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London Quarterly Review.

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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1900.

THE PROGRESS OF BIBLICAL
CRITICISM.

1. *A Dictionary of the Bible.* Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D., with the assistance of T. A. SELBIE, M.A.; and, chiefly in the revision of the proofs, of A. B. DAVIDSON, D.D., S. R. DRIVER, D.D., and H. B. SWETE, D.D. Vol. I., A to Feasts; Vol. II., Feign to Kinsman. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899.)
2. *Encyclopædia Biblica.* A Critical Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D., and J. SUTHERLAND BLACK, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I., A to D. (London: A. & C. Black. 1899.)

SILENT revolutions, as a rule, do their work both effectively and permanently. The sudden cataclysm is impotent in comparison. The burning of the Pope's Bull at Wittenberg and the storming of the Bastille in Paris were significant because of the long and silent preparation in men's minds which made the outward demonstration in

each case possible. And, very frequently, no outward and visible catastrophe testifies to the operation of silent processes in the history of thought. Philosophy freed itself from the rule of theology, science broke away from philosophy, and the press asserted itself as a new power in literature, without any flourish of trumpets or planting of commemorative banners. As the Master has said of the greatest of all revolutions—the establishment of the kingdom of God in the earth—the seed is cast into the ground, and men sleep and rise night and day, and the seed springs up and grows, they know not how. Only when the fruit is ripe and the sickle is put forth do the meaning and value of the harvest appear.

Is it true that a silent revolution is going on in these closing years of the nineteenth century in reference to the Bible? Is it a fact, as some are disposed to proclaim with triumph, and others are inclined to admit with a sigh, that the authority of the most sacred of all books is waning, that belief in its inspiration is disappearing, and that, instead of being regarded as the word of God, a large part of its contents is now being dismissed as the not too trustworthy words of a miscellaneous collection of men? Is it a fact that during the last forty years in this country Biblical Criticism has made such rapid and startling advances, that the awe and charm which surrounded the Book of books when middle-aged men were boys has disappeared, and much of the faith in things unseen which rested upon the Bible as a foundation has vanished with the old reverence for its authority?

There may be some *prima facie* grounds for such statements. It is not easy, for the most part, to estimate contemporary history justly, and gauge advance or retrogression in the formation of opinion. The progress of ideas is sometimes less like the flow of a stream than the movement of a glacier, and advance in the latter case can only be estimated by actual measurements. Only careful observers would believe that the central portion of a glacier often moves over twenty feet in as many hours. We may

welcome, therefore, any indication which will give us something like assurance in a matter of such importance as the position and authority of the Bible in this generation ; for, unless we know the facts accurately, our deductions will be of little value. What conclusive evidence is there of the exact changes brought about during this generation by Biblical Criticism ?

More apposite testimony could not be desired than is furnished by the issue of three—or perhaps we ought to say four—large, important, and representative Bible Dictionaries. In a recent article published in this REVIEW¹ attention was drawn to the appearance of what is coming to be known as “Hastings’ Dictionary” ; but, in order to draw conclusions aright, careful comparison should be instituted between the first edition of Smith’s Dictionary, published in 1863, the second edition—or the lame substitute for one—which appeared in 1893, the two volumes of Hastings’ Dictionary dated 1898 and 1899 respectively, and the first volume of the still more recent Encyclopædia edited by Canon Cheyne, which appeared last autumn. We need not repeat what was said in the pages of this journal less than two years ago. But it has seemed desirable, or rather absolutely necessary, that a REVIEW which professes to mark the signs of the times, especially in relation to theological literature, should draw careful attention to the remarkable contents of the second volume of Dr. Hastings’ Dictionary, especially now that it is possible to institute a comparison between it and a rival publication covering so nearly the same ground. Instead, however, of making this article a mere “notice” of important books, describing their contents and leaving readers to form their own conclusions, it will perhaps be well to use these publications as a means of estimating the claims, the achievements, and, it may be, the failures of contemporary Biblical Criticism. It should surely be possible, after even a brief survey, to answer the question,

¹ See No. CLXXX., July, 1898, pp. 225–247 : “A New Dictionary of the Bible.”

Where will Evangelical Christians stand in relation to the Bible, if they follow these new guides of thought and biblical study?

And first let something be said concerning the more obvious differences between Dr. Hastings' Dictionary and Canon Cheyne's Encyclopædia. The two works cover so largely the same area, that it is natural to ask why a second dictionary of this kind is called for, especially when students have had to wait so long for one, adequate to the needs of the time. The preface to the Encyclopædia explains that its genesis is due to the late Professor Robertson Smith, who had made some progress with a scheme which was to include his own biblical contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, together with articles by some of the chief continental scholars. Ill health, however, followed by the brilliant professor's lamented death, prevented the carrying out of this plan, and Canon Cheyne and Dr. Sutherland Black were constituted literary legatees in this matter, as persons every way qualified to execute Dr. Robertson Smith's plans in the spirit in which they had been conceived. "The Bible Dictionary which he contemplated," we are told, "was no mere collection of useful miscellanea, but a survey of the contents of the Bible as illuminated by criticism—a criticism which identifies the cause of religion with that of historical truth, and, without neglecting the historical and archæological setting of religion, loves best to trace the growth of high conceptions, the flashing forth of new intuitions, and the development of noble personalities, under local and temporal conditions that may often be, to human eyes, most adverse." The editors further say that their sympathies "are upon the whole with what is known as 'advanced' criticism," though they graciously admit that they "have no desire to boycott moderate criticism"; and this for the tolerably sufficient reason that the "advanced" criticism of yesterday may be the "moderate" criticism of to-day. But moderate criticism is only to be tolerated when the critic has something "original"—which apparently means something novel—to say. We are prepared, then, by these and other statements of the

preface to find in the Encyclopædia a more decided and uncompromising breach with traditional views than has hitherto been contemplated in any production of the kind in this country, and it should be possible to discern in what this "advance" really consists and in what direction it is moving.

As regards the scholarship of the contributors in each case, there is happily a friendly rivalry which leaves little advantage with either. Canon Cheyne's position in the foremost rank of English Old Testament scholars is unquestionable; but the names of Canon Driver, Dr. A. B. Davidson, and Professor Swete, which appear on the title-page of the Dictionary, represent the high-water mark of English scholarship. Of continental scholars engaged by Canon Cheyne the names of Nöldeke, Tiele, Benzinger, Bousset, Schmiedel, and others are sufficiently distinguished; but, while we deprecate anything like invidious comparison in such enumeration, it may be remarked that Hommel, König, and Nestle are only specimens of names equally eminent, which prove the "international" character of Dr. Hastings' Dictionary. It may be said, however, in passing, that the proportion of German writers in the Encyclopædia is larger, and the tone of the work is naturally somewhat determined by the fact. But lest we should appear to be drawing a comparison which would be in very bad taste between two bands of scholars engaged in essentially the same work, we hasten to say that both editors have been successful in gathering round them a large number of strong and representative names, some happily appearing in both lists. Such healthy competition can only produce the best results for the thorough biblical study which all alike desire to promote; and so far as comparison is proper, it may truly be said that neither publication can claim to represent the highest and ripest scholarship of the time rather than the other.

We have carefully compared the plan pursued in the selection of articles in each case, and may say that, while in the main the two works cover the same ground, some

important differences may be observed. As to length, the advantage lies perhaps with the Dictionary; but it is at present not very marked. The letter A occupies 400 columns in the Encyclopædia, 416 in the Dictionary. The article "Babylonia" fills 32 columns in one book, 33 in the other. The letters A to D require 1,140 columns in the Encyclopædia, and 1,260 in the Dictionary, the column in each case being practically of the same length. But each work is to fill four volumes, and the 1,260 columns of the Encyclopædia have to stand against 1,720 in the first volume of the Dictionary and 1,740 in the second volume.

As to the character of the articles, the leading topics are treated on much the same scale in the two works. But the Dictionary contains many more articles, and pays special attention to Bible *words*. This may be esteemed either an advantage or a drawback; the Encyclopædia avowedly states that it is concerned with "things, not words." In biblical theology the Dictionary is decidedly stronger. It has an article "Bible," which the other has not; but another volume may redress this balance. The treatment of such words as "Faith," "Atonement," "Justification," and others in the Dictionary is, in our opinion, a feature of great value. In "outside" articles also, as for instance those on philosophical subjects, "Conscience," "Ethics," and others, the Dictionary is superior; and we value these contributions greatly, though a certain pedantry may question the desirability of inserting them in a Dictionary of the Bible.

In type and arrangement both are excellent—a great improvement upon "Smith." The Dictionary uses the larger type, and is much pleasanter to read; but the Encyclopædia, with its small type, produces clearness by the free use of leads, and the marginal insets, which indicate the subjects of the various sections, are a great help. Neither work is strong in maps and illustrations; but of the two the Dictionary is the better in this respect. We prefer Dr. Hastings' plan of printing the name of each contributor in full at the end of his article; this saves constant reference.

But he fails to give, as Dr. Cheyne does, a detached list of the chief articles in each volume with their authors' names. Some of these minute comparisons are perhaps hardly worth making; but in the case of a book which should be a constant companion to a student of the Bible every detail matters. And speaking of the two works on the whole, we can only say in a single sentence how greatly—with certain drawbacks to be mentioned shortly—we have been delighted with both. Every student must gratefully acknowledge how much toil, study, patient planning, and minute, watchful, untiring care have gone to the preparation of these invaluable works. If they finish as they have begun,—and the second volume of the Dictionary surpasses the first in interest,—each will be a thesaurus of the greatest possible value in the opening years of the twentieth century.

But, to come to close quarters with the question with which we started, it is necessary to compare these recent undertakings of Messrs. T. & T. Clark and Messrs. A. & C. Black with that of Mr. Murray nearly forty years ago. It is clear at once that a silent revolution is in progress, one vitally affecting the position of the Bible in our midst. It is not one, however, which need diminish or ought seriously to affect the authority of *the* Book of books; but it will end, if wisely conducted, in greatly broadening and strengthening the foundation on which that authority should rest. The proviso as to the wise conduct of the movement must, however, be insisted on. It cannot be denied that amongst those who are active in promoting it are many who mean by revolution something essentially different from what we have indicated by the word; and if their methods be followed, their spirit prevail, and their conclusions be adopted, there will before long be an end of more than the authority of the Bible. This is particularly the case with certain articles in the Encyclopædia, though in all Biblical Criticism the tendency needs to be guarded against. It is impossible here to draw hard and fast lines of distinction; but we hope to be able to indicate what all Evangelical Free Churchmen, as imbued with the true principles of

Protestantism, may welcome, and where, in the progress of this silent revolution, it is necessary to hoist the danger signal.

The gains to Bible study indicated by the publication of these two Dictionaries are really enormous. Together they stand for the free acceptance and fearless use of new knowledge of all kinds. Forty years ago much of this knowledge was unavailable; but there was also a fear—reverent, well intentioned, yet mistaken—of frankly employing information of various kinds which was then beginning to accumulate, because the theology of the time was unprepared to assimilate it. One has only to mention the names of the two sciences of Textual Criticism and Biblical Archæology to show what advances have been made in biblical knowledge during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

This more candid facing of facts has led to many consequences. The study of the Bible as literature has shown that the value of the Book is not impaired but increased by the recognition of literary methods in its structure. The meaning of "authorship" under the conditions in question is better understood. The extensive use of compilation, the employment of eminent names with no thought of deception, the conditions under which books were arranged and "edited," are now understood and accepted. Illustrations of this abound in both Dictionaries on almost every page. But we may go further. The place of "legend" in revelation is admitted. The character of the early narratives in Genesis shows that traditions of very various character are blended in the religious records of Israel. A careful study of the articles "Creation," "Cosmogony," "Flood," together with those on Abraham, Jacob, and other patriarchs, will show why there should be no attempt to insist on the precise historical accuracy of early traditions, as if they were records noted down by a scientific contemporary historian, while the true significance of those traditions as part of a religious revelation is for the most part well brought out. A different tone is observable, however, in these articles, and the reaction against traditional views

manifested in some of them is excessive and unjustifiable. But the relief afforded from obvious difficulties by the admission of the above principle is great, and the value of the narratives themselves, though altered, need not be really lessened. Dr. Driver's discussion of the stories of the patriarchs, for example, in Dr. Hastings' Dictionary, under "Jacob," sums up thus :

The view which, on the whole, may be said best to satisfy the circumstances of the case is that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are historical persons, and that the accounts which we have of them are *in outline* historically true, but that their characters are idealised and their biographies in many respects coloured by the feelings and associations of a later age. The basis of the narratives in Genesis is, in fact, *popular oral tradition*, and, that being so, we may expect them to display the characteristics which popular oral tradition does in other cases.

Without accepting the principle precisely as stated, it is certain that some such interpretation of the early narratives alone satisfies the facts of the case.

It is a gain, moreover, that in modern biblical study the forced attempts which used to be made to "harmonize" various parts of Scripture have been given up. We are constrained to say at the same time that *some* Biblical Criticism—conspicuous in certain articles of Canon Cheyne's Encyclopædia—unduly emphasises discrepancies, and exaggerates their significance to the discredit of the documents in question. But it was always with some uneasiness that one regarded the well meant attempts to "harmonize" Kings and Chronicles, or to press the two genealogies of Jesus into telling exactly the same story, or to enforce exact agreement between the diversified narratives of the gospels. The article "Genealogy of Jesus Christ," in Dr. Hastings' Dictionary, opens thus :

The only genealogies of the New Testament are those of Matthew i. 1-17 and Luke iii. 23-38, two independent pedigrees, each purporting to give the descent of Joseph, reputed father of Jesus. . . . The attempt to vindicate their simultaneous accu-

racy by harmonistic devices has been abandoned by nearly all writers of authority as a violation of the text or of historical credibility.

The writer—Professor Bacon, of Yale—adds lower down : “Reconciliation of discrepant sources by suppositions within the limits of loyalty to the text and to historical probability is, *per contra*, the first duty of rational criticism.” The acceptance of this principle—if only the phrase “historical probability” be reasonably interpreted—safeguards the process, whilst the acceptance of the possibility and even probability of minor discrepancies frees the inquirer from a demoralising yoke of bondage. Dr. Sanday’s treatment of the same subject in his admirable article, “Jesus Christ,” in Hastings’ Dictionary,—itself almost enough to insure the success of a volume,—and Professor Ramsay’s discussion, to which reference is there made, may be quoted as excellent examples of the application of “rational criticism” to a confessedly difficult subject. Professor Stanton, in his article “Gospels,” in the same Dictionary, points out that criticism is right in attributing a measure of variation to “the natural action of tradition,” though he shows that many modern critics resort too freely to this explanation. He goes on to say :

A truer kind of harmony may be sought for in the gospels than that which, in the supposed interests of the faith, men have too often mistakenly attempted to establish. We may inquire whether there is, or is not, amid all differences an essential inner agreement, or at least compatibility, whether the several representations of our Lord’s Person and Life in them do not give in combination an image marked by unity and completeness. If we can trace in the gospels such a harmony, we shall have herein the best guarantee that we could desire of their historical truth, and shall derive therefrom the noblest conception that could be formed of the common inspiration of their fourfold testimony.¹

Inquiry proceeding upon these lines may alter certain views

¹ Vol. II., p. 249.

of the Bible which good people have cherished as essential to religious faith; but it will end in the establishment of faith in general and the authority of the Bible in particular upon a much firmer and more satisfactory basis.

In the Old Testament some of the leading positions taken up by both Dictionaries are the following. Both accept as proven the current analysis of the Hexateuch into its constituent documents—P, JE, D, with their subdivisions and editorial modifications. The article "Hexateuch" in Hastings' Dictionary is written by the Rev. F. H. Woods, Professor Ryle being responsible for "Genesis" and "Deuteronomy." The Encyclopædia article on Deuteronomy is by Professor G. H. Moore. All these occupy substantially the same ground in relation to the dates of the several documents, though the tone of Professor Ryle's article is more moderate and conservative than Professor Moore's. The same contrast is observable in the treatment of "Decalogue" by Professor Paterson and Mr. W. E. Addis respectively. The view favoured by Professor Paterson in the Dictionary is thus expressed :

A third view leaves undisturbed the tradition that Moses was the author of an essentially spiritual and ethical code of ten precepts, but alleges the probability of this having originally existed in a briefer form, to which from time to time various reflections and promises were added, which strengthened the appeal to the mind and will.

The difference of tone in Cheyne's Encyclopædia may be shown by comparing this statement with that of Mr. W. E. Addis. He accepts Wellhausen's idea of an earlier "ceremonial" decalogue (of his own invention), supposed to be handed down in the "Yahwistic legend"; but even this, according to Mr. Addis, "must be put long after the time of Moses." The original form of the Decalogue in Exodus xx. and Deuteronomy v. he places of course much later still. Its ethical character, according to Mr. Addis and his German teachers, proves its late origin. It can only be 'grounded on the teaching of the great prophets' of whose discourses we have written records. "It may be," says Mr. Addis,

"co-eval with Micah—belonging at earliest to the time of Manasseh."

When we say that the article on "Isaiah" is written by Professor G. Adam Smith, most of our readers will understand the line that is taken in it from their knowledge of the interesting volumes by the same author in the "Expositor's Bible" Series. The partition of the book of Isaiah as it has come down to us is inevitable on the principles of modern criticism; the only question is, how far analysis may safely be carried. Professor Smith takes a middle course between Driver, Kirkpatrick, and Skinner on the one hand, and Duhm and Cheyne on the other; though he himself appears more inclined to "advanced" views than he was a few years ago. Dr. Adam Smith agrees so far with Cheyne as to say: "His general principle may be regarded as sound by all who have worked at the text of the prophets; *viz.* that to the oracles of even the greatest of the prophets later generations of Israel added supplements, in order to mitigate unqualified messages of doom, or for other purposes of edification." But we are glad that he goes on to recognise that "this is a principle in the application of which there must naturally be very great difference of opinion. The conclusions do largely depend on the subjectivity of the critic"; and Professor Smith proceeds to show why he considers Cheyne's reasons for withdrawing many passages from Isaiah to be hypothetical. It would be well if this essential "subjectivity" of a large part of modern critical "conclusions" were more constantly borne in mind. A distinction should be drawn between, for example, the contents of one of Dr. Adam Smith's paragraphs, "Prophecies certainly not Isaiah's in chapters i.-xxxix.," and some of the speculative views expressed elsewhere in his article. In the *Encyclopædia* the speculative element preponderates; indeed, according to its editors, if this were omitted, nothing would be left but that "moderate" criticism which is only good enough not to be absolutely "boycotted." And—in accordance with a not unfamiliar trait of human nature—in proportion as external, positive, objective evidence diminishes, dogmatism

increases. Phrases such as "must have been," "cannot be" multiply, in the same ratio that other reasons fail; the fact being, not that the critic is consciously bolstering up a weak case, but that the reasons in his own mind depend upon a number of tacit postulates or presuppositions which are obviously more clear to him than they can be to any one else.

It is unfair to judge a whole work from one volume, and the article on Psalms in the Encyclopædia is yet to come. But Professor Cheyne has written in his "David" article: "That the song of triumph in 2 Samuel xxii. (= psalm xviii.) and the 'last words of David' in xxiii. 1-7 (both highly religious compositions), are Davidic, is not, on grounds of criticism, tenable. Nor can any of the psalms in the Psalter be ascribed with any probability to David." The chief reason assigned for this, however, is: "How could the David known to us from history have entered into the ideas of psalms xxxii. and li., which are assigned by Delitzsch and Orelli to the sad period of David's great sin? Would not that have been one of the greatest of miracles?" The fuller defence of this position may be presented in subsequent articles; but is it not clear that the "David known to us from history" according to Professor Cheyne is a David constructed by criticism, all those religious characteristics which mark him in the books that have come down to us having been stripped off as "idealizations" of later generations? After that process has been gone through, to argue that such a David could not have entered into such ideas cannot be called convincing. The fallacy of arguing in a circle could hardly be better illustrated.

The articles on "Daniel," written by Professor Curtis in the Dictionary and Professor Kamphausen in the Encyclopædia, cover much ground in common. Both agree in assigning the book in its present form to the age of Antiochus Epiphanes (175-163 B.C.), and the arguments for unity of authorship are considered by both writers to be conclusive. An interesting article in the Dictionary on "Jonah," by Professor König, allows that the book known by that name "may rest upon a tradition about Jonah, yet

the essential character of the book consists in this, that it belongs to the category of symbolical narratives," and it was written, "not in the eighth century, but in the post-exilic period." Professor König contends that only on this "symbolical," as opposed to an "externo-historical" interpretation, can the main idea of the book be understood, which he represents as the following :

Israel has been intrusted by God with the mission to call the *goyim* (Gentile nations) also to moral amendment, and is not to look askance or be jealous if the *goyim* manifest repentance, and if God takes back the threatenings which He had pronounced against them.

The arguments which are used to establish this view of "Jonah" we cannot even summarise ; but readers will remember how far they had commended themselves to Dr. Dale, who ventured, at the cost of no little offence taken by members of his congregation, to publish them as his own.

The above must serve as specimens of the positions taken up by these Dictionaries on Old Testament criticism. It will be perceived that to some extent they occupy common ground, proceeding substantially upon the same fundamental hypothesis as regards the documents of the Hexateuch, and dealing in virtually the same way with the books of the Prophets, accepting in broad outline the same views as to the religious history of Israel. But with serious differences. We are inclined to think that the underlying differences are quite as important as the obvious agreement ; but we hesitate to give too decided an opinion until the Encyclopædia has had time more fully to develop its position. Speaking generally, the articles in the Dictionary admit a much larger proportion of early material in the documents that have come down to us, a much larger measure of historical trustworthiness in the narratives, and they evince much less distrust of the supernatural element. But both alike imply a veritable revolution in their mode of regarding the Old Testament, when compared (say) with Smith's Bible Dictionary of 1863.

Is this change fully warranted by the facts of the case? Are the Evangelical Churches of this country to accept the new position? And if so, how does it affect their ancient faith? These are questions which it would be presumptuous in the writer to answer, except from his own position as an attentive though by no means advanced student of the subject. There may be few who take precisely his attitude in these somewhat trying times of transition. But it appears to him that the principle of free inquiry, untrammelled by any preconceived doctrine of "inspiration," or any theories concerning what "revelation" ought to contain, or how far the records of the Scriptures must agree in detail—the charter, that is, of criticism—is of inestimable value, and must be accepted as the necessary postulate of all Bible study to-day. Further, it seems clear that traditional views as to the date and authorship of the greater part of the Old Testament—Law, Prophets, and Psalms alike—require to be very considerably modified. Further, that the principle of compilation is the rule, rather than the exception, in the composition of many of the books as they have come down to us, and that "stratification," as it has been called,—the combination of documents dealing with the same events written at different periods or under different auspices,—is clearly proved. Further, that the work of "editing," sometimes with a tolerably free hand, is present in a greater degree than had been supposed. Further, that the characteristics of early traditions need to be borne in mind in studying documents dealing with primitive history, just as the well known characteristics of poetical language must be borne in mind in the interpretation of poetry. Further, that the element of the supernatural in the Old Testament, which is clearly present, and must neither be denied nor explained away, needs to be cautiously applied; that explanations implying miracle be not needlessly multiplied, since—as in the case of many prophecies—a careful study of the facts will often preclude the necessity of falling back on the hypothesis of preternatural interposition. And yet, once again, in regard to detailed hypotheses, while much difference still exists

among critics on important points, there is a growing consensus of opinion among scholars of various types upon some leading questions, which should command assent at the hands of those less qualified to judge.

But it is possible to hold firmly by these principles without accepting all the hypotheses that are at present in vogue among scholars of high repute. It is necessary, first of all, to distinguish between scholars and scholars. Learning is not the only qualification necessary for a decision on many of these questions; sometimes it may not even be the chief. Learning furnishes materials, but judgment—a very different faculty—is required to pronounce upon them. And sometimes the very faculties which qualify for erudition disqualify for sound discrimination.

Again, the presuppositions of many scholars need to be taken into the account when their critical conclusions are in question. Many tacitly, but not less really, exclude the supernatural. Others assume a certain "evolution" of religious thought in Israel which must not be violated, taking for granted without proof that all "spiritual" views do not appear till late in the history of development. Add to this that in the case of the Old Testament so little external evidence is forthcoming to check the "subjectivity" of critics, that the views necessarily lack the weight and solidity which "objective" proofs of date and authorship alone can furnish. The same principle applies to questions of text. The science of Textual Criticism leads in the case of the New Testament to tolerably assured results, because of the abundant material forthcoming and the exclusion of arbitrary guesses. But conjectural emendation is now coming to form a staple element in the interpretation of the Old Testament, at least among "advanced" critics; and this introduces another element of instability of a serious kind.

The last remark leads to another. What is meant by "advance" in the study of the Bible? Canon Cheyne, in nearly all his writings, casts a slight, implied or expressed, upon scholars whose "pace" does not satisfy him, the

laggards upon the journey in which he aspires to be a very foremost leader. No one who knows his writings but must admire the encyclopædic learning and the indefatigable industry manifested in them, the keen watch which allows nothing that bears upon his vast and multifarious studies to escape him. The Encyclopædia which he is editing will prove a standing monument of his abilities; for in the first volume alone he has embodied in more than fifty articles the work of years. And if "advance" meant only the gathering of new material, the more complete assimilation of what is known, and a more complete mastery of all branches of Old Testament knowledge, progress must always be desirable, and could hardly be too rapid. But with Canon Cheyne and some others advance seems to be measured by distance from traditional beliefs and by the multiplication of novel and startling hypotheses. The "moderate" critic with him is not the man who has a moderate amount of knowledge, but one who does not differ immoderately from time-honoured opinions. Now, that those opinions were in many respects mistaken has been proved; but does it follow that the farther we get away from them the nearer we approach the truth?

An illustration may here be drawn from the criticism of the New Testament, to which for other reasons it is quite time we turned attention. All the world knows perfectly well what has been the history in this case. The current of Tübingen criticism which prevailed thirty years or more ago has slackened, and the tide has turned. Harnack's summary statement published in 1896¹ has often been quoted since, proving, as it does indisputably, that there has been so decided a return to traditional opinion concerning the date and authorship of the documents of the New Testament, that its main positions may now be taken for granted. Why is this? Because the licence of subjective criticism has been held in check by the discovery of facts and external evidence, necessitating an early date for compositions which

¹ See his *Chronologie des A. T. Litt.*, Pref., pp. 8, 10.
L.Q.R., JAN., 1900.

many eminent critics assured us "must have been" written late in the second century. Professor Cheyne says in his preface: "Unfortunately the literary and historical criticism of the New Testament is by no means so far advanced as that of the Old Testament." This seems to bear out the meaning of the word "advanced" above suggested. No one can say that little attention has been paid to the New Testament, or that less assured results have been obtained with regard to it than in the case of the Old Testament. But the limits within which it is possible to start novel and revolutionary theories are happily narrower in the case of the New Testament, and less freedom is granted to those who would reconstruct instead of interpreting a sacred text. But the editor of the *Encyclopædia Biblica* seems determined to set "moderate" criticism on one side even in the case of the New Testament. We must wait to see what treatment is accorded to the gospels; but sufficient illustration for our purpose is furnished by the article on "Acts" by Professor Schmiedel of Zurich, together with its accompanying articles, "Barnabas," "Council of Jerusalem," etc.

The conclusion set forth by Schmiedel, and, so far as the *Encyclopædia* is concerned, the only one which the student of to-day is to accept concerning the "Acts," is that it is a "tendency" document dating somewhere between A.D. 105 and 130, untrustworthy in its narrative, except perhaps so far as the "we" sections are concerned. The compiler prepared it "to justify the Gentile Christianity of himself and his time, already on the way to Catholicism." It is full of inaccuracies, as may be supposed from the fact that the writer "was not in possession of full information," but "first represented to himself the conditions of the apostolic age, and afterwards described them as if they had been similar to those of his own." He wished, however, "what has actually happened, that the whole book should be regarded as the work of an eye-witness." This remarkably honest writer, who thus misleads his readers, was so carried away by other "tendencies," the "desire to say as little as possible unfavourable to the Roman civil power," and the "æsthetic aim

at being graphic," that he turns out to be untrustworthy everywhere. "There is unhappily some room for the suspicion that the author has not held himself bound to appropriate the 'we' source in its integrity." In short, he uses it mainly to produce the impression of first-hand knowledge, and "apart from the 'we' sections no statement merits immediate acceptance on the mere ground of its presence in the book."

The reasons given for these sweeping conclusions are of the most meagre description; the inconsistencies in the narratives of the conversion of St. Paul, and especially the supposed discrepancy between St. Paul's account of the Judaizing controversy and that given in Acts, being among the chief. Schmiedel occupies a great deal of space in the attempt to controvert Blass's recent theories; but of Lightfoot and Ramsay there is only the scantiest mention. It is added that "the value of Acts as a devout and edifying work cannot be impaired by criticism"; but it would be unfair, Professor Schmiedel thinks, "to impose on the author the demands of strict historical accuracy and objectivity."

Now, if this be the best specimen Canon Cheyne can furnish of "advanced" criticism as applied to the New Testament, he may rest assured that a large measure of suspicion will be cast upon what he considers to be advance in the case of the Old Testament. In reality it is retrogression. It is not exactly going back to Tübingen, but it implies a return to the exploded methods and theories of that school. The "objective" evidence of first-hand knowledge on the part of the writer of Acts adduced by Ramsay is either ignored or contemptuously dismissed in a line or two; whereas it is taken for granted on the slenderest evidence that in the case of a "tendency" writer of such a period historical trustworthiness cannot be expected. Professor Schmiedel's article is itself an excellent example of "tendency" writing, and one could hardly find a better specimen of what Biblical Criticism should *not* be. The date of the Acts is discussed, we may say in passing, by two writers in the first number of the new *Journal of Theological Studies*,

published in October last. The former of these, the Rev. J. A. Cross, adduces the undeniable difficulties occasioned by a comparison of Acts xv. and Galatians ii. and their bearing on the date in question ; while the latter, the Rev. R. B. Rackham, pleads for a very early date for the Acts, before the death of St. Paul. Now, both these critics cannot be right ; but both discuss the subject in a fair, straightforward way. A similar treatment will be found in the excellent article by Mr. Headlam in Hastings' Dictionary. Now, Lightfoot and Headlam may be wrong, as Mr. Cross contends ; and it is quite open to any one to say that neither these eminent scholars nor Professor Ramsay in his masterly handling of the subject have cleared up all difficulties. But a Dictionary of the Bible which professes to guide students according to the best light of modern times should not put forward as the only tenable account of early Christian history the one-sided and misleading statements furnished by the articles of Professor Schmiedel.

We had marked several other points in New Testament criticism, on which the Encyclopædia not so much favours "heterodox" views,—no one should complain of that, due reason being assigned,—but is obviously unfair to the New Testament writers considered as trustworthy historians. Baron von Soden, in his article on "Chronology," describes St. Luke's account of the dates in ii. 1-5 as "resting on a series of mistakes," without taking any account of Professor Ramsay's defence of St. Luke in *Was Christ born at Bethlehem?* and other confirmatory evidence. Much might be said also on the treatment given to some of the ecclesiastical subjects—"Church," "Bishop," and "Baptism." But we forbear. On controversial questions every one cannot be pleased, and all that a student is entitled to expect in a Dictionary of the Bible is fairness. But—so far as it is possible to judge from the first volume now issued—the *Encyclopædia Biblica* is not likely to give on all points that fair account of the present condition of biblical knowledge which the average working student expects. It may be said that this work is not prepared for the average student, but

for a select class, who have left behind them the obsolete positions of traditional belief and of "moderate" criticism, and are prepared to-day to accept what will be the beliefs of the day after to-morrow.

It remains, however, to be seen what the soundest and best criticism of the morrow will accept. To our eyes there are many signs that ere long in the Old Testament, as already in the New, it will be seen that the literary critic has done his work, and that the time for the constructive theologian has more than come. "It is not the farthest advance beyond the average of an age that makes the truly great man," says Harnack in his *History of Dogma*, "but the power with which he can awaken a new life in existing society." The critics have proved their ability to analyse, but literary analysis is in danger of eating its own heart out; and fully to justify itself, criticism must prove its power to make the Old Testament, in its new interpretation, a more living book, a more complete and illuminating revelation of God in history, than men have ever yet perceived it to be. The tendency manifested in the Encyclopædia to measure advance by novelties and departure from tradition as such will not command general confidence. The tone of the first volume in many respects does not augur favourably for the realisation of that sober constructive work which was characteristic of the late Professor Robertson Smith, even in his most "destructive" moods.

It is a much more congenial task, leaving all topics of controversy, to point out the immense additions made by both these undertakings to biblical and theological science. It is difficult to say whether, on the whole, the longer or the shorter articles in these Dictionaries are the more valuable. A careful study of the minor articles will, we believe, increase the first-formed estimate of their value. Only those who have had some experience of the work can understand how difficult it is to write some of these brief notices. We have not been able to examine them fully; but the editors in both cases seem to have compressed their information and arranged their cross-references with

scientific skill and precision. Then, some of the longer articles are masterly in their treatment, and full of fascination. This is particularly the case in Dr. Hastings' Dictionary. It is almost a liberal education in theology to read carefully the articles on God by Dr. A. B. Davidson, and on Jesus Christ by Professor Sanday. Professor Ramsay gives, in a series of articles, a clear *résumé* of his views on Galatia and its relation to apostolic history. If Professor Stanton's treatment of "Gospels" cannot be pronounced equal to Dr. Sanday's article in the second edition of "Smith," either in scope or in treatment, it is both able and valuable. Dr. Davidson's explanation of the "Immanuel" prophecy in Isaiah vii. forms an excellent illustration of the way in which Messianic prophecies should be handled in the light of modern knowledge. A separate article of this REVIEW would be necessary to point out the merits of the three articles on the apostle John and his writings, by Professor T. B. Strong, of Oxford, the late Principal Reynolds, and Principal Salmond respectively. And for our own part we are disposed to lay great stress upon the articles devoted to biblical theology. Perhaps no part of the Dictionary will be more useful to the ministerial student than the exposition given of such words as "Glory," "Grace," "Forgiveness," and "Holiness," and the mode of studying Scripture which such short treatises will foster. The articles on Bible Words by the editor, Dr. Hastings, are excellent of their kind, though perhaps some of them receive a disproportionate amount of space. But we cannot wish that the scheme of this Dictionary were made any less comprehensive. It is for this, and for many reasons, far better fitted for the average student and the working pastor than the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. The latter will occupy a position of its own, and will always be consulted by scholars fairly acquainted with the literature of the various subjects and able to "place" each article in its due relation to the whole. Its very aims and professions prevent it from being the single book of reference on the Bible, which is all that many can afford.

But its publication, almost simultaneously with Messrs. Clark's Dictionary, will help to promote the best interests of Bible study; and to "advanced" criticism will be granted a full hearing, and its due share, but no more, of public confidence.

In conclusion, it may be said that never for fifty years past were the prospects of thorough, honest, and reverent study of the Bible more favourable than at present. Criticism has a free hand, and no devout believer in the sacredness of the Scriptures need wish it to be otherwise. Much of the work that it has already done has been of great value to sound exegesis, and has widened the thoughts while not impairing the faith of Christian students of the Bible. Some of the critical theories propounded have been rash, some of the methods employed have been unscientific, and some of those which at present are fashionable are probably doomed to pass away in their turn, as others have done before them. If some traditional views as to the date and authorship of certain books have proved untenable, others have held their own, in spite of unsparing and repeated attacks. Suspense of judgment upon many points is still necessary. But it has been clearly shown—as so often in the history of religion—that the surrender of certain views considered to be essential to faith has been rather helpful to it than otherwise. The citadel of divine truth remains unharmed, when outworks which have been constructed by its defenders with the best intentions have had to be pulled down. And many outworks over the anticipated demolition of which sundry small friends of religion have been rejoicing have proved to be impregnable. These new Dictionaries of the Bible, containing many novel theories, as well as much incontestable information, need, like all authorities, to be used with care and discrimination. Excellent men here and there will cherish fears and suspicions concerning them, as so many did in reference to the preparation of a Revised Version. But in the opening years of the twentieth century it will be seen how great is the value of these biblical treasure-houses. If wood, hay, stubble be found amongst

their gold and silver and precious stones, it will not be long before the distinction is made manifest. God, who guides His Church and honours His Word, will make His truth to prevail. The rest may pass, and will pass away for ever, but he that believeth shall not make haste. Calmly we may witness the removing of the things that are shaken as of things that have been made, in order that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.

W. T. DAVISON.

THE REAL STEVENSON.

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to his Family and Friends. Selected and edited with Notes and Introduction by SIDNEY COLVIN. Two Volumes. (London : Methuen & Co.)

OPEN these volumes of Letters where you will, you shall chance upon some reference to death. Throughout his life Stevenson kept royal company. King Death stalked day by day at his side, lay with him at night, sat with him at table. And Stevenson never shrank from his grim companion. "I keep returning and now hand over fist from the realms of Hades," he writes. "I saw that gentleman between the eyes, and fear him less after each visit. Only Charon and his rough boatmanship I somewhat fear."

He loved life to the last, and to the last he protested that it was "good fun." The staling influences by which, as Mr. Lowell phrases it, "we become accustomed to Orion and the Pleiades," he was never subject to. Ennui was unknown to him. Each new face he saw, each new place he visited, set interest and curiosity agog. He walked the world on tip-toe, straining that he might miss by the way no single sight that could afford food for his eager and insatiate appetite. He preached, and better still practised, the gospel of cheerfulness as one of the first of human duties :

The world is so full of a number of things,
I think we should all be as happy as kings.

Yet in spite of the superb lust of life that surged in his veins, he recognised from the outset that Death, the so

called despoiler, is in reality the beneficent donor—that human life, human love, human friendship would be infinitely less beautiful but for him, at whose touch, beauty is supposed to wither.

“There is but one art—to omit! O if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an *Iliad* of a daily paper.” So wrote Stevenson to his cousin Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson in 1883, and the passage is characteristic of the man of whom—speaking in the sense in which Emerson spoke when he said, “Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato”—we may with no less certainty say that he might stand for all time as the very type and personification of what we call “the artistic temperament.” Not many lovers of art or of literature will have the heart to urge any fault against the most lovable personality of our time; but if any fault can be urged against Stevenson, it is that he is too subjective and self-conscious—that he cannot succeed in “jumping off his own shadow.” He has himself told us that as a lad he endeavoured to form a “style” by laboriously imitating the work of this or that master. It was an unfortunate confession, and one that is responsible for much affected and stilted writing on the part of some of Stevenson’s imitators, who were foolishly counselled to go and do likewise.

The results of such imitation would in most cases be disastrous to originality. That a writer in search of a style should study, even saturate himself with the work of the masters of his craft, is not to be denied; but when it comes to self-conscious imitation, to what Stevenson himself called “playing the sedulous ape,” the case is entirely different. To be natural is, in literature as in life, the essence of all good manners. Self-consciousness is as detestable in a prince as in a peasant. Watch a farm labourer trudging home with his basket slung across his shoulder; and though by reason of heavy boots and thick corduroy he walk with a certain lumpiness, you shall find nothing that is displeasing in his gait. But array that same labourer in shining Sunday broadcloth, and set him to walk across a church before a

dozen people, and the sweaty grin upon the face of him and the shambling self-consciousness of his stride transform him into the clumsiest of clowns.

The most villainous advice that was ever given to a young author is that he should ape the work of others. If the man who has the great writers by heart cannot express himself to good purpose by saying what he has to say in his own fashion and by using the simplest, directest, and most beautiful language at his command, that man can never hope to become master of a "style." Still less can he acquire the coveted cachet by self-conscious imitation of others.

Even Stevenson, great as he is, is less than he might have been, by reason of his occasional self-consciousness. But his was not the self-consciousness of which I have been speaking. It was the self-consciousness of ill health, the self-consciousness that results from the constant realisation of the neighbourhood of death. Robust and manly as his writing is, does it not sometimes betray—if only by his very eagerness to impart robustness and manliness to his work—the quality which his physical health lacked? There is the colour of warm blood in what he writes; but is not that colour sometimes of too hectic a hue? What Emma Lazarus once said of her countryman Heine—that his very enjoyment of nature was more like the feverish excitement of the invalid who is allowed a brief breathing-space in the sunshine, than the steady, sober intensity of one of her lifelong worshippers—is equally true of Louis Stevenson. But if ever in this nineteenth century the gods gave us the sight of a brave man fighting ill health and penury with the courage of a hero that man was surely the writer of these Letters.

Of the editor's share in them it is impossible to speak too highly. In Professor Colvin's introduction we have the most faithful picture of Stevenson the man which has yet been drawn. Where affection for his dead friend might pardonably have betrayed him into excess of statement, he writes with judgment, restraint, and above all with fine and

unerring taste. In no department of literature have so many unfortunate lapses of tact, such want of consideration for the living, been evident as in the work of those to whom has been intrusted the editorial revision of Letters or Reminiscences of the dead. Professor Colvin's own contributions to literature have already won for him a distinguished and unique place among contemporary writers. His share in the present volumes might henceforth stand as the very model and monument of what such work should be.

The chief value of the Letters themselves is, I think, the light they throw upon Stevenson's personality. There are many memorable and beautiful passages; but, taken as a whole, their literary value is—in comparison with his published work—not great. The qualification is important, for in his published writings Stevenson gave us his best. Were these Letters—pregnant as they are with personality and originality—the work of any one but Stevenson, they would in themselves be enough to make any man's reputation. In saying that their literary value is not great, I mean to imply not that the Letters are less, but that the published work is more.

Apart, however, from their value as revelations of the real Stevenson, we often find in them the genesis of some of his matured writings. Here, for instance, is a passage from a letter written in 1886 to Mr. Gosse, in which those who know "A Christmas Sermon," which appears in *Across the Plains*, published in 1892, will find the germ-thought of that noble exposition of Stevenson's philosophy of life :

We were put here to do what service we can, for honour and not for hire; the sods cover us, and the worm that never dies, the conscience, sleeps well at last; these are the wages, besides what we receive so lavishly day by day; and they are enough for a man who knows his own frailty and sees all things in the proportion of reality. The soul of piety was killed long ago by that idea of reward. Nor is happiness, whether eternal or temporal, the reward that mankind seeks. Happinesses are but his wayside campings; his soul is in the journey; he was born for the struggle, and only tastes his life in effort and on the con-

dition that he is opposed. How, then, is such a creature, so fiery, so pugnacious, so made up of discontent and aspiration, and such noble and uneasy passions—how can he be rewarded but by rest ?

One specially interesting point about these Letters is that they bring out more emphatically than it has ever perhaps been brought out before the profoundly religious nature of the man. He admits to Mr. Crockett that he is "for many reasons" no great kirk-goer. "The sermon's one of them," he says, "and the first prayer another ; but the chief and effectual reason is the stuffiness."

Yet elsewhere he calls himself "a son of the manse," and later on confesses to Mr. Barrie that his "style is from the Covenanting writers." Small wonder is it that we find him declaring his inability to express to the full his admiration of Robertson's Sermons. The supreme passion of Robertson's life was his religion : the supreme passion of Stevenson's life was his art. But had Robertson been an artist and Stevenson a preacher, the two great Scotchmen might have done very similar work. In the fact that each, like Sir Walter Raleigh, could "toil terribly"; in their almost fanatical conscientiousness and devotion to their ideals—the one to his art, the other to his religion ; in the alternate lightheartedness and melancholia of their moods ; in their fiery and intolerant outbursts against smug self-righteousness, cant, effeminacy, and shams of every sort ; in playfulness and whimsicality of humour ; in love of action and longing for a soldier's life ; in chivalry of spirit ; in heroic endurance of ill health and physical suffering ; and in the depth and sincerity of religious feeling,—the two men, leading as they did such widely differing lives, and to the eye of the casual observer so dissimilar, were in many ways singularly alike.

There are points of resemblance, too, between Stevenson as revealed to us in these Letters and Richard Jeffries, in whom, as he lay dying of consumption, the lust of life and the love of action were strong. But Jeffries had neither Stevenson's genius nor Stevenson's indomitable pluck.

Never was manly soul housed in a meaner body than Stevenson's. He had moral as well as physical courage. He was not even—as many manly men are—ashamed of his own tenderheartedness.

“My landlord and landlady's little four year old child is dying,” he writes to Mr. Colvin from San Francisco; “and O, what he has suffered! It has really affected my health. O never, never any family for me! I am cured of that.

“I have taken a long holiday—have not worked for three days, and will not for a week; for I was really weary. Excuse this scratch; for the child weighs on me, dear Colvin. I did all I could to help; but all seems little to the point of crime, when one of these poor innocents lies in such misery.”

How manly in its simplicity and its sincerity is this letter! Throughout the whole book there is never a vestige of anything like making capital of his many acts of kindness. That those who label him egotist are right in so doing I am by no means sure. It is true that he assumed each of his correspondents to be as interested in his art as he was himself, and that news of work done, work on hand, and work projected fills no small space in his Letters. And rightly; for though Stevenson loved his wife devotedly, and was as devotedly loved by her in return, the soul of the man was celibate—celibate in the sense that his life was from the outset consecrated to art.

“I sleep upon my art for a pillow,” he wrote to Mr. Henley, “I waken in my art; I am unready for death because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I am not but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely.”

The fact that the Letters of a man who could so write, who could so think, should be full of his art does not argue egotism, else were it egotism for a lover to sing of his mistress, a devotee to speak of things sacred. The egotism would have been more apparent had Stevenson not written thus freely of his work, for egotism nearly always implies a

“pose.” And the very frankness of these Letters, the very *abandon* of them so to speak, should give pause to those who carry slings wherewith to cast stones at egotism, lest in their haste they make a target of an innocent man.

Considering the self-consciousness with which he wrote—though it is but fair to say that this self-consciousness was afterwards in a measure outgrown—the only cause for wonder is that Stevenson is never caught in a “pose.” But his rare sense of humour and his even rarer capability for self-criticism made of the gentle art of attitudinising an impossible accomplishment for him. Had one of the many Stevensons who were the tenants of his frail body been caught by a brother sprite and co-tenant tricking himself out and attitudinising before a mirror, we may be sure that the manikin had been made to dance to the tune of a whip’s lash.

That one of the many Stevensons—whether the angel or the animal, (and he had not been the man he was, but for a healthy dash of the brute,) the moralist or the jest-maker, who shall say?—had a touch of vanity in him, there is no denying. But vanity is a spice that—provided it be used sparingly—brings out the flavour of the whole dish, and a man who had never a grain of vanity in his making would be as insipid as a soup without salt. The writer who like Stevenson can jest at his own folly, who can tell with relish a story against himself, will not easily become the prey of an over-weening vanity.

Unlike the proverbial “little knowledge,” a little vanity is not always “a dangerous thing.” To the children of Humour it is seldom more dangerous than some childish complaint; for Humour—careful old physicker that she is—knows well what is best for her offspring, and lest in later years they fall victim to a more fell disease, she forgets not to inoculate them with as much of the virus as may be rubbed into a lancet-scratch. After that they are not like to be troubled by the more serious malady.

Perhaps of all the interesting letters in these two volumes the most interesting and characteristic is that on the death

of James Walter Ferrier. It is addressed to Mr. Henley, and is printed, we are told, in accordance with the expressed wish of Ferrier's surviving sister :

Dear Boy,

Our letters vigorously cross: you will ere this have received a note to Coggie: God knows what was in it.

It is strange, a little before the first word you sent me—so late—kindly late, I know and feel—I was thinking in my bed, when I knew you I had six friends,—Bob I had by nature; then came the good James Walter—with all his failings—the *gentleman* of the lot, alas to sink so low, alas to do so little, but now, thank God, in his quiet rest; next I found Baxter—well do I remember telling Walter I had unearthed “a W.S. that I thought would do”—it was in the Academy Lane, and he questioned me as to the Signet's qualifications; fourth came Simpson; somewhere about the same time, I began to get intimate with Jenkin; last came Colvin. Then, one black winter afternoon, long Leslie Stephen, in his velvet jacket, met me in the *Spec.* by appointment, took me over to the infirmary, and in the crackling, blighting gaslight showed me that old head whose excellent representation I see before me in the photograph. Now when a man has six friends, to introduce a seventh is usually hopeless. Yet when you were presented, you took to them and they to you upon the nail. You must have been a fine fellow; but what a singular fortune I must have had in my six friends that you should take to all. I don't know if it is good Latin, most probably not; but this is enscrolled before my eyes for Walter: *Tandem e nubibus in apricum properat.* Rest, I suppose, I know, was all that remained; but O to look back, to remember all the mirth, all the kindness, all the humorous limitations and loved defects of that character; to think that he was young with me, sharing that weather-beaten, Fergussonian youth, looking forward through the clouds to the sunburst; and now clean gone from my path, silent—well, well. This has been a strange awakening. Last night, when I was alone in the house, with the window open on the lovely still night, I could have sworn he was in the room with me; I could show you the spot; and, what was very curious, I heard his rich laughter, a thing I had not called to mind for I know not how long.

I see his coral waistcoat studs that he wore the first time he dined in my house; I see his attitude, leaning back a little,

already with something of a portly air, and laughed internally. How I admired him. And now in the West Kirk.

I am trying to write out this haunting bodily sense of absence; besides, what else should I write of?

Yes, looking back, I think of him as one who was good, though sometimes clouded. He was the only gentle one of all my friends, save perhaps the other Walter. And he was certainly the only modest man among the lot. He never gave himself away; he kept back his secret; there was always a gentle problem behind all. Dear, dear, what a wreck; and yet how pleasant is the retrospect! God doeth all things well, though by what strange, solemn, and murderous contrivances!

It is strange: he was the only man I ever loved who did not habitually interrupt. The fact draws my own portrait. And it is one of the many reasons why I count myself honoured by his friendship. A man like you *had* to like me; you could not help yourself; but Ferrier was above me, we were not equals; his true self humoured and smiled paternally upon my failings, even as I humoured and sorrowed over his.

Well, first his mother, then himself, they are gone: "in their resting-graves."

When I come to think of it, I do not know what I said to his sister, and I fear to try again. Could you send her this? There is too much both about yourself and me in it; but that, if you do not mind, is but a mark of sincerity. It would let her know how entirely, in the mind of (I suppose) his oldest friend, the good, true Ferrier obliterates the memory of the other, who was only his "lunatic brother."

Judge of this for me, and do as you please; anyway, I will try to write to her again; my last was some kind of scrawl that I could not see for crying. This came upon me, remember, with terrible suddenness; I was surprised by this death; and it is fifteen or sixteen years since first I saw the handsome face in the *Spec*. I made sure, besides, to have died first. Love to you, your wife, and her sisters.

Ever yours, dear boy,

R. L. S.

I never knew a man so superior to himself as poor James Walter. The best of him only came as a vision, like Corsica from the Corniche. He never gave his measure, either morally or intellectually. The curse was on him. Even his friends did

not know him but by fits. I have passed hours with him when he was so wise, good and sweet, that I never knew the like of it in any other. And for a beautiful good humour he had no match. I remember breaking in upon him once with a whole red-hot story (in my worst manner) pouring words upon him by the hour about some truck not worth an egg, that had befallen me; and suddenly, some half-hour after, finding that the sweet fellow had some concern of his own of infinitely greater import, that he was patiently and smilingly waiting to consult me on. It sounds nothing, but the courtesy and the unselfishness were perfect. It makes me rage to think how few knew him, and how many had the chance to sneer at their better.

Well, he was not wasted, that we know; though if anything looked liker irony than this fitting of a man out with those rich qualities and faculties to be wrecked and aborted, I do not know the name of it. Yet we see that he has left an influence; the memory of his patient courtesy has often checked me in rudeness; has it not you?

You can form no idea of how handsome Walter was. At twenty he was splendid to see; then, too, he had the sense of power in him, and great hopes; he looked forward ever jesting of course, but he looked to see himself where he had the right to expect. He believed in himself profoundly; but *he never disbelieved in others*. To the roughest Highland student he always had his fine kind open dignity of manner; and a good word behind his back. . . .

My dear friend Walter Ferrier: O if I had only written to him more! if only one of us in these last days had been well! But I ever cherished the honour of his friendship, and now when he is gone I know what I have lost still better. We live on, meaning to meet, but when the hope is gone the pang comes.

R. L. S.

This letter is valuable as giving us some measure of Ferrier's erratic greatness; but it is even more valuable as some measure of Stevenson himself. By smug respectability and self-righteousness; by the class which Stevenson had in his mind when he wrote, "It makes me rage to think how few knew him, and how many had the chance to sneer at their better," such men as Ferrier are sentenced out of

hand. To them all weakness of the flesh is of the devil ; but as Stevenson well says of them : "For all displays of the truly diabolical—envy, malice, the mean lie, the mean silence, the calumnious truth, the back-biter, the petty tyrant, the peevish poisoner of family life—their standard is quite different. These are wrong, they will admit, yet somehow not so wrong ; there is no zeal in their assault upon them ; no secret element of gusto warms up the sermon."

The Letters begin at the time when Stevenson was eighteen ; but the earliest are not specially interesting. There is, however, a passage from a letter written when he was twenty-two which bears a curious similarity of mental impression to the following lines by William Allingham :

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond ;
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wind.
What a little thing
To remember for years,
To remember with tears.

It would not be easy to instance another poem which presents so perfect a picture in so few lines. Allingham paints with the broad brush and bold strokes of the impressionist, yet contrives to cram his picture into cameo space. Young Stevenson's record of the same mental experience, though dashed off hurriedly in prose, is worthy of preservation. "When I am a very old and respectable citizen with white hair and bland manners and a gold watch," he wrote, "I shall hear three crows cawing in my heart as I heard them this morning." The letter in which this passage occurs is interesting for other reasons. "I vote," he says in the very next sentence, "for old age and eighty years of retrospect. Yet, after all, I dare say a short shrift and a new green grave are about as desirable." Here, thus early, is sounded the note which is to be discerned to the very end.

"My dear old man," he wrote long after to Mr. Charles

Baxter, "I perceive by a thousand signs that we grow old and are soon to pass away. I hope with dignity; if not, with courage at least. I am myself very ready or would be—will be—when I have made a little money for my folks."

Not all the physical and mental ills that beset Stevenson in the very valley of the shadow of death, not all the onslaughts of the Apollyon of poverty, could subdue his splendid optimism or bring him to his knees. Half-dead with ague in San Francisco, he tells Mr. Colvin with grim humour that, though he would gladly have walked half a mile for the sake of a glass of brandy to shake off the ague chill, "it seemed strange not to be able to afford a drink." Of his *Emigrant Papers* he writes from the same place: "The second part was written in a circle of Hell unknown to Dante—that of the penniless and dying author." Yet soon after he sums up his philosophy of life by declaring, "I believe for myself at least that what is is best. I believed it through all my worst days, and I am not ashamed to confess it now."

Even more characteristic of the man's attitude towards life—of his attitude towards death—is a letter which he wrote within a few weeks of his own passing. He is speaking of the death of his correspondent's father :

He is another of the landmarks gone; when it comes to my own turn to lay my weapons down, I shall do so with thankfulness and fatigue; and whatever be my destiny afterward, I shall be glad to lie down with my fathers in honour. It is human at least, if not divine. And these deaths make me think of it with an ever greater readiness. Strange that you should be beginning a new life, when I, who am a little your junior, am thinking of the end of mine. But I have had hard lines; I have been so long waiting for death; I have unwrapped my thoughts from about life so long, that I have not a filament left to hold by; I have done my fiddling so long under Vesuvius, that I have almost forgotten to play, and can only wait for the eruption, and think it long of coming. Literally, no man has more wholly outlived life than I. And still it's good fun.

Who else but Louis Stevenson would have written thus? A dying man as he practically was, and as he clearly knew himself to be, his incorrigible cheerfulness burned steadfast to the last.

"And still it's good fun" ! Strange ending to so solemn a *Nunc Dimittis* ! The jauntiness of the words sounds incongruously upon the lips of the man whose eyes are set in calm dignity upon the approaching figure of Death. One is reminded of the French nobleman who, as he made ready his neck for the guillotine, turned to the executioner with a courtly gesture of apology. "I crave your pardon for one moment, monsieur," he said, "that I may delight myself with a pinch of snuff." Then, as he replaced the box, and carefully brushed a speck of dust from his coat, he turned again to the grim figure. "Come, sir, I await your pleasure. Let us show this *canaille* how a soldier and a gentleman can die."

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE ETHICS OF CREATION.

1. *The Early Narratives of Genesis.* By HERBERT EDWARD RYLE, B.D. (London : Macmillan & Co. 1892.)
2. *Genesis and Semitic Tradition.* By JOHN D. DAVIS, Ph.D. (London : David Nutt. 1894.)
3. *The Story of the Earth and Man.* By Sir J. W. DAWSON, F.R.S. (London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1882.)
4. *The Ascent through Christ.* By E. GRIFFITH-JONES, B.A. Chap. ii. (London : James Bowden. 1899.)

FOR more than half a century the scientist has led the pace in the interpretation of the Bible narrative of creation. Our theologians have constantly kept an eye upon the findings of science, while their pens laboriously wrought out expositions to be seriously offered to the world as reconciliations of science and revelation. The most visible result of these attempts at harmony has been the frequent breakings out of open warfare, hot with temper on both sides, and which has settled at last into a chronic antagonism of the best known scientists to the idea that any harmony can be demonstrated.

It is to be feared that the coming generations will largely lay the blame of these painful controversies on the shoulders of the divines. As a humble member of the order I must make the confession against my brethren that they do appear to have needlessly provoked the quarrel by questioning or denying, on insufficient grounds, the findings of the scientist, and by speaking to him in a dictatorial or threatening tone as if he would be guilty of a serious crime

if he did not find the record of the rocks in harmony with the Mosaic story. It is only human to resent such inexcusable interferences ; but unhappily the scientist has sometimes suffered his embittered feelings to vent themselves against the sacred record, identifying it with the forced interpretations of its expositors, and occasionally, as in Huxley's *Controverted Questions*, taking it by the throat in a sternly hypercritical temper, as if determined to strangle it to death. However, the verdict of the future is likely to go against the theologian rather than the scientist, because there is every probability that the scientist will be found to have all along given a truer interpretation of Nature's order in creation than the divine, who has been forcing science to serve his purpose, has given of the sacred narrative.

A sweeter temper now begins to reign. Yet, in spite of all the clever harmonies which have been published, there is no prospect of science ever revoking its findings and producing a scheme of Nature more in harmony with Genesis ; but amongst divines there is a growing conviction that science and Scripture will not come altogether into line, and many already see that the Bible story must have its own interpretation apart from the scientific order of creation, and have been motivated by an infinitely higher aim than to anticipate the finding of nineteenth-century scientists. Indeed, the time may speedily come when it will be the common wonder that expositors should ever have seriously concerned themselves with making out an exact correspondence between the natural and Scripture orders of creation. For one thing, how immature is natural science at this moment ! It has only as yet scratched the surface of the field of possible discovery.

A thousand things are hidden still,
And not a hundred known.

Fresh light is so likely to come at any moment that it is not wise of us to vex ourselves over premature attempts to construct an apparent reconciliation. Besides, it must be admitted that *primâ facie* the Scripture narrative makes no

strong scientific pretensions, and that it does not seem likely that the Spirit of God would give men of no scientific training a vision of creation's historical order, any more than He would give a sacred chronicler a pictorial vision of all past human history. The sacred writer was surely moved to construct his inventory of creation by a temper distinctly theological and religious, toned largely by the wish to make his narrative an inspiration towards a higher life. Even to see this much does not smooth away the difficulties that obstruct our efforts at reconciliation. However strongly we emphasise the unity and eternity of God, the derivative nature of creation, the all-sufficiency of the Creator to effect His purpose, and the consequent goodness of His work, yet these theistic principles throw no light upon the peculiar structure of the chapter, and leave us in the dark especially as to why a closer approximation to the natural order was not followed. An author's method is usually determined by his aim. If we can discover what was his definite purpose in the framing of this story, (possibly only a fragment of a larger whole,) we shall in all likelihood find lying on the surface the explanation of the peculiarities which have so long tried the expositor's ingenuity and patience.

Since this key is evidently not contained in the opening theistic postulate, let us see whether it is not in the climax to which the writer is evidently working up all through his narrative. If he is chiefly moved, as we suppose, by a feeling of the sacredness of Nature as revealed in the idea, *finis coronat opus*, that the seventh day crowns the previous six, (and no one can say that this idea is invented as a *deus ex machina*;) this will explain why the work of creation is divided into neither more nor less than six distinctive stages and why these are temporarily designated "days." This, however, will count for little, unless it can do more. It must also enable us to solve the crux of the chapter, the particular order in which the creative process is distributed over the divine-human week. At first we are apt to insist upon the chapter yielding up to us a strictly

chronological order of creation. Reflection will, however, suggest the query whether such a strictly natural view of creation was attainable by the author in harmony with the ascertained limits of inspiration. Even if held to be attainable, it has to be considered whether there are not other conceptions of creative order which might still better serve the author's purpose. The original creative plan of God may, for instance, not be identical with the actual order of its execution ; and there is, again, the ethical order of Nature as perceived by a pious mind under divine illumination. All three might happen to be in strictest agreement ; but it appears to us that, in the case of our earth as a limited and subordinate member of creation, the ethical order is bound to differ from that in which the various sections of creation were actually produced. If, then, the writer of Genesis perceives only or cares only for the ethical order of creation, why should he not be at liberty to construct an ethical rather than a purely natural creative week, especially when his purpose is to make the ethical character of creation an argument for a strictly religious conception of human life, whether taken in its fragmentary days, or weeks or years, or in its entirety, as the Jewish system of recurrent Sabbaths seems to have been meant to witness for the sanctity of all time ? Even if this ethical order should differ largely from the actual order of production, no element of falseness is imported into the case beyond that for which the reader is responsible ; in fact, the ethical account may be the truer in the sense of conveying truth which appeals to a higher grade of faculty and is more educative.

This point of view enables us to enter upon a study of the Genesiac narrative without prejudice ; neither disposed to ban science nor ban Scripture if we find them disagree. We hope, therefore, to lay before the reader an interpretation which may be substituted with advantage for those too scientific theories which are becoming more impossible with the years. Let us repeat, then, that the aim of Moses (perhaps the Higher Criticism will allow us to write this for convenience' sake) is not to convey a merely scientific

knowledge of creation with a strongly theistic supplement. His description is written from a scenic standpoint, his language is poetical, his style dramatic, and his visible aim is to inculcate moral and religious truth. His predominant purpose is to sanctify all human life by establishing the doctrine that the working-days of man's week exist for sake of the terminal seventh; and his argument takes the profound and sweeping form that creation itself is a week of work which finds its final cause in the divine sabbatic rest. He proves this more completely by showing that every distinct stage in creation is preparative for and subordinated to that which follows,—all the natural creation subordinated unto man, man subordinated unto God, who finds in the restful communion of His creature the final end for which creation exists. This great moral conception gives the creation story its literary and logical form, and, we think, easily removes what have seemed discrepancies. In following this line of presentation, the author may perchance have fallen upon the actual temporal order of creation; all we insist upon is that the conscious idea in his constructed order is the principle of subordination, of useful service on the part of that which is to that which is to come—all six days existing for the final seventh, the glory and blessedness of God in communion with His godlike sons.

With this key let us see if we can unlock the door. The prelude to the week of creation raises some questions not without important bearings on what follows: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Is this to be taken as an epitome of all that follows, or as telling us of a preliminary operation lying outside the six days' narrative? We think it should be taken in the latter sense, as implying that the eternal divine activities had constituted the universe as we see it before He proceeded to decorate the earth for man. If the other view is taken, it follows that we have no intimation that the material substance of the universe took its being by the power of God. We would not wish to misunderstand the writer for sake of avoiding an implication of the eternity of matter, but for other suffi-

cient reasons we take the verse to affirm the original creation of the stellar and planetary worlds. This implies that the author starts his six days' narrative with the understanding that the heavenly bodies are floating in the places where he has been accustomed to behold them. *The earth is waste and void.* This is in agreement with the teaching of science. The earth, it tells us, was flung at first like a red-hot cinder from the bosom of a burning sun, and has been slowly cooling down, according to Mr. Clarence King, for about twenty-four million years. That the earth ever lay in total darkness as the writer says is contradicted by every scientific theory. But that man's world has no light of its own is true. It was only a cooling rugged cinder, on whose surface the surrounding vapours were condensing, to be ever re-ascending in clouds of vapour because of the earth's internal heat and the action of the sun. Upon this chaotic, cloudy, lifeless mass God begins His

FIRST DAY'S WORK.—*Let there be light.* If we desire to convey to primitive unlettered men the truth that light is the creation and gift of God, we must start with a picture of "chaos and black night." We must also mark the fact in an ethical survey of creation that light has no value and truly no existence as light where there is no matter to intercept its undulations; more strictly still, has no existence until there are eyes to be stimulated by its mysterious vibrations. Chemical and mechanical results will follow from the action of its caloric and actinic rays; but on a chaotic world, even if lying in bright sunshine, there will be no light. The writer of Genesis of course knew nothing of all this. He is concerned only with the simple and evident facts that primitively a world is dark and chaotic, and needs light as its first requirement; and that light, to accomplish anything, must find a world on which it is to act. The earth is therefore presented as an inert and passive field on which light is to display its glory.

Did the writer intend his readers to understand that this light was indefinitely diffused in space, and preceded the existence of our sun? Such is the almost universal under-

standing of this verse. This, however, is too hasty an assumption. The writer could not possibly conceive of light as other than he saw it from the sun and the artificial modes of lighting in his time. If he had conjured up the vision of a nebulous light surrounding the earth, he could not have proceeded to tell us that the earth was subject to alternations of light and darkness—day and night. But why did the writer not introduce at the beginning the statements made as to the astronomical luminaries of day four? For one thing, he would have lost the opportunity of impressing us with the sudden introduction of the divine command—*Let there be light.* But more than that, the introduction here of sun, moon, and stars would have committed him to a geocentric theory of the universe—the incredible doctrine that these heavenly bodies were all created for the service of the earth alone. All he needs for the purpose he has in view is the fact that God flashes light upon this dull world in the beginning of its existence as the first condition in the reduction of its chaotic disorder into beauty and productiveness. How fitting that God's coming to this dead globe should be symbolised in a glorious burst of light, the breaking of creation's day! As soon as the earth needs more than the quickening forces which lie at the heart of light he will tell us plainly of the same.

THE SECOND DAY.—The chemical and dynamic action of the light results in the production of a crisp and pearly atmosphere, a vast expanse between the waters of the sea and the misty vapours which once, like a blanket, wrapped the heated and steaming earth. Overhead there is only here and there at times a bit of clear cerulean sky; for the earth is still hot internally, and the shallow and universal water breeds great masses of cloud which float on high—the waters above the firmament.

THE THIRD DAY.—For what purpose has this magic light and this bright, expansive atmosphere with its floating waters been created? The answer is given when continents and islands heave themselves up out of the vasty deep, and when, in the quickening rays of that young sun, the beautiful

greens of the primitive botanical world hide every brown and rugged spot.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

Our more critical scientists might refuse to admit that water was ever universal on the globe, and claim that the dawn of life was in the sea rather than on the land. These, however, are really dubious points; and it would matter little though they were established certainties. In a narrative so brief, minute qualifications of a general truth must be omitted; and, besides, the interest of the Israelites in sea algæ was not great, as it was no substitute for grass.

THE FOURTH DAY.—Here comes the crux of all interpretations. The perplexity of expositors is frankly acknowledged by Dr. Dods, who says that the relation of this day's work to the prior existence of light is "extremely difficult to grasp." To the bishop of Carlisle it is "a curious parenthesis." Read as a scientific narrative, it implies, according to the age-day theory, three long ages, during which there was no sun, moon, or stars as vehicles of illumination, and the world was lit in some way now inconceivable. It is really in vain to expect science to assent to the theory of a diffused luminous ether which in this age is first concentrated in the sun. An apparent reconciliation is effected by taking this day's work to describe only a process of manifestation. Imagine the earth to be in a state corresponding to the present condition of Jupiter, surrounded by a sphere of cloud which is never dissipated; then break up this envelope so that the heavenly lights for the first time burst upon the astonished view of the terrestrial spectators. This will so far meet the case: but the narrative is not then one of scientific accuracy; nor was any eye upon the earth to apprehend this new appearance; nor does it explain why the existence of day and night, and seasons and years, should come in at this particular stage. Indeed, the theories

that argue that this day does not create the heavenly bodies, but only clears the atmosphere, either of diffused light or cloud, so as to make them visible, are as jejune as they are unscientific.

Another solution has been proposed by the late Professor Elmslie, and adopted *con amore* in the recent work *The Ascent through Christ*. The author is said to be a poet who falls under the spell of a literary figure. He runs his story on two parallel lines of three clauses each, and the first and last clauses must correspond. For the sake of this literary fancy the author has given the Church three thousand years of trouble. But this discovery really explains nothing; and to be satisfied with it is like a child supposing it knows what an article is because it has found a name for it.

On the theory we advocate the author's intention here lies upon the surface. The heavenly bodies created "in the beginning" are now to become something more in the vital economy of the earth than indefinite sources of light. According to the writer's plan this is the place to tell us what this function is. The final purpose of this fourth day's work is expressed in verses 14 and 15: let lights be to separate time into its needful division of day and night, and seasons and years, and for signs. The emphasis is not laid on the creation of mere light-givers, but on the disposition of time-dividers. How this is accomplished is described in the following verses. And there (verse 16) we must not read, "And God created" the sun, etc. *Bara*, the proper word to create, is not used here, but *'asah*; and this verb expresses action upon a thing, or its arrangement and constitution, rather than its substantive creation. And, again, we must take *'asah* with its connecting words, which we ought to betone—*lē memshe'leth*—*God made or arranged for ruling* the greater and lesser lights. This function of the heavenly bodies is introduced here because it is imperatively demanded for the service of the creatures of the following day. Surely it is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of those astronomical arrangements which

determine the periods of darkness and light and the degrees of heat and cold to which the sentient creation is to be subjected. To an Eastern author in primitive times this was a matter for more serious consideration than it is to us. He saw that vegetable life was not particularly sensitive to these alternations, but knew that there must be a careful adjustment between the length of days and seasons and the constitution of the sentient creatures he is about to bring upon the arena of existence. In that splendid lyric of creation psalm civ., doubtless based on this creation story, we see the recognition of these principles of order and subordination. The first creative day is there—God moving on this dark chaotic world in a garment of light ; the second day, in the stretching out of the heavens as a curtain ; the third day comes in order, in the waters which stood above the mountains and fled at God's rebuke, and the grass that springs up for the cattle ; and the fourth day is there, in verse 19, where, be it observed, the psalmist makes no reference to the creation of the orbs, but, guided by the Genesiac author's intention, only to their *uses* as signs and regulating powers for the service of sentient life. "He APPOINTETH [and it is the same Hebrew verb as in Genesis] the moon for seasons : the sun knoweth his going down." Great sea monsters and land beasts cannot exist without such alternate changes. The birds must fold their nightly wing. The seasons of love and family nurture must be marked off by creation's finger. "The stork knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle [and all the rest of them] observe the time of their coming." And so the psalmist sings : "Thou makest darkness, and it is night ; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The sun ariseth, they get away, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." Here we have the key to the fourth day's work. It depicts neither a substantive creation of orbs nor a paltry blowing away of clouds and a clearer vision of the sky, but the solid work of regulating such matters as the motions of the moon, the earth's rotation, the inclination of its axis, the speed of its

annual revolution, so that days, months, seasons, years, and the various astronomical signs will be carefully adjusted to the comfort of the sentient creation and the larger use of man. In the earliest ages man's life was ruled by the powers of heaven. Surely it would be a careless narrative of creation that failed to notice this grand work of heavenly wisdom and beneficent love. It could not be a creation history of the primitive age of the race, nor have been penned by a man of the old Chaldean stock.

THE FIFTH AND SIXTH DAYS.—The sea and air populations come upon the scene, and after them the land beasts appear. Science does not admit that the order of creation is here correctly given. Professor Huxley held that the air population succeeds the land, and that the great sea monsters of the fifth day are really degenerate land animals, said to be created on the sixth! Here science is in the region of conjecture, putting inferences from disjunct and partial facts in the place of demonstrated truth. Certainly as yet science cannot authoritatively contradict the specific order of these two days. That the writer is drawing up no mere "zoological classification" we can with Huxley feel well assured; but we cannot doubt that he is expressing the common estimate as to the relative measure of intelligence possessed by these three orders, and thus grading them according to his principle of subordination. Only hyper-criticism can find fault. When finally the apex has been put upon creation, the fact that the Creator has proceeded by stages of genetic progression is announced in the command: "Let man have dominion over every living thing on earth." The last is highest: man is king. The mineral world was created for vegetable life; the vegetable world, and the elaborate alternations of light, season, and of heavenly signs, were made for the convenience of animal life; and man, made last in the image of God, is lord of all. All creation stands in its rank of service, each for the next step in advance, and all of them for the sons of God.

THE SEVENTH DAY.—Since, then, each day of the creative week is a necessary step in preparation for the days which

follow, it is evident that all the six must exist for the sake of the seventh. If the ground exists for vegetation, the vegetable for the animal, and all for man, then man exists for God. Work has its proper issue in the restful enjoyment of its fruits. God looks with good pleasure upon all His days of work, and signalises His delight over the creation of man; but the seventh day is that which God blesses above all, because then rises the hymn of universal nature to His ears : "All Thy works praise Thee, O God."

Thus does the writer express the moral meaning of the whole creation. Man gathers up into his personality all the kingdoms of the world in a wise subordination to the divinity within, and thus becomes the link by which all creation is "hung about the feet of God." The stream of life which flows through nature's veins becomes etherealised in him, and floats up to heaven in the godward breathings of his soul. The spirit of all nature ripens into fruit in the greatness of man. He is the last link in the chain of which God is all in all.

FINALLY,—What are we to understand as to the period of time involved in these six days? Interpreters announce the most diverse findings in the most dogmatic tone. Perowne says : "No reasonable doubt can exist that they ought to be interpreted as six periods without defining what the length of those periods is." Dods says : "Rationalism may twist Scripture into any meaning it pleases, if it may put a geologist's meaning into this word 'day.'" Such differences are unfortunate. Which interpreter is correct? Our answer would be : Both are right, but both are incomplete. Certainly the language goes most strongly for an ordinary day. The recurring periods of darkness and light cannot otherwise be well explained; and the days are intended to represent a human week. Are we, then, to understand prosaically that, as a matter of fact, God did in twenty-four hours perform the work described? No more than we are bound to believe that God spake aloud in Hebrew the formula with which each day's work begins. Though the days are written down as if they were four and

twenty hours, we must remember the literary device, the pictorial form, the miniature dimensions to which the whole work of creation is here reduced. God is not a man that He should sleep and wake, grow weary and need rest, work on in sunlight and cease work in the dark, or in any way be compelled to move within the limits of man's little day. No intelligent Hebrew could be deceived on such a point. The Orientalist is at home in symbols when he is most prosaic. He knows that he is dealing with a parable when God's things and man's are put upon a level. "God's day!" Ah! he knew well its infinite significance. Men in all lands speak familiarly of the days of their gods without ever dreaming that these are to be measured by man's horologe. Brahm's years are each nigh three hundred thousand human years, and his days are in proportion, with alternations of light and darkness like Jehovah's. It is always man's little way, and man understands himself. But even in the Hebrew narrative there are traces of an elastic or tropical use of this term "day." In the second chapter the writer speaks of the whole creative week as if it were one single day: "The day in which God made the heavens and the earth." And when it is seen that the narrative is composed with a typical intention, then everything is plain. The days are an essential part of the stage machinery, accommodations to the end in view. God's work and rest are reduced to miniature proportions in order to be set forth as a pattern or model for the imitation of man, who as God's miniature ought to imitate God's ways. In the first intention the days are man's; but on reflection the day as God's becomes a thousand years, for what are thousands of millennia to His timeless being?

May we not claim for this interpretation immense advantages over those which, as Professor Elmslie said, "turn the bread of life into the arid stone of science"? It enables us to read all parts of the narrative without straining. It avoids all possible conflict with men of science, no matter what new facts may come to light. It reveals a higher meaning for the narrative over which all Christians may

joyfully unite, and henceforth beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn the art of war no more. It invests our human life with an infinite significance, because it teaches that the appointed end of work is rest, the climax of earth is heaven, that time is the six days of man's work, beyond which there remaineth an eternal Sabbath for the people of God.

ALEXANDER BROWN.

DR. WILLIAM F. MOULTON.

William F. Moulton. A Memoir. By W. FIDDIAN MOULTON. With a Chapter on Biblical Work and Opinions by JAMES HOPE MOULTON. (London: Isbister & Co. 1899.)

THE *Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers* are a sacred heirloom of the Methodist people; they belong to the hagiology of the universal Church. No one who is not conversant with them can understand the genius of the original Methodism and the material out of which it was created. To know the Wesleys and the genesis of the Evangelical Revival is not the same thing as to know Wesleyan Methodism: the Founder could have founded nothing great or permanent without his "Helpers"; one must make acquaintance with the men he gathered round him—John Nelson, Thomas Walsh, Christopher Hopper, and the rest—with the staff which the great captain formed and trained and on whom he impressed so thoroughly his own mind, the patriarchs of the worldwide order of the Methodist preachers. Side by side with the collection of the early *Lives* there are now ranged upon our shelves a modern series, separated from the ancient by four generations (the interval that parted Dr. Moulton from his ancestor, John Bakewell), and affording material for comparison of descendants with progenitors. The *Memoirs of William M. Punshon, William O. Simpson, Benjamin Hellier, David Hill, William F. Moulton*, with others that might be named, throw abundant light upon the course of Methodist work and the formation of Methodist character during the last half-century; while the *Lives of Jabez Bunting, Thomas Collins, James Dixon, Samuel D. Waddy*, with the *Reminiscences of Thomas Jackson* and the *Side Lights* edited by

Dr. Benjamin Gregory, are in evidence to fill up the inter-space and to complete the biographical history of the order.

What signal differences, yet what signal identity is discovered by the juxtaposition of these earliest and latest Lives! Intensity and simplicity, glowing spiritual passion, dauntless resolution, stern self-discipline, and pathetic tenderness speak from the features of the ancestral portraits. The men of John Wesley's Old Guard were soldier evangelists, with every faculty bent upon the "one business" of "saving souls." They were of the sturdy English breed, these pioneers of the new Evangelism,—built for rough weather and hard campaigning, adding to their fervent piety, their sound scriptural knowledge, their plain and commanding eloquence, a rich fund of shrewd sense and good humour. In their successors, our own immediate fathers in Christ, we find the same essential spirit, the same heart experience of redeeming grace, realised for the most part in gentler and more winning forms, the like simplicity of devotion to the living Christ and to the salvation of men through His gospel. But the later Lives exhibit an altogether changed horizon, a vastly wider range and variety of interest. If something is missed of the old rugged fervour and intensity, how much is gained in geniality, in broad humanity, in wealth of faculty and influence. The Methodism planted by the first preachers has sent out its roots by great waters, and its branches shadow many regions. It has spread externally over a vast area, overtaking the expansion of the race to whose moral forces it has so largely contributed; and at the same time, by an internal growth, it has developed powers and tastes that formerly existed only in their rudiments, and occupied fields of intellectual and social activity which lay outside the view of our forefathers. Our peril is lest in this wide diffusion the central forces should be weakened, lest the evangelical impulse that gave us birth should waste itself in its multifarious channels, lest with enlarged knowledge and growing refinement and a quicker interest in the world's

affairs our faith should lose the keenness of its edge and the certainty and steadiness of its spiritual vision.

No such loss or enfeeblement marked the subject of this biography. Dr. W. F. Moulton was a true child in faith of the early Methodism, while he was a typical exponent of the changed order of things. In some respects he stood outside of ordinary Church categories. He was a scholar, in the strictly technical and professional sense, to a degree to which no Methodist preacher had been before him. His entire ministry was spent in college and school. For the work he did on his Church's behalf in the Revision of the English New Testament and in the founding of the Leys School "the Holy Spirit separated" him by a peculiar and conspicuous call. But in all this, and beside all this, Dr. Moulton was eminently a man of his time and of his own people; notwithstanding his retiring habits and his aloofness from popular leadership, he was in certain marked and important ways a representative public man. He embodied certain tendencies which grew into force during his lifetime, of which it behoves the reviewer to take note in gathering up the total impression left by his career. The authors will forgive us if we dwell on the *subject* rather than the book before us; enough to say, in a word, that their work is done just as Dr. Moulton's friends would wish—modestly, skilfully, with full intelligence and with excellent judgment and taste.

Dr. Moulton represented, as few men were able to do, the *catholic* spirit of his Church. He was a fine exemplification of Wesley's motto, "The friend of all and the enemy of none." His face, whose expression is happily caught in the portrait of the frontispiece, was a perpetual eirenicon. His was not the easy, accommodating Broad Churchmanship that is tolerant for lack of convictions; the letter quoted on page 271, touching the invitation of Unitarians to "Christian Conference," shows that his inclusiveness had strict and clear limits. But he realised, more than most theologians, the large extent to which differences of faith amongst men of vitally Christian belief are mere varieties of dialect and

dress. He grasped the agreement that makes differences acute ; the generic was never veiled for him by the specific, but thrown into stronger relief. What he ascribed to the late Bishop Lightfoot (p. 269), when writing (alas ! in vain) in the interests of a better understanding between the Church of England and Nonconformists, was exactly his own mind : "The truth and love and kingdom of Christ" were with him "supreme in all thought and all aims."

His biblical work and private friendships brought Dr. Moulton into relations with those Anglican leaders who were most accessible to the wider sympathies of the kingdom of Christ, and who had learnt by years of common labour in the task of Revision to esteem the Christian and scholarly qualities of men outside their own communion. At the same time, while he stood aside from all provocative controversial action, he was recognised on every hand as a safe and loyal representative of Evangelical Free Church principles. He was marked out for a peace-maker, and did not miss his opportunities in this respect. Dr. Moulton indulged no dreams of "corporate reunion," he sought no organised Church alliance ; what he desired was simply that which Christian love and the patent spiritual facts of the situation seemed to call for ; he hoped for some public recognition by representative English Churchmen of the *de facto* Church character of the Nonconforming communities, and the just appreciation of "every good thing" that is in them "toward Christ." It was with a keen disappointment that, when President of the Conference in the centenary year of 1891, he found it impossible even to approach Dr. Westcott—most large-minded and noble-hearted of bishops, and his warm personal friend—with an invitation to join in honouring John Wesley upon the platform of City Road Chapel. "Such fellowship," wrote Dr. Hort to the bishop of Durham in referring to the matter (p. 251) and expressing their common view, must have "compromised our *reserved prerogative*." Here is the fatal crux of the situation. This *reserved prerogative*, the claim to sole possession of the apostolic heirship and the

sacramental seals, bars the way to all catholicity in England ; it is the middle wall of partition that must come down, if Christ's people in these realms are to be one ; that it will come down is inevitable, for the facts of history and the witness of the Holy Spirit in the saints of God this side and that of the barrier are both against it. Distinguished clergymen, like Dean Farrar and the late Dean Vaughan, have to their honour accepted such proffered hands of friendship, and recognise the fact that the cause and interest of the Evangelical faith within and without the Established Church are truly one ; but they have stood alone, and are denounced in their own communion for fraternising with Dissent. "You lament, as I do," writes Dean Vaughan to Dr. Moulton in the year 1887 (p. 264), "the evident advance of the clergy of the Church of England in a direction which, though it may stop short of Rome, seems likely to take all of Rome except its one redeeming feature, an external unity." This march, proceeding with accelerated pace and scarcely contested, has brought the Ritualistic clergy to a point at which they must halt and intrench themselves, or cross into the Roman camp. The strong and just resentment shared by Dean Vaughan in common with a multitude of loyal English Churchmen has found vent mainly in private lamentations. The leaders of the Evangelical clergy have disabled themselves, by their fear of disestablishment and their clinging to the "reserved prerogative," from appealing to the Protestant conscience of the nation and joining hands with their spiritual kindred in other Churches. The only arena now remaining upon which Anglican and Nonconformist Protestants are able to co-operate is the floor of the House of Commons. ~

If Dr. Moulton represented worthily (however ineffectually in the overtures above related) the catholicity of contemporary Methodism, he represented also, and largely promoted, its more liberal culture. The range of his intellectual pursuits was extraordinary,—perhaps unparalleled within the wide circle of his acquaintances. The description given in the Memoir of his manifold learning owes

nothing to the idealism of filial worship. One has a suspicion, not altogether born of envy, against too versatile scholars : extreme breadth often means extreme tenuity and plausibility ; and the many-sided man turns out to be slight and unimpressive on every side. But this is precisely what Dr. Moulton was not. Whatever he knew he knew deeply and well ; what he touched he touched with a sure hand. There was nothing of the showy amateur, nothing of the finicking dilettante about him in any of the multiplied provinces of his work. Had he laid himself out in undivided strength upon any one of half a dozen departments, he might have been a supreme master—in mathematics, for example, or in music (arts which have a subtle connexion, and are in not a few minds complementary), in physical science, in Hebrew and Oriental just as much as in classical and biblical learning, in Church administration as easily as in pedagogy. Had he been less of a schoolmaster, he might have been greatly more of a theologian ; and those who knew best his resources and his natural bent could not but regret that a mind so rarely furnished, so truly poised and touched to such fine issues in spiritual things, was diverted at the most productive period of life to tasks of school routine, to the anxieties and untold labours of the foundation he undertook at Cambridge. His life was, from that time onwards, a real and continual, though a most willing and certainly a most fruitful sacrifice. His preferences were subordinated to the judgment of his Church, in which he read the behest of a higher Will. The work of scholarship, into which his whole heart and mind were thrown, took for Dr. Moulton a characteristically self-suppressing form. His services in Biblical Revision and in the preparation of the new Marginal References were of that order in which the greatest amount of exact and scientific labour is spent on objects of the highest usefulness, but in which the hand of the individual workman is least apparent and most readily forgotten. He was happiest in such collective and inconspicuous toil as this ; of literary vanity and the conceit of authorship, as of the pride of office, he had

no tinge. The lines of Whittier, found upon him at his death (p. 283), were true to the whole spirit of his life :

What matter I or they, Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said And life the brighter made?

I feel the earth move sunward, I join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living, My freehold of thanksgiving.

Dr. Moulton's versatility was the expression of a sympathetic and objective mind, large in its capacity, eager and sure in its responsiveness, that took ample draughts of the life around it, freely receiving and freely giving on all sides. Every new subject on which he glanced, every new personality he met, awakened in him genuine interest. He was never listless, never self-absorbed. Enthusiasm and exactness, overflowing affection and the overmastering sense of duty, have seldom been exhibited in a single man in the same degree round the whole circle of life. For this reason he could not become the dry, abstracted scholar. With all his innocence and unworldliness, he knew men,—he knew boys ; his insight into character was rarely at fault. To the master's desk, and to the Conference chair, he brought tact and authority as well as knowledge,—a quick intuition, a clear judgment, a firm and gentle will, the love that wins, the brightness that charms, the wisdom that illuminates. He was a whole-hearted and full-hearted man, scholar and saint and genial friend and ruler in Church and school blending in him with no disproportioned feature or self-chosen specialism, because he was ruled and moulded throughout by the law of Christ.

In his character and the shaping of his mind Dr. Moulton was a home-bred son of Methodism. His training was received within the schools and colleges of his own Church ; and he repaid the debt a hundredfold. Amongst his own people and in his father's house he found the soil where his nature struck its roots, the atmosphere which nourished his soul and stimulated his mind to its achievements. His mental development took place at the very time when the

far-sighted policy which planned the educational enterprises of our Church sixty years ago was beginning to bear fruit. The Richmond and Didsbury Theological Colleges, the Sheffield and Taunton public schools had been founded since 1835, the year of Dr. Moulton's birth. Through these institutions, added to the schools for the preachers' sons established long before, Methodism formed for itself a more enlightened constituency and gained a firmer hold upon the intelligence and public life of the country. Here William F. Moulton found his sphere and his occupation. From Woodhouse Grove he passed to Wesley College, Sheffield; from Wesley College, after a short interval, to his mastership at Taunton; and thence, on entering the ministry in 1858, to the tutorship at Richmond, with which his life work commenced. Twelve years of research devoted there to New Testament Greek, and embodied in the scholarly and greatly enriched translation of Winer's *Grammar*, marked him out to represent his Church in the New Testament Revision, along with Dr. J. D. Geden, the distinguished Didsbury tutor, who sat in the other Company. At an earlier date two men of such assured fitness and reputation could hardly have been found, for the purpose, in the Methodist ranks. The new culture which Drs. Moulton and Geden represented in their own line of sacred literature manifested itself in other avenues. There was a blossoming out of scholarship and intellectual taste, which has become an important and critical element in the present-day life of Methodism. Our Church was nearing a period full of interest and full of peril, the epoch of intellectual adolescence, bringing with it the danger of the "knowledge" that "puffeth up," the danger of a self-indulgent æstheticism, of a refinement cultivated at the expense of moral strength, of philosophical breadth gained to the loss of religious seriousness and depth. In Dr. Moulton we had a master in Israel who was wise to perceive and to turn to its true course this current of the times, one whose example supplied a constant prophylactic against its follies by the religious fervour and strenuous devotion to duty which were united

in him with a wholesome and frank enjoyment of the pleasures of a cultivated mind.

Concerning one important department of Methodist education Dr. Moulton felt in later years some misgiving. His removal from Richmond to Cambridge severed him from the work of the Theological Institution, in which he had been happy in a singular degree, enjoying the unbounded affection and confidence of his students. Amidst the financial straits of a young and unendowed school like the Leys, it was his own greatest anxiety to maintain a complete and duly specialised staff. Illiberality in this respect he regarded as the most fatal of economies, cutting at the nerve of true education. While ready on occasion to take up the work of any department, he was perfectly aware that the habitual strain and distraction of teaching in diverse subjects weaken the teacher's hold upon all of them, that concentration within a fairly limited area is vital to educational efficiency. It was with sorrow that he witnessed the reduction of the theological staff which ensued upon the building of the fourth branch of the Institution some twenty years ago. But for his preoccupations at the time, he would certainly have stood by the side of his former chief, the late Benjamin Hellier, most experienced and successful of tutors, who contended that our true policy was to fortify and build up the existing establishments, rather than to multiply colleges inadequately staffed for the sake of conciliating local favour. It is indeed a deplorable thing that the ground which was gained for biblical learning by Drs. Moulton and Geden, at Richmond and Didsbury, in the early seventies, should have been lost at the former place and all but lost at the latter, and the teaching establishment reduced to the footing at which it stood half a century back, while the educational demands upon our ministry have so greatly increased. A letter quoted on pages 219, 220 shows that Dr. Moulton would have chosen, even at the cost of a seeming retreat, to concentrate the scattered branches of the Institution, so as to make provision for a proper distribution of labour and to man the several Faculties with

scholars who should be masters each in his own field and qualified to take an adequate part in the work of theological research and discussion.

In quite another direction Dr. Moulton showed himself "a man with understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do." He was from the beginning an ally and fosterer of the forward movement in matters of social reform. The moral and economical condition of the masses in the great towns weighed heavily upon his mind. He would have been prepared for bold and large experiments in the way of amelioration. Few things gratified him more than to see men of ability and leisure devoting themselves to social problems and becoming the friends and confidants of the struggling classes. The Leysian Mission (p. 167), which the Old Boys settled in London have made their own, he took to be quite an essential corollary of the work of a religious school with such a constituency as the Leys possesses. The multiplication of personal ties and sympathies between the rich and poor, the privileged and unprivileged, appeared to him the best security for progress, and an equal blessing to both the parties concerned. Mr. Scott Lidgett, of the Bermondsey Settlement, acknowledged Dr. Moulton as his wisest counsellor, and almost the father of his mission; and Mr. Price Hughes found in his shy tutor a warm friend and stout supporter in his powerful assault upon the social evils and misery of West London. To Bishop Westcott he wrote at the time of the colliery war in 1892: "Nothing has more distressed me than the Durham strike; some of the features have been to me appalling. I know so well how abhorrent to you is this social war. . . . When through God's mercy the strike shall be at an end, may it not be possible to unite all Christians—Nonconformists as well as Churchmen—in steady work to guard against the recurrence of the evil? . . . Will you be good enough to make use of me if you think I can at any time be of service in influencing my friends in the region around you?" The feud in Christ's camp between Anglicans and Nonconformists seemed to Dr. Moulton especially lamentable

and culpable because it paralyses effort in such directions, and divides at every point the forces that make for peace and purity, for the Christianisation of English society.

To the chapter on "Biblical Work and Opinions," written by Dr. Moulton's Cambridge son, many will turn with eager anticipation; nor will they be disappointed. It is an amazing record of *work*; of *opinions* Dr. Moulton was somewhat chary. His diffidence and his thoroughness both forbade the dogmatism which is the schoolmaster's almost necessary foible. When inquirers sought his help, often to their astonishment they found him consulting *them* and welcoming their aid rather than pronouncing from a higher platform: he would draw out *Socratico more* their crude preconceptions, would suggest considerations and bearings of the subject that might have been overlooked and quarters from which light might be expected, would allay impatient fears, would insinuate reasons for added care and renewed examination, and would send the questioner back probably with no formulated judgment on the matter of his quest, but with a broad and calm light shed on the field of investigation that would influence all his future researches and reflections. Dr. Moulton's "Thoughts on Present Discontents," expressed in the address prepared for the "Christian Conference" brought together by Dean Fremantle in the year 1892 (pp. 223-228), are very characteristic of his attitude of mind, and show how excellently fitted he was, by both knowledge and temper, to act as moderator in the fierce conflicts waged upon the field of Biblical Criticism. Amongst the regrets mingling irrepressibly with the delight given by this transparent picture of a gracious and fruitful life, not the least is the sorrow felt that Dr. Moulton's absorption in scholastic affairs rendered utterances of the kind referred to so rare upon his part, and that he was able to so limited an extent to aid, by either tongue or pen, in the apologetics of the day. Amid the bitterness of feeling and confusion of thought which surround questions of this nature, the sweetness and light which he brought with him into every discussion are greatly

desiderated. His influence has undoubtedly made for quietness and assurance during the alarms of recent years. His attitude became, to a large extent, that of his students of former times. On Dr. Moulton's candour, his fulness of information, his dispassionate judgment every one relied; as Dr. Westcott writes of him (p. 108), he "took an impartial account of every element in a critical problem," and "strove with unwearied patience to give it just weight." The fact that he met the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament with equanimity, that he deprecated all sweeping denunciation and beating of the alarm-drum, that he pleaded for patience, for discrimination, for more thorough research on all sides, went far to reassure minds that might otherwise have been seized with panic and to prevent the conflict in his own Church of which there were some threatening signs.

The full and judicious account given by the sons in chaps. iii. and v. of Dr. Moulton's connexion with the New Testament Revision of 1870-1881 throws a valuable light upon that great enterprise, and supplies a new document for its history. Mr. James H. Moulton's narrative is both a record of fact and a defence of principles. The comparison instituted by Mr. Moulton between the readings of the Revised Version (in text and margin) on the one hand, and those adopted, for the Prologue of the Gospel according to John, in the Milligan-Moulton Commentary, in Bishop Westcott's Commentary, and in the late Bishop Lightfoot's various annotations on the other (pp. 190ff.), shows that Dr. Moulton allied himself decidedly with the "Cambridge School" and the "Progressive" section of the New Testament Company. Had this group of scholars commanded a two-thirds' majority in the Jerusalem Chamber, the revision would have gone further than it did; in many instances the relation of the Revised *text* and *margin* would, manifestly, have been reversed. Dr. Moulton's one endeavour was that which he ascribed to his intimate friend and colleague, the late Dr. William Milligan, "to make the English Version a faithful and true presentation of the meaning conveyed by the original text" (p. 189); no predilection for accustomed

phrases, no endearing associations attached to misleading or defective translations were allowed, in his mind, to plead their rights of possession against the dictates of fidelity to the very word of Scripture. At the same time, Dr. Moulton's perfect familiarity with the older versions, and his love of their antique, stately English, kept him as far as possible from any desire to modernise the biblical dialect. His policy, and that of the scholars with whom he generally acted, was to make needful alterations boldly and thoroughly, but to do this in the style of the altered version itself, the new threads being of one colour and stuff with the old and precious garment. In the exquisite Revised translation of the book of Wisdom Dr. Moulton took a principal share—a piece of work as felicitous in English phrasing as it is faultless in point of Greek scholarship and theological precision.

Of Dr. Moulton's two Commentaries there is much to say which space forbids. In writing on the epistle to the Hebrews he was cramped by the limited space and purpose assigned to him; his exposition is full of independent work, and makes some original and pregnant points. His contribution to Schaff's Popular Commentary (1880) afforded larger scope, and the subject, St. John's Gospel, was most congenial to his heart. Collaboration with Dr. Milligan's kindred but very distinct mind stimulated his powers, as solitary work scarcely did to the same degree.¹ One does not think of the authors in reading this interpretation; one is lost in the thoughts of the original. There is a reverent hush about the exposition all through that is very impressive; it is marked by a singular delicacy and fineness of texture, a minuteness that is never trifling but enters lingeringly into every cranny and nook of the text, that tracks the evangelist's mind through the smallest grammatical details and nuances of phrase in that wonderful

¹ This *Commentary* on the Gospel according to John has been separately republished by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, since the death of the authors, under the editing of their two sons.

Greek of his, which conceals beneath its air of simplicity a world of profound and subtly interwoven thought.

Judging after the manner of men, Dr. Moulton's removal was lamentably premature. He held in hand so many threads ; his mental powers were still unspent ; his public influence was growing ; and new questions were rising that sorely needed the exercise of his luminous judgment and generous sympathies. He is missed even more to-day than under the first shock of our bereavement. It is now only too clear that he had been heavily overtaxed. His industry was so indefatigable, his strength was so buoyant and was expended with such a happy self-forgetfulness, that by sheer familiarity we ceased to realise the expenditure that was going on, and could not connect with him the thought of exhaustion. One reads with pain (p. 281) that even after the ominous attack of 1895 he was compelled to undertake new burdens in the school, rendered necessary by the financial embarrassments which since his death have been quickly removed. "At a time when increasing years, weaker health, and the greater claims of the Church, all made greater freedom desirable, and indeed essential to his well-being, he was more than ever harassed by petty cares and routine business. There could be but one end to such a life of stress." The lesson of the calamity needs no enforcement. Had he insisted upon it, relief could and would have been provided. But such insistence on his own behalf was the last thing of which Dr. Moulton was capable. For himself the end came not an hour too soon ; and its swift coming was a crowning mercy :

All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt
change prepared.

GEORGE G. FINDLAY.

THE HIGHEST ANDES.

The Highest Andes. A Record of the First Ascent of Aconcagua and Tupungato in Argentina, and the Exploration of the Surrounding Valleys. By E. A. FITZGERALD, with chapters by STUART VINES, M.A., F.R.S., and contributions by Professor BONNEY, D.Sc., etc., [and others, including] PHILIP GOSSE. With two Maps, fifty-one Illustrations, and a Panorama. (London: Methuen & Co. 1899.)

THIS volume, long expected, giving the results of Mr. E. A. FitzGerald's Andine expedition, is one of unquestionable value and fascination. Beautifully printed, possessing excellent maps, photographs, and appendices on the geology, fauna, and flora of the region explored, it will be eagerly read by experts and scientists, no less than by lovers of adventure in places like those depicted, where Nature is discovered in her sternest and most repellent as well as her most sublime forms. The objects of the expedition were the triangulation of the country immediately surrounding Aconcagua, and the ascent of this unconquered giant enthroned in mystery in its virgin snows as monarch of the mountains of the Western world—a giant which had hurled back utterly foiled the few climbers who had sought to invade the privacy of its summit. These objects, as we shall see, were attained, at the cost of prodigious effort and in the face of much hardship. To his unspeakable regret and disappointment, Mr. FitzGerald, on account of the repeated breakdown of his physical strength at high altitudes, was never able to get above 20,000 feet. The success of the expedition, as its leader magnanimously declares, must be mainly ascribed to the splendid work done by his comrades. Mr. Stuart Vines

has proved himself to be a mountaineer of the first degree. Zurbriggen, who accompanied them, is probably the most competent guide living. The Swiss and Italian porters did their part with admirable pluck. The whole party displayed the qualities that commend themselves to brave men everywhere,—tireless endurance and courage that will never say “die” in the face of overwhelming odds, naked strength of purpose resolute as the rising tide, never resting, though beaten back again and again, till the goal is reached, fortitude and hopefulness in disaster, resourcefulness and trained skill for which the blind forces of nature are no match. These great endowments brighten the pages of Mr. FitzGerald’s volume quite as much as do the wondrous light of glowing moons and rising and setting suns that turn snowfields into gardens of superb pink and purple, and the ocean that bounds the sight westward into shining tracts of molten gold.

The Andine peaks were long regarded even by experienced mountain-climbers as practically inaccessible, defying intrusion “unless through the medium of a balloon.” One remarkable attempt had been made to scale Aconcagua. Dr. Güssfeldt, an indomitable mountaineer, with two Chilenos and totally insufficient equipment, had attacked Aconcagua, getting within 1,300 feet of the top, when he was compelled by a snowstorm and want of food to turn back. The marvel was that he reached such an altitude. It was a feat of extraordinary daring. He was no less than thirty-one hours without sleep, hours of almost continuous exertion. Mr. FitzGerald pays high tribute to this courageous traveller, whose book was almost the only gleam of light in the darkness in which Aconcagua was wrapped. The approaches to the mountain were unknown, save on the side by which Dr. Güssfeldt with difficulty found his way through perplexing labyrinths of valleys. The natives of the passes shrink with superstitious dread from admitting that Aconcagua is ever visible. Simultaneously with Mr. FitzGerald’s attempt in January, 1897, a party of Germans, following the track of Dr. Güssfeldt,

attacked Aconcagua from the northern side of the mountain, the opposite from that chosen by the English explorers ; but after reaching an elevation of 21,326 feet, they were reluctantly compelled to retrace their steps, on account of dense mists, the threatening state of the weather, and the exhaustion which overcame them. The attack was not repeated.

It was in October, 1896, that Mr. FitzGerald and his party, with complete equipment for the tasks set before them, sailed from Southampton. They arrived at Buenos Ayres in November. Proceeding by rail to Mendoza, after several days' chaffering they hired mules and drivers for work in the Andes. The mule-drivers, or *arrieros*, are a picturesque set, fond of jangling and gaudy trappings. They will never walk if it is possible to ride, and will risk their neck on the edge of any precipice rather than submit to the humiliation of dismounting. With heavy wooden slippers for stirrups, large clanking spurs fastened to high-heeled boots, a *poncho*—a blanket of many-coloured wools with an aperture for the head—falling in loose folds about the person, they consider themselves greatly superior to the *gringos*, as foreigners are called in South America. They are tragically passionate and proud ; but their love of money is more powerful than their disdain of the *gringos*. The country around Mendoza affords an illustration of the benefits accruing from irrigation. Naturally a stony wilderness, in perhaps the driest climate in the world, the water brought down from the Andes in canals has transformed it into an oasis of pleasant meadows, fruitful vineyards, and orchards. From Mendoza the explorers proceed to Vacas. Twenty miles above the former place they approach the Cordilleras. The scenery increases in grandeur, mountain-peaks clad in pure white, like the Cerro de la Plata, 19,000 feet high, coming into view. The railway is here a series of bridges and tunnels, following the course of the Rio Mendoza, a wild gorge, where a great part of the line is swept away every winter by avalanches and floods. Emerging from this valley, a high level plain is

traversed—the Uspallata Pampa, 6,000 feet above the sea, a waste without water, without a tree or any trace of verdure, but bounded on the south by a rock wall of colours so brilliant that the traveller might imagine it was built of flashing agates and sapphires. A cañon whose tall cliffs are of porphyry and granite is run through, and ere long, after a stiff ascent by a “rack” railway, Punta de las Vacas, the terminus of the Transandine Railway, is reached.

Vacas, which is chosen as the basis of their first operations, consists of the railway-station, and the *posada*, or inn, an arrangement of mud huts in a courtyard. The floors of this “little drinking-house” are, in winter, from six inches to two feet under water. The sleeping accommodation is repulsive. Provisions are scarce. Mr. FitzGerald says there was “a large stock of Worcester sauce—a popular condiment in South America.” As they do not intend to throw themselves on the hospitality of the *comedor*, they select a site for a camp half a mile away. The baggage is brought up as speedily as the dilatory habits of the *peons* engaged would allow. To induce these labourers to make haste, Mr. Stuart Vines tried what the force of example would do; but, alas! they stood about in easy attitudes perfectly content to watch his herculean efforts; and “he was forced to adopt other means of encouragement.” Night fell on the explorers before they had well completed their task. They sat long around the fire, which burned brightly in the mountain air. “I shall never forget that first night in the Andes,” writes Mr. FitzGerald; “the dark rocks above us towered into a cloudless sky. It was a magnificent starlight evening, and Lightbody,” (engineer in charge of the permanent way of the Transandine Railway who afterwards became a member of the expedition,) “who had brought up his guitar, sang Spanish ballads till bedtime.”

Next day Mr. FitzGerald, taking with him Zurbriggen and an *arriero* and some mules, rode up the Vacas valley to see if he could get a view of Aconcagua and discover the best way of approaching the mountain.

Aconcagua, standing on the central ridge of the Andes,

rises about 23,000 feet above sea-level. It can be seen from Valparaiso, ninety miles away, on a clear day, the most imposing figure in a concourse of gigantic mountains, several of which approach or exceed a height of 20,000 feet. Aconcagua is an extinct volcano, built up of successive layers of lava. Immense glaciers flank its northern face. The rivers that flow eastward across the pampas and savannas of Argentina to the far Atlantic are born in its melting snows and cradled in its precipitous and storm-haunted valleys.

The Andine valleys are desolation itself,—in summer parched vistas of yellow sand and stones with a few stunted yareta-bushes and patches of scanty grass at wide intervals, without a sheltering tree, stifling on account of intolerable heat and tornadoes of dust. In winter they are blocked with deep snowdrifts, left to their awful isolation by beast, bird, and man. Travel through them is comparable, in the former season, to a Sudan campaign; in the latter, to an Arctic expedition. Above them, on either side, rise for many thousands of feet sheer awe-inspiring walls, scarred precipices and fantastic ice-mailed peaks of andesite, basalt and serpentine, dyed with manifold hues of green, of dark purple, of crimson and ivory,—a bewildering chaos of colour, brilliant in the sunshine, losing itself in the wilderness of snow far above, to emerge again in the peaks and domes higher still that shake off their white raiment in the home of the furious tempest. Torrents, black, rapid, treacherous, difficult to ford, rush down the valleys. Mineral springs, reminiscent of the fire that burns in the hidden roots of the mountain, odorous of sulphur, bubble out of the rocks. These vast rifts, these abysses, have few softer features. A tiny band of plants, brave things that defy alike the scorching summer and the rigorous winter, scant of leafage, prodigal of lovely blossom and rich scent, invade these valleys, and lay a gentle hand upon their fierceness. Here along the course of a stream are gay calceolarias and the sweet evening primrose; and here at a valley junction nasturtiums in a great wealth of gold, “almost a flower to

every leaf." The sand becomes in favoured spots a garden of orange-coloured geraniums and of pansies of purple bloom with yellow eye. Here are gentians, anemones (at 10,000—12,000 feet), *Blumenbachia coronata*, verbenas (at 13,000 feet), violets (at 12,000 feet), delightful leguminous plants with flowers that range from snow-white to mauve and blue, a convolvulus, and a goodly number of plants which do not occur in the mountains of the northern parts of the Old World, as may be seen by reference to Mr. Philip Gosse's list in the appendix on "Plants" at the end of *The Highest Andes*. We cannot stay to characterise this flora, or to linger over its interesting features.

The snow in this climate is not the greatest drawback to the climber and explorer, but the blinding dust-storms, the raging snow-charged hurricanes that suddenly rise and sweep the higher slopes, and the rarefied atmosphere, as we shall presently see.

As Mr. FitzGerald rode up the Vacas valley, he saw nothing that resembled Aconcagua among the great mountains that rose on every hand. He found the fords deep, and twice he narrowly escaped being washed away by the swift stream. The heat was insufferable, and there was no shelter for a brief rest out of the sun. The valley widened into a plain as they advanced. Flocks of guanaco were seen grazing on the huge mounds that spread out from the mouths of side-valleys. Camping, as night approached, under an overhanging rock, the travellers slept wrapped in their blankets, as they had brought no tent with them. Next morning they climbed a peak reaching an altitude of 16,000 feet, to find that the view was shut off by a higher peak behind. Being tired they fell asleep on the snow, and were suddenly awaked by the flapping close overhead of the wings of a condor, which evidently had taken them for dead, and was about to proceed to his morning meal. "Stop! stop!" cried Zurbriggen, as the bird soared into the air; "I also want a view up there. Wait for me." Returning to the bivouac, Mr. FitzGerald sent Zurbriggen

farther up the valley. The latter when he came back reported having caught a glimpse of an inaccessible peak, which he decided could not be the mountain of which they were in search. As a matter of fact, it was the highest point of Aconcagua. The day following they retraced their steps to Vacas, Mr. FitzGerald concluding that nothing could be done at present from the Vacas valley.

The camp was moved to Inca, near the mouth of the Horcones valley, where there was better water, and shelter from the north-west gales; and this place became their headquarters for the next seven months.

On December 18 Mr. FitzGerald sent Zurbriggen to investigate Aconcagua from the Horcones valley, with the further idea of establishing a secondary camp nearer the mountain. Zurbriggen was accompanied by a young muleteer and some mules. After four days' absence, he returned, reporting that the torrent of Horcones was in flood with snow-water, that he had nearly lost his life in crossing it, and that, leaving the muleteer with the animals, for many hours he "rode over moraine and stony gullies, where prodigious avalanches had fallen," and over enormous snow-drifts, until he reached a place from which he was certain Aconcagua could be scaled. He was obliged to return to the bivouac for the night. Next morning at three he started again, got to the foot of the mountain, tied up his horse, and went on afoot, and, climbing along a gully amongst moraines and over detritus, gained an altitude of 19,000 feet. Here was afterwards placed the general encampment. He said that his breathing was perfectly easy at this height, and that the elevations beyond did not appear difficult. It was now late in the day, and he determined to descend as quickly as possible in order to lay before his leader the results of his prospecting. Vines met Zurbriggen, who had been away four days, on the shores of the Horcones lake, in whose waters are vividly reflected the great white walls of Aconcagua, fifteen miles away. Zurbriggen had lamed his horse, had broken his axe, had hurt his leg; but he was in high glee. He had found the way, the only way,

to get up the mountain, the summit of which, he averred, was 6,000 feet higher than the point he had reached.

Mr. FitzGerald decided at once to make an attempt to climb Aconcagua by way of the Horcones valley. He set out two days before Christmas. He had with him Zurbriggen, four porters, two horses, ten mules. The rock scenery as they rode along was sublimely wild, the rock stratification displaying the most marvellous colouring in the sun-flood of the morning, while on the heights the undulating banners of mist were ever being hoisted higher as they seemed to float from loftier and yet loftier peaks as the day brightened. Forging again and again the noisy river which they followed, crossing interminable moraines, making lengthy detours, they reached at last the upper part of the western valley, where vegetation ceased, and there lay before them great spaces filled with detritus deposit, perfectly level, and nearly a mile wide. Under a great forked peak, where they were to rest often in after days, a brief halt was made for lunch; then, on again, the way growing more difficult, and the party not escaping without falls, though suffering no serious accident. They reached the head of the valley under the great peak of Aconcagua at four o'clock. Here, at an elevation of 14,000 feet, just at the snout of the Horcones glacier, they formed a camp, and unloaded the baggage. Starting on foot, they went up the north-west saddle of the mountain, until at 16,000 feet they halted to spend the night.

"The sun was setting over the western hills towards the Pacific, and darkness was rapidly descending on us. The cold was intense, and, being much fatigued, we decided not to pitch our tent, but simply to crawl into our sleeping-bags. No one had the energy to make for himself a smooth place to lie down in. We sought shelter under a friendly overhanging rock, where we huddled as close together as possible for the sake of warmth, and tried to get what rest we could." Their attempts to sleep were in most cases a failure. With the dawn they with difficulty managed to melt some snow, and prepare a lukewarm cup of coffee; but Mr.

FitzGerald was not insensible to the glory of the morning. Stupendous battlements of cliff and crag towered up to the east of them ; broad bands of glowing colour stretched across the face of the rock marking the stratification, and seeming like vast courses of cyclopean masonry in some impregnable fortress erected by the spirits of the mountains to defend themselves against antagonists of tremendous strength.

In the warmth of the morning sun the climbers resumed the ascent. Progress was extremely difficult. Every step they took "they slipped back sometimes half, sometimes the whole distance they had risen." Halt after halt was necessary on account of fatigue ; and at midday, when they came to a gully filled with snow, Mr. FitzGerald saw that it would be imprudent for men so completely exhausted to push on any farther. One of the porters was so ill that he had to be sent back in the care of another man. So the tent was pitched under the shelter of a great boulder. Mr. FitzGerald was suffering from nausea and breathlessness. The small tent—six feet by four, and three feet six inches in height—was uncomfortably crowded with four persons. It became extremely "stuffy" ; but the cold was so intense that they dared not admit the air. The snoring of the men resembled the noise produced by the alarm instrument of an American liner in a fog. The leader, weary to death, found it impossible to sleep. Christmas morning dawned without much promise. A gale was blowing, and the sky to the north-west was banked with clouds. "One of my men greeted me with 'Merry Christmas,'" Mr. FitzGerald tells us ; "but I said in reply that it was not." They had no fire. Their breakfast was made of white lumps of frozen grease extracted from some tins of Irish stew slowly melted in their mouths,—producing violent sickness. In the afternoon Mr. FitzGerald and Zurbriggen started out to reconnoitre. After two hours' climbing they got up to 19,000 feet, and were rewarded with a magnificent view of a point of Aconcagua only, as they afterwards discovered, about 150 feet lower than the actual summit. It was about 4,000 feet above

them, but at the moment looked so close that Zurbriggen proposed to walk up to it next day and see what lay beyond. In reality it was distant eight or nine hours' climb. The succeeding night in the tent was one of great discomfort, while the cold outside after sunset was "absolutely unendurable," reducing the circulation to such an extent that they were unable to resist its depressing and paralyzing effects.

The morning saw Zurbriggen on the mountain again. He reached an altitude of 20,200 feet; but the great peak looked as far away as ever, he said. On his way back he found, to his unutterable delight, a small tin box, under a heap of stones, containing Dr. Güssfeldt's card. It was here that the great German explorer was compelled by the intense cold and threatening storm to retreat in order to save his life. On the card was written: "A la segunda entirda del cerro Aconcagua, Maerz 1883."

A temporary retreat on December 27 to the Horcones valley camp, to renew the strength of the climbers, was followed by a fresh attack on the mountain on December 30. The first day they reached the upper camp. Sanguine of success, they started at 5.45 next morning. Over crumbling rocks they zigzagged slowly up the steep north-west face, husbanding their strength. But they were once more doomed to failure. Strangely enough, Zurbriggen, ever the last to flag, began to suffer from the effects of the cold. The frost seized his feet; and it was only by the prompt and energetic action of Mr. FitzGerald that he was saved from the gravest peril. His agony when vitality was returning was maddening. He had to be conducted back to the tent, and the day was practically lost. But the succeeding day, refusing to surrender to the forces pitted against them, they are at work again. The day is sunny, and Zurbriggen is much better. After passing 20,000 feet, the way becomes a terrible fight—a climb over round, rolling stones. The monotony is horrible. They dare not lift their eyes from the stones that threaten to engulf them. They grow giddy, and the mountain itself seems to roll. Their breathing fails.

The wind rises, carrying on its wings innumerable particles of sand and shale of diamond hardness and edge which cut their faces like tiny lancets. It increases to a hurricane, and blows the very breath out of their bodies. They are compelled to lie down from sheer exhaustion. One of the party is very ill. There is no alternative—they must turn back. We cannot wonder that, after arriving at the camp, a terrible stunning depression should take hold upon them all. Little sleep, no warm food, acute cold, splitting headaches—these are part of the sorrows depicted by Mr. FitzGerald in some doleful paragraphs. After a night of horror, they hurry down the mountain in the early morning, and by the time they have descended 2,000 feet their strength comes back; and when they reach the 14,000 feet camp, they are in the best of spirits. Such is the singular effect of these altitudes on the human frame.

But Aconcagua is about to be conquered. Mr. FitzGerald and Zurbriggen start again on January 9, bivouacking the first night under the forked peak previously referred to. Next morning they ascend to the 14,000 feet camp, annex two porters here, and at eleven o'clock set out for the upper camp, better equipped than on former attempts. The elements are propitious; they themselves are in excellent climbing condition. Sunset finds them in camp laughing and joking over their pipes, around a good fire, after a hot supper. The sunset was of the finest character—"almost menacing in its grandeur. Great banks of clouds lay spread beneath us far out to sea, dyed scarlet by the sinking sun. They changed rapidly, assuming curious and fantastic shapes, till finally they shot up all at once like tongues of flame to the sky, while the heavens turned a brilliant purple from their reflected light. This sea of fire stretched out beneath me for one hundred and sixty miles." During the night an awful storm arose. The maniac wind shrieked as it strove to tear the canvas tent to shreds, while the inmates lay on the floor panting for breath. The morning that dawned on a night that seemed interminable subdued the frenzy of the storm, but left some of the party moody and silent, victims

of the penalties which Nature inflicts on those who violate the sanctuary of her solitary altitudes. That day was given up to resting. The following day three men left the tent at nine o'clock. Mr. FitzGerald was soon forced to give in, and got back to the camp in a half-conscious, helpless condition. Pollinger, one of the porters, also returned, and his timely aid probably saved his chief from fatal collapse. Zurbriggen went steadily on, almost accomplishing the ascent; but he, too, failed to reach the goal, and stumbled down to his comrades after sunset, speechless with thirst and fatigue. Next day the only record is that Mr. FitzGerald had an unfortunate fall; but the following, January 14, they are to chronicle a red-letter event. They start early, the wind is low, the sky is cloudless, and they will make one last, desperate effort. All goes fairly well till midday, when, after a frugal meal, Mr. FitzGerald is suddenly attacked with the old symptoms of nausea; and though success appears to be within his grasp—the goal is only four hundred yards away—he now feels it is impossible for him to move a step farther on. He says with splendid self-restraint: "Of my disappointment I need not write; but the object of my expedition was to conquer Aconcagua: I therefore sent on Zurbriggen to complete the ascent." Zurbriggen succeeded in gaining the summit, built a stone man, planted an ice-axe there, and returned to the tent almost stupefied by fatigue. "Thus was Aconcagua conquered. 'Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.'"

On January 19 Mr. FitzGerald made another unsuccessful attempt in company with Stuart Vines, and suffered severely in a terrible snowstorm. On February 13 they renewed the attack. At an altitude of 20,000 feet Mr. FitzGerald, whose heroic persistence deserved better fortune, was again beaten by his old foes, and "turned back for the last time with feelings," he pathetically says, "he had better not try to describe." His companion went on, and was the second to make the ascent. Mr. Vines' chapter in which he relates "the second ascent of Aconcagua" is one of the finest

in the volume. He has a more brilliant pen than his leader, and to his imagination Nature makes profound appeal. Space will not permit us to give even the briefest summary of the chapter. We must content ourselves with the culmination of the great climb. As they approached the summit (Lanti, an Italian porter, is with him) he tells us :

My excitement now became intense; a cliff in front barred the way and shut out the view ahead. I scrambled up the cliff, and, once level with the edge, beheld Zurbriggen's stone man, and the ice-axe planted in its centre not twenty yards from me. A few steps more, and Lanti and I stood on the summit of Aconcagua. It was two minutes past five; the thermometer showed 7° Fahr., the aneroid had reached the limit of its markings, and stood still at twelve inches. In silence I turned and grasped Lanti's hand, our feeling of triumph too great for words. The summit was attained; our labours were at an end. . . . I set about writing a hasty record of the ascent. There was no time to lose. The clouds were moving up the north and north-west slopes. I wrote Lanti's name on my card, and the date, etc.: "Made the ascent with Lanti Nicola, miner, of Macugnaga, Italy. FitzGerald Expedition, England."

A further record was made on a piece of paper. This and the card were put in an empty bottle, which, with a thermometer-box and set of instruments, was wedged among the rocks at the foot of Zurbriggen's stone man. After surveying the unsurpassed prospect, they began the descent, having been on the summit eighty minutes. They had been eight hours and twenty-three minutes in climbing from the 19,000 feet camp.

No words can describe the impressive grandeur of the marvellous panorama, extending over 80,000 square miles, that lay beneath and around. Northward swept the unclouded expanse of snowfield and glacier, till the view in front was barred by the towering white mass of Mercedario outstripping in the vastness of its proportions all other mountains of this region of the Andes. To right and left of Mercedario, in the enormous distance, were other giants, whose soaring cones, black, scoriated, barren, had a distinctly volcanic appearance. Eastward were peaks and

crags in sheen of silver, and a sea of mountains, sixty miles wide—mountains averaging an altitude of 13,000 feet, rising over slopes stained with rose and umber and pale gold. Behind these stretched the pampas of Argentina, hidden from view. Southward, surmounting surging, capricious seas of vapour that beat on the glacier and wound through the dark gorges, rose up the great frontier chain, and Torlosa, an imposing pyramid of 19,000 feet with its hanging glacier, and the Twins, "like colossal sentinels" guarding the Cumbre Pass, the highway between the two Republics,¹ and the ice-clad peaks of Navarro and Pollera, and the Cereo del Plomo, and about "sixty miles farther on the magnificent white summit of Tupungato," as yet unscaled, but to be conquered by Mr. Vines. On the Chilian side, a hundred miles away, "the blue expanse of the Pacific glittered in the evening sun. Far down south, and fifty leagues to the north, stretched the vast blue line"; the whole surface between the point of vision and the sun being suffused with a blood-red glow.

The mountain itself was "a colossal ruin," everywhere bearing witness to the extraordinary denudation caused through countless ages by the forces of Nature. The Aconcagua of the ancient past was probably, Mr. Vines thinks, several thousand feet higher than the Aconcagua of to-day. "The reckless vehemence of its volcanic force was the beginning of its own destruction." And, split and powdered by frost and fire, it has "poured itself over valleys and plains in sediment and shingle." No trace of its crater could be found.

It was about half-past six when Mr. Vines and Lanti left the summit. On the way down they witnessed a marvellous sunset—"the most sublime and gorgeous colouring I had ever beheld," says the narrator :

The sun, a great ball of blood-red fire in a cloudless sky, was dipping into the waters of the Pacific. Rapidly it sank, disappearing from view. Yet, as if still struggling for supremacy with the fast approaching night, an afterglow of surpassing

¹ Chili and Argentina.

beauty spread over land and sea in a series of magnificent changes of colour. The mighty expanse of water from north to south, together with the sky above it, was suffused with a fiery red glow. While the red in the sky remained, the waters, through a variety of intermediate shades of colouring, turned slowly to purple and then to blue. And yet we were not in darkness, for with the sun's departure the risen moon declared itself with wondrous brightness, penetrating the thin atmosphere and flooding everything with its colder light. The effect produced by such a combination of brilliant moonlight and glorious sunset was beautiful beyond words. For during half an hour that wonderful glow rested on the horizon of the Pacific—a great red line of subdued fire suspended in mid-air, the darkness that had fallen like a pall on the sea and land severing its connexion with the earth.

It was long after night when the climbers reached the 19,000 feet camp.

Passing of necessity over much that is of exciting interest, we must briefly notice the second greatest event of the expedition—the conquest of the great white dome of Tupungato by Mr. Vines, a feat which no mountaineer had hitherto achieved.

Tupungato is the third—if not the second—highest mountain on the American continent. Mercedario alone disputes that position. Elaborate preparations were made for the ascent of this giant of evil reputation for chronic cloud and tempest. Their camp at Inca was three days' journey away from the base of this mountain through almost impenetrable and storm-swept valleys and gorges. But on March 27, 1897, the huge mass of Tupungato was sighted. The mountain was guarded with enormous spurs and ridges, out of which stood lofty battlements and pinnacles of dark rock. The ramparts of Tupungato are much more formidable than those of Aconcagua, and the principal camp (the limit above which mule labour could not be employed) had to be pitched at a lower altitude,—at 10,000 feet here as against 14,000 in the Horcones valley.

The first attack was unsuccessful : after gaining an altitude

of 19,000 feet, they were driven back by a fierce storm. The second attempt almost grasped the prize. On this occasion they bivouacked the first night at 14,000 feet, and proceeded in the morning by a different route from that taken on the former trial. They found the way difficult, necessitating the use of the rope and the ice-axe. At 19,000 feet exhaustion overtook the climbers. Huddling together and resting, but only for a few minutes because of the bitter cold ; advancing again, the wind growing in violence and cutting as with lances of ice, and carrying them to leeward like keelless boats ; enchanted, notwithstanding, by the wonderful sights opening up on all sides, they forge slowly upward. Storm-clouds, sullen, persistent, now begin to bode mischief. Zurbriggen was seized with sickness and intense pain, but nothing would make him turn back. One of the party was stricken down with paralysis in his legs, and could go no farther. On went the others, till, alas ! they saw that clouds had taken possession of the dome. Thus, after gaining an altitude of 21,000 feet, was victory snatched from them by the weather. They saw it would be useless to proceed, and that delay here would be madness. There was nothing to be done but to return ; "and with bitter feelings," says Mr. Vines, "I followed Zurbriggen and Joseph [Pollinger] down the spur." The third attempt, made on April 8, was frustrated the same night by an indescribably awful storm of wind which swept the mountain-side. The climbers, in their small tent at a height of 17,000 feet, had a narrow escape. The darkness was intense and unrelieved. The noise of the great wind was like the roar of many Niagaras. The winged cold cut them to the heart as with sharp talons and beak. Rocks fell around from the heights above, threatening to crush their frail tent, which before day was wrecked by the hurricane. No one was hurt, fortunately ; but they thought this was for them the end of Tupungato. Not so, however, for after resting the ascent was successfully made a few days later.

On Monday, April 12, the wind north-west, the sky without a cloud, the cold extreme, starting early from the

17,000 feet bivouac, they got up to an altitude of 20,000 feet without serious difficulty. Then began the tug of war. Pollinger is the first to fail. He is sent lower down the mountain, as they had always found that to descend was the best remedy for the sickness. Dividing his burden between them, Vines and Zurbriggen advance up a prison-like couloir, finding it almost impossible to get their breath in the rarefied atmosphere. Emerging from the couloir, they see what they take to be the highest point of the mountain—the northernmost peak. In half an hour they hope to stand on the summit, entranced with a sublime landscape on which no human eye had ever looked, amply rewarded for all their labour and privation. Presently another peak, far to the south, looms up beyond that on which they had just been feasting their eyes. It is at least two hundred feet higher. Zurbriggen at once collapses. "That point," said he, "is an hour away from where we are, and I cannot do it." His legs will not carry him a step farther. Reluctantly leaving him behind, with the hope that after a short rest and some refreshment he may follow, Mr. Vines goes on alone. No time must be lost. As he proceeds, the cold wind seems to invigorate him. His energy rises with the excitement; and he bounds across a bed of black volcanic scoria. Coming to the base of the ridge leading to the peak, with laboured breath, and aching limbs, heedless of suffering, he rushes up the height at a mad pace. At three o'clock he reaches the summit of the peak. Alas! again disappointment is his. Far away on the southern edge of the mountain another peak rises up, and seems to challenge the supremacy of that on which he stands. He takes out his Abney level, and his fears are realised. Another hour's toil lies before him. Without halt or rest he sets out for the third peak. Crossing the intermediate ground and climbing at least four hundred feet, at 3.45 he stands on the top. "No loftier peak," he writes, "rose before me. Everything was beneath my feet, and at last I stood on the highest point of Tupungato." The thermometer registered nineteen degrees of frost.

Mr. Vines begins at once to erect a cairn here, where "the storm fiends of the Andes gather daily for the wildest orgies." Hearing a shout, he looks away from his task, and sees Zurbriggen coming on towards him. He runs to meet him. They grasp hands. Silence is the meet expression of their common joy. Together they finish the cairn. It is now 4.30, and no time is to be lost.

"I wrote," he tells us, "on one side of my card, 'FitzGerald Expedition'; and on the other, 'Stuart Vines, with Mathias Zurbriggen, Swiss guide, made the ascent of this mountain on 12th April, 1897, after three attempts, being stopped by storms.'" On a leaf of his note-book he wrote an additional record. "My card and the piece of paper I inclosed in a wine bottle, which Zurbriggen placed at the base of the cairn and carefully covered over with stones."

Not a single cloud was visible on the vast expanse of sky or land or sea. On their way up they had seen in the farthest distance an unnamed volcano in full eruption. Only the smoke of this cone, which later they in vain tried to reach, draped its fiery form, and rose into the sky. "In the brilliant air the spectacle that lay before us was one of extraordinary extent and grandeur. Range beyond range of mountains stretched away towards the great plain of Santiago, forty miles west. Far away, beyond the hills that almost seemed to lie at our feet, stretched the great waters of the Pacific, a tract of blue ocean, sparkling to the horizon, and clearly visible, although the distance from Tupungato to the sea-coast is not less than a hundred and thirty miles." The pampas of Argentina, across which glittering rivers flowed like ribbons of silver, stretched almost without a break from the foot of the mountains to the South Atlantic Ocean. "On the Chilian side scores of dark rocks reared their heads, a sinister array of precipitous impossibilities from which any climber would turn away in despair"—as we do, at the close of this article, from the attempt to present Mr. Vines' extraordinary picture. But sixty miles away stood up Aconcagua in all the vastness of its proportions, rearing

its immense form amongst its gigantic neighbours, "like some huge rock out of the waves of the sea."

Seventy minutes were spent on the summit, during which good use was made of the camera, the record written, the bearings taken, and the cairn erected. It was now five o'clock. The monotony of an excessively trying descent was interrupted by the spectacle of a glorious sunset as the orb of day dipped into the Pacific. Eastward, over the pampas, a long pennon of flame floated, looking like some startling meteoric phenomenon, the fiery streak slowly fading, through changing rainbow colours, into the cold light of the moon, which, taking up the challenge of the sun ere he expired, bathed in her beams the wide landscape,—here clad with snow and gleaming with jewels of ice, then frowning in sombre masses of rock that splinter skyward into slender needles and rise up black as nether night against the clear, bright heavens. Soon after eight o'clock they arrived at the bivouac. Well might Mr. Vines say: "Thus ended one of the most eventful days of our work and of my life." Every one should read this fascinating book, and delight his eyes with Mr. Lightbody's marvellous and unique photographs of the Andes.

ROBERT MCLEOD.

RELIGION IN GREEK LITERATURE.

Religion in Greek Literature. A Sketch in Outline. By
LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D., Emeritus Professor
of Greek, and formerly Gifford Lecturer in the Uni-
versity of St. Andrews. (London : Longmans, Green,
& Co.)

TO the Emeritus professor of Greek in the university of St. Andrews a congenial task has fallen, and students of Greek thought and life may well be grateful to those who appointed Professor Campbell to the Gifford lectureship. It gave him an opportunity of bringing into form the studies of a lifetime, and of giving to students a work which, in all likelihood, would otherwise have never been written. We needed this book, if for no other reason than that we are so deeply indebted to Greece for our literary, scientific, and philosophical equipment. It is well that we should also have some conception of what we owe Greece in the religious sphere. In religion we owe more to Palestine than to Greece, but we owe something to the latter country. Professor Campbell helps us to estimate our debt. He has done his work well. The title of his book is an exact measure of what he has accomplished. As long as he deals with Greek literature he is at home, his knowledge is ample, and his touch is sure ; he knows where he has to look for information, and his command of Greek learning enables him to make a happy use of his knowledge. But when he passes beyond the sphere of literature, and touches questions of origin, of sources other than literary, his touch is uncertain, he gives little help or guidance to his reader, and leaves him in doubt and uncertainty. No doubt he tells us this : "The aim of my endeavour is to trace, not origins chiefly, but rather tendencies—not whence, but whitherward, the religious consciousness in Greece was moving." He found it

necessary, however, "to refer at the outset to recent speculations concerning prehistoric religion." As we read the references to prehistoric religion, and to the sources of many Greek rites and religious beliefs recorded in Greek literature, he leaves us in uncertainty as to whether the sources were indigenous or foreign, and he gives us no criterion how to distinguish between what is primitive and what is evolved. The view we hold on these questions goes far to determine the view we shall hold on some of the most important phenomena of Greek religion.

The factors in religion which Professor Campbell regards as primitive are five in number : 1, awe in the presence of inanimate objects regarded as endowed with life ; 2, worship of plants and animals ; 3, enthusiasm for the mystery of life in its origin and continuance (he admits that the phenomena of productiveness are such as to claim the interest of primitive peoples, but he still suggests that the influence of this form of religion may be derived from foreign sources) ; 4, the worship of the elements ; 5, the worship of ancestors. In dealing with these "previous factors," as he calls them, he has not made up his mind whether he is to look at them as native to Greece or borrowed from other peoples, as primitive or derivative. In truth, he does not feel at home until he has written words in his possession. His references to prehistoric custom are not made with any certainty, nor has he availed himself of such help as is to be obtained from the works of Tylor and his followers, of Spencer and of the anthropologists. He might not have agreed with them ; but they would have helped to solve some problems which he has left in an indeterminate state. It might have been well, too, had he asked himself the question whether the elements he enumerates as separate could have existed in their isolated state in the minds of primitive peoples. May they not be aspects of something more general ? Worship of inanimate objects, worship of plants, worship of the powers of life, worship of the elements, ancestor-worship, may be varying forms of the recognition of the unseen power on which early man felt his dependence. These are not mutually exclusive

and those who fall prostrate before plant or pillar may also reverence the ancestral ghost.

No greater boon could be conferred on a student than to present him with a clue to guide him through the mazes of Greek feeling and thought in regard to religion and life. He is perplexed with the multiformity of results presented to him by the facts themselves, and with the literary accounts of them given in the works of the writers on Greek themes. There is a difficulty in finding any statement applicable to Greece as a whole, or to anything beyond a particular time and place. It is an old saying that Greece sacrificed the nation to the city, and sacrificed the city to the individual. That form of culture which depends on a universal priesthood, on a central government, or on a universally established ritual never had an opportunity of existing in Greece. There was never a universal standard of thought or life among the Greeks. Greek history is thus not the history of Greece; it is the stories of particular city-states and particular tribes within the Greek-speaking peoples. True, they have a glorious literature; but it is a question whether that literature can be regarded as a continuous history. While this is the impression made on us by the phenomena presented by the facts of Greek literature, we are always glad to welcome any worthy attempt to set forth what may be regarded as a continuous history of the Greek contribution to history whether in literature or religion. But such an attempt must recognise the conditions set to it by the facts, and acknowledge that there is not one stream of development, but many. It may be possible to have regard to literature alone, and to attempt to make the course of the literature one continuous story; but even this has its difficulties. Philosophy can indeed be thus interpreted, for we can trace the influence of earlier thinkers on their successors, but no attempt can be successfully made to render Greek history or Greek religion one. ~

Thus the book before us is a series of beautiful studies on religion in Greek literature; but it does not make it plain that there is an orderly development of Greek religion. In

fact, this does not lessen its value. The book really resolves itself into a series of particular studies, and the connexion between earlier and later forms of religion remains obscure. There is a valuable, lucid, and able statement of religion in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, a statement which leaves nothing to be desired. Of quite special value is the account of Hesiod, of elegiac poetry, and of the Homeric Hymns. If in these chapters Professor Campbell allows his interest in the literature to dominate his interest in the various books and poems in their religious aspect—well, perhaps that is only natural to one whose life work has been given to the teaching of Greek literature. In truth, Professor Campbell frequently loses sight of his main theme. At one time he gives us a beautiful account of some treasure of Greek literature, at another time he gives a vivid account of a period of Greek history; and again Greek art or architecture attracts him, and he pours out of the fulness of his learning contributions to our knowledge which are of abiding worth. One is tempted to remember the criticism on the charge of the Six Hundred: "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

The survey of the great political and intellectual movement in Greater Hellas during the seventh and sixth centuries and the interpretation of its great significance is one of those luminous presentations which we greatly value; but it does not contribute much towards the elucidation of the main theme. In fact, the main theme is often lost sight of in the literary and historical interest which fascinates and dominates Professor Campbell. Now that they are here we cannot desire that they were not here; not the less are they so far irrelevant to the main issue. The chapter on Pindar and Herodotus is of supreme interest and of the highest value. Had space allowed, we should have been glad to quote from this instructive chapter. We pass on to those chapters which have a real unity in them—a unity which arises from the fact that the author has to trace a distinct process of development mainly within one city-state. The interest is concentrated, the path is clear, and the professor has a theme which deeply interests

himself. Athenian worship has for him a manifold attraction, and he lavishes on it all the wealth of his learning and all the resource of his thought. Here are the great names of Zeus, Apollo, Poseidon; here also are luminous accounts of festivals, the Panathenaia, the Peplos; it is shown also how art was consecrated; and the chapter ends with a vivid account of public and private worships.

While the account of "The Mysteries" is good, and the description of the Dionysiac worship is luminous and learned, we have a feeling that the significance of these phenomena is not fully recognised by Professor Campbell. It seems that in these things a new element entered into Greek life, and in them religion took a more intense feeling of reality. It is not the mere introduction of new forms of worship, of new names, and of new facts for the religious consciousness that is of significance; it was really a new faith and a new way of religious thought. It seems as if a way had been opened by which the deeper yearnings of men after fellowship with the divine could be satisfied, and the people pressed with passionate eagerness into that worship which enabled them to realise their union with the divinity. We quote :

The Orphic ritual may be credited with two great contributions to religion—the belief in immortality and the idea of personal holiness. Each contribution was made more valuable by the fact that both were combined, so that without holiness blessedness could not be secured hereafter. A third contribution had in it the seeds of good and evil. The idea of redemption or of atonement entered largely into this religion. So long as this was received in a spiritual sense, and the great Orphic saying "Many bear the reed, but few are pure," was understood in its full significance, it could not but have a profoundly salutary effect. But when the ritual degenerated into formalism, and it was imagined that by rites and ceremonies duly performed not only might a man's self be acquitted for past sins but he might redeem the souls of his ancestors from future punishment, what should have been a law of life became a law of death.

The account of religion in Greek literature passes, in the last four chapters of this book, perhaps inevitably, into

an account of the religious element in Greek philosophy. Philosophy and Scepticism, Socrates and the Socratics, Plato and the Platonics, and Religion in Aristotle, with subsequent developments, are the last chapters of a book which, whatever be its defects of form, is the finest contribution made in our age to the right understanding of the great subject with which it treats. We give one paragraph to show the spirit of the book :

The true point of view was anticipated by St. Paul when he spoke of the old Hellenic worship as a feeling after God ; a groping in the darkness, as Plato said, yet, like other instinctive notions, having a real aim. The right consideration of the facts which have been here set forth may help at once to confirm belief and to modify unbelief. Those who believe that the one God whom Christians worship made the world and all things therein ; that He has made of one blood all nations of men that dwell on the face of the whole earth ; that He has ordained the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation ;— will recognise in the noble feelings and great thoughts of the religious Greek the working of the same spirit whose fulness is in Christ. Those, on the other hand, who in reacting from Christian tradition have been led to suspect that the idea of a God who reigns supreme over man and nature is an empty dream, a relic of the metaphysical stage of human culture, may at least admit that the parallel and independent growth of that idea amongst the Greeks and Hebrews, and the correspondence between the ideal just man of Plato and the living pattern in Christ, is a remarkable and not insignificant fact.

We should have liked to say something on the religious conceptions of God, man, and the world as these are set forth in Greece and in Christianity, and specially we should like to compare the Christian sense of sin with that of the Greek. Could a book like the *Pilgrim's Progress* have been written by one whose experience was ruled by the spirit of Greece ? What is the debt that the Christian religion owes to Greece ? We can only ask the question, and say that our answer would largely modify the answer of Professor Campbell.

JAMES IVERACH.

A PROTESTANT MANIFESTO.

Church and Faith. Being Essays on the Teaching of the Church of England. By Dr. WACE, Dean FARRAR, Dr. WRIGHT, Rev. R. E. BARTLETT, Principal DRURY, Canon MEYRICK, Professor MOULE, Chancellor SMITH, MONTAGUE BARLOW, Sir R. TEMPLE, Rev. E. H. BLAKENEY, and J. T. TOMLINSON. With Introduction by the BISHOP OF HEREFORD. (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1899.)

THE above volume is significant in many respects, and welcome for many reasons. It represents the Protestantism, as *Essays and Reviews* in days long gone by represented the Rationalism, and *Lux Mundi* more recently the New High Churchism, of the Established Church. This element in the life of that Church has not been in too great evidence in late years. Indeed, some have wondered whether it had any existence. We rejoice that it exists and has found a voice. The voice has indeed a somewhat strange sound; but it represents, we have no doubt, the Reformed Church of England, *i.e.* the Church as it was before Tractarian days, or—to put it in another way—the Church as it might have been if Tractarianism had never arisen. The Tractarian movement has passed into two fresh forms—the new Anglicanism of Canon Gore and similar men, and the avowed Romanising Ritualism of other well known leaders. That the first school is a great improvement on its predecessor no one can doubt. It has expressly disavowed the sacrificial view of the Eucharist, and by consequence the priestly view of the ministry in the proper sense, although it strives to make up for the loss by specially emphasising valid orders. It pays more deference to the

supremacy of Scripture, to historical truth, and to the obligations of Christian charity than the first Tractarians did. The Ritualist school is Tractarianism developed on its Romeward side—in a word, run to seed. It is hard to speak in becoming language of the futilities on which it insists. "Mint and anise and cummin" were respectable in comparison with them. The Papal rejection of Anglican orders was a heavy blow to both schools. Only two ways of union were possible—compromise and submission. The first is closed for ever. New Anglicanism will not stoop to the second, and will have to seek other alliances and friends. What Ritualists will finally do remains to be seen. But recent events have thoroughly exposed and discredited their tactics. Even Episcopal patience has broken down; bishops no longer offer the other cheek to the smiter.

Outsiders have often said that the triumph of the Tractarian movement was due in part to the inertness and unwisdom of the Evangelicals of the day. Not only were the new school indefatigable in the use of the press, their methods of work were full of astuteness. The new doctrines were set forth in *Tracts for the Times*, while the Evangelical leaders replied in ponderous tomes like those of Goode, Harrison, and Hebert. We are glad to see the judgment of outsiders respecting Evangelical supineness endorsed by one of the ablest writers in the present volume. Dr. Wright says :

The Evangelical party as a body miscalculated the strength of the parties opposed to them. They proceeded to take off their heavy armour before the battle of the Reformation had been decisively won, and, with an almost unaccountable perverseness, kept aloof as a body from "controversy," and sought to devote their whole attention, in and out of the pulpit, to what was termed "practical religion." . . . Dr. Pusey saw that the Evangelical party in the Church was helping its opponents by a desire for "peace," and by a determination to put the most charitable construction upon the words and acts of opponents. Had similar principles prevailed in apostolic days, the epistles to the Galatians and Corinthians, with many others, would never have been written.

There is no mistaking the standpoint of the writers in the present volume. It is openly and strongly Protestant. We know what a name of contumely that has been, and still is, in the opposite camp. Abuse is a cheap and easy substitute for knowledge and argument. Roman revilers have found zealous helpers in Ritualist writers. Not only do the present writers vindicate the honour of the Protestant name, but they strenuously maintain the Protestant and Reformation basis of the Established Church. Dr. Wace quotes Canon Dixon as pointing out that "the use of the word 'Protestant'¹ in England, up to and including the time of the Caroline divines, was understood to include the designation of Catholic." He also writes :

In days when this Protestant character of the Church of England is questioned, it is a satisfaction to remember that it has been solemnly asserted, not only in statutes of the realm, but by both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury, at a critical moment of the history of the Church.

He then quotes an address presented by both Houses to William III. in 1689, in which they thank the king for his interest in the Church of England,

"whereby we doubt not the interest of the Protestant religion in all other Protestant Churches, which is dear to us, will be the better secured." . . . Thus formally, in these critical days, did the Church of England associate itself with "all other Protestant Churches," and thus distinctly did its representatives proclaim that "the interest of the Protestant religion" was "dear to them." May that interest now and ever be dear to it, and may it never cease to be similarly associated with "all other Protestant Churches"!

This catholic spirit breathes through the entire book.

Two of the ablest essays in the volume, by Dr. Wace and Dr. Moule, deal with the general principles of Protestantism. Both are admirable in different ways. We could not wish for a better exposition and defence of "The First

¹ Misprinted "Catholic," page 23. There are worse misprints in the Latin quotation on page 45.

Principles of Protestantism" in brief form than Dr. Wace's. It is a most lucid and effective piece of writing, such as we should expect from the author of the Boyle Lectures on *Christianity and Morality*, of which Dr. Dale spoke most highly. First of all, Dr. Wace justly protests against the merely negative meaning attached to the Protestant name and position, supporting his protest by appeal to derivation and usage. Despite the modern sense of opposition which the word has acquired, it means essentially an emphatic declaration of opinion—in Dr. Johnson's words a protestation is "a solemn declaration of resolution, fact, or opinion." The element of opposition is an accident. In point of fact, at the Diet of Spires in 1529, when the name arose, there was no sign of protest in the negative sense. There the Reformers simply declared that in matters of conscience Scripture is the final authority for Christians. One of the deputies said: "In matters of conscience there can be no question of majorities." This position is made still clearer by a fine exposition of the Augsburg Confession of 1530, the earliest and the least polemical of the Reformation creeds. We can only hope that the exposition will be read by many again and again. It is a finely conceived and finely expressed apology for true Protestantism. We could desire no better spokesman than the writer of the essay. He carefully points out that the Confession says nothing about rights of private judgment or even the supremacy of Scripture. These were no doubt involved in the attitude of the Reformers from the first; but they were not expressed at first. Strange as it may seem, the second, third, and fourth articles of the Augsburg Confession are taken up with the doctrines of sin, redemption, and justification. Nothing could show more plainly than this fact the practical and positive spirit of the Reformation, at least at first. The only question it sought to answer was, How according to Scripture can the sinner be justified before God? We wish we could quote the whole of this part of the exposition (p. 36). One constant misrepresentation of the doctrine of justification by faith is exposed on

page 39. The doctrine is often said to put faith in the place of Christ's atonement :

The phrase "justification by faith" is really an abbreviated expression of the truth, and is not the phrase originally used by the Reformers in the Confession of Augsburg. They say, not that men are justified by faith, but that they are "justified for Christ's sake through faith." . . . The cardinal point is that we are justified only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. . . . That we are justified by faith is a mere consequence of this.

The Thirty-nine Anglican Articles open with the polemical assertion of the supreme authority of Scripture ; but they were composed after the Council of Trent, which had put tradition on a level with Scripture. The effect of the preaching of Pauline justification was and is to inspire a free, manly type of Christian character. The difference between the Protestant and the Roman ideal in this respect is striking. "It is God's design," said Luther, "to have dauntless, calm, and generous sons, who fear absolutely nothing, but, in reliance on His grace, triumph over and despise all things, and treat punishments and death as sport. He hates all the cowards, who are confounded with the fear of everything, even with the sound of a rustling leaf." The moderation of the first Reformers should have satisfied even Erasmus ; they proposed to retain the name of mass as well as the practice of confession in a reduced form.

Professor Moule's thoughtful paper admirably supplements the foregoing argument. He proposes two "Tests of True Religion" : first, the place of supreme honour it gives to Scripture ; and, secondly, its treatment of particular doctrines in scale or proportion. The value of the tests proposed is indisputable. We do not see how any Church or Christian can question them in the abstract. Whether and to what extent any Church or system answers to them will of course be matter of argument. But it will be evident at once that some do so, or seek to do so, more directly than others. Suppose two men, one an intensely biblical

Christian, the other depending largely on something else than Scripture. Other things being equal, the former "will on the whole develop his life on lines far more true than the other's to the primal Christian type, the New Testament type, the type illustrated for example in the closing chapters of the Ephesian epistle or in the first epistle of St. Peter." The second test is still more searching. Particular doctrines are to be treated in scale, according to the analogy of faith, or according to the place they hold in the Scripture scheme of truth. Any system that confounds the primary and the secondary is self-condemned. This sound principle is applied to questions of Church order and practice. In the Roman system a question of valid orders or outward sacraments or ecclesiastical authority is fundamental. In the same way justification by faith might be treated out of scale by being made to exclude other parts of Scripture truth. Dr. Moule would be one of the last to teach that the life of holiness or the obligation of sacraments and Church fellowship is of slight importance. It is a question of relative importance, which again is a question of Scripture interpretation. We are not quite sure that the writer is correct when he uses the sacerdotal doctrine as an illustration of false proportion: "I ask whether it is true *to the scale* of Revelation to claim a special sacerdotal function for the Christian ministry" (p. 277). Here more is involved than disproportion. Rightly enough Dr. Moule holds that every Christian is a priest in the only sense known to Christianity.

The pastor is in no sense *especially* a priest, a sacrificial offerer. . . . I must cordially welcome, in the brotherhood of my Lord, in His membership, in His body, and therefore in His Church, all those who love Him, rely upon Him, follow Him, "worship Him in spirit and in truth." Assuredly I cannot, where the alternative is forced upon my thought, demand that the question of Episcopal connexion shall override that of spiritual truth and life. Am I a bad Anglican for so concluding? I hope not, or I should have misgivings about Anglicanism.

He then refers to the action of such a High Church-

man as Bishop Cosin in recommending a fellow exile in France to communicate with the Huguenots rather than with Romanists. "It is far less safe," Cosin said, "to join with those men that alter the *credenda*, the vitals of religion, than with those who meddle only with the *agenda* and rules of religion." Of course Dr. Moule will be accused, as Dr. Lightfoot was accused, of ignoring part of the case; but the accusation has never been proved. Dr. Moule echoes Dr. Lightfoot when he says: "I am reasonably persuaded of the apostolic date of a moderate but genuine Episcopacy; but it is Ignatius, not St. John or St. Paul, who says, 'Do nothing without the bishop.'"

The three chief questions discussed in the volume are the confessional, the sacrificial view of the Last Supper, and the priestly view of the Christian ministry. The essays dealing most fully and explicitly with them are Principal Drury's and Canon Meyrick's. Canon Meyrick's essay on "The Confessional," if not exhaustive, is almost complete. The scriptural and historical aspects of the subject are fully considered. He illustrates his remark, that confession and absolution are separable, by the Wesleyan class-meeting (p. 208). We hope that the writer does not hold the popular fallacy that confession of any sort is the staple of the class-meeting. It is a pity to compare things so dissimilar. After considering the Scripture argument, the writer sketches the discipline of the early Church. It almost startles one to read: "As the confessional is not found in Holy Scripture, so it had no existence as a disciplinary system in the primitive Church." In other words, private confession to priest or minister is unknown in the first four centuries. From the way in which some writers speak we might suppose that it was part of the apostolic practice. The only confession known in the early Church was public confession in the case of gross sin. The Church only absolved from offences against itself. The old "disciplinary system" began to break down at the end of the fourth century; but it took many centuries to establish private confession in its place. This was not made compulsory till

the Lateran Council of A.D. 1215, when transubstantiation also was made a dogma. When confession changed its character, the accompanying absolution changed also. Formerly it was "a prayer to God for a man's pardon and a licence to him to return to the communion of the Church. Now it is the actual concession, not of the Church's pardon for offences committed against her, but of God's pardon for offences against Him. The precatory form is exchanged for the indicative as the common rule" (p. 233). A revolution indeed! The essay then proceeds to insist powerfully on the evils of habitual confession to the spiritual life of confessed and confessors, as well as to society. The argument is all the more forcible for its calm, measured tone. The writer simply mentions the harm to modesty. "I pass this point by." "What is a priest?" asks a French Manual. "He is at once God and man." The confessor represents the divine Judge to the penitent. What as to the sense of truth? "The Abbé Gaume, following Thomas Aquinas and a long series of casuists, lays it down that the confessor knows what he learns in confession 'as God,' not 'as man.'" The system is often directly inimical to the public good.

Louis XIV. was no weak thing to be made an instrument in the hands of another, and yet he could not stand up against his confessors. They did not prevent his licentious life, but the dragonnades, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the persecution of the Port Royalists were committed by their influence and that of his confessor-ruled wife.

The author discusses at length the burning question of confession in the Anglican Church. In the Prayer-Book confession is permitted, and even counselled in two exceptional cases. First, if any one, wishful to come to the Lord's table, is unable to quiet his conscience by confession to God and his neighbour, he is to come to the "minister of God's word, and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's word he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness." Secondly, in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, the sick person is

moved to make "a special confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter." Whether this provision is wise or not, it is exceptional. How it can be honest, under cover of such exceptional cases, to bring back, as Dr. Pusey did of set purpose, the whole system of mediæval and Roman confession, it is impossible to see. In the Visitation office the "minister" uses the indicative form: "By His [Christ's] authority committed to me *I absolve thee* from all thy sins." Canon Meyrick contends that this action is only ministerial, not judicial, and that the minister is not even bound to the exact words, as the preface says: "After which confession the priest shall absolve him *after this sort.*" In any case the primitive Christian form is the precatory, not the indicative.

It is a sorrowful thing to acknowledge, but we cannot help allowing that there are men who, with their eyes open, are attempting to bring back doctrines and practices of the unreformed Church, from the doctrine of the mass and the papal supremacy to the shape of a surplice and the colour of a stole; and these men are introducing the confessional (which where they are able they make compulsory) because it is an integral part of the Roman system. . . . We know that that system proved itself a failure, and more than a failure, and proves itself so still where it prevails. The Church of England deliberately rejected it three centuries and a half ago, and she firmly rejects it now.

In treating of the Lord's Supper Mr. Drury does not argue directly against the sacrificial view of the ordinance, which carries of course a priestly ministry; but he does so indirectly by expounding the scriptural view, which leaves no room for a sacrificial meaning. The five aspects under which the supper is presented in Scripture are as a remembrance, a covenant sign, a feast, a eucharist or thanksgiving, a means of fellowship or communion. It is attempted to make the remembrance or recollection itself a sacrifice for sin; but there is no warrant in Scripture for this. It is a memorial, a calling to mind, of a sacrifice; it also proclaims the sacrifice in symbolic acts; but it is no more the

sacrifice itself than the passover was the deliverance from Egypt, or the commemoration of a victory is the victory. "Yet in hundreds of our day and Sunday schools," writes Mr. Drury, "the simple words of the catechism are being wrested from their plain meaning to teach what in a sense is true, but is being pressed and distorted into positive error." And again, in 1 Corinthians xi. 26: "This word *proclaim* is made to denote the presenting of a sacrificial memorial to God! Whatever be the truth of this idea, it is absolutely certain that no New Testament or any other support can be produced for such a meaning here." From the idea of a feast on the sacrifice some have argued that such a feast is impossible unless the sacrifice is present. But the sacrifice was offered on the cross, and on it we feed; how, is shown elsewhere. On the eating the flesh and drinking the blood in John vi., the writer shows that no Church takes them literally. Even in transubstantiation a distinction is made between substance and accident. The accidents or properties are those of bread and wine. All admit there is metaphor in Christ's words. Where is it? In the eating and drinking, or in the flesh and blood? In the former. "The metaphor is most easy. It simply transfers the figure from body to soul. What the bread and wine do for our bodies, that the flesh and blood of Christ do for our souls." The metaphorical eating and drinking are not limited to the Last Supper. The ordinance is simply a special means for doing what as Christians we do and must do every day, if spiritual life is to be fed and strengthened. Sacrifice only meets us in the eucharistic idea; but it is a sacrifice of thanksgiving, not of propitiation. The Lord's sacrifice on the cross alone is propitiatory. The essayist says:

It is undoubted that some of the Fathers and some of our English divines have taught that it is allowable to speak of the commemoration of a sacrifice as a commemorative sacrifice. But in many cases they have explained that by the one they meant the other. —

Our author wisely deprecates such language as likely to

lead to confusion and error. Common people cannot make the distinction necessary.

Is it not under cover of the confusion thus caused that thousands of our children are being taught that there is in the holy communion an offering of a sacrifice to God, commemorative, but yet so far propitiatory as to be an effectual means of blessing apart from actual communion ?

We note this testimony. Similar statements, made by non-churchmen, are set aside as baseless or exaggerated.

Not the least valuable paper in the volume is the one by Dr. Wright ("The Voice of the Fathers"), in which he sums up the teaching of the Fathers on the same subject, and to some extent on apostolical succession, during the first two centuries. The paper is weighty with the results of much learning and reflection. The early writers coming under review are the apostolic Fathers, the Didache, Justin, the epistle to Diognetus, Aristides, Minucius Felix, and Irenæus. This may seem a long list. But in point of fact the references in these writers to the subjects in question are comparatively few and slight. A few expressions are ambiguous. But there is no such body of evidence as there must have been if the doctrines had been held. It may be said that this is an argument from silence. It is so in part; but arguments of this kind, as Dr. Lightfoot points out in his *Essay on the Christian Ministry*, are not necessarily weak. Where the alleged doctrines and practices form the centre of religious life, it is inconceivable that they should not betray their presence. What would be said if in writers like Pusey and Newman, Keble and Littledale there were no indications, or very faint indications, of the doctrines in question? What of the apostolic Fathers? Although Barnabas in his epistle is fond of tracing New Testament analogies to Old Testament types, he is quite silent about the Eucharist. Clement's epistle to the Corinthians speaks of sacrifices of prayer and praise, but he never uses the term explicitly in reference to the Lord's Supper. Lightfoot says of Clement that "the sacrifices, offerings, and

gifts are the prayers and thanksgivings, the alms, the eucharistic elements, the contributions to the agape, and so forth." He adds: "These passages show in what sense the presbyters might be said to 'offer the gifts.' They led the prayers and thanksgivings of the congregation, they presented the alms and oblations to God, and asked His blessing in the name of the whole body." Clement speaks, indeed, of ministering and ministrations (*λειτουργίαι*, *λειτουργίαι*); but these terms are not necessarily sacrificial. "Nowhere in the epistle is the name priest (*ιερεύς*) used as a synonym for presbyter." It is difficult to extract a definite meaning on this question from the highly metaphorical language of Ignatius. He is more ambiguous even than Clement. As to his teaching on Episcopacy and the teaching of the other writers of this period, we must refer readers to the essay itself. As an example of the metaphorical style of those days, it may be mentioned that Polycarp speaks of widows as "God's altar." Aristides and Hermas, the epistle to Diognetus, and Minucius Felix are silent on the subject. The Didache speaks of thanksgiving in the supper, but not a word of altar, sacrifice, and priest. It also omits in its account of the eucharist any reference to the words of consecration. The same omission occurs also in the ancient Nestorian liturgy. Justin speaks in one passage of "the food which is blessed by the prayers of the Word" as "the flesh and blood of that incarnate Jesus." Other passages show the language to be figurative (p. 116). The discussion of Irenæus is too long for us to epitomise. Dr. Wright concludes: "It appears plain to us that Irenæus speaks of a figurative, not a literal, sacrifice" (p. 121). In one place we find the phrase "the sacrifice of the eucharist"; but, it is added by Irenæus, it "is not carnal, but spiritual." Dr. Wright says in conclusion: "The final conclusion at which we have arrived is that up to the commencement of the third century there is no real trace of sacerdotalism, and no belief in that awful dogma which was afterwards introduced into the Christian Church under the appellation of the Sacrifice of the Mass."

It is not at all clear why Mr. Tomlinson's article on "The Reformation Settlement" is relegated to an appendix and small type; for it is full of instruction on the motives and methods of the English Reformation, and supplies a cogent answer to those who trace the Reformation to the king's ambition and evil passion alone. The paper distinguishes sharply between the political and the doctrinal Reformation. The first was far advanced long before the second was thought of and before the question of divorce arose. The political Reformation was, in a word, the abolition of clerical domination and the subjection of the Church on its temporal side to the ordinary law. This had long been desired and aimed at by English kings, but Henry accomplished it. He would only take the coronation oath to "maintain the liberties of holy Church" with the qualification, "not prejudicial to his jurisdiction and dignity royal." The pope and clergy always resisted these changes, which were the work of Parliament. But all this did not touch doctrine or the "spirituality" of the Church. Henry's standpoint was described as "popery without the pope." "His breach with the pope was not doctrinal; neither king nor nation was then Protestant. The Reformation of religion dates, not from Henry VIII., but from Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth." Henry would have nothing to do with the Lutherans. We are glad to see justice done to Cranmer, who is the butt of Tractarian and Ritualist hate. "Even his enemies admit his unrivalled power of clothing the language of devotion in the stateliest, simplest words of his mother tongue. To him more than to any (or even every) other we owe our 'Common Prayer.'" In the preface to his "immortal work" on the Lord's Supper Cranmer says:

What availeth it to take away beads, pardons, pilgrimages, and such other like Popery, so long as the two chief roots remain unpulled up? Whereof, so long as they remain, will spring again all former impediments of the Lord's harvest and corruptions of His flock. The rest is but branches and leaves, the cutting away whereof is but like topping and lopping of

tree, or cutting down of weeds, leaving the body and the roots in the ground; but the very body of the tree, or rather the roots of the weeds, is the popish doctrine of transubstantiation, of the real presence of Christ's flesh and blood in the sacrament of the altar (as they call it), and of the sacrifice and oblation of Christ made by the priest, for the salvation of the quick and dead. Which roots if they be suffered to grow in the Lord's vineyard, they will overspread all the ground again with the old errors and superstitions.

Cranmer says again :

I believe that Christ is eaten with the heart. The eating with our mouth cannot give us life. Only good men eat Christ's body. Eating with the mouth giveth nothing to the man, nor the body being *in* the bread. The change is inward, not in the bread, but in the receiver. To have Christ present really here, when I may receive Him in faith, is not available to do me good.

With the denial of the "real" or objective presence worship of the host ceased. Mr. Tomlinson's paper throws further light on the history of confession in the English Church as expounded by Canon Meyrick. The very first statute of Edward VI. restored the cup to the laity and abolished compulsory confession. The special, exceptional character of the cases in which confession is permitted, the gradual minimising of the language used, and the subjective, not objective, nature of the benefit conferred, are further illustrated. Hooker says of absolution: "It doth not really take away sin, but only *ascertains us* of God's most gracious and merciful pardon." And again: "We labour to instruct men in such sort, that every soul which is wounded with sin may learn the way how to cure itself; they, clean contrary, would make all souls seem incurable unless the priest have a hand in them. . . . As for the ministerial sentence of private absolution, it can be no more than a declaration of what God hath done." Mr. Tomlinson writes :

The number of educated Evangelical preachers was extremely limited, and to meet the case of "unpreaching ministers" the Office of the Visitation of the Sick provided for such "blind

guides " a regular form, which it was hoped might be serviceable. But any one who will take the trouble to compare the language of the " Homily of Repentance," and of the 113th Canon, with that of the Exhortation in the Communion Service, and of the Visitation of the Sick, will see that private absolution (which is only authorised in two exceptional cases) has for its object, not the alteration of the sinner's condition in the sight of God but in his own. . . . It is sometimes said that Elizabeth herself and a section of her people desired to bring back the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. But of that alleged preference there is not a particle of *contemporary* evidence. . . . By her first Act of Parliament the supremacy of the Crown was reaffirmed in terms even more full and ample than under Henry; while by her second, the Reformed Service-Book, which was left " at the death of Edward," was restored with merely verbal alterations of no moment. That settlement abides in substance to this day. . . . To that settlement it is our highest wisdom loyally to adhere.

We do not propose to discuss the other articles,—not because they are unimportant, for two at least of them might well claim a review to themselves, but because they either simply support what has been already said, or do not bear on our present purpose. The two articles on "The Laity of the Church of England," by Chancellor Smith of Manchester, and on "As by Law Established," by Mr. Montague Barlow, are full of useful information and suggestion. The first, after describing the present position and powers of laymen, concludes thus: "It appears, then, that whether we look at the Church as a whole or at her parochial machinery, while her laity possess, as citizens, in common with the rest of the nation, certain ecclesiastical powers, yet as Church laymen they possess practically *none*,"—a remarkable acknowledgment. The writer then proceeds to assert the rights of laymen to a voice in Church government, and to suggest schemes for realising the widespread desire on the subject. He looks with envy at the position of the Presbyterian Establishment in Scotland. Mr. Barlow, in the following paper (p. 356), points out "very definite limitations" of freedom there. It almost seems as

if some of the claims put forward aimed at securing the privileges of Established and Non-established Churches together. That was the ideal of Dr. Chalmers and his friends in Scotland fifty-six years ago ; and we know how the attempt ended. Mr. Barlow's paper is quite a repertory of facts on the Establishment side of the question, comparing the position in England with that in Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere. Of Irish disestablishment he says : " It must be admitted that Irish experience has not justified the prophecies of the most despondent. If there has been a loss of dignity, a curtailing of organisation, a confiscation of property, there has been a gain in corporate life and *esprit de corps*, a softening of party rancour, much voluntary munificence" ; in other words, moral gain must be set over against material loss. He deprecates strongly the idea of disestablishment in this country. Extreme High Churchmen, who are looking wistfully in that direction, will not agree with the following :

The experience of Privy Council decisions during the last fifty years proves the effectiveness of State influence as exerted on the side of inclusiveness, moderation, protection for unpopular minorities. Those who have the best interests of the Church at heart may well require cogent proof before they surrender the patent advantages of this practical, restraining, unecclesiastical influence.

But we cannot discuss further these two weighty papers.

Dean Farrar's article strongly supports the Protestant view of the Lord's Supper and the ministry from Christ's teaching and the practice of the primitive Church. Mr. Bartlett writes with luminous breadth on "The Catholic Church." The definitions of the Catholic Church in the "Evangelical Free Church Catechism" have evidently been a pleasing surprise to him, marking

a very great and welcome advance in the direction of a wider conception of the social aspect of Christianity than one has been accustomed to associate with English Nonconformity. That Mr. Price Hughes should speak of himself as "a Catholic

Churchman" is a sign of the times as unexpected as it is cheering.

Sir Richard Temple gives a picture of the moral and religious benefits of the Evangelical movement which certainly compares well with the services of the Tractarian movement. Mr. Blakeney's article on "The Philosophy of Religion" evidences wide reading and independent thought, and will prove suggestive to studious readers. One strong expression of opinion we regret: "Much of the so called Protestantism of the present day is a mere caricature of the original, being in the main a political creed, and not religious at all" (p. 435). We certainly challenge the word "much." What the reference is we are at a loss to say. If it is to advocates of disestablishment, how does the advocacy indicate more political animus than opposition to disestablishment?

Whether the volume represents many or few in the English Church, we welcome it. It is one of many signs of reviving Protestantism. The Papal rebuff of extreme Anglo-Catholicism, the action, however tardy and halting, of the bishops, the uprising of the national conscience, the general indignation and disgust at the flagrant breach of trust in ministers of religion, are all working on the same side. The New Anglicanism or New High Churchism is largely and distinctly Protestant, although it might not accept everything in the present volume; at least it represents a great advance on Tractarianism. We have nothing but goodwill for the English Church. We heartily desire that it may yet escape from the snare of the fowler. If the Church of Barrow and Hooker, of Tillotson and Taylor and Jackson, of Pearson and Butler, would stand forth in her old character as the Reformed Church of England, the nation would rally to the defence of her just influence and rights.

JOHN S. BANKS.

THE LICENSING COMMISSION.

The Final Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Operation and Administration of the Laws relating to the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors. (London : Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

A Summary and Analysis of the Whole Report of the Commission on the Licensing Laws prepared for the Central Evidence Board. In Five Parts. (London : Church of England Temperance Society.)

THE *Final Report* is one of eleven ponderous blue books, in which the proceedings of this memorable Commission are recorded. It was appointed in the spring of 1896, and completed its business by the publication of its final conclusions in the summer of 1899, after having held one hundred and thirty-four sittings and examined two hundred and fifty-nine witnesses. These voluminous records constitute a very important addition to the literature of the Temperance movement ; and, whatever may be their effect upon immediate legislation, they will prove an invaluable repertory of authoritative information for the temperance worker, and a severe impeachment of the traffic which is the greatest impediment to the progress of the nation.

The constitution of this Commission was such that it must have been practically obvious from the beginning that there could not be one report. The Commission was composed of an equal number of representatives of the trade, of representatives of the temperance workers of the kingdom, and of neutral members. This being so, it was scarcely possible that extreme temperance men like the archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. W. S. Caine, and Mr. T. P. Whittaker

should be found appending their names to the same report with leading brewers and distillers. Much interest centred in the question as to which of the two extremes of the Commission would receive the support of the middle men, and some are now urging that it is an evidence of the extreme character of the Minority Report that the middle men as a body voted with the trade representatives. Seven out of the eight neutral commissioners are licensing magistrates, and three of them chairmen of quarter sessions. Inasmuch as one main contention of temperance reformers is that improper administration of the law is a chief cause of the magnitude of the drink traffic, it is not, therefore, astonishing that these gentlemen, who are so closely associated with the existing state of things, should join in the milder impeachment of the system to the creation of which they have been contributory. The trade and the magistrates were, so to speak, the defendants in the case being tried; and when the Government appointed them as judges in their own case, it did not require a keen prophetic instinct to anticipate the issue of a Commission so constituted. The neutrals on this Commission cannot be taken as a fair specimen of the neutral men of the country, and no conclusion can be arrived at from their action as to what is the feeling of the great mass of the inhabitants of the country who belong neither to the ranks of the total abstainers nor yet to the trade. We do not believe that the average common sense of the country will be satisfied that temperance legislation shall be whittled down to a point which will meet the approval of the trade itself. The constitution of the Commission was such as to render unanimity impossible. As Mr. T. P. Whittaker said in his speech at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, it was just as if a Commission were appointed to consider Home Rule, consisting of eight Unionists, seven Liberals, one Conservative, and eight Nationalists; or, as if a Commission on the Education question were composed of eight Nonconformists, seven Liberals, one Conservative, and eight Churchmen. Would a Churchman accept the Majority

Report of an Education Commission so constituted? Is it, then, reasonable to expect the Majority Report of the Licensing Commission constituted with so strong a bias in favour of the trade to be acceptable to the temperance people of the kingdom?

It is just to claim Lord Peel as a fair representative of the neutral opinion of the nation. He is a man distinguished for judicial impartiality, and hence he was chosen as the Speaker of the House of Commons, an office which he filled to the admiration of the whole nation, and, indeed, of the civilised world. His appointment was hailed with delight by the liquor party, who saw in it an augury that the Government was resolved that the Commission should not be led astray by the foolish plausibilities of faddists. They recognised in his appointment a guarantee of fairness, of clear thinking, and of the defeat of fanaticism. Lord Peel himself declares that he entered upon the duties of his office entirely free from bias. He threw himself with wonderful zeal into the careful discharge of his functions. He held the balances with an entirely even hand. He attended almost every sitting. He himself examined in chief most of the witnesses, and spent months in the private study of the evidence. In face of these facts surely the nation will feel that the so called Minority Report, which is Lord Peel's report, having been drafted by him, is in moral force the chief report of the Commission, and that which has the greatest weight, although it lacks the sanction of numbers.

It is, however, an unspeakable satisfaction to temperance workers that even the Majority Report is a severe condemnation of the traffic, and an unmistakable declaration of an urgent need of legislative reform. To begin with, the preamble of the Majority Report stands as a landmark in temperance history, and it has graven with a pen of iron in tablets of adamant the condemnation of the liquor traffic by its own leading representatives. Here it is:

Most persons who have studied the question are of opinion that actual drunkenness has materially diminished in all classes of society in the last twenty-five or thirty years. Many causes

have contributed to this. The zealous labour of countless workers in the temperance cause counts for much. Education has opened avenues to innumerable studies which interest the rising generation. The taste for reading has multiplied many fold within a comparatively brief period. The passion for games and athletics,—such as football and bicycling,—which has been so remarkably stimulated during the past quarter of a century, has served as a powerful rival to “boozing,” which was at one time almost the only excitement open to working men. *Yet it is undeniable that a gigantic evil remains to be remedied, and hardly any sacrifice would be too great which would result in a marked diminution of this national degradation. Nor is Parliament likely to rest satisfied with leaving things as they are, or to trust wholly to the influences we have described.* The habit of needless indulgence in luxuries of all kinds, *including superfluous drinking falling short of absolute drunkenness,* has probably increased, and is due to the general rise in prosperity, often unaccompanied by a corresponding growth of moral responsibility, and leading in too many cases to a selfish neglect of obligations.

The words we have italicised are of remarkable significance, and constitute an impeachment of the trade by its own representatives which justifies the strong accusations of the temperance platform. Whatever opinion men may entertain about total abstinence, no impartial man will deny that we are confronted by an evil of gigantic proportions—an evil that produces an immeasurable amount of crime, disease, poverty, insanity, laziness, vice, imbecility both physical and mental, and manifold hereditary degeneration. Surely also no one can look at the public-house map of any large town without feeling intense indignation. If an inhabitant of another planet should visit England, and form his conclusions concerning the design of the Government of this nation from the administration of the licensing laws, he might easily come to the conclusion that there was a deliberate attempt to draw down the already miserable and degraded into deeper depths of wretchedness and depravity. It is cruel that licences should be scattered broadcast in Slumdom to tempt the squalid poor with all the unspeakable miseries of their one-room life, and that the glittering

attractions of the gin-palace, and of the low tavern with its music- and dancing-licence, should be put right in the way of these people, to drag them down still lower and to complete the process of their degradation. It is time that the Christian conscience of this nation should arouse itself, and demand that the propertied classes shall no longer plant these temptations amongst the poor in this heartless fashion.

We are glad to note that the members of the trade upon this Commission are prepared for certain restrictions which, taken by themselves, are of a valuable character, and that they have not ventured upon any suggestion that the country would be better for increased facilities for the extension of the trade. The Majority Report recommends the reduction of licences ; the control of tied-house agreements by the licensing authority ; the disqualification of persons interested in the traffic for a place on watch committees, or for holding the office of clerk to the licensing authority ; the abolition of temporary transfers, except in case of death, bankruptcy, or illness ; plans for alterations, etc., in a licensed house always to be submitted to the licensing authority ; wide discretion to be given to the licensing authority in imposing conditions as to back and side doors, long bars, and the like, but this to be limited to new licences ; all "off" wine and spirit licences to be subject to the full control of the licensing authority ; passenger-boat licences to be brought under the control of the licensing authority ; a reconstitution of the licensing authority, so that it shall be partially representative by the election upon it of members of the borough or county council ; the amendment of the law concerning travellers at railway-stations ; the extension of complete Sunday closing to Monmouthshire ; the licensing authority to have power to impose the condition of Sunday closing upon new licences ; the hours of opening on Sunday to be shortened except in London and the principal cities ; the statutory distance for *bond fide* travellers to be six miles ; occasional licences only to be granted after notice to the police by two or more justices sitting in petty sessional

court-house; sale to children under sixteen years of age, whether "on" or "off" to be prohibited, the penalties also to be imposed on the persons sending them; licensed premises not to be used for inquests and revising barristers' courts; no music- or dancing-licence be permitted without a licence from the licensing authority; drunkenness, apart from disorder, to be a ground for arrest; testimonials to retiring police-inspectors to be prohibited; suspension of licence to be in some cases the penalty for offences; when a person is found drunk on licensed premises, it shall be incumbent on the licence-holder to show that neither he nor his servants knew of the drunkenness; a register of all convictions to be kept in every court, this register to be open to inspection on payment of a trifling fee; habitual drunkards (to be defined by the number of convictions) to be placed on a black list, licence-holders to be warned by the police not to serve such persons; clubs to be placed under more careful oversight and limitations.

As we said above, many of these recommendations, taken alone, are valuable, notwithstanding the limitations imposed upon some of them, such as the exclusion of the principal towns and cities from the operation of the shortening of the hours of Sunday sale, and the limitation of some other restrictions to new licences. But we fear that other considerations so overbalance the worth of any restrictions suggested by the Majority Report, that legislation upon this basis would probably prove mischievous rather than remedial. We think the word used in the criticism of this report by the Conference Committee in the set of resolutions it has adopted and published in relation to this subject well describes any apparent restrictions of the traffic which it suggests; they are, we believe, "delusive," and we will proceed to state our reasons for that opinion.

It has been suggested that the true policy to pursue is to take the points in which the Majority and Minority Reports coincide, and to concentrate our efforts upon an endeavour to secure legislation upon these, seeing that for those points, about fourteen in number, we might plead the unanimous

recommendation of all the members of the Commission. Upon the surface there is much plausibility in this suggestion ; but it will not bear examination. The truth is that properly speaking there are no points of agreement between the two reports ; for the restrictions recommended by the Majority Report are well understood to be the price which the trade members of the Commission were prepared to pay for obtaining the signature of the neutral members to their compensation proposals. The signatories of that report would object to our taking a fragment of it, and leaving the rest. They regard their scheme as one and indivisible, and they would violently resist any attempt to legislate upon a portion of it, omitting their proposals for compensation and their suggestions for the effectual curtailment of the powers of the licensing authority. The chief aim of the Majority Report is to give legal sanction to the theory of the vested interests of the trade, and to secure for it a stronger roothold in the soil of the national life and institutions. The real ground of division between the two sections of the Commission was this. The neutral members were prepared to accept the recommendations of the minority up to the point at which that report came to deal with the vexed question of compensation, which is the crux of the business. Any suggestion, therefore, of looking to the Majority Report for a basis of legislation would have the moral effect of a dissent from the Minority Report, and would weaken the hands of Lord Peel and those who have joined him in his protest against the effort of this wealthy trade to get still further hold of the nation. It may be said that we might make it clear that we are irreconcilably opposed to the portions of the Majority Report in which it diverges from Lord Peel's report. But we must recollect that in political agitations it is necessary to look, not to minute details, but at broad effects ; and a suggestion of the Majority Report as affording any basis of legislation might produce a subtle effect in the way of securing the adhesion of a large number of people who will not examine details to a scheme of legislation based on that report such as would

in the final issue strengthen rather than restrict the liquor traffic.

It is to the compensation proposals of the Majority Report, then, that we must look in order to ascertain the real aim of its signatories. What are those proposals? We are glad to note that the report declares that compensation must be raised from the trade itself. It is a great thing that the principal representatives of the liquor traffic should thus formally abjure any claim to compensation out of public funds ; but they are acute enough to see that their scheme would prove a serious, if not a fatal, obstacle to prohibition, because when prohibition came to be the issue there would be no trade left to raise the fund for compensation. Seeing they admit that the trade must find the money for compensation, why should they wish to bring the matter at all into the range of national politics ? Why, indeed, should they ask the nation to come to their aid in arranging what they thus confess to be a purely trade matter ? On account of the lucrateness of this business it has drawn to itself the finest business heads in the nation, men who are quite competent to finance their own concern. In fact, they have already done it for themselves by their licence-insurance organisations. They are simply seeking to add to their enormous monopoly advantages a parliamentary guarantee of protection against risks arising out of their speculations upon the probabilities of the continued renewal of their licences. Why should the nation be asked, in addition to the wealth which it has given to the trade by the bestowal of the monopoly, to guarantee it against loss in speculations in futures ?

Their proposal is to create a fund by additional taxation upon the trade out of which in recurring periods of seven years a stated reduction in the number of licences should be made, the amount of such reduction to be determined by the licensing authority in each locality. The licensing authority would under their scheme be empowered to borrow a capital sum at the commencement of the seven years so that the reduction should begin at once, the sum

borrowed to be repaid during the seven years out of the increased taxation. They leave no doubt as to the extent of reduction which they would provide for; they have illustrated it by a careful detailed calculation for London, showing the amount of the fund they would propose to raise for such a seven years' scheme for the metropolis. Upon examination the subtly delusive character of this proposal reveals itself. Mr. T. P. Whittaker has shown that the reduction to be provided for in this way would only be about two-thirds of that which has been accomplished now for some years past through the operation of the law as it now stands; that is to say, they propose that the nation shall pay compensation for a lower rate of reduction than that which is now taking place under the ordinary process of the law. The cleverness of this make-out of a reduction which would really lessen the process of extinction of licences which is now proceeding is undeniable; but with all the astuteness of it, we think the British nation is scarcely likely to be duped after this fashion.

Nor is this the only proposal which the Majority Report makes for the curtailment of the powers of the licensing authority. It proposes to declare that the functions of this authority are judicial and not administrative. This would be a complete revolution of the whole system of licensing. As things now are, the magistrates are supposed to consider the needs of the neighbourhood, and are required to act upon any knowledge of local conditions possessed by themselves, or brought before their notice at the time. If their functions should be made judicial merely, they would only be able to act upon the sworn evidence presented in court, and it would be supposed that they should exclude from their consideration all elements in the case not actually adduced in evidence before them. This would destroy the whole conception of the system by means of which the licensing laws seek to provide for the protection of a locality from the injuries that might be inflicted upon it by a traffic not regulated by a wide and thorough knowledge of the local conditions.

This mischievous report further suggests a most serious curtailment of the powers of the licensing authority. At present the licensing authority has complete powers in the way of requiring back doors and side doors to be closed, and in other matters relating to the character of the premises the powers of the licensing justices are very considerable. Many benches have exercised these powers with the most beneficent results to the localities concerned. In Liverpool of late years it is impossible to estimate the improvement effected by the stricter oversight of the premises exercised by the licensing magistrates. In closing, for instance, a large number of sly entrances they have greatly diminished the facilities for secret drinking, and for clandestine violations of the law in the way of harbouring prostitutes and the like.

We turn now to the Minority Report, which appears to furnish a basis of union that ought to bring all temperance forces together, in order to secure immediate legislation for the diminution of the terrible evils arising from the liquor traffic. Temperance reformers have been somewhat unjustly taunted with impeding moderate reforms, because they went in for an "all or nothing" policy. An examination of the facts will disprove this. It will be found that, whenever a proposal was made for *real* restriction of the traffic, *unaccompanied by counterbalancing clauses calculated in the opinion of the temperance party to strengthen the power of the traffic*, the temperance people on the whole, both in the House and outside of it, have supported the proposal, however small it might be. It is true that more might probably have been accomplished, if the strength of the agitation for temperance legislation had been directed to obtaining Sunday closing in the first instance, rather than making the direct veto the first plank in the platform. It also seems to us that perhaps it might have been well to have sought a shortening of the hours. Total abstinence men are often taunted with throwing out Mr. Bruce's Bill. Probably it would have been wise, if the temperance party had accepted that measure. But it seemed likely then that a Veto Bill might be carried before the expiration of the

ten years through which the reduction clauses of Mr. Bruce's Bill were to operate. No one at that time could forecast the history of disaster to the Liberal Party which has since followed. The temperance party, therefore, are surely not to be blamed because they thought they then discerned a probability of being able to carry their own measure within a reasonable period. We believe that, but for the storms arising out of Home Rule, a Veto Bill would have been already placed on the statute-book of this country. Further, it was not the opposition of the temperance party, but of the trade, that wrecked Mr. Bruce's Bill. The temperance people resolved not to oppose the measure, although there were clauses in it which seemed to them dangerously in the direction of creating vested interests in the traffic such as the law has never recognised; consequently, while not opposing, they felt unable to give the Bill any warm support. Temperance men must, however, guard against the evil of making the direct veto into a kind of fetich, as we confess it seems to us some of them are in danger of doing. We believe that a measure upon the lines of the Minority Report would be of incalculable benefit, and we are glad that in the newly formed Central Temperance Legislation Board most of the chief temperance organisations are combining in support of legislation upon that basis, and that the resolutions of the annual meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance are favourable to Lord Peel's report.

The proposals of the Minority Report in relation to compensation appear to us, notwithstanding the cavils of some extreme temperance men, to be reasonable and fair. We could almost have wished that they had not called it compensation; for it is not, properly speaking, that, but *a commutation of the unexpired portion of a time limit*, which is in principle a very different thing from giving to a licence a freehold value, and from recognising any right to it beyond the year, for, observe, there is to be no interference with the complete discretion of the licensing authority, and the commutation is only to be paid in such cases as where in making a reduction the licensing authority can

find no reason in the conduct of the house for quashing one licence rather than another. The proposal is in brief this : that within seven years after the passing of the measure suggested by the Minority Report the number of licences in the country shall be reduced to a statutory maximum, not thereafter to be exceeded, of one licence to seven hundred and fifty of the population in towns, and one to four hundred of the population in country districts. The effect of this would be to destroy about half of the licences in the seven years. This reduction is proposed to begin immediately on the passing of the measure; the holders of the licences which are selected for yearly extinction, supposing there is no complaint concerning the conduct of the house, under this measure would receive in each case a commutation of the value of the unexpired portion of the seven years, to *be paid wholly by the persons who are allowed to retain their licences*—e.g. those cancelled in the first year are to receive seven years' ratable value ; those in the second, six ; in the third, five ; and so on. After the expiration of the seven years it is proposed to declare that no further arrangements for any such commutation should be permissible. There is certainly no claim to any compensation on the part of the traffic, and we are glad to recognise that, as the nation studies the subject, fewer and fewer persons are contending for it. It is a strong proof of this that even the Majority Report pronounces against compensation from public funds. But, however strongly any one may object to compensation, surely he must see that under a system of reduction of licences where there is no indication in the character of the houses that one should be chosen for extermination before another, some arrangement should be entered into by means of which the cancelling of the licences selected shall not be an act of arbitrary injustice.

The principle of a time limit was accepted by the temperance party when it supported Sir William Harcourt's Bill ; and it would manifestly be better to pay a commutation of the unexpired portion of the time limit in order to get rid of some licences at once, rather than let them go on plying

their destructive business to the end. Indeed, if we came to the construction of a measure for the purpose, it would be worth consideration whether the best thing would not be to cancel the whole of them at once, and pay the seven years' commutation for all the licences to be removed in order to bring the number down to the statutory maximum. At all events, in the adoption of any measure we must refuse support to any proposal which would not provide that reduction should begin immediately ; for it would be unfair to allow seven years in which the trade might agitate for a repeal of the Act. If reduction began at once, then an injustice would be done to those who had already been paid out, if terms more advantageous to the trade were afterwards adopted, and this would be a strong argument to prevent any going back upon the proposals.

We turn now from what we hope will be the satisfactory settlement of this vexed question to the suggestions of the Minority Report for the reconstitution of the licensing authority. It is suggested that the original licensing authority in each division should consist of a committee of from six to ten members elected half by the justices of the division from their own number, half by the county or town council, the committee to be elected for a period of three years. The court of appeal they recommend should be no longer the quarter sessions, but a committee composed of the original licensing committee plus an additional number of members elected to sit with them upon the same basis of election as the original body, bearing a proportion to that body of three to two. Though this is not an ideal licensing authority, it is an improvement upon that now existing, as it provides to a limited extent for the introduction of a representative element which may be supposed at least partially to reflect public opinion.

The principal remaining recommendations of the Minority Report are the following : the agreements of tied houses to be subject to the supervision of the licensing authority ; a register of all breaches of the law to be kept in the court, and to be produced at all licensing sessions ; the disqualifi-

cations for serving on the licensing bench to apply also to the clerk of the licensing authority, and to watch committees ; all licences to be under the absolute discretion of the licensing authority ; temporary transfers to be abolished except in cases of death or bankruptcy ; the licensing authority after conviction to have power to withdraw the licence until the licensing session ; the licensing authority to have full control over alterations of premises ; hours of Sunday opening to be restricted to one hour at mid-day, and two hours in the evening, with option to the licensing authority to enforce entire Sunday closing in their division, if they deem fit ; entire Sunday closing for Monmouthshire ; frequenters of shebeens to be subject to arrest ; travellers should be defined as persons about to lodge in the house or take a meal therein, who have travelled at least seven miles from their previous night's place of lodging ; licensed premises not to be opened before 7 or 8 a.m. ; the licensing authority to have power to close on election days ; occasional licences to be granted in open court by two members at least of the licensing committee after due notice to the police ; sale "on" or "off" prohibited to children under sixteen ; benefit societies to be prohibited from holding their meetings on licensed premises ; coroners' courts, petty sessional courts, revising barristers' courts should be entirely dissociated from licensed premises ; music- and dancing-licences to public-houses to be prohibited ; after five years it should be illegal for intoxicants to be sold on the same premises as other articles, thus abolishing in effect the so called grocer's licence ; drunkenness alone to be sufficient ground for arrest ; testimonials to superintendents of police to be disallowed ; special inspectors of high rank in the police force to visit and occasionally report to the licensing authority concerning the conduct of the houses ; special regulations with respect to habitual drunkards, including a black list of persons whom it shall be illegal to serve ; strict regulations for clubs ; at the expiration of five years a wide measure of direct popular control might be given to Scotland and Wales.

No review of this report would be complete without reference to the important "Addendum" bearing the signatures of the archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Charles Cameron, Messrs. W. S. Caine, J. Herbert Roberts, and T. P. Whittaker. That "Addendum" reads as follows :

We further desire to record our opinion :

1. That the people in every part of the United Kingdom should have power, by a substantial majority vote, taken on the widest franchise in force, to prevent any premises being licensed to sell intoxicating liquors in their respective localities. The grounds on which, in our judgment, such a power of direct popular control and self-protection should be conferred are set forth in Mr. Whittaker's "Memorandum."

2. That public opinion in England is prepared for and would sustain a measure for closing licensed premises in England.

Mr. Whittaker's "Memorandum," referred to above, is the most masterly treatise on temperance legislation which we have read. It constitutes the last eighty-five pages of the report, and is a thorough survey of the whole subject of temperance legislation in this and other lands. It is worthy of note that the two reports abstain from recommending the adoption of any modification of what is known as the Gothenburg system ; the absence of this from the reports being the more remarkable, seeing that Mr. Whittaker in his "Memorandum" seems to exhibit some disposition in favour of it. We believe that to put the whole profits of this trade into the national or municipal exchequer would create a perilous tendency for its perpetuation, and that there would be a great danger of the municipal public-house ruining numbers of people through the dignity and respectability which tend to belong to municipal institutions ; we are therefore glad that the reports lend no sanction to this method of regulating the traffic.

Space does not permit of our arguing the case of the direct veto. It does seem, however, nothing but common-sense justice that a large majority of the inhabitants of a locality should have the power of protecting themselves

against the public-house. We earnestly hope, however, that the extremists will not persevere in their endeavour to raise obstacles to legislation upon the lines of the Minority Report because in their opinion it is not sufficiently far-reaching. Should any persist in this course, we trust that there is a sufficient body of reasonable men eager for reform who will act without them. The party of fierce and intolerant zeal, who are unwilling to let the tares alone till the psychological moment comes for their uprooting and destruction, are always the men who postpone reforms which, but for the obstacles created by them, would be accomplished long before. It is scarcely too much to say that most salutary reforms which would have blessed this nation for two hundred years are not yet ours in possession because extremists prevented Oliver Cromwell from leaving a deeper mark upon the institutions of this country. It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail in relation to temperance reform, and that we shall not be prevented from making some real advance in the diminution of our "national degradation" because the extremists cannot have their way.

G. ARMSTRONG BENNETTS.

A PLEA FOR ASCETICISM.

AN ascetic is one who renounces the world, who mortifies the flesh. But he does this for an end, which, whether or no he attain it, might be formulated as deeper spiritual life. Asceticism is not suicide, though ill balanced asceticism may look a good deal like it. And yet it involves a death, the death of the particular, as opposed to the universal self, whose will is one with the divine will. Its greatness lies in facing the fact that there can be no true life without death. We attack asceticism in minor issues: we quarrel with the different ways that people have of mortifying the flesh and renouncing the world. We make out an excellent case against sackcloth and ashes, and monastic cells, and then we think we have done with asceticism. But we have not. The choice still confronts us, in innumerable forms, between the lower and the higher self, or flesh and spirit, between the world seen and the world unseen, between desire and aspiration, between our own will and the will of God. "There is no gain except by loss."

No doubt we have a right to criticise certain types of asceticism. There are lives that look like drawn games between flesh and spirit, in which all the spirit's energy seems to be devoted to baulking or torturing the flesh. This is sheer waste, and yet the moment in which we pride ourselves on our superior wisdom is full of danger. Only a life filled to the brim with high enthusiasm can afford to look down on the self-chastisement, the constant suspicious warfare with the flesh of certain ascetics, and to condemn it as failure. Most of us, when we take this line, and say that the true saint sees in every earthen cup a Holy Grail, are far nearer to the condition that sees in every Holy Grail an earthen cup.

Moreover, what is our real objection to those forms of asceticism which are most easily ridiculed? Merely that they are not ascetic enough. The body ranks too high, as the soul's opponent, not her tool; and the snake is scotched continually, when he ought to be killed. He who is perpetually striving to break free from the flesh is still its prisoner. But better an unwilling prisoner than a slave who imagines himself free. For we may call our fetters symbols of liberty; and we may pass from spiritual servitude to spiritual death, mocking at asceticism to the last.

Probably any mode of asceticism is better than none at all. They all rest, however obscurely, on an attempt to serve God rather than the self; and if we ever imagine that we can do this without renunciation and mortification, we are merely playing with words. We may refuse to face renunciation without its complement of realisation; but face it we must. It is the lesson of evolution itself—this constant surrender of the lower to the higher type. Progress means differentiation,—self-denial. The crimson petals of the rose, botanists tell us, are simply leaves thwarted, baulked of their old development, crushed into this strange splendour. Think of a human being instead of a plant, and you have the argument for asceticism. There is no higher stage of which the lower does not bear the loss.

Again, we are finite beings, limited by time and space—yet infinite, with needs, desires, tendencies innumerable, all of which cannot be gratified in threescore years and ten. Inevitably we must forgo: each choice is a renunciation. If we had only the body to consider, many of its desires must be sacrificed, if it would excel in any particular field. Think what is implied in being a first-rate athlete! Is it not the same mentally? Would we rather have a man who humours all his aptitudes, like Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch*, or a man who focusses his thoughts on two or three subjects, and makes them live to himself and to us? Even morally, perhaps what we need is to specialise, in the directions suggested to us by our besetting sins. Unfortunately we would rather make a moral boom than learn the lesson we know

in our hearts that God meant us to learn ; so we trade on such virtues as we happen to have inherited, and leave our besetting sins alone. If we are clever, we may get the boom ; but we shall not really have attained, because we have not really forgone. Satan has cast out Satan for us, a thing he is always willing to do, if we will pay his price. But the price leaves us bankrupt, it is our spiritual life.

We cannot have everything. Are we to leave ourselves to chance, or fate, and take what comes, led by our own changing impulses, or are we to choose the ideal that we honestly believe will make our lives of greatest worth to God and man, and follow it, though every step be over some crushed desire ? Looked at in this light, there can be only one answer, that of the true ascetic, of the man ascetic not for the sake of death but for the sake of a better life.

Consider the gospel of renunciation in two or three of its bearings. First, as to the everyday relations of soul and body. Here the ascetic claims, and rightly, the soul's complete supremacy. For flesh and spirit to bargain on equal terms means spiritual failure. Soul cannot say to body : " I will be your exponent for certain hours of the day, if you will be my exponent for the rest." This is as if a king should obtain his crown on condition of working as a galley-slave one day in the week. Moreover, in such bargains the flesh always wins. They say it takes two Jews to cheat a Greek : it would take two souls to cheat a body, granted their initial equality. Such equality will never be admitted, either by sage or saint ; he has seen too many of the incarnate compromises which result from it. Flesh is willing enough to make some trifling concessions ; she owns what may be termed the suzerainty of the soul in matters theological, if only she is left to manage her domestic concerns at her own sweet will. But the ascetic will have more than suzerainty, more than the democratic character which gives one vote to every virtue and one vote to every vice. He will fight till he dies for a monarchy of the spirit ; and he will do well. For our weakness as a nation and as individuals is that, though we acknowledge spiritual

monarchy with our lips, our hearts detest it. We prefer mob law. We grovel before the tangible. We speak of failure and success as things apart from the decline and growth of a man's character, of "making one's way" as a process independent of the soul's bourn. We fancy that the friendship of this world cannot be enmity with God. We try to rob eternity of time, and time has robbed us of eternity. We shall do nothing great as a people till we revert to spiritual monarchy—nor shall we ever be a happy people. Even while we heap up lands and wealth and luxury we know quite well that, as we hold them, they have nothing to do with happiness. They are like words unintelligible for want of the right context. Sometimes we understand. We read the story of Mary of Bethany, and the real end of luxury is revealed. But we put the knowledge from us, simply because we want to keep for ourselves the box of precious ointment that should anoint the feet of Christ. We miss joy that angels might envy us, because we will not forgo.

The same refusal is no less fatal in other spheres. Many lives, at first sight, look ascetic that are nothing of the kind. To prefer work to play, plain food to delicacies, is but a small part of asceticism. He who lives laboriously and frugally only to gratify a personal ambition is a materialist and a voluptuary after all. He keeps his body in subjection for his own service ; but he has never subjected body, mind, soul, and spirit to the service of God. Materialism is never more potent than on its more delicate and ethereal planes. A man may live so near heaven that its own light falls on his life, yet never really have renounced the world. To outsiders he has overcome ; and yet, perhaps, a secret envy of another's spiritual or mental gifts, stifling his admiration, making him grudge that other's service to the truth for which he professes to have sacrificed all, may turn him traitor at the last. His own temporal desires and claims have blotted out eternity for him—he, too, has refused to forgo. And till we forgo, we cannot really possess. It was expedient, for both Christ and His disciples, that He should

go away. How else could they have known their love, and His, "more strong than death"?

Is not asceticism needed in the Church—not mediæval asceticism, but the quiet everyday asceticism that clamours neither for honour and office nor for ease and obscurity, but simply desires to serve? It is the same in politics. The politician who exploits his country, however high the tide of his temporal success may roll, is a lost man; and the nation that exploits the world is a lost nation, even if the sun in heaven can never succeed in setting upon her dominions. In the long run only that is gained which is gained for God.

Even in our friendships we have need of the spirit that forgoes. We are commercial, suspicious, and grasping. Our first thought is not to give, but to receive, and we are in constant terror lest our friends should render us short weight. We hunger for demonstrations of affection, which never can convince us, and we are rather proud than otherwise of jealousy and heartburning, regarding them as proofs of the strength of our love, and not as deadly poisons, consuming love's very life. We shall have no peace, and but few friends, till here, too, we renounce the world—our tiny world whose sovereignty means so much to us—and are content to serve and give.

Even in our prayers we are too apt to bargain, to treat God as our agent. Like the disciples of old, we look upon the Christ as one who came among us to minister to us, not one to whom we should seek to minister. We tell Him all that He can do for ourselves and others, if He will but be guided by our superior information. We are more anxious to be immortal than to be worthy of immortality. Our heavenly Father knows what things we have need of; but we are for ever recalling them to His memory, which we assume to be extremely short. It is not the right way. Did we really worship God, prayer would not be less strenuous because we prayed for His will to be done, and not our own, because salvation meant to us the state of being in which He could best utilise us, no more, no less. For we

should know that when we were worth most to God we were worth most to man ; nor should we rebel, even if the answer to our prayer were unrecognised by our own human eyes.

Lord, if Thy glory shall abound
The more, in that my soul be lost,
Like water spilt upon the ground
Make Thou my soul, nor count the cost.

There is a hope beyond our ken,
A hope that thrills the farthest sun.
No tool art Thou of mortal men.
Thy tools are we: Thy will be done.

In prayer, if anywhere, we need the spirit of asceticism, the spirit that forgoes.

But, after all, some will say, is there any need deliberately to adopt this attitude? Will not life with its manifold hardships force us to be ascetics, whether we will or not? No. Asceticism cannot be imposed on a man by circumstances: it is a mode of accepting circumstances. One may die for want of food, yet die a selfish epicure. You cannot make a martyr by throwing stones at him. A martyr is one who prefers physical death to spiritual death—who is more conscious of the unseen than the seen—and so it is with the true ascetic. His lower will subserves his higher will; even his higher will subserves the will of God. He does his duty in every relation of life, just because the relations he realises most vividly are spiritual. For this reason he is a faithful servant, a just master, a stainless patriot, a true lover, a loyal friend. He can afford to be—he only. Of course he does not go about the world labelled ascetic, and prating of the pleasures of self-renunciation in which, as such, there is no pleasure at all. On the contrary, he carries his crown of thorns so lightly, that one may dwell by him for years without discovering it to be more than a wreath of flowers. He knows that a broken heart was never yet worn on the sleeve. Sometimes we do not recognise him in ordinary life—we

who go about with all our crosses in full evidence, and our hair shirts outside. He merely strikes us as a peculiar kind of person who happens to enjoy doing right. But we know him at a crisis. For sooner or later into every life must come the call that came to Christ, bidding Him save Himself. And if we have lived in the habit of saving ourselves, we shall do so then. To come down from the cross will seem the most judicious, the most reasonable, the very truest thing to do ; and we shall have lost that chance for ever. But consider the other answer, the spirit that refuses to come down from the cross. It is no momentary, fitful growth : a supreme hour is its test, but not its provocation. One shudders to think how many small renunciations, what patient acceptance of small burdens, what constant clear-eyed distinction between appearance and reality, what faithful looking toward the hills, when the sunshine and the meadow grass were pleasant and the trees were laden with fruit, have gone to its making. What daily unseen sacrifice, before the one great sacrifice that reveals whether a man has really lived after the spirit or after the flesh !

This is the asceticism that overcomes the world. And we see that it is not renunciation merely, but self-realisation. It is rooted in the love of God, and of the divine in man ; and in the love and worship that are purified from desire, just as the struggle ceases between necessity and freedom, it ceases between opposing selves, or self and God. The self is transcended rather than sacrificed, and here, as elsewhere, love is the fulfilling of the law.

MAY KENDALL.

OPIUM IN CHINA.

Opinions of over One Hundred Physicians on the Use of Opium in China. Compiled by WILLIAM HECTOR PARK, M.D. (Shanghai. 1899.)

THE life task of every Christian, being one of love, is essentially one of upbuilding, as Paul the apostle teaches us in words which we translate "charity edifieth." Love divine built the worlds; Love is ever keeping the universe together, and counteracting the down-pulling of No-love, the great anarchist. Love's building operations, however, have a necessarily destructive side—destructive to infernal machines, whether known as lies, cant, official tyranny, mean slander, and the vices commonly, but far too exclusively, recognised as unclean. Love divine must ever be love militant while these vices exist in any given region. It dare not confine its militism to vices which waste or wound the body; its divinely quickened vision is far from that of a mere photographic lens; it deals with lies and malicious speeches when they do not draw actual blood. With vices and crimes whose effects are apparent to the glass eye of the camera as well as to the moral senses, it would be anything but divine did it not say its say and do its deed.

The question as to whether the use of opium by the Chinese comes under any of the above categories is calmly discussed in the little book before us by over a hundred professional men and women, whose nationality, professional qualifications, place of residence in China, number of patients per annum, and length of residence in China help us to weigh as well as read their testimony.

The compiler of the book is the "surgeon in charge of the Sochow Hospital, surgeon to the Imperial Maritime

Customs, etc." And, following his preface, we have an introduction by a Chinese official, who is "general manager of the Soochow Salt Gabelle," the sale of salt being a Government monopoly in China. This gentleman writes as follows :

There are evils that affect individuals ; also those by which whole families are made to suffer ; further, there are the destructions of floods and ravages of wild beasts. But such calamities are usually confined to one locality and one time ; and, moreover, man, knowing the dangers of such, will seek escape from them, and will use means to secure immunity from such afflictive facts. If this is the case in China, can it be possible that it is not the case in other countries ? But from ancient times to the present day there has never been such a torrent of evil and misery as has come down upon China in her receiving the curse of opium. . . . We may calculate that from the time when opium was first introduced into China until now, a period of over a hundred years, the number of deaths directly caused by it must count up into the millions.

This deplorable condition is not only bitterly regretted by myself, but throughout the empire all good men bemoan this state of affairs. And just now the American missionaries, Drs. Du Bose and Park, being influenced by divine truth ("heavenly right"), are seeking to propagate the doctrine of salvation through Christ to all men ; and their arguments concerning the evils of opium being in exact accord with the mind of the writer, we are together seeking methods by which these sorrows may be alleviated. I am a Chinese, and am fully aware of the stringent and severe laws that have been enacted by the Government for the prevention of the opium trade in China ; but since they appear to have been made in vain, I, an insignificant individual, scarcely venture to make any additional attempt. Drs. Du Bose and Park, wishing to gain expressions of opinion from all foreign physicians residing and practising in China, have sent out circulars for the purpose of obtaining their observations and experience as to the advantages and disadvantages of the use of opium. . . . Dr. Park proposes to file these replies, and to have them presented to the Governments of England and America, so that the proper influence may be brought to bear upon the prevention of poppy cultivation in India, as that country is the main source or

the supply. When the fountain is cleansed, the stream will be pure.

Yet there are those who argue that the production of opium is the chief industry of India, that upon this source of revenue the Government is mainly dependent, and thus it is scarcely probable that such action could easily be taken. But is there any country the soil of which is incapable of production? If so, then of course no revenue may be obtained. In this case, if the cultivation of other crops be substituted, doubtless there will be an equal revenue. Moreover, the continued production of that which is an injury to the neighbouring kingdoms and harmful to humanity at large entails a reproach among all generations, and destroys the country's reputation for enlightenment. That being so, it is not necessary to inquire of the wise. . . . The whole matter rests with the British and American Governments. . . .

If the plan that is being tried proves successful, and this national evil is made to cease, then the real intentions of Christianity would be plainly exemplified. Would that it might be so! My eyes long for the sight!

In such a strain writes one whom many Christians would call a "heathen Chinese"; but if there be any truth in what he urges, may not the use of the leading petitions of the Lord's Prayer be a mockery on the lips of Christians who are in any wise responsible for what is here said to be "harmful to mankind" except as medicine, and something which prevents "the real intentions of Christianity" from being plainly manifest and exemplified? Think of it! "Hallowed be Thy name, and fruitful be the poppy harvest; Thy kingdom come, and much revenue from the opium trade; Thy will be done, and Indian opium be spread yet more widely over China." Of course the coupling up of such petitions seems hardly allowable from the fact that the phraseology of the sanctuary and the warehouse are usually kept separate. But as every desire of every business man is in the ears of the All-hearing actually coupled up with his prayers, the mere incongruity of language may be disregarded. Instead of opium read chocolate, and the appendice to each petition becomes

quite allowable so long as the kingdom of righteousness is kept first and supreme. And they remain so, even if some well meaning folk get up an agitation by proving that infants are apt to choke themselves with too large a piece. The cocoa-manufacturer would still consider the interests of his employes, the future of his own children, and the sums of money he may give to benevolent objects as his cocoa business flourishes. Compared with an infant here and there choking itself, these would be worthy considerations for a common-sense Christian business man. And if opium is harmless or nearly so to the Chinese, I maintain that there is little incongruity in the coupling up of such desires on paper, while all the time they are actually coupled up in the ears of Him to whom all desires are known and from whom no secrets are hid.

What must be done to find out the facts? We as a nation cannot go to China. We are largely at the mercy of residents there, though we find startling facts on this point when we interview the various druggists in Lincolnshire and the fen district generally. But, apart from such researches, let us take (say) the subject of female infanticide in China. Here is a recent speaker, who has never been to China, stating that "thousands upon thousands of little baby girls are daily cast to the dogs and wild birds." We fancy there must be some exaggeration in such a statement, at any rate as to the "wild birds," about whose carrion propensities we have not heard residents in either south or central China speak. Some missionaries assert that "baby-towers," erected for the purpose which their name suggests, are to be found near most towns and cities. Some affirm that no such phrase as "baby-tower" exists in the Chinese language, and, on the general subject, quote one, William C. Milne, M.A., who in his third chapter of *Life in China*, written after he had exchanged the office of preaching missionary for that of consul missionary, devotes eight pages to the removal of what he considers to be false impressions, conveyed by visitors whose own countries can furnish parallel facts to those which they allege. There-

fore people who have never been to China feel the necessity of a suspended judgment in the matter, and imagine that possibly most families in China are free from the crime which some suggest to be universal, and perhaps determine to ask the next missionary from China—after themselves studying the police cases in our own papers—*how many cases have come under his personal observation.*

And now, speaking generally, there is an undoubted temptation to every public man, whether writer or speaker, to give a somewhat exaggerated colouring to the facts his audience or readers expect from him. A temperance-lecturer, for instance, once affirmed that "no non-abstainer can possibly be a Christian." Newspapers whose politics run on one side are apt to describe the policy of the opposite side as productive of "national ruin." Article-writers who have to cater for a sensation-loving public, are apt to deal in "stupendous crises," "unprecedented state of affairs," and so on in ascending gamut, week after week, just as fond mothers speak of the "finest baby in the world" day after day of a very commonplace infant. All public men have such temptations: returned missionaries are public men; they have such temptations. All public men do not yield to such temptations, and all returned missionaries do not. So much will perhaps be granted on both sides.

But whatever temptation may come to a man at a distance from the state of things to be described, and with an audience before him who would like that state of affairs described vividly and takingly, the trained observer, accustomed to diagnosis in which exaggeration might be in many cases disastrous if not fatal—such a one on the spot, with the actual scene before him and no enthusiastic audience in view, may be entirely free from any temptation to exaggerate in any particular, especially if what he records, being printed on the spot, can be verified or discounted by any patient and observant reader. Add the fact of certain criticism of a very cool-blooded order, and such observations are worth studying. So the compiler of

the present work has gone to a hundred or more professional men and women, busied at the moment in the very prosaic if heaven-lit round of dispensing and nursing, to folk who when his circular reaches them may not be able to frame a peroration to save their lives, but who as trained observers are able to give prosaic and laconic answers to equally prosaic and laconic questions.

While we do not for a moment admit that, because a man is an earnest Christian and a missionary, therefore his truthfulness must be called into question, we find within the covers of this little book replies from some who would not be described as either *earnest* Christians or missionaries, but just professional men whose patriotic pride of their native land is an undying instinct, giving a professional opinion for which there can be no personal gain, but perhaps a certain amount of unpopularity. Surely such conditions are as favourable for the gaining of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" as any mundane conditions can well be. —

Here are four of the eighteen questions put to each :

What have you observed to be the effects of opium, moral, physical, and social, on its consumers ?

What are the proportions of those who smoke opium :

- A. Without injury ?
- B. With slight injury ?
- C. With great injury (" opium sots ") ?

Can a person, in your opinion, smoke opium daily for years without becoming a confirmed opium-smoker ?

If opium be suddenly cut off, do the patients suffer ? If so, give symptoms.

To the first question (as to observed effects of opium) the following reply is a specimen :

Moral: loss of self-respect and general breakdown of moral character. Physical: in some cases there is a stimulant effect at the first; but continued use of the drug causes general loss of power and sluggish action of the digestive functions, loss of appetite, and emaciation. Social: loss in prestige.

All of which is echoed down the lines of professional witnesses, either more tersely or with sundry additions, as :

Social : the Chinese natives say, "Soon poor, soon dead."

By way of qualifications to the above answers we find such words as :

This depends largely on a man's means : if he can afford to eat well and plentifully, opium has not the same deleterious effect on the body as when he is badly off for food ; he may not lose flesh, but he loses colour and power of resistance. The moral and social effects could never be said to be good, but the degree of badness depends very largely on circumstances—the temptations a man is led into, either of place or to obtain the drug, the length of time taken, and the amount of the drug used every day.

Another says :

Does not affect social standing as long as money lasts.

On the other hand :

Many of those in office or high in society merely exist for opium and its indulgence, being incapable of anything else.

And one writes :

They lose all sense of shame, become impure in words and deeds ; emaciation, sallowness, want of appetite, and no endurance ; sink lower and lower in the scale of existence, and will sell what before was their highest hopes—children, possessions, and even wives.

While one who is proverbially observant and painstaking in diagnosis, as he is laconic in utterance, says :

Wholly bad.

And the echoes of this unqualified statement are numerous.

On Division A of the second question (as to the proportion of those who smoke without injury) the general answer is, "None." Some quote 1 per cent., some 5 per cent., several 10 per cent., one 20 per cent.

On Division B (as to the proportion of those who smoke with slight injury) some say "None," some say "Beginners," some say 1 per cent., some 10 per cent., some 60 per cent., some 80 per cent. In connexion with this diversity of opinion it may be explained that *daily* smoking is not the point at issue, and that opium-smokers say that by taking the pipe at irregular intervals they can smoke for some longer or shorter period without being gripped by the craving.

As to the proportion of "opium sots" in varying localities, the opinions vary from 20 per cent. to 99 per cent.

On the third question (as to daily smoking without becoming an "opium sot") the replies are: Negative, eighty-eight; affirmative, none; modified, nine, which latter may be summed up in the words "exceptional and rare."

On the question of the sufferings of those from whom opium is suddenly cut off, there are a bewildering number of medical terms quoted, whose sum-total certainly spells *misery*. From the long vocabulary which the combined replies furnish we gather, as one states, that "symptoms vary greatly in different patients and in the same patient." The most detailed reply is:

They ache all over, suffer from nausea (often vomiting), looseness of bowels or diarrhoea, . . . and sleeplessness. . . . A low neurasthenic condition of the body may persist for months or years, manifested by nervous and muscular debility, aching of limbs, liability to attacks of illness, as diarrhoea and fever, on sudden changes of the weather. These after effects are perhaps the commonest reasons for return to the opium-pipe. It is popularly believed that if a reformed opium-smoker contracts an illness death will be the result.

Although one word of hearsay has been added in the above reply, that reply itself and the hundred or more others are mostly based on the close observations of doctors who have, as a department in their medical work, an opium refuge. But while one or two of the replies are of a lighter kind than the above, it must be borne in mind that the writers may be describing symptoms which have been

noted in spite of the medical attention the patient was then undergoing. There is all the difference between losing a limb on the battlefield and lying uncared for hour after hour, and losing a limb by an accident and being immediately carried to a well appointed and ably manned hospital. The record of the symptoms in both cases would vary remarkably, supposing the one wounded man to live three or four days on the battlefield, as the other would in the hospital. So the symptoms recorded here really amount to *symptoms plus medical attention*.

Then in this reply, as in others, we have to recognise in the Chinese nation a conglomerate of incompletely merged nationalities or races. A Hunan man differs much from a Cantonese ; and the difference between a "down south" coolie and a Hupeh coolie in physique and general calibre would be apparent to any passenger who saw both together, as they may be seen, loading coal at Singapore. Take 'Arry of East London, a Scotch Highlander, an Irishman, and a Welshman, let each become habitual drunkards, then suddenly deprive them of their drink, and the craving would probably be attended with certain varieties of symptoms—though comparatively insignificant ones, if the consensus of medical opinion on the sudden removal of the opium-pipe is to be believed.

With regard to opium-smoking in China, there is no need of anything of the nature of a peroration. It is only necessary to urge all concerned to slowly repeat the first three petitions of the Lord's Prayer with this testimony borne in mind, and to add such words with regard to opium in China as a prayerfully enlightened conscience may suggest.

W. ARTHUR CORNABY.

* * In our last number on p. 385 it was stated that Dr. Field's *Notes on the Translation of the New Testament* had been published by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press instead of by the Syndic of the Cambridge University Press.

The World of Books.

I. THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

Christian Mysticism. Considered in Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. By W. R. Inge, M.A. (London : Methuen & Co. 1899. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE latest Bampton lecturer has chosen an unhackneyed and fruitful subject, and he has treated it in an able and most suggestive way. His book reads like the work of a man who has written because he has read, not one who has read in order to write. We are told, indeed, in the preface, that before preparing these lectures the author's study of the mystical writers had been directed "solely by my own intellectual and spiritual needs." But study which was undertaken in the first instance "in the hope of finding in their writings a philosophy and a rule of life which would satisfy the mind and conscience" is much more likely to bring forth fruit than the patient but unimpassioned investigation of a mere historian or philosopher. Consequently, while this book contains both philosophy and history, its real interest lies deeper than either. Mr. Inge has an "apologetic" purpose in view,—the word is an unlovely one, but there is no other,—and he presents his picture of Christian Mysticism before an anxious and agitated generation, that they may turn from their jarring conflicts and religious controversies, to find in another direction "a more excellent way."

In truth, no one who does not love the Mystics is fit to write about them—or, for that matter, to read them. That toying with the subject which spoils Alfred Vaughan's well known *Hours with the Mystics* is altogether unworthy of his high theme. These grave and noble teachers, solemn but never sad, serious but never austere, are not to be discussed "across the walnuts and the wine," or made the themes of essayists who canvas their

respective merits after the fashion of *Friends in Council*. We opened this book with some trembling, fearing lest, on the one hand, we might find a dry-as-dust history with elaborate classifications of "schools" and orders, or, on the other hand, an indiscriminate panegyric from a nineteenth-century clergyman with a mediæval mind. We found instead—and our readers will rejoice to find—a series of most attractive lectures, written by a student who is steeped in his subject but never allows it to master him, who preserves a well balanced judgment, while his soul has evidently been stirred by the earnest and lofty wisdom of these teachers, who, in their several fashions, have walked with God and seen Him face to face.

"Mysticism," says Dr. Charles Bigg in a recently published pamphlet in which he strives to heal the Church's wounds with this same potent balsam, "is infinitely various, and has its aberrations; but it is the life blood of religion." Readers of Mr. Inge's pages will have an excellent opportunity of judging of the variety of mystical teachers, as he passes from inspired apostles to Plato and Dionysius, to Augustine and Meister Eckart, to Ruysbroek and Tauler, Fénelon and Molinos, George Fox, William Law, William Wordsworth, and Robert Browning. But these lectures furnish no exhaustive—which means exhausting—account of all the types of mystical writers ever known in their several ranks and orders. A discriminating hand, which must have been guided by a well informed brain, is laid upon each of the "subjects" described by the lecturer, and the reader, delighted while he reads, lays down the book with an appetite.

We must not follow Mr. Inge into details; but we should like to draw attention to the moral of his meditations. "The constructive task which lies before the next century is, if I may say so without presumption, to spiritualise science, as morality and art have already been spiritualised." The way in which this is to be done is rather hinted at than defined. But Mr. Inge looks forward—would that his dream might come true!—to a "Johannine Christianity, which shall be both Catholic and Evangelical, without being either Roman or Protestant." If any one can help us to such a consummation, it is the wiser sort of mystical writers. But they speak to the few, and even the few cannot hear their quietly penetrating voices in the midst of modern Babylons and Babels. We earnestly commend this volume to controversialists of all types, if only they have the grace to learn its lessons. Those who are weary of contro-

versy, and delight in the ampler ether and diviner air of true religion, will find out the book for themselves. No one can lay it down without being the better for reading it.

W. T. DAVISON.

1. *The Ritschlian Theology, Critical and Constructive: an Exposition and an Estimate.* By Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., B.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899. 9s. net.)
2. *The Foundations of the Christian Faith.* By C. W. Rishell, A.M., Ph.D. "Library of Biblical and Theological Literature." (New York: Eaton & Manns. \$3½.)
3. *The Christian Use of the Psalms, with Essays on the Proper Psalms in the Anglican Prayer-Book.* By Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D. (London: Isbister. 1899. 5s.)

1. Although the Ritschl school still continues to hold its ground and even extend its influence, recent years have developed considerable differences of opinion in its midst. While all the members are agreed in their negative attitude to the old dogmatic system, there is considerable diversity of view on such questions as miracle and the fact of Christ's resurrection. Mr. Garvie's valuable work scarcely brings out this fact of development in the school. His book is very comprehensive, describing the critical attitude of the theory to Metaphysics, Speculative Theism, Dogma and Mysticism, and its Constructive or Positive elements in Value-judgments, Historical Revelation, the Idea of God's Kingdom, etc. The author has qualified himself for his task by careful study of the extensive literature of the subject and by attendance at German universities. He gives a more favourable judgment and writes more sympathetically than Drs. Denney and Orr. But we are glad to see he gives criticism of his own on almost every point in the Ritschlian teaching quite as severe as his predecessors. The German literature in opposition to the school is but slightly treated; it would have lengthened the volume unduly. A translation of the third volume of Ritschl's great work, containing his own system, is promised. We shall then be fairly furnished in English for a competent judgment. The

present volume, read with intelligent discrimination, is a valuable contribution to this end. The ample table of contents and index greatly help the reader.

2. The second volume is the most comprehensive treatment of modern apologetic that we have seen, as a brief statement of the contents will show. After an introduction, which deals with general questions of knowledge, faith, belief and unbelief, there are no fewer than eight divisions, each arranged in sections and each subdivided into chapters. The first division discusses Atheism, Agnosticism, Pantheism, and Deism at considerable length; the second, Scientific Agnosticism and Scientific Theories; the third sweeps the historical field in relation to Miracles and the Christian Records; the fourth discusses the theories of Antichristian Ethics; the fifth considers opposing Religious Theories, like Positivism, Theosophy, Ethical Culture; the sixth expounds Man's Spiritual Nature, Immortality, and Sin; the seventh discusses the divine Existence and Personality; the last is a most comprehensive study of Revelation in eight sections or thirty chapters. In such a wide survey all the leading antichristian systems and writers come under review. While it is not easy to characterise the work as a whole, some parts show distinguished ability and force. The last division in particular is a luminous study of a vital question, the positive argument being excellently presented apart from much criticism of opposing views. In the other divisions the critical element preponderates. The volume is evidently the result of wide reading and much independent study, and furnishes abundant material for thought. The style is clear, strong, sensible. The volume deserves a place among our best works of Christian apology.

3. There is much to be said for the chief thesis of Dr. Cheyne's book in favour of a revised Psalter in the Anglican Prayer-Book. It is impossible for Christian worshippers to repeat many of the psalms in public as expressions of personal faith; they belong to an earlier stage of revelation now long past. A judiciously revised Psalter would undoubtedly be of the greatest service. Wesley carried out such a revision, with more or less success. But Dr. Cheyne does not confine himself to this limited field. In the course of a discussion of the psalms appointed for Christian festivals, which seems to ignore or deny Messianic prediction altogether, he introduces most of the critical views of which he is an uncompromising advocate.

What the revised Psalter would be according to the critic's views, it would be curious to speculate. Few of the psalms for the special festivals would retain their place. Passages from Thomas à Kempis and "our best poets" would figure in it. Other criticisms are on a par with these drastic proposals. It is such extreme suggestions that inspire justifiable fear, and prevent real reform. With all our respect for the writer's learning, industry, and piety, we earnestly deprecate the one-sided, unsettling opinions he scatters abroad so freely.

J. S. BANKS.

The Moral Order of the World in Ancient and Modern Thought. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

By the recent death of Dr. Bruce his own Church and the science of theology have suffered a great loss. He did much to promote amongst both laymen and scholars a keen interest in the teaching of the New Testament; and though his books have serious limitations, and his critical attitude was not always steady or safe, his contributions especially to exegesis are valuable and attractive. The publication of the present volume was delayed by the state of his health; and it is quite possible that some of its parts have suffered in regard alike to cogency and to finish from the same cause.

The contents are supplementary to those of the same writer's work on *The Providential Order of the World*, and formed the Gifford Lectures for 1898. They are an attempt to show by means of historical survey what the wisest men have thought on "the great theme of the moral order of the universe in its reality and essential nature." Samples, claimed to be fairly representative, are displayed, and the results are professedly gathered into a final chapter of retrospect and comparison. Four lectures discuss Buddha, Zoroaster, the Greek tragedians, and the Stoics. Thence by the bridge of divination the author proceeds to the Hebrew prophets and to Job. A single lecture is devoted to the teaching of Christ, the next to modern optimism as illustrated in Browning, and with two more on modern dualism in its philosophical and social aspects the writer concludes. If a reader is disposed to wonder what it is all about, or to suspect that he is being regaled upon a chance combination of ill related essays, the wonder and the suspicion are not altogether without reason. He will discover at last

that Dr. Bruce has somewhere in view the question whether the non-moral and sometimes seemingly immoral processes of evolution can be harmonized with a faith in a single, almighty, and essentially beneficent God. He will gain a few suggestions as to the nature of goodness and the conditions of its existence, and then find that his author has finished and has failed him. A few inconclusive historical sketches are not equivalent to the real grappling with the problem of evil, but are even in danger of confusing the issue and complicating its settlement.

The chapters themselves, when regarded as separate unities, are of considerable interest; though the choice of representative teachers is curious on several grounds, and some of the opinions expressed are at least open to doubt. That Karma represents moral order will be a revelation to the student of Buddhism, which is generally supposed to teach that all action is evil as the result of desire, and that all desire must be extinguished as the condition of life's crown of insensibility. The chapter, too, on the tragedians is waste and fanciful. They can in no useful sense be regarded as teachers of religion, but were pre-eminently artists. By a great stretch of imagination our author finds in Euripides what he considers a trace or anticipation of the doctrine of atonement; had he borne in mind that Euripides was a sentimentalist and in religion a free thinker, his conclusion would have been less confident. No principle of selection amongst writers within the Christian era can be detected. By a single bound seventeen centuries are crossed; and a number of pages are given to two or three modern authors whose title to fame has not yet been made clear. The book in consequence, whilst in no part tedious or dull, has no effective contribution to make towards the unravelling of the mysteries of pain and evil, but is a collection of bright and readable essays.

R. W. Moss.

The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity. By John Caird, D.D., LL.D., Late Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. With a Memoir by Edward Caird, D.C.L., LL.D., Master of Balliol. In two volumes. (Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1899. 12s.)

These volumes contain the Gifford Lectures for 1892-3 and 1895-6. The terms of the Gifford Trust limit the lecturer to "natural theology," which "shall be treated as a natural science

like astronomy or chemistry." The first lecture is an endeavour to bring the subject treated within the scope of these terms by showing that non-Christian theologies, as imperfect expressions of the idea of religion, can only be interpreted and judged by Christianity, the perfect realisation of that idea, and that Christian doctrine is natural theology in so far as it is appropriated and assimilated by spiritual processes which are in the highest degree natural. The lectures are preceded by a memoir of Principal Caird by his brother, the master of Balliol. There is little or nothing of public or personal interest in this sketch; it is a brief account of the life of a theologian by a philosopher. It is, however, valuable as an introduction to the course of lectures. It appears to have been the great aim of Principal Caird to find a philosophical basis for his faith. This did not spring from any disturbance of his own convictions, but from the desire to see things as a whole, and to make his faith intelligent and intelligible. In the second lecture, on Faith and Reason, he regards it as the chief function of the latter "to translate the necessarily inadequate language in which ordinary thought represents spiritual truth, into that which is fitted to express its purely ideal reality." The philosophy which underlies these lectures may be described by saying that it is utterly opposed to the hard Deism which has left so many traces in current theology, and that it has appropriated all the best elements of Pantheism. It may perhaps be fitly called a Christian Hegelianism. It is most clearly set forth in the four lectures on the Relation of God to the World. Infinite Mind or Spirit constitutes the reality of the world; it has in it an impulse to self-revelation, a necessity of self-manifestation to, and in, a world of finite beings; these finite beings have in them, as the very principle of their individuality, an element of the infinite Spirit; God and man, in particular, have kindred personalities in close vital relations to each other and capable of perfect fellowship. In these lectures the essential ideas of Christianity in regard to sin, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the work of the Holy Spirit, and the future life are regarded and interpreted in the light of this philosophy. There is much in these volumes which merits careful discussion, but our limits only allow a few general remarks. It is unnecessary to say that these lectures are eloquent, and abound in passages beautiful in form and colour. This is not an unmixed advantage in such discussions, where the danger is always at hand of substituting

illustration for argument, description for definition, and pictures for thoughts. In the endeavour to present the truths of Christianity in their "purely ideal reality," they are often made to assume a form very different from that which they take in the New Testament and in Christian experience. In spite of the author's skill and sincerity, there are great obscurities in these pages, gaps and chasms open in the argument, and we fear it must be said that at the end reason is rather perplexed than satisfied. Indeed we doubt the wisdom, though we feel the fascination, of the attempt to present the living facts of the religious consciousness in philosophical forms. How is it possible, for instance, to give a *rationalis* of the relation between two realities so far transcending our faculties as God and the world? Neither our data nor our organon are equal to such a task. It seems to us that in such matters the more simple and popular language of the writers of the New Testament is much nearer the truth than philosophical formulæ. Nevertheless every student of theology will read these lectures with advantage; for they clearly show the logical contradictions, and the failure to meet the facts of our intellectual and moral nature, of the non-Christian theories, and they present an impressive combination of literary charm, serene faith, and speculation at once bold and devout.

JAMES CHAPMAN.

Idealism and Theology. By C. F. D'Arcy, B.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

We have in these lectures an able and thoughtful treatment of the Trinitarian conception of God. The argument leads up to the position that the superpersonal unity involved in the Christian doctrine of God is the only "presupposition" which can explain the universe. The writer shows that the old dualism of mind and matter has been resolved by the triumph of mind, the consciousness of the individual ego; but from the concrete self emerges a new dualism—that of the ego and society. What is the principle which unifies the experience belonging to oneself and the experience belonging to other selves? It is here that idealism fails, because for idealism the ultimate unit is spirit or the individual self. Each self has but one panorama—its own—and the gulf which separates mind from mind is impassable. It is common sense, or rather an act of faith, which enables us to transcend the limits of our personality. Our only refuge lies in a principle of unity higher

than personality—"a unity in which all spirits have their home and bond of union." This conclusion receives additional confirmation from the failure of idealism to solve the problems of free will and the existence of evil. The defects of Hegelianism, according to the writer, pave the way to "a mode of thought concerning ultimate truth which is identical with the central doctrine of Christian theology." The difficulties of the Trinitarian dogma are frankly recognised. It is admitted that the conception of a multipersonal unity lies beyond the grasp of thought, for which personality is the highest category, and that it is only by a venture of faith that we at length reach the principle of unity which corresponds with the demands of reason and religion alike.

Within the limits of a short notice it is impossible to trace the argument in detail. Suffice it to say, the book is a suggestive and profound contribution to theology, distinctively modern in its critical method and modes of thought. It is the work of a fresh and vigorous mind gifted with the power of conveying abstract truth in a remarkably lucid form. Even the two lectures, which readers impatient of prolonged metaphysical discussion are advised to omit, are models of transparent reasoning, abounding in passages of epigrammatic force and brilliancy. The book is to be heartily recommended to all who are fascinated by a philosophical treatment of the problem of Christian theology.

R. M. POPE.

The Blind Spot, and Other Sermons. By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. (London: Horace Marshall & Son. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Watkinson has given us a volume of sermons that preachers as well as laymen will be quick to appreciate and enjoy. There are no worn out subjects, no hackneyed texts in this volume. It is fresh and piquant from beginning to end. Such a discourse as that headed "Palms and Willows" puts a man into a class by himself. The sermons are full of noble teaching that will make the road to Christian holiness more clear and more attractive, whilst the delicate satire, the keen home thrusts, and the superb illustrations drawn from science, art, and literature gleam out like gems from page after page. The Eastern allegory of a country where children played at marbles with precious stones is finely used to show how the purest gems of truth are the commonplaces of our age and

country. The world's failure in the realm of morals before Christ's advent is illustrated by the Spanish cathedral where every grand conception was bungled in execution. The sermon headed "The Splendid Isolation," with its teaching that God "makes us invincible through the soul," will be an inspiration for those who are struggling against temptation. The cheerful optimism of the book may be seen from one quotation: "Brethren, the best of everything is before you. Do not believe that the world is near its end, it is just coming to a decent beginning. We have hardly yet shaken the mud from us. The best things of to-day are barbarisms. The moon sets behind us, but the sun rises before us. A new literature, better manners, milder laws, a vaster unity, abundance, brotherhood, peace, glory to God in the highest, good will towards men—all are coming, fast coming. The world began with a paradise, and it shall end with one." The volume is a fine fruit of a unique ministry.

Unfamiliar Texts. By Rev. Dinsdale T. Young. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Young has his own way of looking at a text, and knows how to express himself both with force and felicity. He has rather a leaning to awkward words, and we should like to see "outlinear" and a few similar words crossed out; but his style is wonderfully clear, and he has mastered the preacher's art of arrangement. The first sermon, based on St. Paul's words "I praise you," ought to make people less chary of recognising the gifts and work of others. The discourse preached for the Wesleyan Missionary Society is a powerful statement and appeal. "Sinners in the Den of Lions," "The Treasures of Darkness," and "An Old Persian Law Operant Still" are good specimens of Mr. Young's style. The sermon on "Suppositions" is rather too ingenious; but the book as a whole is marked by clear thinking and felicitous illustration drawn from a wide range of reading. Mr. Young is a man with a future, and it is easy to see from these sermons that he does not neglect the gift that is in him.

Studies of the Portrait of Christ. By Rev. George Matheson, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

Dr. Matheson's aim in this semi-devotional volume has been to trace the spiritual development of the work of Jesus as seen

in the gospels. The felicity of both thought and style makes these chapters delightful reading. His idea that the great miracle of Palestine is its anticipation of Christianity may be commended to those who are troubled by doubts as to details of the Higher Criticism. The sentence, "The Christian Creed is limited; the Christian air is unlimited," is suggestive and neatly put. Much might be said as to Dr. Matheson's opinion that, "The Messianic convictions of Jesus came at first in intermittent flashes." The book is both devout and stimulating.

The Catholic and Apostolic Church. Letters to his Son by Roundell, First Earl of Selborne. (London: Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.)

Here we have the ecclesiastical creed of one of the best informed and most illustrious sons of the Church of England in the nineteenth century. Without any trace of superstition, it belongs to the older High Church. It has, of course, its special interest and value. It shows the moderation and good sense of the father, and does honour to the dutiful loyalty and modest sense of the son. But it is not a learned treatise, and one of its merits, it may be said, is that it contains nothing new. Of course it is clearly and well written.

The Journal of Theological Studies. October, 1899. Vol. I., No. 1. (London: Macmillan & Co. 10s. annual subscription, post free.)

Without preliminary announcement a periodical of the highest class begins, what we hope will prove, a prosperous existence. The Committee of Direction consists of the Theological Faculties of Oxford and Cambridge, Mr. C. H. Turner of Oxford is Editor, Dr. Barnes of Cambridge is Assistant Editor. Dr. Swete writes a brief, modest introduction. The magazine is to be devoted to theological research and discussion, and appeals to "professed students and teachers of theology" and like-minded laymen. It is to be judged by its work. The first number is of the highest ability and promise. The first article by Dr. Sanday skilfully breaks a lance with Professor Harnack over the Origin of the Creed, the argument being as keen as it is courteous. Dr. Caird summarises and criticises Anselm's ontological argument. He pronounces it to be "the scholastic

distortion of an idea which was first presented in the Platonic philosophy." Two notes, from opposite sides, on the Acts, an annotated reproduction of a newly discovered sacramentary belonging to Egypt and the fourth century, three learned miscellaneous notes, two learned reviews of the Wordsworth edition of the Vulgate, and the newly published Portions of Ecclesiasticus are the other chief contents. We can scarcely make out the drift of Dr. Bridges' "Principles of Hymn-singing." Note 2 on page 56 is pure bile. Such an organ of the highest sacred learning was greatly needed in England, and the need is excellently met.

J. S. BANKS.

Dr. Hastings has made *The Expository Times* (T. & T. Clark, 7s. 6d.) the best preacher's monthly magazine that we have, and the tenth volume is as richly varied and as full of hints and helps as any previous issue. Thinkers of all Churches have rallied to the editor's support, and the scholar and the ordinary pastor will find much rich material here.

Dr. Weldon's *I Believe* (Religious Tract Society, 1s. 6d.) is an attempt to show young readers the nature and reasonableness of the Christian Creed. The language is so simple, the thought so rich and clear, that the little book cannot fail to strengthen intelligent faith. Older people will find it profitable and helpful.

Leaves from the Tree of Life, Dr. Maclaren's new volume of sermons (Isbister & Co., 5s.), is full of rich thought and noble lessons. The discourses are brief, but they are golden. They range over a wide field in both the Old Testament and the New, but Dr. Maclaren touches no subject which he does not adorn and illuminate.

II. FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

The Spirit and the Incarnation in the Light of Scripture, Science, and Practical Need. By Rev. W. L. Walker. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1899. 9s.)

THIS work has all the interest of a personal apology. The writer relates how he was led in the course of Scripture reading to embrace Unitarian opinions, which he then proceeded to preach. The results were so disappointing that he entered on a new and more thorough study of Scripture, which brought him back to substantially his old faith. In the present work he gives us not merely the conclusions but the data of his inquiry, not merely the result but the process. The story is told in a very interesting way; old positions are reached by new routes, and presented almost as new discoveries. The first discovery was that, according to the united testimony of the New Testament writers, "the great distinctive thing in Christianity is the gift of the Holy Spirit to men"—in itself an interesting statement. This conclusion necessitates an inquiry into the meaning of the Spirit in both Testaments. The Spirit is seen to be personal and divine. Such a conclusion again requires consideration of Scripture teaching respecting Christ, and the adjustment of the one truth to the other. The final result is the old faith in the Trinity. We are not sure that the truth is always clearly stated. For example, the author is by no means always explicit in his statements about the personal Spirit, although in the main we believe he is right. He always uses the neuter "it" and "its" of the Spirit. If he had used the old terminology, so much decried in our days as obsolete technicality, he would have avoided much ambiguity. He rightly enough emphasises (p. 217) the peculiar sense of "person" in its application to this subject. But we must be equally careful to remember that the distinction is more than one of aspect or operation. "It would be a great mistake to think of the Holy Spirit in Christianity as impersonal merely, or as bringing only impersonal influences from God and Christ. It is the Spirit of God and the Spirit of Christ. We cannot

rightly separate between God and His Spirit, or between Christ and His Spirit." The following is a doubtful utterance: "The loving Father was not a mere spectator of the awful suffering of His Son, but a sharer in it all,"—a sentence which again leaves us in doubt as to the amount of the personal distinction. There is less ambiguity in the way in which the truth about Christ is put. His unique nature and work are firmly held. We are not sure whether we understood some of the author's novel ways of stating old truth, as when the Incarnation is described as "a process of divine self-realisation in human form." Still, the chapters on the Person of Christ and the Incarnation contain much that is fresh and suggestive. "If we are to accept the Holy Spirit as the distinctive thing in Christianity, we find it so related to Christ as well as to God the Father, and Christ so identified with it, that it implies at least that Christ stands in such a unique relation to God as none else stands in, and such as justifies the Christian formula of 'Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,' wherein Christ is associated with God in a manner possible to no other person." The doctrine of the Trinity is said to "contain a most important truth, in so far as it points to real distinctions in the divine nature. . . . While these distinctions are not to be pressed into anthropomorphic or tritheistic, they imply more than the Sabellian idea of a threefold historical manifestation of the one God, or a merely ideal distinction in the divine nature." But the chief excellence of the work is the prominence given to the office and work of the Holy Spirit.

J. S. BANKS.

New Testament Greek. A Course for Beginners. By George Rodwell, B.A., of Keble College, Oxford. (London: Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.)

In recent years several excellent Introductions to the study of New Testament Greek have been published, and the appearance of another may be welcomed as a proof that there is an increasing number of "grown up people, both men and women, who come late to the study of Greek, and value it mainly as a means of closer access to the exact meaning of our Lord and His apostles." To all such students Mr. Rodwell's book will be a trustworthy guide; it is clearly written, and in the earlier chapters makes skilful use of well chosen sentences in order that the interest of the learner may be aroused at the

beginning of his work. The author anticipates one obvious criticism on his arrangement of subjects; but although he has "designedly deserted the order and sequence that is usual in grammars," many teachers will remain unconvinced that it is wise to postpone the attack upon the accident of the verb until the syntax of the cases of nouns and of prepositions has been mastered.

J. G. TASKER.

Dr. Bernard's fine book on the *Pastoral Epistles* (Cambridge: University Press, 3s. 6d.) is a welcome addition to the Cambridge Greek Testament. The notes are not only valuable for the student, but often supply new light for the preacher. The introduction discusses the problems of the epistle with much learning and critical sagacity. The chapter on the episcopate deserves careful study, though we do not think the attempt to escape the plain teaching of Acts xx. 28 and Titus i. 8 is success.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. "The Books of Chronicles." With Maps, Notes, and Introduction. By W. E. Barnes, D.D. (4s.) "The Proverbs." With Introduction and Notes. By the Venerable W. T. Perowne, D.D. (3s.)
(Cambridge: University Press.)

Dr. Barnes has done a solid piece of work in this commentary on *Chronicles*. The introduction is full of matter presented from the standpoint of a scholar, who accepts new light without being misled by mere hypotheses. The section on "The Historical Value of the Narratives peculiar to *Chronicles*" is really valuable for a young student. The explanations of difficult passages are very clear and helpful.

Archdeacon Perowne has not had an easy task; but his notes on *Proverbs* bring out many new beauties of this book of Jewish wisdom and throw light on some obscure sayings. The introduction admirably serves its purpose. Such a volume has been greatly needed, and students will be very thankful for a little book whose merits they will more and more appreciate as they use it. It is beautifully written, and full of suggestive comments. Dr. Horton's book on *Proverbs* is often referred to and quoted.

III. HISTORY.

How England saved Europe. The Story of the Great War, 1793-1815. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. With Portraits, Facsimiles, and Plans. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6s.)

DR. FITCHETT has made his reputation in both England and Australia by those dramatic sketches of British fighting on sea and land, which soldiers and civilians, schoolboys and their fathers, have been reading with breathless interest. His skill does not desert him as he turns to this ampler canvas. The subject is one that includes some of the greatest exploits of our soldiers and sailors, which brings us into touch with Nelson, Napoleon, and Wellington, and with their captains and compeers. It furnishes a series of dramatic scenes which still hold the world spellbound, and serve as a school of heroism for the whole English-speaking race. Dr. Fitchett carries us through this realm of history with the assured air of one who has lived among these scenes till they have almost become a part of himself. The result is an intense realism. We not merely read about these days of struggle and victory, but live through them. The drama opens with the march of the Guards through London on February 25, 1793. As the tiny column filed out towards Greenwich a hundred fields of battle stretched before it. The roll of its drums was to sound across half the world till it deepened into the tumult of Waterloo. Even Napoleon who boasted, "I have made war upon you for twenty years," actually asked to be made an English citizen. We pass through the France of the Revolution, standing by the witches' cauldron to watch the destruction of the Bastille, where for three hundred years the cells had claimed a new prisoner every year, and to see arise in its place that Reign of Terror which filled France with a ghastly succession of victims who hung suspended between the prison and the guillotine. Pitt was a peace minister who made every effort to avoid an embittered struggle with France; but the leaders of the Revolution saw clearly that England must be conquered if their principles were to prevail. France became

an armed camp ; its strategy was electrical ; its soldiers grew war hardened ; and when Bonaparte arose, its army seemed invincible. Till Wellington stepped on the stage our wars were idiotic expeditions. A raid was made for no particular reason. Then the army hurried back when things looked serious. England's fighting power increased as the struggle went on, and the nation bore every tax on its resources with exhaustless courage and patience. The exploits of our fleet made all Europe marvel. In fifty minutes Captain Pellow of the *Nymph* "dished up the crack ship of France." Duncan's wonderful victory at Camperdown furnishes a theme for one of Dr. Fitchett's most brilliant chapters ; the story of the battle of the Nile is told with wonderful vigour ; Sydney Smith's feat at Acre, where for sixty days he defied Napoleon and resisted forty desperate attacks, is a page in our naval history which will never grow dim. Napoleon himself, with his unscrupulous ambition, his utter lack of religious feeling, his terrible cruelty, forms the subject of a scathing critique. "He was perhaps the most naked worshipper of self the world has known ; he measured other men's rights by the standard of his mere will ; he counted all the noblest things of life—love, friendship, truth, religion, the happiness of the race—as mere sand-grains when weighed against what he held to be his 'glory.' But, as the penalty for this, love and friendship failed him. His glory perished. The nations he despised rose up against him. He left France smaller and weaker than he found it, and he died a crownless exile and a prisoner." The volume closes with the defence of Acre in 1799. We shall eagerly await the continuation of a work which bids fair to be a lasting monument to British patriotism and heroism.

J. TELFORD.

The Tragedy of Dreyfus. By G. W. Steevens. (London : Harper & Brothers. 5s.)

This book takes its readers right into the court-room at Rennes, and helps them to follow the whole scene with their own eyes, whilst an expert standing at their side interprets the course of events in the most wonderful, painful, bewildering trial of the century. The story is told with intense dramatic power, and throbs with life and reality. Mr. Steevens says that Colonel Jouaust behaved with impartiality, tact, and dignity, and won the respect of everybody who watched him. Only at the end

he made the blunder of refusing to have the German and Italian ex-attachés examined. In reference to the manœuvres at Mühlhausen, Dreyfus did not give the effect of a frank man. First he denied, then he qualified. He was afraid to tell the simple, innocent truth for fear of the use that might be made of any admission. The descriptions of Labori—"the very incarnation of the all-inquiring, all-constraining, relentless, resistless, remorseless might of law"; of the drawn battle between the great cross-examiner and Mercier—the Grand Inquisitor; of the wonderful seven hours' speech for the defence made by Demange, are very fine; and the chief witnesses are so vividly sketched that we seem to see the whole tragedy unfolding before our eyes. In a concluding chapter Mr. Steevens shows that the results of this terrible persecution of an innocent man are likely to be more fatal than Waterloo or Sedan. "The great institutions of France still stand; but everybody knows them to be undermined. There is no faith; and because there is no faith, there will be no miracle." Paris is sucking the nation dry. "Presently there will be nothing left but Paris and peasants." It is a thrilling story, and the Appendix of Events is a complete guide to the whole tragedy.

Rulers of India. Bábar. By Stanley Lane-Poole. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.)

This is one of the most interesting books of the "Rulers of India" Series. Bábar died at the age of forty-eight after a kingship of thirty-six years. His first days were mainly made up of disaster and defeat, yet before his death he had marched from Kabul, conquered Hindustan, and founded the Empire of the Great Moguls, which his grandson Atbar extended and enriched. Bábar kept a journal, which is delightfully frank, and shows that he was an ardent lover of nature, a poet philosopher, and a man of rare strength of character. At the age of thirty he gave way to intemperance; but he never allowed this to interfere with his work, and on the eve of the crucial struggle with the Rájputés he renounced wine, broke his drinking-cups, poured his stores of liquor on the ground, and promulgated a total abstinence manifesto in his army. He was a man of great physical strength, and delighted in swimming across every river to which he came in his journeys. His family affection is a fine feature in his character; but from first to last Bábar is a real

man, whose career forms one of the most wonderful stories of the East.

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem in 1672, translated from the Greek. By J. N. W. B. Robertson. (London : T. Baker. 5s. net.)

The synod was held to censure a certain confession, in which Cyril Lucar, patriarch of Constantinople, had expressed agreement, in the name of the Eastern Church, with Calvinist doctrine. Cyril is condemned and anathematised without mercy. His own confession is translated in an appendix. Beside the fulfilling the immediate purpose, the Jerusalem Confession expands into a tolerably full statement of the doctrines of the Eastern Church. Probably this is the reason why the translator has undertaken his task. Whether he has any other object in view is not stated. He can scarcely hope to further the project of union between Anglicanism and the East. The doctrinal position of the Eastern Church as here authoritatively defined is simply that of the Roman Church minus supremacy and infallibility. The scorn of Calvinism and all its ways, as well as of heretics in general, is very fine. J. S. BANKS.

Henry Scougal and the Oxford Methodists. By Rev. D. Butler, M.A. (London : Blackwood & Sons. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Butler has followed up his *John Wesley and George Whitefield in Scotland* by this beautiful tribute to a religious teacher of the Scottish Church whose *Life of God in the Soul of Man* the mother of the Wesleys described in 1732 "as an excellent good book" and "an acquaintance of mine many years ago." Charles Wesley lent the book to George Whitefield, to whom it proved an unspeakable blessing. We do not think the writer has proved his case that the *fons et origo* of Methodism must be sought in Henry Scougal of Aberdeen. All that he makes clear is that Scougal's book was well known to Mrs. Wesley and her sons, and recommended by Charles Wesley to Whitefield. But though we cannot accept Mr. Butler's theory, his chaste and tender little biography of a Scotch saint will certainly have a warm welcome in Methodist circles.

Wesley published his edition of it in 1744, as Mr. Butler will see from Mr. Green's *Wesley Bibliography*.

British Foreign Missions. By Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson and A. N. Johnson, M.A. (London : Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.)

This is a book that will strengthen the hands of all workers for foreign missions. It is an inspiring story. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne more than half the population of the world was closed to Christian missions. Africa was unexplored ; North America out of reach, South America impenetrable ; the whole of Asia, with the exception of India, and to some extent Burma and the Malay States, was closed. To-day all are open and accessible. British missions are worldwide in extent, yet wise in economy of force. Foolish rivalries and mutually injurious competitions between different sections of workers have been avoided. Yet, despite all the zeal displayed, there is a great work still to be done. The converts from heathenism in all parts of the world probably do not number more than two millions ; but it is impossible to estimate what missions have done to elevate and improve the life of the world, and their influence is deepening everywhere.

A Brief Survey of British History. By George T. Warner, Assistant Master at Harrow School. (London : Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.)

Mr. Warner selects the most important names and events in our history, and treats these in detail so as to give interest to a young scholar's first studies. The book is a great success. We do not know any manual that we should put into the hands of an intelligent boy or girl with more confidence than this. It is printed in good type, and the synopsis is a valuable feature of an excellent handbook.

The new edition of John Ashton's *Social England under the Regency* (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) is a treasure for all who wish to know what English life really was in the second decade of this century. City banquets, royal festivities, smuggling, riots, all the details of daily life are here set out in the most lively style, and made more vivid by ninety illustrations taken from contemporary authorities. The book is packed with good things, and there is not a dull page in it.

IV. BIOGRAPHY.

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By F. S. Stevenson, M.P. (London : Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.)

IN the April number of the LONDON QUARTERLY we had occasion to review the *Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln*, edited by Father Thurston. The life of a still greater bishop of our grandest cathedral, the greatest English bishop of the Middle Ages, now lies before us. Grosseteste (the spellings of his name, like that of Wycliffe, are legion) is one of the few mediæval prelates whose life is fairly familiar to the Englishman of culture. He has learned from Green to reverence and love the friend of Bacon and Simon de Montfort, the man who first introduced the friars to England, the great scholar who could even read the Bible in the original tongues, and who had sounded all the depths of the science and philosophy of the times. Few verdicts have been more lasting in their tradition and hold than the familiar sentence in which Matthew of Paris sums up the character of the uncanonised saint : "a manifest confuter of the pope and the king, the blamer of prelates, the corrector of monks, the director of priests, the support of scholars, the preacher to the people, the persecutor of the incontinent, the sedulous student of the Scriptures, the hammer and despiser of the Romans."

In the able and scholarly *Life* before us Mr. Stevenson more than justifies the high verdict of Roger Bacon and Matthew Paris. He brings out clearly and forcibly the threefold character of the great bishop, first as a reformer who sought to reform the Church from within, secondly as the teacher who guided the rising fortunes of the university of Oxford, and thirdly as the statesman, the friend, and ally of Montfort. In his preface Mr. Stevenson expresses a hope that his work "should come to be regarded as the standard *Life* of Grosseteste." We may assure him that his wish will be fulfilled. He has given us a contribution to the religious, political, and intellectual history of the thirteenth century which no scholar can afford to ignore. By its depth of research and width of knowledge and outlook, by its balanced and judicial spirit, above all

by its insight into the real meaning of mediæval life, the book deserves to rank, along with Mr. Rigg's *St. Anselm*, as a valuable recent addition to our historical literature.

The book is well written, and remarkably free from blunders, clerical or otherwise. Not the least important aspect of the work is the indirect evidence it affords of the truth of Professor Maitland's *Canon Law in the Church of England*, a work which, as our readers will know, is the most important book in its far reaching consequences that has appeared for many years. If Maitland could have been proved untrue, Grosseteste would have afforded the great opportunity. But instead of that Mr. Stevenson's most careful study practically endorses all the conclusions of Maitland. Whereat we rejoice; for we believe that in Professor Maitland's great work *Anglicanism*, viewed as a force that protests against the Reformation, has met its historic death wound. Maitland's book has as yet received no attempt at an answer, while in the work of Mr. Stevenson it receives a strong though indirect confirmation.

H. B. WORKMAN.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair, First Lord Playfair of St. Andrews, P.C., G.C.B., etc., etc. By Wemyss Reid. With Two Portraits. (London: Cassell & Co. 1899. 21s.)

Sir Wemyss Reid has been happy in the subjects of his admirable biographies. In W. E. Forster, Lord Houghton, and Lord Playfair he has had to portray the character and personality of three eminent men of very different types, and to deal with three histories as diverse from each other as the men to whom they belonged. Of the three Lord Houghton's was the most picturesque character, and also the most picturesque and brilliant life. Forster was characteristically a statesman, was called to fulfil the rôle of a reformer in the thorny field of educational legislation, and was marked out for an honourable ostracism among unreasonable partisans because of his merits in two diverse and supremely difficult spheres; his was a hard but noble lot, the difficulties of which were not alleviated by any arts of management, or charm of phrase, in contending for what he held to be just and needful, though they were not aggravated by any narrowness or selfishness of character. Lyon Playfair's character and history stood as far apart as well

could be from both the one and the other of these two; were as unlike those of the poet and favourite of fashionable life as those of the blunt, honest, generous statesman and philanthropist. But the biography will be found as interesting as either of the others.

Playfair was as fortunate in his friends and in his uniformly successful career as Monckton Milnes, and happier certainly in the uniformly useful and beneficent form of his activity. Though his was a more pleasing public career than that of Forster, his life was not less devoted throughout to the service of his generation. His biographer hesitates to speak of him as a great man, yet he would seem to come nearer to the high category of greatness than most men. His clear vision and luminous power of suggestion, his wonderful versatility, his ready grasp of scientific principles and correlations, his gifts as a teacher and expositor, his easy mastery of all details, his personal influence and charm, enabled him to solve difficulties which had appeared to others intractable, to harmonize varieties of character and judgment, to act both as expositor and as administrator alike in scientific councils and in national schemes of economical advancement or manufacturing co-operation and exhibition. His social qualities, without any touch of frivolity, were full of interest and charm. He was the favourite counsellor and helper of the admirable Prince Consort almost from the time of his marriage to the Queen, and was the Queen's close personal friend to the end of his life. In the great national exhibitions, whether organised in England or France, he was the most influential adviser, and also an untiring worker, in this capacity being in contact and acting in concert with first the Prince Consort and afterwards the Prince of Wales. He was a very distinguished man of science, and was president of many national commissions. He laid the foundations of our national sanitary science, took an early and leading part in educational advancement, and at the same time was recognised in every nation as a scientific *savant*, and was the recipient of honourable distinctions from almost every country.

What has now been said is but an imperfect outline of the many and various capacities in which this genial, gifted, and noble-minded Scotchman served his day and generation, and of the merits which raised him from the Professorship of Chemistry at Edinburgh to the brilliant position in the nation and before

the world of which his peerage of St. Andrews was the symbol. It should be added that he served the State as a politician, acted as Vice-President of the Council for Education, was a brave and faithful Chairman of Committees, and Deputy Speaker in the House of Commons in the most difficult and troubled period of our recent parliamentary history, was an exemplary husband and father, and was free from any vices, whether "redeeming" or merely immoral. This biography is a book for all to read, and ought to be in every gentleman's library.

A Preacher's Life. An Autobiography and an Album.

By Joseph Parker, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

Dr. Parker has laid his brethren under a fresh obligation by writing this book. It is the history of the genesis and development of a great preacher, and is told with that mingled humour and satire which is one of the chief charms of the pastor of the City Temple. Hexham, with its venerable church and abbey, its strong-willed Dissenters, and its vigorous north country folk, was an ideal training-ground for such a man. The Roman Catholic priest of the place was famous for his smile, the Anglican rector had a voice that gave dignity to every funeral at which he officiated. Nonconformity was nowhere in the presence of such figures. The Presbyterian minister of the place was indeed entitled to take rank among the highest of his compeers, though out of his fifty-seven hearers thirty were generally in doubt as to what the eloquent man was talking about. Dr. Parker's father was a master mason, who fondly hoped that his son would tread in his steps. The boy wore the moleskins for a year, and took lessons in architectural drawing; but it was soon evident that he must find his way into the pulpit. He had three schoolmasters, one of whom was "a fiend," not outdone one whit by the notorious Mr. Squeers. The future preacher was well grounded in English and Latin, and learnt the meaning of the word thorough. After a while he set up as schoolmaster himself, adding to his first prospectus the characteristic note: "The conductor of Ebenezer Seminary does not undertake to supply his people with brains."

The visits of Thomas Cooper and George Dawson acted like yeast on the young genius of Hexham. Chartism was in the air, and Joseph Raynor Stephens became the hero of the Parker

household. Dr. Parker says the Wesleyan Conference blew Stephens out of a gun as if he had been an ecclesiastical sepy convicted of open mutiny; but he tells us enough of Stephens to show that the Methodist Conference knew its business. Young Parker eagerly studied great speeches, committed poetry to memory, and seized opportunities of speaking with the zest of a rising orator. At last he ventured to pour out his heart to Dr. John Campbell, minister of Whitefield's Tabernacle in London. On his twenty-second birthday, April 9, 1852, he found himself in Campbell's study; and for eighteen months he became the doctor's assistant, reading under his direction, paying pastoral visits, and receiving the old man's criticisms and counsels on his preaching. He attended classes at University College, and found the months a valuable preparation for future usefulness. Dr. Parker describes his inner life and his beliefs in two chapters full of sound thought and warm evangelical teaching. It is a beautiful picture of child consecration which he gives, and in prayer he has never lost the feeling of expectancy and of nearness to God. He says: "I know of nothing which can do human life so much real and lasting good as the religion of Jesus Christ; therefore I preach it with the energy of conviction, not unmingled, I trust, with the joy of experience."

Dr. Parker had married in the November before he came to London, and two years later he accepted his first pastorate at Banbury, with a stipend of £130. The little old-fashioned chapel up an obscure lane soon became too small for the congregation, and such success attended the young preacher that many tempting offers were made to draw him away to secular work or to larger charges. His whole heart was in his ministry. Money did not tempt him, and after fifty years he can say that he is not fifty shillings the richer for any preaching outside his own pulpit. After nearly five years in the country town, he moved to Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester. To secure him the Manchester millionaires paid off the debt of £700 at Banbury. Dr. Parker's father had failed in business, and his son was now able to meet the honest mason's debts.

After eleven years' splendid service in Manchester, Dr. Parker came to London to begin a ministry which has proved a delight and inspiration, not only to one congregation, but to ministers and people of every Church and name. He had been married four years earlier to Miss Common of Sunderland, to

whose memory he devotes a chapter throbbing with tender feeling. "Her life was a child's smile—a spring dawn—a morning salutation." What she was to her husband and to his people for thirty-four years no pen can describe. She led the singing in the City Temple, reported her husband's sermons in a weekly journal, and gave him fresh strength and courage for his work.

Dr. Parker's has been a busy pen, and his reminiscences of literary work are of much interest. "An Album" is devoted to celebrities. The story of his intercourse with Mr. Gladstone, whom he regarded as "Incarnate Power, the very spirit and force of intellect," will be eagerly read. Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Binney, and other Nonconformist masters are deftly portrayed. Dr. Newton still stands out in his memory with the brightness and repose of a planet. "If Charles Wesley wished to know how much there was in one of his hymns, he ought to have lived long enough to hear Dr. Newton read it." He says that Dr. Punshon "thought in metaphor. His sentences were examples in sculpture—sometimes he carved in wood, sometimes in marble, and now and again he seemed to be engraving precious stones." Dr. Beaumont he describes as one of the most effective Methodist preachers he ever heard; John Rattenbury had quite an apostolic love of souls; George Brown Macdonald's ministry he remembers with the deepest gratitude. Dr. Parker thinks that Congregationalism has lost great opportunities by not sufficiently developing the public talents of business men. He would like to see lay-preaching organised in the villages. We have to thank him for a sparkling book, full of good things put as only Dr. Parker can put them.

J. TELFORD.

The Life of Francis William Crossley. Edited by J. Rendel Harris. (London: James Nisbet & Co. 6s.)

Francis Crossley will long be revered in Manchester as the saint of Ancoats who broke up his home at Bowdon to live and work among the masses. He belonged to an Irish family with the best Huguenot blood in its veins, and after serving an apprenticeship in George Stevenson's works at Newcastle began business with his brother in Manchester. No sooner was the deed of partnership signed than the brothers knelt in prayer to ask for grace to carry on their business worthily. For some time the struggle was hard, but the gas-engine made the fortune

of the firm, which now employs twelve hundred and sixty men. Mr. Crossley had a great love of art and good books; but in later years he said that reading was not his forte. He was a slow reader, who kept to a few favourite books till they had become part of himself. When his brother asked how long he intended to stick to the Laird of Linlathen, Frank replied with a smile, "To the end of my pilgrimage!" To the funds of the Salvation Army he contributed not less than £100,000. He had ordered his uniform, and was on the point of joining the Army, but found himself unable to sign the Articles of War. The work in Ancoats gave a splendid outlet for his self-sacrificing zeal, and all Manchester was stirred by his self-renunciation. His labours for the cause of social purity and for the downtrodden Armenians really shortened his life. Frank Crossley had a sensitive conscience, and the stories of his generous treatment of men in business difficulty prove that he was a real Christian gentleman in every relation of life. His whole course was ruled by his own words to his sister: "If our hearts were more filled with love to God and love to all around us, the hindrances which so often made intercourse with other Christians difficult and unsatisfactory would be swept away." Mr. Rendel Harris throws a gentle light of humour over this story of a noble life, and Dr. Maclaren and Dr. Mackennal's tributes were in themselves worth living for.

The Vicar of Morwenstow. By S. Baring Gould. (London: Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.)

The vicar of Morwenstow was one of the oddest mixtures of self-will with real goodness and genius that even the west country has ever produced. The working men adored their eccentric clergyman. "If all gentlemen were like our vicar, the world would have no wrongs in it," was a common saying. He was, as Mr. Baring Gould says, "an anachronism. He did not belong to this century or this country. His mind and character pertained to the Middle Ages and to the East." In many respects he was in advance of his times; but he was steeped in prejudices, and was the most unpractical and impulsive of beings. Mr. Baring Gould raised a nest of hornets by the first edition of Mr. Hawker's life. He has had opportunity for emendation in this new edition, and no one who wishes to gain the acquaintance of a unique character of the west country and

to feast on quaint stories can afford to overlook this book. Dissenters play a rather ignoble part in it; but we are not prepared to accept Mr. Hawker's verdict. He could not even speak, his biographer tells us, with justice or charity of John Wesley. "He knew nothing of the greatness, holiness, and zeal of that zealous man; he did not consider how dead the Church was when he appeared and preached to the people. When he was reproached for his harsh speeches about Wesley, his ready answer was: 'I judge of him by the deeds of his followers.' One of his sayings was: 'John Wesley came into Cornwall, and persuaded the people to change their vices.'" Making all deductions for his violent prejudices, even a Methodist heart warms towards the poet parson whom Mr. Baring Gould has immortalised in his west country classic.

Messrs. A. & C. Black lay every Englishman under obligation by *Who's Who*, which is really indispensable for every one that wishes to know about the men and women of the day. No pains have been spared in making the present issue as correct and complete as possible, and the result is everything one could desire. The name of the editor of this REVIEW should be given as Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

The *Englishwoman's Year-Book* is now in its twentieth year. Last year it was remodelled, and won a great success. It is still better this year, and every woman who is interested in education, literature, or charitable work will find it a most valuable handbook.

Thomas Campbell. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.)

Mr. Hadden is not a hero-worshipper, and Campbell is not a hero. He is dissected somewhat unmercifully in this frank little book. But despite his shiftless ways and his unworthy work as a prose-writer, Campbell was greatly beloved in a wide circle, and showed himself to be a generous, warm-hearted man. He lives by a few lines of poetry and two or three war songs.

V. TRAVEL AND COUNTRY LIFE.

In India. By G. W. Steevens. (Edinburgh : Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

PONDEROUS tomes on India abound. Mr. Steevens has had no ambition to add to them. He lends us his eyes, that Englishmen who can never hope to see their great empire in the East may understand something of its kaleidoscopic wonders. We are set on shore in Bombay, where all classes crowd to welcome the new Viceroy. The rich natives shone in the gathering crowd like rainbows. "There were women in purple and green draperies, servants in flaming scarlet, masters ablaze with bullion and jewels." Every race, every creed, every colour, every style grouped themselves on the threshold of India as a living epitome of the hundred-headed incongruities that swarm within. Forty languages are habitually spoken in the bazaars of Bombay. Its tenement houses surpass anything you can find in Europe. The plague is due to "sheer piggery, dirt and darkness, foul air and rabbit-warren overcrowding." Calcutta is not a whit better than Bombay. "Its state is an invitation to pestilence, and a menace to the world. In some parts of the city land is worth £40,000 an acre, and the most valuable plots are precisely those which are covered with flimsy hovels crawling with naked humanity."

Mr. Steevens regards the whole system of higher education in India as radically vicious, tending to mere parrotlike repetition. In a set of vivid pictures he shows us the chief cities, and introduces us to the people, the native princes, the Government machinery, the judicial courts, the army, and the civilians. Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs, is a model of well-being. The stream of people in its streets sets steadily toward the Golden Temple, which is not so large as St. Clement Danes Church in London. Its sanctuary has four open doors of chased silver. Three priests sit on the floor. The high-priest reads continually from the sacred book, whilst another priest with a gilt-handled whisk fans the volume. Each believer crouches to the shrine, and casts flowers, cowries or copper

coins on the cloth that lies before the sacred book. "Splendour and squalor, divinity and dirt, superstition and manliness," are everywhere in the oddest proximity. Peshawar is "one huge caravanserai, a mart where half Asia bargains for riches that must be enjoyed in safety elsewhere." It is choked with life and business. An hour's ride brings you to the gates of the Khyber, "a mere perplexity of riotous mountain." Here Mr. Steevens introduces us to the brave Highlanders of India with whom we have had so many stiff conflicts. A sight of their mountain home throws a flood of light on the exploits of the Tirah field force, which have not yet been appreciated as they deserve. Mr. Steevens has done great service to English readers by this vivid description of India and its people. The whole book is alive, and every one who wishes to understand the conditions of life in the East ought to read it. J. TELFORD.

Through the Gold-fields of Alaska to Bering Straits. By Harry De Windt. (London : Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

This cheap edition of Mr. De Windt's book ought to be welcomed by a large circle of readers. It describes the region now famed throughout the world as Klondike, and gives the best account of placer mining that we have seen. The shooting of the rapids in the Grand Cañon makes a thrilling story, and the plague of mosquitoes, the weariness of constant daylight, the life of the Tchuktchis with their indescribable filth and their revolting customs, will make most people thankful that they have not to follow in the writer's footsteps. The illustrations are excellent, and the book is one that everybody ought to put on their list.

A Book of the West. Being an Introduction to Devon and Cornwall. Vol. I., "Devon"; Vol. II., "Cornwall." (London : Methuen & Co. 6s. each.)

Mr. Baring Gould is one of the most prolific and versatile writers of the day. He is steeped in the lore of the west, and has set himself to produce a book which will prepare its readers to use their guide-books with discretion. He is great on dialect, greater still on old customs, ghost stories, exploits of white witches, smugglers, and wreckers. He is an enthusiast whose enthusiasm is contagious; and though his facts and conclusions are not always above criticism, we have not found a dull inch o

type in his volumes. He does not accept the common opinion that the bulk of the Devonshire people are largely Saxon, and that the Cornish are almost pure Celts. West of Okehampton there is really not much difference between the Devonian and the Cornishman. It is amusing to read of Matthew Arnold's dismay when the children at Kelly excused their restlessness by saying, "Plaaze, zur, us be a-veared of the apple-drayne." This he discovered to be the Devonshire name for a wasp; the cock on the wall was described as a stag. Mr. Gould found the boys and girls in one school expert in African mountains and Siberian rivers, but ignorant of the name of the speedwell, or of the river that flowed through their own valley. In Devonshire a wedding awakes little interest; the parents rarely attend. But a "buryin' has an extraordinary fascination, and nothing gives greater satisfaction to the mourners than when a guest says, wiping the crumbs from his beard and the whisky-drops from his lips, 'Us 'as enjoyed ourselves bravely.'" The story of the old woman who stuffed the *Western Morning News* into her mouth when she was photographed, because she would not be taken with her cheeks fallen in, shows how jealous the west country women are of their much famed beauty. The independence of the men is proverbial, and any impertinence is keenly resented. Mr. Baring Gould holds that religion in Cornwall is emotional, and has hardly enough to do with morality. Crediton is the great centre of apple-culture and cider-making, and some delightful pages are devoted to it. The stories about the white witches, witches who had no dealings with Satan, will test the stoutest faith; the Exmoor ponies are not forgotten; but we wish we had been told more about them. Bideford with its hero, Sir Richard Grenville, and Dartmoor with its antiquities, convicts, and superstitions, by no means exhaust the interest of this volume.

Cornish saints, holy wells, crosses, and castles take the chief place in the second volume. Cornwall has more crosses than any other county, and the delicate interlaced work carved on them is of great interest. The history and methods of tin-mining are pleasantly described. The old Cornish custom of making a figure out of the heads of wheat in the last sheaf at a harvest and crying "A neck!" once led an unpopular M.P. to fly for his life. He passed a field where he saw a rush of men who shouted, "Us have'n! us have'n! A neck! A neck!" The wheat of the last sheaf was preserved apart during the

winter, and either mixed with next year's seed corn or given to the best bullock. "Making sweet hay" in Devonshire, by catching a girl in a twist of hay and exacting a kiss, is a reminiscence of days when a victim was sacrificed to the earth spirit in order to secure a future harvest. The wonders of the district such as the Cheesewring are pleasantly described; the dangers of arsenic-working lure Mr. Baring Gould into stories of arsenic wall-papers, which are rather irrelevant. Bude does not find much favour in his eyes. He describes it as "an unpicturesque, uninteresting place," though he admits that its air is exhilarating, its shore good for bathers, and its cliff scenery noble. There are some capital stories about the boat-women of Saltash, who won a national reputation fifty years ago. The present generation of women do not take to the water as their mothers did. Mr. Baring Gould guides us from town to town, dwelling on salient points in local history, and bringing out from his exhaustless store legends of saints and stories of smugglers which beguile the way. The delightful excursion closes with a visit to the Scilly Isles, which he regards as the sanatorium of the future. The illustrations are very attractive, and the *Book of the West* cannot fail to be popular, and to add greatly to the delights of travel in Devon and Cornwall. On pages 11 and 82 there is a little needless repetition, and on page 162 the date does not agree with that of the picture opposite page 152.

J. TELFORD.

More Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 7s. 6d.)

Mrs. Earle's new volume has all the merits of the first, and we are sorry to learn that she does not intend to give us a third. The lover of gardens will here find hints as to plants and flowers which will give new delight and interest to gardening. Cooks and their mistresses may cull receipts for dishes of every sort. Mrs. Earle gives us critiques on books, shares with us her correspondence, tells us about her father's courtship, and allows us to read one of his love letters. She defends her vegetarianism, to which she owes deliverance from chronic rheumatism; she acts as friend and champion of the domestic servant. We get hints on diet, on housekeeping, on the conduct of life in every department. The most elaborate section of the book is that on love and marriage, intended for girls

between seventeen and twenty-five. The advice is steeped in sound sense, and marked by the insight into life and character which gave such charm to the first volume. The book is no doubt discursive, at times even commonplace; but it is a medley so delightful, seasoned with such entertaining anecdote and full of such ripe wisdom, that we have found its charm increasing on us as we turned its pages. The description of the middle-aged Italian couple who feasted in a railway carriage is simply delicious. Mrs. Earle is as genial and gracious as John Wesley himself, and we wish she would revise her reference on page 405 to the serious-minded people whom she knew in her youth, people who considered sadness almost a virtue. Wesley's teaching and influence were certainly not responsible for that temper, as a study of his own life, and especially his lovely old age, would soon prove to Mrs. Earle.

The fifth edition of *Murray's Handbook to Wilts and Dorset* (6s.) has gained a literary flavour by quotations from Mr. Hardy's Wessex stories. The identification of places mentioned in them has been supplied by the novelist. The watering-places of Wantage and Swanage have received special attention, and the notes as to the country surrounding them will be of great value to holiday-makers. The pages on Salisbury Cathedral, Wimborne, and Sherborne are all that a visitor needs, and special attention is given to prehistoric memorials of Stonehenge and Avebury, which in Aubrey's days "did as much surpass Stonehenge as a cathedral doth a parish church." In Aubrey's time Amesbury was noted for the best tobacco-pipes in England. Its chief fame rests on the legendary retirement of Queen Guinevere to its monastery. Bemerton still listens to the bells tolled by George Herbert at his institution, and boasts of an aged fig-tree and a medlar-tree planted by him, also of a verse he composed for the front of the parsonage. The routes for cyclists are a good feature, and the introduction covers the history, physical features, geology, antiquities, and architecture of the two counties.

VI. BELLES LETTRES.

The Life and Works of Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters.
 In Seven Volumes, with Portraits and Illustrations.
 Vol. I., "Jane Eyre"; Vol. II., "Shirley." By Char-
 lotte Brontë. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6s. each.)

THE "Haworth Edition" of the Life and Works of the Brontë Sisters is planned on the same scale and style as Mrs. Ritchie's *Thackeray*, which has achieved such a success. The first volume, a large crown octavo, leaves nothing to be desired as to type or binding, whilst the illustrations include a portrait of Charlotte Brontë, with a water-colour drawing of Rochester and Jane Eyre, and eight views of places described in the story, which are reproduced from special photographs. Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who is a well known Brontë expert, will supply an introduction and notes to the last volume, which is devoted to the life by Mrs. Gaskell; Mrs. Humphry Ward writes introductions to the various stories. The first instalment of her editorship makes us wish for more. She is not blind to the defects of the plot of *Jane Eyre*, which abounds with absurdities and inconsistencies. Yet the book has "in detail, in conversation, in the painting of character, that perpetual magic of the unexpected which overrides a thousand faults, and keeps the mood of the reader happy and alert." The story charms and holds attention from first to last. Charlotte Brontë's own fresh, indomitable, surprising personality casts its spell over us. Her father was an Irishman, her mother was Cornish. Added to the Irish and Celtic element in their daughter was the influence of the hard, frugal, persistent north. France also set its stamp on Charlotte Brontë's work; for her French reading quickened and fertilised her genius, and gave her a special place in our literature of imagination. Mrs. Ward has earned the gratitude of all admirers of *Jane Eyre* by this sympathetic and discriminating introduction.

Shirley, as Mrs. Ward points out, is richer even than *Jane Eyre* in poetry and unexpectedness, in a sort of fresh and sparkling charm like that of a moor in sunshine. The tragedy of a woman's life—the deaths of her brother Branwell and her two

sisters, which all occurred whilst she was writing *Shirley*—made blurs and inequalities in that work ; but though it is not so good a story as its predecessor, it contains the promise and potency of “ the brilliant, the imperishable *Villets*.” The pathos of Charlotte Brontë’s life takes hold of our heartstrings afresh as we read Mrs. Ward’s introduction. In a fine passage she pays tribute also to Emily Brontë as the “ true creator, using the most limited material in the puissant, detached impersonal way that belongs only to the highest gifts—the way of Shakespeare. Charlotte is often parochial, womanish, and morbid in her imagination of men and their relation to women ; Emily, who has known two men only, her father and her brother, and derives all other knowledge of the sex from books, from Tabby’s talk in the kitchen, from the forms and features she passes in the village street, or on the moors,—Emily can create a Heathcliff, a Hareton Earnshaw, a Joseph, an Edgar Linton, with equal force, passion, and indifference.” The exquisite illustrations of this volume will give great delight to lovers of *Shirley*.

J. TELFORD.

The Theology of Modern Literature. By Rev. S. Law Wilson, M.A., D.D. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 7s. 6d.)

Dr. Wilson maintains that literature is now the most effective medium for making the abstract ideas of theology intelligible to the multitude. His main position is that there is an estrangement between culture and righteousness which is far more deplorable than the severance between science and religion, because the latter affects only the select few, while the former affects a great army of readers. In other words, he believes that “ the man on the street ” gets his ideas of God and sin and the hereafter, not from preachers or theologians (he would call them “ theologues ”), but from “ the occupant of some chair editorial who has only a bowing acquaintance with the subject in question.” He complains, not that our modern writers are aggressively irreligious, but that so many of them ignore religion. And the complaint is very just. A colleague of mine who read Nansen’s *Farthest North* at the time of its publication made this observation : “ The book is full of adventure and peril, and there is not a single word from beginning to end in acknowledgment of the Providence which brought him through it.”

Dr. Wilson has a strong case, but one cannot help thinking

that he overstates it; in fact, nothing strikes the reader of this book more than a certain lack of restraint and a consequent loss of dignity and impressiveness. We are reminded again and again of Marie Corelli. He cannot differ without screaming. Take this sentence from the chapter on George Eliot: "She defied those so called canons of a pseudo-artistic taste, and brushed aside those technical regulations of a red-tape criticism. . . . The great sin of which she has been convicted by the critics is the sin of having ideas—a sin so rarely committed by the modern fiction-writer that for once it may well be forgiven." Or this from the chapter on Robert Elsmere: "Now, in all conscience, it is too late in the day for Mrs. Ward or any other writer to indulge in tall talk like this, which is nothing short of insolence. . . . And what special title has Robert Elsmere thus to snub the Christian believer and pour upon him the vials of his contempt, as if he were invariably a flat-skulled type of mortal, or the helpless victim of gullibility."

There are chapters on Emerson, Carlyle, Browning, George Eliot, George McDonald, Ian MacLaren, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Thomas Hardy, and George Meredith. Dr. Wilson examines the theology of each in turn and quarrels with each—more or less—except Meredith, who is "the one first-rate writer now left to us," "the acknowledged sovereign in contemporary romance."

There are several unpardonable inaccuracies which will doubtless be corrected in a later edition. The writer five times refers to Mr. Selby (whose Fernley Lecture is on a kindred subject) as Dr. Selby, which is probably a little previous. He speaks twice of Dr. Forsythe, and once of Hardy's *Tess of D'Urberville* and of Watts-Dunton's *Alywin*.

In spite of these defects, the book is bright and interesting from beginning to end. It sparkles with apt quotations and smart sayings. It gives evidence of very wide reading, and it calls our attention to a subject of surpassing importance to all preachers and teachers, and, in fact, to all who are interested in the future either of theology or of literature.

ARTHUR MOORHOUSE.

English Satires. With an Introduction by Oliphant Smeaton. (London: Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.)

The satires are in prose and poetry, and range from Langland and Chaucer to Browning, Thackeray, and C. S. Calverley

They supply abundant illustration of the irony, sarcasm, invective, wit, and humour that form the chief instruments of the satirist's equipment. Rome was the home of ancient satire, and the earliest cultivators of the art were no doubt, as Dr. Garnett says, "the carpers and fault-finders of the clan." Mr. Smeaton traces the art from age to age and country to country in his instructive introduction. So long as man and his works are imperfect, so long as abuses exist, the satirist will have his vocation "to prick the bubbles of falsehood, vanity, and vice with the shafts of ridicule and railery."

Sense and Sensibility. By Jane Austen. With an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs, and Illustrations by Chris. Hammond. (London: George Allen. 5s.)

This is a tasteful edition, printed on beautiful paper, with gilt edges, and bound in an attractive cover. Mr. Hammond's choice illustrations catch the spirit of the story, and add new interest to it. Mr. Jacobs, in his admirable introduction, ranks *Sense and Sensibility* third among Jane Austen's masterpieces. It was her first work, and was recast from its original form as a series of letters into narrative. Since her day "no English novelist has portrayed a section of English society with such sure strokes, with such catholic sympathy, with such light and effective touches. She had not passion, she rarely touches the deeper emotions, but for subtle observation, for bright wit, for steady judgment of the true elements of character, she has never been equalled among the ranks of English novel writers."

At the Wind's Will. Lyrics and Sonnets by Louise Chandler Moulton. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

Perhaps the first impression that this book leaves upon the mind is one of pensive monotony, if not of melancholy. The music seems all in the minor key, the songs all "songs of love and of sorrowing," the singer sad, and conscious that the best of life is over.

But I lack something that no year will bring,
Since May no longer greets me with your eyes,

and beyond all this looms the other world, immense, un conjectured, and pitilessly silent.

But on closer reading, these first impressions strike us as less and less fair; and though when we close the book the dedication to "Hope" is still pathetic, we, like Bassanio, have found within our leaden casket so fair a "counterfeit" of love, that in its passionate faithfulness we meet the compensating courage and resolution.

All the poems are highly finished, and show delicacy of thought and expression; but unquestionably the finest work is found among the sonnets. These take precedence in both matter and style, and it is impossible in so small a space to do them justice. Mrs. Moulton perhaps takes Rossetti as her model, similarity of theme making the suggestion at times a strong one; but the sonnets will stand on their own merits, and are full of vigour and intensity. "At Midsummer" is a fine example of both the objective and subjective powers of Mrs. Moulton's mind:

The spacious Noon enfolds me with its peace—
 The affluent Midsummer wraps me round—
 So still the earth and air, that scarce a sound
 Affronts the silence, and the swift caprice
 Of one stray bird's lone call does but increase
 The sense of some compelling hush profound,
 Some spell by which the whole vast world is bound,
 Till star-crowned Night smile downward its release.

I sit and dream—midway of the long day—
 Midway of the glad year—midway of life—
 My whole world seems, indeed, to hold its breath:—
 For me the sun stands still upon his way—
 The winds for one glad hour remit their strife—
 Then Day, and Year, and Life whirl on toward Death.

The Realms of Gold. By John Dennis. (London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Dennis seeks to create in youthful readers a love for good reading. He leads us through "the realms of gold," right on from Chaucer to Tennyson and Coventry Patmore, supplying an introductory framework and giving quotations which whet one's appetite for more. It is a book that will admirably serve its purpose, and be a treasure to every lover of English literature.

Dr. Gibson has edited George Herbert's *The Temple* for Messrs. Methuen's "Library of Devotion." He has prefixed Izaak Walton's Life to the Poem, and has supplied bibliographical notes and explanations, which make this a very complete and helpful edition. It is beautifully got up, and will be dear to all who prize communion with the poet of whom Richard Baxter says, "Herbert speaks to God like a man that really believeth in God, and whose business in the world is most with God."

The expiration of the copyright has enabled Messrs. Bryce & Son, of Glasgow, to publish Tennyson's Poems in a shilling volume, which includes the Early poems, the English Idyls, Maud, The Princess, and In Memoriam. It has two hundred and fifty-six pages of good clear type, six full-page illustrations, and is bound in ornamental cloth. It is extraordinary value, and ought to have a big sale. Messrs. Bryce have also published a *Pocket Portrait Shakespeares* in eight volumes bound as four. There is a good biography, notes to the eight portraits, glossary, index to quotations, and forty original illustrations, which admirably catch the spirit of the dramatist. The volumes are delightful to handle and read. They are demy 32mo, beautifully printed in nonpareil type at the Glasgow University Press, and can be had for nine shillings on ordinary paper, and for twelve printed on India paper. They are put into a unique case, which can be set on a bookshelf, and preserves the dainty volumes from dust.

No pains has been spared to make the popular edition of J. R. Vernon's *Harvest of a Quiet Eye* (Religious Tract Society, 5s.) thoroughly attractive as a gift book. Its meditations on nature have long been dear to thoughtful people, and we hope the book will now reach new corners, and teach many more readers to make their musings sweet to God.

Roxane, by Louis Creswicke (Cassell & Co., 6s.), is the story of a young English journalist who buys a slave girl in Turkey. The girl is carried off by his friend Wykeham, who marries her. Their daughter wins Nigel's affection; but loyalty to his previous engagement stands in the way of their happiness. The knot is cut by a shipwreck. The story has an Eastern flavour, which gives it freshness and piquancy; it is full of adventures mingled with not a few improbabilities; and its sequel is tragic. It holds attention well and is well written, with plenty of vigour and spirit.

Our Lady of Darkness, by Bernard Capes (Blackwood & Sons, 6s.), is as brilliant and painful a story as the season has given us. Ned Murk, nephew and heir to the terrible old viscount, wanders off to Liège, and becomes mixed up in some village tragedies which culminate in Paris during the Revolution. Mr. Capes is a pitiless writer, who compels us to feel every thrill of horror in his guillotine scene and his tales of passion and cruelty. The revelations make us shrink back with horror; but the student of human nature will feel that he is in the hands of a master, and has gained a deeper insight into the springs of conduct by his painful lesson.

Even If, by J. M. De-Groot (Blackwood & Sons, 6s.), is the story of a Stockholm heiress, her uncongenial marriage to a Dutch lawyer, the sensational drive in which she runs over and kills her own husband, and her growing attachment to the steward of her estate. It is a queer production, though it is in parts brightly written, and the duel scene must be described as vulgar sensationalism.

Gilian the Dreamer (Isbister & Co., 6s.) is a piece of Neil Munro's best writing, steeped in the poetry and passion of the Highlands. Gilian lives in his dream world, and loses his lady through his odd and unpractical ways. We cannot help feeling that Nan is better off as the bride of young Islay, and that Gilian will still be happy in his dream world. The book makes one impatient, despite the glamour of its style.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. have published *The Red Rat's Daughter*, by Guy Boothby (5s.) It is a story of the release of a Russian prisoner from an island on the east of Siberia. The young English millionaire thinks he is rescuing his sweetheart's father, a noted Nihilist; but when the man is safe, he discovers that he has really brought off the most notorious diamond-robber in the world. The story is full of sensations, and they are healthy ones too. People who like such fiction will find this bright and lively from first to last. *Lady Barbarity*, by J. C. Snaith (6s.), is the story of an earl's daughter, who saves a young political prisoner, who has been involved in Prince Charlie's raid in 1745, from the scaffold, and afterwards marries him. The book is worthy of its title, "a romantic comedy." *Lady Barbarity* is a strange creature, and the book is a tissue of plotting from first to last. *James Cope*, by Cuthbert Barmby (3s. 6d.), is a criminal detective story that can be recommended only to those who love horrors.

Sweet Briar Sprays, by Harry Lowerison (London: F. R. Harrison, 1s. 6d.), is a set of papers on Ecclefechan, Ruyard Lake, Epping Forest, and other resorts of pilgrims and holiday-makers. A deep love of nature breathes on every page, and we seem to see common things through a poet's eyes, and to interpret them by a poet's heart. The writer is a socialist and an unbeliever. We wish he had expunged his "Christmas Eve"; but, despite this blot, we have found much to delight in as we turned his pages.

Sir Patrick: The Puddock, by L. B. Walford (London: C. A. Pearson, 6s.), is the story of a beauty and an heiress who turns with loathing from the gilded youth of her fashionable set to marry little Sir Patrick, the Highland laird. Love turns Mary Harbrough into a really noble woman, and Sir Patrick is worthy of her. The book improves in style and tone as it goes on, and it is sure to be read and enjoyed in every home circle.

She Walks in Beauty, by Katharine Tynan (London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 6s.), is a delightful Irish story. Mr. Graydon and his daughters are charming, and the love affairs of the three girls are idyllic. Sylvia, after all, is the queen, and the way that she consoles Lord Glengall for her sister's desertion makes a fine finish to a story, which will charm every family circle.

The Backblocks' Person (C. H. Kelly, 2s. 6d.) is a vigorous tale of Australian life, with some exciting encounters with bushrangers and a happy love story. The Methodist preacher is a manly fellow who richly deserves his good fortune, and Jess, with her splendid horsemanship and high spirit, is very attractive. The book gives a most interesting picture of squatter life in Australia.

Messrs. Methuen's *Little Library* is to be a library of all the talents, of famous works in English and other literatures, in fiction, poetry, belles lettres. Introductions, biographical and critical, with footnotes, and a photogravure frontispiece to each volume will make *The Little Library* as welcome to its constituents as *The Library of Devotion* has been in another circle. *Vanity Fair* (3 vols., 4s. 6d. net) makes a good opening for such a set of masterpieces. Mr. Stephen Gwynn in his charming introduction does not hesitate to say that there is not a better novel in any language than it and *Esmond*.

VII. ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

Andrea del Sarto. By H. Guinness. (London : George Bell & Sons. 5s. net.)

ANDREA DEL SARTO is to be seen in all his splendour only in his native city of Florence. He is represented, indeed, in most of the capitals of Europe ; but his work has been retouched, if not repainted, till very little of its original spirit remains. He was bourgeois by birth, marriage, and association, yet he was never vulgar. His models were homely, simple folk ; "but with dignified readiness they take their place in the artist's great frescoes and altar-pieces, to tell the story, as he felt it, of some saint's life or some Christian drama, or some treasured tradition of the Church to which he belonged." In drawing, colour, and composition he was *sensu errori* ; and had not his great genius been limited by some personal timidity and had he been more happily mated, the head of the artist who died at the age of forty-two might, as Browning says, have "o'erlooked the world." The public will "always remain more or less ignorant of what is revealed in his vast field of colour and technique, where the laws of aerial perspective, the treatment of chiar-oscuro, the maintenance of the central point of interest, are kept in such powerful equilibrium." Miss Guinness has paid due honour to a great master, and her book will be read and enjoyed in every circle that can appreciate a true artist's life work. The forty-one pictures given here as characteristic of his style form a wonderful gallery. Some of the faces of saints and madonnas are exquisite in form and expression, and help us to understand that "the base of his artistic greatness lay in the integrity of his drawing."

Velasquez. By R. A. M. Stevenson. (London : George Bell & Sons. 5s. net.)

This volume gives a critical study of Velasquez which has hitherto only been accessible in an expensive work, and the biographical note of that volume is here expanded into a chapter. Dr. Williamson, the editor of the series, has added a

list of the Spanish master's works and a bibliography. It is impossible to do justice to Velasquez by any illustrations; but those given here come as near to perfection as is possible for such reproductions. Velasquez was a realist whose ideal of art was to use his own eyes. It was only slowly that he learned to take the impression of a whole scene as the true motif of a picture and to catch the relation of each bit to the whole. He is as subtle a colourist, Mr. Stevenson says, as light itself. His work is "wholly free from haphazard passages, treacherly approximations to tone, or clever tricks and processes that evade rather than resolve a difficulty." And he has none of that extravagance which kindles a momentary excitement, but soon palls on the eye of the beholder. Beside his "Maria Teresa," the child in a wonderful balloon dress, all other pictures seem to lack the subtlety of real light. Every one of his pictures was a fresh effort to realise more absolutely his own vision of things. To study his work at Madrid taxes attention as much as the study of some dozen old Italian masters. Mr. Stevenson's delicate and acute criticism almost forms a course of lectures on the principles of art. The list of works should encourage English students, for the collection of pictures in this country is only rivalled by that at Madrid.

The Book of the Art of Cennino Cennini. Translated from the Italian, with Notes on Mediæval Art Methods. By Christiana J. Herringham. (London: George Allen. 6s. net.)

Cennino lived in Padua in 1398, and wrote his treatise on tempera-painting at a time when practically all Italian pictures were painted in this way or in fresco. He used the simple yolk of egg for panel-painting. That method was suddenly arrested by the substitution of oil-painting; but the sweetness and purity of the early tempera are now generally recognised. It was capable of expressing a kind of unfleshy beauty which is not easily given with oil-paints. Cennino expounds the processes of painting, showed how the pigments should be prepared and colours used and combined. He reminds his readers that their best course is "the triumphal gateway of drawing from nature," and warns them that "frequenting too much the company of ladies" would make the hand tremble and flutter more than leaves shaken by the wind. The subject is fresh, and the old

painter is an enthusiast for his art. The notes on mediæval painting supply a framework for the old master's treatise, and throw new light on Italian art in the Middle Ages.

Thomas Bewick and his Pupils. By Austin Dobson. A New Edition, with Ninety-five Illustrations. (London: Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

Bewick is a fine subject, and the value of Mr. Austin Dobson's critical biography well entitles it to the honour of a cheap edition. The great master of wood engraving brought to his designs a love of nature and a minute fidelity which stamp all his work with a personal character. His proficiency as an artist is well ascribed by his family to his habit of going to look at things, and then coming home to draw them. He recommended his brother to establish his character by taking uncommon pains with what work he did. That was Bewick's own rule, and the chapter on his "Tailpieces" supplies abundant illustration of the pathos, the humour, and droll satire of these little works of genius. The book is full of quiet interest, and teaches many a good lesson as to a true artist's devotion to his work. The illustrations add much to the value of a painstaking and delightfully instructive volume.

The Romance of our Ancient Churches, by Sarah Wilson (Constable & Co., 6s.), is a book that will delight lovers of architecture and archæology, and will awaken a taste for a fascinating subject in young readers. It is written in a pleasant style, and presents a bird's-eye view of the whole subject. It is naturally a little allusive at points where we should like fuller treatment; but it is careful and discriminating. Mr. Ansted has supplied nearly two hundred illustrations, which are beautifully executed, and very helpful to a student. The churches of special counties have their distinctive features. The roofs in Norfolk and Suffolk are very fine; the spires of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire are more than usually numerous and lofty; Kent is rich in Norman remains; Huntingdonshire abounds in sedilia, piscinas, and lychnoscopes; Staffordshire has many churchyard crosses; Devonshire is rich in lych-gates, roodlofts, and screens; Cheshire is proud of its timber and plaster churches. Eight thousand churches are supposed to have been built in the century after the Norman Conquest.

VIII. STORIES AND GIFT BOOKS.

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. (London : Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

BEETLE and McTURK, familiarly known as Turkey, make up the Company, and a lively Company it is. The chaplain, a capital fellow with a good understanding of boy nature, sees that Stalky and his friends are really fine lads without any vice, but with a terrible faculty for tormenting master or schoolfellow who makes himself obnoxious to the redoubtable three. The head master is the hero of the school, and even Stalky and his chums bow to the strokes of this divinity with a chastened awe which is simply delightful. The head's relations to his old boys, who turn to him for advice in every perplexity, and never find him wanting, are finely sketched. The assistant masters fare worse. Poor King is in the pillory all through the book, and he richly deserves it. Mr. Kipling has as usual bottomed his subject. His schoolboy is as full of resource, and as mischievous as he is good-hearted and loyal. Boys will be more manly when they have read this book, though we tremble to think of the fate of the master who is not fortunate enough to win their good will. Perhaps even he may learn some new art from the candid friend who has taken the little world of school by storm. The pill is mixed with so much laughter and fun that we fancy even an assistant master will swallow it, and snatch a fearful joy from these wonderful pages.

BOOKS FROM THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

Captain Trotter's *History of India* (6s.), revised and brought down to the beginning of Lord Curzon's viceroyalty, is the best popular book on the subject, brightly written, accurate, full enough to be interesting, yet compact and well arranged. It has a map and numerous illustrations by Mr. W. J. Whympers. *Matter, Ether, and Motion*, by Professor Dolbear (5s.), gives a bird's-eye view of natural phenomena such as heat, motion, gravitation, and electricity, which will open the world of physical science to many readers in the most charming style. It is full

of facts, but is never dull. *Buddhism*, by Dr. Rhys Davids (2s. 6d.), is a handbook of proved excellency, full of matter well put. It is the best small treatise on its subject. *Our Secret Friends and Foes*, by P. F. Frankland (3s.), reveals the wonders of micro-organisms in air and water, both the malignant and the beneficent. It is a first-rate book on a fascinating subject. *Ned Loger*, by G. Manville Fenn (5s.), is a wonderful story of the adventures of three middies, the most pugnacious and audacious little fellows, whose ship goes to fight and plunder in the Spanish main. The book is in Mr. Fenn's best style, than which boys want nothing better. *1779*, by Frederic Harrison (5s.), takes us among the smugglers and French invaders at Old Shoreham. Fighting and love-making are mixed up with plots and rescues of the most lively sort. The book is beautifully illustrated. Maud Carew's *Little King Richard* (2s. 6d.) is the prettiest and most touching story for boys that we have seen this season. Its hero is charming. *An Angel Unawares*, by C. E. C. Weigall (2s.), is the tale of a foundling. A little girl, who grows up in the keeper's lodge, marries a young artist, and lives to see herself recognised as heiress of Sir Francis Netherby. Dolores is worthy of all her joy and blessing. *The Lips of a Fool*, by Phœbe Allen (2s. 6d.), is a forcible protest against romancing and exaggeration—a story that will teach young readers to beware of lying lips. *Out of the Net* (2s.) describes the redemption of a young dynamitard. It teaches many lessons of contentment and industry in an impressive way. *Talitha's Weird Vision*, by F. H. Wood (2s.), is a set of capital stories for mothers' meetings, bright, homely, pointed. *Uncle Ben's Whims*, by M. Montgomery-Campbell (1s. 6d.), pleasantly describes country life and the fortunes of a pair of brothers. *Isaac Letterman's Daughter* (1s. 6d.) becomes a servant under a good mistress, who helps her to become a brave woman and a good one. *Two Half Sovereigns*, by Eleanor C. Price (1s. 6d.), is just the book for a little maid. If those who read it catch some of Florence's spirit, they will not read it in vain. *Vanity and Vexation* (1s. 6d.) is full of good lessons as to friends and companions. The girls pay dearly for their vanities, but they are saved from wrecking their lives. All these books are well written, well illustrated, and high toned, though a little too churchy at points.

MESSRS. BLACKIE'S GIFT BOOKS.

Messrs. Blackie have a unique reputation for their Christmas

stories and gift books, and this season they have laid all English homes under new obligation by producing a set of the most exciting adventures by sea and land, among cannibals and Zulus, as well as amid battlefields and sieges of past generations. Everything that artist, printer, and binder could do to meet the taste of young people has been done with the best results. Mr. Henty's *Won by the Sword* and *No Surrender* are fighting stories such as he has never surpassed. Dr. Gordon Stables' *Kidnapped by Cannibals* is as exciting as even he can make it, and the pictures will send a welcome shiver through a boy reader. *With Shield and Assegai* gives a vivid sketch of the Zulu war. *Boys of the Priory School* is full of adventure with a capital moral. *The Four Miss Whittingtons*, who follow in the steps of the famous "Dick," are delightful maidens. *A Queen Among Girls* is a book to warm a young reader's heart; *Mignonnes* and *A Loyal Little Maid* are two bright stories for girls. *The Little Browns* is a lively chronicle, with illustrations that are simply delicious; *The Seven Young Goslings* are the oddest company; *In Doors and Out* is a book of pictures and tales for little folk so bright and ingenious that every nursery ought to have a copy. Mr. Park's *Book of Birds*, with its clever drawings marked by vigour of treatment and originality of design, will delight young and old even more than his *Alphabet of Animals*, which was so popular last year. These books will make sunshine wherever they go.

Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons have issued *The Pickwick Papers* (2s. net) as the first volume of their "New Century Library." It has eight hundred and fifty pages; but, thanks to the thin paper, it only weighs seven and a half ounces. The type is large, and the little volume is a delight to read and handle. Dickens would have been proud of it. *Twelve Pioneer Missionaries* (7s. 6d.), by Dr. George Smith, not only tells the story of missionaries of many Churches, but sets the lives in their historic setting in a way that is most instructive. The book is a valuable contribution to missionary literature, and will supply much good material for the missionary platform. On page 90, 1872 is a slip for 1782. Miss Everett Green and the lady who shares the authorship of *Priscilla* (3s. 6d.) are to be congratulated on a fresh, unaffected story with much love, some slumming, and two or three men of distinct individuality. It is a book that girls will heartily like. *Tom Graham, V.C.*, by William Johnston (3s. 6d.), is a stirring tale of the Afghan war. The hero takes part in General Roberts' famous march, and there is enough fighting

to satisfy the most vigorous schoolboy appetite. Tom is a manly fellow, and his company will do every boy good service. *The Fellow who Won*, by Andrew Home (3s. 6d.), is a story of school life with unusual grit. Ned Duncan saves his enemy's life in a great storm which wrecks the boys' dormitory, and in the last scene of the book Field manages to get Ned into the only place left in the boats and himself goes down with the sinking ship. That is really a fine finish to the story. *The Abbey on the Moor*, by Lucie E. Jackson (2s.), is a very pretty story of an orphan girl, who wins her way to many hearts, and finds a happy home with one of her father's friends. It will do young people good to read it.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Egerton R. Young has not given us a better book than *Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land* (3s. 6d.). It is packed with hunting and adventures, with pursuit by wolves, fights with bears, skating, and delightful excursions with dog-trains. It describes the Indian's life and his happy Sundays; it shows us how badgers are caught, and gives a powerful description of a cyclone. Boys will revel in the book, and so will their fathers. *Ulric the Jari*, by W. O. Stoddard (3s. 6d.), is a story of the Penitent Thief. The scene opens in the far North, where the wise woman Hilda blesses the Viking boat, and ends in Jerusalem, where Ulric is crucified with Christ. We say nothing of the improbabilities of the story, but it is spirited and full of thrilling incident. Rev. George Barnley, the first missionary to the Cree Indians, has written a little book, *Kenooshao: a Red Indian Tragedy* (1s.), which gives a true picture of life in the Hudson's Bay Territory before the Wesleyan missionary appeared on the scene. It is a powerful and tragic story. Mr. W. J. Forster's *Some English Rivers* (1s.) is a bit of geography and history which will delight and instruct young readers. *Doxie Dent* (3s. 6d.), another Clog-Shop Chronicle, is as racy of the Lancashire soil and as full of human nature as anything John Ackworth has given us. Jabe and the niece who takes his heart by storm are vigorously sketched. *Early Days for 1899* (2s.) is an attractive volume with a wealth of good stories, bright papers, prize puzzles, pictures, and other delights. *Pictures and Stories from the Old Testament*, by Kate T. Sizer (1s.), are stories clearly told in simple words such as a child can

understand. The type is large and the pictures excellent. It is a book that every nurse ought to have in constant use.

The Wesleyan Sunday-school Union has issued a set of story-books suitable for presents, rewards, and libraries. They are well illustrated, brightly written, full of good lessons, and very cheap. Every school library ought to have them on its shelves. The Rev. J. W. Keyworth's *Golden Shoemaker* (3s. 6d.) introduces us to a shoemaker who inherits a great fortune and keeps his gentle, humble spirit amid all his prosperity. To the same pen we owe *A Noble Revenge* (1s. 6d.), a happy tale with a fine lesson. Miss Briggs' *Fortunes of Sir Richard de Thorn* (1s. 6d.) is a spirited story of Agincourt. In *Fighting against Fate*, by Helen Briston (2s. 6d.), we have a cluster of young people whom it is a pleasure to know. *The Knights of the Tempest* (1s. 6d.) gives many lifeboat stories. It is a capital little book. Some of the sixpenny books are very attractive. The annual volume of *Our Boys and Girls*, with its coloured frontispiece, short papers, stories, and pictures, will be a very welcome gift for children.

The Religious Tract Society sends a parcel of attractively got up books. Dr. Green has prepared *The Story of the Religious Tract Society*, which recounts the leading incidents of its hundred years of service with facts as to its founders, chief workers, and its influence in many lands. It is a record that will astonish not a few readers. The society was one of the many fruits of the Evangelical Revival, and its tracts and books have wrought untold blessing to the ends of the earth. It has spent £733,933 on foreign work, and its total circulation in all languages reaches thirty-three thousand millions. It was never more needed than it is to-day, and there are many signs that it is renewing its youth. This brightly written volume with its pictures and facts ought to have a great circulation. The Rev. J. H. Jowett's *Meditations for Quiet Moments* is brief and practical, full of food for mind and heart. Any one who will spend a leisure moment each day in such company will feel really refreshed and strengthened. Ruth Lamb's *In the Twilight Side by Side* is full of wise and homely counsels garnished with many an apt incident. The book is the outpouring of a loving heart. Frederick Langbridge's *Little Tapers* is very aptly named. The good counsels given in a few lines will linger in the memory and bear fruit. Mr. Langbridge is a Christian poet and philosopher.

The Religious Tract Society renders immense service to the family circle by its four monthly papers. Now that the yearly volumes are before us we see that *The Leisure Hour* is one of the most variously entertaining magazines that can come into any home. Every matter of present-day interest seems to have its niche, and stories, pictures, and articles make up a library of singular interest. *Sunday at Home* has a narrower range, but is always alive and readable. Its biographical articles and Scripture papers are specially good. *The Boy's Own Annual* has the most effective colour plates that we have seen in any volume of the kind. "An Old Salt" is superb; the contents are just what a boy will rejoice in. *The Girl's Own Annual* meets the case of its constituents with the same skill and good judgment. The health notes, hints on dress, nursing, cookery are excellent, and all a girl's tastes and needs seem to be studied and satisfied.

A Good-natured Girl. By Emma Marshall. (3s. 6d.)

The Spy in the School. By Andrew Home. (3s. 6d.)

Mabel's Prince Wonderful. By W. E. Cule. (2s. 6d.)

Princess and Fairy. By Lily Martin. (2s.)

(London : W. & R. Chambers.)

The Good-natured Girl is the daughter of Mr. Lewison, who has made his immense fortune in the soap trade, and is a company promoter of more than doubtful character. Althea is a fine character; and when the fortune comes into her hands, she puts it to noble uses. The book is sweet and wholesome.

The Spy in the School is a master who has been employed by a firm of solicitors to obtain possession of some papers on which an important case hinges. He meamerises a boy, and gets him under his power, but is foiled by the boy's chum, and killed when he seems triumphant by an elephant, on which he has played a nasty trick. Adventures abound.

Mabel's Prince Wonderful is one of her dolls that comes to life for the "Child that believes." The small girl's stories are all real to her, and little folk will find themselves with her in a realm of wonders.

The Princess and the Fairy are a little lady and her governess, who opens the marvels of nature's fairyland to a girl who had loved her books, but had no eyes for butterfly and flower. It is a charming set of nature studies, clear, and full of matter.

IX. HIGH ANGLICANISM.

Oxford High Anglicanism and its Chief Leaders. By J. H. Rigg, D.D. Second Edition. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 1899. 7s. 6d.)

THE demand for works like Dr. Rigg's and Dr. Fairbairn's *Anglo-Catholicism* is one of many signs of the reviving Protestant sentiment of the country. The two works to a certain extent supplement each other. Dr. Fairbairn's is full of fine suggestion and broad views; Dr. Rigg's is at once historical and philosophical, giving a complete survey of the whole field. Dr. Rigg has lived through the entire period, following each new development with the keenest interest. Alike to present observers and future students, it cannot but be of the highest value to have the judgment of such a mind on the inner motives and ultimate issues of the Tractarian movement. The second edition is considerably enlarged and improved. Notes, additions to the chapters, appendices, and a new final chapter bring the story up to the latest moment. Piquancy is given to the discussion by the way in which the personal character and temperament of the actors are made to illustrate their public career. This is true not only of the chief leaders like Keble, Newman, and Pusey, but still more of minor lights like Hurrell Froude and Ward. The author writes suggestively of a certain "feminine" side in Newman. But what of the strange impulsiveness and extravagances of Ward? Perhaps it may be said that charity should hide faults like his; but faults on such a colossal scale cannot be hidden, and they explain the eccentricity of his entire life.

The two lives chiefly described and criticised are those of Newman and Pusey, and the second even more than the first. Newman and Pusey were the two main factors in the movement, which has completely changed the face of the Anglican Church. Pusey's influence was far deeper and more lasting than Newman's. If Newman was the poet and preacher, Pusey was the theologian and statesman of Tractarianism. The organising, skill, the sagacious foresight, the tenacious will, were his. His fixed purpose to Romanise Anglicanism from floors to roof, to expel the Protestant leaven, and bring back everything of

Romanism but the name—the real presence, the eucharistic sacrifice, sacramentarian salvation, the confessional, penance—was early formed, and was carried out with untiring zeal and unflinching thoroughness to the end. The immorality of his policy in many respects it is impossible to justify, although his biographers have done their best in this direction. Dr. Rigg's exposure of his teaching and policy is most scathing, and not a whit too strong. "Pusey could not, indeed, go all lengths with the Roman Church, as judged by its vulgar faith and ordinary practices. But neither do Roman Catholics of superior intelligence and culture." "He was the main strength of the Romanising conspiracy within the Church of England." "Pusey was, in fact, about as good a Papist as Bossuet or Dupin. Protestant is a designation which he utterly rejected." It is doubtful whether he would have made any difficulty in accepting all the doctrine of the Trent Council. He stumbled at the later developments of Mariolatry. He was much more of a Romanist than Newman at the time of his secession. Fault has been found with Dr. Rigg's criticism of both men as excessive. But full justice is done to everything that is good. So extravagant and unqualified has been the eulogy that it was time for another note to be struck. Even Dr. Church in his *Oxford Movement* is carried away by the prevailing sentiment; and he is moderate in comparison with Mr. Hutton and Mr. Ward. The latter summed up his faith in *Crede in Newmanum*. Dr. Rigg will be accused of bigotry or worse for daring to raise the question, "Was Newman a great man?" But he is right. It is a curious stroke of irony that Pusey should regard his friend's secession to Rome as a punishment to the English Church for its failure to use his great faculties, and then the Roman Church should make far less use of those faculties. His work after joining that Church is insignificant in quality and quantity beside the work he did before his secession. Either he was smitten with intellectual paralysis, or his new friends could find no use for his undoubted genius in certain directions. His *Grammar of Assent* is the only considerable work he wrote during the forty years of his Roman Catholic life. It is strange that his ardent admirers give us no explanation of this. The strong sense and sturdy Protestantism of this volume should commend it to a wide circle of readers. The final chapter dealing with the developments of the last four years is powerful and timely.

J. S. BANKS.

X. SUMMARY OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (October 1).—M. Fouillée opens this number with a valuable paper on "The Spanish People." He thinks that Spain will one day become, as it was in antiquity, a great mineral-producing country. It is rich, not only in iron and copper, but also in coal. The future depends on the provision of adequate means of transport. The Spaniards have a reserve force of resistance and of heroism. Spain has never ceased to furnish writers and painters, and at the present time her students of sociology and law are worthy of special attention.

(October 15).—M. Bonet-Maury's article on "The Primary School in England" gives a careful summary of the history and development of primary education. He wishes that the Government was a little more generous to country schools, and that where subscriptions were not adequate the local authority might be authorised to levy additional taxes. The village teacher should be better protected from the omnipotence of the Anglican clergy, and freed from accessory burdens which have no connexion with his profession.

(November 1).—M. Pinon writes on "France and the Question of the Far East." France has, like England, played the part of initiator, protecting missionaries and obtaining the opening of ports of commerce. She has thus become an Asiatic power. Kiao-tchéou opened a decisive crisis in the East the gravity of which could escape no one. The interests of France and of the Roman Catholic Church are really inseparable, and the new Act of the Chinese Government so favourable to missions is really a success for French diplomacy. The valley of the Yang-tsé is the centre of attraction for commerce and population, the point where the great natural routes converge. For France the knot centre of the Eastern Question is on the Yang-tsé at Setchouen, and it is the ambition of England also to penetrate into that vast province. The Nile and the Yang-tsé M. Pinon regards as the pivots around which our policy revolves.

(November 15).—M. Filon's study of "India to-day according to Indian Writers" deals with the economic position and public life. He says that he has not discovered that the least part of foreign commerce belongs to the natives of India, if one excepts some rich Parsis of Bombay. Elsewhere both capital and enterprise are lacking. At the end of last century India and England were pretty much on an equal footing as regarded commerce, but the era of machinery found India paralysed by its immovable social system, and free trade put the finishing touch to its purely individualistic industries. We are not able to accept M. Filon's conclusions; but his article is one to be read.

METHODIST REVIEW (September—October).—Bishop Thoburn's earnest plea for "A Centennial Forward Movement" is the feature of this number. He thinks that a working force of two hundred thousand might be organised by next May; and that if they could give twelve months to evangelistic effort, a million converts might be gathered in. Whatever may be thought of that plan, the article should prove an inspiration to aggressive spiritual work.

METHODIST REVIEW, M.E.C., SOUTH (September—October).—There are some notes on Dr. Tigert's *Making of Methodism* from the pen of Dr. Little, of Garrett Biblical Institute. He pays high tribute to Dr. Tigert's sagacious comments on the origins of American Methodism, and says: "Our history needs a scientific treatment. Were I a youngster or a stronger man, I would set about it. I hope you may attempt it. If you should, I shall be glad to place our treasures at your service, and I shall be equally glad to give you my conclusions as to the men that I have studied with some care. Asbury, for instance, seems to me to be as unfortunate in his biographers and historians as he was in his contemporary critics. He has been eulogised into a splendid mummy, and lost his features in the process." Dr. Tigert says he did collect material for a scientific history for many years; but he finds so little appreciation of such labours, that he has turned with a sense of relief to other fields.