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The London Quarterly Review.

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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1899.

THE EFFECT OF THE RECENT WAR UPON AMERICAN CHARACTER.

THE people of the United States are a puzzle to foreigners and to themselves. Their history is a chain of unexpected events; for they invariably achieve, in critical moments, far more than they intended. So it has been in the recent war with Spain. Precipitated suddenly, it has issued in a great surprise; and the people who purposed nothing but the liberation of a neighbouring island are now discussing their responsibility for the future of the world. Let no one imagine, however, that a clear prevision of this issue would have prevented the conflict. Saul the son of Kish would have gone for his father's asses no less eagerly if he had seen a kingdom just beyond them; and the Americans would probably have been all the keener for the fight if their eyes had seen beforehand the stars-and-stripes waving above the distant and, for most of them, unknown island of Luzon.

This article, however, is concerned with one aspect only of the recent conflict—the effect of the war upon the American

character. And the writer's view is very simple; *viz.* that the war has revealed the American to the nations and to himself; it has disclosed, but has not transformed him. This self-revelation, to be sure, will powerfully affect him and his future conduct. Nevertheless, the great fact to be noted is that tendencies, unsuspected perhaps, but manifestly permanent, have asserted themselves quite suddenly and with startling emphasis. Speaker Reed, so the report goes, declared to an English friend, "We are out of our swaddling clothes." An inadequate metaphor, surely! The latest experience of the American people is not a passage from the cradle to the kindergarten, but from adolescence to manhood, from the isolation of the schoolroom to the struggles of the world. Just now the ideas of last year seem to the American like the schoolboy's cap and jacket, historically pathetic and ludicrously small. The future looms up before him, full of promise and of portent, beckoning, threatening, commanding, enticing. He knows not whither he is going, except that he is not going back to the old ways and to his former place among the nations.

This, let me repeat, is a disclosure and not a transformation. Mr. Bagehot has pointed out the tendency to instant action as the dangerous characteristic of the Teutonic races. Nowhere is this more pronounced than in the Western States of the American Union. There it has wrought great miracles and perpetrated great blunders, creating and wasting with a lavish hand. The savage, the buffalo, the wilderness have disappeared; the mountains, if not removed, have been despoiled and subdued. But the aggressive spirit remains. The citizen of the West and North-west, however full of ideas (and he abounds in them) prefers action to reflection, and determines the value of an enterprise, not by calculation and forecast, but by instant experiment. The rapid development of cities has not changed this disposition; for these are peopled largely by the migratory element of Europe, men and women who love movement, and who have ventured into the unknown, lured by dreams of liberty and wealth. Thus it happens

that any enterprise suggesting immediate action fascinates at once large numbers of the American people; and the bolder the enterprise, the more dangerous and difficult it seems, the greater is its fascination. The possibility of failure is spontaneously excluded from the sanguine and energetic imagination. The fertile American mind swarms with methods to realise its expectations, and predicts success without misgiving.

Were the intuitions of the people less sure this would be indeed a fatal tendency. But the American has a keen scent for the possible, and he has, what is far more important, a reverence for success. This latter is counted among his vices by not a few good people; though, looked at closely, it is a saving virtue, for it gives to those who have achieved great results a decisive influence in national crises. Hence those reactions in American opinion that surprise the European thinker. We seem often to be shooting Niagara, but we never do. Popular feeling grows turbulent and aggressive. To resist it looks dangerous and useless. Yet, like Neptune, or, rather, like the splendid figure to whom Virgil compares him:

> Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
> Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:

from the tumult emerge the real leaders of the people, the men of conspicuous achievement; and these proclaim the limits of the storm. Popular feeling in America is never dangerous or invincible until shared by men of proved sagacity and integrity. So long as men noted for performance, statesmen, commanders, manufacturers, builders and managers of great enterprises, are united in opposition to a given adventure, the people hesitate; and if this opposition continues, the people yield. Directly, however, these men of great achievement waver and divide, the popular impulse becomes a triumphant flood. Clergymen, as a rule, reflect the popular mind. Mere critics do not count; the negative attitude is hateful to the American masses. But they worship men of action, men that bring

things to pass, men renowned for visible results; and when these forbid an enterprise, it is like a prohibition of the gods. Hence the surprise that follows when a national adventure discloses its full proportions. The people desired but never measured it. Their real leaders only consented to the undertaking. The latter are indeed accustomed to the unexpected. To them it happens often, but it seldom daunts them. They attack and conquer difficulties as these occur. Where foresight ceases, they depend upon the stars.

The Spanish war exemplifies this view of the American national character. Months before the destruction of the *Maine* acute observers perceived the imminence of war. They knew that the masses were playing with a loaded gun; and they understood both nations sufficiently to forecast the issue. The idea of interference fascinated the great multitude of the Americans, always eager for action; it seemed absurd to the Spanish rulers, eager only for delay. Interest, sentiment, and impulse combined in America to compel intervention; folly, cruelty, and pride combined in Spain to provoke it. The only salvation of the Castilian lay in an appeal to the real leaders of America, the intelligent, sagacious men of achievement. These are the dominant force in every crisis of the great Republic. The treatment of Cervera revealed the heart of the American masses. They had no abiding grudge against Spain. And if Cervera's countrymen had satisfied by manifest deeds the controlling minds of America, even in spite of the *Maine* disaster, the war could not have occurred. But those who last December predicted a conflict based their predictions upon the obtuseness of Spanish statesmen, their utter inability to cope with the consequences of their own misrule, their utter ignorance of American conditions, and their utter misconception of the European situation and of the English character. This blunder of Sagasta can be repeated easily by other European statesmen. The masses in America are seldom apathetic when an opportunity for conflict offers; and they can be easily exasperated. But the nation that satisfies the sagacious and constructive minds of the

American people can deal easily with the United States. England proved this in the Treaty of Washington. A President less trusted than Grant could hardly have carried the treaty through. Arbitration was no more popular in the United States in 1870 than it was in Great Britain. To say nothing of influences always hostile to England, the Yankees themselves were no more eager "to knuckle to the Britishers" than the Britishers to the Yankees. But Grant was a man of deeds, and he rallied to his policy the real dictators of national action; and thus the miracle took place.

The Spanish war has in no wise changed the situation. It is not contended that intelligence and righteousness govern every citizen of the American commonwealth, or even a majority of them, nor that these are the determining elements in ordinary times. But in great crises of the American nation, these have been potent and decisive. It will doubtless be so in the future. In any conflict of interests and ideas into which Americans may be drawn hereafter, these are the elements to be considered, for these are the elements without which the popular impulse for action never gets free course. The great body of the American people will, for a century to come, incline, when excited, to prompt and daring deeds; only this tendency will be no longer restricted to the American hemisphere. And the chief, though not the only check upon it, will be, as hitherto, the reverence of the masses for men of achievement, for men of proved sagacity and integrity. These, having earned, by acknowledged and conspicuous performance, the right to urge and to restrain, can thwart any proposed adventure by their united and resolute opposition. But directly their consent is captured, the clamour for immediate action will prevail.

Let us look more closely, then, into this restless human sea, this Mediterranean American energy. In its greatest intensity, it is found in the central and north-central United States, in the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri, in the vast stretches between the Alleghany and the Rocky

Mountains. Mr. Lowell, in his letters, confessed to his friends a mingled dread and admiration for the largeheaded children of the prairies, "restorers of the primitive Aryan," as they appeared to him at Cincinnati in 1876. Their bias for prompt and resolute performance scared him. He, the radical of earlier days, wished to chew his cud and desired time to examine his ideas. These primitive Aryans, on the contrary, found any vivid project feasible; and directly they approved the end, scruples as to means grew feeble.

But these children of the prairies are, superficially at least, the most intelligent citizens of the Republic. Here the characteristic cry resounds, "A church on every hill-top, and a school-house in every valley." Here every town has its literary clubs, where the literature and history and politics of the world furnish the topics for discussion. And here the affairs of Europe and of Asia are far more interesting and exciting than the affairs of Central or of South America. And yet right here has been the stronghold of the Monroe doctrine, as commonly understood. The reason is obvious enough. The Monroe doctrine was our only hole to creep out at. It alone afforded opportunity for warlike enterprise. Resistance to European encroachment upon American soil was the only chance for glory and military achievement. An implied responsibility for the political integrity of Central or South American States gave to the American people their sole outlook from political isolation. Now, owing to the growing interest of the masses in European movements, this isolation, although it seemed inevitable, has become irksome. The American has been shut out of every European congress and excluded from the politics of the world; yet commerce and science, steam and electricity, bind him closer every day to transatlantic and transpacific countries. He cared vastly more for the Armenians than he did for the frontiers of Venezuela; and yet his traditional policy bound him, he thought, to fight for the latter and forbad his lifting his little finger to help the former. He must stand and look on at cruelties that enraged him, and be silent about policies that in his judgment were mis-shaping the world. This is the

secret of the popular desire to retain the Philippines. The masses are for action anyhow. But the interest of the more intelligent is in the real theatres of events, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. In South America nothing ever happens! And the North Americans are tired of a policy that dooms them, the most sympathetic and energetic of people, to inaction and silence. The rustic at the playhouse interferes with the play; but the primitive Aryan of America has culture enough to know where the world's drama is enacted, and he is eager to be in the cast. Hence the moment opportunity offered, he was ready to abandon the Monroe roundabout and schoolboy's cap. The real tendency of the American people disclosed itself; they had been eager to lay hands upon the destiny of mankind, and the victory of Dewey stirred them like a revelation.

But will not the actual dictators of American policy, the men of achievement, intervene and arrest this impulse towards the great unknown? That is by no means clear. The war and its progress startled the thoughtful American into a consideration of his foreign relations. The Continental powers perplexed and vexed him. The behaviour of England, on the other hand, touched him to the quick. Precisely the nation that the American masses were wont to suspect and distrust stood openly their friend. Why, then, pondered the sagacious patriot, why should I intervene to stay this impulse of the masses towards an *ignotum pro magnifico*? It is, to be sure, the old tendency towards bold and dangerous enterprise. It is not a transformation of the national character, it is the rush of American energy into new directions. But although not a transformation of the national character, it may lead to a transformation of our foreign policy. This has been in recent years degenerating into an unreasonable and pernicious dislike of England. The schoolboy, the immigrant, and the demagogue, an exceedingly dangerous trinity in the United States, combined to increase this prejudice. The first because of his foolish textbooks, the second because of traditional hatred, the third in order to hold or to capture place and power. The England that

gave us language, literature, and our unconquerable impulse to political liberty has been indeed dear to many, and these the most intelligent; but the England familiar to the masses was a sorry and repugnant caricature. The war dissolved this caricature, and the eternal fitness of things declared itself. These two great powers, of like traditions and the same language, of like institutions and of similar ideals, ought not to lapse into the old attitude of jealousy and dislike. They ought to stand together for the welfare of the world. The retention of the Philippines is fraught, to be sure, with perils of many kinds. But if the surrender of them means a return to an irrational and emotional foreign policy, then, concludes the thoughtful American, it were better to retain them.

Again, the American masses respond promptly and with enthusiasm to idealistic and philanthropic motives. Not that other motives are not powerful. Klondike discoveries attract men by the thousand; the mercenary spirit is at once obtrusive and insidious everywhere. Projects conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity are often gilded over with the glitter of benevolence. But movements to be popular in America must appear, at least, beneficent. And a determining motive in this enthusiasm for expansion is the philanthropic one. "It would be cruel," men say, "to return the Spanish colonies to their oppressors; it is cowardly for a nation so powerful as the United States to shrink from participation in the government of the world; we, too, are responsible for the future of humanity." All this may seem utopian and absurd. It may even look like hypocrisy or self-delusion. It is certainly new language for the American tongue; but it is after the American heart, and the men of achievement, the men of real might with the American people, hesitate to offer opposition. President McKinley, supported by this element, can restrain, guide, control the people for any outcome; he, the man of deeds, is strong enough to stay this apparently resistless impulse. And the men of achievement were never more influential than at present; for the war not

only completed the reconciliation of the sections, but prevented a breach among the people. The old equality of rich and poor was re-established in sacrifice. Prosperity had not rotted the sinews of our gilded youth ; poverty had made no cowards; rich and poor shared the same hardships and embraced each other in death or in victory.

But why should the President and the men of achievement unite to intervene ? Let the answer be delayed until another point is mentioned; to wit, the religious feeling of the American people. No revelation of the war deserves more notice. Men and women by the thousand believe that God determined the overthrow of Spain and arranged the present situation, and that we must explore it for the divine purpose. Here is the paradox of American character. Self-reliance, reckless self-confidence, startling energy blend strangely with a child-like belief in Providential guidance. Without a Church establishment, probably because there is no establishment, the name of God is dangerously and gloriously familiar to the people ; and although the welkin rings with praises for sailor and soldier, the quick-witted American stands awestruck at the risks that he challenged, and bares his head to the Lord of hosts who has given him the victory, and then he asks, " Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?" A perilous state of mind, to be sure ! The maddest enterprises might smuggle themselves into favour with a people thus affected. The world has seen many a devil's butchery under banners emblazoned with the name of God. And the thoughtful American is indeed keenly alive to the danger that threatens the future of his country. Only he, too, resigns himself to the situation as one divinely ordered. *Deus vult.* If the peaceful days of the Republic are over, he too must accept the will of God.

Has the American, then, become the chief of jingoes, *l'enfant terrible* among the nations ? Hardly. His impulse for action finds, as a rule, ample scope in the enterprises and victories of peace. And nowhere in the world is home more fascinating to men and more powerful in the development of character. Hence the almost womanly tenderness that

marked the close of the fight off Santiago harbour. Captain Philip's cry, "Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying," touched the American heart as "Remember the *Maine*" never did and never could; for it was the spirit of the American home. Mere sentimentality has often proved compatible with diabolical cruelty. But this tenderness, nourished and strengthened at the American fireside, is quite another thing. This makes the American hate war for its horror and its havoc. The heroic element, always latent in him, and bursting forth in splendid adventure and daring performance whenever duty requires, has never degenerated into a permanent love of battle and of bloodshed. Therefore the whole American people hailed with pleasure every incident of the campaign that blended gentleness and chivalry with courage. Therefore they cheered the vanquished Cervera. Therefore the soldiers clamoured for home the moment fighting ceased. Bismarck might easily fancy the young giant of the West starting out upon a debauch of blood; he thought the Americans altogether such as himself. But they were not, nor has the war transformed them. They are more aware of their strength, but they have no desire to use it wantonly. They are conscious, as never before, of their wealth, their political unity, their numbers, their courage, their intelligence; and they rejoice in "the sudden making of splendid names." They might, indeed, just now be tempted easily to measure their prowess against some mightier enemy than Spain; but they will hardly challenge any nation to a conflict, and once their troubles with Spain are ended, would not be easily provoked.

These troubles are not over yet. But the negotiations at Paris are followed with confident eagerness. For the desire to retain the Philippines has been blended all along with the belief that Spain is ready to surrender them. A renewal of hostilities would try severely the strength of the government, as the love of home and of peaceful pursuits has resumed its sway. But if outside interference should provoke fresh conflict, the whole nation will accept the issue with enthusiastic vehemence.

Such is the American character to-day. But what will it become by contact and attrition with the nations of Europe? This is the question that gives the wisest pause. European thinkers, Continental thinkers at any rate, will scoff at the portrait of the American which I have sketched. He is assailed by a chorus of reproaches, a Continental concert of denunciation. "Sublime excuses," they exclaim, "for wanton spoliation." "The Americans wage a war of conquest, and call it philanthropy; they are drunk with sudden victory, and are dreaming of oceans covered with their battleships, of archipelagoes and continents basking beneath their flag." And even Lord Salisbury looks upon the entrance of this self-conscious young giant into the Eastern World as a menace to universal peace. Well! There is reason, not in the reproaches, but in the expectation. The American henceforth will be actively concerned in the Orient. He has been passively concerned in it for years. He has read about it, travelled in it, traded with it, sent missionaries to it. Some of the names dearest to the American heart are connected with its recent history. He has chafed uneasily at much that he has witnessed. His apprehension is quick, his ideas vivid, his impulses vehement; it is hard for him to sit still and think. But he has hitherto had no responsibilities in the Orient. All this is likely to change. He will have interests and duties there hereafter. He will do his thinking aloud, and his hand will go with his tongue.

Moreover, the proximity of colossal nations, scheming and struggling to extend their dominion, may easily excite his greed for land and glory. His love of home, so powerful now, may yield to his lust for adventure and for combat The nomad is only dormant in the modern man, and the barbarian sleeps uneasily beside him. In the American these are at present enthralled, but the spell of the fireside might be broken easily. In that event his energy would make him dangerously belligerent. Add to this another consideration. The American has suspected, but has never before experienced the unifying magic of a popular war.

The struggle for Independence divided families; the war for the Union divided sections. The bitterness of the latter conflict still lingers and envenoms our political development. Recent forms of industrial organisation have tended to provoke a clash of classes. The Cave of Adullam poured into the last presidential campaign a multitude of threatening aspect, hungry for wild experiments. The scourge of the demagogue was at hand; a social catastrophe seemed imminent. Happily the danger was averted. Then came the call to arms. Instantly all grudges and all other enthusiasms were forgotten in the burst of patriotic feeling. The sound of the trumpet extinguished every murmur. President McKinley, more fortunate than Washington or Lincoln, commanded all the people. A thrilling spectacle, a sublime experience! But perhaps more costly than it seemed; for the temptation will be to provoke a repetition of it whenever wealth is threatened or a political party is in sore straits. Even good men prefer the echoes of a bugle to the roar of a mob, while the politician sheds cheerfully the blood and the money of his countrymen if haply he may retain his place and his patronage. But will not even a worse evil befall the American character than a lust for empire and for battle? Will not the Americans sacrifice their local freedom for a distant sovereignty? Have they not been forging chains for themselves while freeing Cuba from the Spaniards? Would it not be wiser to abolish king Croker and his Tammany throne than to worry about the Philippines? Is not the real crux of democracy in America the government of the city? And will not the crucial experiment fail if the people become absorbed in transpacific politics? Are not New York and Chicago of more consequence to America and humanity than the islands of the distant sea? Is not their subjugation by local tyrants more deplorable than Spanish sovereignty at Manila? These questions seem natural enough, but in the light of British history, how absurd! Have India and Africa so absorbed the political intelligence of Englishmen that they are now less capable of home administration than they were in the

eighteenth century? Has municipal reform been arrested in London and in Glasgow because Her Majesty's ministers must think of the ends of the earth?

The recent elections in the States are full of instruction. They indicate by no means an uprising of indignant virtue, but they show clearly that the Americans are not neglecting local issues. In New York and Illinois, particularly, there is an audible gnashing of teeth. The voters there were not distracted by the flags at Manila. They were busy castigating scoundrels and promoting honest men. Roosevelt conquered Croker, not with his policy of expansion, but by his pledges of purgation. King Richard and Tammany were overthrown at Santiago because the heights of San Juan revealed the trait in Roosevelt that Americans most admire —fearless energy. Nevertheless his triumph was the victory not of a man, but of a species, the intrepid and incorruptible partisan. Lincoln is the splendid instance of it, but then Lincoln was a genius. Roosevelt is only a character. The people chose him for the promise of his deeds, not for his opinions. They had serious work to do, and they wanted Hercules and his club.

This, then, is not the danger. Local politics in the States will not suffer by widening the national horizon. The only consideration that weighs with men of action is the growing conviction that if we enter the Orient we shall become a belligerent people. This explains the ingenious ambiguity of the President's deliverances, and his cautious approaches to an irrevocable decision. This has created the undertone of solemnity among the thoughtful. The sagacious are measuring the magnitude of impending responsibilities. All perceive, and a few tremble at the movement that is sweeping the nation towards the incalculable. And yet the prospect, even when it sobers, fascinates the American mind with its vague and vast mystery. Bennett knew his countrymen when he sent Stanley to find Livingstone. It was an enterprise that thrilled the people with its blending of adventure and philanthropy, of religious interest and battling with the unknown. We are the same people that

shouted and wept over the finding of the heroic man of God, and chuckled over the journalistic genius that directed his discovery. The consciousness of national power, deeper, more majestic, and intensified by the recent unanimity, is everywhere apparent. Yet the young giant is not boisterous, only buoyant. True, he snaps asunder with a laugh all suggestions of difficulty, as Samson snapped the withes that bound him. It is not the past, however, that makes him so exultant; it is the discovery of his strength and of his destiny. It is not the swift conversion of their discontent into a recollection, not the joy of an easy victory, that makes the people sanguine; it is their old magician, Expectation. He enticed these multitudes across the seas and into the wilderness. Never revealing his face, but disclosing often flashes of his glory, he has inspired every company of pilgrims, every group of immigrants, every family of pioneers, every framer of new states, every builder of new cities, every architect that has given form and beauty to the self-erecting commonwealth.

If, then, these Americans now challenge boldly the dangers of a stormy and a shoreless sea, let us recognise the impulse for what it is, the portentous offspring of three centuries of looking forward and pushing onward, three centuries of attacking and conquering the unknown.

CHARLES J. LITTLE.

Evanston, Ill.

THE HISTORICAL AND SPIRITUAL CHRIST.

1. *The Christ of History and Experience.* Being the Kerr Lectures for 1897. By Rev. D. W. FORREST, M.A. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1897. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

2. *St. Paul's Conception of Christ.* By DAVID SOMERVILLE, M.A. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1897. 9*s.*)

ONE of the characteristic features of the theology of this generation has been the study of the historic Christ. It has been the era of the lives of Christ. The student of the New Testament has betaken himself anew to the sympathetic and minute investigation of the gospel narratives. Nothing that can throw light on the marvellous career of the Son of man has been neglected. The geography, the topography, the customs, the climate, the language of the Holy Land have been the objects of a loving and withal scientific enquiry. The graphic touches of those divinely simple and beautiful records, the latent hints, the minute niceties and the subtle shades of diction, have been set forth by the careful exegete in order to complete the portraiture of Jesus. The result is that the historic Christ has been revealed with fresh vividness and beauty to the modern world. And not only has the personality of Jesus in its unique moral loveliness been realised with the living interest of a new discovery—His teaching also has been invested with a novel significance and has found many diligent and enthusiastic exponents. His characteristic thought of God and of man, of human life and destiny, of sin and punishment and salvation, has been expounded with a wealth of detail that leaves nothing to be desired. The

"Teaching on the Hill" and the sayings about the kingdom of God have engaged attention in their relation to modern social problems, with the result that in the view of a Tolstoi they have appeared to embody a new ethical creed which the Christian Church has hitherto imperfectly interpreted or entirely ignored; while Dr. Watson has given them a leading place in a formula of belief which he has constructed for the benefit of modern minds. The works of men like Wendt and Beyschlag have been popularised by spiritual leaders like Dr. Horton, whose *Teaching of Jesus* has fascinated many to whom the subtleties of dogma and the elaborate argumentation of St. Paul have proved either unattractive or obscure.

Moreover, the fact that in the epistles of St. Paul there is only casual reference to the teaching of his Master has been emphasised in such a way as to imply the comparative inferiority of the apostolic testimony. The themes of justification and sanctification, of the atonement and of salvation, characteristic of Pauline thought, are now in peril of being disparaged owing to the new interest which surrounds the witness of Jesus. It is pointed out that the Church has always lost spirituality and enthusiasm whenever the historic Christ has passed from its ken. After the synoptic period came the patristic, with its speculative discussions regarding the Person of Christ; and mediæval Christianity, in its eagerness to give scientific completeness to the dogma of the two natures and the one person, lost sight of the Man of Nazareth. The result was, as the compassionate and loving figure of Jesus was bedimmed by the haze of theological subtleties, the worship of the Virgin Mother came to be the substitute for those souls who hungered for the human sympathies and the healing strength of One who had been tempted as they were. For "to her was transferred that ideal of a pure and pitiful sympathy with sinning men that had in fact been realised in Jesus." With the Reformation the doctrine of St. Paul came once more to the front, and it was the Christ of St. Paul—the living and exalted Saviour—to whom a priest-ridden, superstitious, and

unbelieving generation were pointed. With the revival of Pauline theology, a new vision, a nobler spirituality took possession of the Church, and multitudes, as they trusted in the grace of God and in the mediation of the Saviour, experienced mysterious but real emancipation from the burden of guilt.

Nor can it be said that the Pauline conception of Christ has since then lost its hold on the consciousness of Christendom. It is only in recent days that certain phases of theological thought have become pronounced, and have tended to push the Pauline testimony farther and farther into the background and "to exalt Christ at the expense of Paul." The causes of this are obvious. With the development of the scientific spirit and the advance of scientific education, the supernatural has for many become synonymous with the vague and the unreal. If a rationalistic explanation of any portion of the Christian revelation is feasible, this is preferred to any other interpretation. The popular mind revolts, too, from the seeming inconclusive ness of a merely dogmatic presentation of the Person of Christ, and many have formed the impression that the humanity of Christ, as treated by the average theologian, loses something of its reality and its oneness with our own. Add to this the perennial difficulty of understanding, on its speculative or metaphysical side, the union of the human and the divine in one person as expounded by the orthodox thinker. What can be more attractive, it is thought, than to take what Christ says about Himself as the basis of our belief in Him? Why not regard Christ's teaching as containing all that is necessary for a knowledge of essential Christianity? Why not concentrate our vision, purged of all dogmatic presupposition, on the personal life of Jesus? The following quotation shows how a representative Ritschlian like Herrmann puts the case: "We mock the needs (of Protestant people) if we offer them, as a ground for their faith, doctrines of Scripture and propositions of the apostolic creed in which they cannot by any means find an expression of what they themselves shall recognise as fact.

They long for facts which shall stand firm at the moment of deepest doubt, and by which they shall feel they are not without God in the world. The only such facts are the inner life of Jesus and their own conscience."*

It is one of the many merits of Mr. Forrest's able and thoughtful study of the Christ of history and of experience that he has subjected this attractive theory to a careful analysis. He shows with great force that there is a radical defect in a conception of the "inner life of Jesus" which ignores the resurrection and compels us "to think of Him as living and ruling because such a thought is the necessary outcome and completion of our faith in God." It was not through such a belief that the Christian Church came into existence. For the Christian Church was established, not through the mere witness of Christ's earthly work and ministry, but through the sense of Christ's lordship and abiding presence which the resurrection created in the hearts of His followers. The resurrection is thus an integral part of the divine manifestation in humanity which was centred in the Person of the incarnate Redeemer. Theologically, the resurrection marks the transition from the historical to the spiritual Christ; historically, it accounts for the origin and growth of the Christian Church. And it is at this point that the apostolic testimony is of the greatest value. The emphasis with which the Ritschlian system insists that nothing but the historic Jesus is required as the ground of our communion with God, and the freedom from all metaphysical conceptions which marks the Ritschlian point of view, has undoubtedly tended to the disparagement of the apostolic testimony. But, it may be asked, Are we at liberty to ignore St. Paul? Are we to neglect as of second-rate importance those great schemes of Christian doctrine which we find in his epistles, and which for ages past have exercised so striking an influence on the thought of Christendom? Many a preacher will admit that he finds it difficult

* HERRMANN: *Communion with God*, p. 86.

to make Pauline doctrine attractive, and not a few students have been repelled by reasonings which emanated from an intellect trained in rabbinical methods of illustration and exposition. In face, then, of the undoubted modern tendency to depreciate St. Paul's theological system, it may be useful to enquire, not what we shall gain, but what we shall lose if we ignore St. Paul. Above all, what has St. Paul to teach us about Christ?

In the first place, it is well known that allusions to the earthly life of Jesus are meagre in the epistles. Though St. Paul probably had never seen Jesus, yet he must have been acquainted with the main facts of His public life and ministry. Indeed, a careful scrutiny of his writings reveals a large body of evidence in favour of the adequateness of his historical knowledge. At the same time, it must be admitted that there is an absence of *detailed* reference to the facts of the history, and it is remarkable that he should apparently have regarded the historical side of the manifestation of Christ as of inferior moment. His Christ is the living and exalted Saviour. It was the risen Jesus with whom he had communion on the Damascus road, and the impressions he received of Christ on that occasion determined the whole character of his Christology. His knowledge of Christ begins with the resurrection—begins, indeed, where that of the other apostles ended. It is not going too far to say that St. Paul's Messiah could not be the earthly Jesus. As far as his own spiritual intuition was concerned, his Messiah was the Christ who was exalted to the right hand of God,—the victorious Redeemer,—the heavenly Lord of humanity. To know Christ, according to St. Paul, it was essential to know Him as glorified and risen. Hence, as Christ revealed Himself in the experience of the apostle, the details of the historical career occupied a less conspicuous place in his thought than the spiritual working and the glory of the risen Lord. The record of the supremely beautiful and loving ministry of his Master as exercised on the plane of history was never absent, we may believe, from his consciousness; but to him it was of smaller im-

portance than his personal knowledge and experience of the Christ of glory. What, then, was the special conception of Christ which St. Paul owed to his fellowship with the glorified Lord? This is the theme of Mr. Somerville's volume. By his own admission, the author owes much to the views and methods of Ritschl; but we may be permitted to express the hope that this will not detract from the value of this treatise as a solid and learned contribution to theological study, even in the view of the most prejudiced readers. The kernel of the book is the scholarly exposition of St. Paul's outstanding conceptions of Christ. Regarding St. Paul's experience of Christ in his inner life as the key to his Christology, Mr. Somerville shows that, in Pauline thought, Christ is the spiritual Man, the "second Adam," the archetype of humanity. Normal human nature is carnal. It is not without spiritual elements—perception of law and an inner man which responds to God; but it cannot reach God apart from God's Spirit. Now Christ is the *Pneumatikos*—the man who was so filled with the Spirit that St. Paul says of Him, "the Lord is the Spirit." This does not imply that Christ's humanity was unreal. It was a humanity possessed by the Spirit of God, and therefore in the risen Christ the ideal of humanity was eternally realised. He is also the Son of God. God made man capable of His own life. But Christ alone is divine in the sense that He alone has realised in its ideal perfection divine sonship in human life. Hence He alone can reveal God to us. Allied with these is the Pauline view of Christ as the second Adam; that is, the true type or ideal of manhood. "He is and possesses in Himself that which constitutes Him the pattern after whom humanity is to be remodelled." Christ is morally and spiritually for every man the true conception and end of himself.

Now it is to be noted that it is never the merely historic Jesus that is so described. It is as risen from the dead, as the Lord from heaven, that Christ became the second Adam. Indeed, it was only through His resurrection that Christ was able to exercise these universal relationships

"which disclosed the higher truth of His Person." But St. Paul's conception does not end here. How is man to attain that ideal of religious and ethical life which was realised once for all in the second Adam? And he answers, Christ is not only the archetype, He is the Redeemer of humanity, and that in virtue of His death on the cross, which is the basis of human forgiveness. The chapter on the atonement in Mr. Forrest's book is a valuable supplement to Mr. Somerville's study of this aspect of Christ's work, and the former shows with great cogency that the apostles' view of Christ's death was no illusion caused by their Jewish traditions and their individual experience. It is upon the historical facts of Christ's death and resurrection that St. Paul bases his reasoning respecting justification, peace with God, and sanctification. Dr. Horton speaks of our inveterate habit of first imposing on the thought of Jesus the interpretations contained elsewhere in the New Testament, and then imposing on the thought of the New Testament itself the views of later speculations."[*] But it may be fairly asked, Are Christ's own statements about His death the only statements which it is worth our while to consider? Are these to be the only basis of Christian instruction and preaching? Are we to sweep away all that Pauline thought has added to the simple truths which we find in the gospels—especially in that of St. John—respecting His death? It cannot be. In the very nature of things Christ in the days of His flesh could say but little about His death and its relation to the world's sin. He left the interpretation of its meaning to those who should thereafter find life through His cross. It was not for the Redeemer Himself to unfold the glorious meaning of that redemption which He died to achieve: it was for the redeemed—those who actually in their experience were saved by His dying—to expound the "mystery of bleeding love." Thus, as we have been aptly reminded, "it is not an anomaly, it is a divinely becoming and beautiful thing that not the gospels,

[*] *The Teaching of Jesus*, p 236.

but the epistles interpret most fully and clearly the atoning work of Christ." *

There are other conceptions of Christ in the Pauline epistles which have deeply influenced the life of Christendom. The first is that of Christ mystical. The believer lives "in Christ," and Christ lives in the believer. In those memorable words, which sum up for many souls the very essence of the Christian life, the apostle says, "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth *in* me." This doctrine of the *immanent* Christ is not found in the synoptists, but it reappears in the writings of St. John, whom St. Paul's thought may have influenced. Moreover, to describe the personal union of the believer with his Saviour, the latter never uses the phrase "in Jesus," but always "in Christ." It is not the historic Jesus who is the life of his inmost life. It is the exalted Saviour in whom he dwells, and who dwells in him, communicating to his soul the virtue of His risen energies; so that the mystical Christ within becomes not only a fountain of moral strength and inspiration, He becomes the "hope of glory," the very assurance of his personal immortality. This is the doctrine which, as Canon Gore eloquently reminds us, every revival of vital Christianity brings to the front and "roots anew in the consciousness of serious and devout Christians, though they be 'plain men' and unimpassioned." †

Along with this conception of Christ immanent is the corresponding thought of Christ transcendent. For St. Paul the formula, "the Lord Jesus Christ," or "Jesus is Lord," was the confession of Christ's divinity. The lordship over humanity was the legitimate issue of His voluntary humiliations and is associated in the apostle's consciousness with His exaltation. In the Epistle to the Colossians, St. Paul, in combating the notion of the divine remoteness from matter,

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* J. D. in the *British Weekly* of February 3, 1898, on Dr. P. T. Forsyth's *The Holy Father and the Living Christ.* See also pp. 54–61 of the latter volume.

† See the oft-quoted passage in the *Bampton Lectures*, p. 221.

used expressions of Christ which mark a further advance in his thought. In Him the fulness of the Godhead dwelt. He was the image of the invisible God. Above all, He was the Head of the Ecclesia, which is His body. This is "a larger conception than lordship : it implies not only authority over us as the latter does, but union with us. As Head, Christ is organically related to His people and one with them. They partake of His life. As Head, He is the noblest member of the organism. . . . The term brings out better than any other both the distinctiveness of Christ and His community of life and spirit with His people." And, lastly, Christ is the final end of creation, the goal of all things. God sums up all things in Christ.

Space will not permit more than a passing reference to Mr. Somerville's treatment of the important subject of the Pauline view of the pre-incarnate Christ. It has been the tendency in certain quarters to assume that the language in which St. Paul states or suggests a prior existence to Christ is purely symbolic. This is the view of Pfleiderer and his school. They believe that Christ can only be considered as pre-incarnate in thought : so far as His person is concerned, He is a man like any other man born under similar conditions; "He is but the temporal manifestation of the eternal idea of the sonship of man to God." Hence pre-existence is only to be predicated of the religious idea or principle which was embodied in Christ. But this is not an adequate account of what we find in the Pauline epistles. And it robs the Christian revelation of its supreme and original truth, that Christ saves us, not because He belongs to the same order as ourselves, but because He has come from the bosom of the Father to reveal the grace of God to mankind. This theory affords another proof of the reaction from Pauline thought which at present characterises certain schools of theology.

Having passed under brief and hurried review the main features of Pauline Christology as treated by its latest exponent, we may now ask, Can the consciousness of the Christian Church afford to ignore these sublime conceptions

of Christ? Are such stupendous truths as these, reached as they are through the experience of one who of all others appears to have fathomed the heart and mystery of redemption, to be lightly regarded or thrown aside? Apart from any doctrine of inspiration, we may say that if our whole spiritual pabulum is to be the teaching of Jesus as reported in the gospels, if our view of Christ's death is to be determined by the brief and necessarily restricted statements respecting it made by our Saviour Himself, if the apostolic testimony is to be regarded as of second-rate value, we are face to face with a situation of grave peril. Such a position will inevitably lead to the inference that no revelation of any moment is vouchsafed through the experience of believers, even of those so nearly and intimately allied to Christ as the apostles were. It will be assumed that such truths as are awakened in the Christian consciousness are merely subjective impressions, unworthy of our regard or serious consideration. It is obvious that we are confronted with the falsehood of extremes. The only fair view is that which exalts neither part of the revelation of Christ at the expense of the other. We need both the Christ of history and the Christ of glory. We can do without neither. Therefore both gospels and epistles are essential to our knowledge of Christ. They constitute, taken together, a noble unity of testimony. If, with Wendt, we ignore St. Paul and accept only the testimony of the gospels as containing the essence of Christianity, we commit ourselves to a broken and fragmentary faith in Christ. We renounce at once some of the noblest features and the most splendid conceptions of the Christian revelation. On the other hand, if, with Dr. Dale, we come to regard our experience of Christ as a sufficient verification of His claims, so that our faith in Him can face with equanimity the modifications which a critical enquiry may effect in the historic records, and even survive their utter loss, we occupy an unstable position. For, however attractive at first sight such a theory may be, nothing is more certain than that, if the records pass into oblivion, there will be a gradual decay of the faith which is based

on the experience of those who drew from the records their sense of Christ's reality. Each new generation, which moves a step farther from the point when the records are supposed to have vanished, will lose something, until the truth of Jesus becomes a vague and nebulous outline. Faith, as Mr. Forrest insists, must be constantly recurring to the facts on which it is founded.

Furthermore, let it be granted that it is desirable for those who do not accept the supernatural elements of Christianity and the orthodox dogmas of the Person of Christ to cling to the historic records, and to work upward to the results of faith through a reverent and resolute study of the acts and thoughts of the man Christ Jesus. But suppose the case of a man who is eager to attain the moral strength and beauty of Jesus. The *imitatio Christi* fires his soul. "The sinless years that breathed beneath the Syrian blue" fill his vision and make his ideal. He cannot accept the miraculous, but he studies the gospels. The first impression borne in upon him is that Christ is not imitable. The self-consciousness of the historic Jesus is unique and isolated. It was single, not dual, like our own, as Mr. Forrest shows. That is to say, mixed with His consciousness of God is no self-abasement, no sense of sin. It is not Christ's teaching that is the final thing. He did not come to unfold a system of ethics. Our hypothetical enquirer may attempt to embody the Sermon on the Mount in his working creed; but if his only motive is emotional admiration for Jesus as a wise human teacher, he will be the first to give up the attempt, either to reconstruct his own life or that of society in accordance with that teaching. The ultimate fact in the Christian revelation is the personality of Christ.

If anything is certain, it is that we do *not* attain deliverance by merely making this law of His life our own, by surrendering ourselves to the same God whose will He fulfilled. For the surrender is never complete, and it is Christ Himself who compels us to feel the misery of an incomplete submission. . . . As a mere example, He is no encouragement to us, for His moral experience has different conditions from ours. . . . Only from

the standpoint of a sinless humanity can we reach the peace which is the deepest necessity of our nature; and this sinless humanity cannot be wrought out by the sinner, but only *for* him that it may be wrought *in* him.

Hence, if we are to get a complete portraiture of Christ—if we are to arrive at the fullest knowledge of His Person and work—our thought is not to be determined solely by the evangelic narratives. We must pass to the epistles, for there we find Christ revealed in experience. As St. Paul found in his own spiritual history, it is the exalted and ever-living Saviour to whom we owe our salvation; and it is in communion with His Spirit, victorious over sin and death, communicating to us the virtue of His holiness, that we rise into the life of God. "Yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth know we Him no more." And the truest interpretation of these words is, not that the apostle is at liberty to ignore the historic Jesus, but that he had lost the imperfect and material notions of his fellow Jews concerning Christ and His kingdom. When he came to know Christ after the Spirit, he realised that the kingdom of the Messiah was the kingdom of the Spirit, and that Christ Himself was a spiritual force or life within Himself, slowly vanquishing all that was sinful and corrupt in his nature.

And here something may be said regarding the position of the late Thomas H. Green, of Oxford, who has so powerfully influenced the thought of this generation, and whose two exquisite lay sermons* have appeared to many devout and cultivated people to furnish a reasonable and intelligible rendering of the Christian religion. The neo-Hegelian idea, that, if Christianity is to escape contradiction, it must be divorced from the historical, is shown by Mr. Forrest to be out of harmony with the accepted conditions of moral and intellectual progress. There can be no sense of duty, and certainly no religious belief, which is not related to a previous order of things. Religion, like patriotism, rests on history. We must corroborate our consciousness of God

* *The Witness of God and Faith* (Longmans).

by reference to the intuitions of other saints who have witnessed of divine things in former times. Moreover, in the case of the Christian religion, the historical element is not an isolated event, but, a personality; and hence the process of verification is not wholly intellectual, it is at heart spiritual. Green held that faith was justified by nothing but itself, and therefore did not imply any assent to historic events. Hence, though Christ was a supreme type of obedience to the law of dying to self, this is a law which under Christ's inspiration any individual may take as the ground of his spiritual life. This reasoning is attractive, because it appears to bring Christ near to us, and to identify His experience with our own. But, as has been already remarked, Christ's transcendence of human experience isolates Him from us, and just because, while "the best of men, He is also *something more*," He makes it possible for us finally to attain His spiritual powers and blessedness.

Christianity is not an idealism: it is an achievement. It roots itself in a great fact. And when that fact is discarded, the Christian faith sinks into a vague aspiration after the divine, an aspiration which will itself be discarded by the mass of mankind as an idle dream, and which cannot save some even of the purest hearts that cherish it from a recurring half-despair for the future of humanity.

In conclusion, we need to beware of giving the impression that we have two contrasted and therefore two mutually exclusive views of Christ. There is nothing in St. Paul's presentation of Christ that contradicts Christ's statements about Himself. It may indeed be said that St. Paul's interpretation of the Person of Christ goes beyond the assertions we find in the gospels. This cannot be denied. But it would indeed be a marvel were it otherwise. If the apostle had merely indulged in a kind of exalted hero worship, if all that he could reveal from his experience of Christ had only been a reiteration of the synoptic testimony, it would have been open to the world to ask whether indeed Jesus were the Messiah. Yet owing his inspiration to that Spirit whom his Master had promised as a guide into all truth—owing, too

his spiritual liberty and life to that living and glorified Saviour, St. Paul based his interpretation of Christ on the fact that He revealed God to men not only through the medium of His earthly life and ministry, but through the experience of His saints. The mind of Christendom would have been for ever impoverished, and the Church of Christ would have lacked some of its most potent inspirations, if the revelation of Jesus had been exhausted in His historic manifestation. The influence of the exalted Christ is but a continuation of the influence of the historic Jesus; and though we may draw a distinction between Christ historical and Christ spiritual, the two are unified as a beautiful harmony in the consciousness of believers.

Nor ought we to use language of the glorified Christ which implies that we have less sense of His reality as glorified than of His reality as a historic Person. For St. Paul the ever-living Christ was as certain a reality as the historic Jesus who in the days of His flesh lived a life of marvellous beauty, wrought miracles, taught the people of Palestine, and died on the cross. It is a spiritual necessity that we should neither lose sight of the human Jesus nor of the exalted Christ, and that for two reasons. The first concerns our calling as Christians. While, like St. Paul, we owe the beginnings of our spiritual life to the influence of the living Christ, and ascribe our reconciliation with God to His inner working, the ethical type of the character which faith in Christ originates is to be drawn from the pattern of that perfect manhood which was embodied in Jesus of Nazareth. It has often been remarked how close the alliance is between doctrine and ethics in the teaching of St. Paul. His own character reflects in a remarkable degree the greatness of his Master's, and while he ascribed his experience of a new life to the exalted Redeemer, he took as the model of his high calling the mind of Christ as exemplified in His earthly career. The second reason has reference to our conception of Christ. We have to see in the earthly ministry, as we have frequently been reminded, the time-symbol of the eternal activity of

the Son of God. Although ascended far above principalities and powers, He has not lost His oneness with us. He came to us in the likeness of man. He ministered to human need. He encountered the temptations of our flesh. He died for our sins. And the earthly drama of self-renunciation is a transcript of the inner life of the Deity—is a parable of what the Redeemer is to be to us to all eternity. How many of us would care to lose entirely the realistic impression which the story of Jesus made upon our hearts in the days of childhood? The *imago Christi* passed into our spiritual being, and the gospel records became a heritage of beauty and light to be perpetually enjoyed. And though we know Him likewise after the Spirit, His personal influence on us will not be diminished—it will be rather deepened and broadened—if we conceive of Him as still stooping to man in that wondrous self-limitation of which the lowly stable of Bethlehem is the earthly token—still healing the leprous and feeding the multitudes and ministering to the sinful as He did in Galilee and Jerusalem—still quieting restless hearts and quelling storms, as when He walked on the waves that sank to rest at His coming—still consumed by the passion of atonement and the energies of redeeming love, not less in the heavenly sanctuary than amid the shadows of the gray olives of Gethsemane and on the hill of Calvary. And, let it be added, it is only so far as we conceive of the risen and glorified Redeemer as in fact one with the historic Christ that we come to believe that He and He alone is the Saviour of the world and is able to subdue all things to Himself.

R. MARTIN POPE.

VACATION RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

1. *Lachesis Lapponica; or, A Tour in Lapland.* By CAROLUS LINNÆUS. Edited by JAMES SMITH, M.D. Two vols. 8vo. (London. 1811.)
2. *Norges Flora.* Af M. N. OG AXEL BLYTT. (Christiania. 1861–76.)
3. *Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States.* By ASA GRAY. Sixth edition. (American Book Company. 1889.)
4. *Lehrbuch der Oekologischen Pflanzengeographie.* Von EUGENIUS WARMING. (Berlin. 1896.)
5. *Knudshö eller Fjeldfloraen, en Botanisk Skitze.* Af J. B. BARTH. (Christiania. 1880.)
6. *Wild Life at Home: How to Study and Photograph it.* By R. and C. KEARTON. (London: Cassell & Co. 1898. 6*s*.)
7. *Special Programme of Steamer Cruises to the Norwegian Fjords, the Baltic, Iceland, etc.* (London: Thomas Cook & Sons. 1898.)

IT is idle to expect that all mankind will divert themselves in the same fashion. One man sails yachts, another climbs mountains, a third scours the country on a bicycle. Each pursuit has its merits, and it is well that every man should choose for himself. We will not run our own hobby to the disparagement of others, nor discourage any recreation which is harmless and active. Indolent recreation, it is true, we can fairly despise. If you want to divert yourself, do something or other; exercise your brains or your muscles. To watch other people doing things, playing football, for

instance, and to get excitement out of their cleverness or strength, is not good enough even for amusement.

Out of a thousand active recreations we will select one, not because it can be pronounced the best, for on that point hardly any two men will agree, but because it is good and happens to be known to us. The man who follows natural history as a holiday occupation, probably without deep knowledge, and with no sort of craving for distinction, can nevertheless hope to find in it a stimulus to exertion and a source of many pleasures.

Now-a-days almost everybody who has a little money travels for some weeks in the year. He finds it particularly refreshing to get beyond the penny post, to taste unfamiliar dishes, and to speak (in the desperate English manner) some foreign language. Few of us realise how it brightens these rambles beyond sea to attend a little to the natural objects which meet us everywhere. Where to go, and what to look for, are questions that each must answer for himself, but it may be helpful to give bits of one traveller's experience.

The writer lately spent a short holiday in Sweden, and went a little out of his way to follow the first few stages of Linnæus' *Tour in Lapland*. From boyhood that narrative fascinated us by its picturesqueness and simplicity, while it provoked us by leaving out nearly all the names of places visited. Perhaps Linnæus would have given more names if he had prepared his own diary for publication. The great naturalist set out from Upsala on May 12, 1732, being then within half a day of twenty-five years old. He notes his dress and the luggage which he carried. His coat was of Westgothland linsey-woolsey cloth without folds, and lined with red shalloon, having small cuffs and collar of shag. Further, he wore leather breeches, a round wig, a green leather cap, and a pair of half-boots. Like Linnæus, we walked northwards from the old city of Upsala, passing the Swartebæck, or Black Beck, as it would be called in the north of England, and the old botanical garden, in one corner of which, eleven years after the tour in Lapland, Linnæus'

own house was built. The cornfields which in 1732 surrounded Upsala on every side are now gone; American wheat is too cheap for even the frugal Swedish farmer to compete with. In August there were no larks singing in the sky as on that May morning when Linnæus noted their *tirile, tirile.*[*] But much was unaltered. The old castle and the cathedral towered above us as they did above him. The wide plain, with its mounds of glacial drift and its distant pine woods, the great moraine, one extremity of which was ages ago carved by human hands into three conical tumuli, bearing the names of Odin, Thor, and Freia, the bed of glacial clay, still worked, as in Linnæus' day, for bricks and tiles, the flowers of the hills and stream sides—all this was unaltered by the lapse of a hundred and seventy years. While yet within sight of the towers of Upsala, we climbed the Tingshög (Parliament Hill, so to speak) a spot as familiar to Linnæus as his own garden, and found it overgrown with ling, juniper, cowberry, and reindeer-moss. In the gaps left by the social plants were flowers of brighter hue, the common harebell conspicuous among them, and one little fern, the moonwort. This particular group of plants attracts the notice of the naturalist because it is so typical of the northern wastes. You may go many degrees north of Upsala, far within the Arctic Circle, and find just the same vegetation on any hill of sand and gravel. The Tingshög is what geologists would call an Arctic outlier. Similar outliers are to be found at home, as in Scotland and Yorkshire, while the same plants range as far north as Spitzbergen and the Siberian tundras. There is a curious history attached to every one. Our common ling, for instance, is plentiful in all the lands of the Old World, almost to the extreme boundary of vegetation; but for some reason or other, though fairly common in Greenland and known in Newfoundland, it cannot maintain itself in temperate North America. It occupies many a dry steppe, and

[*] Linnæus, as he marched out of Upsala, had this line running in his head: "Ecce suum tirile, tirile, suum tirile tractat."

flourishes on the sandy plains of northern Germany, but it is also perfectly at home on the rainy seacoast of Norway and the Hebrides. Limestone and all calcareous soils it avoids, either because lime is positively distasteful to it (as seems to be actually the case), or because lime confers an advantage upon its competitors. You may find it drenched with salt spray at the Land's End, or climbing high upon the Swiss Alps. It even reaches the shores of the Mediterranean, though in these southern lands it gradually gives place to other heaths, and especially to the *Erica arborea*, the *bruyère* of southern France. The stems of the *bruyère* are cut into pipes, which, by an easy perversion of the French name, have come to be called in England "briar-root" pipes. So wide and eccentric a distribution as that of the ling seems hard of explanation; but the difficulty is lessened when we remark that the tracts which it occupies, whether high or low, wet or dry, are untilled by man. Ling, juniper, and reindeer-moss could all spread far south, and maintain themselves again, as they seem to have done in past ages, over a great part of Central Europe, if it were not for human interference. But on a rich, well-drained soil they cannot stand against the quick growing, broad-leaved herbs and the social grasses. How is it that ling cannot hold its own in New England or Canada, while the harebell, the dwarf azalea, and the cloudberry can? The soil, surface, elevation, and mean temperature of New England seem to be exactly what the ling requires; but it grows only in one or two places, where it seems to have been planted by man.

Hour after hour, and day after day, we rambled on in the footsteps of Linnæus, collecting and observing, until we reached what was in 1732 the frontier of civilisation, the last village which could boast of a physician or an apothecary. Then we turned southward again, leaving Lapland for a future journey. How delightful we found it to tread that classic route, to gather the same flowers that Linnæus had noted, to look at the landscape with his eyes! Associations like these are among the chief pleasures of travel. It is hardly less inspiriting when the hero-worshipper visits the

great naturalist's country-house at Hammarby, sees his study in the pine wood, the horse-chestnut he planted, the the campanula he described, and the octagonal walking-stick with measuring-scales engraved on its sides which he carried through Lapland.

An energetic man with a few pounds to spend need not stop short at Lapland. The Vesteraalen Steamship Company will take him in a few days from Trondhjem or Hammerfest to Spitzbergen. At Cape Advent he will find tolerable accommodation, and will come back with an ineffaceable impression of Arctic life. It is possible for those who can spare one December and January to visit the West Indies, and make acquaintance with the plants and animals of the tropics. Jamaica is convenient of access, and particularly tempting; but we have not yet found an opportunity of visiting it.

To study wild nature costs no more money and hardly more time than to join a personally conducted tour, but it is vastly more entertaining and profitable. The favourite way of seeing Norway, for example, is to sail in steamers along the fjords, now and then crossing from one fjord to another by carriole or on foot. The naturalist finds this rather poor fun. It is true that the scenery is superb, and the comfort of the passenger diligently attended to; but there is hardly anything for him to do, except to present himself punctually at every meal. If there is a glacier to be visited, he has Baedeker to tell him how to get there, and carriages or boats to save him all trouble. He admires the Folgefond, or whatever peak may be in sight, from a deck-chair, with a cigar in his mouth. When he gets home again, he quickly forgets all the details of his uneventful journey, unless he was provident enough to buy a bundle of photographs, which may keep his recollection alive for a time.

We would recommend any tourist who tires of the relaxing climate of the fjords and of the too frequent summons to meals, to pack a light satchel with a few indispensables, and set out for a ramble among the mountains. Let him not be over-solicitous about the length of his stages or the softness

of his bed. He will find that the vigour of his health and the buoyancy of his spirits more than make up for plain fare. It is something merely to make your way through a new country without guide or guide-book; but how the pleasure is heightened when you set yourself to work out some geological problem, or to collect information about the plants and animals of the country! I can wish the rambling naturalist no better fortune than that his path may lie in the Dovrefjeld. Knudshō in particular is classic ground to the botanist, for here the genuine Arctic flora becomes more accessible than anywhere else in Europe. The reader has very likely driven along the Gudbrandsdal or climbed Snæhætten, which are close by. By ascending Knudshō, a hill of no great height, he will find himself near the limit of all vegetation. The slopes of the hill have a mottled colour of dark green and sulphur-yellow. The dark green patches are dwarf willows and junipers, dwarf birches and the Alpine bearberry; the yellow masses are lichens, the so called reindeer and Iceland mosses. Here he will find in plenty flowers which are barely known to exist on some of our Scotch mountains, and many a question will start up as he searches for these, or for plants unknown to the stay-at home botanist. Why should the purple saxifrage, which flowers in Scotland or in the Lake District at Easter, linger on at Knudshō till August? Why is the corolla of the *Pedicularis lapponica* always twisted to the right? Why does the *Linnæa borealis* ripen no seeds? A few hours on Knudshō will give matter for thought for many a day to come. The naturalist who loves the company of his fellows will get both pleasure and instruction from the botanists, mostly Swedes, who assemble every year at Kongsvold, at the foot of Knudshō. He will find them sociable, and glad to help a stranger. The only difficulty is the language, for few Englishmen can talk Swedish. We have even been reduced to the necessity of bringing out the Latin of our boyhood, rusty with long disuse. No one, after trying this mode of life for a week or two, will consent to adopt a route chalked out for him by Cook or Baedeker, and

allow himself to be led about Norway without choice or exertion.

While wandering in northern Europe we are continually reminded of a delightful visit to the backwoods of Canada. We recall the rocks, ground and polished by moving ice until every contour is rounded and smooth, the pine forests which clothe all the hills, the lakes which spread out in every hollow, the light canoes, the shady portages between the lakes, the fringe of deadwood, now and then stretching for miles along the shore, and marking the too successful efforts of the beavers to raise their dams a foot or two higher. The details of the scene are filled in with recollections of the living things of the virgin forest—the pitcher-plants, holding up their hollow leaves in the marshes, the Indian pipe, almost to be reckoned among the heaths, but showing by its blanched stem that it draws no nourishment from the air, besides many another flower, of which it is a pleasure to talk to those who sympathise. It was natural history which took us to these scenes; it is natural history which chiefly preserves the recollection of them.

While so much is different in the plants and animals of the New World, there is much that is similar. Especially striking is the resemblance of the inhabitants of the lakes and rivers to those we know here in England. It is true that the species often differ in minute points, and bear different names in the system, but they are so like that we can easily suppose they had a common origin at no very distant time. We call to mind a certain Canadian lake overgrown with waterlilies, in which without close comparison even the naturalist would think he had before him the aquatic life of an English pond. The waterlilies were superficially like our own, the same sort of moths (China marks) were hovering over them, the same dragon-flies hawking for prey. When we pulled up the weeds we found what might be taken for the very same insect-larvæ and polyps that we have at home. More than this, we have received from Brazil aquatic larvæ almost identical with others gathered in the Alps, and from Borneo a variety of

aquatic forms which only a close scrutiny can distinguish from our native species. Australia has its crayfishes, caddis-worms, waterbeetles, all very like those of England, and a watermoth, whose larva devours the pond-weeds, just as in Canada or Europe. No such resemblance is discoverable in the marine life of these distant countries. Though there are many forms of marine animals common to Europe and North America, there are few indeed, one might say practically none, which they share with Brazil, Borneo, and Australia. Yet of all spheres of life the fresh waters might have been thought the least likely to harbour identical or closely similar species. For the fresh waters are cut up into small areas, which have no direct communication, and the means of transport from one to another must be extremely precarious. But, whatever the explanation may be, we do actually find a close similarity in the life of widely separated freshwater areas—a similarity which can only be cleared up by a fuller history than we now possess of the course of life upon the earth. We wish that those who are able to travel far would work out some of these cases in detail.

Most naturalists, and especially amateur naturalists, will find that they can do more on a journey with plants than with animals. The plants are far more abundant and more accessible, while they need fewer appliances for collection and study. Moreover, they influence scenery in a way that no animals do. For the intelligent appreciation of scenery some acquaintance with geology and botany is particularly helpful. We would advise every naturalist to attend to the rocks and plants of the countries he traverses, even if his special interest lies elsewhere.

The popular and delightful study of birds needs no fresh recommendation. Here, as elsewhere, the trained observer can greatly enlarge his opportunities by foreign travel. The late Henry Seebohm's laborious enquiries into the bird-life of the Siberian tundras are beyond the powers of the casual tourist, but slighter work on the same lines is possible to those who make the best use of their time. The photo-

graphic camera has been turned to good account in the investigation of the habits of birds by Richard and Cherry Kearton. We would beg the ornithologist to consider how little use there is in the compilation of lists, at all events in countries that have long been worked. Still more seriously would we urge him not to join himself to the number of those who visit Norway or Iceland merely to bring back skins and eggs. It may seem a just retribution upon profuse slaughter for selfish purposes that it is scientifically unproductive.

The attentive observer will be always comparing and analysing his impressions of scenery. He will ask why a Swedish landscape should remind him of Sutherland and New England. On reflection, he will pick out the points of resemblance—the big boulders strewn over the face of the country, the long mounds of sand and gravel, the dwarf shrubs mixed up with bent grass and sedge, and he will connect them all with the thorough glaciation of these northern lands. To the same cause he will attribute the rarity in high latitudes of the splintery peaks of Switzerland and the Dolomites, or of the sand-worn cliffs of Arabia and Egypt. When he finds that both the Dordogne and Craven are characterised by great white cliffs, fissured terraces winding caverns, and hidden streams, he will explain the resemblance by the occurrence in both of thick, well-jointed beds of limestone. Why should the Campagna be dotted over with little towns, each perched upon a steep and isolated hill? The geological map shows that these hills are volcanic masses, breaking through the stratified rocks which underlie the marshy plain.

For those who are able to undertake continuous work, and in some measure to advance knowledge, great facilities are now offered by the marine biological stations. To spend a year or two at Naples working upon some definite subject is of course only possible to the specialist, but a small bit of useful research may be done even within the limits of an ordinary holiday. We have not only many marine stations scattered along the European coasts, but a few freshwater

stations. A month at Plön among the lakes of Holstein, or with Dr. Fritsch in Bohemia, would be a valuable training to many of our local naturalists. It would enlarge their horizon, and show them that there are better things to be attempted than recording the presence of a rare moth in a fresh country. A known worker receives every possible encouragement and can carry on his investigations at small cost, yet with all the advantage of boats, tanks, and well-fitted laboratories. It is positively cheaper to work for a month at Roscoff or Plön than to spend a month at Brighton.

Some people who would like to be naturalists are daunted by the obstacles they find or imagine to exist. May we assure them that the only obstacles are such as we have to encounter in any special study, in not a few trades, and even in some favourite diversions? It is no harder to become a naturalist than to learn the piano. There is a technical language to be mastered, there is a body of information to be acquired and kept; we have to learn to attend to things which used to pass without notice. But to an energetic nature these things are enjoyable; the enthusiast would not, if he could, have the difficulties swept out of his path. Instruction is necessary to save the waste of time which would otherwise be involved in the first few steps towards a knowledge of nature, but instructors are now plentiful. Perhaps the best way of getting started is to share the naturalising rambles of a trained man, and lucky are those who can find a companion at once knowing and tolerant of ignorance. Let us beg the aspirant, however humble his pretensions, not to be put off with mere mechanical employments. Many who claim to be naturalists give the worst possible advice to beginners, setting them to work upon catalogues, collections of dried plants, and other forms of laborious idleness. It is not by any routine of unintelligent toil that a quick-sighted, thoughtful naturalist can be produced, but only by effort wisely directed to a special end. Serious work in natural history should always aim at enlarging our knowledge of life. When that is

neglected, the work becomes trivial, however diligently it may be prosecuted.

To most of us it is enough that we are entertained by a pursuit which has some improving tendency. Even on these terms it is well worth while to be a naturalist. We shall see things which escape the notice of the many, we shall find objects of interest on every moor and mountain, on every sea-beach, and even on the tedious ocean-voyage. Our hobby will lead us to pleasant places and make us known to pleasant people. Whether it brings with it any external advantage or not, we shall owe to it happy and healthful days unspoilt by after regrets.

L. C. MIALL.

THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

1. *Charge Delivered at his First Visitation.* By FREDERICK, Archbishop of Canterbury. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1898. 1*s.*)

2. *Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church.* Edited by CHARLES GORE, M.A., D.D. (London: John Murray. 1898.)

3. *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement.* By WALTER WALSH. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1897. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

THE present year has witnessed a remarkable revival of the chronic controversy in the Church of England. The campaign of Mr. Kensit, the reports on the advanced ritual of certain London churches furnished to the *Daily Chronicle* by a Roman Catholic representative, the debates on the Benefices Bill, in particular the speeches of Sir William Harcourt, and, finally, the lengthened correspondence in the *Times* on "Lawlessness in the Church," have awakened general and serious attention once more to a state of things which, though novel a generation ago, seemed likely to be accepted as a matter of course. The public has come to realise how far the Church of England has moved from its Protestant position, to what extremes of ritual many of its clergy have advanced, and how questionable have been the methods by which a practically Romeward movement has been carried on.

The answer made by the apologists of the High Church party, that the extreme and illegal practices exposed in the *Secret History of the Oxford Movement* are confined to com-

paratively few of the clergy, is no doubt true, but it does not carry us far. It is abundantly clear that the trend of influence during the last sixty years has entirely altered the relative position of the historic parties in the Church of England, and that the change has been brought about by the new spirit which has transformed the older High Church party. Perhaps it would be truer to say that the spirit always latent in that party has manifested itself, as was certain to be the case under the stimulus of the great religious revival brought about, directly or indirectly, by the Evangelical Movement, and in face of the altered conditions of our modern intellectual and political life. But however the process may be explained, the result of it is plain. Laudian principles are in the ascendent for the present in the Church of England. So great an historical and ecclesiastical authority as Dr. Creighton, the Bishop of London, has recently asserted that "Laud's ideas were true in his own time, and they were true in the present day." This was said generally, though the context of the speech has reference to Laud's effort "to maintain the system of the Church of England, and to keep it intact against demands that were made to narrow it." The scheme of the *Via Media* outlined by Newman has gained a temporary triumph, though abandoned by its author as untenable. High Churchmen have abjured the hated term Protestant, cherished by their forefathers. And a sacerdotal view of the Christian ministry, with a totally altered tone of thought towards Rome, has provided an ever more widely accepted vantage-ground for advanced ecclesiastical and ritualistic developments. Yet the season of its ominous triumph is marked by changes in the intellectual temper and the practical policy of the present leaders of the High Church movement which are likely in the comparatively near future profoundly to alter its general character, and to have some share in remedying its worst evils. The publication of *Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church*, following upon the appearance of *Lux Mundi* and proceeding from the same circle, represents the entrance of the new spirit, already exhibited towards theological

and critical problems, into the sphere of Church politics. It completes the evidence that a new temper is arising in the advanced High Church party which is in many respects the exact counter of the original Tractarian Movement. That stood for a clericalism, absolutist in its aims, for a conservatism which avowedly sought to stem the tide of modern thought and life, for a traditionalism which in its handling of biblical, patristic, and historical questions showed an uncritical temper which amounted to unreason. The newer leaders, on the contrary, temper their clericalism by earnest advocacy of the rights of laymen to take a share in the management of Church affairs, are anxious to put themselves in the most sympathetic relations with the progress of the times, and display an eagerness to accept the latest results of scientific and biblical enquirers, which may sometimes strike onlookers as itself somewhat uncritical.

The uprising of popular Protestantism in opposition to the Romanising efforts of a section of the clergy, and the demand of High Churchmen for ecclesiastical reform, in conjunction create a strong probability that the affairs of the Church of England will, for a considerable period, occupy public attention and give rise to sharp controversy. From every point of view those affairs are of the highest national interest, and not least of all to Nonconformists, who moreover, so long as the Church of England is established, cannot divest themselves of a measure of responsibility for its concerns, and to whom, in the order of Providence, the lot has fallen to uphold, against all dangers, the national Protestantism, with all the positive and evangelical principles which are implied in that term.

If, then, we are intelligently to discharge the duties laid upon us by our position as Christians and as citizens, it is necessary for us clearly to understand the development which the Archbishop of Canterbury seeks by his charge to restrain within due limits, which Mr. Walter Walsh attacks on account of both its objects and its methods, and which the writers on Church reform are anxious to press to new practical issues in the future. At the risk, therefore,

of repeating a twice told tale, some explanation will be attempted in this article of the present position of affairs.

To begin with, then, it must be borne in mind that the general intellectual conditions of the times were specially favourable to the ecclesiastical and antiquarian revival attempted by the Oxford Movement of 1833. The romantic temper, which found its most characteristic and popular English expression in the novels and poems of Scott, was driving out the prosaic spirit prevalent throughout the eighteenth century, and touching with the glamour of poetry all the institutions and remains that suggested an idealised past. The new reverence for the past, transfigured by poetic imagination, shaped the attitude of those who were influenced by it to the problems of the present, and inspired the effort after an historical revival. It was natural that such reverence should be directed above all to the English Church, as being not only the most venerable of all existing institutions, but as being, through its cathedrals, its churches, and its ancient foundations, the richest in antiquarian associations, and therefore possessing materials not only lending themselves to, but actually inviting, such a revival. The new feeling found utterance in the *Christian Year*, with its tender sensibility, its reverence for the past, its restoration of that sentimental regard for the more churchly aspects of the established religion, which had long slumbered under the influence of eighteenth century Erastianism and worldliness. John Keble may be truly called the author of the modern High Church movement, in the sense that by his poetry he created and sustained the peculiar temper by which alone a great attempt to restore a departed past could be successfully carried out.

But while such was the new temper of thought and feeling, an impending and serious danger threatened the Established Church, which the leaders of the Tractarian movement felt called upon to confront. The nature of the danger, when understood in the light of history, goes far to explain the particular steps which they took to remedy it, and constrains us, in condemning their particular eccle-

siastical remedy, to recognise the unsatisfactory conditions which made their efforts natural and perhaps inevitable. The breach with Rome and the assumption of royal supremacy by Henry VIII. were originally acquiesced in by the nation rather on political than on religious grounds. Men sought national freedom from priestly domination rather than the right of direct access to God through Christ. The more deeply religious force of Protestantism was only dominant in the English Church for a very short period, and then largely fell outside it and took shape in the Puritan and Nonconformist bodies. Hence the Reformation settlement of the English Church was political in its nature, and represented the triumph of that worldly policy of easy comprehension and of enforced practical co-operation of discordant elements which has often appealed to kingly reformers from the days of Constantine downwards. The Church was left without a living voice, without powers of independent self-government, without any truly evangelical fellowship, to be the instrument of whatever might be the king's ecclesiastical policy, whether suggested, modified, or subserved by the spiritual heads of the Church. The rise of Parliament and its victory over the House of Stuart meant that every increase in its rights and influence transferred to it something of the predominant authority in ecclesiastical affairs hitherto exercised by the king. The government of the Church was at the mercy of Parliamentary legislation, and the exercise of the royal supremacy was, by means of ministers, amenable to Parliament. A Laodicean century like the last cared nothing for this state of affairs. Moreover, the danger of it was masked by the Parliamentary tests which secured the nominal churchmanship of all members of Parliament, and permitted the House of Commons to pass muster as the Lay House of the Church of England, while the bishops in the Upper House safeguarded ecclesiastical interests among the Lords. Such a state of things cast a deadly blight on the whole life of the Church of England, which sank to the position of a branch of the Civil Service for ecclesiastical purposes. And the Evangelical

Movement did nothing either to quicken a true Church fellowship, or to demand for the Church a measure of independence. The circumstances were extremely difficult, and the strongest points of the Evangelicals were hardly those which fitted them to deal with the difficulties even had they enjoyed sufficient influence and opportunity. The devoted missionary zeal of the Evangelical Movement went rather to the creation of agencies and societies outside the Church, than to the vivifying of the Church fellowship or the perfecting of Church organisation within.

Suddenly the reform movement, with the agitation that followed in its train, shattered the ecclesiastical foundation, and opened men's eyes to the danger of unorganised and helpless dependence on the State. The abolition of Parliamentary tests, the emancipation of Roman Catholics and Jews, and the extension of the franchise made it impossible henceforth to consider Parliament as in any sense a Lay House of the Church of England, and opened up a prospect that the enemies of the Church might turn the powers of Parliament against it. A work of Church reconstruction became absolutely necessary. The emancipating movement was, from the standpoint of ecclesiastics, a "national apostasy," as Keble called it in his celebrated assize sermon in 1833. The independence of the Church as against the State must therefore be secured by giving it a corporate life of its own. And this was the first object of the Tractarian Movement. The following quotation from Newman will suffice to make this clear. "It [the movement of 1833] has been formed on one idea, which has developed into a body of teaching logical in the arrangement of its portions and consistent with the principles on which it originally started. That idea or first principle was ecclesiastical liberty; the doctrine which it specially opposed was, in ecclesiastical language, the heresy of Erastus, and in political, the royal supremacy. The object of its attack was the Establishment, simply as such." *

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* *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. i., p. 101.

But in the absence of any independent Church organisation, of any living Church fellowship, of any accepted evangelical doctrine of the Church, or of any recognised lay rights other than Parliamentary, the Church was equivalent to the clergy. Hence the independence of the Church meant the independence of the clergy. And unless a totally new conception of the Church from any hitherto widely held among Anglicans had suddenly prevailed, the independence of the clergy could only be understood as resting on the ground of a transmitted divine commission, and not on the ground of their being the organs of a living and spiritually independent Church deriving its origin and its life from Christ. Hence the starting-point being with the clergy instead of with the Church, and the desire being to give them an historic and constitutional independence, which the State must respect and for which their own followers would fight, recourse was naturally had to the hypothesis of apostolical succession ; and this was dragged from its comparative obscurity to become henceforth *articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ.* Again, Newman informs us, "it was for this that the writers of whom I speak had recourse to antiquity, insisted upon the apostolic succession, exalted the episcopate, and appealed to the people, not only because these things were true and right, but in order to shake off the State ; they introduced them, in the first instance, as a means towards the inculcation of the idea of the Church, as constituent portions of that great idea, which, when it once should be received, was a match for the world." * Hence the keynote struck by the *Tracts for the Times* is found in the first of the series : "I fear we have neglected the real ground on which our authority is built—OUR APOSTOLICAL DESCENT."

But immediately the attempt to establish the independent spiritual authority of the Church of England ministry in its three orders on the ground of apostolical succession sent its authors back past the Erastian period to Laud and his

* *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. i., p. 103.

school, and to the so called Catholic movement of their times. Two results were inevitable.

In the first place, the clerical movement must needs become sacerdotal and be accompanied by advanced sacramentarian doctrine. Apostolical succession, as understood by Tractarians, carried with it a mediatory position between God and man, and the power of dispensing gifts, exclusively conveyed through the priesthood. There could be nothing thus exclusive in preaching the gospel, or in the external acts of administration, for all godly and intelligent Christians are capable of taking their share in such work. What could there be then reserved to the priesthood? What but the dispensing of the sacraments as the sole channels of divine grace and the exercise of the priestly function of absolution? Such was the development. We are convinced of its falsity to the principles of the gospel and of its danger to our times. But it was the inevitable result of the revival of clericalism; and that revival was, if not altogether occasioned, at least hastened by a crisis which, while it revealed the essentially faulty constitution of the Established Church, created a situation with which the Church in its then condition was powerless to deal except by such a revival. The Tractarian Movement is the Nemesis on the essentially faulty work of the English Reformation so far as it relates to the government of the Anglican Church.

In the next place, the revival of clericalism and the recourse to Laud necessarily carried, in the long run, a profoundly altered attitude towards Rome. It is true that the *Via Media* attempted to furnish the Church of England with an explanation and a programme which distinguished it as clearly from the Church of Rome, on the one hand, as from the non-episcopal Churches on the other. But the principles upon which the attempt to distinguish between the Roman and the Anglican Church was based necessitated that, in distinguishing between the two, they should be brought into line with one another. The essential principles of the two Churches were held to be the same, and therefore the only questions left were those concerning the

legitimacy of the Roman developments from common principles, the validity of the Roman claim to jurisdiction, and the responsibility of Rome for the popular abuses which have gathered round its system. The growth of sacerdotal clericalism destroyed the hitherto instinctive horror of Rome, brought projects for reunion into the field, since fundamental opposition had passed away, and, in necessitating the attempt of Tract XC. to show that the Articles of the Church of England were aimed at the unauthorised abuses of Rome and not at its official system, saved the attempt from conscious dishonesty, though not from oversubtlety. And all this, while absolutely destructive of the spirit of Protestantism, cannot, apart from occasional extravagances, be pronounced illegal.

But we must pass on to consider other predisposing causes tending to bring about High Church developments. And at least one powerful factor is to be found in the religious condition of the Church of England when the Oxford Movement began. That there was widespread torpor and indifference among both clergy and laity, that great multitudes of regular adherents of the Church had no knowledge of spiritual religion and no sense of an evangelistic commission, is absolutely clear. But it must be confessed, besides, that, despite all that is worthy of respect and admiration in the Evangelical Movement within the Church of England, there were defects in its temper, teaching, and practical aims which provoked reaction, and determined the direction of that reaction towards ecclesiasticism. It goes without saying that the Evangelical teaching was the exact opposite of ecclesiasticism. It held a true and spiritual doctrine as to the invisible Church, the fellowship of all those who are joined to our Lord Jesus Christ by a living faith, and to one another in Him. But the very faithfulness of Evangelicals to the ideal of a spiritual Church and to the work of individual salvation had two serious drawbacks. They did nothing either in theory or in practice to display the relations of the invisible Church to the visible Church which should be its organ. Still less did they offer a satis-

factory account of the relations of both the invisible and the visible Church to human life and the social order. They left the Church of England practically where they found it so far as the vigour and efficiency of its organisation were concerned; and they did little, perhaps they could do little, to create a Church fellowship suitable to the needs of those whom their ministry awoke to new spiritual life. Most of their activities, beneficial though they were, went, as has already been said, to the creation of religious and missionary societies outside the Church and without responsibility to it. The flourishing of such societies outside the Church was unquestionably to some extent a disparagement of it. Moreover the intellectual range and sympathies of the Evangelicals were exceedingly narrow, and, like most of the men of their time, they were without historic insight and imagination. Such being the case, the very intensity of their characteristic religious temper provoked a reaction. The imperfection of human progress generally insures that exaggeration in one direction provokes exaggeration in another, that neglected elements of truth assert themselves in one-sided minds by expelling the other elements which have overshadowed them. Thus the Evangelical neglect of the visible Church prepared the way for the Tractarian exaggeration of it; the Evangelical solicitude for the individual was replaced by care for the ecclesiastical society; the means of grace were exalted in place of the Evangelical appeal to faith only, and the attempt to quicken the Anglican Church, as a great institution conscious of an historic past and preparing for a militant present, took the place of absorption in spiritual experiences and extra-parochial activities. That the movement was one-sided and in many respects retrograde is clear, but that it could hardly have been avoided, unless Evangelicanism had displayed a larger wisdom, wider sympathies, and more competent statesmanship, appears equally clear.

But if Evangelicalism by certain of its shortcomings provoked the Tractarian movement, certain other of its deficiencies passed over into the new movement and helped to shape its ecclesiasticism. It is fair to say passed over, for

Newman, the constructive mind of the movement, started upon his career under Evangelical influences and in Evangelical associations. The lack of a spiritual appreciation of the worth of the humanities and of the social order, in short, the fault of what is now called "other-worldliness," was the most dangerous defect of the Evangelical temper. The strength of its faith and the intensity of its Christian compassion did indeed bring into existence abundant and beneficent philanthropies. But these were developed under a practical impulse which, at bottom, was at variance with the current Evangelical theory of human life and society. Theoretically, at least, the Evangelicals had almost entirely expelled the human in the interests of the divine. They had entirely separated spiritual interests from those of ordinary human life, and, although in a limited sense they understood that religion and social conditions are in vital relations, as is shown by their philanthropic efforts, they had no large conception of social and human progress as an end to be contemplated and brought about by religion. Practically, therefore, they regarded religious interests apart from common life, and, instead of taking up a prophetic attitude towards the social and political events of their time, for the most part eschewed such concerns as "common and unclean." The same attitude was taken up towards human thought and learning, towards art and science, the progress of which they not only looked down upon, but viewed with active distrust. There is not, for example, the slightest sign in the writings of Newman that he ever felt any interest or responsibility for such concerns.

And now the world, which had been left outside the purview of religious thought and efforts, proclaimed itself, in the reform agitation, as the enemy of those who had neglected it. To the shrinking conservatism of those who had never been taught to look upon political changes with large faith and true insight, a movement which shook the fabric of the Church, as then constituted, appeared plainly antichristian. And it was to be resisted in their view not by permeating the new life with the influence of Christian

citizenship, but by organising the institutional life of the Church to act as a well-garrisoned stronghold in the midst of the beleaguering "armies of the aliens." An external Church must be pitted against an external world, and the "city of God" must he arrayed in hostility to the empire of the world, as in the first centuries of Christianity. It was the natural endeavour of those who had never been taught that a sympathetic interest and a courageous service in national affairs are among the duties of a fully Christian life. Their only thought was that the early Church restored must once more confront the modern world.

And the intellectual tendencies of that modern world occasioned the revival of ecclesiasticism in another of its aspects. The past half-century has witnessed changes in the intellectual outlook unequalled since the sixteenth century. It has been a period of unrivalled advance in scientific knowledge and of the gradual ascendency of new and, at first sight, startling scientific hypotheses; it has seen the study of history and human nature transformed by the introduction of scientific and critical methods of enquiry. It could not but be that the new spirit should invade the religious domain, and that the dogmas of the Churches, the records of Church history, and even the Holy Scriptures should be freely handled by it. Already this new spirit was beginning to stir in England in the early days of the Oxford Movement, and men heard vaguely of the alarming prevalence of rationalism in Germany and of its determined assault upon all things held by them most sacred. How was this spirit to be overcome? Who was to arbitrate between the warring interpretations of Scripture given by the various schools of theological thought? How was the restlessness of private judgment to be restrained, and the weakened and less available authority of the Bible to be reinforced? The want was to be supplied by the rehabilitation of ecclesiastical authority as the interpreter of Holy Scripture, with its appeal to antiquity and the Vincentian standard, "Quod semper, quod unique, quod ab omnibus," and having its decrees in the decisions of the Œcumenical

Councils of the undivided Church and its expectation of further decisions when the reunion of the three great branches of the Catholic Church should make conciliar action once more possible. Here, as elsewhere, the Movement was profoundly affected by its leaders. The scepticism of Newman, so often spoken of—by which is meant his inability to find complete rational justification for the conscious experiences of his heart, nay, the uneasy tendency of his intellect to demolish the rational justification of that which he intuitively believed—inspired a distrust of reason as the supposed solvent of spiritual beliefs, and a denial of the power of individuals to interpret the Scriptures for themselves. The narrow and timorous intellect of Pusey took the same view, and, further, distrusting the testimony of the spiritual consciousness, he did his best to develop in the Church of England the system of confession and priestly absolution. And thus, as provision had been made to resist the encroachments of an apostate State, so also an authority was provided to subjugate insurgent rationalism, and by its penitential discipline to regulate the approach of the individual to God.

But a last and more praiseworthy cause of the High Church Movement must be mentioned. It lay in the more exalted demand for earnestness and devotion of life. The prevailing formalism and worldliness had been alike an enemy of holiness and the cause of the contempt into which the Church had fallen. And the *ethos* of Evangelicanism, although it had produced noble examples of saintliness, was not all that could be desired. It lay open to the charge of valuing too highly the sense of safety and the spiritual comfort of the individual. Despite some splendid exceptions, its temper was rather beneficent than heroic, and its pronounced individualism tended somewhat to self-complacency and to the conservation of existing social conventions and conditions. The more austere earnestness of the Tractarians desired to approach more nearly to the heroic mould, the *militia Christi*, of the first Christian ages. And to foster the virtues of Christian

soldiers, the attempt was made to reproduce an atmosphere of Church life, an attitude to the world, as near akin as possible to those which called forth the missionaries, the confessors, and the ascetics of early times. Disfigured sometimes, as in the case of Pusey, by extreme morbidness, yet the spirit of the representative High Churchmen is in many respects entitled to our admiration. But the type of devotion was in large measure ecclesiastical and mediæval, and could only be sustained by ecclesiastical and mediæval surroundings and observances.

Such appear to have been the principal causes which have brought about the growth and ascendency of Anglo-Catholicism. Its results have been an immense increase of ecclesiastical activities of every kind, the multiplication and the adornment of Churches, the development of ritual, the growth of *esprit de corps* among the clergy, and to a large extent the banishment of the old easy-going ideals of clerical life and their replacement by strenuous zeal and devotion. But in addition to this, the movement has prepared a never-ending succession of recruits for Rome, from Newman, Faber, Ward, and their companions, to Manning and the secession after the Gorham judgment, and on to the present time. It has led, in many cases, to excesses of ritualism which have even eclipsed the more sober splendours of the Roman mass, to the systematic practice of confession, to a whole round of teaching and observances indistinguishable from those of Rome, and incompatible with the letter, still more with the spirit, of Anglican formularies.

Various attempts have been made to cope with this evil so far as it is illegal. First came the stormy times of the Public Worship Regulation Act and of the ritual prosecutions which ensued. Then followed a period of truce, leading up to the Lambeth judgment of Archbishop Benson. That judgment undoubtedly brought about a spirit of compromise on both sides of the controversy, and towards the extreme men, who practically ignored that judgment, or in submitting to it found compensation in other extravagances

with which it did not deal, a policy of *laissez faire* was adopted by the bishops. Only under pressure of the renewed controversy of this year have they aroused themselves, and the recent *Charge* of the Archbishop of Canterbury is the result.

But the very fact that extreme ritualism could not by the nature of the case be sanctioned by the authorities, and was frequently in opposition to their wishes, has only made it the more harmful. The whole work of the innovators has been without the advantage of sober direction from above. Many of the most advanced men most loudly repudiate the Papal claims. It is the only subject upon which they differ from the Church of Rome, and even on this point many of them are prepared to concede a certain primacy to the Pope, as patriarch of the apostolic see, and have exhibited a painful and undignified anxiety to obtain from him a declaration of the validity of their orders. But when they represent it as a merit that they withstand the claims of Rome to jurisdiction, we may concede this to them on political, yet deny it on religious grounds; for, at least, Rome trains her priests by a long and carefully controlled probation, and safeguards their work by an authoritative supervision, based on long experience and great worldly wisdom, which effectually protects her from the vagaries of young and heady enthusiasts. To take the system without the checks and counterchecks which authority and prudence have devised is to aggravate the harm.

But what of the moral tendency of the movement? It is to this side of the question that Mr. Walsh's book on the *Secret History of the Oxford Movement* invites public attention. It is needless in these pages to emphasise what it has to say as to the Romanist ideals, which have shaped the aims of the Tractarians and Ritualists, or to dwell upon the spiritual and moral dangers which beset the confessional and the rest of the penitential and ascetic discipline of Rome, especially when carried out by young priests without adequate training or supervision. But three evil features of the whole cannot fail to have a disastrous effect upon the

tone of public life, by lowering its standards just where they should be highest, and divorcing religious earnestness from those principles of moral integrity which are accepted by all upright men.

First, is the thinly veiled spirit of insubordination to the rightful authority of the bishops. To do him justice, Newman, when the bishops charged against Tract XC., retired to Littlemore, although the weight he allowed to their condemnation was no doubt largely determined by his general doubts as to the position of the Church of England. But when clergymen write to the newspapers to declare that the archbishop's charge has no more value than is to be attached to the deliverances of any other doctor of equal moral weight and learning, and when Canon Gore announces a policy of "squeezing" the bishops, the spectacle afforded by these protagonists of episcopacy is, to say the least of it, unedifying.

And, in the next place, the adoption of a position which requires the constant exercise of a faculty for drawing over-subtle distinctions and for skilfully evading actual illegality, must of necessity undermine the habit of robust truthfulness which is, above all else, vital to moral integrity. The carefully cultivated habit of keeping promises to the ear while breaking them to the sense must make a breach between religion and those elementary principles of straightforwardness which are recognised by honest men of the world. A powerful confirmatory witness to the justice of this indictment is to be found in Newman himself. Looking back upon the Tractarian Movement after he had left it, he speaks of it as "at variance with itself, hardly two of its members taking up the same position, nay, all of them, one by one, shifting their own ground as time went on, and obliged to confess that they were in progress; is it wonderful, in the words of the pamphlet already referred to, that these men have exhibited 'a conduct and a rule of a religious life,' 'full of shifts, and compromises, and evasions, a rule of life, based upon the acceptance of half one doctrine, all of the next, and none of the third, upon the belief entirely of

another, but not daring to say so'?" though he goes on to claim that they have "not been nearly so guilty of shifts, and compromises, and evasions, as the national formularies themselves." [o]

And once more, Mr. Walsh does well to call attention to the secrecy of the movement, to the multiplication of societies whose objects, proceedings, and members are hidden from the light of day, and to its deliberate and ostentatious adoption of the principle of "reserve in communicating religious knowledge," as enunciated by Isaac Williams in Tract LXXX. It will not do for the *Spectator* lightly to dismiss this indictment by calling it "a Protestant mare's-nest." Doubtless the practical policy of all innovators must to a large extent be dictated by opportunism. But when the ultimate aims of a movement are hidden or disguised, when its agents are cloaked in mysterious secrecy, and when all this is done because both objects and methods are repugnant to the common sense of the body to which the innovators belong and whose pay they take, then such a *modus operandi* is conspiracy, not opportunism, and it sins against loyalty to the particular body, as well as against all those principles of courageous veracity by which alone truth or truthfulness can be promoted. To dignify such a conspiracy by calling in the principle of reserve, or the *disciplina arcani*, is as absurd as it is harmful. There is not space now, nor is this the occasion, to examine the wisdom or propriety of the methods of Christian teaching adopted first of all in the celebrated school of Alexandria. The cosmopolitan heathenism of that city created a most difficult problem for Christian educators. Should catechumens won from heathenism be prepared to enjoy the full truth of the gospel, by slowly and systematically laying the foundations in their minds of those elementary Christian principles and presuppositions which the gospel consummates and justifies? or should the full truth of Christ be proclaimed and trusted to inspire its own principles and presuppositions in the

[o] *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. i., pp. 16, 17.

minds of those who hear it? The teaching of St. Paul in 1 Corinthians and of the Epistle to the Hebrews has been more than questionably claimed for the former course. Moreover, the best methods of catechetical instruction do not cover the whole work of evangelization, and to refuse to proclaim to the world the full truth because it is only gradually unfolded in subsequent catechetical instruction, may therefore be the mistaken adoption by the preacher and the missionary of a method which is appropriate to the school. But even if the opposite be true, what would the Church teachers of Alexandria have said of an organised effort *within their own ranks* to overturn or alter their system of belief and practice, and of its appeal to principles which at the utmost could only be valid *when applied to those who were without*? They would have denounced such an attempt as prostituting serious principles of education to justify underhand and traitorous transactions. The battle of truth must be fought on the open field and in the light of day, and not by ambuscades under cover of night.

The episcopal authorities, at all events, no longer make light of the danger arising from the present state of affairs, and the recent *Charge* of the Archbishop of Canterbury is a careful attempt to lay down the limits within which so called Catholic practices are permissible in the Church of England, and is marked by the fairness, the weight, and sound sense characteristic of Dr. Temple. Whether his endeavour will be successful in the long run is more than doubtful, for weight and sound sense are exactly the qualities which are most wanting in the men with whom he is dealing. Moreover, the principles being held and the temper of combatants being cherished, there must needs be a constant tendency to pass the bounds of legality in teaching and observances which, after all, represent the logical outcome of the principles held, when they are taken in downright earnest and unqualified by worldly wisdom and experience. But even if the *Charge* succeeds, the national Protestantism will not rest satisfied. If a large number of the clergy, holding their

present views, are kept by episcopal action just within the verge of illegalities, the scandal of lawlessness, insubordination and dishonesty will indeed be removed, but only to give better opportunity for the steady inculcation of principles which, while undermining still further the Protestantism of the English Church, will prepare multitudes to pass over to Rome for the full satisfaction of the demands which Anglicanism has encouraged. Better in some respects the present scandals, with the warning their presence gives, than a state of things which, because it calls for no interference, more steadily carries on the campaign of clericalism, which all Protestants are bound to resist.

But, despite all superficial appearances, there are some signs that the purely clerical movement has run its course, and that a new policy is beginning to take form in the minds of liberal High Churchmen which may yet have great influence on the development of events! The *Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church*, edited by Canon Gore, are in this respect significant. In his introductory essay on "General Lines of Church Reform," the editor says: "Thus we have three simultaneous tendencies—a growing corporate consciousness in the Church and a conspicuous revival of her corporate action; a continually increasing disinclination in the State to touch purely spiritual and religious affairs; a simultaneously increasing inclination to value, from the State point of view, the services of the national Church. If, then, we allow what none can deny, that the Church needs moderate but real government of some sort, and is in serious danger at present through lawless minorities, we can hardly fail to recognise that the tendencies of the time, in which we believe God is at work, point to a grant of self-government to the Church under due supervision, as what is at once most suitable to her spiritual antecedents and most likely to remedy some of the greatest of the evils which we all acknowledge." But Canon Gore goes on to remark: "It is quite certain that no English Parliament would grant self-government to the Church while the organ of this self-government is purely

or almost purely the clergy."* Therefore there must be a scheme of lay representation in parishes, dioceses, and provincial assemblies, and the Church "must agree upon a definition of the laity, or, in other words, a basis of suffrage." Hence the Rev. R. B. Rackham discusses the position of the laity in the early Church, Lord Balfour of Burleigh is called in to furnish an account of the rights of the laity in the Established Church of Scotland, and other writers supply similar information as to the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, and the Anglican Church in South Africa, in Scotland, and in Ireland.

That the general line of thought in these *Essays* is in the right direction may be frankly and gladly recognised. The essayists have perceived that the Church of England is threatened with serious danger so long as its government continues exclusively in clerical hands. And besides feeling a natural desire to ward off an impending danger, they have been powerfully affected by the liberalising tendencies of this generation, by the teaching of Maurice, and by the recent philosophy, speculative and practical, of the late Mr. Thomas H. Green and of other thinkers. But their supposed precedents from the Scottish Establishment and from non-established episcopal Churches are fallacious, at least so far as practical politics are concerned. The settlement of the Church of Scotland was possible because that Church had the hearty allegiance of the whole people of Scotland when the settlement was made. It survives because no serious doctrinal or ecclesiastical differences exist in Scotland; yet, even as it is, the Establishment is threatened owing to the secessions which have taken place. The non-established Episcopal Churches supply no analogy, simply because they are not established. The scheme of the *Essays* aims at securing for the Church of England the advantage both of establishment and of freedom; and this could only be brought about if the Church were at peace within its own borders and represented instead of dividing

* *Essays*, p. 7.

the religious convictions of the nation. The attempt of the essayists to define an adherent of the Church of England means, as things are, disestablishment. That is the probable issue of the present situation, and the programme of the reformers shows that disestablishment might probably bring a great accession both of vigour and of wisdom to the Church itself. A Church in which the laity have their proper place will probably free itself from the worst evils of clericalism. But by whatever way spiritual deliverance from the present evils may be brought, that deliverance will be due to a threefold influence. First, there must be an Evangelical revival, profoundly spiritual and earnest, but marked by broader sympathies, by a more virile temper and a more comprehensive policy than the older Evangelicals knew. Next, there must be a growing realisation of the kingdom of Christ on earth as the great end of Church life and effort, and as embracing the transformation of all social relationships till they reflect the righteousness and the love of God. And, finally, there must arise a new theology, which will proclaim the old truth in such wise as to harmonize it with the new knowledge, and thus restore intellectual certitude to Christian faith. There are tokens of the advent of all these: and when they are fully manifest, they will cast down the spirit of clericalism and substitute for it a Christianity at once spiritual, humane, and free.

J. SCOTT LIDGETT.

DAVID HILL.

David Hill, Missionary and Saint. By W. T. A. BARBER, B.D. (London : Charles H. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

A TRULY noble and Christlike man is a great gift to a Church. David Hill was such a man, and the biography just completed by Mr. Barber is written, I take it, not so much as a tribute to the man as from a sense of duty owed to the Church—that our sons and daughters, considering the issue of his life, may imitate his faith.

For the last twenty years David Hill's name has been a household word in the Methodist Church, and his influence has been the inspiration of a new and remarkable advance in our missionary activity. Of iron will, yet tenderest heart, the charm of his personality was irresistible. Though scarcely a great administrator, and at times somewhat slow in action, he was yet a great man as the Lord counts greatness—great in humility and service, great in self-control and self-denial, great in courage, faith, and love. To have allowed such a life and its noble lessons to pass into oblivion would have been a crime against our children, and a sure indication of our unworthiness of the gift of God.

David Hill was a York lad, and was born on December 18, 1840, his mother being the sister of Richard Lyth, the medical missionary to Fiji, and grand-daughter of the famous "Dicky Burdsall." "The saintliness of all three lines of descent, the earnestness, conscientiousness, prayerfulness in Dicky Burdsall, the gentleness and unselfishness in his mother, the tense missionary enthusiasm and impatience of the mere letter in his father, all found their resultant in the character of David Hill, missionary and saint." The influence of that godly home, and the death of

his mother when he was only sixteen, early led to decision for Christ; he found peace at a prayer-meeting in the old Centenary Chapel, a month after his great loss. The decisive change brought out the robust qualities of his character, more especially that stern self-repression and discipline which was the most marked feature of his life. "In his home he used to spend much time in his own room in communion and prayer, and used unostentatiously to fast. . . . The Christian life was to him no stroll in golden slippers through flowering meadows; a deep sense of the reality of things spiritual, a thorough realisation of the unseen powers of evil as well as good, a profound personal humility, led him all his days a warrior in the Christian conflict."

He was only eighteen when, called by his Church, Hill began to exhort in the surrounding villages. In 1859 he preached his trial sermon, and in 1861 he was accepted by the Conference for "Theological Institution and Missions" and sent to Richmond, where I stood the other day, with veneration, in the study that had witnessed so much of his early inner spiritual life. At college he was soon noted as a man of promise by the observant tutor, the late Benjamin Hellier, and his friends were men of more than ordinary force of mind and character. Here, too, he "acquired the habit, never intermitted during the 'journeyings often' of his subsequent life, of carefully and thoroughly using his Greek Testament, with every attention to minute grammatical detail, in his devotional reading. The fruits of this habit are garnered in a complete manuscript commentary on the New Testament." It was his custom, in after years, to recommend this practice to his younger colleagues, and I remember his pressing it home upon me in one of our ministerial meetings in Hankow. His devotional addresses, alike to Europeans and Chinese, generally taken from the passage he was studying, were rich in spiritual thought, and were characterised by that freedom from the bondage of the letter which spoils some good men. In the records of those early days can be traced

the outline of the matured character of later life. Take the following extracts from a letter of Miss Hellier's:

No other student ever spoke to me on the subject of religion. He did. Gently, quietly, and naturally he talked, and asked me if I had given myself to the Lord Jesus Christ. I was drawn to that study by the constraint of that sympathy and conversation. Other students amused me more, but Mr. Hill cared for my being good, and it seemed a *duty* to go and see him. He was never in a hurry, never too busy, and always quite as courteous to the little girl as to the grown woman, and though a shy and timid child I never doubted my welcome. . . . I have forgotten what he said, but the influence of his life and character will be with me while I live. Almost unconsciously I reasoned that if to be good was to be like him, then I too must follow Christ and try to serve Him.

Compare with this testimony as to his practice in early life his own views given, in after years, to a friend:

You speak in your letter about conversing with men on the subject of religion. Is it not true here too that the life is the light of men? When one does feel uneasy and dissatisfied for not doing so, it seems to me that the life demands that we should; but to be natural is the great thing. When a man's whole thought and life are taken up with God he will naturally find expression somehow, and in that expression find rest and life.

In 1864 he was appointed, with the late William Scarborough, to the new Central China Mission, and landed in Hankow on April 2, 1865. His early years in the work were shadowed by ill-health, and the patience of the enthusiastic young missionary was sorely tried. The story of his brave fight for health is graphically told, and shows the stuff he was made of. Whilst in Japan his ability attracted the attention of Sir Harry Parkes, then the British ambassador there, and Hill was pressed by that gentleman to take employment under the Japanese government. The work was light and the pay high; but David Hill had put his hand to the plough, and was not one to look back; his reply was characteristic: "Thank him for his kind

consideration as to my health, but at the same time say that D. H.'s work is to

> Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
> 'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

On Hill's return from Japan in 1867 he settled, as our pioneer missionary, in the prefectural city of Wuchang, in a small hired native house, where, for a year, alone and depressed, but strong in faith and prayer, he bravely struggled on. Then came help and reward. His old college friend, Mr. Napier, joined him in the work, and his first convert was baptized. His heart was gladdened, too, by the conversion of his teacher, Mr. Low. This man had long been the subject of earnest prayer by Mr. Hill and friends at home, and the history of the answer to those prayers is most instructive and stimulating.

He had obtained the promise of one of the members of his old class in York to pray specifically for Low's conversion. The friend continued to pray for this object until so deep an impression was conveyed to her mind that her prayer was answered, that prayer was turned to praise, and she wrote a letter to China to tell of this sense of answer. The letter was not posted, but ere long came the glad news of the actual baptism. The praying friend in England had rejoiced in the sense of answer just at the time when the cautious Chinese had at last applied for admittance into the Christian Church!

Such a story opens up to godly men and women at home a vision of possibilities of sharing in the joys and disappointments of the work abroad. With such a living example of answered prayer before him we can understand how, later on, David Hill founded the Central China Prayer Union (now numbering about eight hundred members), which has united so many in definite prayer for our work. So greatly has this union been blest, that it has led to the establishment of the still wider "Helpers' Prayer Union," organised under the direction of our own Mission House, for our missionaries and their work in every part of the world. Old Mr. Low is still living, and is the private

teacher of Mr. K. Hill, David Hill's nephew. Though the old man has never been an aggressive Christian, he is yet a humble and sincere one, and a local preacher of our Methodist Church.

In the following extracts we get a glimpse of the manner in which David Hill lived at this time: so stern and severe in his self-discipline, so thoughtful and lenient to others.

We were shown into a gloomy room, the partition walls of which were of boards not very closely joined together, as in some places daylight was seen struggling through the openings. The furniture was of the scantiest, consisting merely of two tables and two chairs, so that he improvised a seat for himself by bringing in a trunk. The floor was covered with matting, and there were three portraits on the wall; but the deal doors, dim light, and lack of a stove gave the room a damp, comfortless appearance. The house, *i.e.* the filling in between the uprights that supported the roof, was of mud; one night after heavy rain the front wall fell down altogether, and exposed the courtyard, etc., to public gaze. Originally there was no ceiling to the rooms, nor any flooring to the ground or wainscotting to the walls; but before my arrival these had been supplied in a rough-and-ready way. There was a study for each of us, with a room between, small enough, that served for chapel, and also for dispensary once a week when the doctor came over; a dining-room, a bedroom, together with a tiny kitchen, servants' room, etc. Of rats we had abundance, and every evening we used to see their bright eyes peering through the chinks of the planks that formed the ceiling, used to hear them scurrying after one another, or waking up in the middle of the night used to see two or three in the bedroom, most likely one of them trying with all its might to get at the oil in the lamp burning in the room.

But sorrow soon again fell on him in the death of Mrs. Napier and in the enforced return to England of his old college friend through ill-health; the worries and anxieties of building a house were the somewhat doubtful relief he had to his loneliness. After the return of Mr. Cox with his bride we find Hill developing a new work at Kwang-chi and Wusueh one hundred and fifty miles lower down the river—his circuit having an area of about six hundred

square miles or more. This was virgin soil and work to his liking. "Over this region, with occasional excursions to other cities across the river, he continually tramped, preaching, visiting, bookselling, mostly all by himself." We get an interesting glimpse, in one of his letters, of the kind of accommodation a missionary has to put up with in such itinerant work:

Let me describe the scene if I can. First, we enter the shop down below. Let us call it the bar, it is quite open to the street; for these native shops have no front except the boards which are taken down every morning and put up every night. No paved or boarded floor, but on the right a little counter, with a room on the other side having a stove, or two or three stoves perhaps, in which two or three men are making a great smoke and a great smell—for both these have no means of exit except the door we entered by. Just outside this counter is a table and two narrow stools, one on each side. This is the guests' apartment; here we sit whilst crowds of people fill the room and line the streets to see the lions feeding. Night draws on, we wish to retire, and in the corner see a ladder, at the foot of which two pigs are grunting; past the pigs and up the ladder we get to our apartment, indeed we have only to go to the top of the ladder and we are in it; but the room is filled with smoke, yes, for the cooking fires are just below, and the holes and crevices are numerous enough; but never mind, it will soon be gone, for we have no glass windows to intercept its egress, and two or three openings in the roof which admirably serve for chimneys. The room is laid with straw, which doubtless has served for many a weary traveller, and which is the only furniture the inn's best chamber affords. Down we lie, but the noise outside is so boisterous and the nearness to the street is such, that though very weary we can't fall asleep in an instant; so a word or two to the people, who are eager to see the strangers, and then, pulling the ladder up after us, we reascend the stairs and rest for the night.

The loneliness of this work oppressed him, and what such loneliness means and what a terrible demand it makes upon nervous force is brought home to us by the pathetic vision of this strong man looking day by day, in his walks, wistfully up and down the river to see whether there be a

steamer in sight; "when I do see one it gladdens and refreshes me in a way; it is a kind of old Western-world excitement which is good for the animal spirits." "There are times in a missionary's life when the sense of loneliness, the keen want of human sympathy, cuts home like a bleak and bitter east wind. And to learn to stand alone in any course of action, duty, or suffering, without one word of human sympathy, is a great lesson to learn."

Passing over the visit of Dr. Jenkins, the Shanghai Conference of 1877, and the death of his father, which was a heavy blow, we come to one of the most notable periods of his life—the great Shanshi famine of 1877 and 1878. Hurrying northwards, he gave himself and his means to this Christlike service, and formed one of a small band of brave men, one of whom at least laid down his life in the work. His conscientious and careful distribution of the money at great personal labour, his successful efforts to turn this visitation of God to the advancement of His kingdom, the disappointment and the rebuffs that he met with, the conversion of Mr. Hsi, and his tender nursing of his fever-stricken companion, form one of the most thrilling stories in this fascinating book. In this work David Hill never spared himself, being in the habit, in his attempt to help the lost, "of regularly making his way into the awful, fœtid, half-subterranean poor men's refuges, where round a huge fire the poor wretches warmed their steaming, naked, filthy bodies, jealously excluding the sweet outside air, and there he conversed with them and relieved their necessities."

Honours of all sorts were offered to him and refused, and by June, 1880, we find him back in Hankow, his only reward being the inward voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant." The death of Mr. Race and the care of Mrs. Race and her children, for whom he was named executor, led him to visit England in the autumn of 1880—a furlough full of work and service. How fruitful that visit was may be gathered from Mr. Barber's statement, which I can personally corroborate, "that directly or indirectly for the next ten years, almost every one who went to Central

China was a direct volunteer for that field through the influence of that visit home." I well remember the enthusiasm he aroused in us young Richmond students, on that afternoon (so memorable in my own life, as it claimed me for a medical missionary), when he addressed us in the Lecture Hall. Calm, reasonable, guarded, yet enthusiastic, he pressed home upon us the claims of that great land of China.

The point which with most earnest insistence he pressed upon the home Churches was the passionate plea for sympathetic and intelligent prayer on behalf of missions. Like another Peter the Hermit he went through the length and breadth of the land calling to a new crusade, and bringing home to men's consciences the partnership in responsibility involved in their sending their brothers out to lonely and difficult toil in the high places of wickedness. He would claim gifts of self-denial, money, and work, and would ask for regular prayer as the gift which would cost more than money—and would multiply the power of money many-fold.

Before he left on his return to the mission field, he had, in conjunction with other friends, and notably my old friend and headmaster Dr. Moulton, established the Central China Lay Mission, which has done such good service, during the last eleven years, in bringing out young laymen to our district. By November 19, 1882, he was back in Hankow, but only to find the mission circle smaller than when he left it, four having been invalided home. Then came the death of his old friend Mrs. Scarborough, "after fifteen years of quiet godly work among the women," followed, in the next year, by that of Mr. Nightingale. Such bereavements, coming so rapidly upon one another, filled him with sorrow and drove him to more earnest and faithful prayer. Soon after came the first Teh Ngan riot in which he exhibited the noble, quiet courage of a Christian hero.

Hill's calm courtesy induced them to retire for a while; but finally in his absence they returned once more, dashed in the door, smashed the windows and broke the furniture. He returned on hearing of the outbreak and quietly stood in their midst. One ruffian, seizing a huge splinter of the smashed

door, gave him a terrific blow on the wrist, almost breaking his arm. He rolled up the wide Chinese sleeve and showed his assailant the livid bruise, with the calm enquiry, "Don't you think you've done enough?" The crowd parted and let him go out, while they completed the wreck of the premises.

This riot led to further loss, for Mr. Bell never recovered from the shock, and went home to die. In the spring of 1885 Mr. Scarborough, after twenty-one years of service, found it necessary to return to England, and Mr. Hill became chairman of the Wuchang District.

My own close personal knowledge of David Hill dates from my arrival in China in April, 1887, though all through my medical course he had kept up correspondence with me, heartening me in my work and sustaining me in the long trial of patience. I remember the gladness and heartiness of his greeting on our arrival, and the joy with which I met the man who, under God, had led me to China. For the first few months of our married life, David Hill lived in the same house as my wife and I, and time will never eradicate the memories of those days or lessen the deep love and reverence that sprang up in our hearts for the quiet, self-forgetful, and saintly man whose presence was a benediction and whose daily life was an inspiration. In 1888 he was elected a member of the Legal Hundred, and in 1890 was unanimously chosen as the English President of the second general Missionary Conference in Shanghai. The years of his chairmanship were full of anxiety, trouble, and hard work—the riot at Wusueh, and the murder of William Argent; the subsequent troubles in the Yang-tze valley, which turned us out of our stations; the death of several workers, a furlough in England of extraordinary activity, and a second riot in Teh Ngan. The hard work of his home furlough, the rush of unceasing missionary deputations and conventions, set its indelible mark upon him: he left us a man in his prime, he came back prematurely old, and feeling he could never again do what he had formerly done. His last term of service was short but intense. He laboured hard and lovingly at the new chapel in the centre of

Hankow, and laid the foundation of a prosperous Church; he took a long journey round the district visiting the stations, walking nearly three hundred miles and travelling four hundred by boat, whilst his voluminous correspondence and the care of all the Churches crowded his days and shortened his nights.

The winter of 1895 brought thousands of starving refugees to Hankow, and with them came typhus fever, a disease which had never visited us before. David Hill, as usual, was amongst them relieving their wants and distributing aid: there can be little doubt that thus he contracted the contagion. He returned from a visit to Wusueh tired, weary, and ill, saying to one of our Christians, "My work is done." Hearing next morning of his illness I went to see him, and found him suffering from what, at first, appeared to be one of his ordinary attacks of malaria. But it did not yield to treatment, so our hospital boys and I carried him through the back streets of Hankow to our own compound, where he could be carefully nursed. My wife and little girl were in the room when he arrived, and with characteristic self-forgetfulness he had a kind word for them. Soon symptoms appeared which left no doubt as to the diagnosis of typhus fever, and it became necessary to isolate both him and his nurses. He rapidly grew worse and delirium set in.

In his unconsciousness it was the ruling passion still which ever found expression. "We want more of the Spirit's power, we can do nothing without that," he cried. Sometimes he thought he was preaching in Chinese, sometimes in English. Amidst broken sounds, unintelligible through the physical and mental turmoil, now would emerge into distinctness the praises of the doxology; now such an utterance as this, "The life of God in the soul is a power, and *must* manifest itself." Then again, his face lighted up with his radiant smile as he clasped his hands and looked upward: "O Lord, for all those both high and low who in every land love and serve Thee, we bless and adore Thy holy name. . . . O Lord, bless that little parish." And thus his soul still hovered on wings of protecting prayer round the little Church he was building up in the great heathen city.

But soon delirium gave way to coma, and on Saturday evening, April 18, 1896, whilst most of the mission circle were holding their weekly prayer-meeting, there came one short, sharp struggle, and that grand and noble life had finished its course on earth.

Methodism has always been a missionary Church, and the roll of her sons who have laid down their lives on the foreign field is a long one. There are many names of great men on that list; some who, in financial and administrative ability, were David Hill's superiors; but in all that constitutes a real missionary hero, in moral courage, in Christ-like life, in broad-minded sympathy, in prayer and toil and self-denying devotion, few can compare with, and none surpass, the apostle of Central China.

Here we have a cultured man of good social position and intense social powers, voluntarily living an ascetic life, sternly repressing his craving for companionship and leading a lonely and celibate existence, that he may be free from the ties and distractions of a married man and so give himself the more entirely to wide evangelism. Such an example is one of brave, unwavering heroism, that only the few are capable of following. A man of ample means, and keenly alive to the responsibilities and dangers of wealth, he showed his greatness by refusing to lay down the burden, though he tells us himself that, as life advanced, poverty had greater and greater attractions for him. With such proclivities it would have been a positive rest and relief to have made all his property over to some society, and a less strong man would have done so. But he felt that "the possession of means would be a wholesome discipline for himself"; so, retaining this heavy stewardship given him by God, he laid down his plan "to live economically, spending comparatively little on myself, and giving all the rest of my income away; then, should God's work increase and demands of work and duty increase, cut into capital if need be."

David Hill was an independent thinker and a profound

one; he meditated long and deeply and to purpose. Though thoroughly loyal to his own Church, he was yet tied to no traditions. "More and more David Hill did what seemed right, leaving results to God," and he tried to train us up in the same way. It was this striving after a knowledge of the will of God, this intense longing to be led and not to be wilful, which gave an appearance of hesitancy to some of his actions.

But, indeed, it was the greatness of his humility that kept such a strong-willed and capable man waiting upon God.

I have been surprised, since I have been in England, to find how comparatively few saw the winsomeness of his character—his intense social proclivities, his tender love for children, his chivalrous regard for women—or realised that he lived a repressed life, deliberately kept himself single that he might care only "for the things that belong to the Lord." I can only account for this by the fact that on furlough, in England, he was living a life of high tension, absorbed in the interests of his great life work. His whole energies, spiritual, social, and mental, would be directed to the one aim of impressing upon those around him the great need of China, and he would be burdened and oppressed by his great commission; but we who lived with him in the homely mission circle saw him under other and more natural circumstances. There was no greater delight to any of us than to persuade him to spend an evening with us in social intercourse, and some of my most cherished memories are those of quiet talks round my study fire, or on a boat or land journey, or sitting with him in his own scantily furnished native room. The children of the mission, too, could tell of many a romp, and I well remember catching him one day playing games with them in his native guest room, to the delight of the young ones, with whom he was a prime favourite.

I think the great work of David Hill's life, the work for which he lived and prayed and laboured, was to show the many-sidedness of the life of Christ, and to urge upon the Church and men the duty of exhibiting that life in all its

fulness. To the rich and the poor, to the sick and the suffering, to the homeless and orphaned, to the aged and lonely, and to little children, he felt and taught that the Christ, as represented in His people and Church, had a message and a mission. Hence he was a man of wide and noble sympathies, with no trace of narrow-mindedness about him; he ever remembered that

> the love of God is broader
> Than the measure of man's mind,

and it was the passion of his life to show forth the greatness of that love to all he came in contact with. Truly, if ever any man lived Christ, or tried to, David Hill did from his early days. He was one of those rare characters from whom went out an unostentatious but real spiritual influence. Men came in contact with him and felt rebuked, felt the moral littleness of their own lives and breathed the spiritual oxygen of a heavenly atmosphere. In his presence scoffers were silent and vice hid its face. But that influence was not merely repressive; he had, as Mr. Barber points out, a strange power of recognising and bringing out all that was best in a man, and his genial tact and influence roused longings in the soul for higher and nobler things.

David Hill's power was the power of love; to pretend that he had no faults would be foolish and disloyal to the man who was deeply conscious of his failings, whose daily strife was, with St. Paul, to keep under his body and to bring it into subjection. But because love endures the influence of David Hill will live, as an inspiration to heroism for our youth and an incentive to devotion in all who read his life. His will ever be the memory of one who, like his Master and Lord, "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

SYDNEY R. HODGE.

PALESTINIAN SYRIAC LECTIONARIES OF THE BIBLE.

THE Syriac versions of the Bible have lately attracted considerable attention amongst scholars, partly because of the discovery of the Arabic translation of Tatian's *Diatessaron* (the original Syriac text being as yet extant only in a few lines, and in the quotations from it that are embodied in the commentary of the greatest Father of the Syrian Church, Mar Ephraim), partly also because of the ancient manuscripts which I had the good fortune to discover in the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai in 1892. The most important of these was the fourth-century palimpsest of the four gospels, the chief representative of the Old Syriac version that we possess. But of that I do not intend to write now; I wish rather to call attention to two other manuscripts which lay beside it in the same box, representatives of the Palestinian Syriac version. They are much later in point of time than the Old Syriac palimpsest, being dated respectively A.D. 1104 and A.D. 1118; but by following up the stream of their history, we shall find ourselves progressing on a perfectly independent track towards the fountain-head of sacred literature. To explain this we must go back to a discovery which was made in the Vatican Library in the middle of last century.

Some time about the year A.D. 1758 a Maronite priest, Stephen Evodius Assemani, with the help of his kinsman, a cardinal of the same name, was engaged in compiling an official catalogue of the Syriac manuscripts in that world-famed collection. He observed an ancient vellum codex of one hundred and ninety-six lines, whose text was written in two columns on each page, in a hitherto unknown character. This writing, however, was not like that of the Hittite

inscriptions, to which no scholar has as yet found a satisfactory clew, for it was essentially Syriac, written squarely, so as to suggest an imitation of Hebrew. Assemani recognised it as a Lectionary of the Gospels arranged in portions to be read throughout the year. "It is a unique specimen of its kind," he said, and its inestimable value is increased by the fact of its containing the story of the woman taken in adultery (for the feast of St. Pelagia), St. John vii. 53 to viii. 11.

Assemani numbered the manuscript xix., and devoted thirty-three pages of his catalogue to its description. He copied an inscription, which has now unfortunately disappeared, from the last leaf of the volume, and which was written in Carshuni, *i.e.* Arabic in Syriac letters.* The inscription was to the effect that the manuscript was written by the presbyter Elias of Abbud, in the monastery of the Abbot Moses in the city of Antioch, in the year 1341 of Alexander = A.D. 1030. It was bequeathed by him, along with other MSS to a monastery which he built, that of Mar Elias in Kaukab, on the condition that it should never be bought or sold. There is no record of how it was brought to the Vatican Library, but as another inscription near the end of the book, on leaf 194, states that it was written by the presbyter Elias in the monastery of the Abbot Moses, in the city of Antioch, near to "Edqus," this was supposed to refer to some place called Antioch near Jerusalem, "El Quds," and the manuscript became known by the somewhat misleading title of the *Evangeliarium Hierosolymitanum.*

The next scholar who examined the book and gave a description of it was Adler, who visited Rome in 1781, and afterwards published a book called *Novi Testamenti versiones Syriacæ: Simplex, Philoxeniæ, et Hierosolymitanæ.* The "Simplex" version is of course the Peshitta, or authorised

* Carshuni is supposed to have originated through the dislike of the Christian Arabs to employ a script which was associated in their minds with that of the Corân.

version of the greater branch of the Syriac Church. The Philoxenian is the text of the Peshitta revised from the Greek by Philoxenus, bishop of Mabbogh, at the end of the fifth century. No mention was, of course, made of the Old Syriac, for Cureton's manuscript was still lying in the Nitrian desert. Of the "Jerusalem" version, as represented by the MS numbered xix., Adler said: "I consider that, for the purposes of criticism, the value of this version is so great, that, in my judgment, all the mistakes in it cannot detract from its praise, and I do not know if any of the more correct Greek codices can carry off the palm from it."

Seventy-five years were nevertheless to elapse before an edition of its text was published. This was done by Count Miniscalchi-Erizzo, at the instigation of the Maronite Sahwan and of Cardinal Angelus Maius. The edition was a sumptuous one, and was accompanied by a Latin translation in which the Vulgate was, as far as possible, followed, and with a glossary of Palestinian-Syriac words.

The remarkable feature of this version is that it is not written in the literary form of the Syriac language—that which was cultivated chiefly in the University of Edessa, and has therefore been appropriately called "Edessene"—but in a rough and uncouth dialect of the same tongue, bearing perhaps the same relation to Edessene as the Doric of Scotland bears to the more refined though less forcible speech of Shakespeare and Milton. The most fascinating point about this dialect is, however, that it represents the vernacular of Palestine in the time of our Lord, and has therefore a claim superior to that of the Edessene to be acknowledged as the language spoken by Him. Miniscalchi considered that it represents the form of Aramaic which was brought from Chaldæa by the Hebrew exiles who returned in the days of Nehemiah, and that it became mingled in Palestine with a number of Hebrew words. There can be no question about the close resemblance of this dialect to the language of the Targums, which were written in the second century. Indeed, as Dr. Dalman has lately pointed out, the language of the Targums was the distinctive dialect

of Galilee; for after the great persecution under Hadrian, the chief Jewish rabbis sought refuge amongst the Galilæan hills, and henceforth their dissertations were clothed in the speech of the natives of that district, the form of speech by which St. Peter was "bewrayed" and which was doubtless prevalent at Nazareth.

But though we can thus far trace the history of the dialect, the origin of the version itself remains wrapped in obscurity. Since portions of the Old Testament in the same script have come to light, we cannot say that it is exclusively Christian. All we know for certainty is, that the lectionaries which we possess represent what was the authorised version of a small branch of the Syriac Church named the Malkite. This is evident, because the rubrics of the Gospel Lectionary and the arrangement of its lessons correspond to the Malkite lectionaries which are written in Arabic. "Malkite" was a name given by the great Monophysite branch of the Syriac Church to those who, like the Orthodox Greek Church, accepted the decrees of the second Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451), and acknowledged the existence of two natures in our Lord's person. The word "Malki" in Syriac signifies "royal" or "imperial," and the Orthodox party were thus reproached by the Monophysites with having submitted in matters of faith to the jurisdiction of the emperor.

Nöldeke considers that the origin of this Malkite version cannot be traced back farther than the fourth century. Miniscalchi, on the other hand, was so carried away by enthusiasm about the book he was editing, that he considered its text to be older than either the Peshitta or the Curetonian. There is some force in his argument that, if it were written for the benefit of Christian Jews who still spoke the dialect of the Targums in their native land, its origin cannot be later than the second century. There would have been no need, he says, for the production of this version after the Peshitta had become the authorised version of the Syriac Church. We are inclined to think that the peculiar script was adopted by the Malkites in order to distinguish their books from those of the Jews on the one hand, and those of

the Monophysite Christians on the other. The version is a perfectly independent witness to the text of the Gospels, for not only has it come down to us through a separate channel, but it is translated from Greek manuscripts which are no longer extant.

The *Evangeliarium Hierosolymitanum* no longer stands alone. In 1875 the late Dr. Land, of Leyden, published some fragments of the Gospels and Psalms, with portions of hymns, from two of the Nitrian MSS in the British Museum, and one hundred and twenty-nine fragments from the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the Acts, brought by Tischendorf to the Imperial Library in St. Petersburg after his second and third journeys to the East. We have a strong suspicion that many of these came from Mount Sinai; especially as some of them are palimpsests, the upper writing being in the Georgian or Iberian language, in which so many of the Sinai MSS are written.

In 1890 Dr. Rendel Harris published some verses from Galatians found by him on a vellum leaf at Sinai. And in 1891 five palimpsest leaves were received at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, sent from Egypt by the late Rev. Greville J. Chester; they contained some verses from the book of Numbers and from the Pauline epistles, and were published in 1893, in *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, by the Rev. G. H. Gwilliam. As there were no indications of rubrics in these, they are considered to belong to a continuous text of the Scriptures. These, and Dr. Rendel Harris' leaf, with some of those published by Dr. Land, belong apparently to the seventh or eighth century.

The Vatican Lectionary was again very carefully edited by the late Dr. Paul de Lagarde, and was published in his posthumous work *Bibliothecæ Syriacæ*, in 1891. It was published as a collation, and it has been said that he intended to reissue it in its own form of a lectionary, if his life had been spared.

While I was examining the Syriac manuscripts in the Convent of St. Catherine in 1892, and photographing them with the help of my sister, Mrs. Gibson, my attention was

directed by the librarian, Father Galaktéon, to a handsome and well-preserved volume by which he set great store. He affirmed that it was the only specimen of that script existing in the convent, and that only one visitor had been able to read it. He suggested that we should photograph a few of its pages and take them home as specimens, so that we might be able to let him know exactly what it was. I was for some time too deeply engrossed with the work of photographing the far more ancient Syriac palimpsest to be able to attend to his request, but when I had at last transferred four pages to our films I was seized with the wish to solve the mystery for myself. I accordingly set to work with the first page of this manuscript, and, by placing it side by side with Dr. Euting's table of Semitic alphabets, I soon found that it was a lectionary whose first lesson was taken from John i. and its last from Mark vi. I also read its date, A.D. 1104. On exhibiting my four photographs in Cambridge, I was at once told by three different scholars in succession, Dr. Rendel Harris, Professor Bevan, and Dr. Robertson Smith, that I had made a discovery, and that the Jerusalem Lectionary of the Vatican was no longer unique. When we were planning our second trip to Sinai in 1893, Dr. Robertson Smith advised me to provide myself with the only published *Bibliothecæ Syriacæ* of Dr. Paul de Lagarde, and to make a collation of the Sinai Lectionary with the text of the Vatican one, which was published in it. "Remember," he said, "that every scrap of Palestinian Syriac is worth editing. We want to know more about it, for not only is it the dialect spoken by our Lord, but it is supposed to be the only version of the Gospels known to Mohammed." A few hours after our arrival at the convent, when Father Galaktéon had acceded to my request that the Syriac palimpsest and all the manuscripts which lay beside it in the same box should be brought out for the inspection of the Cambridge scholars who had accompanied us, the keen eye of Dr. Rendel Harris at once detected amongst these the existence of a second lectionary.

This manuscript is also in good preservation, strongly bound, and fairly clean. The script is in two columns, and is somewhat more flowing than that of its companion, the date being A.D. 1118. The arrangement of its lessons agrees more with that of the other Sinai manuscript than with that of the Vatican one, though they are not precisely identical. All three, in fact, are arranged in almost the same manner down to the end of Lesson cl.; in the list of fifty-six lessons which follow there is considerable divergence. It became at once necessary to distinguish the three manuscripts from each other: so to the Vatican one (A.D. 1030) I gave the title of Codex A; to the Sinai one which I had discovered, that of Codex B (A.D. 1104); and to the one found by Dr. Rendel Harris, that of Codex C (A.D. 1118). The order of their dates happily coincides with that of their discovery.

During the forty days of our second stay at the convent (in 1893), I managed to collate about two-thirds of the text of both manuscripts on to that of Dr. de Lagarde, and to photograph the rest. Early in 1894 I made arrangements with Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington for the publication of the text of Codex B, with the variants (chiefly philological) of A and C, in parallel columns. The work has been more tedious than I anticipated, and two years ago I was glad to associate my sister with me as joint-editress, she having in the meantime acquired a considerable knowledge of Syriac.

The two Sinai manuscripts are indeed more than seventy years later than the Vatican one; but they possess over it the distinct advantage of not having been tampered with by later correctors. Codex C is certainly not a copy of Codex B, and it is doubtful whether they are both copies of the same original.

Some surprise has been expressed at the fact of the Palestinian Syriac dialect having lasted so long as to make it worth while for any one to copy its service-books at the beginning of the twelfth century. It must be remembered, however, that a language survives in ecclesiastical use long after it has ceased to be spoken by the people, and that this

would be the case in the "unchanging East" quite as readily as in the Latin Church of the West.

And we must surely bring down the use of these two lectionaries to a date some time after that at which they were written. This is the more obvious inasmuch as a piece of repairing was done to Codex B. A small portion of its first leaf having been damaged, it has been replaced by a patch of vellum, about two inches square, on either side of which the lost text has been rewritten in a hand that is very far from being so neat as that of the original scribe. And it has been carelessly done as regards the sense; for a part of John i., καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἕν, is accidentally omitted. Dr. Nestle, who has assisted my sister and me with the final revision of our proofs, and who has thus had all the evidence before him, considers that the text of all the three Gospel codices is based on translations from Greek lectionaries, and not on portions of a pre-existing continuous Palestinian Syriac version. We know, however, that such a continuous version existed, for the fragments published by Mr. Gwilliam in *Anecdota Oxoniensia* are specimens of it, and we have still further indubitable proof of it in the palimpsest fragments of the Taylor-Schechter collection.*

These fragments are leaves of vellum, sometimes single, sometimes in pairs, which have been extracted from the huge mass of ragged documents recently brought by Dr. Schechter from the Genizah, or store-chamber, a kind of lumber-room belonging to the synagogue in Old Cairo, and presented by him and by the Master of St. John's College to the University of Cambridge. The later upper script is Hebrew, very closely written, but the under is Palestinian Syriac of an early century. The most curious point about it is that it includes texts from St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians and to the Thessalonians, and I should be glad of any suggestion as to how these came into the library of a Jewish synagogue.

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* In one of these we have the end of the book of Hosea and the beginning of Joel on the same page, with no rubric between them.

Three years ago a fourth Palestinian lectionary came into my own possession. Its text is not that of the Gospels, but a selection of lessons from the Old Testament and from St. Paul's epistles, with a few from the Acts. Those from the Old Testament are translations from the Septuagint, and its chief value is probably liturgical and philological. The last ten leaves of its original two hundred and thirty have unfortunately disappeared, and with them the written date. It is therefore only by a guess of my own, and a comparison of its writing with that of Codex A of the Gospels, that it is assigned to the beginning of the eleventh century.

I cannot offer any information about its origin, having obtained possession of it through no special effort on my own part. I did not seek for it; it came to me in the hands of an itinerant dealer, whose statements were too vague and misleading to be easily verified. I knew at once that he was placing a treasure in my hands, so I bought it at his own price. Its text was published in 1897 as No. VI. of *Studia Sinaitica* with critical notes by Dr. Nestle of Maulbronn, and a glossary of the new words which it contained, by my sister, Mrs. Gibson.

This little manuscript has one lesson from Genesis ii. which occurs also amongst the four biblical lessons in the Liturgy of the Nile, published in 1894 by Mr. G. Margoliouth. It presents some points which throw light on obscure words in the Septuagint. But it has only two readings that will greatly interest the ordinary biblical student. One is in Isaiah ix. 7, "And great is His kingdom, and to His dominion there is no frontier." The second clause of this verse is to us full of significance. Christianity has broken down the barrier between the races; black, white, and red men have found a close kinship in their common Redeemer. How futile, too, has been the effort to set up ecclesiastical frontiers! It has many a time resulted in an outgush of spiritual life without rather than within the jealously guarded fence. For the Spirit of God bloweth where He listeth.

The other is in 1 Timothy iii. 16, and is not without corroboration, though it had previously been observed in one MS only, D. gr. It is well known that both ancient Greek manuscripts and inscriptions have neither spaces nor marks of separation between their words. Thus when we find that 1 Timothy iii. 16 begins καιομολογουμενως, we do not know whether to divide and accentuate it with the *Textus Receptus* and with Drs. Westcott and Hort, καὶ ὁμολογουμένως and to translate it "and without controversy" or "confessedly," or else to divide it with the translator of this Syriac Lectionary καὶ ὁμολογοῦμεν ὡς, "and we confess that" (great is the mystery of godliness).

A very few unusual readings are found also in the lectionaries of the Gospels. Codex A of the Vatican has in St. John xviii. a curious corroboration of some valuable remarks recently made by Dr. Blass in his *Philology of the Gospels*. He draws attention to the remarkable arrangement of the narratives, both of our Lord's trial before the high priest and of St. Peter's denial, as they are found in the Sinai palimpsest of the Old Syriac Gospels. There verse 24 is placed between verse 13 and verse 14, whilst verses 16, 17, 18 occur between verse 23 and verse 25. This, he thinks, must have been the original form of the narrative, because it makes a consecutive story out of each of the two incidents.

The transposition of verse 24 to a place between verse 13 and verse 14, moreover, removes an apparent discrepancy between St. John's narrative and that of the Synoptics. Hitherto it was supposed that the first three Gospels made our Lord's trial take place in the house of Caiaphas, whilst St. John said that it was in the house of Annas. The Sinai palimpsest tells us that St. John also says "in the house of Caiaphas." Codex A of the Palestinian Syriac Lectionary retains an indication of the true place of verse 24, although it inserts it a second time after verse 23.

In St. Matthew xi. 5 the two Sinai MSS, Codices B and C, have "the poor are made glad" (εὐφραίνονται) in place of "the poor have the gospel preached unto them"

(εὐαγγελίζονται). This depends on the change of a single Syriac letter.

But it is Codex C, the manuscript discovered at Sinai by Dr. Rendel Harris, which has the two most important and interesting variants. The lesson in which St. Matthew xxv. 26 occurs is twice given. In the first case A and B have the ordinary reading; whilst in C the Lord replies to the reproach of the wicked servant: "Thou wicked and slothful servant, whence was it that I reaped from where I had not sown, and gathered from where I had not strewed?" Here, it will be observed, the Lord does not acknowledge the justice of the lazy servant's reproach, but rather challenges him to prove his statement. In the second case, A has the ordinary reading; both B and C have, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, whence didst thou know that I reaped from where I had not sown?" etc.

The second variant is very remarkable; for it suggests the restoration of some words that perhaps our Lord actually spoke. It occurs in St. Matthew xii. 36. Whilst A and B have the usual reading, "*But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment*," C has, "*But I say unto you, that every good word that men shall not speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.*"

Mrs. Gibson and I observed this variant whilst I copied the text, and we both corrected the proof of it. But we thought it a mistake, and it was thus reserved for Dr. Nestle to point out its significance. Dr. Rendel Harris thinks that it is the dropped half of a *logion* or saying of Jesus, and that the original form ran thus: "*But I say unto you, that every good word that men shall not speak, and every idle word that they shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.*" This seems to me the more probable, because the following verse has a similar antithesis, a form of diction which frequently occurs in Semitic literature (as witness the Psalms and the Proverbs): "*For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.*"

The saying itself is not unworthy of the lofty origin claimed for it. True, it occurs in a comparatively late manuscript, but it is the manuscript of a lectionary which was the accepted version of a not unimportant branch of the Christian Church. And if we give to the statement in the concluding verse of St. John's Gospel its due weight, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written," and consider how much of our Lord's preaching has not been recorded, we cannot deem it quite impossible that a saying should have lingered in the memory of some disciple and have come down to us even at this late period through an unexpected channel.

We may possibly never see this one accepted as part of the canonical Scriptures. But its adoption as a rule of life would free us for ever from the stern rigidity and unlovable reserve which has been, perhaps unfairly, associated with our idea of the Puritanic and ascetic types of character; and well-springs of beneficence might be unlocked which would run in rills of blessing over the land. The truth would be more frequently spoken, and spoken in love, and the effective power of the Christian Church would be doubled. The old fable of the sun's victory over the wind when both contended as to which would make the traveller take off his coat would receive a striking exemplification; for it is not by the sword of justice that we can subdue the world, but by the power of the love which first constrains ourselves.

The editing of manuscripts is often a weary task, even when these are not palimpsests. But our work is well rewarded by an occasional flash of light over some familiar passage; and this we have had in our work on the Palestinian Syriac Lectionaries.

AGNES SMITH LEWIS.

THE WOUND-DRESSER.

The Wound-Dresser. A Series of Letters written from the Hospitals in Washington during the War of Rebellion. By. WALT WHITMAN. Edited by RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE, M.D. (London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.)

WHATEVER be the fate of Walt Whitman as a poet or democratic philosopher, this little book assures his place as a true philanthropist, a benefactor of his suffering brethren in the first degree, bestowing on them not the productions of his singular genius, not the alleviations which wealth may procure (these he had not to give), but his great heart, his measureless sympathy, his solicitude and unwearying patience, and the soothing charm of his tranquil presence,

> Sweet, unaggressive, tolerant, most humane,

as he ministered by day and night to the torn wrecks of men left stranded, by brutal fratricidal war, on the battlefield as on the shoals and shores of a sea of blood—ministered at the aftercost of long years of shattered health.

The *Leaves of Grass*, a new venture in literature, a thin volume containing twelve poems—first rings of the tree (to use his own figure) into which they were to grow by successive layers of new poems added at intervals through many years—had been issued in 1855. Turbid in style, and, like their author, full of incongruities, they revealed a man of unusual moral daring, of wide-glancing imagination, dowered with much native gold of poetic thought that crystallized itself into many a phrase in which was mirrored sea or sky, the shows of lonely forest or busy city, or "the huge and thoughtful night," and in many a ringing rhythmic line of trailing music. Above all, they proved that Whitman

saw "the beauty, the divinity that lies enfolded in the simplest folk," and that he enthroned love as the supreme virtue. The poems were full of faults; but, in pictures of sore need, of heroic helpfulness, of duty standing sentinel at its post, of resentment glowering over its wrongs, of pity weeping over the fallen, he unbares his heart, awakening in us the shame, the admiration, the sorrow which he himself felt. "For all the afflicted, all the weak, all the wicked, a good word is said in a spirit which," says Robert L. Stevenson, "I can only call one of ultra-Christianity."

The breaking out of the Secession war in 1862 presented him with the opportunity of putting his doctrines (which he had preached as well as sung) and his sentiments into practice. And, let it be said to his honour, the hour found ready the man who had been called a rhapsodist and scolding democrat. Voluntarily he left his quiet home in Brooklyn to embody in action the spirit of love for man as man which was in him. He went forth not to draw the sword. His Quaker principles forbad fighting. He went to serve without fee or reward his sick and maimed brethren, alike of the North and South, in the military hospitals at Washington. To this task he brought courage attempered to its finest quality—not the courage inspired by martial music, by numbers, by pride of race, by love of glory, by mad excitement, but the deliberate courage whose heart is aglow with compassion, that shrinks not from sickening sights and sounds, from the mutilated form, the cry of agony, and the "array of the sheeted dead."

In this volume we have three papers, jottings from his notebook, contributed by Whitman to the press during the war, and a series of letters to his mother written from the hospitals. They are as vivid as they are unconventional, affording glimpses of unstudied heroism, of infinite kindness, of unspeakable horrors, of pathetic endings to life's fitful fever, and of unconscious revelations of the strong and tender soul of the writer. There are no finished pictures, only mere rough sketches—off-hand strokes and scratches of the pen. Here is a wharf, dimly lighted by

torches, as the wounded on their way from the field to the hospital lie around on old blankets and quilts, with bloody rags bound about their heads and limbs; there is a strong man on his knees beside a soldier's bed washing a putrid wound, or reading a verse of Scripture, or uttering a brief prayer, or embracing with a mother's tenderness a dying lad whose head leans on the breast of the stalwart ministering angel. On this page is a last message to a distant homestead in the Western wilds; the next is tearstained with sympathy; and the next has a flicker of hope that sinks back into despair. Now we read of incompetent or hard-souled doctors and nurses, with records of shameful neglect of the wounded; and now a blaze of contempt or anger reddens the page at the surliness of officials bound with tape and severely starched with their empty dignity, where there ought to be only considerate and humane feeling. "Tyrants and shysters," dandy doctors and officials who delight in "the etiquette of shoulder straps" and military airs, are thrown upon the canvas for a moment, as well as those who are faithful and competent, and "fight as hard for many a young life as a lioness would fight for her young." The horrors that accompany war are here. We see wounded soldiers by thousands lying helpless on the field, mangled, faint, alone, left to their fate to bleed to death, or with the bare chance of being brought off under a flag of truce, perhaps after forty or fifty hours' exposure; or visited by some benevolent foe, who, as in a case related here, at great personal risk would bind up the wounds, cheer the sufferers, give them drink to slake their awful thirst, and a biscuit or two to stay their hunger.

The hospitals at Washington were comfortless sheds, long one-story edifices, sometimes fifty of them of different degrees of capacity ranged in a row like a rope-walk, and each holding as many as a thousand patients. The camp hospitals are merely tents. The wounded lie on the ground, "lucky if their blanket is spread on a layer of pine or hemlock twigs. There are no cots, seldom even a mattress." Here is an illustration of the way in which the wounded are sent

from the front—"one of thousands." "Perhaps it could not be helped" interjects the poet-ministrant, anxious for the honour of his country. We cannot fail to see, however, how war draws its cauterising iron over the best feelings of men. A soldier had been stricken down with fever after the battle of Fredericksburg, and lay on the ground in the regimental hospital, getting worse. In December he is sent from the front in an open platform car such as hogs are conveyed in,

and is dumped with a crowd of others on the boat at Aquia Creek, falling down like a rag where he was deposited, too weak to sit up. No one spoke to him or assisted him. He had nothing to eat or drink; was used either with perfect indifference or with heartless brutality. On the boat when night came and when the air grew chilly, he tried a long time to undo his blankets, but was too feeble. He asked one of the employees who was moving around the deck for a moment's assistance, but was refused. He lay chilled and damp on deck all night without anything under or over him—it nearly cost him his life.

At Washington he was left on the wharf amid great crowds without food or drink, and with no kind hand to cover his face from the morning sun. When at length he was conveyed to the Campbell Hospital, too exhausted to stand, he was, on his arrival, taken to the bathroom and scrubbed with cold water.

The attendants, callous for a while, were soon alarmed, for suddenly the half-frozen body fell limpsy in their hands, and they hurried it back to the cot, plainly insensible, perhaps dying. He now lay asking nothing of any one for some days, with death getting a surer grip upon him; he cared not, or rather he welcomed death. His heart was broken. He felt the struggle to keep up any longer to be useless. God, the world, humanity, all had abandoned him.

It was now that Whitman found him:

I noticed his glassy eyes, with a look of despair and hopelessness, sunk low in his thin, pallid-brown face. One learns to divine quickly in the hospital, and as I stopped and spoke to

him, I saw it was a case *for ministering to the affection first*, and other nourishment and medicines afterward. I sat down by him without any fuss, talked a little; soon saw that it did him good; led him to talk a little himself; wrote a letter for him to his folks in M.; soothed him as I saw he was getting agitated and the tears in his eyes, gave him some small gifts.

The wound-dresser saw him almost every day; cheered him, gave him new milk, etc. He got better after a hard struggle.

The other evening, passing through the ward, he called me—he wanted to say a few words in particular. I sat down by his side on the cot in the dimness of the long ward. He told me I had saved his life. He was in the deepest earnest about it. It was one of those things that repay a soldiers' hospital missionary a thousandfold—one of the hours he never forgets.

At times there were no less than fifty thousand sick and wounded in these hospitals. About four hundred thousand cases were treated during the war. On some days as many as four thousand soldiers were brought in. We can hardly wonder that some were neglected.

Whitman paints without design the innate nobility of his own character. "I believe no men ever loved each other as I and some of these poor wounded, sick, and dying men love each other," he says. "Some have died, but the love for them lives as long as I draw breath. These soldiers know how to love too when once they have the right love offered them." He delights to serve them; they are so interesting, so young most of them. He is never weary of extolling their splendid qualities, their fortitude in intense pain, their gentleness and manliness. They meet death with the same courage in the hospital as on the field. They are his heroes, and inspire him with their spirit:

Mother, you don't know what a feeling a man gets after being in the influences of the camp, the wounded, etc. The flag, the tune of Yankee Doodle, and similar things, produce an effect on a fellow never felt before. I have a little flag; it belonged to one of the cavalry regiments, presented to me by one of the wounded. It was taken by the Secesh in fight, and rescued by

our men in a bloody skirmish. It cost three men's lives, just to get one little flag, four by three. Our men tore it from the breast of a dead rebel. The man who got it was badly wounded, and they let him keep it. I was with him a good deal; he wanted to give me something; he didn't expect to live. So he gave me this little banner for a keepsake. I mention this, mother, to show you a specimen of the feeling.

He is deeply grieved that he cannot do more for them: "Reader, how can I describe to you the mute, appealing look from many a manly eye, from many a sick-cot, following you as you walk slowly down one of these wards? To see them and to be incapable of responding to them, except in a few cases" (and he always chose the worst cases) "is enough to make one's heart crack." And yet he does much —cheering them with his kind words, distributing little sums of money that they may buy some comforts, bringing them bits of dainties, letter paper and envelopes. He buys boxes of oranges, apples, spiced fruits, etc. "I go around," he says, "distributing myself and the contents of my pockets and haversack . . . with faith that nearly all will fall on good ground." When he finds a soldier "dead broke," he gives him half a tumbler of good jelly. "I carry," he tells his mother, "a good-sized jar to a ward, get a spoon, and I go round and distribute it to the most appropriate cases. Many want tobacco: I do not encourage any of the lads in its use, but where I find they crave it I supply it." He writes their letters, finds them books to read, gives a passing word of friendliness, a look or nod when he can do no more. If he finds in a ward a "heavy weight of listlessness" prevailing, in order to break the spell he calls the men around him and cheers them by reading to them some message of hope. "Above all, the poor boys welcome magnetic friendship—as they lie there with their pale faces, and that mute look in their eyes. Oh, how one gets to love them, often so good, so manly, so affectionate, many of them like children, and so weary—not a few on their dying beds!" "Lots of them," he tells us with simple pathos, "have grown to expect, as I leave at night, that we should kiss each other

—I have to go round, poor boys." To get money to purchase little things for them he does hack work on the press; and he projects a course of lectures, and a new and larger issue of his *Leaves of Grass*, for the same purpose. But he realises that his gifts to them are in themselves of little good and only prepare the way for the higher ministrations of ingenious love.

Here is a beautiful instance of the kind of service he renders, one of many:

July 22, 1863.—I spent a long time with Oscar F. Wilber, Company G, etc., low with chronic diarrhœa and a bad wound. He asked me to read him a chapter in the New Testament. I complied, and asked him what I should read. He said, "Make your own choice." I opened one of the evangelists and read the chapters describing the latter hours of Christ, and the scenes of the crucifixion. The poor, wasted young man asked me to read the following chapter also—how Christ rose again. I read slowly, for Oscar was feeble. It pleased him very much, yet the tears were in his eyes. He asked me if I enjoyed religion. I said, "Perhaps not, my dear, in the way you mean, and yet—may be it is the same thing." He said, "It is my chief reliance." He talked of death, and said he did not fear it. I felt that even then he was dying. He behaved in a very manly and affectionate way. The kiss I gave him when I was about leaving, he returned fourfold. He gave me his mother's address. He died a few days after.

He finds the work "curiously fascinating" with all its sadness; and we cannot wonder when he declares that, in doing good to sick and dying soldiers, "they do me more good in return than I do them." The letters conceived in tenderness and written to the mother he idolises are full of pathetic and notable words as well as of pathetic and notable incidents. Our space will not permit of many quotations. "I believe," he says, "there is much trouble in the world, and if one has not any for himself, he has it made up by having it brought close to him through others; and that is sometimes worse than to have it touch one's self." "I have seen so much of the horrors that befall men that I sometimes think I have grown callous,—but no, I don't think it is that; but

nothing of ordinary misfortune seems as it used to, and death has lost all its terrors. I have seen so many cases in which it was so welcome." In the light of this, it is easy to understand why, in his later poems, death should be beautiful—

> Holiest minister of heaven, envoy, usherer,
> Guide at last of all.
> Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

Some of the letters are inexpressibly painful reading; but what must have been the agony of writing them? At the close of one, in which he describes a wild, gusty night of torrential rain, all through which the wounded, soaked to the skin, were brought in on stretchers, some passing into the silent land quite unknown ere they could be examined by the officials, with no friend except Walt to weep over them, but not unattended by scoundrels, harpies, human vultures, who stole the dying men's money from under their head, or from their person—"a common thing"—he breaks out, "I get almost frightened at the world."

Against this background of woe and crime, Whitman moves about, undeterred by small-pox, fevers, and hideous gangrened wounds, carrying on his work of mercy. He is a kingly figure, tall, lithe, gentle-mannered, "a massive model of ease and independence," his blue eyes beaming with frankness and kindness. About his bearing there is the repose that brings restfulness to the sufferer, allaying fretfulness and ministering to patience. "A large, summery, paternal soul" shines in all his ways and looks, radiating cheerfulness, hope, and health as he passes from cot to cot. His clothes wax old, look "desperately faded," and are worn into "beautiful holes right through the cloth"; but his kindliness shows no marks of wear. President Lincoln, taking the accurate stature of Whitman one day as he passed the windows of the White House, said, "Well, he *is* a MAN." And this man by the magnetic flow of his sympathy, and his

> Love, like the light—silently wrapping all,

does more good than the doctor's medicines, turns the balance in favour of cure in scores of instances. "I believe," he says, "that the moving round among the men of a hearty, healthy, clean, strong, generous-souled person, full of humanity and love, sending out invisible currents of the same, does immense good to the sick and wounded." Again he says: "They like to have me very much. No doubt they soon feel that my heart is truly with them, and it is a novelty and touches their feelings, and so doubtless does them good. . . . Mother, I have real pride in telling you that I have the consciousness of saving quite a number of lives, by keeping them from giving up and being a good deal with them. The men say it is so; the doctors say it is so, and I will candidly confess I see it is true. I know you will like to hear it, mother; so I tell you. . . . I can testify that friendship has literally cured a fever, and the medicine of daily affection a bad wound."

Gradually, however, the strain begins to tell on his health. The constant waiting on soldiers suffering from shocking wounds, typhus, and diarrhœa, the malarious atmosphere of the crowded wards, the sickening sights and odours, and the exacting nervous tension, unite to undermine his fine constitution and to sow the seeds of permanent disease. He begins, in 1863, to tell his mother of unpleasant symptoms. After the day's appalling experience in the presence of operations and deaths—through which his strong will carries him with apparent coolness, though his sympathies are much excited—when he is at home or out walking alone, he is attacked by sickness and trembling as he recalls the events of the day. His head troubles him. His obstinate cheerfulness flags. "I believe," he writes, "I am homesick—something new to me; but then I have seen all the horrors of a soldier's life. It is awful to see so much and not to be able to relieve it. It is most too much for a fellow, and I sometimes wish I was out of it." But he will not abandon his self-imposed task. In the last letter of the series we learn that he has bad nights and days. The doctors order him away for a change of air, but the brave

man answers, "I will try it (his work) two or three days yet, though, and if I find my illness goes over I will stay here yet awhile." But the inevitable breakdown has come, and he who had enjoyed superb health for forty years was never again to know, save for brief interludes, what it was to be well. To quote Dr. Bucke:

> But for years, though often warned and sent away by the doctors, during his better intervals, and until his splendid health was quite broken by hospital malaria and the poison absorbed from gangrenous wounds, he continued his ministrations to the sick and maimed of the war. Those who joined the ranks and fought the battles of the Republic did well; but when the world knows, as it is beginning to know, how this man, without any encouragement, under no compulsion, simply, without beat of drum or cheer of approval, went down into those immense lazar-houses, and devoted his days and nights, his heart and soul, and at last his health and life, to America's sick and wounded sons, it will say that he did even better.

Whitman's hospital experience resulted for himself, not merely in the breaking of his health, but in the heightening and purifying of his moral nature. His loving service, his joyful self-sacrifice, his comradeship in suffering, his unflinching courage—all tended to consecrate the man who exemplified these precious virtues to increased nobleness and sweetness of character. This is the testimony of all who knew Whitman. In sounding the profoundest depths of human grief, he had found a pearl of great price. And his later writings bear witness to the same fact. "He modified his early conceptions, discovering a new meaning in pain and sorrow." His range is extended, deeper chords are struck, a certain wistfulness subdues his exuberance, while his optimism finds a clearer goal. Life is not an aimless voyaging. Immortality shines on the farther shore. "The rushing tide will carry the bark of man to the shore of truth; it will bring him where he desires to be. The storms by the way will fit him to know the real nature of his world." Whitman was practically a Christian. He ever referred to the Son of Mary as "the Lord Christ," and cherished for Him a

"tender reverence." It is not too much to say, if we are to credit the statements of his dearest friends, that "the beauty of Christ's character, His brotherhood, His religion of love, the sacredness of His mission," captivated and inspired the wound-dresser.

In February, 1873, Whitman was attacked by paralysis. For the next three years, he trembled on the verge of death. Slightly recovering, he was now an invalid for the rest of his days. Poverty added its burden to his weakness, but with cheerfulness and courage he sustained his trials. "The sweetness of his nature," says John Addington Symonds, "his sympathy for others, his affectionateness, and the sanguine faith which was his piety, were never altered. The real beauty and goodness of the man never shone more clearly than in those overclouded days. The last twenty years of his life stamped his work as poet and prophet with the seal of indubitable genuineness." Such is the judgment of one who knew him well, whose verdict we are not inclined to dispute. Let those who would eat the fruit which the twenty years of physical weakness bore read "Specimen Days" and the "Drum Taps," which contains his lament for Lincoln, one of the loveliest elegiac poems in literature, steeped in emotion, and majestic in its flow as the swelling tide of some deep ocean estuary. He died at Camden (New Jersey) in 1892. We may inscribe on his granite tombstone: "Lover, consoler, physician, nurse; most tender, most fatherly, sustaining those about to die, lifting the children, and stretching out arms to the young men."

R. CORLETT COWELL.

EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

1. *Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp*, 1882–1892, *from the Original Manuscripts of Father Joseph Ohrwalder, late priest of the Austrian Mission Station at Delen in Kordofan.* By Major F. R. WINGATE, R.A., Director of Military Intelligence Egyptian Army. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1892. 6*s*.)

2. *Fire and Sword in the Soudan.* A Personal Narrative of Fighting and Serving the Dervishes, 1879-1895. By RUDOLF C. SLATIN, Pasha, C.B. Translated by Major F. R. WINGATE, C.B. (London: Edward Arnold. 1896. 6*s*.)

3. *With Kitchener to Khartum.* By G. W. STEEVENS. (London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1898. 6*s*.)

4. *The Egyptian Soudan: its Loss and Recovery.* By Lieutenant HENRY S. ALFORD and Lieutenant W. D. SWORD. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1898. 10*s*.)

5. *The Contemporary Review* for October, 1898. "The Soudan Question." By W. R. FELKIN.

THE four works which it is proposed to review in this article have especial value as the personal narratives of eye-witnesses of the events they record, and owing to the intervals between the dates of their publication, they supplement one another to a great extent. When considered in conjunction with Mr. Felkin's able article in the *Contemporary Review*—which is also based on the writer's personal knowledge of the country and his intercourse with Gordon, Emin, Gessi, and other European and native officials

who lived and worked in it up to the time of the Mahdi's revolt—they embody all the materials for a comprehensive survey of the Soudan question; and their merits in this respect are enhanced by the differences in profession nationality, and experience of the authors.

Both the Austrian writers whom Major Wingate has been the means of introducing to his fellow countrymen made their first acquaintance with the Soudan before it had been devastated by the Mahdist rebellion. Father Ohrwalder had been working two years as a Romanist missionary at Delen in Dar Nuba when the mission station, which was being enlarged on account of the increasing number of converts, was destroyed by the Dervishes in 1882. During his ten years' captivity, which began when the Mahdi, in the first flush of his success, was besieging El Obeid and lasted till the close of 1891, he witnessed the final triumph and death of the latter and the consolidation of the power of his successor, the Khalifa Abdullahi. Father Ohrwalder's friend and fellow captive, Slatin Pasha, who had already, in 1874, travelled in the country, was invited to the Soudan by Gordon in 1878, and had been two years Governor-general of Darfur when, after heroically struggling to check the rebellion, he was forced to surrender to the Mahdi at Dara, on December 23, 1883; and when, chiefly through the instrumentality of Major (now Colonel Sir Francis) Wingate, the pasha escaped from Omdurman at the beginning of 1895, he had spent sixteen years in Africa, twelve of which were passed in captivity. After the fall of Khartum, Slatin Pasha was attached to the Khalifa as a member of his household, and the fact that the captive had, prior to his surrender, professed himself a Mohammedan in order to insure the fidelity of his troops, together with the hope of utilising his military skill, led the latter for a time to affect great friendship for him. The Khalifa considerably embarrassed Slatin by pressing upon him native wives, whom it taxed all his ingenuity to decline; and, though the Khalifa eventually manifested the greatest suspicion, setting spies to watch all Slatin Pasha's move-

ments, he used, when he first became ruler of the Soudan, to talk freely with him about his own early history. Father Ohrwalder, less fortunate than his friend, suffered under the tyranny of two or three masters; he had also numerous opportunities of intercourse with the Mahdi—who, regarding him as a *fiki* or priest, sometimes conversed with him on religion—and the Khalifa. Thus both men became thoroughly acquainted with the characters of these rulers of the Soudan and with its internal history and condition under their sway—a knowledge gained, especially in the missionary's case, at the cost of almost intolerable mental and bodily suffering. Slatin Pasha at his capture was put in chains and spent ten months in prison, and, though released after the fall of Khartum, was hardly ever allowed to leave the side of his master, the Khalifa. Father Ohrwalder, who suffered constantly from diarrhœa and once from scurvy, and who before his escape began to spit blood, had on one occasion to accompany his master as camel-driver on a three days' march to Rahad under a blazing sun, sustaining himself on the grain (*doku*) and water given him to feed the animal. This was also his fare for a long period at Omdurman, where he had to sleep on the ground outside his master's hut, and was obliged to shake from his clothes, in the morning, the scorpions which during the night had crept into them for warmth.* As a Christian he was subjected to continual insults from the Dervishes; and in addition to bodily sufferings and constant shocks to the sense of refinement and religious feelings from contact with the savages amongst whom they lived, he and his fellow captives, who were in constant anticipation of death, had to be passive spectators of the long tragedy of the Dervish conquest of the Soudan. "We had witnessed," he says, when describing his wonderful escape with two of the mission sisters—the party riding

* Curiously enough, Father Ohrwalder says that the sting of these animals, which is usually most painful, caused him little or no irritation.—*Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp*, pp. 114, 115.

day and night on camels covered the five hundred miles between Omdurman and the frontier fortress of Murat in seven days—"the destruction of cities, the annihilation of armies, the slaughter of thousands, and the ruthless massacre and b'oodshed of innocent people; man's dignity trodden under foot, and human life valued far below that of a sheep or a goat."*

Though the fanatical devotion and wholesale slaughter of the Dervishes at the battle of Khartum and the impressive ceremony of Gordon's funeral, which form the closing chapter of the story of the reconquest of the Soudan, are fully in keeping with the dramatic character of the story of its loss, the latter derives a fascination from the unique and terrible experiences of its authors, which we cannot expect to find in the simpler and more prosaic narrative of the former. The complete and concise history of the Mahdist rebellion by Lieutenant Alford and Lieutenant Sword, who took part in all the military operations between 1896 and 1898,† and the graphic account by Mr. Steevens, the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* during the campaigns of 1898, of its final suppression, possess, however, an even greater interest for Englishmen, the extent of which is evidenced by the fact that the latter work has passed through two editions in as many months. They are the records of an achievement we have every reason to be proud of, both on account of the sacrifices it has demanded and the results it has produced. The British officers and non-commissioned officers who created the Egyptian army which fought so gallantly at Atbara and Khartum, and the engineers and foremen mechanics who constructed the desert railway that made those victories possible, have had to pass years of banishment on the frontier, exposed to constant dangers and hardships; and while hundreds have died—in action, from sunstroke, from pestilence, and from premature decay

* *Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp*, pp. 4, 18, 19.

† The value of the work is enhanced by appendices containing a list of the officers who have served, and the roll of the British officers and men who lost their lives in the recent expeditions.

—hundreds more who survive will carry to their graves marks of the sufferings and privations they endured. The struggle for the Soudan has cost this country the lives of Gordon, Earle, Burnaby, Roddy Owen, and the two Stewarts, and Egypt those of Emin, Gessi and Hicks Pashas, and Lupton Bey; and it has entailed a total loss in battle to the Anglo-Egyptian army between 1882 and 1898 of 14,500 killed and wounded. It has necessitated a continuous and heavy expenditure, which, during the last two years alone amounted to two and a half millions;* but its successful issue has, as pointed out by Mr. Steevens, both vindicated the national self respect by atoning for our failure to help Gordon, and has also, by assuring the security of Egypt and removing the strain imposed on her finances by the dangers of a Dervish invasion, left her free to develop her internal resources and the province she has regained.†

The causes and results of the loss of the Soudan constitute one of the most striking chapters in the history of the present century. Its recovery marks a new and important era in the progress, frequently traced in this REVIEW, of the good work this country has been carrying on in Egypt during the last sixteen years; and it is also the latest episode in the Egyptian question, which originated just a century ago in the occupation of the country by Napoleon in 1798, and the first phase of which ended with the expulsion of the French by the victories of Abercrombie at Aboukir and Alexandria in 1801. Its future is of the highest importance both to England and to Egypt, and it may therefore be of interest to examine, with the aid of the authorities cited above, the principal features of the Dervish rebellion, and its effects upon the present condition and future development of the province.

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* *With Kitchener to Khartum*, pp. 11–27, 317; and see Lord Kitchener's speech at the Mansion House banquet on November 5, 1898. During its sixteen years of existence the Egyptian army has increased from six thousand men with twenty-four white officers to eighteen thousand men with one hundred and forty white officers.

† *With Kitchener to Khartum*, pp. 318, 322.

1. The Soudan, or "Country of the Blacks," comprises, strictly speaking, the whole of the Nile valley from Egypt proper to the Victoria Nyanza, and consists of three large areas totally different in character. The first, including Kordofan and Darfur, extends from Egypt proper to a line which, roughly speaking, may be taken as 10° N. lat., and is an arid country, inhabited by numerous Arab tribes; the second, including the Bahr-el-Gazal and Monbottu districts, reaches to the Albert Nyanza, is inhabited by Negroes, and is fertile and well watered; while the third, which has also a Negro population and is equally fertile, comprises Uganda and Unyoro. The last named area, however, situated on the northern shores of the Victoria Lake, constitutes a British protectorate, and as neither it nor the independent Central Soudan states of Bornu and Wadai came under the influence of the Mahdist movement, they do not fall within the scope of this article. The other two areas together make up what is known as the Egyptian Soudan—a territory estimated at nine hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and which, in addition to the geographical regions above mentioned, includes those of Lower Nubia (between Assouan and Dongola), Upper Nubia (Dongola, Berber, Shendy, Halfyieh, and Sennaar), the Equatorial Provinces, the Suakin districts, and Harar and Galla (now provinces of Abyssinia). Though vast tracts of the Arab portion of the Egyptian Soudan are pathless desert, dotted here and there, in the vicinity of the Nile, with patches of vegetation, Darfur produces large numbers of cattle, camels, and horses; and the exports of Kordofan, which include gum, ostrich feathers, raw hides, and cattle, were valued in 1881 at nearly £150,000. Dar Nuba, a mountainous country beyond Kordofan, the inhabitants of which are reputed to be the best of the Negroid races, is described by Father Ohrwalder as being interspersed with watercourses traversing plains and valleys rich in vegetation of every description, abounding with quantities of deer, giraffes, antelope, and wild boar, and in the woods with myriads of birds, apes, and monkeys of every descrip-

tion.* The Equatorial Provinces produce ivory, grain, skins, coffee, tobacco, gum, indiarubber, beeswax, oil, indigo, rice, spices, and cotton, and, despite the difficulties with which Gordon, Emin, and other governors had to contend, yielded a surplus of between five thousand and six thousand pounds in 1881, and eight thousand pounds in 1882. The Bahr-el-Ghazal, which appears to be a still richer country, is stated by Slatin Pasha to be a most fertile district extending over an enormous area, watered by a labyrinth of streams, covered with mountains and forests wherein elephants abound, and possessing an exceptionally good soil that produces quantities of cotton, indiarubber, beeswax, arrow-root, and tamarinds, and yields pasturage for large herds of cattle. Most of the big rivers of the Soudan—the White and the Blue Nile, the Sobat, the Jur, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the Bahr-el-Arab—are available for navigation over considerable portions of their course, in some cases during the whole and in others during several months of the year.†

From 1500 B.C. the early history of the Soudan—the ancient Ethiopia—is mainly a record of invasions from Egypt, varied, in 24 A.D., by one of Egypt by Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, which was defeated by the Romans under Petronius at Elephantine. During the fifth century Christianity penetrated the higher reaches of the Nile and held its ground until the thirteenth century, when the subjugation of Dongola, then an independent Christian kingdom, by the Egyptian sultan Dhaber Bebars, established Islamism in its place. Like those which pre ceded it, however, this conquest appears to have been only temporary, and until the early part of the seventeenth century a line of ancient Central African kingdoms stretched across the continent from east to west. One of these was Darfur, of which Kordofan was formerly a province, and to which the Bahr-el-Ghazal provinces were subject, the black tribes paying tribute of ivory and slaves to

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* *Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp*, p. 4.

† *Ibid.*, p. 627 ; *cf. Statesman's Year Book*, p. 320.

its sultan. Despite their now fully proved fighting capacity the Negro races of the Soudan seem to have been always subject to the Arabs, and the immense variety, internecine feuds, and independence of each other of the tribes made them an easy prey to the Dongola and Jaalin Arabs advancing from the Nile valley in their slave-raiding expeditions. Its inaccessible position, vast expanse, and the warlike qualities of its inhabitants thus combined to insure the independence of the Soudan till the khedive Mahomed Ali conquered and annexed to Egypt the provinces of Dongola, Kordofan, and Sennaar, and founded Khartum, which thus became the central slave-market of the Soudan, as their capital. In 1869 the Equatorial Provinces, of which Sir Samuel Baker was the first Governor-general, were annexed, and the subjection, at the instance of his successor, General Gordon, of Darfur and Harar, in 1874, completed the formation of the Egyptian Soudan as at present constituted.*

Thus, through the action of the successor and co-religionist of the Egyptian sovereign who had, six centuries before, driven Christianity from its confines, the Soudan was a second time brought under the influences of that religion and for the first time under those of modern civilisation. "Explorers and missionaries," to quote Father Ohrwalder, "advanced to the very head of Negro-land; Nile's solitudes were rippled by the advancing steamer. Far beyond the equator reached the telegraph, and the metropolis of the Soudan formed part of the international postal system. Trade blossomed in security, and the white man could march to the countries of the Niam Niam, and there join hands with his brother from the Congo. European culture spread throughout, and the religion of Christ planted the world-saving banner in its remotest frontiers." †

Though, however, these good results of Mahomed Ali's conquest endured for more than half a century, they were

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* *The Egyptian Soudan: Its Loss and Recovery*, pp. 2–5; *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*, pp. 13, 37.

† *Ten Years' Captivity*, p. 448.

from the first checked and constantly endangered by the defective organisation of the government of the Soudan, the corruption of all classes of officials, and the oppressive and unjust mode of collecting the taxes. In a letter to the *Times*, in 1880 (Oct. 12), Gordon stated that the Egyptian government strenuously objected to submit its budget of the revenue of the Soudan and Egypt to public investigation, and that its published statement "may be worth the paper it is written on and gives no details." "For several years," says Mr. Felkin, in a paper written in 1883, "the finance ministers in the Soudan could neither read nor write, and a mistake of a million or two dollars was of no consequence. . . . Bribery and corruption so completely permeate all ranks that it would be hard to find a dozen men in the whole Soudan who would not accept backsheesh." Many of the officials were criminals and defaulting government employés, who had been banished to the Soudan and appointed to their posts after serving a certain term of imprisonment. The development of trade, again, while it received no encouragement, was hampered by a tax on camels which checked commercial activity, and by taxes on the machinery for irrigation in the desert parts of the Arab Soudan—the *shadoof* and *zakieh*—that deterred people from cultivating more soil than was absolutely necessary for their wants. Lastly, while the slave trade depopulated whole countries and districts in Equatorial Africa, the vigorous efforts of Sir Samuel Baker and of Gordon for its suppression, which in 1877 were supplemented by a convention concluded between Great Britain and Egypt prohibiting public traffic in slaves and providing for the abolition of private trade in Egypt in 1884, and in the Soudan in 1889, aroused the bitterest opposition not only in Khartum, but in Cairo. The slave dealers owed all their wealth to this execrable traffic, while the Egyptian pashas, who had made a practice of leasing large territories for slave trading purposes, found the traffic a valuable source of income. Though Gordon, assisted by Gessi Pasha, the governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, captured sixty-three slave caravans during

1878 and 1879, and the latter completely quelled a widespread revolt organised by Zobeir, the most influential and notorious of the slave dealers, in 1878, there was an immediate revival of the trade on Gordon's departure in 1879. The hostility of the slave dealers thus combined with the misgovernment and rapacity of the officials to render the whole country ripe for revolt when the outbreak of the great rebellion of 1881 reduced the Soudan to the condition of barbarism from which it had emerged sixty years before.*

2. It is a striking feature of this rebellion that it was religious not political, and, though it also aimed at throwing off the foreign yoke, was primarily designed for the reformation of Islam and its extension throughout the whole world, which the Mahdi believed was to come to an end before his death. By proclaiming himself one of the prophets or *Mahdis* whom Allah, according to the teaching of Mohammed, periodically sends to visit the world, and by declaring a *jehad* or holy war against the Turks as false to their religion, Mahomed Ahmed appealed to the only sentiment capable of uniting the mutually hostile tribes of the Soudan in common action; and his success was almost entirely due to the fanaticism thus evoked, which, as pointed out by Slatin Pasha, produced a condition of warfare and religious enthusiasm to find a parallel to which we must revert to mediæval history. As a messenger of God, he pretended to be in direct communication with the Deity, and as all his orders were supposed to have been inspired, disobedience was tantamount to resistance to the will of God, and was therefore punishable with death. He thus obtained an unlimited sway over his followers, and inspired them with a devotion equal to that of the armies which followed the Prophet, whom he took in all things as an example. His personal appearance, which is graphically described by Father Ohrwalder, was strangely fascinating, his mode of conversation exceptionally pleasant, and as he

* *Contemporary Review* (Felkin), pp. 447, 448, 496; *The Egyptian Soudan*, p. 47.

preached universality in religion and law and equality of goods, he fulfilled every condition necessary for a successful leader.*

The Mahdi was the son of a poor and obscure religious teacher or *fiki*—who, however, claimed to be one of the Ashraf, or descendants of the Prophet—belonging to the somewhat despised tribe of Dangala (inhabitants of Dongola), which is notorious as furnishing the cleverest and most determined slave dealers of the Soudan. His youth was spent in studying the Koran, and on attaining manhood he became the disciple of a celebrated sheik or religious teacher named Mahommed Sherif at Khartum; and, but for a quarrel with the latter, he would probably have remained an insignificant *fiki* like his father. Mahommed Sherif struck him off the roll of his disciples for having stated that his master had acted contrary to religious law in sanctioning singing and dancing at a feast given at the circumcision of his sons, and the sympathy elicited by the Mahdi's conduct in the dispute, in which he seems to have been entirely in the right, appears to have inspired him to attempt the *rôle* of a religious reformer. After living some time the life of a dervish, by which he obtained a great reputation for sanctity, he began to travel through Kordofan, calling on true believers to purify their religion which was being corrupted by the government, and to free themselves from the oppression of the Turks. Having gathered a small body of faithful adherents, he established himself in a cave on the island of Abba in the White Nile, and openly proclaimed himself to be the Mahdi. Two companies of troops, sent by the Governor-general, Ruaf Pasha, to apprehend him were lured into a marsh, and, though the Dervishes were armed only with sticks, almost entirely destroyed; when the Mahdi, quitting Abba, pitched his camp at the foot of the mountain of Jebel Gedir, where he was speedily joined by numbers of malcontents, escaped

* *Ten Years' Captivity*, pp. 13, 60; *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*, p. 62.

criminals, runaway slaves, and religious fanatics. Among these adherents was Abdullahi, whom, in imitation of the Prophet, he appointed one of his three khalifas—the other two being Ali Wad Helu, chief of the Kenna tribes, and his own son-in-law, Ali Es Sherif—and who, as a member of the Taaisha section of the Baggara Arabs, was useful in gaining the Mahdi the support of the western tribes. On December 9, 1881, he obtained his first important victory by drawing the Mudir of Fashoda, Rashed Bey, into a forest, when the latter was killed with one thousand four hundred of his men. On June 7, 1882, he surprised and defeated a force of four thousand Egyptians, under Yussef Pasha, near Jebel Gedir, and by the capture of Bara on January 5, 1883, and of El Obeid, after a five months' siege, on January 19, gained possession of the whole of Kordofan. An army of eleven thousand men under Hicks Pasha sent against him by the Egyptian government in the middle of this year was almost entirely destroyed on November 5, Hicks himself, Alla-ed-deen, governor-general of the Soudan, and one thousand two hundred native officers being among the slain, and the defeat of Slatin Pasha in December at Om Warragat placed the province of Darfur in his hands. Berber fell in May and Omdurman in December, 1884; and, after it had sustained a siege of three hundred and seventeen days, only twenty-seven less than that of Sebastopol, during which the garrison of nine thousand soldiers had been reduced to five thousand, Khartum was taken by surprise on Sunday night, January 26, 1885, and fifty thousand wild Dervishes burst on the sleeping town and massacred Gordon and ten thousand of its forty thousand inhabitants.*

Thus in less than four years the Mahdi had conquered the Soudan. In less than six months after his triumph, and while he was revolving schemes for the conquest of the world, he died at Omdurman, on June 22, 1885, of fatty degenera-

* *Ten Years' Captivity*, pp. 8–13; *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*, p. 122–126, 132.

tion of the heart, brought on by the debauchery in which he began to indulge after the capture of El Obeid. His death was a severe blow to those who believed in his divine mission, and though his successor, the Khalifa Abdullahi, ruled in the Mahdi's name and strictly adhered to the religious forms he had prescribed, real fanaticism was gradually replaced by a temporal power, which he wielded with reckless severity and concentrated in the hands of his kinsmen the Baggara, thus giving to the most despised of Arab tribes a pre-eminence over the more cultivated Jaalin, Dangala, and Barabra, by whom all the Mahdi's early victories had been won. Despite the revolts which this policy evoked, the Khalifa had, by 1889, subdued all his enemies, routed the army of king John of Abyssinia, who was killed in the battle, at Gallabat, and conquered and occupied the kingdom of the sultan of Wadai, from which his dominions extended on the east to Kassala on the Abyssinian frontier, and southwards along the Nile to Regaf in Equatoria, the only province in the Soudan which had remained free from the Dervish yoke.* In this year too, however, he attempted the invasion of Egypt, a project entertained by the Mahdi, and for which he himself had long prepared, and sustained the most serious reverse he had yet met with. His forces, the pick of the Dervish army, were successively defeated by Colonel Wodehouse at Arguin, on July 2, and by General Grenfell at Toski on August 17, when Wad el Nejumi, the conqueror of Hicks and captor of Khartum, with his principal emirs and half his army were killed. After this blow, which was followed the next year by the defeat of Osman Digna at Tokar, near Suakin, by Colonel Holled Smith, and the expulsion of the rebels from the Red Sea littoral, the Khalifa ceased to assume the offensive, and devoted himself to preparing for the inevitable day when he would have to fight for his position.†

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* *Ten Years' Captivity*, pp. 296, 308, 449; *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*, p. 621; *The Egyptian Soudan*, pp. 28, 32.

† *Ten Years' Captivity*, pp. 296, 308, 449; *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*, p. 621; *The Egyptian Soudan*, pp. 28, 32–35.

Despite the brilliant victories of Sir Gerald Graham at El Teb and Tamai in 1884, the early years of the Dervish rebellion, which witnessed the massacre of Baker's levies, the failure of the Nile Expedition, the death of Gordon, and the abandonment of the Soudan, must be regarded as disastrous to our national prestige. The victories of Toski and Tokar belong, however, to the period between 1885 and 1896, when this country, while steadily preparing the Egyptian army for attack, contented herself with defending Egypt and crushing her assailants by the equally decisive victories of Ginnis in 1885 and Gemaizah in 1888. In 1896 began the new and final period, when the victory of the Abyssinians at Adowa on March 1, which dealt a death-blow to the colonial aspirations of Italy, and the investment of Kassala by ten thousand Dervishes under Osman Digna, compelled Britain at length to take the offensive. By the crushing defeats inflicted on the Dervishes at Firket and Hafir, and the occupation of Dongola and Merawi, the native province of the Mahdi was once more restored to Egypt. In 1897 Abu Hamed, Berber, and Kassala were recaptured, and by the recent crowning victory of Khartum, England has freed the Soudan from the terrible tyranny from which it has suffered so long.*

3. The Mahdi and the Khalifa founded their empire over the wild, ignorant tribes whom fanaticism had united under their leadership in bloodshed and revolution, and the rule they substituted for the nascent civilisation they destroyed was one of ruthless barbarity and immorality.† The Soudan is now a depopulated desert and its trade is destroyed. The villages and cities inhabited by the Soudanese who have been exterminated by the Khalifa—some driven out, others sold in the slave-market, cut to pieces, or impaled—in order that his fellow tribesmen should get their fertile lands, are represented by the remnants of

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* *With Kitchener to Khartum*, pp. 3–7 ; *The Egyptian Soudan*, p. 41, and cf., for an account of the Dongola Expedition, pp. 47–143.

† *Ten Years' Captivity*, p. 447 ; *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*, p. 662

foundations and broken hovels. In some districts half the people are dead. Whole tribes have been blotted out and are replaced by wild beasts, which are spreading and increasing in such numbers that they bid fair to finish the destruction of the human race.* The savage cruelty with which the Dervishes treated not only their European prisoners, but their fellow countrymen is appalling. The mission sisters who were captured with Father Ohrwalder were forced to walk the whole distance from El Obeid to Rahad (three days) barefooted, over thorns and burning sand, enduring agonies of hunger and thirst, and some of them carrying heavy burdens. Slatin Pasha and Lupton Bey passed ten months and Charles Neufield four years in the *saier* or prison at Omdurman, wearing round their ankles heavy chains, consisting of iron rings fastened together by a bar, and sleeping in a stone house with narrow slits for windows and full of scorpions, into which all the prisoners, native and European (some of them suffering from various illnesses), were crowded so closely at night that deaths from crushing and suffocation were frequent. The ruthless cruelty and bloodshed of the massacres at Khartum are beyond description, and the same may be said of the punishments inflicted on the Gehenna, Bahatin, and Jaalin tribes by the Khalifa for their rebellions against him. Those inflicted for legal offences partook of the same character. That for smoking or drinking *marissa* (native beer) was a flogging so severe that death often ensued, and that for robbery loss of a hand and a foot.† Despite this severe penalty the number of robbers in Omdurman caused widespread terror, while swindlers and pickpockets abounded. Judges—who at a signal from the plaintiff or defendant would at once change their view of a case—and witnesses were both always open to bribery, and perjury was everywhere practised. Omdurman, Khartum,

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* *With Kitchener to Khartum*, p. 319; *Ten Years' Captivity*, p. 449.

† *Ten Years' Captivity*, pp. 17, 26, 61, 100, 103, 248, 253, 315. Adultery was punished by beheading the man and stoning the woman.

El Obeid, and all the large towns in the Soudan were hotbeds of immorality of the vilest description, and from slaves of all ages and sexes to the little child of six years all were instructed in the very worst forms of vice.* Lastly, the city of Omdurman, the capital of the Mahdi's empire, which, Slatin Pasha says, covered a length of about six English miles, was, with the exception of one or two public buildings, a collection of squalid and filthy mud huts, without streets, gardens, or trees. The Mahdi's tomb was of shoddy brick, its interior tawdry panels and railings round a gaudy pall; the Khalifa's palace was the house of a well-to-do fellah; and the great mosque was a wall inclosing a big square, with a few stick and thatch booths at one end of it. "Well could you believe that this was the city where they crucified a man for a handful of base dollars, and sold mother and daughter together to be divided five hundred miles apart, to live and die in the same bestial concubinage." †

Such is the Soudan after seventeen years of Dervish rule, and its condition shows that there can be but one answer to the question which has suggested Mr. Felkin's valuable article—whether, namely, Britain is once more to abandon the unhappy country she has spent so much of her best blood and treasure in regaining, or to accept the grave responsibility of holding it; thus securing a firm and just government which can raise it from a condition of murder and rapine to one of prosperity and happiness. The task involved in our acceptance of the latter alternative would be a serious but not an impossible one. It would necessitate the appointment of a European governor-general over the whole Soudan, and its division into administrative districts, such as he suggests, under the control of European governors aided by a sufficient number of European officials to insure that justice is carried out. These officials must not only be acquainted with the language

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* *Ten Years' Captivity*, pp. 328–343.

† *With Kitchener to Khartum*, pp. 299–309; *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*, pp. 431, 566.

of the people, but must also learn to sympathise with them and comprehend their modes of thought and idiosyncracies, and should be really desirous of improving the condition of the country and capable of self-sacrifice in carrying out an enlightened policy.

This policy would entail a considerable expenditure on fortifications; on the construction of railways; on the improvement of the great waterways of the country; and on the irrigation of the desert portion, hitherto effected by primitive methods, which, such as they are, have been limited by unwise taxation. This expenditure, however, would insure to commerce the security it needs, and would open up great trade routes between Egypt and the Arabian and Negro Soudan, thus giving access to a population amounting in the equatorial regions to nearly eleven millions, and in the independent states of Central Africa to thirty-one millions, and would be amply repaid by the revenue which the development of the rich internal resources of the country would produce.* England has fully proved her capacity for accomplishing such a task, both in India and in Egypt itself, and has never experienced any difficulty in finding men, such as Gordon, Baker, Portal, Lugard, and Colville, who are willing and able to perform this work; while her acceptance of this task would confer enormous benefits both on Egypt and the Soudan, the refusal of it, by opening the door to a constant recurrence of internal troubles, will entail a corresponding amount of disaster to both.

URQUHART A. FORBES.

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* *Contemporary Review* (Felkin), pp. 489–496.

SPORT IN THE CAUCASUS.

Hunting Trips in the Caucasus. By E. DEMIDOFF, Prince San Donato. (London: Rowland Ward. 1898.)

THE title-page of this volume is more than a little misleading. It is true that Prince Demidoff was the hero of all the three hunting expeditions described. But he writes only of the first of them; as to the other two, Dr. H. D. Levick writes from a series of notes taken partly by himself, and partly from the dictation of the prince. The reader can only wish that Prince Demidoff had felt equal to the task of writing the whole volume with his own hand. There are ways in which the account of the first expedition falls behind those of the other two; but this is due simply to the fact that in the later trips the conditions prevailing gave a better chance to the animals attacked, and so made the reported adventures more interesting to the man who cares for sport. Still, the story of the first expedition is so well told that we cannot but feel that the difficulties of the second and third would have made better reading had they also been described by Prince Demidoff.

The first expedition was into the Lozuan district of the Caucasus. Concerning this region it may be well to quote the words of Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley, in the Badminton book on *Big Game Hunting*:

Although the Caucasus is within a week's journey of Charing Cross, to the average Englishman it is as little known as Alaska. As a hunting-ground for big game it is infinitely less known than Central Africa. The men who have shot in Central Africa and written of their sport in that country may be counted by the score; but, as far as I know, no book has been written (except my own)* upon the sport of the Caucasus, and in this

* *Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus and Savage Svdnetia.* By Clive Phillipps-Wolley. (London: Bentley & Son. 1883.)

chapter I am compelled to rely upon my own experience and some rough notes sent me by Mr. St. George Littledale. . . . To me the Caucasus is an enchanted land. The spell of its flower-clad steppes, of its dense and dreary forests, of its giant wall of snow-peaks, fell upon me whilst I was still a boy, and will be with me all my life through. It was the first country in which I ever hunted, and it may be that I am prejudiced in its favour on that account, or it may be that I am right, and that there is no country under heaven so beautiful, and none in which the witchery of sport is so strong. Let my confession be taken into consideration by all, and with it the verdict of my quondam companion in Svânetia: "The Caucasus is an accursed country to hunt in, a country of ceaseless climbing and chronic starvation, in which the sport is not nearly worth the candle." This was the honest conviction of one who is no mean sportsman, and who, since his Caucasian experiences, has done exceptionally well in India. But men define sport differently. To those whose ambition it is to kill really wild game in a wild and savage country, in which they will get little help from any but their own right hands, to them I say, try the high solitude round Elburz and the ironstone ridges of Svânetia.

It was to the neighbourhood of Elburz that Prince Demidoff betook himself on the occasion of the first expedition recorded in this volume, but it can hardly have been to the exact region explored by Mr. C. Phillipps-Wolley. Says the prince:

When I state that this part of the Caucasus has never been visited by any sportsman, I of course except an Englishman, Mr. St. George Littledale, who, in 1887, 1888, and finally in 1891 camped for the third time on the timber line above the deep valleys of the Kisha (native Tcheggs), and succeeded in getting two specimens of the aurochs, which are now set up in the Natural History Museum and form one of its greatest attractions. Natives of the Caucasus themselves hardly believed that this splendid animal dwelt in their mountains, although I had heard of several of them having had the luck to kill one; but this was pure chance, and very few sportsmen have ever accomplished this difficult task. Moreover, the district which I visited in the autumn of 1895 has during the past few years been strictly preserved by the Grand-duke

Sergius Mikhailovitch, son of the Grand-duke Michael, who in former years was Viceroy of the Caucasus.

This gigantic preserve has many features of interest. It covers an area of somewhere about half a million acres, and the whole of it is strictly devoted to sport. The native shepherds have been driven off the pastures with their cattle, because they used to disturb the mountain game in summer, and great numbers of keepers, chiefly selected from among the inhabitants of neighbouring villages, have been engaged to prevent poaching. It is made evident that the habits of the keeper are the same all the world over. In the Caucasus, as in England, he has a blood-feud against all kinds of vermin. The only difference here to be noted is in the kind of beast denounced under this term. In the preserves of the Grand-duke Mikhailovitch the animal chiefly hated is the leopard. We read in this volume of one keeper who was still a young man and had the right to boast that he had killed no less than one hundred and fifty of these animals. Again and again, as we turn the pages, we come upon a curious lament. The leopard is looked upon as vermin in the Caucasus, but it refuses to indulge in conduct such as would justify the name it bears, and this refusal is its salvation. It will not, except on the rarest occasions, partake of meat whereof it has not been the butcher, and so the keepers harm it but little when they try to tempt it with bits of poisoned game.

As to the other animals that are found, they include the aurochs, the Caucasian stag (concerning one specimen of which there is more to be said hereafter), the ibex, the chamois, the brown bear, and the mountain gray bear. Concerning all these animals there is much to be gathered that cannot fail to interest. Those, for example, who remember the use which is made in *Quo Vadis?* of the supposed savagery of the aurochs will be surprised at the description of its behaviour given by a capable witness :

Two years ago the grand-duke's head keeper, who went to inspect their haunts, counted nine together. He told me they

stood before him for some time, gazing at him without seeming at all frightened, and, after a good three minutes' standing, they turned round. "But," said he, "if they were to get your wind without seeing you, you would hear a tremendous crashing in the woods, and off they would start in a wild gallop."

It may be of interest here to add an account of the bull aurochs shot for the British Museum by Mr. St. George Littledale, so that some idea may be gathered as to the size of this beast, which still manages to exist in certain parts of Europe:

I saw about a hundred yards off, ascending the other bank, a great ungainly brown beast. There he was at last—"everything comes to him who waits." Bang, bang, went the double express, the first bullet catching him through the ribs, as he was sideways on, the other just by his tail as he disappeared into the bush. I made record time down that hill, jumping fallen trees and loading as I went. How I escaped a broken leg I don't know, but I got below him and saw the beast coming down, evidently very sick. Again, again, and again I let him have it. I ran up to within forty yards, and when he saw me he lowered and shook his head, but he was too far gone to do more. Not wishing to spoil his skull, I waited until he turned and gave him his quietus behind the shoulder; he ran twenty yards and fell on his back into a deeply cut watercourse. . . . As he lay I took the following measurements:

	ft.	in.
From nose to root of tail	10	1
„ top of hoof to top of withers ...	5	11
Circumference of leg below the knee...	0	10
„ of the knee	1	4
„ below the hock ...	0	10½
„ round „	1	7
Girth of body	8	4

Mr. Littledale goes on (in his contribution to the *Big Game* volume of the Badminton Library) to describe the tremendous difficulty experienced in getting the big beast out of the watercourse and the dreadful toughness of its flesh when it had been cooked and the hunters tried to eat it. He explains how the skin was removed and the bones were

collected for the benefit of the Museum. He adds that when this had been effected he was straightway filled with the desire to slaughter a cow of the same species. There follows a passage which it is necessary to quote if only for the benefit of Prince Demidoff and his companions. After the cow had been found and killed, and the needs of science supplied, he came on another bull. "I found myself face to face with a grand old bull, bigger than my first victim. We were hidden in the bush and he stood in the open wood, and grand indeed he looked. I laid my rifle down, for the temptation was great; and I would not have slain him for a thousand pounds. I took off my cap to him out of respect for a noble representative of a nearly extinct species. I had got what I wanted, and mine should not be the hand to hurry further the extermination of a fading race for mere wanton sport."

Mr. Littledale deemed it the part of the sportsman to abstain from slaughter. Prince Demidoff refers more than once to a certain exploit of the grand-duke, who had come across a stag that was sleeping and shot it as it lay, at a distance of twenty yards. "Of course," says Prince Demidoff; and it is easy to understand the difficulty of refraining from taking advantage of such an opportunity of securing an exceptionally good head. If the grand-duke had actually stalked the stag one would have felt that his opportunity was the reward of his exceptional care and watchfulness. But we hear nothing of stalking; he seems to have found the stag asleep by the leading of blind chance, and to have killed it as the butcher kills a sheep. Says Prince Demidoff: "He carried the finest head I had ever seen, a twenty-one pointer with the following measurements: Span 42 in., girth 8 in., length of horn 45 in., length of brow antlers each 21 in. The weight of the beast was above fifty-two stone." This was certainly a magnificent stag, but we are inclined to wish that the grand-duke had condescended to the invention of a story that should enable the reader to congratulate him on his achievement. It is difficult to talk dogmatically as to the ethics of sport,

but it is perfectly certain that this particular stag was unfairly killed; and it has to be admitted that the mere head-hunter is just exactly as distinct from the real sportsman as is the man who is despised by athletes as a simple pot-hunter.

Reflections of the same kind occur to the reader in relation to the chamois shot by Prince Demidoff and his friends in the Caucasus. The beasts were very common. Prince Demidoff has shot as many as seven in the day, and met with herds of from seventy to a hundred at one time, just above the timber line, in September; his description of the habits of the animal in that locality make it difficult to believe that this is the brother, and not a remote cousin, of the chamois of the Tyrol. It is therefore hard to find words in which to characterise politely the conduct of the member of these expeditions who, on two separate occasions, shot a pair of chamois under circumstances which made it absolutely certain that the bodies could only be recovered in such a state of brokenness that they would be useless for the only purpose for which they could be required—that of mounting—and made it extremely probable that no amount of effort would suffice even for the recovery of the broken remains. The cockney sportsman has been the butt of many an indignant gibe, but it is plain that he is not the only person who finds it difficult to refrain from killing for killing's sake; and in the first of Prince Demidoff's three excursions there was such an abundance of game that we might have fancied mere killing would have lost its charm.

Another animal of which we hear a great deal in this book of Prince Demidoff's is the ibex, or *tûr*, to give it its local name. It is common throughout the Caucasus. As to bears, they are everywhere met with. Says our author:

> Brown bears are very numerous in the Caucasian Mountains, wherever there is timber. I have hardly ever been out of camp without seeing many tracks of Bruin. In late autumn they come down from the hills to the vicinity of the villages, where they can get fruit, and a ative told me he had killed one in a

peartree in his orchard. This same man succeeded in bagging five bears in one day. The grand-duke's keepers have strict orders now to treat these animals as vermin, but nevertheless they swarm in and about the forests.

Lynxes, wolves, foxes, and leopards were also met with, and although Prince Demidoff naturally did not carry a shot-gun, he managed to secure with the rifle specimens of the snow-partridge and the Caucasian blackcock. Experience led him to believe whenever he had flushed a covey of the former that he would shortly be within shot of ibex; as to the habits of the latter he makes some interesting observations:

The other game bird which abounds is the native blackcock. It also lives among the rocks above the timber-line, and in the rhododendron bushes, where I have often found them (*sic*) in September. There is no doubt but that they go down into the woods in winter. I do not think they ever descend farther than four thousand feet. In fact, it would seem that their habitat begins where that of the ordinary blackcock ends. One of the chief peculiarities of this bird is that the male becomes entirely black only in its third year. When one year old he resembles the hen; in his second year his feathers become dark, but with remains of gray patches here and there; whereas in the third year he becomes quite black, without any white feathers in the tail.

The first of the three expeditions started from Armmavir in the Kouban, in the early days of September, the grand-duke being of the party, which immediately set forth with an escort of Cossacks, intent on reaching Psebai, a hundred miles away, before nightfall. During the first stage of twenty miles (covered in the excellent time of an hour and a half) they were accompanied by Armenians; after this the escort was made up of Cossacks, mostly soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the neighbourhood, who beguiled the tedium of the way by an exhibition of those feats of horsemanship for which the Cossack is famous all the world over. When half the journey had been covered the party reached the village of Labinskaia, where the grand-duke

received at the threshold of the commanding colonel's house the customary offering of bread and salt on a wooden platter. Lunch was served, and the sportsmen started again with a fresh escort of Cossacks. More offerings of bread and salt were made as they continued on their way, and there were many other incidents, until at last they neared the end of their journey.

The valley was growing narrower, the ridges of the hills on both sides becoming higher and higher. In front of us the masses grew denser and more compact, no more a vague outline but a close reality. My companion, Count C——, knew the place, having been there before with the grand-duke, and pointed out to me one after the other the peaks which rose against the dark blue sky like an irregular set of huge teeth, giving me at the same time their queer and unpronounceable names. . . . The sun was going gradually down behind us as we finally turned the last corner, and half a mile in front of us appeared the village of Psebai. I hardly think we could find a more perfect place for a settlement, surrounded as it is on all sides but one by precipitous hills; while on the remaining side to the west a plain stretches for a distance of about eight miles to the foot of the lofty mountains. This small plain, with Psebai in it, the last before the main range of the Caucasus, seemed to me like the plan of a box, of which the hills form the sides. . . . As we entered the bells began to ring, and our first halt was at the church, where the village priest waited in full vestments to greet the grand-duke and sing a Te Deum. Not only was the small village church crowded, but the streets were swarming with people who were trying to gain admission in order to get a look at the grand-duke and his party. After the ceremony was over we made straight for the shooting-box.

The party afterwards travelled in a sort of loop having the Little Laba river on its south-eastern side, while the Kisha ran through it. Hitherto the method most popular in this district had been that of the drive, but the record of the first few days in the experience of the party is one of failure. Only two chamois were killed in this way, and it was decided to stalk the game thereafter. The success of this method was occasionally so great that it is almost

wearisome to read of it. Thus, on page 49, we are told how the prince shot three chamois and missed an ibex in a space of time that can hardly have been so long as half an hour by his own account. We may extract the tale of how Count C—— missed the greatest prize of all :

Towards afternoon he had heard a stag roaring in front of him. Just as he was approaching the beast and had only a few more yards to advance in order to get a shot, one of the keepers whispered to him the magic word *subr* (bison), and, turning round, he saw, about eighty yards to his left, a mighty old bull calmly standing among the willow trees and looking at him. In the excitement he lowered his rifle and fired; the beast gave a jump and disappeared among the trees. Following up, they found blood here and there, and tracked him down hill for some time, but without result. One of the men had continued the chase for another three hours, and finally had to give it up, the light having failed and the animal being still on the move. Thoroughly disgusted, Count C—— had returned to camp, where he gave us a most lively account of his misfortunes.

It is possibly the right of the sportsman who gets so excited at the sight of the beast he has been longing to meet, that he cannot seriously wound it when it stands regarding him at a distance of eighty yards, to speak of his "misfortunes." Surely, however, most men would be rather inclined to keep silence as to what they would humbly regard as their lack of skill and of nerve? A little later, a certain "Captain S——," who was a member of the party, came upon a small herd of aurochs in the Kisha Valley. It consisted of a bull, three cows, and two calves, none of which seemed in the least disturbed by his approach. He fired at relatively short quarters and killed the largest of the animals, a cow. Several shots were needed, and the measurements were: *Horns:* Length of right horn, 15 inches; left, 17 inches; circumference at base, 7 inches; greatest span, 10 inches; from tip to tip, 2½ inches. *Body:* Length from snout to end of tail bone, 10 feet 1 inch; height from shoulder to end of fore-hoof, 5 feet 3 inches; girth round waist, 6 feet 3 inches; of leg above knee,

18 inches; of leg below knee, 9 inches. The weight was 900 pounds. "According to Russian game laws shooting bison is entirely prohibited throughout the empire. The grand-duke has to get special permission from his Majesty every time he sets out, and I believe that three is the limit now allowed."

On the day which followed this success of Captain S——, Prince Demidoff had another. The grand-duke set off in quest of aurochs; Captain S—— went to where the dead bison lay in order to superintend the skinning and the securing of the bones for the St. Petersburg Museum; while the prince, accompanied by Count C——, took his fishing-rod down to the river in order to enjoy a change of occupation. He carried a rifle on the chance of meeting something worth shooting. On the way to the waterside they came on numerous tracks of stags and aurochs; arrived there, they discovered that the half-pound trout were deliciously unsophisticated, and seemed prepared to take the fly under almost any conditions. They lunched and resumed their occupation, and the prince was on the point of landing the biggest fish he had yet hooked, when one of the men caught him by the arm and whispered the magic word *zubr*. Prince Demidoff lost the fish, and for the moment was content.

I immediately caught sight of a grand old beast coming stealthily out of the bush on the other side of the stream, not more than a hundred yards off, and approaching us, evidently, as I thought, for an afternoon drink. I grasped my rifle as quickly as I could, dropping my fishing-rod, which floated down stream; but at that moment my mind was elsewhere. The movement I made to reach my rifle did not pass unnoticed, for we were in full view of the bison, which turned quickly to the right and disappeared in the brushwood before I had time to fire. The torrent was deep and cold, but there was no time for reflection and I dashed across it; the water coming first to my knees, then to my waist, next nearly up to my armpits, so that I had to keep the rifle straight up in the air to prevent it from getting wet. The shores were exceedingly slippery, but nothing on earth could have stopped me at that moment. In a few

seconds I was safe on the other side, when to my great surprise I heard a shot, followed by another, in the direction in which the bison had disappeared. On reaching the scene of action, I caught sight of the animal stumbling over stumps of trees and trying to make his way through the dense underwood. Lowering my rifle and aiming at his huge head, I fired both barrels at him. As he was down, but still breathing hard, I gave him a third bullet. At that moment one of the men who had gone out with the grand-duke came rushing down and gave me an explanation of the shots I had heard and of what had occurred. The grand-duke had come across a herd of bison in the woods, and had wounded two of them. He had gone himself in pursuit of one, while my informant had followed the other, which had come down to the very place where we were fishing and now lay dead before us. . . . The grand-duke now came up, having heard the shots, He had had to give up the chase of the other animal, but was delighted to see that one of them at least had been stopped.

This episode, followed on other days by the shooting of a few chamois and ibex, brought the first expedition to a close. The party gradually descended from its elevation of eight thousand feet to the Lesser Laba, and so returned to Psebai river. Prince Demidoff's next expedition took place in the summer of 1896, and led him to a very different part of the Caucasus, that which lies about the Persian frontier. It is here that Dr. Levick takes up the story, and though he is hardly so skilled a narrator as the prince, the account becomes more interesting. After all, there ought to be no difficulty in arriving within sight, at any rate, of a satisfying definition of sport, so far as it is concerned with the killing of wild animals. The innocence of Eden has disappeared, and most of the brute inhabitants of air and water and forest have the instinct of self-preservation so strongly developed that they are perpetually on the alert against the enemies that surround them. The attempt to kill these animals rises to the dignity of sport when it is made under circumstances of such a nature that the odds are in favour of the animals' escape, and when the pursuer is compelled, if he would gain to success, to exhibit in a superlative degree all

those qualities—of alertness, of patience, of agility, and of promptitude in action—upon which the prey relies for safety. In this second expedition the difficulties of the hunter and the scarcity and shyness of the game were undoubtedly much greater than those set forth in the earlier chapters of the book, and it is this fact which increases one's pleasure in reading. The members of the expedition met at Tiflis, and visited the Grand-duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch at Borjom, where they inspected a magnificent collection of Caucasian horns, and heard with infinite regret that they were not likely to meet with great success in the Alaguez Mountains, the region they were about to visit. Whilst they were here the emir of Bokhara and his suite lunched with the grand-duke.

The emir and his suite lent quite an Oriental aspect to the occasion. Although his highness's bearing was dignified and commanding, he looked comparatively young; at least, he did not bear the aged and careworn expression one might expect to find in a man who had been courageous enough to accept the responsibility for 322 wives. . . . His son would appear to be as matrimonially inclined as his father, for on attaining the age of sixteen in a few months' time, he is to start with the modest number of sixteen wives.

Returning to Tiflis, the party journeyed south to Erivan, and there Prince Demidoff gave a dinner at which, in obedience to local customs, an unconscionable amount of liquor was consumed. On July 13 they started for the Alaguez Mountains. It should be added that a Scottish stalker, named Grant, had been engaged to accompany them. They soon found that the dismal prophecies made as to this district were only too well founded. They returned to Erivan, and travelled eastward along the Persian frontier Negram, and thence to Dari-Dagh. Here they had sport in plenty, although they shot very few animals—most of which were ibex. Stalking was so difficult, that even the most careful of men rarely got to within such a distance of the quarry that it was worth while to attempt a shot. Incidentally they heard much of the brigands whose place is

on the border, and the local hunters who were with them were given guns that were to be used only if they should be attacked by these gentry. Unfortunately—so far as the reader is concerned at least—no attack was made. The opinion expressed by the Scottish stalker one day, after having gone out with Prince Demidoff, will interest sportsmen. "Grant, who had had fifteen years of Scottish stalking, said he had never been in such straits before, and quite thought that it was all up with him and that he would never see bonnie Scotland again." Among other discomforts experienced were scorpions and snakes, intense heat which lasted day and night, and a notable deficiency in the supply of palatable water. As to the Araxes, for example, it is written: "Its tepid water was somewhat of the consistency of pea-soup, due to the large amount of sediment carried along in its rapid current, and it was only a thirst of some considerable intensity that reconciled us to our liquid refreshment." Moreover the travellers were much plagued by mosquitoes, and ran considerable risk of contracting malarial fever. It must have been with no small sense of relief that they turned back to Erivan, and thence set forth for Tiflis, where they arrived on August 8. Here Madame Demidoff joined her husband, and when the party set forth for the Kouban district she remained one of its members. They journeyed to Battalpaschinsk by way of Vladikavkas, and started into the mountains, proposing first of all to try the Zellenchuk valley. There is a striking description of the scenery by the way.

On either side of the road were to be seen such familiar flora as wild raspberries, strawberries, currants, nettles, thistles, hops, and sunflowers, while the slopes were well wooded with beeches, nut trees, and other well-known species. Higher up, the hills were darkened by the closely set pine trees, the straight trunks of which raised themselves to a great height with unfailing regularity. Conspicuous were the giant *Umbellifera*, standing about ten feet high, and forming a striking contrast to the more familiar vegetation around.

Ibex and chamois had lately been seen in the neighbour-

hood, and Mr. St. George Littledale (who had joined the party in its visit to the Persian frontier, and to whom the volume is dedicated by Prince Demidoff) was the first to meet with success, killing a couple of the latter. After a few days the prince met with an accident that might have had the most serious consequences.

After watching and spying for a couple of hours, he heard some stones rolling, and then saw a tûr descending a spur on the opposite side. The beast was coming in his direction, but was disturbed by seeing a hunter that had taken a horse to bring back the tûr shot on the previous day. D—— attempted to follow him. . . . On negotiating an awkward corner, he was helping himself round with his alpenstock, when the point slipped and he fell a distance of about twenty feet, rolling over several times. He fortunately caught hold of and clung to a projecting piece of rock in time to prevent a sheer fall of about a thousand feet. He was soon rescued from his precarious position, fortunately having received no serious injury.

Almost the next day it was Dr. Levick who narrowly escaped a violent death :

On reaching the crest of the range we saw three chamois feeding a thousand yards off, on a plateau on the central ridge, running at right angles to the range. Though there was a difficult valley in a direct line between us and our quarry, we decided to make straight across instead of following the main range to its junction with the range. Having had but very little experience of mountaineering above the snow-line, I forsook the more tedious rocky descent for what appeared to me an easier method down the edge of a snow-slope. I had not gone far on the hardened surface when, to my dismay, I slipped and found myself sliding down at a rapidly increasing rate. I tried to hold myself back with my alpenstock and heels, but failed. Fortunately, the snow-slope had a lateral slant, and by good luck, instead of descending to the bottom I slid across to the other side. a distance of about fifty yards. My progress was arrested by some gravel, softened by the water which trickled down by the side of the snow. I was surprised to find I had received no serious damage, and after a little while was able to continue the descent in a less rapid manner. I found

my alpenstock smashed at the bottom, about two hundred yards below, and was sincerely thankful I had not followed the same course and shared the same fate.

The region to which Prince Demidoff and his friends had now come offered them unlimited opportunities of exciting adventure, but there were no more big bags. Madame Demidoff made heroic attempts to emulate the feats of her companions of the other sex, and it is with regret that one reads again and again of how her desires were thwarted by unlucky accidents. The party stayed on until the season was far advanced and the rigours of the situation had become considerable before its members retreated to Battalpaschinsk, and thence to Nevinomissk. At this point they parted, and each sought his own personal destination. But the reader must feel that he would have the support of all who took part in these expeditions if he declared that the region they visited on the third occasion was the one that the real sportsman would chiefly desire to explore. Game was plentiful, and yet the man who had killed a chamois had the right to be extremely proud of his achievement. It cannot be denied that in saying thus much we have described the true paradise of the sportsman, properly so called. People are going to all sorts of strange and far away lands in order to shoot big game, and it is characteristic of the age that they are going under the charge of tourist agencies that would as willingly see them through Somaliland as through the art galleries of Florence. If they really understand the meaning of sport, and have health and a healthy love of enduring hardship cheerfully, they will do well to read this record of the expeditions of Prince Demidoff, and consider whether it would not be worth their while to go no farther than the Caucasus.

H. D. LOWRY.

METHODISM AND THE AGE.

THE path of ecclesiastical history is strewn with extinct types of denominationalism, and it has often been confidently predicted that Wesleyan Methodism would at no distant date furnish an additional curious specimen of this order for the entertainment and instruction of the ecclesiastical antiquary. But dispassionate men who take into consideration all the facts of the case will acknowledge that the fulfilment of the pessimistic prophecy is at least not imminent. It is unquestionable that this singular Church system continues to possess marvellous organic vitality, and that so far from being out of correspondence with the facts and temper of the age, its harmony with its general environment is remarkable. Our present purpose is to consider Wesleyan Methodism in the light of the present day, and to point out several of its leading positions and characteristics that are calculated to satisfy the convictions and claims of the age.

So far as the *doctrines* of Methodism are concerned they are certainly not incompatible with the convictions and aspirations of our Evangelical countrymen: time has been on the side of Wesley's theological creed. This is true of the distinctive doctrines of primitive Methodism. Wesley's logical masterpiece against Taylor of Norwich on the doctrine of original sin, set forth the fundamental truth of all Methodism—*viz.* that man was a depraved guilty sinner needing salvation. As against Socinianism, Wesley demonstrated the fact of the sinfulness and peril of human nature; and as against the current teaching of the Establishment, he maintained that men were not to be regarded as conventionally sinners who could be set right by ecclesiastical ceremonies, but as real sinners, whose only justification was in the free grace of God in Jesus Christ. Time has put its

seal on this leading teaching of Wesley and Whitefield and their Evangelical coadjutors. Wesley's doctrine of universal redemption is not one that his followers need disavow. He suffered hurricanes of abuse in setting forth the immensity of God's love in Jesus Christ; but the skies are blue now, and the whole world rejoices in the sense and sunshine of heaven's universal love. The creed, the preaching, the hymns, and the missions of Methodism have from the beginning displayed the genius of universality, and in the course of the century the vast majority of devout men of all denominations have acquiesced in Wesley's generous theology. St. Paul's breaking away from the narrow traditions of Judaism was an act that determined the ages; and when Wesley repudiated Calvinism, history repeated itself, and Protestantism shook off its paralysing error. The doctrine of assurance is another distinctive Methodist doctrine that increasingly evidences its validity. That the sinner cannot rest without the sense of forgiveness is proved by a thousand signs, he longs for the consciousness of absolution and of adoption into God's family; and Wesley, speaking from Scripture and experience, taught confidently that this assurance comes directly from the Spirit of God. The Church does not announce to the penitent the fact of God's forgiveness, but from the fulness of his rejoicing heart the penitent announces that fact to the Church. It is being more and more understood that Wesley's doctrine of the witness of the Spirit renders the priest and the confessional an impertinence. But if the guilty one does not receive direct from God the knowledge of forgiveness and reconciliation, he will seek that knowledge at strange oracles. And the doctrine of Christian perfection which Wesley calmly maintained in the face of almost universal contempt and derision has been welcomed in these latter days by devout souls in all communions. At any ordinary holiness convention the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Congregationalist, and the Methodist will be found together witnessing to the reality and blessedness of the doctrine of perfect purity and perfect love. These representatives of the several

Churches may differ in their definitions of entire sanctification, but the differences are merely verbal; substantially they unanimously witness to the great doctrine for which Wesley contended: *viz.* that the infinite grace of the sovereign Spirit can renew and perfect the soul here and now. No distinctive doctrine of primitive Methodism puts modern Methodism at a disadvantage. The truths that were once special to her are ceasing to be special, not because she discovers that those truths were partial or misconceived, but because they are becoming the recognised doctrines of the universal Protestant Church.

But leaving the special doctrines which Wesley did so much to revive, and of which later times have so distinctly approved, Methodism is in perfect sympathy with the whole Protestant faith to which the mass of Englishmen hold so tenaciously. In France to-day we witness the unhappy spectacle of the civil and military powers in ominous collision. Which power is destined to prove its supremacy remains a question. In our own country we witness a corresponding conflict between a priestly caste in the Anglican Church and a nation Protestant to the core. Chancellor Dibdin at the late Church Congress lamented this conflict in these words:

> The conflict of Church parties was mischievous and humiliating enough; but there was one thing more deadly, and that a war of clericals and anti-clericals. They had never suffered from the terrible curse in England, at least from the Reformation, and he prayed God to grant that they never might; but was it not obvious that a clergy petrified into a caste, and a powerless, voiceless laity were the most natural means of bringing it upon them?

As to the exact extent to which the Romanising heresy prevails among the English clergy it is impossible to affirm, but it is absolutely certain that the erring clergy are numerically out of all proportion to the infected members of their flock. In many Romanising churches the attendance is small, and when such churches are popular the

congregations have usually little or no sympathy with the ideas which find expression in the novel gestures and symbolism, the innovation is endured with more or less impatience. Whilst an influential section of the clergy is repudiating the name of Protestant, disavowing its doctrines and principles, and striving with impassioned astuteness to restore Romanism in this land, events on the Continent are making clear to the man in the street that that very creed possesses a fatal power to destroy living nations, and that it is utterly impotent to revive dying ones. The authorities of the English Church have hardly proved themselves equal to the perplexing situation, and show no way out of the dilemma; the archbishop and bishops at the late Church. Congress, in their pleasant treatment of all parties, too strongly suggested the bland Kaiser at Jerusalem, making himself agreeable to Protestants, Catholics, and Turks. The result of this conflict between the priest and the nation we will not venture to predict. As Mr. Balfour declared so significantly the other day at Bristol: "Our business is not so much to safeguard Protestantism, which is not, and cannot be within these islands, in any danger." The danger threatens the recreant Church.

Although Methodism took its rise in the Establishment, and has always striven to maintain a friendly attitude to its antecedent, it has no secret taint of the Roman heresy. We are perpetually reminded that our State Church is built upon a compromise, the Prayer-Book being its chief corner-stone But if the compromise which secures large comprehension has its advantages, it also carries within itself tremendous perils. "I say not that compromise is unnecessary, but it is an evil attendant on our imperfection; and I would pray every one to mark that, where compromise broadens, intellect and conscience are thrust into narrower room," remarks Mr. Lyon in *Felix Holt.* Compromise is well enough when men's views are vague, when principles are lightly held, when conscience is numb; but when intellect becomes intense and conscience sensitive, they rebel against the narrow room into which they have been thrust.

they scoff at expediency, and then social, political, and ecclesiastical revolutions and dissolutions supervene. This is just such a moment in the Church of England : a breath of life has passed over it, and the perils inherent in compromise disclose themselves, intellect and conscience awake, the clergy and their congregations resolve themselves into antagonistic groups, each party asks for more room, and asks for so much room that it is not unlikely in the event that an ancient historic incident may be repeated. "And the sons of the prophets said unto Elisha, Behold now, the place where we dwell with thee is too strait for us. Let us go, we pray thee, unto Jordan, and take thence every man a beam, and let us make us a place there, where we may dwell. And he answered, Go ye." Methodism adopted the Anglican Liturgy, but entered into no compromise with Rome ; it is free from the sinister implications of the Prayer-Book. Read the story of Wesley's conversion : "In the evening (May 24, 1738) I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation : and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death." Wesley's conversion arising out of the reading of Luther's commentary is a significant fact. The spirit of the Reformation was in Methodism from its beginning. Wesley was himself an ardent Protestant, and no Church is more intensely loyal to the great principles of the Reformation than modern Methodism is. In this matter it is in absolute accord with the national conviction and determination.

In some quarters it has been suggested that doctrinal unsettlement and decay imperil modern Methodism; but this is the hasty inference of critics unacquainted with the whole situation. Those who best know Methodism best know its doctrinal sanity, and its firm resolve to maintain that sanity

The truest friends of orthodoxy are not the morbid and feverish who scent heresy in every ambiguous phrase, and who are ever ready to urge ecclesiastical assemblies to precipitate and severe action; Churches conscious of their integrity and quite sure of themselves, may sometimes make legitimate and benign use of anæsthetics as skilful surgeons do. The Annual Address of the last Conference to the Wesleyan Methodist Church contains these passages: "Whilst every age seeks to express truth in its own forms of speech, and may sometimes succeed in improving on the phraseology of the past, there is no sign of any change in our attitude towards the foundation doctrines of our faith. . . . . We are not haunted by misgivings lest the truth which has sanctified multitudes should not be taught to our children and to our children's children. The doctrinal continuity of the religious movement of which we are children and heirs is absolutely unbroken, although we need to pray, as will every fresh generation, for the passionate conviction of our forefathers. *That* cannot be acquired by heredity or tradition, and must be sought anew through every day of our history." This eloquent testimony, volunteered by no blind partisan, is entirely true. Here and there the leaven of rationalism may be traced; but taken as a whole, modern Methodism holds sensitively the cardinal doctrines of personal godliness as these doctrines were apprehended by Wesley, whilst still granting to its ministry and members that fair liberty of private interpretation which is essential to continued reality and freshness of belief.

The status of the *ministry* in the Wesleyan Church will not offend the conviction and taste of our generation. This nation will not again take kindly to any system of pronounced sacerdotalism. The tremendous assumptions of the Romanising section of the Anglican Church, when once really understood, will be rejected by the nation as intolerable. Englishmen have a sure, swift instinct regarding the priest; the stern lesson of history has been inwrought into the soul of the nation, and we persist to see in the priest the fateful figure "that always crosses the stage when

God is about to dissolve an empire." The priest knows nothing of constitutional government; from the altar he exercises a far more despotic rule than does the monarch on the throne; and a free and thoughtful people shrink from a master who blights everything that he touches. In a certain atmosphere the fallen tree in the wood-cutter's yard may sprout, but it does not again take root; and the sacerdotalism repudiated by our fathers may show signs of lingering and sporadic life, yet it is impossible that it should ever again root itself and overspread the land with the shadow of death. As Carlyle says, "sacerdotalism can no more come back than druidism can." Henceforth the priest is impossible. But, on the other hand, this nation, with its reverence for the Church of God and for all sacred things, will not be satisfied with a religious community that has no ministry, neither will it consent to a ministry subject to sundry humiliations designed to remind it that it is not what it does not assume itself to be. One of the cardinal errors of Protestantism has been its repeated attempts to correct the exaggerations of the system against which it protests by going to the utmost extreme in the opposite direction. In its recoil from the pagan pomp and splendour of Romanist worship it decried art and reduced its ritual to utter nakedness, thereby as Ruskin maintains, seriously weakening itself; shocked at the wild superstitions of the Roman altar, zealous reformers robbed their congregations of rich blessing by teaching that the Lord's supper was simply a bare sign or symbol emblematically and figuratively representing scriptural truth; and, in the same spirit, revolting against the insolence of the hierarchy, some Protestants have abolished the ministry altogether, or else reduced it to the last insignificance. It is not altogether impossible to understand the enthusiastic Protestant who protested against fasting by eating a double quantity of flesh on Friday; but the Protestant certainly evinces a lack of logic when he attempts to correct Romish extravagances by denying himself a dignified ritual, a spiritual sacrament, or a ministry of which he might think highly for its work's sake. Englishmen have an ingrained

reverence for a true minister of Christ, and they will not on a large scale be attracted to a Church which has no ministry, or to one in which the position of the minister is distinctly inferior.

The ministry of Methodism is in accord with the best traditions and sympathies of the English nation. The minister is chosen with a view to his fitness for the ministerial vocation. Emerson says, "The gift is the call": and when Methodism gives the call, it is persuaded of the intellectual competence of the candidate. The moral character of the individual minister is subjected to severe periodical scrutiny. That the standard of character is high is evidenced by the attention and criticism bestowed on the comparatively few cases of ministerial delinquency which unhappily occur. And the ministry of this Church is required to have a personal knowledge of the things of God. Said Wesley: "My preachers are not learned men, but they are masters of what they teach." There are more learned preachers in the Wesleyan Methodist communion to-day than there were in Wesley's time; but the strength of modern Methodism lies largely, where the strength of primitive Methodism lay, in the fact that the preachers possess an experimental knowledge of the saving truths they teach. And this ministry exists for no other end than to save souls and to spread scriptural holiness through the land; it subjects itself to a rigid subordination, discipline, and self-sacrifice, so that it may accomplish this high spiritual mission. Because of this character, spirit, and service, the Methodist Church honours its ministers, and entrusts them with great powers and privileges, that they may pastorise, discipline, and perfect the Church they serve.

The position and interpretation given by the Wesleyan Methodist Church to the *sacraments* places it at no disadvantage in the eyes of our generation generally. It is pretty certain that the Church of the future will duly honour the sacraments; there are no signs whatever of any general falling away from these institutions. From the very beginning the Evangelical Revival honoured the holy sacraments, giving them high place and interpretation, and the latest

children of that revival are not ashamed of the sacramental position of their fathers, neither have they any desire to modify that position. Divergent views obtain amongst the Methodist people as to the exact blessing vouchsafed by the Head of the Church in the sacrament of baptism, but they universally recognise that God honours the faith of His people and imparts to them and to their offspring in His own ordinance a spiritual and an abiding grace. Methodists regard the baptism of infants not only as an act of dedication, but as a recognition of their relation to God through Christ, their relation to the covenant of grace, and of their membership already in the Christian Church; and Methodists fully believe that in the ordinance of baptism God gives and pledges the grace which is essential to the full realisation of the Christian relation, characters and privilege. But there is little danger of Methodism falling into the error of baptismal regeneration. Wesley writes: "Lean no more on the staff of that broken reed, that ye were born again in baptism. Who denies that ye were then made children of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven? But notwithstanding this ye are now the children of the devil. Therefore ye must be born again." "Being born of God implies not barely the being baptized or any outward change whatever." "Baptism is not the new birth, they are not one and the same thing." One of the most conspicuous features of Methodism from its origin to this day has been the preaching of the new birth as against all ecclesiastical forms, not excepting the sacraments. Modern Methodism sincerely and strongly maintains the authority and significance of holy baptism, but it never ceases to urge upon every member of its congregations the imperative necessity of conversion.

In relation to the sacrament of the Lord's supper the position of Methodism is that of the Evangelical Church. It has no sympathy with the magic mass of Roman Catholicism, nor yet with the kindred conception of Luther; and, on the other hand, we venture to think that it holds no low or inadequate view of the sacred ordinance. Zwingle is

generally charged with being the author of the defective views of the sacraments which have more or less obtained in the Protestant world; but Christoffel, in his biography of that most noble reformer, sheds a very different light on the subject. Perhaps Dr. Cunningham in his work on *The Reformers, and the Theology of the Reformation*, gives a properly shaded view of the Swiss reformer's position: "It is very manifest that Zwingle, disgusted with the mass of heresy, mysticism, and absurdity which had prevailed so long and so widely in the Church on the subject of the sacraments, leant very strongly to what may be called the opposite extreme of excessive simplicity and plainness. It is not wonderful that he did not succeed perfectly in hitting the golden mean, or that the reaction against the monstrous and ruinous system which had been wrought out and established in the Church of Rome tempted him to try to simplify the subject of the sacraments beyond what the Scriptures required or sanctioned. We believe that he did, to some extent, yield to this temptation; but we are persuaded, at the same time, that he rendered services of the very highest value to the Church, by the light which he threw upon this important and intricate subject." * Who, in theological language and definition, *has* hit "the golden mean" upon the nature and efficacy of the sacraments? Coleridge said, although not with perfect accuracy, that "the Calvinists had volatilized the Eucharist to a word, the Romanists ossified it to an idol." To find the golden mean between these extremes is the problem. But we may be sure that the profound and scholarly Zwingle, saturated with the teachings of the New Testament, was much nearer that golden mean than the Church of Rome is. The sacrament of the Lord's supper, as administered by the Evangelical clergy, when the body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten only after a heavenly and spiritual manner, seems inadequate and prosaic to some; but we must remember the remark of a distinguished writer,

* Page 226.

that "there is always something 'prosaic in truth to poetic souls." The efficacy of the sacrament is far more a question of lively faith than of lively imagination; or, perhaps, we may say, that the efficacy of the sacraments is not dependent upon the natural imagination which the Romanist cultivates, but rather on that spiritual imagination which the New Testament calls faith, and which looks through things seen and temporal to the unseen realities they represent or suggest. Magic dazzles far more than the sober processes of nature do, but truth and efficiency are with the sober fact; so the Protestant Church has no need to exaggerate the mystical elements of the sacrament with a view of silencing the Papist who charges the reformers with explaining away the mystery and efficacy of the sacraments—the simple, believing soul hits the golden mean, and takes that sacrament to his great comfort without the aid of metaphysics, mysticism, or pageantry. Methodism is far away from the blasphemous and ruinous superstitions of the Romish altar; and, on the other hand, she has no sympathy with those who regard the bread and wine as naked and bare signs or symbols of scriptural truth and spiritual blessings; that sacrament, partaken of by faith in Him whom it sets forth, has been a channel of grace to tens of thousands of the Methodist people, and they have proved its heavenly value in the nourishing and increasing of their spiritual life. Guided from its beginning by the New Testament alone, Methodism is not now required to revise her doctrine of the sacraments; she finds herself in perfect agreement with the increasing multitude of pious and reasonable souls who at once shrink from the pestilent sacerdotalism of Rome and from the reduction of the solemn ordinances to mere emblems and figures of spiritual things.

The position of the *laity* in the government of Methodism is, in view of current controversies, a point of considerable interest. The discussions in the late Church Congress at Bradford respecting the mutual relations of clergy and laity were peculiarly instructive. Dr. Jessop reminded the Congress

that even in the fourth century it was permitted to all to preach the gospel and to explain the Scripture. They found from St. Clement that in his day the consent of the whole body of the laity in addition to that of the presbyters was required for the election of a bishop. . . . The bishops and clergy, however, gradually came to the conclusion that they did not need the help of the laity to such a great extent—until they endeavoured to discard it altogether. . . . The clergy were continually gaining ground, and the laity were continually losing it, as was inevitable.

Chancellor Dibdin followed in the same strain :

The constitutional position of the layman could be stated very summarily. He had the fullest privilege of receiving Church ministrations: he had scarcely any official responsibility for Church work, and he had virtually no share in Church government. Such was the constitutional position of the layman. . . . He thought most of them were coming to see that the recognition of the right of the laity to a real voice in ecclesiastical affairs was, perhaps, the most urgent subject of Church reform. The welfare of the Church itself demanded it. . . . The air was thick with schemes by which laymen might be admitted to a more or less considerable part in ecclesiastical administration.

Mr. Justice Grantham urged the same contention :

Were they not suffering because so many of them considered that they (the clergy) alone represented the Church, that the laity had no rights as Churchmen except those of baptism and burial and of receiving occasionally the Lord's supper, whilst now some clergy practically deprived them of that right, by only administering it at times, and in a manner that accorded only with their own doctrinal views? In his view, the laity were as much members of the Church as the clergy, and had exactly the same rights in the Church. The word "Church," he argued, applied to the whole body of Christians who agreed in that particular form of worship which they believed to be most in accordance with that Christian teaching of our Saviour, which had been handed down to us by the apostles and bishops of our Church. . . . It was incorrect to speak of the rights of the clergy as indicating something that the laity did not possess. . . . If only the clergy could feel that they could best

serve their heavenly Master by endeavouring to work with the laity, instead of considering themselves to occupy as clergymen a position of superiority and clerical autocracy, they would be, in fact as in name, as so many were to-day, the shepherds of their flocks, and would take the same interest in their welfare as the shepherd does in his sheep.

The Bishop of Glasgow, preaching before the Congress, uttered these remarkable words on the same subject:

Of all Church reform, the one that now seems to be recognised as of primary and supreme importance is the restoration to the laity of their due position in the councils of the Church. Take up that volume of essays on Church reform which has recently been issued under the editorship of Canon Gore, and you will see that again and again it is maintained that the first step towards all our needed and desired reformations is the readmission of the laity to their primitive rights; and if you ask me what those primitive rights are, I turn to the pages of the Bible and make answer—the right of taking an active part in the proclamation of the kingdom of Christ; the right of assisting in the election of the officers in the Church; the right of bearing a share, as the laymen did at Corinth, in the administration of Church discipline; the right of a recognised place in the deliberations of the Church's councils; the right of giving or withholding assent to the Church's decrees; the right, in a word, of taking an active share in the kingship and priesthood of Christ. It is because there has been so little Church work entrusted in past years to laymen, that English Church laymen have been tempted to think that there is no Church work for them to do. They have not sufficiently been bidden to realise their priestliness as members of the Church, and to exercise that ministry of active service which was committed to them at their confirmation by the laying on of hands. But, thanks be to God! the English Church layman in these our days is once more renewing his strength.

But these very rights and privileges are already conceded in Methodism quite as far as any of these gentlemen would desire. When John Wesley realised the call of Thomas Maxfield, and gave him permission to pray and expound in the congregation, Wesley planted in Methodism a true scriptural germ, which has slowly unfolded itself in the

increasing power and influence of the laity until this day; and if the richest Church is the one that knows best how to avail itself of the services of the greatest number of its members, Methodism ought not to lag behind. "The right of taking an active part in the proclamation of the kingdom of Christ." Twenty thousand lay preachers in Wesleyan Methodism alone from Sunday to Sunday proclaim this precious gospel, and an equal number officiate in the pulpits of the other branches of the Methodist Church. "The right of assisting in the election of the officers in the Church." This right the laity of Methodism exercise in their leaders' meetings and quarterly meetings. "The right of bearing a share in the administration of Church discipline." The leaders and local preachers of Methodism do thus share in the administration of discipline. "The right of a recognised place in the deliberation of the Church's councils." The laymen of Methodism have their recognised place in the committees, synods, and conferences of their Church. "The right of giving or withholding assent to the Church's decrees." The laity of Methodism possess this veto. "The right of taking an active share in the kingship and priesthood of Christ." The laity of Methodism take this share in a larger degree, perhaps, than the eloquent preacher at that moment thought or designed. Methodism is rich in unordained pastors. That some of the laity of Methodism claim still larger power and influence is quite true, but there can be no doubt that they possess the fulness of that authority for which these Anglican representatives contend. The popular element has existed in Methodism from the beginning; a Methodist class-meeting is the ideal democracy; and slowly but surely, as befits a large corporation, the laity has proceeded all through the century to a more commanding share in the government of their Church. Methodism has about solved the problem that the Anglican Church is beginning to attack. The Roman Catholic Church has no laity; the priesthood is the Church; the problem of the laity cannot therefore arise in that community.

It is quite possible that a religious movement quickened by the breath of a strong enthusiasm may start into sudden power and popularity, only to find later on that it is lacking in essential particulars which deny it permanence; its defects may not appear in its earlier stages; nay, it may grow all the faster by virtue of these defects, but time discovers its inherent limitations, and what was counted a cedar withers with the bamboo. After enduring for more than a century, Methodism is not conscious of any organic congenital limitations. No unfortunate article makes it difficult for her to justify her creed; she is not fettered by an antique and inelastic organisation; she is not enfeebled by the lack of a ministry, or handicapped by a ministry with false claims, or discredited by a ministry wanting in character, education, or dignity; she has not misunderstood her Lord as to the spiritual nature and binding obligation of the holy sacraments; and in her theory of government and administration she grants all those democratic rights which the modern world demands. In her we may gratefully acknowledge a splendid instrument fashioned by the hand of God for large service in the modern world.

THE EDITOR.

The World of Books.

I.—THEOLOGICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

The Range of Christian Experience. The Fernley Lecture for 1898. By Rev. R. WADDY MOSS. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

IT is well that the Fernley Lecture should sometimes be a contribution to the devotional side of the life and thought of the Church. This volume is an able and refreshing effort in this direction. It is a reasoned and reasonable meditation on the ministry of Christian experience in spheres of thought and conduct where intellectual and ethical endeavour need a higher light and diviner impulses than those they find in their own activities. "Unofficial Christians" especially will welcome this lecture as a stimulus to spiritual faith and as a help to the solution of problems of duty which are ever a haunting presence in Christian consciousness. It cannot be said that there is any particular freshness in the subjects chosen for exposition, though all the chapters manifest a certain independence in arrangement of familiar material which marks an individuality of thought in the writer. Each chapter is a very brief essay on a phase of the main subject, and has a certain completeness of its own. The reader who looks for a continuity of strict logical sequence may miss something of definiteness; but perhaps this lack adds to the value of the meditative method the writer has adopted. The lecture is not in the strict sense an argument from experience, but a series of illustrations of the gift of completeness conferred by Christian experience upon obligations of character and conduct, which neither philosophy nor utilitarian ethics can invest them with. It "shows Christianity from the inside" as an influence and a motive rather than as an institution in need of external defence. The appeals to Scripture this method

demands are frequently admitted; and occasionally the slight exegesis of the writer is suggestive and delicate in itself, and felicitously applied. Quotations from several writers of the modern school of moral philosophers of the pessimistic order are presented as an interesting foil for the sane and hopeful teachings of the Christian religion which is "at once the antiseptic and tonic of the human race." The lecturer indicates how the tendency of all non-religious thinking is towards melancholy; "pessimism which is never more than the passing mood of a religious man is apt to become the profession of the non-religious philosopher." "No atmosphere is so bracing to the wits as that of the Cross or the chamber of devotion." The chapter on "The Secret of Spiritual Health" is also specially interesting. "Health is the equilibrium of the instincts"; and the co-ordinating power of Christian experience therein is admirably set forth. One of the points of its application is aptly illustrated by a quotation from Mr. J. G. Romanes: "I am not ashamed to confess that with the virtual negation o God the universe has to me lost the soul of loveliness." Religion as "the solvent of fearfulness" and "the only effective bond of dutifulness," in the chapter dealing with the soul's correspondence with its environment, is well defined.

Sursum Corda. A Defence of Idealism. (London: Macmillan & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is a noble "Aid to Faith." The writer breaks a lance with materialism and shows that though it is now in the ascendent, "the alliance between science and materialism, which is the real strength of the latter, is unnatural and cannot last." The function of science is to unravel mysteries "to widen in every conceivable direction our conceptions of Nature, to open out a boundless field for the play of our thoughts and the flight of our hopes, and to wage war in a thousand ways against doubt, denial, and despair." Science will not long be content to allow materialism to bar her way to her most subtle investigations, for "a creed whose clauses are all negations is of all creeds the most antagonistic to her and to truth." The writer claims that unknown to himself the materialist is the most thoroughgoing of idealists whose belief in *self* is unbounded. He thus turns the tables vigorously on a system which is really more flagrantly anthropocentric than the idealist's. Its cynical gospel also cannot fail to generate pessimism. "For the

moment, the materialistic idea has triumphed, and humanity is groaning under its yoke." The causes of its strength are clearly described, but they are transient. The whole teaching of Idealism may be summed up "in one brief precept—a precept which wakes a responsive echo in every listening heart, which reveals to us pure desires and high purposes of which we had never suspected the existence, and which calls out from the depths of the soul and arrays under the 'great standard' inexhaustible reserves of energy and faith—the simplest, the profoundest, the most imperious, the most compassionate of all precepts—*Sursum Corda* 'Lift up your hearts.'" The writer conceals his name, but his work stamps him as a master of Christian apologetics worthy to be compared with Mr. Illingworth.

The Modern Reader's Bible. St. Luke and St. Paul. Two Vols. *The Gospel, Epistles, and Revelation of St. John.* Edited with Introduction and Notes. By RICHARD G. MOULTON, M.A. (London: Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* per volume.)

Professor Moulton has put St. Paul's epistles into their proper chronological place in St. Luke's narrative, so that the two volumes contain the history of the New Testament Church as presented by itself. The editor leaves the books to produce their own impression. "The matter included within the covers of these two small volumes has turned the world upside down, laid the foundations of modern religion and civilisation, and struck a unity through all history. In the present simple arrangement it is possible for a reader of ordinary intelligence, almost at a sitting, to traverse this literature from beginning to end, and so to bring his individual mind, unhampered by extraneous comment, into fresh and immediate contact with the most dynamic persons, incidents, and thoughts that history has produced." Helpful notes and a syllabus to each epistle are added.

The volume of St. John's writings is happily arranged. Much light is thrown on the structure of the first epistle which Professor Moulton describes as "The Wisdom of St. John." The obscurities of the Revelation are lighted up by a very felicitous division and suggestive headlines. Such volumes must do a great deal to promote the intelligent study of the New Testament, and they are so neat and handy that they ought to find a place in every traveller's pocket or bag.

Cambridge and Other Sermons. By F. J. A. HORT, D.D. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

Dr. Hort, as we know from his life, was strongly influenced by Maurice. The influence is not perceptible in the present volume in doctrinal learning, but it is strongly marked in the ethical spirit and tendency of all the teaching. Doctrine has little place in the volume. Dr. Hort was a great theologian and scholar, but his sermons are not theological. A practised reader will see at a glance how differently a Pusey or a Liddon would have treated the themes here discussed. The learning of the scholar appears incidentally in the references to ancient controversies. The sermons are expository, reflective, philosophic, such as none but a great student and keen observer of human nature could have preached—simple, almost conversational in style, thoroughly fresh and original in their line of treatment. Titles such as "The Discovery and Acknowledgment of Sin," "Self-Restraint the Condition of Mastery," "Reasonable Service," "The Desire of the Flesh not the Desire of the Man," sufficiently indicate the aspect of Christianity presented. There is no breath of narrow High Churchism. In the sermon on "Baptism and Confirmation" we read, "Baptism is the act not of the clergyman only, but of the whole congregation or Church." The same sermon contains the only jarring note in the volume: "Most of those who follow Dissent, or are half inclined to follow it, do so for no strong or well considered reason, but for mere love of change or other such fancy, and sometimes even for mere convenience or outward advantage." It is surprising to find a great scholar so ill-informed on a matter of present-day life. If there is any school or party which rests on intense conviction, it is the Nonconformist movement from the first. The above sentence is quite unworthy of Dr. Hort's judgment and fame.—B.

The Commandments of Jesus. By ROBERT F. HORTON, D.D. (London: Isbister & Co. 6s.)

The present volume is intended to be a complement to the author's former work *The Teaching of Jesus;* and as that volume was founded on Wendt's work, the present is based largely on Bruce's *Training of the Twelve* and Latham's *Pastor Pastorum.* Still the setting and much more are Dr. Horton's own. We can commend the present work far more heartily and unreservedly than the former one. As a popular exposition of the most characteristic ethical teaching of Jesus, it is altogether admirable.

The author has first lived (rather, studied and prayed) himself into the heart of the Saviour's teaching, and then set himself to commend it to the children of this generation in the most attractive way. The wealth of literary and artistic illustration, deftly woven into the exposition, is such as few could command. Poets, painters, novelists, newspaper writers are pressed into the service; witness the awfully pathetic account of the American soldiers before Santiago, p. 199. "The suffering American soldiers were all Philip Sidneys." Many of the stories are racy enough, and many of the references to contemporary fiction most telling. But most of all we admire the tender, gracious, Christ-like spirit that breathes through the pages. "Thomas à Kempis only suffers from the *acidia* and the aimlessness of the monastery; his actual life with Christ is a sweet triumph. Luther or Wesley in a crowd of duties and tumults is buoyant, always rejoicing. Bunyan, Jeremy Taylor, William Law, give one a sense that if the journey pursues a straitened track, yet all its ways are pleasantness and all its paths are peace." While strongly condemning Roman doctrine, he rightly says, "We must speak with reverence of a belief which is devoutly cherished by two hundred millions of our fellow creatures." "I love the Father," said the little boy on his death-bed to McCheyne, "who loved me and gave Jesus to die for me; I love Jesus, who shed His precious blood for me; and I love the Holy Ghost, who made me know the love of the Father and the love of the Son." Why did the author or publishers give so excellent a book of edification so cumbrous a form?—B.

The Restored Innocence. By R. J. CAMPBELL. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

It is a good deal to say, but this volume is worthy of the reputation which Mr. Campbell has built up at Brighton, and of its place among the "Little Books on Religion." The Christ who said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," discovered child-life and "declared the identity in essence between sweet infancy and true manhood." We cannot think of a child without thinking of innocence, and this innocence Jesus Christ seeks to restore. It is not the childish innocence which is ignorance of sin but the holiness which suffers pain at the knowledge of sin, yet is arrayed in instinctive opposition to it. This is the thought worked out with wonderful freshness and suggestive

ness in this little book. We are sorry that Mr. Campbell has marred his work by admitting even a suggestion that Mary of Bethany may perhaps be identified with "the woman that was a sinner."

Women of the New Testament. By WALTER F. ADENEY, M.A. (London: Service & Paton. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Professor Adeney's volume might very profitably be used as a handbook for Bible classes. It gathers up all the facts about the women of the New Testament and sets them in their environment of scene and circumstance, and it is marked by the sound sense of a prudent expositor. The discussion of Martha's character, the clear statement as to the brethren of our Lord, the careful manner in which the two anointings are distinguished, and the protest against the grievous misrepresentation of Mary Magdalene's character may be referred to as proofs of the sane criticism which marks the studies. Each sketch furnishes some practical hints and applications to our own time which will be of service to teachers and preachers. The book is fresh and brightly written. Imagination lights up the whole record, but it is never allowed to overstep its bounds or disguise facts.

Christianity and Anti-Christianity in their Final Conflict. By SAMUEL J. ANDREWS. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 9*s.*)

Mr. Andrews endeavours in this book to find out "what the Scriptures teach concerning the antichrist and his times, and how far we may see in the history of the Church and in the movements and tendencies of our day the foreshadowing of him and the preparation for him." He concludes that a personal antichrist will shortly appear, the principal sign being an alleged loss of faith in the doctrine of the incarnation. A brief reign will be closed by the second coming of the Saviour in triumph and the permanent exaltation of His purified Church to a seat on His throne. None of the writers who share our author's views on this subject has surpassed him in ability, in the interest of his exhibition of manifold tendencies to evil, or in reverence and earnest faith. But the exegesis is not always convincing, nor is the peril of imperfect induction escaped. Scripture is certainly not in favour of the conclusion that the Christian processes are to lead through general failure to a

partial victory; nor is there any warrant in the moral and religious condition of the world, when considered in all or in its chief bearings, for unrelieved foreboding. The second advent is sure, but the preparations for it are something besides catastrophe and defeat.—M.

Depth and Power of the Christian Faith. By Rev. ARTHUR HOYLE. (London : Charles H. Kelly. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Hoyle's sermons were delivered in Inverness to a congregation largely composed of young people, and are well suited for their place in the "Wesley Guild Library." He tries to bring his readers to study the Bible thoughtfully for themselves. "If you take up the Epistle to the Romans, before you get to the middle of the eighth chapter I have no doubt you will find it 'difficult navigation.' But, believe me, there is no navigation in the world from which you will come home so richly laden with every kind of precious thing." The whole book makes for earnest living and deep thinking. A fine sympathy with St. Paul's character and modes of thought is one chief characteristic of the homilies.

1. *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.* Adapted to the State and Condition of all orders of Christians. By WILLIAM LAW, A.M. A New Edition, with Preface and Notes by J. H. OVERTON, D.D. 8*s.* 6*d.*
2. *Maxims of Piety and Christianity.* By THOMAS WILSON, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. A New Edition, with Preface and Notes by F. RELTON, A.K.C. 5*s.* 6*d.* net.

(London : Macmillan & Co.)

1. The *Serious Call* is the first volume of the "English Theological Library" which is intended to supply students, especially those preparing for university or ordination examinations, with editions of the principal English theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The publishers feel that there is a great gap in editions of this kind, and propose to classify their volumes under the headings Dogmatic, Historical, Homiletical and Exegetical, and to make each section as complete as possible. Jewel's *Apology*, Hooker's *Polity* (book v.) and Butler's works are arranged for; the general editor is Mr. Relton, vicar of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington. The Bishop

of London supplies a brief General Introduction, in which he claims that English theology is strong in sound and massive learning whilst its great products rank among the noblest specimens of English prose. Dr. Overton has made all that relates to William Law a special study, and his preface gives a good summary of the facts of the writer's life and the influence of his *Serious Call* on such men as Samuel Johnson, John Wesley and other leaders of the Evangelical Revival. He deals briefly with some objections to the book, and supplies valuable explanatory notes dealing with difficult words and passages. The volume is beautifully printed and neatly got up.

2. The Preface to Bishop Wilson's *Maxims* gives a brief summary of the author's life and his work in the Isle of Man, which adds weight to these counsels. He laboured in season and out of season and won the love of all good and honest men. Church discipline was a real thing in the Isle of Man in those days. "Not going to church, sleeping in church, shaving during church time, playing with a dog in church, swimming a duck and a spaniel on Sunday evening, playing the fiddle on Saturday evening, as well as darker and coarser sins and crimes, were all dealt with." The bishop's firmness provoked a mutiny, and he was cast into prison. His personal experience throws light on his Maxims dealing with affliction, trial, suffering for conscience sake. Matthew Arnold was quick to discern the downright honesty and plain good sense which in this book are united to the most sincere ardour and unction. The original MS. of the work is preserved at Sion College in two very small volumes, which were evidently the bishop's common-place book. The order is purely one of chance arising out of daily work and meditation. The first editor, Cruttwell, arranged these twelve hundred brief passages under headings, and Mr. Relton has followed his arrangement, allowing himself however a large discretion with a view to simplicity and clearness. The sanity of the Maxims is perhaps their chief merit. "There is no governing the outward man without first governing the inward. When the heart is under no restraint, we ourselves do not know whither it will carry us. . . . To neglect means, to trust to an unactive confidence, is to tempt God. . . . There is a danger in being persuaded before one understands. . . . The only way to perfection is to live in the presence of God. . . . He that fancies he is perfect, may lose that by pride which he attained by grace."

1. *The Imitation of Christ, called also The Ecclesiastical Music.* A Revised Translation, notes and Introduction. Edited by C. BIGG, D.D.

2. *A Book of Devotions.* Compiled and arranged by J. W. STANBRIDGE, D.D.

(London: Methuen & Co. 2*s.* each.)

1. We know no edition of A Kempis equal to this. Dr. Bigg has based his translation on that of "F. B.," who is said to have been Anthony Hoskins, the Jesuit, but it is practically a new version carefully revised with the autograph of 1441. English editions were formerly modified to suit the age. Readers of this Translation are in a position to understand the weakness as well as the strength of the famous *Imitation*. Thomas gave no title to his book as a whole, and its most ancient title seems to be "De Reformatione Hominis." The name "De Imitatione" belongs properly only to the first chapter, but in the Magdalen MS. the book is called "De Musica Ecclesiastica." "The music is the Inner Life, or, more specially, the *Mellifluum Nomen* of the Redeemer." Dr. Bigg has no hesitation about the authorship. He ascribes it without hesitation to A Kempis. His description of the community in which A Kempis lived gives an environment to the *Imitation*. The section on the characteristics of the book is of real value. Every devotional library ought to have this edition.

2. Dr. Stanbridge has had no easy task in compiling *A Book of Devotion*, but he has made good use of Lancelot Andrewes and other devout souls of the past. In his first chapter he gives seven sacraments, though baptism and holy communion are put apart from the other five. The lists of the three theological virtues, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, the twelve fruits of the Holy Ghost, the spiritual and the corporal works of mercy, are distinctly helpful. Other chapters give forms of prayer for morning and evening, selected collects, devotions for holy communion, for the principal days of the year, Church seasons, penitential devotions, devotions for the sick, psalms for various occasions, meditations and prayers which may be used at any time. The book is prepared by a Churchman, and there are some touches which reveal the High Churchman, but it is full of spirituality, and with a few reservations, will commend itself to all devout minds and hearts.

The God of our Pleasures. By MARK GUY PEARSE. (London: Nisbet & Co. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

One Sunday morning, as Mr. Pearse went into St. James's Hall, a girl asked, "Please, sir, are you going to preach a 'Country Sermon' this morning?" Her lot was cast in crowded streets and a touch of country life gave new interest to a discourse. Mr. Pearse thus resolved to make the sermon sometimes like a Sunday excursion, bringing tired workers into touch with nature and the God of nature. This book will cheer many a city reader by its wholesome views, and will bring a welcome breath of fresh air into toiling lives.

John the Baptist among the Methodists. A Vision of To-day. (Rochdale: *Joyful News* Depôt. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book is intended to rouse Christian people to seek the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and it will appeal powerfully to village readers. We are sorry that the writer makes John the Baptist turn from a week night service, saying to himself, "They have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost!" That at least was far from true, and we do not want such exegesis of the nineteenth of the Acts brought in, for the case is strong enough without it. What a terrible statement also is this! "Peter accomplished a greater work by his first sermon, when endued with Pentecostal power, than the Lord Himself during His whole ministry." The temperance question is solved when the Baptist visits the Conference, and there are other touches which give a present interest to the book. We hope it will stir up many to seek the outpouring of the Spirit.

II.—FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

Was Christ Born at Bethlehem? A Study on the Credibility of St. Luke. By WILLIAM M. RAMSAY, M.A., D.C.L. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s*.)

ONE can scarcely help commenting at the outset upon the curious *ad captandum* first title under which the book was advertised extensively, and to which it owes no little of the curiosity it aroused. The second title—"A Study in the Credibility of St. Luke"—describes the actual purport of the volume. It deals principally with the historic difficulties as to the "taxing" of Luke ii. 2, and the connexion of Cyrenius with it. Certainly, if Luke were proved to be in error on this matter, grave doubts would be cast on his other statements respecting our Lord's birth, but the place in which Jesus Christ was born is only a secondary matter so far as this book is concerned. Professor Ramsay scarcely mentions it, yet takes his startling title from it. But, unless we venture a mild protest against the rather egoistic references to personal controversies, our task of fault-finding is ended. The book is a skilful and forceful vindication of St. Luke's accuracy, at once scholarly and popular.

The evangelist's statement, even as rendered by the Revisers, is, or was, exposed to objections which could not be disposed of for lack of adequate information. The main difficulties were that no such enrolment as St. Luke mentions was commanded by Augustus, and that Quirinius was not the "governor of Syria" at the indicated date. But Egyptian papyri have been discovered recently, veritable census-papers of the very kind the enrolment would require. It is true that they did not reach within half a century of our Lord's birth. Professor Ramsay constructed an ingenious argument to show the high probability that the original order for the census was issued by Augustus, and that it followed a fourteen (English reckoning) or fifteen (Roman reckoning) years' cycle. His suggestion is now demonstrated conclusively to be correct by the finding of a census-paper for A.D. 20, one of the very years named as likely. This

does not harmonize exactly with St. Luke's chronology, as our author understands it, though we think that an accord between it and St. Luke could be established without any undue strain. Dr. Ramsay, however, gives cogent reasons for holding that the census in Palestine was delayed for a year or two through local circumstances. Thus the first difficulty vanishes altogether. The second seems more serious. Though Quirinius was twice "governor of Syria," and many have thought that his earlier viceroyalty would cover the date of our Lord's birth, there is little room for doubt that even his first term of office was too late for the time mentioned by St. Luke. In the preceding years he was conducting a campaign against the Homonadenses. This apparently fatal fact Dr. Ramsay turns to his own account. Quirinius did employ Syrian troops. It is extremely probable that he was then the supreme military authority over Syria, and had charge of its "foreign relations." When there was no fixed era from which to date, St. Luke might well have used an event which his readers would be sure to remember. The word rendered "governor" is really the equivalent of *dux*, the very position which Quirinius would have occupied. Equally successful is the professor in dealing with minor difficulties, such as the tribal character of the Palestinian census. In a subsequent chapter, solutions are attempted of other problems relating to profane history raised by the Acts of the Apostles. The least that can be said is that they prove that St. Luke is not contradicted by any trustworthy profane historian, and that his assertions clearly could be accurate.

Professor Ramsay contends strongly and rightly that it is most unfair—we might almost say, absurd—to cast doubts upon St. Luke's truthfulness to which an ordinary writer would not be exposed. Surely his testimony must be accepted with no less confidence than that of any other ancient history. We have, further, a vindication of St. Luke's character as "a great historian," in the style of lucid and comprehensive impartiality and insight which usually distinguish Dr. Ramsay's writings. And this is not the least valuable part of a welcome book, which we heartily recommend not only to students but to all interested in what has been one of the most perplexing problems of New Testament history.

We ought to add that, apart from its substance, the size and general "get up" of the book make it remarkably cheap at the published price.—G.

Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar, as edited and enlarged by E. KAUTZSCH, Professor of Theology in the University of Halle. Translated from the Twenty-fifth German edition by the late Rev. G. W. COLLINS, M.A. The Translation revised and adjusted to the Twenty-sixth Edition by A. E. COWLEY, M.A. (Oxford : Clarendon Press. 1898. 21*s*.)

This handsome volume of 600 pages is nearly twice the size of the last English edition, published about twenty years ago. High hopes were formed when the preparation of the new translation was first announced by the authorities of the Clarendon Press; and they will be found here to be amply justified. No care or scholarship has been wanting to produce a work which should satisfy the demands of modern precision, and should be fully abreast of modern learning. The Hebrew student, who is equipped with Gesenius' Grammar in this its latest form, and with the new Hebrew lexicon that is slowly forthcoming from the same University Press, will lack little to help and guide him in his work. While no one who desires to advance beyond the elements, and seriously to grapple with the difficulties and interest of the Hebrew language, will be able to dispense with its assistance.

In two respects especially were the earlier editions of Gesenius deficient, in the account given of the Hebrew accents, and in the syntax. In both, the volume now issued is so great an improvement upon the old as to be "practically a new book." The space devoted to the accents still appears to us somewhat restricted, considering their real historical importance. Perhaps to usefully enlarge it would have been found difficult without entering on details that would have necessitated a greatly expanded treatment. The brief explanations of their meaning and use are clear and satisfactory, which is more than could be said of the former editions of the grammar. The misleading and obsolete arrangement also of the distinctives in four groups, which we owe to the imagination of the old grammarians, is happily discarded; so that no English student, it is to be hoped, will thereby be any further confused. To label therefore and classify the accents as though they belonged to different species can be productive of nothing but misunderstanding. The only satisfactory method is to marshal them in descending order of their influence as disjunctives. And about the details of this

arrangement there can be little dispute since the discussions of Wickes in England, and of Baer and others in Germany.

A very admirable feature of the new Gesenius is the brief bibliography prefixed to the leading divisions of the grammar, where reference is made to the principal works dealing with each subject.

To the treatment and elucidation of the syntax 214 pages are devoted, as compared with 105 in the last published English edition. The changes made are, moreover, far more radical here than in the earlier sections of the grammar. Many of the articles are practically re-written, some are entirely new. The whole also is set in an orderly and intelligible light by being made to begin with the verb, not with the noun as in previous editions. It is natural also to turn to the exposition of the Vav consecutive. Here the older editions passed by almost altogether its use with the perfect, and were vague and inadequate in their treatment of the corresponding idiom in the case of the imperfect. The discussion of the two parallel constructions occupies between seventeen and eighteen pages in this edition; and in view of the special difficulties attaching to this usage, and the obscurity of its origin and history, we should have been glad to see even more space devoted to its consideration. May the suggestion be hazarded—not of course entirely new—that analogy has had not a little to do with the adoption and establishment of the idiom of Vav consecutive with the perfect? The philosophy and reasonableness of the change of standpoint and of tense is clear enough in the case of imperfect following perfect. But the interpretations that have been offered of the principle supposed to underly the corresponding change from imperfect to perfect have never seemed entirely convincing.

The procession of thought and reasoning postulated, for instance, in the footnote, page 345, seems too elaborate. *All* actions have their appropriate "conclusion or final consequence"; and the difference between those which are continued or repeated in past time, and others, is a slender foundation upon which to build a regular and persistent usage of the language. Neither do the examples quoted supply any *reason* why the perfect should have been employed rather than the imperfect, in the absence of any further ground or already established custom. The occurrence also of a series of perfects with Vav consecutive, *e.g.* Genesis ii. 24 or 29, iii., is, we venture to think, strongly against it.

There was perhaps in reality no very conscious or consistent reasoning at all in the matter. It was only a very natural and obvious application of the principle of analogy. The usage of imperfect following perfect in narrative and similar instances having become established in the language on good and sufficient grounds, which appealed to the instinct and feeling of every speaker and writer, the corresponding employment of perfect after imperfect seemed to be demanded by considerations of symmetry and completeness. Once having gained an acknowledged position, a reason was sought in the nature of things and the meaning of the tenses for that which originally came into existence as it were fortuitously, and under entirely different impulses.

In the transliteration of the consonants several changes have been made. These we confess ourselves old-fashioned enough to regret. Why should an English student, who is accustomed to write and to read *sh* be annoyed by an unnatural and fantastic decoration over the head of his consonant? one too that is especially liable to break off in the printing, and therefore to be misleading as well as ugly? Comparative philology may require these and other more awkward signs to express its refinements. But in a Hebrew grammar, intended for use in this country, they are surely unnecessary and out of place.

For a storehouse of fact and information, reliable, compact, and easily accessible, there is nothing in English to compare with this grammar; nor will it soon be superseded.

The work is printed with all the beauty and minute accuracy that we have learned to expect from the Clarendon Press. Very slight corrections are all that we can contribute. On p. 159A, the 3 m. sing. has lost its vowel sign; 588c., for Mic. 1 1, read Mic. 1 11.—A. S. G.

The Gospel according to St. Mark. The Greek Text, with Introduction, Notes and Indices. By H. B. SWETE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. (London: Macmillan & Co. 15*s*.)

A new English commentary on the original text of St. Mark might count in advance on a welcome. Twice within the last three or four years the welcome has hardly survived a first perusal, and it is with all the greater pleasure that we now read the thorough, sound and full exposition which the Cambridge

Regius Professor has given us. Dr. Swete uses well his great knowledge of the Greek Old Testament, and quotes very copiously from patristic commentaries. His quotations, however, are not selected to illustrate the old commentators, but to illustrate St. Mark; and there is no small gain in a method which restores to the real owners many a commonplace of exegesis, generally in a very compressed form. The editor's own judgment is exceedingly clear and sane, and his notes rarely leave a difficulty unrelieved. The arrangement of the commentary is uniform with the works of Dr. Swete's great predecessors at Cambridge. The text is printed at the top of the page, practically after Westcott and Hort, with a critical apparatus below, and two columns of notes. These follow the words of the original with minute care—grammar, vocabulary, theology and literary criticism, as well as ordinary exegesis, finding their place in turn. A hundred pages of introductory essays supply a variety of valuable matter, and the preface contains a welcome promise of more to come, in a future companion volume. This will presumably include a systematic statement of Dr. Swete's views on the synoptic problem, on which his notes give many interesting hints that we shall gladly see expanded. The limits of this brief notice absolutely forbid any detailed remarks on this voluminous and most welcome commentary on the oldest of our Gospels. It is enough to say that Dr. Westcott's successor is in full accord with the traditions of scholarship which he inherits, and that no student for some time to come is likely to hesitate in choosing a guide to the study of St. Mark.—J. H. M.

The First Epistle of St. Peter i. to ii. 17. The Greek Text, with Introductory Lecture, Commentary, and Additional Notes. By the late F. J. A. HORT, D.D. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.)

It is hard to judge a man's work by a fragment such as this, and a fragment which stops on the verge of that third chapter where we should have been so thankful to have Dr. Hort's guidance, but though this is a fragment it will be very welcome to scholars and students. Dr. Hort lectured as Hulsean Professor on St. Peter in the Easter terms of 1882–7, and as Lady Margaret's Professor in 1892. This volume contains the part of those lectures either fully or approximately prepared for the

press. Dr. Hort takes nothing for granted. For him no traditional view is valid through long acceptance. "He asks at once naturally and without effort 'What did the words mean to him who wrote them and to those who first received them?' In this there was no disparagement of the results of Christian life and thought. Few indeed studied more widely and carefully the biblical writings of all ages than Dr. Hort himself; but he felt that if we are to comprehend truly the message which the New Testament enshrines, we must go back and dismiss as far as possible all the associations which have gathered round familiar phrases. The result is a singular freshness and originality of treatment, which conveys to the student a vivid sense of the reality of the record." Keen historical insight and unwearied thoroughness are other characteristics of his friend's work on which Dr. Westcott dwells in his beautiful preface. Dr. Hort's introductory lecture, though much compressed, bears out this verdict. His statement as to the relation between St. Peter and St. Paul is very clear. "Doubtless St. Peter, not St. Paul, is the borrower." The notes on "the dispersion" and on "the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ" and the treatment of such words as *χάρις* and *ἀρετή* are fine specimens of a master's skill. The excursus on the provinces of Asia Minor named in the salutation of the epistle is another fine piece of work, and there is an admirable summary of these results at the beginning of the commentary. Welcome light is thrown on many an expression in the text, and the mass of authorities quoted shows that infinite pains have been lavished on the work. We only wish that Dr. Hort had completed the commentary, but the fragment is one that every student should make haste to get on his shelves, and to consult whenever he wants light on the earlier part of this epistle.

The Parallel Psalter. Being the Prayer-Book Version of the Psalms and a New Version arranged on opposite pages. With an Introduction and Glossaries. By S. R. DRIVER, D.D. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 6*s*.)

Dr. Driver's book is intended to supply busy people with a trustworthy version of the Psalms which should bring out as fully and clearly as possible the meaning of the original. Precision rather than literary excellence has been the aim, and in the case of uncertain and difficult passages footnotes have been

supplied with a modicum of explanation. Glossaries giving characteristic expressions in the Psalms and archaisms in the Prayer-Book Version have been added, which are masterly pieces of work. There is also an Introduction, containing some account of the origin and history of the Prayer-Book Psalter, and an explanation of the principles followed in the translation. This Introduction is packed with matter and every student ought to master it. The translation itself is fresh and suggestive. Difficult passages are often lighted up and old thoughts are re-minted.

The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments. Revised Version. With References. (Cambridge: University Press. 5*s*.)

The history of this Reference Bible shows how great scholars delight to pour their gifts into the treasury. At an early stage of the revision of the Bible both companies appointed committees to consider the question of marginal references. The Old Testament committee felt that it would be premature to furnish references till they knew whether their revision itself would be accepted, but the New Testament committee, whose active members were Dr. Scrivener and Dr. Moulton, compiled an elaborate body of references which were printed for the use of the company. The references in Dr. Scrivener's Paragraph Bible formed a basis for this work, and the University Presses resolved to print an edition of the New Testament with References. After Dr. Scrivener's death the final revision and verification devolved upon Dr. Moulton. In 1895 a committee was formed to prepare references for the Old Testament as well as the New. Dr. Stokoe, of Lincoln College, was appointed general editor, and Dr. Moulton undertook to adapt his work to this edition. After his death, the Rev. J. H. Moulton and the Rev. A. W. Greenup, who had been assisting Dr. Moulton, carried the work to completion. The marginal references in the original edition of 1611 have been retained as far as possible, and Dr. Scrivener's work in his Paragraph Bible has been laid under constant requisition. The references may be arranged under the head of quotations, or exact verbal parallels; passages similar in idea or expression; passages explanatory or illustrative; historical or geographical references; passages illustrating the differences between the Authorised

and Revised renderings. The nature of a reference is clearly indicated so that any one may know at a glance which of the references will serve his purpose. We have tested the references in several places and can form some faint conception of the patient scholarship involved in this homely labour. Its value will grow more clear to every student, and we are confident that the labour in which Methodism has had so honourable a share will bear good fruit wherever men wish to pursue the most profitable of all means of Bible study—the comparing Scripture with Scripture. Old Samuel Wesley said truly that the Bible itself was the best commentary on the Bible, and these references are a guide that devout students will delight to follow.

The Expository Times. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D. Vol. IX. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This is the best monthly for the minister's study, and Dr. Hastings has never given us a better volume. Advanced students will find much to help them; but the homely working pastor is always before Dr. Hastings' mind, and for him the volume is indispensable.

Quæro. Some Questions in Matter, Energy, Intelligence, and Evolution. By JAMES H. KEELING, M.D., F.R.C.S. With Diagrams. Printed for Private Circulation. (London: Taylor & Francis.)

Dr. Keeling is a Sheffield medical man, the son of the late Rev. John Keeling, and manifestly possesses a full share of the logical and critical faculty for which his family has long been noted in Methodist circles. He sets himself to ask in this essay whether recent advances in physical and biologic science can be held to have shaken the grounds for the old faith in the existence and rule of a supreme and intelligent power. He shows that matter and energy makes no provision for that consummate intelligence which is everywhere manifest in nature. No kind of automatism offers a complete and satisfactory explanation of the phenomena. Materialism has to clothe energised matter with attribute after attribute until it is practically deified and another God has been created. Nor has Materialism any monopoly in evolution, for it is equally ready

to serve other systems. Science will not gainsay those who accept the belief in an infinite and intelligent Power. This is a cogent argument and it is very clearly and freshly stated. The book is a valuable aid to faith, a clear, logical, acute, and judicial statement of a great argument.

The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature. Edited by Principal S. D. F. SALMOND, D.D. Vol. VIII. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Salmond and his contributors have produced a volume which is a mine of instruction on all subjects connected with biblical study and theology. The articles are brief but clear and judicial. A busy minister who reads this *Review* can keep himself well abreast of the best theological work both in this country, in America, and on the Continent.

An Outline of Christian Theology, by Dr. Clarke, of Colgate University (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a system of biblical theology clearly and fluently written without a single footnote. The chapter on "Things to Come" shows a tendency to indefiniteness and indeed to Universalism. The position taken on the nature of the atonement is still more serious. All semblance of any judicial or legal element is stripped off. The teaching looks like a recrudescence of Bushnellism, and it is profoundly unsatisfactory.

Messrs. Clark also publish *Theologia Pectoris* (3*s.* 6*d.*), by Dr. Hodgson, Principal of the Congregational Divinity Hall, Edinburgh. It is good in these days of rampant empiricism to find such a claim for the intuitive basis of knowledge and faith, but it is pushed much too far. The author repudiates objective authority. Nothing which does not explain itself to the reason and conscience can be accepted—nothing in Scripture or creeds or Churches. "Experience" is put beside intuition, but it is the intuition and experience of the individual. Truth is individual and subjective. With some of the conclusions we heartily agree; but intuition leads the author to repudiate any forensic meaning in the atonement. He parts company altogether with Dr. Dale, and, we may add, with St. Paul. By Dr. Hodgson's teaching "the offence of the cross" has vanished.

III.—BIOGRAPHY.

Bishop Walsham How. A Memoir. By FREDERIC DOUGLAS HOW. (London: Isbister & Co. 1898. 16s.)

THIS portrait of Bishop How is a true, if imperfect, index of the man, quiet but earnest and intense, calm but steadfast and resolute. No photograph, however, could adequately indicate the quality of lovingness which, combined with true manliness, was, perhaps, the deepest quality in his nature. He was clever and had a decided gift for verse—though he never rose or could have risen beyond the range of a minor, but genuine poet. He could never have been a profound and continuous thinker in any department. But he had excellent sense, a poetical temperament, and great sensibility; he easily became master of a simple, natural, and telling style, as a speaker. His good taste was unfailing. His instincts and sympathies were fine and true, and safer guides as to perplexing questions than learned study is to many. He ran aground as a thinker on no rocks; he was entangled in no perilous errors: he was an excellent practical preacher, a wise and successful missioner, an admirable pastor, and a wise administrator.

At Oxford, whither he went from Shrewsbury School in 1841, at the early age of 17, he determined to take orders. At the Evangelical college, Wadham, he was not likely to be drawn into Newman's following, but he was deeply impressed by the earnest and devotional character of the new Tractarian school. At Kidderminster, under the influence of Mr. Claughton, afterwards Bishop of St. Albans, he was imbued with a form and degree of High Churchmanship considerably in advance of what he had learned in Shrewsbury when at home.

In his parish he was personally friendly with religious Dissenters, visited them kindly and regularly and without seeking to make proselytes. As bishop, he showed the same spirit; but he drew the line at those whom he regarded as active political antagonists of the Church. These he counted as enemies of religion. The bishop was a gifted and accomplished man; above all, he was a faithful and successful servant of Christ. He wrote a plain, carefully prepared, and useful commentary on the New Testament, of which a quarter of a million copies have

been sold. His devotional manuals have also had a large circulation. Some of his hymns are exceedingly popular; that for the Queen's great Jubilee was sung in cathedrals, churches, and chapels round the world. The biography might well have been abridged, and, in particular, the long chapter on the bishop as a fisherman seems to be almost wholly superfluous.—J. H. R.

1. *The Life of R. W. Dale, of Birmingham.* By his Son, A. W. W. DALE. 14*s.*
2. *Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D. His Life and Letters.* Edited by his SISTERS, with portraits. 9*s.*

(London: Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dr. Dale and Dr. Reynolds were princes of modern Nonconformity, and these volumes do loving justice to their memory. They are both written by relatives, but whilst this has given them a touch of intimacy, they are still impartial and free from taint of flattery. Dr. Dale's life may be described as a national possession. The greatest citizen of Birmingham, he held a commanding position in its civic life, and took his full share in the various educational and political struggles which were waged in that premier constituency. Dr. Reynolds filled a quieter sphere, but his spirituality and his Christian insight shaped the life and spirit of successive generations of students at Cheshunt and make us feel that he is not unaptly described as the St. John of modern times.

1. Dr. Dale was born in London. His father was a dealer in hat trimmings, who had a long struggle with adverse circumstances. The son's early aspirations towards the ministry were rebuffed by his pastor, Dr. John Campbell, of Moorfields. But though he felt this repulse keenly, the youth was made of too sturdy stuff to sit down under his disappointment, and a year later, at the age of seventeen, the way opened for him to enter Spring Hill College. His early letters show much force of thought and felicity of expression. There is already promise of the noble gifts which were so abundantly recognised in later days. Henry Rogers was the very tutor to stir Dale's mental powers, and the Town Hall at Birmingham, which was at no great distance from the college, provided a school for politics and social science. John Angell James was quick to recognise Dale's early promise, and secured him as his assistant at Carr's Lane, where he entered on his life work in 1853. The elder

man showed exquisite tact and fine feeling in dealing with his clever but somewhat trying assistant, and when Dale's exposition of Romans v. 19 caused a storm of anxiety and controversy in Carr's Lane, the veteran went about calming his flock. "Now you leave the young man alone," he said. "He has the root of the matter in him. The young man must have his fling." Mr. James had his reward, for he lived to see the succession assured to his young colleague, who was beloved and honoured by all his people. Meanwhile Dale's nature was ripening and expanding. His mother's death-bed was a new chapter for him in the evidences of Christianity. The truths which he taught took possession of his own thought and imagination so that, as his son says, he "lived under the benignant sway of a succession of great truths, following one another like the constellations of the heavens." The services held at the Town Hall in 1865, whilst alterations were going on at Carr's Lane, helped in no small measure to invest Dale with that power which extended and enlarged as years went on. Two years later he took part for the first time in a Parliamentary election. Henceforth he was one of the leaders in the political world of Birmingham. His educational policy is too well known to need comment here. But the warmth of his zeal for the conversion of the masses, the keen delight with which he witnessed Mr. Moody's success in his first visit to Birmingham, and above all his deepening spirituality, give a noble conception of the man and his work. His "discovery that Christ was alive" filled his whole soul with rapture. Henceforth "the living Christ" was the chief theme of his glorious ministry. The Home Rule question darkened his closing years. He felt himself alone. He withdrew from the Congregational Union to escape "fruitless and distasteful strife," and the consciousness of his isolation grew upon him. His ministry, however, gained in power. He felt that preaching was henceforth his chief, perhaps his only work. His sermon for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at Great Queen Street, in 1889, was a noble deliverance. "Midway in his discourse, as he drew towards the close of a passage of sustained grandeur, recalling the succession of saints and sinners who in their own conscious experience have prolonged the gospel narrative, adding to its records new miracles of mercy and of power, wave upon wave of emotion broke over the assembly. The argument and the appeal exactly suited the genius of Methodism. Those who listened could bear their own

testimony: they, too, had felt, had seen, had known. With them mind and heart and spirit made one music." The last years of failing strength form a pathetic close to this strenuous life. The biography is one of the noblest memorials of modern Nonconformity. Every minister, every educationalist, every public man ought to read and re-read it. Christian ministers will learn from it to find their strength and power in their own special work, and to glory in the living Christ who more and more swayed and mastered one of the noblest hearts and minds of our generation.

2. Dr. Reynolds' life seems strangely peaceful after Dale's strenuous record. The breakdown of his health before he was thirty-five took him from his busy Leeds pastorate to his retreat at Cheshunt. He was the grandson of George the Third's physician, and the son of a Congregational minister, who had been *attaché* to the British embassy at Washington. The most courtly of Nonconformist ministers and one of the most saintly found a congenial sphere in training young men for the Christian ministry, and few teachers have enjoyed such love and regard as he won from pupils and friends. His *John the Baptist* and *Saint John* are notable illustrations of his insight as a Christian teacher, and his relations with members of other Churches, such as Dean Stanley, add greatly to the interest of a volume which cannot fail to inspire and uplift every devout reader.

Charles H. Spurgeon's Autobiography. Compiled from his Diary, Letters and Records. By his WIFE and his PRIVATE SECRETARY. Vol. II., 1854–1860. (London: Passmore & Alabaster. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This part of Mr. Spurgeon's autobiography is fresher and less controversial than the first volume. Mrs. Spurgeon tells with charming frankness the story of her own courtship and marriage. It is a delightful record, and her husband's character will certainly lose nothing by this revelation of the "dearest secrets" of the past. Miss Thompson heard her future husband preach on the evening of his first Sunday at New Park Street. She says: "If the whole truth be told, I was not at all fascinated by the young orator's eloquence, while his countrified manner and speech excited more regret than reverence. Alas

for my vain and foolish heart! I was not spiritually-minded enough to understand his earnest presentation of the gospel and his powerful pleading with sinners; but the huge black satin stock, the long, badly trimmed hair, and the blue pocket-handkerchief with white spots, which he himself has so graphically described,—these attracted most of my attention, and, I fear, awakened some feelings of amusement. There was only one sentence of the whole sermon which I carried away with me, and that solely on account of its quaintness, for it seemed to me an extraordinary thing for the preacher to speak of 'the living stones in the heavenly temple perfectly joined together with the vermilion cement of Christ's blood.'" The Crystal Palace was consecrated to the courtship, which ran along smoothly enough save for one unlucky moment, when the preacher, absorbed in his coming sermon, left his sweetheart to struggle with a rough and eager throng. The lady was angry, but her mother wisely acted as peacemaker and the storm blew over. A happier marriage or one more laden with blessing, not only to husband and wife but to the Church of God, has seldom been made. A good deal of space is given in this volume to critiques of all sorts on the rising preacher. Some of the attacks greatly distressed Mr. Spurgeon. His heart was "broken in agony," he said, because he should have to lose his very character in preaching Christ's gospel. "I fell on my knees and said, 'Master, I will not keep back even my character from Thee. If I must lose that, too, then let it go; it is the dearest thing I have; but it shall go, if like my Master, they shall say I have a devil and am mad; or, like Him, I am a drunken man and a wine-bibber." The story reminds us of the famous incident in Wesley's life when he refused to defer his journey from London with his niece in order to prevent some publication that might injure his character. He replied to his brother's arguments, "When I devoted to God my ease, my time, my fortune, my life, did I except my reputation? No! Tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow." This volume describes the rapid growth of Mr. Spurgeon's popularity, and traces him from New Park Street to the Surrey Music Hall, where the terrible catastrophe in 1856 well nigh robbed him of reason, and then to his own wonderful Tabernacle. As a record of faith and enterprise the story is one of the most inspiring pages of modern Church history, and it is enlivened by a multitude of details which give a rare piquancy to the narrative.

The Life and Letters of Henry Cecil Raikes, late Her Majesty's Postmaster-general. By HENRY ST. JOHN RAIKES. (London: Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.)

Mr. Raikes has a double claim to remembrance, as Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons and as Postmaster-general. Some sharp encounters with Mr. Gladstone in regard to the Chester election first brought the young politician into public notice. He had been head-boy of Shrewsbury School, and had enjoyed the honour of being President of the Union at Cambridge. He was a born politician and soon made his mark in Parliament. He inherited a fair income but was never a wealthy man. Expensive election contests and losses of various kinds made heavy inroads on his capital, and he had to toil unremittingly to supplement his income and generally crowded two days' labour into one. He paid the penalty when, at the age of fifty-two, his strength prematurely gave way, and he died of inflammation and pressure upon the brain, after five days' illness. His sturdy independence and the relentless vigour with which he pursued his way made him an awkward man when the breath of Government was conciliation and compromise.

As Chairman of Committees at a very trying time, he won the respect of all parties. He was disappointed, through the elevation of Mr. Matthews, in his hopes of the Home Secretaryship; but he gained the blue ribbon of the House of Commons as member for Cambridge University, and proved himself a strong and capable administrator during his stormy rule at the Post Office. He was brought into somewhat sharp conflict with Sir Arthur Blackwood, but the two men learned to respect each other the more for their loyalty to conviction.

Mr. Raikes has been happy in his biographer, who has given a vigorous sketch of a strenuous and useful life.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By SIDNEY LEE. With Portraits and Facsimiles. (London: Smith, Elder & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Lee's work is based on the article which he contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, but he has made so many changes and additions that the book may justly be regarded as an independent venture. It is an endeavour to set before English readers a plain, practical, concise narrative of our great

dramatist's personal history. And it may be said with emphasis that there is no popular life of Shakespeare so full and so complete as this. Students will find that their needs are duly cared for. Facts and dates are carefully set forth, introductions are given to each play, portraits and bibliography are described and discussed. The chief bone of contention will be the treatment of the Sonnets, and there we find ourselves in full sympathy with Mr. Lee's contention that the autobiographic element in the Sonnets must be reduced to slender proportions. Mr. Lee holds that "the thoughts and words of the sonnets of Daniel, Drayton, Watson, Barnabe Barnes, Constable, and Sidney, were assimilated by Shakespeare in his poems as consciously and with as little compunction as the plays and novels of contemporaries in his dramatic work." Experts must fight over this pronouncement at their leisure, but Mr. Lee has given them ample material for study and controversy. The relations of Shakespeare to his wife and his native town, are very well brought out in this Life, and Shakespeare's dramatic career and his pecuniary rewards are discussed in a way that throws fresh light on the subject. The Baconian theorists are pronounced to have no rational right to a hearing. Shakespeare was the author of the great dramas. "Defective knowledge and illogical or casuistical argument alone render any other conclusion possible." The appendix on "Mr. William Herbert" effectually disposes of the young Earl of Pembroke's claim to be regarded as the "Mr. W. H." to whom the Sonnets are addressed. The portraits and facsimiles add much to the interest of this volume, which will take rank as the most popular and authentic study of Shakespeare's life and works that has appeared for many years.

Michel de Montaigne. A Biographical Study. By M. E. LOWNDES. (Cambridge: University Press. 6*s*.)

Montaigne intended his *Essays* to be a transcript of his own mind. He describes the volume as a book of good faith. "I have devoted it to the particular accommodation of my relatives and friends; to the end that, having lost me (as they soon must) they may there recover sundry traits of my conditions and my humours, and that, by this means, they may cherish more whole and quick the knowledge of me. I wish to be seen in my simple, natural and ordinary style, without artifice or study: for it is myself that I paint." It is almost like a puzzle to recon-

struct the essayist from the scattered scraps of information given in his writings and the details hunted out by biographers, but Mr. Lowndes has done this with great skill and patience. Here we see the Bordeaux merchants who were Montaigne's ancestors, and that "best of fathers" who had his boy taught to speak in Latin till it almost became his mother tongue. We follow him to school, watch him take his seat on the bench of magistrates, and look into his well ordered home, where his wife with her business capacity was a Godsend to her somewhat unpractical husband, who did not know the difference between the several grains and scarce between a cabbage and a lettuce. He could not reckon either on paper or in his head, and was ignorant of the greater number of the coins in actual currency. His *Essays* express the varying moods of a thinker who makes no attempt to reconcile his statements and opinions. "They have been taken as the epitome of good sense and reasonable morals, their author described as the Christian Seneca; they have been widely condemned for their looseness and their impiety, and were indeed subjected, almost at once, to expurgation. They have been argued into a defence of Christianity and into a malicious attempt to undermine it." Mr. Lowndes has given us a book that will tempt many to read Montaigne and guide them wisely in their study of one of the most interesting literary men that France has produced.

Sir Henry Lawrence, the Pacificator. By Lieut.-General J. J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C. With Portrait. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Sir Henry Lawrence deserved a place of honour alongside the rulers of India, though he never attained the rank of Governor-general. His control of the Sikh government, his share in the pacification and administration of the Punjab, his skilful handling of the reins in the Rajputana States during a period of controversy and irritation, his work in Oudh and his vigorous preparation of Lucknow for its historic siege, constitute a title to honour such as few rulers of India can rival. But his chief claim to remembrance was his position as leader of the school which gave special consideration to the feelings, traditions, and modes of thought of the natives, demanded a fair recognition of the native states, and a wise and generous treatment of the natural leaders of the people. Whilst employed in

the Revenue Survey, he learnt to know the natives of the best class—the agriculturists. "It was *their* villages, *their* fields, *their* crops, *their* interests of every kind with which his eyes, hands, thoughts, and heart," were occupied for five years. That experience shaped all his policy, moulded all his work. The story of Lawrence's life is one of which Englishmen are justly proud. Lieut.-General Innes aptly compares him to Colonel Newcombe. His temper was warm and impulsive, but his principles were always of the highest, and personal religion moulded his life and character into growing dignity and completeness. "Throughout his career he was always a devout, religious, and God-fearing man; evincing it in his acts and bearing; free and open respecting it in the family circle and with his intimates, but never otherwise obtruding it." His death in the early days of the siege of Lucknow was a national disaster; yet it only consecrated his work, and India was never more truly ruled by his policy of goodwill to the native races than it is to-day.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days. By E. BLANTYRE SIMPSON. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s*.)

Miss Simpson is a daughter of Sir James Y. Simpson, and was brought up within a stone's throw of her future friend. She introduces us to Stevenson's father, mother, and nurse, traces the boy from his nursery to his early schools, and shows how sorely he disappointed paternal hopes by his failure to take to the profession of lighthouse engineer, which the Stevensons had followed for generations. The youth consented to turn his attention to the law; but nature had not made him for a barrister, and after the early delight of wearing his gown had dulled, the law-courts knew him no more. Miss Simpson gives us many delicious glimpses of those early days when Louis was feeling his way towards literature. He was essentially a Bohemian who loved picturesque clothing, had an Oriental fondness for gems, and delighted in a wandering life. He is set before us here with all his delightful oddities, and our hearts go out towards him and his parents. Mr. Stevenson, practical, shrewd, and self-restrained, was a strange contrast to his only son, and his love for the boy was mixed with much disquietude. Love and duty made Mr. Stevenson anxious to lead his son on the right road; but Louis had a mania for by-paths, and this feeling

caused awkward situations. His freakish fancies were endless, and he was always pursuing some chimera. His mother early recognised her son's genius, and her absorbing pride in his gifts was as transparent as it was free from vaingloriousness. Miss Simpson gives a touching account of Mrs. Stevenson's presence at the Memorial meeting in Edinburgh. The book will have an honoured place in every Stevenson library, for it throws many a new and tender light round one of the most picturesque and most pathetic figures of our literary history.

Thomas Reid. By A. CAMPBELL FRASER. "Famous Scots Series." (London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

Professor Fraser has given us a little book which no student of philosophy can afford to neglect. He traces Reid's course from his parish at New Machar, ten miles north-west of Aberdeen, to his work as a regent in King's College, Aberdeen, and then as successor to Adam Smith in the chair of Moral Philosophy at the University of Glasgow. Reid's life was uneventful, but the description of his home and his friends helps us to understand the man and his writings. It was the challenge of modern agnosticism in the person of David Hume that roused Reid to give his system of philosophy to the world. Hume's explanation of human nature seemed to lead to a final paralysis of human intelligence in universal doubt. Reid appealed to the common sense or common judgment, and on this rock took his stand against the deluge of doubt. Common sense is not the average judgment of the man in the street, but "the first degree of reason," the office of which is "to judge of things self-evident." Professor Fraser supplies a critical estimate of Reid's system, and adds an instructive chapter tracing its development in the nineteenth century, especially in France and Scotland. Expansion, rather than subversion, of the philosophy which argues from the common sense has been going on.

IV.—ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The Elizabethan Clergy and the Settlement of Religion, 1558–1564. By HENRY GEE, B.D., F.S.A. With Illustrative Documents and Lists. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

MR. GEE has already gained some reputation as an explorer of the by-laws of English ecclesiastical history. A more painstaking and impartial volume than the present cannot be desired. It was intended originally to answer the simple but much disputed question, How many of the clergy were deprived in the first six years of queen Elizabeth's reign for "Nonconformity," *i.e.* as obstinate Roman Catholics? For this purpose diocesan registers and other sources of information were ransacked, and lists of deprivations, institutions, etc., drawn up. These lists occupy about one-third of the volume. But the scope of the enquiry could not be confined to the mere matter of numbers. It was necessary to take into account the general attitude of the clergy towards the settlement, and the means used to enforce their compliance with the new order. Hence we have a clear and sufficiently full history of the events concerned, a summary of the legislation, and a judicial statement of the way in which it was administered. To each chapter are appended illustrative documents, Acts of Parliaments, tables of deprivations, institutions, signatures, writs, commissions, instructions, etc.—a very great convenience to the student.

Unfortunately many registers are imperfect or altogether wanting, so that Mr. Gee's conclusions are estimates, or reach only negative results. But the lack of one document is supplied so ingeniously, information being gained or irresistibly inferred from another, that the conclusions themselves can hardly be questioned. Previous Protestant estimates have varied from (about) one hundred and seventy to one hundred and ninety. Mr. Gee shows that the number of deprivations cannot well have exceeded two hundred. Even if he has made insufficient allowance for lacking lists, the estimate must come very close to

the truth. At any rate, the vaguely large numbers by Roman Catholic historians and controversialists are demonstrated to be enormously too great. So far as they were not simply declamatory, they can have been obtained only by the assumption that the majority of those who disliked the Elizabethan changes refused the oath of supremacy—an assumption distinctly contrary to fact, or by counting those who hesitated and afterwards conformed. The small number of deprivations is explained by the extreme gentleness with which the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity were at first applied, and by the countenance given on the part of the Papal authorities to a mere external conformity which could be cast aside when opportunity occurred.

The real importance of the investigation relates to two points. In the first place, queen Elizabeth and her advisers, notably Cecil, were most anxious to render the alterations as easy, the burden of subscription as little irksome as possible. They had no thought of persecution, they abhorred every species of harshness. The commissioners appointed to administer the oaths had no power of punishment; they could only report the names of the recusants. Penalties could be inflicted solely by the King's Bench, and men put upon their trial only by the civil officers of the State. Nominally the penalties were severe, but they were exacted comparatively seldom, and nearly always in the mildest feasible form. A few striking examples were made, but not a single person was put to death for recusancy. Cecil himself seems to have examined the lists personally, and to have allowed legal action rarely and reluctantly. High Anglicans often contend that the Henrician, Edwardine (though less confidently), Elizabethan settlement of religion amounted to no more than the rejection of the authority of the Pope as a foreign bishop. On general principles, this is utterly untenable. The Church was not left as before except for its allegiance to Rome. The State stepped into the place of the Pope, and proceeded to organise after its own will. Such "microscopic" investigations as those of the present volume confirm this. The general principle was carried into the minutest detail. Mr. Gee goes no farther than 1564, for the avowed and certainly correct reason that subsequently "Nonconformity" was mainly Puritan. In other words, till 1564 Puritans had no practical or theoretical difficulty in remaining within the Church of England as by law established. This alone speaks volumes. Mr. Gee's narrative and compilation

are altogether innocent of polemic intent. He furnishes a lucid impartial, admirably arranged compendium of facts.—G.

The Story of the Christian Church. By GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D., LL.D. (New York: Eaton & Mains. 1897. 14*s.*)

Dr. Crooks was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S., who attained considerable eminence as a preacher in the Eastern States, and for sixteen years served as Professor of Church History in the Drew Theological Seminary. The present volume, edited by his daughter, is an expansion of the lectures prepared for his students. It is welcome as a memorial of a distinguished man, whose contributions to biblical knowledge were both numerous and valuable. And, apart from its authorship, it has qualities that entitle it to a high place amongst books of the kind. The arrangement is clear and well designed, the treatment is of necessity episodical, but neither the great movements nor the great personalities are so magnified as to obscure the background or break the thread of the story, and the style is free, simple and effective. The result is admirable alike in the light cast upon the visible incidents and the underlying principles of the development of the Church, and in the appearance of a popular history that is at once adequate and readable. Dr. Crooks divides the history into three periods, the first extending to the union of the Church with the Roman empire and the third beginning with the rise of Protestantism. The conclusion is the Synod of Dort, but there are indications that the author intended to carry the story a century or more onwards and to devote special attention to the revival of Arminianism by the Wesleys. Five useful maps are introduced into the volume, which is further provided with a carefully prepared index. Appended to many of the chapters are notes that relieve the text of details and preserve bibliographical and other particulars. Compactness without dulness, scholarship, impartiality, interest are distinct characteristics of the volume.

The Church of the West in the Middle Ages. By HERBERT B. WORKMAN, M.A. Vol. I. From Gregory the Great to St. Bernard. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

The man who makes Church history a living, breathing thing renders no small service to the cause of truth. He links the

faith of to-day to its long succession of witnesses in other ages, and helps us to understand how the Church of Christ has won its victories over life and thought. With a sure instinct Mr. Workman has fastened on the scene at St. Peter's in Rome on the Christmas of 800, when Leo III. placed the imperial crown on the head of Charles the Great. A new Rome had arisen from the catacombs and empire, Papacy and city were blended into one Holy Roman Empire. From this point Mr. Workman glances back along the road by which Rome has reached her new throne of dominion. The struggle between Pope and Emperor for pre-eminence soon began. The weakness and wickedness of the papal rule are so vigorously sketched in the second chapter that it is a relief to turn to the story of missionary toil and triumph in our own island, in Germany, Moravia, and other parts of Europe. Hildebrand's struggle for papal supremacy is powerfully described; then we reach that fascinating subject, the life of Anselm. Dean Church, Mr. Martin Rule and Mr. J. M. Rigg's biographies have been the writer's chief authorities, and he has produced a chapter which all intelligent Christians ought to make haste to read. The Intellectual Awakening of Europe under Scholasticism; the Work of the Monks and a beautiful chapter on St. Bernard make up the closing part of a volume which is bright and suggestive from first to last. A helpful guide to the chief authorities is prefixed to each chapter. In a second volume Mr. Workman hopes to bring the history down to the dawn of the Reformation.

Parish Priests and their People in the Middle Ages in England. By Rev. EDWARD L. CUTTS, D.D. (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The circle to which this volume is welcome is probably not large; but to the antiquary and the student of the inner life of our nation it is a necessity. Carefully yet easily written throughout and neatly got up, it is a pleasure to use the book. The illustrations are valuable and greatly add to the attractiveness and usefulness of the volume; neither should mention of the capital index be omitted.

Perhaps the first thing that impresses a student is the patient enthusiasm which collected the material, much of it necessarily difficult to obtain; but enthusiasm, however long suffering,

without scholarship and discrimination, is insufficient. The result of the combination of these qualities in the present instance is a book of excellent worth. Another conspicuous feature is honesty. Dr. Cutts has had no axe of his own to grind; there has been no attempt to suppress the unpleasant or to exaggerate the pleasant, but with manifest success he has depicted what manner of men our fathers were in home and in church. As might be expected, human nature in the Middle Ages proves to be much the same as human nature in the nineteenth century.

Dr. Cutts does well in pointing out that the Church during the Middle Ages had times of revival and of declension, periods when its services were full of healthy life and holy influence and periods of dulness and inaction. In view of certain modern teaching we are glad that Dr. Cutts has emphatically restated the sturdy objection of our forefathers to a celibate priesthood, and has indicated that many of the secular clergy, from the highest to the lowest, were married.

Cambridge and its Colleges. By A. HAMILTON THOMPSON, B.A., St. John's College. Illustrated by EDMUND H. NEW. (London: Methuen & Co. 3*s.*)

We cannot say anything stronger in praise of this dainty volume than that it is a worthy companion to Mr. Wells' book on *Oxford and its Colleges*. We miss the strokes of wit that lit up the earlier volume; but the book has its own special charm and merit, among which not the least is the moralist's touch on great names and reputations. It is no light task to trace the history of the university and write descriptive and critical notes on the life of twenty colleges for several centuries.

Mr. Thompson is master of his wide reaching subject in all its branches of history, archæology, literary, and scholastic work, and some of his critiques on architecture and glass are very happy. He must have lavished an enormous amount of labour on his book, and its stores are arranged with skill and grace. Mr. New's pictures are as successful as in the earlier volume, and add much to the interest and value of the record. The book throws many a gleam of light on men and manners of the past. Matthew Parker, Elizabeth's Archbishop of Canterbury, was Master of Corpus and left his manuscripts to its library. If twenty-five MSS. should be lost, the collection goes

to Caius; if Caius is guilty of neglect, it passes to Trinity Hall. King's College boasts among its benefactors of Nicholas West who, when defeated in his candidature for a provostship, tried to set the proctor's lodge on fire. Failing in this he ran off with the College spoons. But this quarrelsome Fellow "became a new man, D.D., and Bishop of Ely." He lived to build part of the very provost's lodge which he had sought to destroy. "Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge in 1564, and listened to the public orator's long-winded Latin panegyric. When he grew fulsome, she murmured, 'Non est veritas'; when he stepped beyond the bounds of probability, her 'utinam' showed what she thought." Next day, Andrew Perne, of Peterhouse, who had helped Mary to burn the Protestants, preached, much to the queen's delight, from the text, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers"—a command which he himself had obeyed to the very letter. The moralist will find this a very welcome book, and no visitor should venture to Cambridge without it. Mr. Thompson makes an odd mistake on page 91, where he says that "Samuel Wesley was also at Corpus, so that modern Methodism, the creation of his famous sons, may look with reverence upon the college." The father of the Wesleys was an Oxford man—a servitor at Exeter College.

University of Oxford. "College Histories." *Lincoln.* By A. CLARK, M.A. (London: F. E. Robinson. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. Robinson has planned two series of histories dealing with both Oxford and Cambridge which ought to have a large sale. They are crown octavo cloth-gilt, and have some beautiful illustrations of the chief features of interest in the college buildings. For Lincoln the publisher has been fortunate enough to secure the services of the Rev. Andrew Clark, a former fellow of the college, and now rector of the college living of Great Leighs, Essex. Mr. Clark has long been an authority on all matters connected with Lincoln, and he has the happy knack of making the history attractive by anecdotes and glimpses of famous men and famous scenes. Lincoln College Hall has a unique feature among Oxford colleges. Its noble silver branch-candlesticks have resisted the modern invasion of oil lamps, gas, and electric light. Wesley's room is now used as a lecture-room with bookshelves full of history books for undergraduates. A portrait of Wesley hangs in it. Lincoln had many struggles

before it was rooted in Oxford. Its founder was Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln, who wished to raise up a body of able men well instructed in the Scriptures and the Fathers to counteract the influence of Wycliffe's school. It was a very modest foundation and twice narrowly escaped suppression; but its second rector, John Beke, was a man of great energy who induced a number of people to help him, and not only provided buildings, but secured endowments for the young college. His successor pursued the same wise policy, and after his death, a series of splendid gifts, between 1480 and 1539, set "Lincoln" on a firm basis. In the reign of Elizabeth, the college came under suspicion as a Romanist seminary, and William Gifford, who entered as a commoner in 1570, afterwards became archbishop of Rheims and primate of France. A century later, another Lincoln man, John Potter, became primate of England. Wesley's life and his connexion with Lincoln are described in four pages, which are of peculiar interest to Methodist readers. He succeeded to the fellowship once held by John Thorold, known afterwards as "a preacher of righteousness." The college offered Thorold the fellowship as "eximia spe juvenis, genere clarus politiore literatura et suavissimis moribus clarior." Wesley's absence from Lincoln was regarded with some impatience by the rector and fellows, who wanted "their brilliant young fellow" back to tutorial work.

John Keble's Parishes. A History of Hursley and Otterbourne. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, an old inhabitant. (London: Macmillan & Co. 8*s*. 6*d*. net).

Miss Yonge was born at Otterbourne, and her life has for more than seventy years been wrapped up with that place and the neighbouring village of Hursley. The preparation of this volume has been manifestly a labour of love. It enshrines the memory of Keble and his noble patron and helper, Sir William Heathcote, one of the finest Church of England laymen of the last generation. Miss Yonge has made considerable use of the researches of Mr. Marsh, a curate of Hursley, who wrote a history of the parish ninety years ago, but his work is naturally out of date, for Hursley's chief claim to remembrance is that it was John Keble's parish. Thomas Sternhold, whose translations Keble admired because of their fidelity to the Hebrew, spent his last years in the parish, and Richard Cromwell

married Dorothy Maijor's daughter at Hursley in May, 1649. The young people lived with Mr. Maijor, and the Protector expresses his gladness that they had leisure in that first summer of their married life to eat cherries, probably the little black sort called merries, for which the region was famed. This employment stands out in strange contrast to the woes of England in that year of the king's execution. After Richard's brief protectorate he retired to Hursley, where the family monument is still to be seen. Interesting details are given as to the neighbouring hamlets. At Cranbury lived Sir Isaac Newton's favourite niece and adopted daughter. Her husband, Mr. Conduitt, succeeded Sir Isaac as Master of the Mint, and preserved for us the famous saying in which the great mathematician compared himself to a boy playing on the seashore with the great ocean of truth lying undiscovered before him. The density of the Otterbourne peasant is seen from the story of the vicar, who was told that he used hard words in his sermons. He resolved to probe the minds of his hearers, and asked a labourer if he knew what predestination meant. "Yes, sir," was the unexpected answer, "some'at about the innards of a pig."

Keble was "at the beck and call of every one in the parish. To the old men and women of the workhouse he paid special attention, bringing them little dainties, trying to brighten their dull minds as a means of reaching their souls, and endeavouring to raise their spirits to higher things. One who had been removed to another union, when asked how he liked Hursley, said, 'It seemed as if they was saying Holy, Holy, Holy, all day long.'" We should have liked to know more about Keble, but the last scenes in his life and the funeral are touchingly described. One curiosity of the neighbourhood is a monument erected to a horse which leaped down with its master into a chalk pit and so alighted that neither horse nor man was hurt. An odd character was the Otterbourne baker, who was a noted herbalist, and a great lover of flowers. He contrived a little greenhouse over his great oven, and produced lovely geraniums and other flowers. He acted as schoolmaster, and set the children as a copy the saying, "A blind man's wife needs no paint." The first hint of an examination of his school turned his brain, and he drowned himself in the canal. The notes on natural history are of great interest, especially for visitors and residents.

1. *The Cathedral Church of Wells.* A Description of its Fabric and a Brief History of the Episcopal See. By Rev. PERCY DEARMER, M.A. Forty-six illustrations.

2. *The Cathedral Church of Lincoln.* A History and Description of its Fabric and a List of the Bishops. By A. F. KENDRICK, B. A. Forty-six illustrations.

3. *The Cathedral Church of Southwell.* By Rev. ARTHUR DIMOCK, M.A. Thirty-eight illustrations.

(London: George Bell & Sons. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.)

1. Professor Freeman said that Wells was the best example to be found in the whole world of a secular church with its subordinate buildings. In no place can so many of the ancient buildings be seen still standing and still put to their own use. It was a cathedral proper, independent of any monastic foundation, but with a separate house for each of its officers, and there is no other cathedral city on which the modern world has made so little impression. Freeman did not admire the west front of the church, which Fuller described as a masterpiece without a rival. He regarded it as the finest display of sculpture in England, but thoroughly bad as a piece of architecture. Mr. Dearmer's detailed description of the statuary is one of the most valuable parts of his book, and will be of real service to those who visit Wells. A good account is given of Bishop Ken, the best and most famous of all the Somerset bishops, and the illustrations are very clear and effective.

2. The external beauty of Lincoln Cathedral makes an impression on the mind which is not soon forgotten. The building possesses unusual interest as the first development of the early English style. It is pure Gothic without any lingering trace of transitional feeling, and has been thought by many critics to be antedated, though the evidence for its date is indisputable. Mr. Kendrick gives the fullest detail in the most compact form, and his book will be of the greatest service to tourists and students.

3. The Southwell chapter survived the Tudor Reformation only to succumb to the zeal for change that followed the first Reform Bill. The minster has been, since 1884, the cathedral of the new diocese for Notts and Derbyshire, and though it must be reckoned among the smaller cathedrals, it has some

most interesting features. Its chapter house excels all others in beauty. Wolsey lived at Southwell for a time after his fall. Mr. Dimock has given us a first-rate handbook to the cathedral.

South London. By WALTER BESANT, M.A., F.S.A. With an Etching by FRANCIS S. WALKER, R.E., and 119 Illustrations. (London: Chatto & Windus. 18*s.*)

Sir Walter Besant has succeeded in making a host of people who would not study a formal history take a lively interest in the London and Westminster of other days. His third volume, which deals with South London, is framed on the same lines as its predecessors. It is a historic panorama which brings the famous buildings of the region before us. Palaces echo again to the laughter of princes and courtiers, prisons open their doors to show the throng of wretches immured there, monasteries and churches bring back the religious life of bygone ages. We see how our forefathers lived, thought, feasted and made merry, grew old and died. The past lives again under the touch of our literary magician and we find ourselves entering into its business, its amusements, its religion, as though it were all now going on around us. The closing chapter, entitled "South London of To-day," is worthy of the pen that produced *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. The beauty of the region has long since vanished. Two millions of people, mostly belonging to the working classes, are packed together mainly in dingy streets or in slums, yet every individual has his life to live, and those who go habitually among the dwellers in the slums find memories of better things, resignation rather than despair, and, at the very worst, traits of generosity and unselfishness worthy of a clean cottage and the air of a village green. The chapter closes with an impressive account of philanthropic work in South London, especially that of the Browning Settlement.

Canon Thompson has prepared a condensation of his larger work on *The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, Southwark*, which is intended to serve as a guide to visitors. It has thirty-two illustrations and is written and arranged so clearly that strangers will make the tour of the building feeling that they are under wise leadership. No church, save Westminster Abbey, can boast of such treasures as Southwark. The Guide is printed and published by Ash & Co. Every lover of London churches ought to get the Guide and visit the place at the first opportunity.

V.—TRAVEL.

Nine Years at the Gold Coast. By Rev. DENNIS KEMP. (London: Macmillan & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.* net).

MR. KEMP'S unassuming and unaffected record will appeal powerfully to all students of West Africa. It contains a mass of information as to the character, habits, and superstitions of the West Coast, such as only a long residence could have furnished. And its descriptions of the results of missionary service will commend both the work and the workers to the respect of all Christian men and women. A vein of homely humour runs through the book, but its chief characteristic is its perfect sanity. There is an absence of exaggeration, a clear-eyed view of the people and the country, a readiness to do justice to Roman Catholics and drinksellers, which will give this book weight in many circles where a missionary's opinions are sometimes received with suspicion. Mr. Kemp is not a literary artist like Miss Kingsley, nor has he any thrilling stories of adventure, but his clear and straightforward way of telling his tale produces a deep impression on a reader, and will make people anxious to learn more about the writer and his work. Mr. Kemp knew the terrors of the Gold Coast before he volunteered for work there, but when men were wanted he says, "A resistless fascination seized me, which I have never been able to shake off; and, with the consent of my friends, my services were offered and accepted, subject to a satisfactory report as to physical fitness from the medical officer." His experience supplies some hints as to health and outfit, which are all the more valuable because they are so homely. Mohammedanism makes very little progress among the natives, and Mr. Kemp has no hesitation in saying that in Cape Coast, with its population of fifteen thousand, not two crimes due to drunkenness are tried by the District Commissioner in the course of a year. The fetish priest is an important personage among the tribes of the interior. "Endowed with a marvellously retentive memory (as indeed is the case with all natives) he makes himself acquainted with the history and movements of his fellows, and is in a position to surprise them with his extra-

ordinary knowledge of their affairs; this knowledge he is always careful to attribute to his communications with the fetish deity to whose service he is attached. Scarcely a year passes without conversions to Christianity among the fetish priests, on which occasions a clean breast is made of their deceptions." Fetishism in Mankessim, the oldest Fanti kingdom, has been completely subdued. The whole people became disgusted at the deceptions practised by the priests. "While lust was reigning supreme at the orgies, human victims were offered in sacrifice. And when, at length, the strong arm of the government intervened to put a stop to bloodshed, the priests arranged for crowds of their followers to surround the groves, and by their unearthly yells to drown the screams of the victims of superstition." Mr. Kemp visited Ashanti after the English force had taken possession, and his description of its old-time horrors shows what a habitation of cruelty it had been. The whole book is full of information simply and pleasantly put. Every lover of missions ought to read it, and every Englishman will feel thankful that his own nation has had the honour of bringing to an end the atrocities of Ashanti. The illustrations are very effective, and add much to the value of a book which is the fruit of nine years of successful work in one of the plague spots of the world.

Forty-one Years in India: From Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief. By Lord ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR. With Forty-four Illustrations. New Edition in one Volume. (London: Macmillan & Co. 10*s.* net.)

We are glad that Messrs. Macmillan have published a one volume edition of Lord Roberts' now famous book. This is the thirty-second edition, and no book better deserved its success. Ten shillings could not be better spent by any one who wishes to understand our Indian empire or to see how a great military reputation is built up. The secret of the commander-in-chief's popularity among his troops in India and among all classes in this country will be clear to readers of this volume, for no general was ever more anxious to keep himself in the background, more careful of the health of his men or more eager to do everything that might promote temperance in the army. The book is full of adventures and the descriptions of the Mutiny, of the war in Afghanistan, and the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar, are of absorbing interest. The whole question of border defence and our relations with Russia is

discussed by an expert. General Roberts and his father spent between them nearly ninety years in India. The book is written by a lover of India and its people, who has a keen sympathy with the natives and feels no fear of the future if England is true to itself and to India. The natives are keen observers of character and know how to gauge the capabilities of their rulers. "It is because the English government is trusted that a mere handful of Englishmen are able to direct the administration of a country with nearly three hundred millions of inhabitants, differing in race, religion, and manners of life. Throughout all the changes which India has undergone, political and social, during the present century, this feeling has been maintained, and it will last so long as the services are filled by honourable men who sympathise with the natives, respect their prejudices, and do not interfere unnecessarily with their habits and customs." Every man with a heart in him ought to study this book and make it familiar to his children. It is a school for patriotism, but it is also a notable example of that love for the races under our rule which is the glory and strength of our empire.

A Bird's-eye View of Picturesque India. By the Right Hon. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart., G.C.S.I. (London: Chatto & Windus. 6*s.*)

Sir Richard Temple's chapters were originally written for newspapers readers, but he has added new matter and revised them with a view to this volume. It is pleasant reading for busy men, yet at every point the work shows the trained hand of an Indian expert who is absolutely master of his subject and knows how to set it forth. Sir Richard does not address himself to the world of Oriental learning or seek to supply information regarding the legislation, administration, land tenures, trade and industry of our vast empire. His aim is to give some idea of the picturesque aspects of the country to intelligent Englishmen, and to guide those who wish to visit India. "A Winter's Tour in India" sketches the route of a traveller landing at Bombay, in the first days of November, for a five months' tour. He is carried rapidly over the chief places of interest by a guide who points out famous buildings and historic scenes. The second chapter shows how a twelve months' tour may be spent to the best advantage. The Himalayas could now be seen, and a visit paid to Cashmere, one of the places best worth seeing in

the world. A chapter on "The Forests of India" gives a good account of the sport. The tiger is the king of Indian beasts, but the panther is an even more dangerous assailant—more courageous and readier to resist. "In no other case is such ferocity directed with a cunning almost amounting to reason." The description of the bear striking at a man's face with his long claws, will illustrate Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Kiss of the Bear*. The chapters on Nationalities, Native Princes, and Courts of Native Princes are specially interesting. Other subjects are treated in the same full and exact yet popular style, and the illustrations are carefully chosen from Sir Richard's own portfolio with a view to light up the subject. It is a book that ought to be put into the hands of intelligent boys and girls, and they will learn more from it than from half a dozen heavy volumes.

Across India at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century. By LUCY E. GUINNESS. (London: Religious Tract Society. 5*s*.)

Miss Guinness made good use of her three months' visit to India with her father. She has given us a series of vivid descriptions of the life and worship of the people and the labours of Christian missionaries, which seem to set the scenes before our very eyes. The impression is deepened by a crowd of illustrations which are often both novel and suggestive. Statistics, maps, and diagrams are freely given, and the book will deepen the interest in missions wherever it goes.

Shropshire. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. (London: George Allen. 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Shropshire is a rich field for the student of architecture and of old-world customs. Pitchford Hall is the queen of black and white timber houses. The Feathers' Inn, a very curious old timbered house of the time of James the First, is one of the sights of Ludlow; Shrewsbury is among the most interesting towns in England. Mr. Hare has mastered his subject, and puts his information into compact form. His quotations from other writers on the history and antiquities of the county add much to the value of the book, and it is profusely illustrated and beautifully printed. Shropshire ought to be proud of this volume, and all who want to have a guide to the county which is always bright and instructive should get Mr. Hare's book.

VI.—BELLES LETTRES.

Wisdom and Destiny. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by ALFRED SUTRO. (London: George Allen. 6*s.* net.)

THIS volume marks a distinct advance in Maeterlinck's mental and moral development. He is no longer content with exquisite visions, alluring or haunting images; "he probes into the soul of man, and lays bare all his joys and his sorrows." He has forsaken his canals, and ventured out on the broad river of life. The book contains no system of philosophy, no scheme of life; it is the thoughts of a busy brain frankly and freely given to the world. Nothing befalls us, he asserts, that is not of our own nature. We meet ourselves everywhere along the highway of fate. "If Judas go forth to-night, it is towards Judas his steps will tend, nor will chance for betrayal be lacking; but let Socrates open his door, he shall find Socrates asleep on the threshold before him, and there will be occasion for wisdom." "It is in our past that destiny finds all her weapons, her vestments, her jewels."

Aylwin. By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (London: Hurst & Blackett. 6*s.*)

Aylwin first appears in these pages as a cripple boy brooding over his vanished strength, and sadly asking whether life would be tolerable on crutches. A little maid, daughter of the drunken organist-sexton of Raxton Church, becomes the lad's good genius. She comes home from Wales to visit her father, and her sympathy and sweet companionship give new life to "fighting Hal," who once again feels himself the luckiest boy on Raxton shore. The gypsy scenes of the book, the occult philosophy, the mysterious spiritual influences which at last open Henry Aylwin's eyes to the folly of his stubborn materialism, are very finely sketched. The book is a timely protest against that incredulity which leaves the most important facts of life unexplained and inexplicable. The story is full of pathos and

adventure, tender and heart stirring. It will interest all readers, but the initiated will see beneath it a world of deeper meaning, and will rejoice, whatever their verdict on certain impossible aspects of the story may be, in such an apologist for the spiritual side of the universe. Mr. Watts-Dunton's argument against materialism ought to prepare many minds for accepting "the life and immortality" brought to light by the gospel.

The Day's Work. By RUDYARD KIPLING. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*)

A busy schoolmaster who cannot with a clear conscience read one novel a year is inclined to bless the institution of reviewing, which enables him to sit down to a book like this with the virtuous feeling that he is at work. Mr. Kipling's latest is a bookful of stories, all characterised by that intense vividness and breathless rapidity of action for which Kiplingesque is the only possible word. There are, as usual, plenty of passages which few of us could read without a dictionary—if indeed anything smaller than Dr. Murray's giant volumes would admit the *hapax legomena* on which this extraordinary literature thrives. But the best tales are happily the least technical. It is hard to resist describing some of the items in the amazingly varied menu of *The Day's Work*; but it must suffice here to dwell with no small satisfaction on the general wholesomeness of the fare. A schoolboy will rarely hear or read anything better calculated to brace up his moral fibre and give him a healthy admiration for a pure, robust and energetic young manhood than such a story as "The Brushwood Boy," which closes the book. It is a great thing that a writer of unique genius and popularity should apply himself, not to nauseous "problems" and dirty, decadent "art," but to the painting of that sturdy manliness and inflexible honesty which have built up our Indian empire.

We note one little fly in the pot of ointment. For what conceivable purpose, artistic or otherwise, are we told (p. 265) that Mr. Holdock, the disreputable shipowner, was a Wesleyan Methodist? If writers must specify the denomination of their canting scoundrels, might it be suggested that such gentry are at least as likely to choose a communion on which "society" smiles?—J. H. M.

Mr. Crockett has not given us a more powerful story than *The Red Axe* (Smith, Elder & Co., 6*s.*), though its subject is too

terrible for a nervous reader. His *Standard Bearer* (T. F. Unwin, 6s.) has much quiet humour and is another stirring chronicle of Covenanting times. *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope, is a delightful tale packed with adventures of Charles the Second's court. *Miss Erin* (Methuen & Co., 6s.) is a powerful Irish story by the skilled pen of M. E. Francis. *Owd Bob*, by Alfred Ollivant (Methuen & Co., 6s.) is a marvellous sheep-dog tale, which may be pronounced unique. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton send us Miss Fowler's *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* (6s.) which well deserves the honour it has attained of a seventh edition. It does one's mind and heart good to read it. Ian Maclaren's *Afterwards* (6s.) glorifies many a lowly life by its kindly and gracious record. *Rabbi Saunderson* (2s. 6d.) makes an entrancing book in this beautiful illustrated edition. Halliday Rogers is a new writer, whose *Meggotsbrae* (6s.) is as genial and pathetic as *Afterwards* itself. *Black Rock*, by Ralph Connor (6s.) is the most effective Temperance tale we have seen for a long time. *Neil Macleod*, by L. Gladstone (6s.) is a vigorous sketch of a young writer's life in London. *The Stevenson Reader*, by Louis Osbourne (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d.) is a treasure for schools and social circles. The selection is very happy. *Dr. Therne*, by Mr. Rider Haggard (Longmans & Co., 3s. 6d.) is a plea for vaccination—powerful but painful. Mr. Nash in *The Others, by One of Them* (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.), has given us a racy family chronicle, bright and entertaining. *Mistress Nancy Molesworth* (James Bowden, 6s.) is a piece of Joseph Hosking's best work, full of exciting scenes.

The Wesleyan Book Room has issued a set of capital stories, among which Mr. Dunk's *Where the Tamarisk Blooms* (3s. 6d.) holds first place. It is a capital story of Cornish fisher life. Miss Sizer's *Denis Patterson* (2s.) is a fine tale of Wesley's day; and Miss Dora Jones deals brightly with Reformation times in Kent in her *At the Gates of the Morning* (2s. 6d.) *Our Blest Redeemer* is a well-written and prettily got up Life of Christ for children.

The Wesleyan Sunday-school Union publish some wonderfully cheap and attractive books for boys and girls. Mr. Cowell's *Bird Minstrels* (1s. 6d.) appeals to naturalists; *A Methodist Doctor of ye Olden Time* (2s.) will charm lovers of the past.

Messrs. Blackie stand pre-eminent among publishers of gift books, and Miss Tynan's *Handsome Brandons* (6s.), a story of a

delightful Irish family; Mr. Henty's stirring tale of *Aboukir and Acre* (5*s.*); Dr. Gordon Stables' *Courage, True Hearts* (3*s.* 6*d.*), packed with adventures; the exquisite tale of *The Reign of the Little Princess Naska* (2*s.* 6*d.*); and *Her Friend and Mine*, by Florence Coombe (2*s.* 6*d.*)—are as choice and beautiful a set of books as Messrs. Blackie ever got ready for the young.

Messrs. Nelson & Sons send us *French and English*, by Miss Everett Green (5*s.*), a capital story of Wolfe and Quebec; *The Uncharted Island* (3*s.* 6*d.*) deals with the fascinating subject of buried treasure; *The Triple Alliance* (3*s.* 6*d.*) is the history of three lively schoolfellows whom all boys will like to read about. *Chums at Last* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is another vigorous story of school life. *A Pirate's Gold* (1*s.* 6*d.*) is one of Gordon Stables' wonder worlds where boys will delight to linger. Messrs. Nelson's Teachers' Bible, with Illustrated Bible Treasury, makes a splendid volume with 350 pictures and a mass of information very clearly put. It has marginal references and beautifully clear type. The prices range from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 35*s.* 6*d.*, so that every purse is suited. It is a great boon to have such volumes for teachers.

The Church Hymnary arranged for the Presbyterian Churches (Henry Frowde, 2*s.* 6*d.*) is a very successful collection of hymns with doxologies and canticles. The children are well cared for, and Sir John Stainer has acted as musical editor. This is itself a warranty for the book, and its tunes will satisfy both the musician's taste and gratify the popular ear.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell's poetic *Pictures of Travel* (Hurst & Blackett, 3*s.* 6*d.*) have both grace and point. Mr. Bell is a true thinker, a devout man, and a pleasant poet. *Songs of Faith and Hope and Love*, by M. Bertha Bradfield (C. H. Kelly, 2*s.* 6*d.*), make us feel the pathos and tenderness of human life. There is much graceful meditation on nature in the dainty little volume. The *Oxford Whittier* (H. Frowde, 3*s.* 6*d.*) is the only complete English edition of the great Quaker poet. Mr. Horder has done his work as editor well, and the volume will be a great delight to all lovers of poetry. Mr. Frowde has honoured *The Vicar of Wakefield* with a place in his Thumb Library, and a single shilling will buy this diminutive gem of the printer's art.

E. Derry's praise of *Love* (Arliss Andrews, 1*s.*) is vigorous and reverent. Mr. Elliot Stock sends a *Souvenir of Bishop How* which will comfort many a mourner. The pamphlet costs fourpence.