the Lord's Day. They used to keep *one* shutter up!—*Fifty Years Ago*, p. 37.

† *Fifty Years Ago*, pp. 30—40.

‡ St. James's Park, 83 acres; Green Park, 71 acres; Hyde Park, 400

The Londoner of to-day can, moreover, console himself for his architectural losses by his enormous gains in material comfort. Sixty years ago plate-glass shop windows, wood and asphalte paving, the electric light and the underground railway—things which he now regards as the ordinary accessories of civilization—were all unknown, and the innumerable tramcars, omnibuses and cabs, which now exist for his benefit, were represented by the "Shillibeer's Paddington Omnibus," which charged a 6d. fare, the hackney coach, and the cabriolet—an unsightly and risky vehicle with a seat for the driver at the side and a hood for the fare, which had but a short existence.

The shops had plain windows with small panes, and their owners had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in the newly-appointed police—who wore tightly-buttoned blue frock coats and white trousers—to venture to display their goods in them. The streets were paved with cobbles, the pavement, which was scarcely less rough than the roadway, being separated from it by posts; and though the use of gas was becoming generally prevalent, the shops in the smaller streets were still lighted by candles. The great railways had all been begun, but none of them finished, and though all round London the roads were blocked by turnpikes, there was proportionately as great an amount of wheel traffic as to-day—coaches with two horses for short, and four for long, stages; carts of all kinds, and heavy wagons, some of which, occasionally carrying passengers too poor to afford the coach fare, and piled thirty feet high with packages, came up from Scotland, taking three weeks

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acres; Kensington Gardens, 300 acres; Victoria Park, 300 acres; Battersea Park, 250 acres; Regent's Park, 450 acres; Greenwich Park, 174 acres; Hampstead Heath and Parliament Hill, 505 acres; Wormwood Scrubbs, 193 acres; Camberwell Park, 14 acres; Brockwell Park, 18 acres; Clissold Park, 53 acres; Dulwich Park, 72 acres; Southwark Park, 63 acres; Waterloo Park, Highgate, 26 acres; Ravenscourt Park, 32 acres; Highbury Fields, 27 acres. In addition to these there are the Parks of Finsbury, Peckham Rye, West Ham, and Kennington, and the Bishop's Park at Fulham, besides various small gardens or open spaces opened by the Public Gardens' Association.

over their journey. A crowd of porters jostled and quarrelled with each other on the pavements, and their shouts and altercations, mingled with the horns and cracking whips of the coaches, and the ceaseless rumble of the stream of heavy vehicles over the stones, must have made the noise in the streets—of which people have not yet ceased to complain—far more intolerable than it now is. There were no police to regulate the traffic, and ladies had to rely on the sweepers to pilot them across the streets.* The local government of London outside the City was entirely parochial, and owing to the multiplicity of authorities—as lately as 1855 the number was 300, consisting of 10,000 vestrymen, commissioners or trustees, and the number of local acts in force about 250—its administration was in some respects inferior to that of many provincial towns. During the Queen's reign it has been twice entirely remodelled, and modern London, which also owes much to the generosity and public spirit of the City, may be said to have been to a large extent created by the two great central authorities successively established by the Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855, and by the Local Government Act, 1888. The Metropolitan Board of Works carried out the main drainage system, erected the Thames Embankments, opened up arterial communications, freed the bridges from tolls, built artisans dwellings, and provided for the management of open spaces. The London County Council, which is ably carrying on the work begun by the Board, has cleared away insanitary areas at Somers Town, St. Pancras, and Clare Market, Drury Lane, and erected a model municipal lodging-house at Parker Street in the latter district, capable of accommodating 324 men; has added over 1,000 acres of open spaces to the 2,656 taken over from its predecessor; constructed a tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall, and is rebuilding Vauxhall Bridge, and carrying out numerous street improvements. And lastly, to the City, which contributed large sums

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* *Fifty Years Ago*, pp. 40—57.

towards the construction of the Thames Embankment, and expended between 1760 and 1885 £10,000,000 on Metropolitan improvements, London is indebted for the Holborn Viaduct, the rebuilding of London and Blackfriars Bridges, the Tower Bridge, the City Markets, and the preservation of Epping Forest, the Parks of West Ham and Wanstead, and Burnham Beeches, as open spaces.*

Despite its extension and increased population, however, London still presents some of its characteristics at the Queen's accession, when it was, as now, remarkable for its low death rate. The Ettrick Shepherd, were he to visit London to-day, would be equally justified in remarking, as he did in 1832, that "the folks he saw in the principal streets seemed to be in as great a hurry as if Death himself had been following hard at their heels." The houses still justify the strictures of the author of the *Great Metropolis* in 1836 as to the thinness of their walls, and their apparent inability to stand the test of time. Londoners are still as then—when there were 18 theatres for a population of 2,000,000—great theatre-goers; though, owing to the introduction of music-halls and other kindred places of amusement, and the recent growth of theatres in the suburbs, it may be doubted whether the average annual attendance at the 30 theatres of modern London equals that of the theatre-goers of 1836—20,000. It is still true, as observed by the author of the *Great Metropolis*, that "perhaps there is no other place in the world which so frequently changes its population as London." It is more than ever "a great vortex, drawing persons from all parts of the world"—some for business or in search of employment, others for pleasure, and others on their way to some other destination—a large proportion of whom leave it when their special purpose is accomplished.†

This migratory tendency has doubtless increased with the

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* *Cf.* Clifford's *History of Private Bill Legislation*, vol. ii., p. 358; *Ten Years' Growth of the City of London*, by J. Salmon, *passim*; and *London and the Kingdom*, by R. G. Sharpe, vol. iii., pp. 38-40.

† *The Great Metropolis*, pp. 6, 7, 11, 17, 23, and *Cf. Fifty Years Ago*, pp. 113, 114.

increased facilities for locomotion, and during the last thirty years it has had a marked effect on the distribution of the resident population of the Metropolis. Owing to the substitution of business premises for dwelling houses, the population of the group of districts in the centre of London has been steadily decreasing since 1861, while that of the districts round it, constituting Registration or Inner London, and that in the belt of suburbs outside Registration London, have both been increasing, the latter with extraordinary rapidity. While, however, the population of eleven districts has thus decreased 13·9 per cent. during the last 30 years, that not only of Registration London, but also of the suburban belt beyond it, has now begun also to show a diminished increase, and a new migration has apparently begun to a ring of districts outside the Metropolitan area. The fact that the Day Census, compiled in 1891 by the Local Government and Taxation Committee of the City Corporation, shows that, while the *night* population of the City has decreased by 74,369 since 1861, the *day* population has increased by 131,251, seems to prove the increasing tendency of the mercantile and commercial classes to fix their houses as far as possible from the scene of their work. This tendency, owing to the ample provision of workmen's trains, is now also showing itself largely among the working classes; while the leisured classes, who constitute society, have abandoned the districts held sacred to them before the invasion of the mercantile portion of the community, and are migrating steadily westward. A century before the Queen's accession the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Covent Garden and Soho, were regarded as the most fashionable part of London, and Society "shopped" in Tavistock Street. In 1837 "the West End" began at Charing Cross and Leicester Square, and proceeded westward to Hyde Park and Regent's Park, while Bond Street and Regent Street succeeded to the place formerly occupied by Tavistock Street. And now Belgravia—which early in the century was a marsh, frequented only for snipe shooting—Chelsea and Kensington

have superseded the West End of sixty years ago, and Oxford Street on the north, and Victoria Street on the south, are beginning to rival Bond Street and Regent Street.*

London Society has during the Queen's reign undergone almost as great a revolution as the Metropolis itself. In 1837 Society was purely aristocratic, limited in numbers, and rigidly exclusive; and it was based on a profound and universal respect for rank which is now everywhere rapidly decaying. A great social change has passed over the country, and men no longer pretend to believe that rank, *per se*, confers any intellectual or moral superiority on its possessors. Wealth, owing to the increased political power of the mercantile and trading classes, has taken its place, and Society has become largely plutocratic, and consequently much larger and more heterogeneous. The successful trader, even though his methods be questionable, no longer knocks at its doors in vain; and the rising actor or musician, and even the music-hall star, may be admitted to its ranks on the strength of their capacity to amuse; while its composition has been modified in a more stable form by the great change which has taken place in the social and intellectual position of women.

The keystone of the fabric of Society sixty years ago was Almack's, so called from the name of the proprietor of the rooms, now Willis's Rooms, in which its celebrated balls were given, and which Horace Walpole, writing in the middle of the last century, describes as "a new institution which begins to make, and, if it proceeds, will make a considerable noise." It was a club of both sexes, modelled on that of "White's," and was governed by a committee of six or seven lady patronesses who were self-elected and filled up vacancies themselves. Almack's was far more exclusive than the Court, and nobody who failed to obtain admission to it could claim to be in Society. Trade of the grandest kind (even in the persons of its grandchildren) was tabooed, and genius of the highest order could not hope to obtain

* *The Great Metropolis*, pp. 11—14.

any consideration ; while the wives and daughters of country squires, judges, bishops, generals and admirals applied to the committee in vain unless connected with the aristocracy. It was, as may be imagined, a great matrimonial agency, and so anxious were the committee to promote matches that they often refused to admit men whom they thought "marriageable" to a third season, on the ground that they had shown no disposition to abandon bachelorhood during the previous ones. The struggle to gain admission to its dances engendered countless intrigues, jealousies and heartburnings, and the favouritism resulting from the endeavour to make it more exclusive than was politic became the cause of its ultimate decline and fall.* Almack's fell, and, although three or four ladies' clubs and one club for ladies and gentlemen† have been founded during recent years, no kindred organisation has ever arisen to take its place. Of the twenty-six men's clubs that were contemporary with it, however, nearly a score—among the best known of which are Boodles, Brooks, the Carlton, the Reform, the Athenæum, and the Union—survive. Clubland then shared the exclusiveness of Almack's, and, though men in the Services, clergymen, barristers and physicians might perhaps be elected, merchants, attorneys, architects and surveyors, sought admission in vain ; but the clubs of our day draw their members from a far more extended area, and there are few among City men who do not belong to one of them. The total number of men belonging to clubs in 1837 did not exceed 20,000. Now there are nearly one hundred clubs to which almost any man can obtain admission, with a total membership of at least 120,000, besides about sixty second class clubs, and a great many others established for sport and special purposes.‡

Of the clubs that have disappeared, one of the most

° *Cf.*, *The Great Metropolis*, p. 260 ; *Fifty Years Ago*, p. 104.

† The Alexandra, the New Victorian, the University, the Writer's Club for ladies, and the Albemarle for ladies and gentlemen.

‡ *Fifty Years Ago*, p. 157 ; *The Great Metropolis*, p. 107, *et seq.*

famous—or rather notorious—was Crockford's, which in its way was as fashionable as Almack's. Everything in this great gaming-house, in which it was rumoured that two well-known peers were part proprietors, was on a magnificent scale. The building and furnishing of the house cost nearly £100,000. The great feature of the establishment was its gratis supper provided for its members, and the cook, the celebrated Mons. Ude, received £1,000 a year and his assistant £500; while the cellar, containing 3,000 hogsheads of wine, was valued at £70,000. Thirty-three servants were constantly employed—one set by day and another by night—in attendance on the members, who numbered only 750. Everybody in Society played at Crockford's. It was a common occurrence for a young fellow who had recently come into possession of a great estate to lose from £5,000 to £10,000 at the hazard table, and losses are recorded of £30,000 and £60,000 in a single night. Many young men contracted heavy debts before succeeding to their properties, and in one case £100,000 was paid by a peer on coming of age for liabilities thus incurred. It is stated that the gains of the bank at one time in one year alone amounted, after paying all expenses, which were about £1,000 a week, to upwards of £100,000; and that on one night nearly £1,000,000 was turned over during the hours of play. Crockford himself, who began life as a small fishmonger, was, curiously enough, extremely illiterate, and he appears to have devoted some of his winnings to giving his ten children, one of whom married a clergyman, a first-rate education.* Our gambling clubs of to-day are small and insignificant compared to his palatial "hell," which had many inferior rivals that were only too well patronised; but it must be remembered that cards occupied a far more important place in life in those days than they do now, and were universally played, not only in clubs and great houses, but in middle class homes. The bookmaker is a modern product, and, having regard to the vast sums lost

* *The Great Metropolis*, p. 159, *et seq.*; *Fifty Years Ago*, p. 162.

on the Turf, it is to be feared that the passion of gambling has not diminished but merely passed into another form.

Society can hardly be said to have suffered by the disappearance of Almack's or Crockford's, but it has certainly done so by the loss of the Salon, which has also been, in the opinion of Sir Walter Besant, a great misfortune for literature. In 1837, Gore House, presided over by the Countess of Blessington, and Holland House, where Lady Holland ruled, and of which Princess Marie of Lichtenstein said in her book on it that "there was no such agreeable house in Europe," were centres for all who had made reputations or were likely to make one—Moore, Sydney Smith, the two Bulwers, Macaulay, Landseer, Byron, Sir Humphry Davy, Washington Irving, Madame de Stael, Dickens, Thackeray, Lord Houghton, Rogers, Louis Napoleon, Grattan, Sir S. Romilly, the Duke of Clarence, Talleyrand, the Duke of Orleans, and a host of other illustrious names too numerous to mention. Both these great houses have gone, and "there are no longer," to quote Sir Walter Besant,

> "*grandes dames de par le monde* who attract to their drawing-rooms the leaders and the lesser lights of literature; there are no longer, so far as I know, any places at all, even any clubs, which are recognised centres of literature; there are no longer any houses where one will be sure to find great talkers, and to hear them talk all night long."

Nor, as he admits, can there ever be another Holland House under the changed conditions of life and society. Men are no longer willing, as they were sixty years since, to visit houses to which their wives are not invited; while London is also so much larger and people are so much more scattered that it would be difficult to get a circle of literary people together who would regularly frequent such a house. And, in addition to this, Society has become so much more eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and has so many more amusements, many of them of an athletic nature, that people no longer care to sit up talking all night.*

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* *Fifty Years Ago*, pp. 187, 188.

The expansion of London has deprived literature of another centre of a very different nature, which filled a very large place in the life of middle class England at the Queen's accession, namely the Taverns, which, though a few of the old houses survive in an altered form, have now been superseded by restaurants, originally very humble places of entertainment confined to the French quarter of London. Douglas Jerrold, Leigh Hunt, Forster, Dickens, and Thackeray used all to dine at the "Mitre" in the days when clubs were strictly reserved for Society. Sixty years ago those whose work lay in London still lived in their chambers or over their offices and shops, and lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, and even the clergy, regularly spent their evenings at their favourite tavern—the "Cheshire Cheese," the "Cock," the "Rainbow," or the "Coal Hole." With its sanded floor, its snug partitions, its great fire on which a kettle was always boiling, and its atmosphere of freedom, the tavern had none of the decorous dulness of the club, for the equality of all comers prevented the growth of artificial and conventional restraints. After supper the *habitués* of the tavern smoked long pipes and talked over their port or their ale, of which there were then many varieties now extinct—"old ale," "mellow October," "balmy Scotch," "hard ale," "soft ale"—and later songs were sung, and the now well-nigh impossible sight might have been seen of middle-aged and elderly men joining in a chorus and banging the table with their fists. Of course they often drank too much. Large as is the amount of our drink bill, it is as nothing compared to that of 1837, when the number of visitors to fourteen gin shops in London was found to average 1,000 per diem, and there was one public-house to every fifty-six houses. In 1837, when a total abstainer was a phenomenon, it was noted as a growth of healthier habits in the people that the number of coffee-houses in London had increased to 1,600. It is still more satisfactory to find from the last census that, while the number of milk sellers has increased by 82 per cent. between 1861 and 1891, the number of publicans and their assistants has decreased by 17½ per cent. Though London has its

"night side," and a very dark one, still, it was, in Sir Walter Besant's opinion, "far darker, far more vicious, far more dangerous fifty years ago than it is now."[c]

The industrial constitution of London has undergone changes as great as those of its society during the Queen's reign, and while some trades, such as printing, bookbinding, leather dressing, and the manufacture of scientific instruments, show a great increase between 1861 and 1891, others, such as shipbuilding, sugar refining, silk and textiles, and coopering, appear to be leaving the Metropolis. It is, however, encouraging to learn, on the authority of Mr. Charles Booth, that on the whole these changes point to a general increase in and concentration of wealth, and that any ill effects of this increase on the workers is counterbalanced by improved sanitary regulations, and a healthy influx and efflux of population. And there appears to be good ground for hoping that the prosperity of the Metropolis, if not destined to increase, stands in little danger of being impaired. Unlike other great towns, such as those of Yorkshire and Lancashire, which are dependent on the trade in textiles; or Newcastle, where the staple industries are shipbuilding and engineering; London has no dominant trade or group of trades. While her workers are numbered, not, as in other cities, by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands, every branch and all the machinery of trade are represented in her industrial life,—banks and finance, dealing and distribution, and every form of public or private service; and though individuals and individual trades, such as those above mentioned, may from time to time suffer, her industrial activity shows no abatement. The extended area covered by trade, the pressure of competition, the fresh applications of science to industry, and the increased facilities of locomotion and transport, have all combined to develop the comprehensiveness and variety of her trade. Her vast population provides a range of effective demand which has made her a national emporium

[c] *Fifty Years Ago*, pp. 123, 156, 157.

for the whole country, towards which she stands in much the same relation as provincial towns do to the surrounding villages; and lastly, she is not only also an unrivalled world market, but the Mother City of the Kingdom and of the Empire—"the Mecca of the Anglo-Saxon race." Her industrial position, as is well said by Mr. Booth, is both the cause and effect of her wealth, and at no period in her long and chequered history has her progress towards its attainment been greater or more rapid than during the Victorian era.*

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* *Cf. Booth's Life and Labour of the People*, vol. ix., p. 61.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Ancient Faith in Modern Light. A Series of Essays by T. VINCENT TYMMS, E. MEDLEY, A. CAVE, and others. T. & T. Clark. 1897.

After *Lux Mundi, Faith and Criticism*; after *Faith and Criticism, Ancient Faith in Modern Light.* We are bound to say that in each case the volume comes some way after its predecessor. Each of these series of essays has attempted to do what the last of them plainly declares in its title, to set the traditional faith of Christianity in its due relation to modern science and speculative thought, and the task, in some of its aspects, can hardly be called an easy one. The writers in the present instance are Congregationalist and Baptist ministers of age and experience, a generation older—we speak generally—than the essayists in *Faith and Criticism.* The names are well known and highly respected, including as they do Principals Tymms and Cave, and Vaughan Pryce, Drs. Parker, Guinness Rogers, and the late much-loved H. R. Reynolds. The main tendency of the book is conservative; it is intended to "reassert from a modern point of view great fundamental verities of the Christian faith," not to dock and trim Christian truth into a shape accordant with passing intellectual fashion. So far we are heartily in agreement with the aim of the essayists; such work needs to be done anew in almost every generation, and pre-eminently in ours. Nor have we anything but praise for the contents of the book as a whole; the essays are thoughtful scholarly, timely, and reassuring. Our lack of enthusiasm in reference to it is that the chief current difficulties of our time are not sufficiently faced and met. Dr. Tymms writes first upon Christian Theism—an admirable essay on the points of contrast between the Theism of the Old and New Testaments. But what is chiefly required at present is a vindication of the fundamental principles in the Christian doctrine of God, viewed in the

light of modern science, and hardly any help in this direction is given. The Rev. E. Medley writes the second essay on the Bible, and discourses eloquently enough upon its literary excellences and historical and moral importance, but he distinctly declares it superfluous to discuss inspiration and inerrancy, the topics of all others on which modern Bible students need guidance and help. Much more instructive is Dr. Cave's essay on the "Bible View of Sin," a subject which urgently called for treatment, lying as it does at the very base of the differences between the Christian and the scientific views of the world. Dr. Cave's fifty pages are excellent, but more will need to be said upon this subject before "ancient faith" and "modern light" are brought into full accord. Dr. S. G. Green writes on the "Person of Christ," and his comments on current Kenotic theories are interesting, though not conclusive. Mr. Vaughan Pryce's article on the "Redemptive Work of Christ" disappoints us. No plummet can adequately sound these depths; but his line is shorter than it need be. Dr. Samuel Newth's essay on the "Churches of the New Testament" suffers by comparison with Dr. Hort's *Christian Ecclesia*, published about the same time; it is well worth reading, but hardly leaves a deep or permanent mark. The remaining papers deal with Christian practice rather than Christian thought. Dr. Parker's attitude towards questions of Church and State, under the title of "The New Citizenship," will surprise old-fashioned Independents; Dr. Guinness Rogers makes many sensible and timely remarks on the "Pulpit and the Press;" whilst Mr. William Brock's essay on "Christianity and the Child" will bear comparison with the best in the volume. Alas that Dr. Reynolds' contribution is only a fragment, left unfinished at the time of his death! A complete paper on the work of the Holy Spirit—surely "The Witness *to* the Spirit" in the title is a misprint—would greatly have enriched the volume. We cordially commend it as a whole to our readers; it will disturb no man's faith, it will strengthen and help many; and to say that it might have done more in certain directions is the worst we are disposed to say of a very interesting contribution to current theology.

The Tendencies of Modern Theology. By the Rev. JOHN S. BANKS. C. H. Kelly. 1897.

This volume of essays is one of great ability and of singular value for theological students. Its value is much enhanced by its seasonableness; it meets a present and a pressing need. Within the last two or three years the latest school of German Rationalism has begun to take hold of British theologians, especially as respects the teachings of our Lord, and the relations of

His teaching to that of the Apostles. This Rationalism has touched Scotland more than England; but in England also, and, strange to say, through High Church channels, it has begun to spread. It has also, under one of its aspects, more or less infected the theology of English Nonconformity. Professor Banks' volume traces its genesis and its growth and influence in all the main channels of theological thought. The views of Dr. Whiton, of New York, an "advanced" teacher of the new Rationalism, and of Professor Upton, whose masterly exposition and defence of true doctrine is seriously marred by unsound speculations, tending towards a subtle Pantheism; the philosophical Theism of Pfleiderer; the Christian (?) Evolutionism of Dr. Lyman Abbot, who resolves or dissolves all the great doctrinal facts of the Bible into mere phases of ever changing ideas—phases and modes of thought which have had their day, and are now passed or passing away; the "new rationalism" which unhappily infects and colours the Christian teaching—in some of its parts and aspects noble and impressive, and always earnest and sympathetic—of Dr. Horton, whose views have exercised a questionable influence among Nonconformist students of theology; the mischievous teaching of Wendt, who would disallow the doctrinal authority of Paul, under the plea of magnifying the glory and supremacy of Jesus Christ, but, in fact, undermines also the authority of Jesus as represented in the Gospels; recent speculations as to Christ's Person, as set forth in Canon Gore's Bampton Lectures, and the new speculations as to what is now spoken of as the κένωσις of our Lord, speculations so daring and so dangerous;—are all dealt with in this comparatively small volume. Justice, also, not without some instructive criticism and some valuable queries, is done to Dr. Fairbairn's able and suggestive volume on *Christ's Place in Modern Theology*, and to Dr. Strong's profound and suggestive, though not always safe or satisfactory, *Manual of Theology*. Perhaps, however, the most important essays in the volume are the three last. These deal with recent discussions on the Atonement, and with Ritschlianism, which is just now, perhaps, the most threatening heresy taught as Christianity.

The clear, succinct, logical style in which Professor Banks presents his criticisms, and indicates the boundary lines between the true and the false in respect to the fundamentals of our faith, have enabled him to cover such an extent of ground as we have indicated in less than three hundred pages. Although the greater part of the contents have already appeared in our own pages, we have great satisfaction in recommending this invaluable summary of theological discussions of the present time to all students of Christian doctrine, and especially to ministers, as containing what must be regarded as emphatically the "present truth."

The Spiritual Principle of the Atonement as a Satisfaction made to God for the Sins of the World. Twenty-seventh Fernley Lecture. By the Rev. JOHN SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A. London: C. H. Kelly. 1897.

The range of the new Fernley Lecture is much wider than the title would indicate. The title would lead us to expect nothing more than an exposition of the spiritual nature of the Atonement in contrast with those views which lay the stress on the Saviour's physical and mental suffering. The essence of the Atonement is declared to be the perfect obedience of the Divine Son, which again cannot be separated from His suffering. "Obedient unto death—the death of the cross," is an apostolical climax. "The consensus of both Testaments is that the satisfying principle in our Lord's death was none other than His complete surrender and obedience to His Father in manifesting His own life as the Son throughout His earthly life—but especially in death—under the penal conditions prescribed for Him by His Incarnation and consequent union with the race of sinful men." The volume, however, gives us the writer's thinkings on the whole subject of the Atonement, and so happily performs far more than it promises. It will be enough for us to indicate the points in which it differs from other discussions.

As is well known, the aim of a powerful school in our day is to exclude from the Atonement all idea of a satisfaction to God for man's sin. Mr. Lidgett does not go with this school, as the title of the work, and still more, the entire discussion, show. The great obstacle in the way of the modern popular theory is Scripture, of which writers like Maurice can make nothing. The admirable chapter on the "Biblical Doctrine of the Atonement," one of the best in the volume, effectually disposes of this theory for any one who honestly accepts the plain meaning and entire drift of Scripture teaching. In his exposition of the "Biblical Doctrine," the lecturer significantly takes first St. Paul's writings in chronological order, then the Gospels, then the Old Testament. He has much that is valuable to say of the modern allegation that St. Paul is the author of the "mediatorial theology" of the Church. "It seems impossible to suppose that the belief in the Atonement could have arisen, had it not been founded upon the express teaching of our Lord." The argument of this chapter is well put.

The distinctive feature of the volume appears in the fifth chapter on "the Satisfaction of God." Let us note that the all-essential element of satisfaction to God, in which consists the Godward aspect of the Atonement, is not merely retained, but made central and vital. The lecturer protests and argues ably and energetically against its exclusion. In taking this

ground he goes beyond the mere letter of Scripture, and, like all the theology of the past, enters on the ground of theory. He sees, as the Church has always seen, that this idea alone supplies a rationale of the facts of Scripture. Now comes the peculiar feature. As far as we know, the theory of satisfaction has always been related, as well by opponents as supporters, to God's righteousness or justice, or, in other words, to His judicial character. The lecturer takes another course. He omits the judicial element, and implicitly condemns it, while at the same time seeming to give it a place under another name in God's fatherly character. The antithesis set up in the past "between the Fatherhood of God and His legislative, judicial and kingly authority," he holds to be a "false antithesis" (p. 231). Every father is a judge and sovereign. It is argued at length that, stripped of this element, fatherhood is a weak, unworthy thing. "It seems obvious that there is a fatherly demand for satisfaction in order to the forgiveness of an offending child, and to the reinstatement which follows upon forgiveness." Thus the Atonement is derived from God's fatherly, not his judicial, character. That character "determines" the Atonement.

It is evident that we have here a new combination of ideas. Judicial righteousness is omitted as a distinct attribute in order to be again included in the Divine Fatherhood. Sometimes it seems as if this were the nature of fatherhood in general; again we read of God's "unique" fatherhood (p. 243). Whether the novel mode of statement helps clearness of thought, is doubtful. God's justice or righteousness is kept out of sight; but clearly it is in the writer's mind, and is included in his conception of fatherhood, or at least of God's Fatherhood. We do not see how the idea of satisfaction to God can be retained apart from the judicial character. Whatever repugnance there may be in the modern mind to judicial or forensic representations of God's dealings, they seem inevitable to logical thought. Surely they may be purged of all imperfect elements. Anselm's alternative, *satisfactio aut pœna*, does not seem to be the lecturer's. We read, "the Atonement a satisfaction for sin, and not a compensation for the remission of its penalties," and yet "the sacrifice is vicarious." If the sacrifice does not take the place of penalty, what does it take the place of? The entire argument shows clear marks of Dr. Fairbairn's influence.

It would be easy, if it were necessary, to select many passages for special commendation, as, for example, the exposition of propitiation, on p. 51. "To whom was the satisfaction made? The language of our Lord throughout teaches us that it was made to the Father by the Son. But it must be borne in mind that the Father stands for the Godhead in demanding the sacrifice; the Son stands for the Godhead in presenting it. The unity and eternal co-operation of the Persons of the Holy

Trinity involve that all are with the Father in His demand, and that all are with the Son in His satisfaction; while the special relations of the Divine Persons to one another, and to man, involve that the demand is made by the Father, and satisfied by the Son. The unity of the Godhead in the Atonement must be carefully maintained."

The style is, of course, calm and scholarly. Some compression would have added to the effectiveness of the volume. Chapter ii. on "the Historical Cause of our Lord's Death," and chapter vi. on "the Ethical Perfection of our Lord," are not strictly necessary in their present length to the main argument, and some points in other chapters are expounded in unnecessary detail. It would also seem as if the account of other theories, given in chapter iv., if placed at the end, would have less broken the continuity of the discussion. But these are non-essential matters. While rejoicing at the strong portions of the lecture, we have tried to indicate where it needs to be supplemented by the student.

ΛΟΓΙΑ ΙΗCΟΥ. Sayings of our Lord. From an early Greek Papyrus, discovered and Edited, with Translation and Commentary, by BERNARD P. GRENFELL, M.A., and ARTHUR S. HUNT, M.A. With Two Plates. Published for the Egypt Exploration Fund by Henry Frowde. 6*d*.

The Egypt Exploration Fund deserves the good fortune which has fallen to its share by the discovery of this fragment of a Greek papyrus. It was founded in 1883, and for the past fourteen winters a succession of skilled explorers, such as M. Edouard Naville and Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, have been sent out to Egypt. They have identified Pithom-Succoth, one of the store cities built by the forced labour of the Hebrews, and Naukratis, the earliest centre of Hellenic civilization in the Delta. They have also cleared the great funerary temple near Thebes, and have conducted all their work with so much spirit and intelligence that they have laid every archæologist under a heavy debt. Last winter Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, who were working under the direction of the Fund, turned their attention to a spot on the edge of the Libyan desert, one hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo, where a series of low mounds, covered with Roman and early Arab pottery, marks the spot where the capital of the Oxyrhynchite nome once stood. A mere hamlet called Behnesa represents the flourishing city of Roman times. The ancient cemetery, to which the first three weeks' work was devoted, proved on the whole unproductive,

"but in the rubbish heaps of the town were found large quantities of papyri, chiefly Greek, ranging in date from the first to the eighth century, and embracing every variety of subject. No site, with the probable exception of Arsinoë, has proved so fertile in this respect; and for the examination and editing of the papyri discovered much time will be required." The fragment which has called forth this interesting pamphlet seemed so important as to demand prompt publication. It is a leaf from a papyrus book containing a collection of Logia or Sayings of our Lord, and was found in a mound which produced a great number of papyri belonging to the three first centuries of our era. The handwriting has a characteristically Roman aspect, and the fact that it is in book, not roll form, makes the probable date fall between 150 and 300 A.D. The Greek text is reproduced as it stands in the original, with restorations; then the Logia are given, with an English translation and some Notes. The first of the Sayings, "And then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye," corresponds exactly to Luke vi. 42; the second, "Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye sabbatize the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father," puts in a new form the idea of being crucified to the world, and sabbatize the Sabbath is the Septuagint phrase for keeping the Sabbath. The third Logion is: "Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and My soul grieveth over the sons of men, because they are blind in their heart." The fourth is undecipherable and so is part of the fifth: "Jesus saith, Wherever there are . . . and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find Me, cleave the wood and there am I." Professor Harnack translates the earlier portion of this Logion, "Wherever they (My disciples) are, they are not deserted by God, and as one is alone, even so am I with him." He thinks the later part of the saying refers to ordinary handiwork and suggests a reference to Ecclesiastes x. 9. The meaning of the saying is thus not Pantheistic, as Mr. William Watson makes it in his poem, "The Unknown God" (*Fortnightly Review* for September), but is an assurance of the Divine presence everywhere. "Wherever My disciples are there God is present; even if one is alone, I am with him; the simplest worker will find his task no burden and no danger for I shall be with him." Logion 6 reminds us of Luke iv. 24, "Jesus saith, A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him." Logion 7 seems an expansion of Matthew v. 14, "Jesus saith, A city built upon the top of a high hill, and stablished, can neither fall nor be hid." The traces of the letters in Logion 8 are very faint.

Bible Illustrations. A Series of Plates illustrating Biblical Versions and Antiquities. Being an Appendix to "Helps to the Study of the Bible." Oxford: University Press.

The series of plates in this volume is an enlargement of the series that has already appeared in recent issues of the *Helps to the Study of the Bible*, and has been prepared for a new edition of that invaluable work. The series is accompanied by full descriptive letterpress, which gives it a completeness of its own, and it has been given to the public in this separate form without waiting for the new edition of the *Helps*. The number of plates is one hundred and twenty-four, nearly double the number in the earlier series. "This large increase is partly accounted for by several interesting additions to the illustrations of Old Testament history and religion, drawn from Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian sources; but chiefly by a very large number of fac-similes which have been introduced into the series, in order to amplify the specimens of different versions of the Scriptures, and more particularly to place before the student a full collection of plates showing the growth of the English Bible." The work of selecting and describing the plates has been put into the hands of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, the principal librarian of the British Museum, and Dr. Wallis Budge, keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities. The arrangement shows first the illustrations of the languages, writings, and versions of the Old and New Testaments, beginning with the alphabets, the Rosetta and Moabite stones, and then taking the Biblical manuscripts and the printed versions of the English Bible. This is one of the most instructive sections in the volume, and those who cannot make themselves familiar with the great editions of the English Bible will be specially thankful for such an introduction. The second part is filled with "Illustrations of Old Testament History and Religion," ranging over the religion of the Egyptians, the history and religion of Assyria and Babylonia. These are followed by some "Illustrations of New Testament History." The explanations are very full and clear, and will furnish an excellent introduction to the further study of a fascinating subject. The work does great honour to the Oxford University Press, and it ought to have a place in every household.

Let us Pray. A Handbook of Selected Collects and Forms of Prayer for the use of Free Churches, arranged by C. S. HORNE, M.A., and T. HERBERT DARLAW, M.A. Second Edition. James Clarke & Co. 1897.

This is an interesting and fascinating volume, and we do not wonder that it has in six months reached a second edition. But

it is at the same time to the student of sectarian tides a very curious book, and a remarkable sign of the "mixed time" in which it is our lot to live. It is made up mainly of collects from the Prayer Book of the Church of England. It closes with services for the Baptism of Children, and for the Communion, and with an example of Morning Service and an example of Evening Service, both of which are liturgical, and are largely borrowed or adapted from the offices of the Church of England, as is the case also with the Baptismal and Communion offices as here given. The earlier part of the volume contains "Orders of Service," "Opening Sentences," "Confessions," "Thanksgivings," "Intercessions," "Short Litanies," "Collects"—of which there are sixty-five, a large proportion of these being from the Anglican Prayer Book—"Offertory Sentences," "Ascriptions and Benedictions." Such is the form in which cultivated and devotional men of the new Nonconformist generation desire to see what they speak of as the "Free Churches" take their position alongside of the Established Church of England. What a contrast have we here to all the history of the past. At the time of the Reformation the "freedom" for which the English Puritans contended was freedom from forms and ceremonies, the freedom of the Spirit in prayer and preaching of the word. John Knox, indeed, was wise enough to desire a liturgical service, but his Presbyterian contemporaries and followers would not adopt such a service, in spite of his high authority, while to Independents generally in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries everything of the kind was anathema, though John Howe hardly held with his sterner and stiffer brethren as to this and some other points. "Freedom," according to the ideas of the early Presbyterian standards, by no means implied any objection either to State establishment or to endowment. Even Congregationalists in America claimed and received establishment and endowment from the Commonwealth. Now all this is completely changed. Even fifty years ago the disallowance of a liturgy was a fundamental point with English Nonconformists, and nothing was more obnoxious to Dissenters than the Church-forms and printed services of the Established Church. To-day all this is out of harmony with the ideas of modern Dissent, which, indeed, not only objects to be known as Dissent, but to be styled Nonconformity. The change in this respect is as marked as that which has taken place in the views of modern Nonconformists on the subject of public education. It is proper that such changes should be noted, that they should be acknowledged. The "thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns." It is well for the present generation to be relieved from shibboleths to which modern thinkers are unable to shape their organs of speech. At the same time the lessons of the past should teach us all modesty, and serve as a warning against

setting up, in connection with the epithet "free," as proudly claimed to-day, any new shibboleths which, like the old, may have to be discarded. It is one of the special advantages of Wesleyan Methodism that it has been to so large an extent "free" from the tyranny of sectarian shibboleths. Meantime, though we do not expect modern Nonconformists generally to respond fully and heartily to the suggestions of this volume, we hail it as a good sign, and expect from it some good results.

The Oxford Debate on the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. Held at New College on May 6th, 1897. University Press.

This small volume will to many be a great boon. Prefixed to the Report of the Discussion are descriptions of the two systems of textual criticism discussed—one system, that which is known as Dr. Hort's; the other, that which is advocated by Dr. Miller, the associate of the late Dean Burgon. Dr. Kenyon's description of Dr. Hort's system is taken from *Our Bible and the Monuments.* Dr. Miller has prepared for this volume the description of his own system. Having carefully mastered these, the reader will be prepared for an intelligent study of the discussion which follows. The whole is a convenient and welcome handy book for students. We earnestly recommend it to young ministers who desire to understand the current criticism of the New Testament.

The Ecumenical Councils. By WILLIAM P. DU BOSE, S.T.D. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. T. P. GAILOR, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Tennessee. Second Edition. T. & T. Clark. 1897.

This book, regarded as a history of the early General Councils of the Church, is vague and unsatisfactory, although Dr. Gailor has furnished an Introduction intended to serve as a supplement and to cover its deficiencies. The first edition was not published as a volume of the "Eras of the Christian Church," to which series, in this second edition, it is, if we may so call it, annexed. It was a history of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ—a historical Christology—largely founded on Dorner's great work. As such it is scholarly and able, although we should hardly regard it as evangelically distinct and trustworthy. "In every man," we are informed, "the eternal Logos finds and becomes Himself, as every man for the first time truly finds and becomes himself in Him." The second clause in this sentence may be accepted, but the first is an assertion outside of the

teaching of Scripture. "The essence of the Atonement," we are also informed, "lies in the fact that humanity taken into God itself dies to and from the sin that separates it from Him, and lives in the holiness in which it is one with Him. God's Atonement is our reconciliation and reunion with Him; His redemption is our freedom from sin and death." This is not the Pauline doctrine of Atonement; no place for repentance and faith appears to be left in this subjective mysticism. Dr. Gailor's Introduction is a bare and dry outline of the canons and decrees of the Councils of the first seven centuries.

The Epistle of St. James. The Greek Text, with Introduction, Notes and Comments. By JOSEPH B. MAYOR, M.A., Emeritus Professor of King's College, London. Second Edition. Macmillans. 14*s.* net.

This is the work of a lifetime. It was suggested by Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* when Mr. Mayor was an undergraduate, and for some years it has been his chief occupation. The first edition was published in 1892, and its success has led to the call for this new edition. It contains all the material which a scholar needs for a complete study of the Epistle. The question of authorship is discussed with great learning, and Mr. Mayor comes to the conclusion that James was the real brother of our Lord. He then makes an exhaustive survey of the evidence for the authenticity of the Epistle, its relation to earlier writings and to other books of the New Testament. The persons to whom the letter was addressed and its date are dealt with in the same masterly way. Mr. Mayor thinks it was written in the fifth decade of the Christian era, and he makes out a strong case. The section on the grammar of St. James shows what care has been lavished on the work, and the chapter on style is very forcible. "He wastes no words; he uses no circumlocution; at times, as in ii. 1, he becomes even obscure from over-condensation; he pays no more regard to the persons of men than did Elijah or John the Baptist. We feel, as we read, that we are in the presence of a strong, stern, immovable personality, a true pillar and bulwark of the Church, one in whom an originally proud and passionate nature, richly endowed with a high poetical imagination and all a prophet's indignation against wrong-doing and hypocrisy, is now softened and controlled by the gentler influences of the wisdom which cometh from above. Still, in its rugged abruptness, in the pregnant brevity of its phrases, in the austerity of its demand upon the reader, in concentrated irony and scorn, this Epistle stands alone among the Epistles of the New Testament." The Bibliography and Apparatus Criticus will be found specially

valuable. The Greek text is printed on the left page with the Latin of the Vulgate and Corby MS. opposite, and quotations from the Speculum and Priscillian. The Notes deal chiefly with the text and its interpretation, but they are followed by a set of comments which discuss the chief subjects on which the Epistle treats in a popular and suggestive way. The pages on temptation and on the use and abuse of speech, may be referred to as illustrations of the value of these comments. An index of Greek words is given showing the words not used by any writer previous to St. James, those first used in a certain sense by him or not used elsewhere in the New Testament or the Septuagint. This masterly work is packed with the fruits of a lifetime of learning, and is a marvel of patient research. Every scholar will feel that it is a treasure for his library.

The Modern Reader's Bible. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel. Edited by RICHARD G. MOULTON, M.A., Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 1897.

The Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago continues, with exemplary regularity, to issue his series of books of Holy Scripture as *The Modern Reader's Bible*. There is no falling off in interest or value as he proceeds with the Prophets. They are a great boon to the intelligent reader. Isaiah is very well done. Jeremiah is admirable; Ezekiel is not less able or judicious, and, in fit places, is marked by a special brilliancy. The arrangement, the introduction, and the notes are all excellent.

The Times of Christ, by Lewis A. Muirhead, B.D. (T. & T. Clark, 2*s*.), seeks to make its readers understand more thoroughly than they can do from a mere perusal of the Gospels, the conditions under which our Lord spent His life. The subject is arranged under three divisions—Historical, giving an account of the Herods and the Romans in Palestine; Contemporary, dealing with the language, trade, social conditions, daily life, and local government of Palestine in our Lord's time; and Religious, describing the Jewish sects and the Messianic Hope. The book is so clear, so well arranged, and so thoroughly useful that it will be of great service to Bible students. The Index, with its explanatory notes, is a good feature of a thorough and painstaking volume.

Our Children in Covenant with Christ. By Rev. SAMUEL WEIR. C. H. Kelly. 1*s*.

This little book puts the case for infant baptism in a way that is both suggestive and helpful. Mr. Weir has no sympathy with

the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, but he shows that the child has the blessing of the united prayers of God's people, and that the parents come under a solemn pledge to bring up their child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The discussion of modes of baptism is clear and convincing. Mr. Weir argues that to insist on immersion in every case might sometimes be heartless fanaticism. The book ought to encourage parents and all who have the care of children to expect and labour for the early conversion of the young.

From C. H. Kelly we receive a parcel of books. *Creed and Conduct* (13*s.* 6*d.*), by Rev. George Coates, is a series of readings for each week in the year culled from Dr. Maclaren's sermons. There is so much spirituality, freshness of thought, and ripe wisdom in this volume that it ought to be very popular as a book for devotional reading, or use in the class-room. A good portrait of Dr. McLaren is given. *Joseph, Dreamer and Deliverer*, by Rev. John Howell Jones, is a little book made up of five homilies, full of good sense and helpful teaching, and brightened by much happy illustration. It ought to be in the hands of every young man. *The Christ of the Higher Critics*, by Rev. W. Spiers, M.A. (1*s.*), is an examination of the Kenotic and other theories derogatory to the Divine nature of our Lord. It is time some protest against rationalistic teaching of this kind was made, and Mr. Spiers is acute and emphatic. The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse has written a very powerful temperance booklet, *Is not this the Blood of Men?* which puts the argument strongly and concisely. *Respect the Hedge* is a piece of the most exquisite work of the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and it ought to have a great sale. It is only a penny booklet, but it may cleanse and save many a young life.

The Position of the Laity in the Primitive Church. Being the Report of the Shoreditch Ruridecanal Committee. By the Rev. C. HARRIS, M.A. S.P.C.K.

This little pamphlet shows that, in five clear passages of Scripture, the title of priest is given to Christians—laity as well as clergy. Starting from this fundamental idea of the lay priesthood, the ancient Fathers recognised the laity as an integral part of the Catholic Church. "All the public acts of religion were acts, not of the clergy alone, but of the whole Church. This was true even of the Sacraments. Baptism was regarded as the act of the whole Church, and was, therefore, usually performed in the full congregation, that all might take part in the service. This was equally true of the celebrating of the Lord's Supper, or the Eucharist." Jerome calls baptism the layman's priesthood, but confirmation may, the writer

thinks, be rightly regarded as the ordination of the laity. The power of the laity in the election of bishops, Bingham held to be equal to that of the clergy themselves, and they had real influence in the exercise of discipline, and in almost all Church matters. During the struggle with the Arian heresy the laity played a magnificent part in doctrinal questions. Lay co-operation in Church work was highly developed. At the same time bishops exercised great power in civil and political matters. The writer reaches the conclusion that the laity occupied a more conspicuous position in the Primitive Church than they do at present. Their power was never so great as to destroy the independence of the clergy, or to make them mere delegates of the laity, but the layman felt himself a citizen in the kingdom of God, honoured with privileges as well as duties. "Therefore, in his attachment to the Church, there mingled with the strictly religious feeling that ardent spirit of patriotism, that sincere love for the Constitution, which free institutions and just government always tend to produce. Each in his own order with joy and enthusiasm strove to perform the duties of his calling, and to co-operate in the Divine plan for the salvation of the world." The pamphlet is a sign of that revival of laymen's work in the Church of England which is struggling up in our day. An Appendix, giving a catena of citations from the Scriptures and the Fathers, adds greatly to the value and interest of the pamphlet.

The Expositor. Fifth Series. Vol. V. 1897. 7*s.* 6*d.*

This is a singularly interesting and valuable volume. No young minister should allow himself to suffer the grievous loss involved in remaining ignorant of the contents of this journal, which seems to improve from year to year. Among the contributions to the present volume is a careful and excellent series of papers on "Christian Perfection," by Dr. Beet.

We are glad to see that Dr. Newman Hall's helpful volume on "The Lord's Prayer" (T. & T. Clark), has reached a third edition. It is a book which devout people will prize, and from which they will gain much food for the soul.

The Mohammedan Controversy. Biographies of Mohammed, Sprenger on Tradition, The Indian Liturgy and the Psalter. By Sir WILLIAM MUIR, K.C.S.I., &c., &c. T. & T. Clark. 1897. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Essays in this volume appeared many years ago in the *Calcutta Review*. They are from the pen of one of the greatest masters of all the literature relating to Mohammedanism, Hindooism, and their mutual relations. To the student of those subjects, and especially to the Indian missionary, the volume must be invaluable.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Francis Orpen Morris.. A Memoir. By his Son, the Rev. M. C. F. MORRIS. With Portrait and Illustrations. John C. Nimmo. 5*s*.

This Memoir will be welcomed by all lovers of natural history. Mr. Morris is best known as a writer on birds, but entomology was the study in which he seemed to take the keenest delight. His grandfather married an American beauty, Mary Philipse, who made a deep impression on the heart of Washington, and his father was Admiral Henry Gage Morris. The future naturalist was born at Cork in 1810, and was so delicate an infant that he seemed to have little chance of living. Whilst reading with a tutor for Oxford, he had successively scarlet fever, ague, jaundice, and inflammation of the lungs; when twenty-eight he nearly lost his life with an attack of small pox; but these ailments in no way injured his constitution, and from that time, till old age stole upon him, he may be said never to have had an ache or a pain. His love for natural history showed itself almost as soon as he could think and speak. When at Bromsgrove School he made the most of his opportunities as a field naturalist, going on long expeditions to catch butterflies or other insects, or to look for an uncommon bird. At Oxford he caused some sensation by choosing Pliny's Natural History as one of the books in which he was examined. He used to say, not without a touch of glee, that the examiner who tested him on this subject was more than once caught tripping, and had to make his apology. Soon after his marriage he became a curate in Doncaster, and found some leisure during the two years which he spent there to cultivate his natural history. In November, 1844, he became vicar of Nafferton, where he spent nine years of unwearying labour. He found his church in a queer state. Huge box-like pews filled the nave, and blocked the entrance to the chancel; there was no organ, but the singers occupied the western gallery, and were led by the village blacksmith. When the fiddles, clarionets, and other instruments struck up, the whole congregation turned round and faced them. Mr. Morris made so many changes, and made them so rapidly, that considerable opposition was excited, and a party sprang up in violent opposition to him. He did a good work, but not always with much tact or patience, so that it was a considerable relief when Archbishop Musgrave offered him the rectory of Nunburnholme, in 1854. His son says that, had all England been searched, it would have been hard to find a place more

suited to all his tastes and circumstances. He had more leisure for his writing and study as a naturalist than at Nafferton; the rectory garden attracted many birds, and you could seldom walk down the beckside without seeing a kingfisher or two. Here he spent the last thirty-nine years of his long and active life. His *Natural History of British Birds* had been begun at Nafferton, and was finished during his first four years at Nunburnholme. He found a printer in Mr. Fawcett, of Driffield, whose name holds an honoured place among our English printers and booksellers. His printing in colours soon made him famous, and all the plates for the *British Birds* were produced in this little Yorkshire town. Mr. Morris's reputation was now made, and he lived a life of strenuous industry, sending out books in rapid succession, and keeping up a large correspondence with brother naturalists. He was a man of strong feelings, and liked his own way, but he had a large and a warm heart. His son gives many pleasing instances of his care for bird and moth, and he was an earnest advocate of protection for birds, and of anti-vivisection. He spent nearly the whole of his clerical life in Yorkshire, and greatly relished a racy bit of dialect. He once visited an old dame at Nafferton who had seriously injured herself, and asked her how the accident happened. She replied: "Ah wer just cumin thruff t' deear, an' ah chipp'd mi' teea i't pooak on t' fleeur." (I was just coming through the door, and I tripped my toe in the sack on the floor.) Another parishioner, with a very little house, managed to take in a lodger. She explained the situation to her vicar: "Weel, sir, you see, he meats hissen, and ah' weshes him." (He finds his own food, and I wash for him.) This is a frank, genial book, true to life, and full of good things.

The Black Watch. The Record of an Historic Regiment. By ARCHIBALD FORBES, LL.D. Cassell & Co. 5*s*.

The Forty-Second, or Royal Highlanders, took their name from the sombre colour of their clan tartans, which were mainly composed of black, blue and green, with an occasional stripe of red, yellow or white. This made a conspicuous contrast to the scarlet coats, waistcoats and breeches of the regulars who were known as the "Red Soldiers," and must have resembled a regiment of flamingoes. Early in 1730 six separate and distinct detachments of Highlanders were raised to act as a kind of local gendarmerie, and in 1739 these were formed into the historic regiment known as the Black Watch. Most of the officers were men of old family, and the whole regiment was knit together into one united family. The officers lived for their regiment, and the men were so jealous of the general reputation that when any soldier tarnished the honour of the corps there was not a

man in the regiment that would mess with him. For the first forty years no instance of corporal punishment occurred, and if a man were degraded the privates of his company sometimes subscribed from their own pay to procure the discharge of one who had become obnoxious to them. Mr. Forbes traces the history of the regiment from its formation down to the present time, and gives details of every engagement in which the Forty-Second has taken part. The story sometimes loses a little through the want of details, and the fact that it is not always easy to preserve the balance between the history of an engagement and the part played in it by the special regiment. But the book is full of good stories and of brave deeds, which still make a patriot's pulse beat more quickly. One soldier's wife has gained a niche in the temple of fame. At the engagement of Vizie, in the West Indies, in 1796, she was in the hottest fire, cheering and animating the men, and when the fight was over she was as active as any of the surgeons in assisting the wounded. On one occasion, when General Graham was wounded, she washed his wounds and bound them up so well that the surgeon said he could not have done it better, and would not unbind the dressing. Some of the stories are of absorbing interest. After the battle of Alexandria, in 1801, General Stewart observed some men digging a hole to bury a number of bodies. He touched the temples of one, found them warm, and instructed the soldiers to carry the body to the surgeon. One of them answered, "Pho! he is as dead as my grandfather, who was killed at Culloden." He took the man by the heels and dragged him towards the pit, but General Stewart ordered him to desist, and in six weeks the man was on duty again. In the same Egyptian campaign the mirage, the effect of which at that time no man in the army understood, made the attacking party regard the enemy's weakest point as impregnable, and the fiery sun acting on a white and glittering sand gave to the gentle undulations along which the French had ranged their batteries an overwhelming semblance of height and strength. Many a lesson as to trusting a leader and absolutely observing orders may be gathered from this record. At Alexandria the Forty-Second was ordered to form immediately under a steep hill, where the strictest quiet was to be maintained lest the enemy should open fire upon them. Unfortunately three young men crept out to see what the enemy was doing. They were observed, and round shots were poured in on the regiment, by which thirteen men were killed or wounded. Sir Colin Campbell was proud of his Highland Brigade, and they well repaid his confidence, both in the Crimea and amid the horrors of the Indian Mutiny. Such a record as this volume gives will be dear to the heart of every Englishman, and will be a crown of glory for every Scot. We are glad that the dog, the deer, and the cat which became famous as pets of

the regiment have not been overlooked in this history. Unhappily all came to a sad end. The terrier was shot by a gamekeeper in a rabbit warren; the deer became formidable, and had to be shot; the cat got worried at Balaclava.

Heroes of the Nations. Hannibal: Soldier, Statesman, Patriot, and the Crisis of the Struggle between Carthage and Rome. By WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS. Putnam's Sons. 5*s.*

Mr. Morris has caught the enthusiasm for Hannibal which seems to steal over all students of the great Carthaginian soldier who was the father of military strategy. His fame rests on the unwilling testimony of his enemies, whom he humbled to the very dust by a series of exploits which at one time bade fair to change the history of the world. "He is supreme over the soldiers and statesmen of Rome; he is the master spirit of the Mediterranean world. Nothing in the period of the second Punic War can be compared to Hannibal, save the great people which at last overthrew the great man. We possess hardly anything which has emanated directly from this extraordinary personage, scarcely a phrase, not a line of correspondence; his achievements and character have been described by bitter enemies, with the doubtful exception of one historian, who understood his genius, yet inclined to the side of Rome. Yet through the mists of calumny and detraction we can see the form and the lineaments of that gigantic figure, one of the most commanding that has appeared in history." His success would have been a misfortune to the world, for Carthage was too hard, too mercenary, too narrow for a mistress of the nations. Her true measure is seen in the treatment she meted out to Hannibal himself, but the story of her great soldier—his resource, his strategy, his calm confidence in danger, his brave patience in defeat and ruin—is one of the most thrilling and most pathetic of all histories. In Mr. Morris's hands it loses none of its charm. He has carefully studied the great authorities, both ancient and modern; he has investigated the difficult problem of the march across the Alps, and considers the account of Polybius more reliable than that of Livy. He has given the whole story its true setting, and helps us to see the stage of development reached by both nations at the time of their life and death encounter. We are sorry that he has not given Livy's description of the last scene of Hannibal's career more fully, but the book is a worthy history of the man and his achievements, and its maps and illustrations add greatly to its value as the best popular life of Hannibal—popular, yet scholarly, full, fresh, and

adequate for those who wish to follow the course of one of the most enthralling of all military histories.

The True George Washington. By PAUL LEICESTER FORD. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mr. Ford says, in his prefatory note, that in every country boasting a history a tendency may be observed to make its leaders or great men superhuman. With characters like Washington, Franklin and Lincoln, America has practically adopted the English maxim that "the King can do no wrong." "In place of men, limited by human limits, and influenced by human passions, we have demi-gods, so stripped of human characteristics as to make us question even whether they deserve much credit for their sacrifices and deeds." He has tried to present Washington as he really was in the family circle, as well as in public life; he has not ignored details, and has allowed Washington to speak for himself, even at the expense of literary form, so that his own words may bring out his real personality. The result of his work, on his own mind, has been to make Washington not only more real, but a greater man. The person who suffers most from this unveiling is Washington's mother. His father died when George was only eleven, and "her course with the lad was blamed by a contemporary as 'fond and unthinking.'" After Braddock's defeat she wearied her son with pleas not to risk the dangers of another campaign, so that he finally wrote: "It would reflect dishonour upon me to refuse; and *that*, I am sure, must or *ought* to give you greater uneasiness than my going in an honourable command." Mrs. Washington seems to have been a querulous woman. Her complaints of want of comfort greatly annoyed her son, who had answered all her calls for money, and he had to take a decided stand to prevent her name being brought forward for a pension. Washington's relations to his family—his brothers and sisters, his nephews and nieces—do him great honour, and his own home life was very happy. During his Presidency, when the public eye was on him, he was careful to attend church, but at other times he was not very regular, and on Sacrament Sundays he invariably went out after the sermon, leaving Mrs. Washington to stay with the other communicants. His true position is probably represented by Madison, who thought that Washington had never attended to the arguments for Christianity, or formed definite opinions on the subject. His education was very limited, but he had a massive understanding, and Patrick Henry says, in reference to the Congress of 1774: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

This was high praise, for Adams tells us that every man in that assembly was "a great man, an orator, a critic, a statesman." Mr. Ford gives us much information about Washington's tastes —his love of dancing, his liking for honey and nuts, his delight in children, his care about his clothes. His personal courage in war is not less marked than his intrepidity in following the policy which approved itself to his best judgment. When ten thousand people thronged the streets of Philadelphia, day after day threatening to drag Washington from his house, and secure a Government that would declare itself in favour of the French Revolution, and against England, Washington quietly adhered to his policy of neutrality. When he signed the treaty of 1795 with England, there was a popular outburst from one end of the country to the other, yet Washington would not swerve an iota from what he thought to be right. The people always came back to him in the end, and Jefferson complains that "such is the popularity of the President that the people will support him in whatever he will do or will not do, without appealing to their own reason, or to anything but their feelings towards him." Mr. Ford's book is full of details, and some of them are not a little amusing. How primitive was the Colonial Society of Washington's early manhood may be seen from his transcript of the *Rules of Society and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation*. "If you cough, sneeze, sigh or yawn, do it not loud, but privately, and speak not in your yawning, but put your handkerchief or your hand before your face, and turn aside." "Shake not the head, feet, or legs, rowl not the eyes, lift not one eyebrow higher than the other, wry not the mouth, and bedew no man's face with your spittle, by approaching too near him as you speak." America may well be proud of Washington, for Tilghman was not far wrong when he described him as "the honestest man that I believe ever adorned human nature." The interest of the volume is much increased by a capital set of illustrations, portraits, views, and facsimiles.

Chapters of Early English Church History. By WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D. Third Edition. Revised and enlarged, with a Map. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12*s*.

Professor Bright's lectures are the most instructive summary we possess of the ecclesiastical history of England down to the death of Wilfrid in 709. The volume was first published twenty years ago, but its value is greatly enhanced by the revision and additions of this enlarged edition. The story is profoundly interesting. It deals with the history of the Ancient British Church, tells the story of Augustine's mission to

England, of which the thirteenth centenary has just been celebrated, and traces the work of Paulinus at York, of St. Aidan, St. Chad, Hilda of Whitby, and other lights of English Christianity. It does justice to the great services of Theodore as Archbishop of Canterbury, and lingers lovingly over the names of Cædmon, Cuthbert, Bede and Wilfrid. The history is enriched with many details which give it life and colour, and is written in a style that ought to win a wide circle of readers. No student of English Church history can afford to overlook it. When Augustine's companions shrank from the mission to Britain, and sent him to Rome to beg Gregory to allow them to return, the Pope replied, "It were better not to begin a good work than to begin it and turn back from it; you have undertaken this work by the Lord's help—carry it out with activity and fervour, knowing that much labour wins all the greater reward." St. Chad of Lichfield, when a high wind swept across the moors at Lastingham, used to give up his reading and implore the Divine mercy for mankind; if the wind increased he would close his book and give himself wholly to prayer; and if it rose to a storm, with thunder and lightning, he would repair to the church and give himself wholly to prayer and the recitation of psalms until the weather cleared up. Thunder and storm were for him the voice of God calling man to heart-searching and contrition. The estimate of Bede's character and work as an historian is specially instructive, and Cuthbert's apostolic life is vigorously outlined. It is interesting to find that on the eve of the disaster that befel Egfrid and his host, Cuthbert warned the queen to "set off early on Monday for York, lest haply the king may have fallen—it is not lawful to drive on the Lord's day." We hope this new edition will receive a warm welcome, and will tempt many to study the early annals of English Christianity. It is a history full of lessons for to-day. Professor Bright says two things shine out in those who responded to the touch of Christianity in the centuries under review. "One is, the simple loyal thoroughness, the unreserved 'perfectness of heart,' with which, having accepted the Faith as the explanation of man's destiny, they accepted withal the practical obligations which were proposed to them as arising out of it, or even seemed to think only of how they could do most in order to attain holiness and salvation. The other is that passion for 'winning souls,' for spreading the new-found light among their heathen countrymen or their Teutonic kinsmen abroad, which passed on through those first generations of English Christians the 'fiery torch' of missionary ardour. It is the typical laymen of the several kingdoms who most conspicuously illustrate these true conditions of Church life." Allowing for some blemishes "the Conversion is among the *magnalia Dei*. Its records, moreover,

abound in illustrations of a Divine discipline, administered through reverses and disappointments, through seemingly premature deaths and seemingly fruitless labours; and then, again, of an 'excellency of power' put forth in ways unexpected, when need was sorest and hearts were like to fail. It is this which gives the whole period so pathetic and solemn a charm for the Christian student. He feels that the years of the Conversion are emphatically 'years of the Right Hand.'"

Oxford and its Colleges. By J. WELLS, M.A. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. Methuen & Co. 3*s.*

This dainty little volume is an attempt to trace the history of the Colleges of Oxford from the time of their foundation to the present day. After a brief account of the college buildings, some pages are given to the founders, the famous teachers and distinguished men trained in each college. The book is full of quaint and pleasant things, which make it delightful reading, and will we hope tempt many to further study of the subject. Theobald of Etampes had under him "60 or 100 clerks, more or less," at Oxford in 1120, and maintained a vigorous quarrel with the monks. He actually describes a monastery as "a prison of the damned, who have condemned themselves to escape eternal damnation." Giraldus Cambrensis visited Oxford about 1185, in order to push the circulation of his *Topography of Ireland*. He resolved to read it "where the clergy of England chiefly flourished and excelled in clerkship," and spent three days in this self-imposed task. On the first he entertained all the poor of the town; on the second, all the doctors of the different faculties; on the third, the rest of the scholars. Among later celebrities was Dr. Charlett, Master of University College, who had about two thousand correspondents, and spent nearly all his income on postage, so that he died insolvent. Dr. Good, Master of Baliol in the latter half of the seventeenth century, distinguished himself by pointing out "the mischiefs of that hellish liquor called ale." When Richard Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, resolved to devote part of his vast wealth to some foundation at Oxford, his mind at first turned towards a monastery, but his friend Bishop Oldfield, the founder of Manchester Grammar School, dissuaded him. "What, my lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing monks (*i.e.*, drones), whose end and fall we ourselves may live to see." To that sagacious counsel Oxford owes Corpus Christi College. Foxe says: "We have no continuing city here, but seek one that shall be in heaven, to which we hope to arrive more easily and quickly if we raise a ladder, calling its right side virtue and its left knowledge." He, therefore, founded a college wherein as in a hive "the scholars, like

clever bees, night and day may make wax and sweet honey to the honour of God and the advantage of themselves and all Christian men." The book is a treasure, and Mr. New's clever drawings add much to its charm.

Notables of Britain. An Album of Portraits and Autographs of the most Eminent Subjects of Her Majesty, in the Sixtieth Year of Her Reign. *Review of Reviews* Office. 1897.

This album is "a notable" collection. The portraits are excellent, especially perhaps we may say, those of the Queen, of which the most recent is the frontispiece, and an admirable presentation of Her Majesty, while that for 1837, in which the young Queen wears the crown which was made for her, is the vignette facing the table of contents. The number of "Notables" is 196, of whom seven belong to the Royal family. The leading politicians follow the Royal family, and the great judges and diplomatists are grouped with the great political leaders. The group which comes next is ecclesiastical. Here Mr. Stead has given a strict selection. Besides the Archbishops we find four Bishops—Westcott, Boyd Carpenter, Davidson, and Stubbs—next to whom are placed six ecclesiastical dignitaries—Dean Farrar, Canons Knox Little and Wilberforce, Cardinal Vaughan, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Mr. Haweis—the Roman Catholic prelate being conveniently placed in the centre of the group. Dr. Rigg, Dr. Parker, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Lindsay and General Booth, complete, as Nonconformists, this section of Notables. The selectness of this company is as remarkable as that of the Anglican clergy. Mr. Labouchere stands quite by himself, between Sir George Newnes and Mr. Burnand. Professor Max Müller stands as a buffer between a group of five Irish politicians, including J. E. Redmond and William O'Brien, and five labour leaders, Burt, Burns, Arch, Tillett and Mann. These are followed by a cluster of famous women, Miss Nightingale, the Baroness, Ladies Aberdeen, Warwick, Jersey, and Henry Somerset, Mrs. Fawcett, and Mrs. Josephine Butler. The remainder are eminent poets, philosophers, men of science (as *e.g.*, Lord Kelvin), great painters, an actor (Irving), and an actress (Ellen Terry), the Duke of Westminster, Lord Meath, Lord Farrer, and Sir Wilfred Lawson. To many the most interesting part of the volume will be the watchwords, mottoes or maxims which a considerable proportion of the "Notables" have given to accompany their photographs. That of Sir Evelyn Wood is "aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera." Lord Brassey gives the well-known passage from the prophet Micah, beginning, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good." Sir Edward Malet

quotes Polonius and Hamlet. Sir George Grey cites as his code the "Sermon on the Mount." Mr. G. W. E. Russell quotes the verse of St. John, "We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren." The Duke of Argyle quotes, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The Duke of Westminster simply says, "Virtus non stemma." Mr. Gladstone says: "Dear Mr. Stead,—Very respectfully I find myself unable to comply with your request, as it would expose me to the peckings and ravages of a number of birds of prey which are always seeking to pull me to pieces.—Yours faithfully, W. E. G. May 17, 1897." Among the Notables, we should add, are Sir Alfred Milner, Cecil Rhodes, Jameson, Schreiner, and Olive Schreiner. Of each Notable a very brief biographical notice is given. For those notices Mr. Stead alone is responsible. Some of them would hardly be endorsed by their subjects.

The Church Treasury of History, Custom, Folk-Lore, &c. Edited by WILLIAM ANDREWS. 7*s.* 6*d.* W. Andrews and Co.

Mr. Andrews has given us some excellent volumes of Church lore, but none quite so good as this. The subjects are all well chosen. They are treated brightly and with considerable detail, and they are well illustrated. "Stavekirks," as the old wooden churches were called, introduces us to the wonderfully quaint old Church at Greenstead in Essex, to the fine building at Little Peover in Cheshire, formed of crossed timber and plaster work dating from the reign of Henry II., and to other churches with wooden spires. "The Curious Churches of Cornwall" is a brief paper which whets the appetite for more. "Holy Wells" are skilfully discussed by Cuming Walters. The other papers deal with Hermits and their Cells, Church Wakes, Fortified Church Towers, the Knights Templars, English Mediæval Pilgrimages, Pilgrims' Signs, Animals of the Church, Pictures in Churches, Flowers and the Rites of the Church,—by the Rev. Hilderic Friend,—Ghost Layers and Ghost Laying, Church Walks, and the Westminster Waxworks. Mr. Andrews is himself responsible for some of the most interesting papers, but all his helpers have caught his own spirit, and the result is a volume full of information very well and pleasantly put. .

Bernard Gilpin: The Apostle of the North. By Rev. HENRY BUNTING. C. H. Kelly. 1*s.*

John Wesley would have rejoiced in this little book, for he recognised a kindred spirit in the zealous and fearless rector of

Houghton-le-Spring, who was led out of the darkness of Popery and became the itinerant Apostle of the North. Gilpin was one of the most notable men of that transition time when England was shaking off the bonds of the Papacy. He escaped martyrdom, but for years he lived in daily peril, and was being taken up to London, when Queen Mary's death set him free from his enemies. This book appeals strongly to Protestant sympathies, and should be read by every man, woman and child in the North of England. It is brightly written, and gives many instructive glimpses of the social and religious life of England in the sixteenth century.

Irish Methodism. By Rev. RANDALL C. PHILLIPS. C. H. Kelly. 1897.

A small book on Irish Methodism was a desideratum, and the volume before us is small and not ill planned. Nor is it wanting in intrinsic interest. But we have been disappointed by it; all the more because we know well the intelligence and culture of Irish Methodist ministers, both elder and younger, and that the younger especially have had great advantages of training and brotherly intercourse. The book is wanting in clearness and vigour. Some of the faults of style are singular, especially as found in the writing of an Irishman. The vulgar misapplication of the word *transpire*, as if it was only an equivalent—a rather fine or stately equivalent—for the word *occur* or *happen*, is habitual throughout the book. For example, at p. 61 we read of an "act of solemn dedication that *transpired* at a watch-night service." At p. 35 the framing and passing of the "Deed of Declaration" is spoken of as "another important event which *transpired* shortly after" the Conference of 1778. Wesley's death is described as "the parting scene that *transpired* in the memorable chamber in City Road" (p. 44). We are told that "it is well for us that the last attempt of an extensive armed revolution *transpired* inside the compass of the last century" (p. 57). The writer's use of small French phrases again is very strange. For example—"We cannot help exclaiming, when we think of what the Establishment lost by its unreasonable antipathies—*tant pis*." And again, in order to emphasise the conclusion that it was impossible for the Connexion in Ireland any longer to maintain its allegiance to the Established Church, we are told that "if further evidence is required to show that the Connexion had reached the *pis aller*, it can easily be produced." We find, moreover, throughout the volume an annoying error of spelling which, though it must be laid at the door of the printer in the first instance, ought not to have gone without correction by the author. We refer to the misprint "insiduous."

It gives us pain to be compelled to notice faults that mar the composition of a volume which contains useful matter, and which, well done, would have been a timely and valuable book. The history of the Methodist Church in Ireland is one of no ordinary interest; the work accomplished has been remarkable for its distinction and success; and, at this moment, the position of Methodism in Ireland is influential and full of promise. Never before did it stand before the nation so high, or in every way so well as at the present moment. It deserves a bright, clever and effective popular record.

BELLES LETTRES.

The Christian. A Story. By HALL CAINE. Heinemann. 6*s.*

Powerful and painful are the two words that best describe this book. The title is a gross and misleading misnomer. John Storm and Glory Quayle are a pair of enthusiasts almost equally wild and unbalanced, though Storm is fascinated by the sin and sorrow of London, by the woes of its women and children, whilst Glory is the slave of the world, hungering for gaiety and applause. She is the granddaughter of a Manx clergyman, and almost lives on the sea, but at last she escapes to London, and, after a brief period as probationer in a hospital, finds herself adrift in London. After a bitter experience of loneliness and poverty she finds her way to the music-hall, where her gifts as a mimic and as a singer win her a perilous reputation. It is hard to conceive how a girl, brought up as she has been, can stoop to such a life, and her early letters are vulgar and low. She keeps strange company, and the reader often trembles for her very virtue. Meanwhile, John Storm is running into fanaticism. He starts his life in London as curate to Canon Wealthy, a contemptible specimen of the Society clergyman, and horrifies the West-end congregation by his fearless denunciation of fashionable marriages. His love for Glory drives him to a monastic brotherhood and makes him at last break his vows that he may come out and find her. Glory has long loved him, but the world holds her too fast to allow her to share his ascetic life. Father Storm becomes a vicar in the slums of Westminster, where he founds an orphanage and labours to save the outcast. He wins a perilous

reputation as a prophet, and London goes wild, as it did during the earthquake panic of 1750. Storm himself almost loses his reason, and actually sets out to kill Glory to save her from the perils which are gathering round her. The closing scenes of the book are terrible. A warrant is issued for Storm's arrest; he delivers himself up to the police and is sent for a little while to Holloway. When he is bailed out some wretched scamps attack him and inflict injuries on him that cause his death. Her lover's loss of friends and reputation melts the heart of Glory, and, before Storm's eyes close, she becomes his wife and consecrates herself to carrying on his work among outcast women and children. The story is written with great force and passion, some of the sketches of low life are really pathetic, and the description of Derby Day is a masterpiece. But we cannot understand how a girl, so really pure-minded as Glory, could stoop to play the parts and keep the company here represented, and John Storm is as ill-balanced as Glory, though no one can fail to admire his devoted labours for the degraded and fallen. The unutterable vulgarity of some sides of London life and its terrible lust and sin are very powerfully lashed in this book. It is a novel with a purpose, though the purpose is not obtruded so as to mar the story. The bloodhound Don, who follows Storm from the monastery and becomes his stalwart protector and friend, deserves a word of praise. He is a fine illustration of Tennyson's "Faithful and true."

Renaissance in Italy. The Fine Arts. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. New Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The purpose of this volume is to define the relation of the Italian arts to the main movement of Renaissance culture. Mr. Symonds has shown how the arts were at the beginning dependent on mediæval Christianity, and has traced their gradual emancipation from ecclesiastical control and their final attainment of freedom at the moment when the classical revival culminated. The great authorities on Painting, Sculpture and Architecture have been freely laid under contribution, but Mr. Symonds has mentioned no important work of art of which he has not made a personal study. The opening chapter on "The Problem for the Fine Arts," shows that, as in ancient Greece so also in Renaissance Italy, the fine arts assumed the first place in the intellectual culture of the nation. "Instead of rivetting the fetters of ecclesiastical authority, instead of enforcing mysticism and asceticism, it really restored to humanity the sense of its own dignity and beauty, and helped to prove the untenability of the mediæval standpoint; for art is essentially and uncontrollably free, and, what is more, is free pre-

cisely in that realm of sensuous delightfulness from which cloistral religion turns aside to seek her own ecstatic liberty of contemplation." Architecture and Sculpture are discussed in two chapters, three others are devoted to Painting, with a fourth chapter on Venetian painting. Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini each have a chapter to themselves, whilst a closing chapter on "The Epigoni" deals with the after-bloom of the arts as it tends rapidly towards decadence. The subject of the volume is one of inexhaustible interest, and a student can find no better guide through this enchanted realm than Mr. Symonds.

The Choir Invisible. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. Macmillans. 6*s.*

This is a book that deserves the popularity it has already won on the other side of the Atlantic, and will become one of the favourite stories of the year, though its popularity will be seriously discounted in many circles by the fact that it turns on a young man's love for a married woman. The scene is laid in Kentucky at the close of the last century, when the early settlers were beginning to conquer the wilderness, when the Indians had been pushed further backwards, and life was becoming safe for women and children. John Gray, the young schoolmaster, is in love with Amy Falconer, the beauty of the district, but Amy is a girl without much heart, and fortunately for him their lives drift apart. Her aunt, the wife of Major Falconer, belonged to an old Virginian family, and she becomes John's truest friend and counsellor. She lends him Malory's great romance and spurs him on to seek the Holy Grail. John learns to love her, but honour forbids him to tell his story. He rides away to seek his fortune, and when the major dies the widow waits for his coming, for she too has learned that her heart has passed out of her own keeping. John never returns. He had become engaged to the daughter of some old friends of his father and could not break the tie, but twenty years later he sends his son with the story so long untold, and Jessica finds that he had been worthy of her trust and love. That is the thread of incident; but the sketches of life in the early settlement, the homilies on love and duty, the dainty charm of the descriptions, the freshness and beauty of the style, make this a book to love and linger over. The flute-playing parson, with his heart-searching sermons, his quaint hatred of women and his odd marriage, is one of the best minor characters in the book. Washington appears, painted by the brush of an enthusiast, and many pleasing pictures are given of the America of a hundred years ago.

The Fascination of the King. By GUY BOOTHBY. Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD. Ward, Lock & Co. 6*s.*

This is a story that suggests some comparison with *Phroso*, though it has not the distinction of style, or the multitude of hair-breadth escapes, that made Mr. Anthony Hope's romance famous. The scene opens in Venice, where an English marquis and his sister, one of the beauties of London society, make the acquaintance of a distinguished-looking stranger, who turns out to be Marie, King of the Medangs. His kingdom is in the far East, behind Annam, and the English nobleman is able to render him great service by taking him there in his yacht, when news arrives that trouble has broken out with the French. The description of Medang is very fine, and the king proves to be a European enthusiast who is trying to uplift his adopted nation, and make it a power in Asia. He is beloved of all his people, but the governor of his citadel is a traitor, though Marie cannot be persuaded to distrust him. A rude awakening comes at last, and there are some exciting scenes. The king and his friend, who has now become his brother-in-law, are recalled from the battle-field, where they have routed the French, and have an eighty miles' ride which almost kills them and their horses. But the marquis arrives in time, the plot is defeated, the traitors are baffled, the French are beaten and compelled to sue for peace. Marie's health gives way under the strain, but the illness leads to the discovery that he is not suffering from consumption, as the doctors thought, but that the symptoms have been produced by a bullet in his body. This is extracted, and the king gains a new lease of life. His sister, the blind Princess Natalie, one of the purest and sweetest of maidens, marries the marquis, and the kingdom seems on the high road towards the great destiny which its high-minded ruler has marked out for it. The story is exciting, and it is told with skill and vigour. It may be put into the hands of boys and girls with the certainty that it will delight them, and teach them to admire real pluck and high purpose.

Quotations for Occasions. Compiled by CATHERINE B. WOOD. T. F. Unwin. 3*s.* 6*d.*

There is a social and festive air about this book which will tempt many readers. But its chief attraction will be for the host or hostess who wishes to garnish a menu with gems of poetry, or the after-dinner speaker who needs an apt quotation for his speech. Miss Wood has been wonderfully diligent in her search for these sayings, and we are astonished at the number of couplets she gathers together on such a subject as

golf or cycling. Shakespeare is prophetic. From the *Tempest* comes—

> "Will guard your person while you take your rest,
> And watch your safety."

From *Richard the Third* we get "Punched full of deadly holes." Our great bard is actually responsible for forty-seven cycling lines. But Miss Wood has missed Ezekiel's vision of the wheels. Games of every kind are well supplied with apt quotations, and toasts for all occasions may be spiced from these pages, though "The President" finds his niche and the Queen is absent. That and the section on "The Fourth of July" points to an American origin, but American writers have not supplied much grist to the mill. Dinner, in all its stages, is an inexhaustible theme, and it is always fresh. Miss Wood will certainly whet the appetite of many a reader. Under literature we miss A'Kempis, "Everywhere have I sought peace, and found it nowhere, save in a corner with a book." A friend's congratulation to Roundell Palmer on his marriage ("Memorials," 471), "And nothing, sir, on earth seems so essential to man's happiness as a wife," is also worth a corner. Edward Thring's *Principles and Practice of Teaching* would supply some additional notes on "Education," and Roger Ascham might yield some nuggets. The book ought to be popular, and its value is increased by careful arrangement, and by the way in which the source of each quotation is clearly indicated.

The Woodland Life. By EDWARD THOMAS. Blackwood & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*

These papers show so much love of Nature, and so much tender appreciation of all her moods and seasons, that they will be eagerly welcomed by lovers of Richard Jefferies and our select circle of literary naturalists. The "Diary in English Fields and Woods" is a naturalist's calendar, in which the life of birds and trees and flowers is chronicled. If the reader of the book will interleave these pages, and add his own notes, he will cultivate his own faculty of observation and add largely to the interest of a country ramble, and brighten even the more limited world of the streets and parks. "A Wiltshire Molecatcher" gives some glimpses of a decaying profession, and the other papers paint the life of wood and field with much quiet felicity. Richmond Park, and other bits of Surrey, have been happy hunting grounds for Mr. Thomas, and he knows the ways of herons and pewits, and all the birds. His book ought to get into the hands of every lover of Nature, and it will soon win its place

in his affection. The publishers have made it as attractive outside as it is within.

Messrs. A. Constable & Co. send us three volumes got up with great taste. *In the Tideway*, by Flora Annie Steel (6s.), is a powerful story worthy of one of our chief literary artists. It is the tragedy of a loveless marriage, told with no little pathos, and closing with a scene where the unhappy lady flees from dishonour, but loses her life on the treacherous sands of their island home in the Hebrides. Rick Halmar, the young naval officer who worships Lady Maud, is a manly lad whom it does one good to meet, and his witty, tender-hearted aunt is as happy a literary portrait as himself. A pitiful contempt for the drunken husband, and a strong warning against marriage for wealth and position, will be the moral result of this story.

The Folly of Pen Warrington, by Julian Sturgis (6s.), introduces the reader to a bright girl who is the queen of Society, full of keen delight in life, enthusiastic in her friendships, utterly free from conventionality. The stolid duchess who acts as her chaperon, and other members of her court, are brightly sketched. Penelope gets engaged to Otho Pharamont, one of the most popular men in her set, but circumstances unmask him, and she dismisses him with contempt. The explorer, Peter Blake, a real man with rough and masterful ways, but with a true heart and a pure mind, carries off Pen in triumph, and we breathe a sigh of relief as we watch the escape of a bright and good girl from the artificialities in which she has been living. Happy days are evidently before her, and she deserves them.

Dracula, by Ben Stoker (6s.), is a vampire story before which Mr. Baring Gould's *Marjory of Quether* pales into insignificance. It is full of thrilling adventures, and the way in which the little circle of doctors and brave men set themselves to track and hunt down the vampire, gives the writer full scope for his talent for blood-curdling situations. It is manifestly based on a careful study of the vampire legends, but it is too horrible for enjoyment. The little sketch of Whitby, which comes in the story, is a gem of description, the quiet beauty of which is the more impressive amid the gruesome things that surround it.

Methodist Idylls. By HARRY LINDSAY. James Bowden.

These village sketches will be read with pleasure by young and old, though they are not free from exaggeration, the language is not always happy, and some of the references to Methodist organisation are confused. But if the work is marred by some blemishes there is a genuine appreciation of the religious life of a village, and a tender handling of some of

its homely comedies and tragedies. Aaron Priestly is a noble man, though we hardly understand why he clings to his office so tenaciously. "The Mellowing of Jesse Stallard" has a fine vein of pathos, and Lucy and Little Ephraim rank high as pen portraits. "Ned Thornbury's Love Story" is a happy tale of a courtship on which the old mother frowns, though she sees at last that her son had chosen wisely, though the girl was not a Methodist. The dialect does not by any means represent the speech of the country-people in Gloucestershire, and the *Idylls* seem to be modelled on *The Clog Shop Chronicles*, though they have not the force and freshness of those fine North country studies.

Fair, Kind and True. By JUNIUS, jun. Scranton Republican Print (Pa).

Absurdity could scarcely go farther than it does in this grotesque attempt to reinterpret Shakespeare's Sonnets. The writer holds that all the plays are Bacon's, and thinks that the Sonnets were intended "to define and relate the history of the plays and other facts connected with the personal history of the poet—told in the esoteric or acroamatic method of delivery which exists in these poems, infolded in the outside or common meaning." This secret meaning has lain dormant for three centuries. Commentators and expounders have altogether missed it until our American friend discovered the clue. It is really wonderful that any man could print such a book as this.

The Miracle Play in England. An Account of the Early Religious Drama. By SIDNEY W. CLARKE. W. Andrews & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Miracle Play is a fine subject for a student of English life in the Middle Ages, and Mr. Clarke treats it in a way that cannot fail to make his little book interesting to many readers. He shows that "the old ritual of the Church bristled with the germs of drama, and those germs were developed and expanded mainly on account of Latin, an unknown tongue to the masses of the people, being the language used in the churches. The Bible was a sealed book to the laity, and even if it had been free and open, few could read. The clergy thus found it necessary to devise some means of explaining and bringing home the meaning of the ritual, and of teaching the truths of doctrine and Holy Writ to an unlettered and ignorant people." The Rev. John Shaw, of Cartmel, in Lancashire, found one old man in his

parish, in 1644, who could not tell how many Gods there were, and did not know how men were to be saved. When the clergyman spoke of the blood of the Cross he said, "Oh, sir, I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendall, called *Corpus Christ* play, where there was a man on a tree, and blood ran down, &c., and after, he professed that he could not remember that ever he heard of salvation by Jesus Christ but in that play." Mr. Clarke gives a full account of four great cycles of the religious drama which have been preserved. These were acted at York, Wakefield, Chester, and Coventry by the City Guilds, who were sometimes coached by regular players. Each guild had its allotted part in the general drama, and the play was arranged so that every street had a performance going on at the same time. The realistic representations of "hell mouth" were more eagerly waited for than any other part of the drama. Mr. Clarke puts his matter well, and his book is both instructive and pleasant to read.

Jennifred, and other Verses. By SEPTIMUS G. GREEN. Dedicated, by permission, to Horatio Tennyson, Esq. Elliot Stock. 1897.

The author has laboured at verse-making. He has taste and an ear for melody. But of genius there is little sign in this pretty book. If it had been half the size, it might have merited more commendation. A general want of vigour, and a lack of originality, mark the volume, though graceful poems are not wanting, such as the one "To the Welsh Dingles." The first and longest poem, "Jennifred," is pleasing and tender, and has been laboured and polished not altogether in vain.

The Rev. J. Shone sends us a Commemorative Ode on the Methodist New Connexion Centenary, which gives a set of portraits of noted ministers which will be appreciated by members of his own Church. We cannot accept his view of Kilham's character, but we gladly recognise the loyalty to Wesley and his teaching expressed in the Ode. It is published by George Burroughs. Mr. Shone has also written four Sonnets addressed to the Queen, and published by Marcus Ward & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Beggars of Paris. Translated from the French of M. Louis Paulian. By Lady HERSCHELL. Edward Arnold. 1*s.*

Lady Herschell has translated this book because it seems to her an eminently useful as well as interesting work on a subject which is of no less moment in this country than in France. Begging in England is made a profession, and it is important that the public should realise the fact that "thoughtless almsgiving, instead of relieving misery, promotes mendicity." Ten years before he wrote his book M. Paulian set himself to calculate the sum which passes every year in Paris by way of voluntary gifts from the pockets of the so-called rich into the pockets of the so-called poor, but he has not been able to finish his task, because every day he has become aware of the existence of a new charity. The total may be set at ten million francs a year, which, added to the fifty millions given by the *Assistance Publique*, ought to secure that there should not be one case of real distress which society could not at once relieve. The number of beggars in the streets of Paris was never so great as to-day. So in proportion as the receipts intended to alleviate distress increase, the distress itself seems to develop. M. Paulian thinks he has discovered the leakage by which the water of Parisian charity runs out instead of reaching its proper objects. That leakage is caused by the aristocrats of mendicity—the robbers of the poor. On setting himself to study them M. Paulian interrogated police officers, magistrates, almoners, doctors, and exhausted all the means of information within his reach. As this did not secure adequate information, he resolved to become a beggar to study the habits of beggars, as he had become a rag-picker to study the ways of rag-pickers. Thanks to special protection and to certain subterfuges, he succeeded at the outset in getting himself officially inscribed at the Prefecture of Police on the list of organ-grinders and street singers. He made friends in the most questionable quarters, frequented taverns of the lowest description, and was able for months to trade with impunity on public charity in the streets of Paris. He says, "By turns crawling cripple, blind, street singer, carriage-door opener, mechanic out of work, unemployed professor, paralytic, deaf and dumb, I have had every infirmity, and have practised every kind of deceit." The penal code of France forbids begging, but there is begging in every street. The police agents are in

despair. Three-fourths of the mendicants whom they arrest are set at liberty either by the Prefecture of Police, the examining magistrate, or the courts, who are powerless to deal with the professional beggar, and have not the means of relieving real want. An institution is needed which would provide honest work, and receive anyone at any hour—men, women, children, Frenchmen or foreigners, young or old. There are very few charities which assist by offering work, and some only receive men, others only women and children. The recruit of professional beggardom is often found in some fine, powerfully-built young fellow of twenty, to whom the publican at last refuses all further credit. Here is a man overboard, yet no one attempts to rescue him. He stretches out his hand for alms, and is lost to society. He probably begins to pull the bell-rope in unfrequented quarters, wandering down the street. Such houses have not always a *concierge*. The cook, who has a warm heart, opens the door, and shows herself generous with her master's money. With the bread and meat obtained on such a round the beggar can make a decent breakfast, and spend the evening at some low place of entertainment with his twelve or fifteen coppers. When he ventures into a wide street where every house has a *concierge* the plan of operations must be modified. The beggars visit all the butchers and bakers, begging for food. A father often starts out begging with one or two children, who go from shop to shop with a basket on their arm. When this is full it is emptied into the bags which the father holds under some entrance porch. The proceeds are sold to breeders of chickens and rabbits, or to the coachmen of middle-class families, who use it to give a showy appearance to their masters' horses. About six weeks will suffice for the beggar's apprenticeship. He now becomes a journeyman, and can either become a strolling beggar, or a beggar stationed at a fixed place. If a man learns how to reach the master of the house and suit his tale to his hearer, the trade becomes lucrative, for it no longer brings in pence, but francs and sometimes gold. Sometimes a man wishes to repair the sin of his youth by legalising his union; sometimes he has children who have not been baptised because he could not afford a robe or lose a day's work. The baptism trick is one of the most productive. Then there is the rent trick, the letter-writing trick, the complimentary poet who has a stock of acrostics for every Christian name in the Roman Calendar, and when he hears of the engagement of a Miss Margaret X, sends her on a pretty sheet of pink paper, ornamented with flowers and doves, the verses in his catalogue that answer to the word Margaret. In the evening, when the lady is receiving her friends at some restaurant or hotel, the poet comes to claim his gratuity, and, perhaps, receives ten francs. When students are going to their examination at the Sorbonne,

a swarm of beggars bears down on them, pleading, "A penny, sir, a piece of bread—it will bring you good luck." If the student passes without giving anything, "You will be plucked, sir," is the ill-omened cry. There is not a foible or circumstance of human nature on which these vermin do not prey. The sedentary service comprises those who have by dint of intrigues, lies, and pretences procured for themselves something like a settled income from charity. M. Paulian knows of some mendicant families who receive ten or twelve visits a day from charitable persons or delegates of philanthropic societies, all of whom come well laden with gifts. A beggar described a rupture and varicose veins as a military medal which would bring in at least a hundred francs a year. A strolling beggar will give two francs for a medical certificate stating that a man has a rupture. Many stories are given to illustrate the subterfuges to which these people resort, and there is an amusing account of the reception M. Paulian received from other beggars already in possession when he ventured to solicit alms at the entrance of one of the Parisian churches. The sufferings of little children who are employed by the mendicants to excite the pity of the charitable are enough to melt any heart. The second part of the volume discusses the remedies for the abuses brought to light in the earlier chapters. Almsgiving in the streets must be suppressed, special tickets given so that the really hungry beggar need only go a few steps to get his bread and soup. This ticket must only be a preliminary help to those who are starving. After that the real remedy must be applied; that is work. Here is the touchstone that will enable us immediately and certainly to test each case. This position is established by many racy stories, and the whole scheme is mapped out in detail. M. Paulian has done great service to society, and to every honest struggler, by his wise and fearless exposure of the tricks of the beggars of Paris, and we hope his book will bear much fruit.

Achievements of Cavalry. By General Sir EVELYN WOOD, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c. George Bell & Sons. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Some years ago, when commanding the Aldershot District, Sir Evelyn Wood came to the conclusion that our cavalry officers were being discouraged at field days by the system of umpiring which did not represent the probable results of war. It assumed that the effect of rifle fire on service nearly equalled that obtained on the ranges, and over-estimated the value of artillery practice when guns were laid on moving targets. The application of the rules then in force was often to the prejudice

of the mounted branches. Sir Evelyn and his friend and colleague, General Sir Drury Lowe, then commanding the cavalry brigade, endeavoured to correct such erroneous judgments and to bring out true solutions. It is essential that cavalry officers should know when and how to charge and when to refrain from the attack. Assiduous reading and experience in all field duties are essential if cavalry are to do their work successfully in these days, when weapons of war possess such great range and precision. In 1892 Sir Evelyn Wood wrote, for the *United Service Magazine*, six studies intended for younger comrades who are not fond of close reading of military history. These are now enlarged and six new studies added, so that civilian readers may be able to follow them with intelligent interest. England, Poland, and Russia each furnished the heroes of one of the Achievements, Austria and France each claim two, whilst North Germany may boast of five. "This is to be accounted for, so far as our cavalry is concerned, by the fact that, though it had many opportunities of achieving success in the Peninsular War, yet the leading of its commanders being more indicative of courageous hearts than of well-stored minds, was often barren of results." The experience in war which makes efficient leaders is happily not often available, so that practice in cavalry and combined manœuvres must be relied on for efficient training. Until recently our regiments had not got beyond parade movements, but the necessity for manœuvres is now being recognised by the British public. The studies are models of concise statement. The course of the campaign is sketched, and the battle-ground carefully described, then the Achievement is graphically described and the lessons of the day are clearly brought out. Kellerman, the hero of Marengo, "possessed in a remarkable degree the three main characteristics of a perfect cavalry leader. His courage was indomitable; he had that quickness of perception which enabled him to seize the exact moment for throwing his command on the enemy; he was able to inspire his troops, not only with his own determination, but with confidence in his leading. The last characteristic is often wanting in even the most daring men." Sir Evelyn points out that cavalry officers should study when to strike in without asking permission or waiting for orders. He thinks that England possesses a great advantage that its officers are able to hunt, "than which, combined with study, there is, during peace, no better practice for acquiring the gift which Kellerman naturally possessed." The charge of Somo-Sierra, in 1808, where Montbrun, the second best cavalry general of the day, took an entrenched battery guarding a defile and re-established his own reputation, is one of the most brilliant feats chronicled in this book. What a general will pay for victory is brought out by the story of "Mars-la-Tour," in the

Franco-German War, where a Prussian cavalry regiment was called on to sacrifice itself to turn the tide. The General who ordered the attack said, "I don't expect the regiment to succeed, but if it can only check the enemy's advance and give us ten minutes' breathing time, it will have fulfilled its mission, even if it falls to the last man." In his comments, Sir Evelyn Wood says, "The infantry was used recklessly. The artillery and cavalry were deliberately sacrificed to the advantage of the army, and of the wisdom of this sacrifice there can be no doubt. The artillery helped to extricate the infantry, and were in turn saved by the heroic devotion of the three squadrons, whose charge stopped the advance of 5,000 infantry, armed with the Chassepôt rifle, a good modern weapon. In spite of the heavy artillery and rifle fire, under which the advance and charge were executed, the fact that there were only 138 human casualties, shows the difficulty of hitting a moving target in battle." The closing chapter on "Mounted Infantry" has urgent practical importance, and the whole book throbs with life and interest.

The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Doom—Dziggetai. Oxford. 1897.

In this number we note what seems to us a curious omission in the article on *dose*. Among other small accomplishments we rather pride ourselves on some acquaintance with the classical writers on Political Economy, among whom we reckon James Mill. Mill's style was by no means his strongest point, being remarkably arid, even for a writer on the dismal science; but he sometimes hit by happy knack upon a peculiarly neat term of art, and such, we think, was "dose of capital," which he habitually used to denote a determinate quantum of capital applied to production. This usage has been followed by Professor Marshall, and, we believe, by other economists of note. It is, therefore, with a certain fond regret that we observe that our present learned lexicographers have either overlooked or deliberately ignored it.

In the elaborate and praiseworthy article on *doubt* we observe that the subsidiary sense in which it is equivalent to "apprehend" is distinguished as archaic, though a passage is quoted from Trollope, "I doubt that Thackeray did not write the Latin epitaph." We should be much surprised if plenty of instances of this idiom might not be collected from living Scottish writers, and surely the parallel French usage, "*Je doute*"—*I think*, might have been noted by way of illustration. Singular, too, is it that the only recent authority cited for the use of *Drawcansir* should

be Mr. Justin McCarthy, considering its abundant employment by Carlyle in the early chapters of *Frederick the Great.*

An interesting article is devoted to the very ancient Teutonic word *dree*, which, after maintaining for centuries an obscure and precarious existence in North Britain, received a new phase of life from Sir Walter Scott, which, in the familiar phrase "dree the weird," it seems likely to retain. Passing to the very interesting word *drill*, we are at a loss to understand why in the sense of "small draught of liquid" it is so sharply distinguished as to be pronounced a distinct word from *drill* the boring instrument. Starting with *drill* as a synonym for the gimlet or other implement with which a hole is bored in a cask of wine, we see no sort of difficulty in its subsequent transference not only to the hole drilled therein, but also to the liquid which issues thence, and so eventually to any small measure or "nip" of liquid. Among recent additions to our language the American *dude*, fop or dandy, is duly noted, with its feminine form *dudine;* but no attempt is made to assign its etymology. More disappointing is it to find that *duffer*, which, from thieves' slang, passed into general currency about the middle of the last century, still defies philological elucidation. Under *duke* we have an admirable volume of the history of the title from the Merovingian period downwards. Equally instructive is the disquisition on *Dutch*, low and high, an article loaded with curious and entertaining matter of almost every sort.

In the course of our scattered remarks on this important section of a most important work, we have ventured to make a few criticisms; but we are fully sensible of the entire inadequacy of the treatment which is all that our limits of space enable us to accord it, and must once more express our sense, in as emphatic terms as possible, of the great and permanent obligation under which its editors and contributors are laying the Anglo-Saxon race.

A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon and Cant. Embracing English, American, and Anglo-Indian Slang, Pidgin-English, Gypsies' Jargon, and other irregular Phraseology. Compiled and Edited by ALBERT BARRÈRE and CHARLES G. LELAND. Geo. Bell & Sons. Two Volumes. 15*s.*

This work was originally published in two expensive volumes, intended only for subscribers, but it has been thought desirable to issue it with some alterations and corrections for use of a wider circle. Mr. Hotten published one of the best known dictionaries of slang thirty years ago, but every year swells "that

unconventional and unauthorised social dialect commonly known as slang," so that there is ample room for a new work, dealing not only with the special slang of public schools, professions and trades, but with that peculiar jargon which originated in unique circumstances, or pertains to strange races, such as the Anglo-Indian vernacular, the Pidgin-English of China and the Straits, and the jargon of gypsies. The slang of thieves is technically known as "cant." It possesses few words actually coined by those who use it. The French argot, in use among malefactors, differs very little from what it was in the seventeenth century. There is a vast number of words in our language which are still on probation, like emigrants in quarantine, awaiting their chance of promotion to the standard dictionary. The increase has been so enormous and rapid that no standard lexicographer could do it justice. The time has manifestly come for a dictionary on the lines of the present volumes. Mr. Leland adds to his colleague's Preface a brief history of English slang. He thinks that none of the early slang words have been lost. In the Early English and Middle English periods there were provincial dialects with familiar forms of speech and vulgarisms, but we cannot trace any "distinct canting tongue." The arrival of the gypsies in England, about 1505, seems to have stimulated the English tinkers or metal workers, who roamed all over the country, to improve their own rude and scanty jargon. The gypsies joined the English strollers, and devised a new language, to which they contributed a certain amount of Romany, but this they made as small as possible, as they did not care to teach it to others. The most striking element in old canting is the large proportion of Celtic words drawn from all parts of Great Britain. The gypsies contributed such words as row, shindy, tool, mash, pal, chivvy, slang. Dutch also has given us many slang words. In the reign of Charles the Second a great deal of slang became current which was in no way connected with the jargon of the dangerous classes. Such words as bite, macaroni and guiz, were made popular by fashionable people. During the latter part of the seventeenth, and first half of the eighteenth century, a vast array of words began to come into familiar use which had no connection with vulgarity and crime, and therefore are unjustly called slang. Yiddish, Pidgin-English and Americanisms, have swelled the volume of slang in more recent years. The last source has been especially fruitful. "The history of slang is that of the transition of languages into new forms," so that it is peculiarly interesting to philologists. The two Editors have been assisted by a set of experts who thoroughly understand Celtic dialects, Dutch, German and French slang. One of the staff is thoroughly versed in Pidgin-English, Gypsy and Shelta, or tinker's slang, which is here for the first time introduced into a work of this kind. Australia now makes its first

contribution to a work of this sort. The Rev. J. W. Horsley has helped in the prison slang, and information has been gathered from all classes of society. The book is beautifully printed in clear type, with wide margins. Every page has got some interesting bit of out of the way lore. "Absquatulate"—ab and squat—is an Americanism for the settler who abandoned a location when fearing an unwelcome visitation, and settled on a more remote spot. "Admiral of the Blue" is an old slang phrase for publicans, because they wore blue aprons. Some have suggested that "all my eye" comes from the Welsh *al mi hivy*—it is very tedious, *i.e.*, all nonsense—but it more probably is a contraction for "there is as much of it as there is in all my eye." "Amen curler" is a parish clerk who made the responses. "Bosh" has been derived from a Turkish word signifying empty, but it is here traced to the gypsy word. "Bull" was first specially identified with Hibernian mistakes by Miss Edgworth in her "Essay on Irish Bulls." It formerly meant any kind of rough, blundering, or foolish jest or trick, and is of the same root with bully in its sense of a clown or merry-maker. "Hi! Kelly," is a mode of address among passers-by in the Isle of Man, where Kelly is a very common name. "Jigger," one of the oldest canting and gypsy terms, means a gate or door. "Jiggered" is said to have arisen from the suffering caused by the chigoe insect in the West Indies, where it burrows in the feet of negroes. Sailors call the insects jiggers. But a better derivation seems to be from jig, allied to jog, to split, *i.e.*, destroy. A Tipperary lawyer is a bludgeon or shillelagh. "Vamping" is a musical term derived from America to describe a plan of playing an accompaniment at sight by simply knowing the key and the tune to which the song is set. In the Western States men made a good living by teaching it in eight lessons for ten dollars. The volumes are a treasure to any one who wishes to trace slang words to their origin, and the quotations given add greatly to the interest and value of the work.

The Yew Trees of Great Britain and Ireland. By JOHN LOWE, M.D., Ed. Macmillans. 10*s.* net.

A great wealth of tradition and of poetry gathers round the "venerable" and "funereal" yew, and its age, its poisonous properties, its military renown, and its whole natural history, are eagerly debated by specialists. Dr. Lowe, therefore, has a fine vein to work, and he has produced a book that connoisseurs and lovers of trees will find a very pleasant companion. He gives a list of all yew trees in the United Kingdom that have reached a girth of ten feet or upwards. These are arranged in

counties, and are supplemented by a list of trees in England and Wales that have reached thirty feet or upwards. From this, however, we find the yew at Totteridge is omitted. This Honours list is headed by the giant at Hampstead Marshall in Berks, which measures forty-seven feet. Dr. Lowe discusses the age of yew trees in much detail. He thinks the measurement of age by the number of concentric layers is very fallacious, except in the case of young yews, and holds that the dates assigned to many trees are absolutely fabulous. There is evidence to show that old trees grow at intervals much more rapidly than young ones, but they do not grow regularly, having periods of comparative arrest of growth. "This occurs in trees which have formed a good overshadowing head, beneath which their young shoots cannot grow on the trunk. As soon as any part of this head is broken, which it probably is every half century or so, rapid growth of the trunk sets in." The average rate of growth, both in young and old trees, seems to be a foot in diameter in from sixty to seventy years. Every side of the yew's life and history is discussed in this most instructive volume, and there are twenty-three full-page illustrations of famous trees, besides many more in the text. Dr. Lowe has earned the gratitude of every lover of this fine old tree by his painstaking monograph.

The Nation's Awakening. Essays towards a British Policy. By SPENSER WILKINSON. A. Constable & Co.

Mr. Wilkinson's chapters have already attracted attention as they appeared in the columns of the *Morning Post.* He pleaded in an earlier volume, entitled *The Great Alternative*, for the adoption of a national policy based upon a comprehensive view of the conditions of the modern world. The events of the last two years have confirmed his views, and have made him think that the wisest course is one of co-operation with other Powers rather than of isolation. After describing the series of surprises that came to Great Britain in the winter of 1895-6, when the means of national and imperial defence assumed new importance in many eyes, Mr. Wilkinson sets himself to sketch the policy of the Great Powers from their own point of view. This is one of the most instructive sections of the book, and it would not be easy to get a better bird's-eye view of European politics. This survey brings out the urgent need of a policy. The writer regards the opposition between Russia and ourselves as permanent and irreconcilable, and holds that we should agree with Germany, and, if possible, with France. China and Japan also would be valuable allies. Outlines of treaties are given,

and the policy proposed is defended. In the third book the organisation of government for the defence of British interests is considered. British diplomacy seems to fail in initiative, in continuity, in comprehensiveness. Some excellent suggestions are made as to remedying this weakness. The book is a fresh and powerful study of a pressing problem, and, though the writer is sometimes rather pessimistic in his survey, his volume cannot fail to make a profound impression and to strengthen the hands of any Government that sets itself to deal manfully with the protection of British interests.

Some Observations of a Foster Parent. By JOHN CHARLES TARVER. Constable & Co.

Mr. Tarver's object is to form a bond of sympathy and understanding between parents and the schoolmaster who has charge of their boys. He has studied "Tommy" to good purpose for many years, both in school and in the playground. He has known the life of a preparatory school, is an old Eton boy, and was one of Dr. Percival's masters at Clifton College, so that he has every qualification for the task he has undertaken. His book is marked by good sense and sound judgment, but it is also spiced with humour, and full of lively detail as to boys and parents and masters. Fathers and mothers ought to read it, for it will make them understand the cares and responsibilities of a good schoolmaster as they have never understood them before. It will make them less ready to interfere in school matters, and may, perhaps, bring the "tuck box" dispensation to an end. But everyone who wishes to read a book on educational matters will find this a delightful storehouse of quaint sayings and good stories. Nothing in the volume is better than the account of Mr. Tarver's own life at a preparatory school. His master was "a superb teacher, and the secret of his teaching lay in this, that he was himself always a learner. Not long before his death, I remember his saying to me, 'I never get tired of teaching; I still read the books that I used to read with you, and I still find something new in them.'" There was no coddling in that establishment; the doctor rarely appeared on the scene, and the only offence punished corporally was a lie. The punishments were tremendous, and on one occasion "the victim, foreseeing the dire future, had taken care to pad the parts likely to be affected with copy books and towels, upon which the 'Governor' unsuspecting, or not really caring, vigorously welted." "Tommy's" gastronomic powers are illustrated by the story of the boy who devoured with evident delight a slice of German sausage, two sardines, and a pile of marmalade on the same slice of bread. The subject of health is very brightly treated. Mr.

Tarver is convinced that the less care taken of "Tommy," the more likely is he to be healthy. Latin is defended as one of the best means of mental drill. "It would be impossible to devise for English boys a better teaching instrument." As to defects in spelling, there are some good and fresh suggestions. Mr. Tarver holds that "numerous cases of apparently wilful carelessness are due to eye and ear, and that the difficulties of reading and writing are habitually underrated." We might make many other extracts from this sagacious and vivacious book, but it is the duty and privilege of everybody to read it for themselves.

Thorough Guide Series. Yorkshire. Part I. The East Coast. By M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A. Third Edition. Revised. Dulau & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.*

This is a guide that deserves its name. It is "thorough" all through. The matter has evidently been well sifted, it is well up to date, concise, bright, discriminating. The pages devoted to York and to Durham will commend themselves both to students of architecture and to ordinary visitors, whilst the descriptions of Scarborough, Whitby, Filey, Bridlington, and other seaside resorts, will really help a reader to choose the spot most suited to the needs of himself and his family. "Filey" is described, most justly, as "the antidote to Scarborough—quiet and select as its big neighbour is rackety and cosmopolitan." The sea prospect is strikingly good—indeed, there is nothing along the Yorkshire coast so complete after its fashion as the semi-circular sweep of Filey Bay. The account of the fine old Priory Church at Bridlington, which in 1164 had to be fortified with walls to preserve it from the attacks of Scots and Danes, is a piece of painstaking work. It would not be possible to find a safer or more pleasant guide to East Yorkshire than this compact little volume. Its maps and plans are as good as its letter-press. Beside the plans of the Cathedrals and Beverley Minster, maps of York, Hull, Scarborough, Whitby and other places, are given, which will be of great service to the tourist.

Forecasts of the Coming Century. By a Decade of Writers. Manchester Labour Press. 1897. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

For serious students this is a tolerably *negligeable* book. It is a sort of *pot pourri*, compounded by Mr. Edward Carpenter. The materials have been supplied by Mr. A. R. Wallace, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Tom Mann, and other less known Socialist writers, and they are of a very mixed and miscellaneous kind. For the most part, these materials are not even new. Nor does the volume answer to the title. There

are not many forecasts in it, and what there are are based upon assumption and assertion, rather than on fact and likelihood. The liveliest paper is the one by Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which he pokes some admirable fun at his brother Socialists while explaining to them the philosophy of their illusions. With genial cynicism he expounds the rôle of this essential factor, as he thinks it, in the evolution of society. "Men are, for the most part, so constituted that realities repel, and illusions attract them." And it is in this way that Socialism, like every other social movement, makes its way. Most of this "decade" of writers would profit by a literal observance of Thoreau's maxim, quoted on p. 78, "Learn to split wood at least. Steady labour with the hands, which engrosses the attention also, is unquestionably the best method of removing palaver and sentimentality out of one's style both of speaking and writing." The usual topics are treated in the usual manner—Back to the Land; Collective Control of Capital, Machinery, &c.; Socialism and Art, Literature, &c., &c.—the usual fallacies being reparaded as if they had never been exposed. But, from the *Fabian Essays*, what a falling off is there in confidence, and, with one or two exceptions, in persuasiveness and charm. The writers, for the most part, seem to have been disillusionized and depressed.

The Monetary Situation in 1897. By G. M. BOISSEVAIN. Translated from the Dutch. Macmillans. 2*s.*

This pamphlet opens with a discussion of monetary problems involved in the Presidential Election in the United States. The writer explains Bryan's monetary position, and shows its weak points, glances at the monetary situation in other countries, and closes with a brief argument in favour of bi-metallism. In Europe, as he points out, there is an ever-spreading tendency in favour of the gold standard, and Japan is already on the point of adopting that standard. The opposition of England makes an international bi-metallic agreement impossible, but Mr. Boissevain does not think that the fact of England standing aloof would be an insurmountable obstacle to a bi-metallic agreement, provided other nations made common cause, though it makes success rather doubtful. He urges that a Conference of avowed bi-metallists should be held, composed of delegates from the principal countries of Europe, and from the United States, to draw up plans for an international agreement. This would give ample opportunity for discussing the ratio between gold and silver. Those who wish for a judicious and well-informed discussion of the current aspects of bi-metallism, will find it here.

The New Zealand Official Year Book, 1896. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode.

This Year Book has now swelled to five hundred and seventy pages and covers every side of the life of the colony. The history of the first settlers is sketched, details given as to the Maories, the boundaries and area, the physical features, constitution, government, a list of governors, judges, parliaments, agents, members of the House of Representatives, and every other matter. Full particulars are furnished as to population and trade, and there are valuable articles on the laws, the land system, the climate and the land of the colony. Any one who wishes for the fullest information about New Zealand will find it here.

Report of the Results of a Census of the Colony of New Zealand, taken for the Night of the 12th April, 1896. By E. J. VON DADELSZEN, Registrar-General. Wellington: John Mackay.

The census cost £16,131, or 3·5 pence per head for the European population, and 4·9 per head for the Maories. The population numbered 743,214 persons, of whom 39,854 were Maories, 3,711 Chinese, 5,762 half-castes. Of the half-castes, 2,259 were living amongst and as Europeans, 3,503 were living with the Maories. The increase of the half-castes since the last census in 1891 was 18·44 per cent., the Chinese increase was 16·49 per cent. Of the whole population 393,088 were males, 350,126 females. The increase during the five years has been 76,702 persons, or 12·24 per cent. Between 1886—1891 the increase of Europeans was 8·33 per cent., but in 1881—86 it was 18·07 per cent. The increase of the last five years is made up of 58,673 the excess of births over deaths, and 18,029 the excess of arrivals over departures. The four chief cities with their suburbs give the following return: Auckland, 57,616, increase 12 per cent.; Wellington, 41,758, increase 22·1 per cent.; Christchurch, 51,330, increase 7·3 per cent.; Dunedin, 47,280, increase 3·1 per cent. "The Church of England and Protestants (undefined)" number 282,809, or 40·27 per cent. of the population; the Presbyterians, 159,952; "Roman Catholics and Catholics (undefined)," 98,804; Methodists, 73,369, or 10·44 per cent. of the population. In 1878 the percentage was 9·14. The Baptists come next to the Methodists with 16,037 adherents. Wesleyan Methodists have increased since 1891 from 56,035 to 63,373, or 13·10 per cent.—the largest percentage among the Protestant bodies of the colony. The Roman Catholic per centage was 13·59. "Hebrews were 1,549 in 1896,

and 1,463 in 1891, a difference of 86. Spiritualists progressed but little, the numbers being 339 and 376. Free-thinkers decreased from 4,475 to 3,983, or nearly 11 per cent., which is worthy of remark when contrasted with the increase of 14·01 per cent. gained between 1886 and 1891; but Agnostics, who numbered 322 in 1891, added 240, making 562 in 1896." The number of people born in New Zealand was 441,661; in the United Kingdom, 215,161, or 30 per cent.; 3,750 were born in other British possessions, 19,080 in foreign countries, 1,322 at sea. The whole return does great credit to the officials of the colony and is presented in a form so clear and so instructive that it will be found of vital service to all who wish to know the real state of New Zealand.

The Castle and Church of Hurstmonceux. Historical and Descriptive Sketch. By the Rev. EDWARD E. CRAKE. Lewes: Farncombe & Co.

This pamphlet is packed with information as to the Castle of Hurstmonceux and its successive lords. Its architecture, its rooms, and its courts are fully described, and a brief but interesting account is given of the venerable church where Archdeacon Hare was rector for a quarter of a century. We wish this part of the little book had been enlarged, for there is abundant material, but it is rather thin, and there is no account of the Archdeacon's grave. The main part of the space is given to the Castle, and we have seen no better or fuller account of the place which Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare has made memorable to all lovers of English family life by his exquisite volumes. Mr. Crake's pamphlet will help readers of these "Memorials" to follow the course of the history with new interest. The illustrations are excellent.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Sundays Round the World.* By Rev. FREDERICK HASTINGS.
2. *The Growth of the Kingdom of God.* By SYDNEY L. GULICK, M.A., Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Japan.
3. *Masters of To-Morrow.* By WILLIAM J. LACEY.
4. *Elisha the Man of Abel-Meholah.* By Mrs. O. F. WALTON.
5. *The House we Live in.* By W. G. GORDON.

6. *The Rise and Spread of Christianity in Europe.* By W. H. SUMNER.

1. This is a beautiful and handsomely illustrated volume. Its object is "to give a conception of how Sunday is spent in different lands." Mr. Hastings is a practised writer. His descriptions are clear, pleasant, and picturesque. The countries visited are Chili, Argentina, Paraguay, Canada, United States, Russia, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Scandinavia, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land. Several Sundays in Cornwall are described, evidently with keen sympathy and enjoyment. Four chapters are given to the United States. This is an excellent book for a present, or for the drawing room book-case or book-table.

2. Mr. Gulick is, or has been, an American Baptist missionary in Japan. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has not been able to give anything like a complete account of the Christian Churches of Great Britain. His statistics are seldom at first-hand; of Wesleyan Methodism, for example, and the Minutes of the Methodist Conference he seems to have next to no knowledge. Nevertheless, the book is useful, and goes some way towards meeting a real want. We hardly know where else in one volume (and this is a cheap volume) to find so useful an approximate account of the forces of Christianity in the world as this volume furnishes.

3. This is an earnest, useful, well-written book, especially suitable for young men, but suitable also for young women. The motto on the title-page is very suggestive—"To-day is yesterday's pupil." We heartily recommend it.

4. Pleasant studies of the chief scenes in the life of Elisha. Mrs. Walton brings out the force and significance of the story by many illustrations, and does not forget to point the moral, but the volume seems a good deal inferior to her *King's Cup-bearer*—more diffuse and wordy. It is well illustrated.

5. The titles of the chapters indicate the scope and contents of this interesting and useful volume of the "Leisure Hour Library"—"Other People's Houses"—"The Stone in the Quarry"—"Granite, Slate, and Brick"—"Metals"—"Timber"—"Glass, Paint, and Paper"—"Sound and Light"—"Carpets, Mats, Lace, Pottery, Watches, &c."—"Time and Eternity"—"Conclusion."

6. This is a capital little book—a *multum in parvo*, very cheap; meets a great want, and may be trusted.

The Epic of Sounds. By FRED. A. WINWORTH. Simpkin Marshall & Co. 1897.

This is beyond us. It purports to be an elementary interpretation of Wagner's *Nibelungen Ring*.

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By RUDOLF C. SLATIN PASHA, C.B. With Maps and Illustrations. Arnold. 6*s.*

We are glad that a popular edition of Slatin Pasha's wonderful story has been called for. He made his acquaintance with the Sudan in 1874, when only eighteen, and, after serving as lieutenant in an Austrian regiment, went out to join Gordon in 1878. From that time he took an active part in all the stirring history of the vast provinces around Khartum. He travelled all over the country, came into the closest relations with the natives, whose language he mastered, whilst his cruel captivity gave him unique opportunities for studying "the rise, progress, and wane of that great religious movement which wrenched the country from its conquerors, and dragged it back into an almost indescribable condition of religious and moral decadence." He lived among the leaders of the revolt, so that he is able to describe every step taken by the Madhi and his successor, the Khalifa, in administering their empire, and to describe all the cruelties of their reign of terror. A more wonderful story has rarely been given to the world. The escape of Slatin Pasha from his living death forms a thrilling close to his chronicle. Everyone who wants his pulses stirred by a moving tale of adventure; everyone who wishes to know what the Sudan is when left to its own monsters of cruelty, should read this fascinating book. In the new edition much of the historical matter of the first edition has been omitted, with other details of less general interest. It is now more purely a narrative of personal experiences, and as such it is almost without a rival in the world's library of adventure. The illustrations and maps add much to the value of this cheap edition.

Waste and Repair in Modern Life. By ROBSON ROOSE. Murray. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Roose deals with a group of questions relating to Sanitary Science and Health which vitally concern us all, and he deals with them so sensibly and skilfully that his book ought to have a very wide circulation. The sanitary legislation of England may be said to date from the passing of the Public Health Act of 1848, but it was not till 1875 that a really comprehensive measure was placed on the Statute Book. Up to the beginning of last century the greatest carelessness prevailed as to public health. The Great Plague of 1665 suggested some lessons, but the Great Fire did more, for it abolished many of the conditions under which epidemic diseases had previously flourished. When John Howard began his prison labours, our jails were the forcing houses from which typhus spread into fleets, barracks, hospitals, and courts of justice. The history of sanitary reform since then is impressively sketched in this volume. Two of the

best chapters discuss the wear and tear of London life. Steady work is really healthy, but the absence of proper regulations, the attempt to live three or four lives at once, and the worry caused by failure, are responsible for much of the breakdown of health. Clothing, Alcohol, Infection and Disinfection, the London Water-supply, Health Resorts and their Uses, are among the subjects treated in this most readable, practical and sensible book. Every one will be the better for reading it.

Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature. By CHARLES WARING BARDSLEY, M.A. A New Edition. Chatto & Windus.

Canon Bardsley has made the subject of names a pet study for many years, and this book on Puritan nomenclature well deserved the honour of a new edition. Clergymen all over the country have searched their registers and communicated the result to the writer. The Rev. G. E. Haviland, of Warbleton, Sussex, has copied no less than a hundred and twenty Puritan names from his register, which is probably the most remarkable of its kind in England. The canon's own holidays have often been spent among the yellow parchments of churches in town and country. In his Prologue he shows how the paucity of names after the Norman Conquest led to a pet-name epoch. About 1300 there were an average of twenty Johns and fifteen Williams in every hundred Englishmen. Surnames were adopted to distinguish these from one another, but they did not become hereditary among the middle and lower classes till 1450 to 1500. Sometimes there were two or three Johns in the same family. We read of old John and young John, the sons of John Parnell de Gyrton. Pet forms were introduced, ending with *kin*, *cock*, *on* or *in*, and these were in use up to the time of the Reformation. Then came the Hebrew Invasion. Cleveland's saying that Cromwell's muster-master used no other list of names in calling out the soldiers than the first of St. Matthew, is an exaggeration, but all the twelve sons of Jacob could have answered to their names in the dame's school "through their little apple-cheeked representatives who lined the rude benches. On the village green, every prophet, from Isaiah to Malachi, might be seen of an evening playing leap-frog, unless, indeed, Zephaniah was stealing apples in the garth." Mr. Bardsley gives a host of interesting details both as to England and America, and this new edition of his book is a mine of fun and quaint family lore.

"*Curiosities of the Keyboard and the Staff*," by Mr. Alfred Rhodes, is an original study of the staff notation, which is shown to be on a scientific basis according to the law of radiation from fixed centres. It is a most painstaking and ingenious work which has been welcomed by the experts and will win Mr. Rhodes a reputation in musical circles. Augener & Co., price 5*s*.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (June 15).—M. Gaston Boissier has a good subject in "The French Academy of the Seventeenth Century." The Academy has just published what remains of its old registers. It is a miracle that they have survived the tempest, which at the end of the last century overwhelmed all the Literary and Scientific Societies in France. The Academy had felt the storm for more than a year, and was only half alive when, on August 5th, 1793, it met at the Louvre for the last time. Four members only were present—Ducis, La Harpe, Breqigny, and Morellet, who filled at the same time the office of director and secretary. One may divine what the last survivors of an illustrious institution would say. They felt themselves under suspicion, and were under no illusion as to the fate reserved for their company. In three days appeared the decree of the Convention which suppressed the Academy, and the seals were affixed to the halls where Louis XIV. had established it, and where it had sat for a hundred and twenty years. But in the interval Morellet had taken away the eight volumes containing the deliberations of the Academy and its lists. If this deed had been discovered it would probably have cost him his life; happily it did not become known, and he was able to guard his treasure, of which no one knew anything. He dreamed of restoring the registers after the first reorganisation of the Institute, when a class was created which corresponded pretty closely to the Academy of Richelieu, and of which he himself made a part. On March 5th, 1805, he was entrusted with the duty of receiving Lacretelle, and at the end of his discourse he related what he had done eleven years before and solemnly handed over the registers that he had saved. "I put into your hands," he said, "the chain which links this company to the first French Academy, or, rather, which is the same Academy." On first glancing at those registers one is tempted to think that Morellet has taken much trouble and run much risk for a trifle. The records appear insignificant with long lists of names, among whom some are illustrious, and yet more are unknown. It seems a form of reading which contains little interest or profit. But closer study changes the aspect of things. The cold records seem to gain life. A word or an allusion, a half confidence reveals to us that which they had no intention of revealing. M. Boissier uses these intermittent lights to make better known that company which holds so great a place in the history of French letters. M. Levy's article on "The Monopoly of Alcohol" appeals to another circle of readers. After a survey of the present state of French legislation on the question, he makes a rapid survey of the way in which the manufacture and consumption of alcohol is treated in other lands. Our own country imposes the heaviest duties on alcohol, and takes severe measures to prevent fraud. M. Levy does not approve of the proposal to make the manufacture and sale of spirits a State monopoly. He says France is going further and further on the ill-omened path of Socialism, that is to say in the more and more complete intervention of the State in the affairs and life of private individuals. In this respect the recent discussion of the Sugar Laws in the Chamber has been painfully instructive. A step further, and the Parliament will almost want to have the books of merchants and manufacturers brought before it that it may be seen whether they reap too much or too little profit. Persuaded that it can do everything, except, as an Englishman said in speaking of the House of Commons, change a man into a woman, the Palais-Bourbon wishes to make justice and equality rule in France by regulating the activity of each citizen. In that respect the monopoly of alcohol flatters the secret instinct of more than one deputy who wishes to find a means for transforming the workmen and shopkeepers of to-day into

employees and inspectors of excise, provided with a modest but fixed allowance, and assured of a retreat for their last days. There, in fact, is the Promised Land which our reformers point out to us as the end and prize of our endeavours. "Unhappily," he adds, "we are not alone in the world, and if we wish to preserve our rank it is not to be done by State industry and commerce. Monopoly is in its nature destructive of all initiative, an enemy of all progress, it bears in itself the germs of death; the examples we have cited and engrafted in our country prove it. To establish a monopoly in alcohol would be to inflict a fatal blow on our economic life. If our insatiable budget has need of new millions the tax on spirits is increased. Fraud may be repressed by energetic measures, but another oppression is added to those under which we already suffer. Why should we extend to a new domain the fiscal tyranny which already weighs so heavily upon us. We invoke liberty and progress without ceasing, but we labour to retard one and destroy the other."

(July 1).—"A Frenchwoman at Ladak," by Madame Isabelle Massieu, is a record of travel in India. The writer says that, in the foggy days of winter, she loves to recall the ten months of her never-to-be-forgotten voyage across India, under the fairy colours of a tropical sky. She journeyed from Ceylon to Darjeeling and the incomparable Himalaya, visiting temples, mixing with their crowds of worshippers, and finding everywhere an enchanted world of colour and light. She was at Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, when she made up her mind to visit Leh, the capital of Ladak, the English Thibet, and that visit is the subject of this paper. Sir Denis Fitzpatrick, Governor of the Punjab, had introduced her to the Maharajah of Kashmir, so that she had every facility for her fifteen days' journey. The pass of Zodjila, where they bade farewell to Kashmir, had air so light and bracing that it seemed like drinking champagne. The postal service between Srinagar and Leh is accomplished in five days by running postmen, who carry the sack of dispatches on their back. There are relays of men at every five miles. Many interesting details are given as to the country and its people. Life is a hard struggle at Ladak, whose territory lies largely outside the region of cultivation among the eternal snows. The land does not nourish its inhabitants, and polyandry prevails among the people. Three or four brothers have the same wife, who is also free to add one or two other husbands at her own choice. She says it is amusing, for one who has just arrived from Europe, to see the airs of a sovereign and autocrat which the European puts on here. A white of any note is a Sahib, a lady a Mem Sahib. It is evidently the prestige of colour and civilization. "They detest their conquerors, but they fear them; the people of note seek to imitate them, they envy them, they admire them, though ready to revenge themselves if possible." Along the roads every caravan made way for the European traveller. Those who were seated got up, and when she approached the tents of the domestics or the coolies, they got up quite naturally. Madame Massieu was scandalised by the habit into which Europeans in India often fall of treating the natives as inferior creatures, and ignoring their salaams. She always replied to their greetings with an inclination of the head. Many pleasant details are given as to the religion and social life of Thibet.

(July 15).—In "Competition and Idleness: Our rivals, our charges, our routine," M. Paul d'Estournelles de Constant asks whether Europe, antiquated and divided, is able to resist the perils of competition. The new worlds have scarcely begun to develop their resources, yet they already send us their superabundance; each day they come a step nearer to us, and the menacing circle with which they invest us becomes narrower and narrower; each day diminishes the distance which separates us from them. Our inventions have broken their dikes, and the vast reservoirs of human energy have found a bridge over to our side. How can we protect ourselves against that deluge? That is the problem of the new era. If Europe has courage, she will not fail. The failures have never been more than momentary, and her history is a long succession of heroic resistances, and of admirable recoveries from disaster. The way in which Germany rose after Jena, and France after Waterloo and

Sedan, shows that there is no room for despair. One may smile at the thought that, after having so often vanquished our conquerers, and defied the efforts of so many armies, France will succumb to an invasion of merchants. There, however, is the danger; the merchants become more formidable to us than the soldiers. Without a battle competition insinuates itself, like the water penetrating caves, into French houses. At first it renders service, leads to economies, simplifications, progress of general weal. It is in the long run only that people will find that the tenant and the farmer cannot pay their rent, that the value of land is depreciated year by year, that the workman returns home with empty hands, and the factory ceases to work. All Europe, and all people of European origin, ought to face this question. The question is not merely one for France, or Latin and Catholic Europe, but for England, Germany, and Russia. The writer says that France has natural endowments which might rouse the envy of the whole world, but there is no general direction to set in operation the multiplied resources of its soil, its inhabitants, and its climate. It is full of energies, of talents, of goodwills which are not co-ordinated. Its efforts are immense but scattered, and often contradictory. Its rivals count too easily on its want of power. They forget that for ages France, having been subordinated to a power almost absolute, held aloof from public matters. Their unity was gained at the cost of their independence. A mark so ancient will not be effaced in a quarter of a century, and the fact that France has gained its freedom does not involve the art of using it to the best advantage. Books might instruct the people as to the use of their liberties, but they are not read sufficiently. People read the journals, but they are too numerous, and, with the exception of a few political or technical organs, and some special reviews, most of them seem bent on flattering the stay at home instincts, and the weak points of the nation, and cherishing precisely what they ought to help the people to forget. They fix attention on little things, ignore great ones, and thus degenerate into local gazettes, Parisian more than French, Boulevardian more than Parisian, which attach the people to the soil where they vegetate. The English newspapers, though less numerous, are more rich, more independent, and therefore are able to neglect the particular requirements of their readers, in order to give greater prominence to the interests of the country. The writer thinks that they show less talent than the French journals, but have more information as to the progress of the world, and many of the German journals have the same characteristic. The whole article ought to be carefully studied.

(August 1).—M. Leroy-Beaulieu describes "The Social Transformations of Contemporary Russia." He asks whether the social structure of nations is not necessarily dependent on their economic development. Can a State, like Russia, which pretends to appropriate the sciences and inventions of the West, its industries and its machines, do this without modifying profoundly its social conditions and becoming more like the West? That question, suggested to-day by Russia and Christian Slavonia, will soon need to be asked in reference to people of other blood and of another form of culture; it will have to be asked for the yellow man as well as for the white—to-morrow for the Japanese; some day, soon perhaps, for the Chinese. Russian Slavophiles and some of the Democrats have maintained for half a century that Russia possesses in its popular traditions and its ancient institutions, especially in its mir and its village communities, the elements of a society and a culture superior to that of Western countries. Some have even dared to present to us the mir and collective agrarianism as the only means of rejuvenating the decrepit people of Europe. M. Leroy-Beaulieu has shown more than once, as the result of long studies upon the Empire of the Tsars, the fallacy of these presumptuous theories. The mir and the village communities may be a more or less satisfactory solution for a primitive country, which is still entirely rural and agricultural, such as Russia was in its days of serfdom. It is the manufacturing proletariat of the city from which Western Europe is suffering. Even Russia, with its enormous plains, proves that the rural specific is not able to guarantee to a village easy or prosperous circumstances.

Our Old World, in this age of machines, is no longer able to rise to high civilization without great cities and great industry. But the patriarchal Utopia of a civilization essentially peasant and of a society purely agricultural is vanishing away even at the very cradle of Slavophile romanticism. Moscow, the old capital, with four hundred churches, is surrounded by a black girdle of factories, and that new Moscow begins to demonstrate the insufficiency of those agrarian recipes for the evils of our modern industrial societies. Even the development of Russia and Russian civilization turns against the oracles and against the prophecies of the apologists of the primitive Slav institutions and of the pious panegyrists of olden Russia. Far from possessing in its village communities a principle of renovation for the old West, the Russian mir shows itself already in the Moscow factories an inefficacious preservative against the social plagues of contemporary society. It was urged that, thanks to the mir, Russia had an indemnity against the poison of Socialism and the venom of anarchy, from all the political epidemics and revolutionary fevers of Europe. The last years of the Emperor Alexander II., the mines and bombs of the Terrorists and Nihilists, have shown that it was imprudent to make that pretension to immunity. To-day, however, the revolutionaries are discouraged; those who are ambitious to secure political freedom seem to have become more patient, the vague constitutional aspirations are silent or only make a dull murmur. But the social evolution goes on with increased velocity, the inmost structure of the country is being modified, and the example of other nations inclines one to believe that, if Russia is to undergo political transformations, she will first have to undergo social transformations. The Russia of Nicholas II. is no longer an exclusively agricultural State; it has become a great industrial country. New social questions and economic problems are emerging. Russia can no longer be regarded as an immense village, uniquely peopled by labourers fixed to the soil and having no other cares than those of agriculture. Russia is in full transition, and the different phases of that revolution are all spread out before our eyes. The little village industries are declining, the humble household workshops have a hard struggle to maintain their ground against the large manufactories. For numbers of workers the social microcosm is no longer the mir of the village but the *artel* of the factory. The social structure is being transformed. Industry is upsetting the theories of the Slavophiles. The individual is being emancipated from his traditional grouping. Russia has, however, the advantage of a strong Government, able to play the play of arbiter and mediator in the industrial struggles of the future.

(August 15).—M. Etienne Lamy begins a series of articles on "The Struggles between Church and State in the Nineteenth Century." The first deals with "the causes" for the struggle. No one, he says, can understand or do justice to the religious difficulties of our epoch if they do not first take into account the fact that the situation of the Church in contemporary society is an illogical compromise between the opposing principles of the ancient *régime* and of the Revolution. The order established by the Church itself when it civilized the barbarians, and which remained until 1789, rested on the belief that God had revealed to men, together with Christianity, the laws conformed to human nature and necessary to the life of societies. The essential duty of government seemed to be to secure the fidelity of the people to these laws. The State sanctioned the Christian principles by its fundamental institutions, the *régime* of the family, public instruction, the duties of the various classes towards each other, while it promoted the durability and increase of religious influence by the respect and the privileges accorded to clergymen, monks, and pious corporations. It preserved the dogmas and precepts of the Church from discussion, the mother of doubt. Whoever separated himself from the religious society was cut off from the human society. The individual had no right to choose error or to propagate it. It devolved on society to defend its necessary beliefs, to prevent some blind Samson from shaking the pillars of the temple. Where human law wishes to obey the Divine, political power tends to become

the servant of the religious power. The Pope, as head of the Church, found himself the inspirer, the judge, and at last the master of kings. M. Lamy shows how the revolt against this over-rule began when Philippe le Bel imposed a tax on the goods of the clergy. He deals with the exile at Avignon and the Reformation, and shows how the State at last threw off all restraint and declared itself the sole Sovereign. The French Revolution brought out a new idea. It proclaimed that reason is a light given to each man in order to recognise good and evil, to direct personal life, and to work together in social life. Religious conflicts were to end in that liberty. Each individual was free to yield obedience to the authority of the Church, or to refuse it. Each might labour for the spread of his own convictions. The Church had no privileges to hope for, no restraints to fear. The State could no longer defend it against its defects, or limit its victories; it was free to occupy in society the place, and the place alone, which it could obtain in men's consciences. At the Revolution a people who had been entranced by the idea of liberty, and were inclined to find no affirmations too absolute, stood face to face with a Church scrupulous in its definitions, and powerless to abate any of its rights, which it held to be those of the truth; between these were the camps and armies who were interested in perpetuating the rupture. Since that time the one and the perpetual method of controvery against Catholicism has been to arouse the dogmatic scruples of the Church by paying excessive homage to human reason, to arouse the jealousy and pride of the laity, to hide the profound solidarity between the Church and civil society, and to maintain the struggle about formulas. Civil society always crying "Liberty," and the Church thundering out "Anathema." The Church has been abused for holding ideas which it did not hold. The next article will discuss the relations held for an age between the Church and the various governments of France.

(September 1).—M. George Goyau begins a series of articles on "Religious Germany," "Protestant Life," "Official Churches and Sects." He shows how much blood was shed in the Middle Ages to prevent the chief of the State from becoming the intermediary between his subjects and the Most High. Germany and Italy were driven to war, and those two "parts of God," the Pope and the Emperor, were disunited. Regarded from a long distance the history of that whole epoch looks like a gigantic effort to safeguard that separation between the temporal and the spiritual, between God and Cæsar, which is a fundamental principle of Christianity. When Luther detached from the Roman Church a certain number of Christian communities, many of the bishops of those dioceses preferred to lose their sees rather than be disloyal to the Pope. As a temporary measure Luther transferred some of their powers to the temporal rulers. The Elector of Saxony was thus empowered to maintain discipline and to preserve harmony in the Church. In the writings of the early reformers the appeals to the secular power are constant, and the religious constraint exercised on those who would not conform was the more hateful because it was sometimes disguised by various artifices of language. For two centuries, whilst the Romanists were struggling painfully against the attempts of the Bourbons and Hapsburgs to gain religious omnipotence, the Protestant churches of Germany, imprisoned in their various States, and protected by those States against the intrusion of any rival Confession, were paying for that service by their loss of liberty. The jurists, in their vast arsenal, have a maxim ready to legitimatise that subordinate position of evangelical Christianity. It is called territorialism. The double assault of revolutionary ideas and Neapolitan armies almost overthrew the system, and its pedestal began to totter. The whole article is suggestive and fresh in its treatment of this subject.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (May 1).—Signor Pizzi, in his article on "Islam and the Holy War," says that the spectacle of bloodshed in Armenia, which horrifies Europe to-day, is the spectacle which has presented itself for ages, and which Western Asia, Egypt, Syria and Arabia presented at the time of the Crusaders, and in the first ages of Mohammedanism. The two religions—Christianity and Islamism—are essentially irreconcilable, though the latter

has adopted some secondary features of the Christian faith. One of the reasons for this hostility, not only against Christians, but against all dissidents, is that every one of the faithful is bound to wage a holy war, and to give quarter to no opponent. This obligation Mohammed himself laid on his followers under the most binding sanctions, which no one escapes under pain of the judgment of God. The writer considers in detail this holy war, and the conditions under which it has been waged from the beginning, according to the intention of Mohammed and the interpretation of his followers. Christianity is a purely religious system, Mohammedanism is both political and religious. The arms of Christianity were its persuasive word—the Koran, from obedience to which no one can be absolved, enjoins the conquest of the world by a holy war. Believe or die—that is its summons to the unbeliever. Islam adopts all the means familiar to a State to maintain and defend itself. Wherever it went it used force to turn the people and their country into a Mohammedan province. The position of Islam is largely due to the opinion which it has of itself. It not only regards itself as the only true and infallible doctrine, which all believers ought to accept, but as the last religion, the final revelation of God, the sum of all that went before it. Mohammed claimed to be the last of the prophets in the sense that after him there would be no other. The times in which Mohammedanism arose also contributed to give it the character it assumed. Christianity arose in the days of the Roman peace, but Islam sprang to birth in a very different age. When it came forth from Arabia it found itself in the midst of turbulent and warlike people. Signor Pizzi discusses the relation of Mohammedanism to culture. He contrasts St. Paul, who quoted the Greek poets at Athens, with the uncultured Arabs of the desert who were fiercely opposed to culture. The chief passages of the Koran dealing with the Holy War are cited and also the statement of the Mussulman fanatics. If Mohammed had known what terrible effects his repeated exhortation, "Fight in the way of the Lord," would produce, he would not perhaps have written it, for he was naturally gentle. We have seen in our day the effect of that precept in Armenia and Crete, where it has been applied with all rigour, with all the rage of fanaticism, despite the voice of outraged Europe and the remonstrances of the Powers. The Sultan may be driven out of Europe with his Turks, but Islam, as long as it exists, will always be the same.

(July 1).—The first place in this number is given to an article entitled "A Glorious Reign—The Festival of Queen Victoria." The writer describes the immense enthusiasm with which the Queen's progress to St. Paul's was attended on June 22nd. "A spectacle more imposing, lighted up by the sun, the historic streets of London have never seen. It was the splendid panorama of an empire which extends itself into every part of the globe, and every country, even the most remote, had sent its spontaneous tribute as though to impress on the calm and serious imagination of the English people the vastness and the power of the British rule." At the head of the procession were representatives of the mounted troops of the great Colonies of Canada, Australia, and Cape Colony, each preceded by the Premier of the Colonial Government. After an interesting account of the ceremonies of the Jubilee, the writer shows that the festival was an expression of the joy of a great people who rested for a while from the incessant strain of business, traffic and industry, to resume with new energy the great work of civilization, and of material and moral conquest, with the energy and tenacity of a calm and strong race which in its heart believes and feels itself destined to rule the world. Two sentiments have found expression in the Jubilee—the conception of the greatness and the superiority of England, and the sincere devotion for Queen Victoria. Some of the Jubilee literature is reviewed. The article says the secret of the prosperity of our vast empire rests on its imperial unity and its local self-government, upon the goodness and efficiency of the English administration. Lord Salisbury, with the experience of an old statesman, has pointed out that "the great danger to which all modern Parliaments are exposed is to become the instrument of one class to the loss and danger of

another. The old ideal of a Parliament is that of an established arbiter between the conflicts of classes and of diverse interests." The article discusses the question of Irish discontent, and gives a good summary of the literature of the reign.

(July 16).—"The Pine Grove of Ravenna," by Luigi Rava, will be eagerly read by lovers of Dante. The history of the grove is pleasantly sketched. Sextus V. called it "pulcherrima sylva, ornamentum totius Italiae," and in memory of this the Popes took a great interest in the grove. In 1524 a special officer was appointed to guard it. In 1873, the direct rights over it were sold to the Commune of Ravenna. The Commune set itself to work to systematise its vast rustic patrimony, but the bitter winter of 1879-80 killed a great many of the pines, especially those of the zone farthest from the sea. The Commune has had some grave social and economic problems to face in its administration of the district, but the revenues from the wood and the meadows, which were formed in the zone where the trees were killed, has put the municipal finances on a sound basis. The pines die off in the mountain, and flourish near to the sea. Vico Mantegazza deals with the recent visit of the Prince of Bulgaria to Rome, and shows that this brave little nation will have an important *rôle* to play when Turkey is driven back into Asia.

(August 1).—Signor Bonfadini gives an interesting account of the country and the people "Between the Baltic and the North Sea." An old Northern tradition says that when God separated the waters from the earth He suspended operations near to Scandinavia. Hence the extraordinary conformation which Sweden and Norway present. The Swedish continent is a complete succession of lakes, of rivers, and of navigable canals, and the Norwegian sea is dotted over with islands, which seem to be arms to the continent and compensate for the vast substraction of land made by the long and wide fiords. From this point of view no country can be compared with the Scandinavian Peninsula. Some points of Norway resemble the Engadine, some points of Sweden are like the Lakes of Lombardy or Bavaria. The impression, however, made by some days of travel in Sweden and Norway is quite different from that made by other countries. Vast stretches of tranquil azure water lie between green meadows; a succession of palaces and villas rise from the promontories of Stockholm, Christiana and Bergen. No country is more rich in historic records and in poetic legends. Elsinor brings up the story of Hamlet, Trondhjem is the scene of one of Victor Hugo's terrible dramas, Dalecarlia is associated with the name of Gustavus Vasa, Upsala is the Bologna of the North, the mediæval city where the cult of Odin long resisted the doctrine of Christ. The inhabitants of this country have a character of their own which awakes respect and sympathy. It has sometimes been said that the defects of a people are due to the surroundings in which they live. The virtues of the Scandinavian race are also due in part to their seas and mountains. They have known how to conquer nature by tenacity, labour and science. They have a gaiety of heart which shows that they are not ashamed of themselves, they are moved by high aims and generous passions. The excessive length of the winter nights and the extraordinary prolonging of the summer days lead the people to work intensely during the hours of daylight. The winter evenings are given to family life, suppers and balls. The people are very fond of flowers, and in almost every window there are vases filled with flowers highly coloured and perfumed. One of Signor Bonfadini's companions went into a shop where he saw some roses and asked the price. The shopkeeper replied, with a smile, "I am sorry, monsieur, but at Hammerfest roses are not for sale." Some particulars are given of the Congress, the political feeling of the country, and a visit to the North Cape is brightly described.

(August 16).—Signor De Angeli writes on the Congress about Workmen's Accidents in Brussels. He says that during the three years that have passed since the Congress met at Milan new laws have come into force in Finland and Norway which provide for the compensation of those who have met with accidents. In Norway insurance is obligatory, and is almost a State institu-

tion; in Finland, though the insurance is as a rule obligatory, the principle of free choice of the insuring institution finds the most ample application. Reference is made to our Workmen's Compensation Bill, which has just passed the House of Commons, and a good account of its provisions is given in a few sentences. In Italy, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and Sweden, the day for special legislation in the matter does not seem to have yet arrived. This must not be attributed to the inertia of the legislators. In Italy, to speak only of what has been done since the Congress of Milan, the project presented in June, 1895, by the Minister Barrazzuoli, was approved, with substantial modifications, by the Chamber on May 27th of the following year, but was rejected by the Senate. Then there is the new proposal of the Honourable Minister Guicciardini, approved by the Senate and not discussed in the Chamber. In France the two Chambers have followed their game of lawn-tennis, as a speaker called it at the Brussels Congress. The subject is attracting attention in other countries, and a good general view of the state of opinion and of the discussions of the Congress is given in this article.

(September 1).—"An Excursion to Palestine," by Prince Baldassarre Odescalchi, describes a first visit to Jerusalem, which the writer had long wished to see. He travelled by train from Jaffa, and took up his quarters at the "Hotel Howard," which had been recently built outside the walls. From his room he was able to look right out over the city. The external aspect is neither peaceful nor picturesque. Its walls go back, in part at least, to the time of the Crusades, and follow the declivities and undulations of the ground. Jerusalem appeared to the visitor something like his own Italian cities, like Siena seen from a distance, but Jerusalem seems to be enveloped by a silence more profound and a destitution more intense than that which has fallen on the old cities of Italy. The filth of some of the streets is indescribable; all the sweepings of the houses are thrown on the public way, and if a dog or other domestic animal dies its body is thrown on the street, and lies there. No one thinks it his business to remove it. Such is the decadence and the state of abomination in which the government of the Turk leaves the Holy City. Some of the streets are arched over, with the exception of a small space, and here the bazaars are held for the sale of all kinds of Oriental stuffs and ornaments. Through streets and bazaars there streams a population varied in race, in costume, and in manners. They move silently. No joyful song is ever heard in these streets; there is no amusement of any kind, private or public. There is no city in the world where such general sadness and melancholy reigns.

METHODIST REVIEW, EPISCOPAL CHURCH (March—April).—Bishop Vincent's "Non-Resident School of Theology" is an earnest plea for ministerial training. He shows that the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church sometimes receive men as ministers who have had a certain kind of success, and once in they are in for life. Ministers of low tastes choose stewards, class-leaders, and trustees of the same type, who degrade the Church by lack of taste, unworthy ideals, narrow prejudices, and parsimonious spirit. Educated people are apt to be repelled from such churches "where sensational devices are resorted to for filling up and building up the Church; where sentimentality of a very weak sort is substituted for spirituality; and where ecclesiastical authority becomes a humiliating tyranny." Men in the Episcopal Church serve ten to fifteen years longer than ministers of any other denomination. There is an evil side to this, but there is also a good one. Men of experience are valuable counsellors and pastors. "If ministers would be studious and sprightly; if they would read widely, preach short, stirring, thoughtful sermons; be sweet in temper, be faithful in service, live near to God, and draw the people in the same direction by the power of personal fervour, lifting people rather than adjusting themselves to the same people on the lower levels; if they would cultivate a love for the Bible, for general literature, for Science and Art, age would be an advantage to them and to the Churches they serve." Bishop Vincent pleads earnestly for a College training for every minister. The Methodist Episcopal Church has always provided non-

resident courses of study, but these have been handled too carelessly and superficially. A brighter day is now dawning. Helps are being provided, and in almost every Conference there is a marked improvement. It is to be hoped that there will some day be two or three "Conference Study Sessions," to which young ministers may go for personal and professional improvement. Meanwhile, a wise young minister may make his work contribute to his personal power as a student, preacher, and pastor.

(July—August).—Dr. North's "Notes of an English Ramble" are a pleasant introduction to the Hares of Hurstmonceux and their circle. The paper begins at Stoke-on-Terne, Mr. Leycester's rectory, and closes at Charles Kingsley's parsonage in Eversley. The writer says that the men over whose names he has lingered are as fascinating to many American readers as the heroes of romance, and their individual attraction gains new intensity when it is seen how remarkably their lives interpenetrated each other, and how powerfully each was affected by the rest. "When the history of the religious thought of the past hundred years is written, to Coleridge and Wordsworth, the philosopher and the poet of the spiritual life, standing side by side at the gate of the century, will be traced in large degree the impulse which gave to these high-born souls of a later day their key-thought and their master motive." The paper of the Rev. John Lee, of Chicago, "Should Methodists 'Sing low'?" is an answer to an American editor, who asserts that, in view of Wesley's record on religious toleration, Methodists should "Sing low." Mr. Lee defends Wesley with skill and success, and shows that when Methodist ministers come forward as champions of toleration they are acting in accordance with the genius of Methodism, which is, as Dr. Chalmers said, "Christianity in earnest." The article is one of real historic interest and value. One of the "Notes" deals with the place of Frederick W. Robertson in English history, and another with "The Minister's Summering." The writer says that "a Church can better afford to supply its pulpit during its pastor's necessary absence for recuperation than to have him work on in an exhausted physical condition." The need of absolute rest is insisted on. To make it a season of mental excitement rather than a period of healthful repose, is a mistake which many commit and the penalty is serious.

THE METHODIST REVIEW, EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH (July—August).—Dr. Bassett, in his "History as it Relates to Life," says that the Southern States have been singularly remiss in their historical investigation. "We are as a people emotional, loyal, warm-hearted, and chivalrous—and these are good things in their due proportions—but we are not very intellectual. We have very valiantly defended our local traditions, while we have utterly forgotten the conditions of life of our grandfathers." It was unfortunate for the South that so much of her historical effort has centred around one point. "For a generation before the war, and for a generation after it, all our minds were centred on the struggle for slavery, or for State rights, call it which you will. In the meantime our social and industrial life ran on with no one to observe it and to record its progress." Since the war the brigadier-general has become as prominent among book agents as he used to be on the battlefield, and there is not much hope of scientific treatment of history if it rests with such writers. Yet the problem is not without hope, for a number of young men who have studied at Johns Hopkins University are daily laying stress on the need of constitutional history. There is a pleasant tribute in another article to Henry Drummond as a manly minister, and the editorial department on "The World of Missions" is very valuable, and should yield some good material for missionary addresses. These departments are full of interest and packed with information.