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LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1900.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. *History of South Africa.* By GEORGE MCCALL THEAL. Four Volumes, 8vo. (Swan Sonnenschein. 1888–89.)
2. *Impressions of South Africa.* By JAMES BRYCE. One Volume, 8vo. Third Edition. (Macmillan & Co. 1899.)
3. *South Africa of To-day.* By Captain FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, C.I.E. One Volume, 8vo. (Macmillan & Co. 1898.)
4. *The Transvaal from Within.* By S. P. FITZPATRICK. One Volume, 8vo. (Macmillan & Co. 1899.)
5. *Papers relating to the Complaints of British Subjects in South Africa.* C. 9345. June, 1899.

THERE are still those in this country who believe that the war with the Transvaal might have been avoided, and that Great Britain has entered on a struggle which is not just. Letting pass the fact that war was declared against us, I propose first to give the opinions of those whose

sacred calling and long knowledge of South Africa especially entitle them to a hearing in questions which have a moral as well as a political aspect, and then to see whether the history of South Africa and the development of the country social and political do not bear out the view which has been so solemnly stated by those who are the religious guides of our countrymen there.

Take, first, representatives of the Anglican Church. Canon Farmer, who has lived for the last five years at Pretoria, says:

War was absolutely necessary, and could not have been avoided. I know at least one hundred people who have lost house property and income by this war, and not one of them dissents from this view.

The Rev. B. H. Hampden Jones, M.A., rector of Claremont, near Capetown, has been in South Africa since 1881. From 1886 to 1889 he was in Grahamstown, a particularly English district; from 1889 to 1891 he was at Johannesburg; from 1891 to 1898 he was in Clanwilliam, one of the most typical Dutch districts of Cape Colony; and from 1898 to the present time in the Cape Peninsula. He writes as follows:

I believe the war to be just and necessary; its real causes are not the demands of the Bloemfontein Conference and their refusal by President Kruger. They go back to the retrocession of 1881, and even to the Great Trek sixty years ago. The war is the inevitable result of the clash of antagonistic ideals and the opposition of irreconcilable forces. The Boer ideal is, and always has been, independence for himself and liberty to oppress others. The English ideal is, and always has been, liberty for all.

The Durban Church Council in the colony of Natal, consisting of ministers and laymen representing nearly all the Churches and congregations in the borough and district, has issued a manifesto, deserving of careful study throughout, and containing the following statement:

1. That the Transvaal Government has for years past treated its so called Uitlander population with great injustice, that British subjects have suffered oppression, indignity, and wrong

in many forms, and that the British Government was fully justified in seeking to have such evils removed.

2. That the Orange Free State had no ground whatever for declaring war against Great Britain, with which ever since it was first founded it had been on terms of amity and peace, and that "the attitude of the Transvaal for years past has gradually made it manifest that a peaceful settlement was impossible, except on the basis of Dutch domination throughout South Africa."

The Executive of the Natal Congregational Union has said, in an address to the Congregational Union of England and Wales:

Humanly speaking, the conflict was inevitable. The war now raging has long been premeditated and prepared for by the Boers, with a view to military and political dominion over the whole of South Africa, and the plea of fighting for independence has been but a blind to hide the real aim of the enormous military preparations of the Republics which commenced years before the disastrous Jameson Raid.

Similar views have been published by the Wesleyan Synod of the Western Province of Cape Colony, which has recently and strongly expressed its confidence in Sir Alfred Milner; by the Right Rev. Anthony Gaughran, Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of Kimberley; by the Capetown Presbyterian Church; and by Dr. Stewart, founder of Lovedale College, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. The Rev. W. Fisher, for ten years Congregational minister at Capetown, states that he

believes from the bottom of his heart the war was inevitable, unless we are prepared to abandon the colonists and the blacks to the most ruthless oppression the world has ever seen; that, were all the ministers of each denomination in South Africa gathered together, every one would support the position he had taken up.

The Rev. Charles Phillips, Congregational minister at Johannesburg, states that all the ministers of the Free Churches believe that war was inevitable.

These expressions of opinion might be almost indefinitely multiplied, and constitute, at any rate, *primâ facie* evidence of the justice of our cause. Even among the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church, who have, as I shall show later, a special motive in this question, there have been those who, like Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr and the Rev. J. S. Du Toit, have strongly advocated the British view. The opinions of the latter are the more remarkable, as he is one of the four signatories of the Convention of 1884, and would, at any rate, be supposed to know what the intention of its provisions was.

"It is," he says, "my firm conviction that now England is in the right and the Transvaal wrong. England is fighting for the violated rights of the Uitlanders, for which she is responsible under the Convention, and for the maintenance of her paramount power in South Africa against the Transvaal, who promised in Article 4 of the Convention to respect that supremacy, but now openly defies it. The Transvaal fights, not for her independence, for England has repeatedly offered to guarantee that, but for the maintenance of injustice and for the vindication of an oligarchy which has enriched itself at the expense of the country."

The history of British South Africa is so well known now that it hardly needs recapitulation. The British first occupied the Cape in 1795 during the war with France, and in 1802 returned it to the Batavian Republic, on the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens. War broke out again in 1803; in 1806 the British once more occupied Capetown, and in 1814 Cape Colony was formally ceded to England with certain other Dutch possessions for the sum of £6,000,000. Great Britain, therefore, holds Cape Colony by conquest and purchase. In the cession of the Cape of Good Hope by the king of Holland to England, Mr. Paul Kruger said in 1881, "lies the root out of which subsequent events and our present struggle have grown." Mr. Kruger went on to say that a further cause was to be found in the emancipation of the slaves. This took place in 1834, and has rankled ever since, not only because the compensation paid to the

Dutch farmers was inadequate, but also because from time immemorial they have refused to recognise the rights of the coloured man, and have, as missionaries know well, consistently ill treated him.

The Great Trek was a movement to escape from British control in this and other respects ; but it should be remembered that as early as 1836 Great Britain claimed jurisdiction in South Africa south of latitude 25°, the latitude of Delagoa Bay, and by an Act of Parliament of that year all offences within that zone were made cognisable in Cape colonial courts. In 1838 the emigrant Boers occupied Natal, which was, however, annexed by the British in 1843, owing to the friction between the Dutch emigrants and the British-protected natives. Natal was declared a British colony "for the peace, protection, and salutary control of all classes of men settled at and surrounding this important portion of South Africa" ; and it was expressly stated that in defining its boundaries her Majesty did not renounce "her rightful and sovereign authority over any of her subjects residing or being beyond the limits of that district." In the same year protectorates over two native states were declared. In 1848, owing to constant friction on the native question, direct British sovereignty was extended up to the Vaal river ; and what is now the Orange Free State was annexed. This led to a rebellion ; and after a defeat of the Dutch at Boomplats by Sir Harry Smith, the Boers retreated north of the Vaal, being again warned that their territory also lay within the British sphere of influence. These constant wars had been unpopular in England, where *consilium Augusti coercendi intra fines imperii* was then strongly held to be a counsel of perfection ; and when the farmers beyond the Vaal petitioned for their independence, it was granted by the Sand River Convention in January, 1852, so far as the Transvaal was concerned, on the understanding that there was to be no slavery, and that there was to be absolute freedom for traders and missionaries.

Two years later, at the instance of the home authorities, and in the teeth of strong opposition from a large number

of the inhabitants of the Orange Free State, British dominion over that country was renounced by a royal proclamation, with a provision under Article 7 for freedom for the coloured population, and the Free State was "declared to all intents and purposes a free and independent people." The condition with regard to slavery appears to have been generally observed in the Free State; but it has been constantly broken from the beginning in the Transvaal, where slavery under the name of apprenticeship has been continuously practised down to the present time. On this there is an overwhelming mass of testimony.

The next date of importance is the annexation of the Transvaal by England in 1877, a step, no doubt, premature; but as the Transvaal Treasury was empty, anarchy prevailing, and Cetewayo about to attack a disorganised and practically defenceless people at the time, there is little doubt that the act was welcome to the inhabitants. Further, there is equally little doubt that if the promised local autonomy had been conceded and a congenial governor sent out instead of Sir Owen Lanyon, there would have been little if any difficulty. Be this as it may, the annexation cancelled the Sand River Convention, and opened a new chapter in the relations of Great Britain to the Transvaal. There was made at the time a declaration by the then Colonial Secretary, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, which is worth placing on record, as it has been repeated by one Colonial Secretary after another from that time:

> The power and authority of England has long been paramount, and neither by the Sand River Convention of 1852 nor at any other time did her Majesty's Government surrender the right and duty of requiring that the Transvaal should be governed with a view to the common safety of the different communities.

After annexation came the struggle with Cetewayo, in which Great Britain, at a great cost of treasure and life, removed the danger which threatened the Transvaal, and then reorganised the finance and administration of the Transvaal. This once complete, the agitation for inde-

pendence began. It is unnecessary to go into the disastrous war which ended, after Majuba in 1881, in the retrocession of the Transvaal. We now know that some, at any rate, of the Cabinet of that day were influenced by motives of fear. This was the interpretation put upon their acts in South Africa, and it led to that contempt of Englishmen which has been so large a factor in the race hatred which sprang up soon afterwards in Cape Colony, in the Transvaal, and even in the Orange Free State, where hitherto both races had lived in peace and amity. The important fact to remember as to the retrocession and the subsequent Convention is in the words of an important dispatch by Mr. Chamberlain published last year :

> The preamble of the Convention of 1881 laid down the basis of the future mutual relations between her Majesty and the inhabitants of the South African Republic. To the inhabitants her Majesty granted internal independence. To herself she reserved the position of suzerain. The articles of the Convention of 1881 defined alike the general character of the internal independence and the suzerainty. The articles of the Convention of 1884 substituted a fresh definition for a former one. The preamble of the Convention of 1881, the basis on which these definitions rested, remained unchanged. If that preamble had been repealed, not only would the reservation of suzerainty on the part of her Majesty have been repealed, but also the grant of internal independence to the inhabitants of the South African Republic.

It will be observed, then, that the rights are granted to all inhabitants of the Transvaal, and it should further be recollected that with equal rights for all white men provision was made for freedom for coloured men. All British subjects had, therefore, a right under the Convention to enter the Transvaal, all white men had a claim to political and civil rights.[1] But, further, when Mr. Kruger visited

[1] The exact terms of Mr. Kruger's promise are to be found in Hansard, July 28, 1899 : "On May 10, 1881, at a Conference between representatives of her Majesty and representatives of the Transvaal, the President, Sir Hercules Robinson, asked the question : Before

England in 1884, and was trying to get a loan under the auspices of Baron Grant, he issued a special invitation to Englishmen to settle in the Transvaal and a promise of welcome. Englishmen then had a special right there, and there is little doubt that, had Mr. Kruger kept the spirit and letter of the Convention, subsequent difficulties would not have arisen. But gradually from this time forward legislation was introduced into the Transvaal Parliament, depriving English settlers of their most cherished privileges. Their political privileges guaranteed as a condition precedent to the Convention of 1881 were withdrawn; the freedom of the press, the right of public meeting, and the right of trial by peers were denied them. The administration became more and more corrupt. The independence of the judiciary was sapped. Monopolies were instituted which enhanced the price of the necessaries of life, and even, as in the case of the dynamite monopoly, constituted a danger to the life and limb of working men. The constitutional movement started in 1892, and which would, no doubt, in the ordinary course of events have culminated in transforming the Boer republics into a cosmopolitan commonwealth, was crushed. The Jameson Raid, a most mischievous act of interference from outside, had nothing to do with the development of events, except to make the grievances of the Uitlanders better known, the interference of the British Government more difficult, and the lot of British subjects harder to bear.

While this was the internal progress of the Transvaal,—namely, the substitution of a corrupt and tyrannical oligarchy for the system of political freedom contemplated

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annexation, had British subjects complete freedom of trade throughout the Transvaal? Mr. Kruger replied: They were on the same footing as the burghers; there was not the slightest difference, in accordance with the Sand River Convention. Sir Hercules Robinson: I presume you will not object to that continuing? Mr. Kruger: No; there will be equal protection for everybody. Sir Evelyn Wood: And equal privileges. Mr. Kruger: We make no difference as far as burgher rights are concerned. There may be some slight difference in the case of a young person who has just come into the country."

when the Convention was concluded, coupled with brutal oppression of British coloured subjects,—externally a series of attempts were made to break down the barriers set by the Convention to the expansion of the Republic by the annexation of neighbouring states. In 1885 the Boers attempted to annex Bechuanaland, an attempt which was frustrated by Sir Charles Warren's expedition at a cost of something like £2,000,000 to Great Britain. In the same year they invaded Zululand, and established the new republic which was recognised as a Boer state in 1886 and annexed to the Transvaal in 1887. They next attacked Swaziland; and although the independence of that country was specially guaranteed by Article 12 of the Convention, it eventually became in 1890 a dependency of the Transvaal. Tongaland was another object of their ambition, and would have shared the same fate had not the Tonga chiefs accepted British suzerainty and protection in 1887. In 1890 an attempt was made to enlarge the Transvaal to the north by a Great Trek, which was stopped by Dr. Jameson at the ford of the Limpopo, and the High Commissioner had to inform Mr. Kruger that if the Boers crossed the river it would be an act of war. Finally, in 1895 the invasion of the country of the Zambaan and Umbegeza was met by the annexation of these districts by Great Britain.

All these acts were direct breaches of the Convention of 1884, by which the Transvaal pledged itself to "strictly adhere to the boundaries defined" in Article 1. But they were not the only acts which nearly led to war between the two countries. In 1894 the practice of commandeering, that is compelling, the service of British subjects, and seizing their property for the Transvaal wars; in 1895 the action of the Transvaal Government in closing the fords or drifts of the Vaal river to traffic; and in 1897 the oppressive Alien Law, led to declarations on the part of the British Government which must have involved hostilities if Mr. Kruger had not given way. Even before then, as long ago as 1884, Mr. Kruger had begun to look round for help in Europe; and though Article 4 of the Convention rendered it impossible

for treaties with foreign powers to be openly concluded without the Queen's approval, there is little doubt that the subsequent activity of Dr. Leyds was against the spirit if not the letter of that provision. The internal armament and military organisation of the Transvaal seems to have begun after 1885, when the impossibility of opposing Sir Charles Warren's force was evident; but it was not till the Transvaal Revenue grew in the early nineties that large sums were expended on ammunition and forts. These had increased to such an extent in 1894 and 1895, that they were the cause of open complaint by the Transvaal Reform Party in 1895, that is, of course, before the Jameson Raid. Further, marked preference was shown for German traders, contrary to the Convention; and the rumours of German intervention, which were rife from 1890 onwards, culminated in the speech made in 1895 by Mr. Kruger on the German Emperor's birthday, in which he said that the "Transvaal was being trodden down by one great power, and naturally sought the protection of another. . . . The time has come to knit ties of the closest friendship between Germany and the South African Republic, ties such as are natural between father and child."

So far, then, externally and internally, everything pointed to an eventual outbreak of hostilities between the Transvaal and Great Britain, even had not the appeal of the Uitlanders to the suzerain power in 1899 and the continual outrages and brutalities on British coloured subjects been in themselves sufficient cause for armed intervention. On the negotiations of the last few years, in which the Government's hand was weakened and that of the Dutch Government strengthened by the deplorable Jameson Raid, it is unnecessary to dwell, as they are within the memory of all; though we may point out, in passing, that Mr. Kruger's life had been passed in making raids, including one in 1857 on the Orange Free State, and the shock to him of Dr. Jameson's act could hardly have caused him personally moral or intellectual damage. The whole position of the Transvaal confirms one's adherence to the view of Sir

Edward Grey, who said last autumn almost in the words of the clergyman cited above :

> The war in which we are now engaged is an inevitable war : it has been forced upon us by the Government of the Transvaal. . . . I do not think that their mistakes (the mistakes of the British Government in diplomacy) have been the cause of the war. . . . From beginning to end I believe that the Transvaal Government has never intended that a real reform should be the outcome of their negotiations.

The Free State had no real reason, according to Mr. Du Toit, for entering on the war ; and the pretext given by President Steyn that England desired to annex the Orange Free State is too absurd to be believed by the most ardent advocate of the Boer cause. For four and twenty years the Orange Free State has received the utmost consideration from England and her South African colonies. But, nevertheless, during that time the new movement was started in the Free State which has culminated, as far as that country is concerned, in the present war. About 1875 a few educated Germans and Afrikanders at Bloemfontein founded the *Express* newspaper, for the purpose of putting the anti-English side of all questions before the Boer population. Though conducted moderately at first, it soon fell into the hands of Carl Borckenhagen, a German subject, who came to South Africa for his health, and it became the vehicle of the grossest misrepresentation of English acts and intentions. Its editor's power grew greater and greater, especially after Majuba ; and from the death of President Sir John Brand in 1888 till his own death in 1898 this remarkable man practically ruled the Free State. His position was strengthened by the influence of a certain number of educated Germans and Afrikanders, whose intelligence was most valuable to Boer counsels, and whose bitter feeling never allowed Boer animosity to drop. The annexation of the Transvaal by England was regarded by most impartial men in the Free State as absolutely necessary under the circumstances, and of infinite advantage to the Transvaal itself ; but, of course, the ultra-Dutch faction was thoroughly

opposed to it, and Lord Kimberley has told us that Sir John Brand informed the English Government he could not prevent the Free State Boers from joining the Transvaal Boers after Majuba if the war continued. It was, as we have seen, the bad government during the British occupation of the Transvaal which led to the war of independence; and it was the victories of the Boers in 1881, followed by the retrocession of the Transvaal, which first led the Dutch of the Free State to believe they could conquer England. This feeling and the anti-English movement were much strengthened by the shameful abandonment of the English loyalists in the Transvaal, some of whom subsequently retired to the Free State, joined the Boer party, and are now fighting for the Free State against the country which deserted them.

After President Brand's death in 1888, under the presidency of Mr. Reitz and of Mr. Steyn, the position of Englishmen in the Free State became worse and worse. They gradually disappeared from the public service, except in the railway and medical branches, where reliable men with technical knowledge were required. The crusade against the English language became more and more vigorous. No session of the Free State Raad passed without its being discussed. The Jameson Raid, which did so much harm throughout South Africa, was peculiarly disastrous in its effects on the Free State, as it was universally believed that the British Government connived at it, and the Free State continued to arm with renewed vigour. The majority of the burghers in the southern districts had been against closer union with the Transvaal, and still remained against assisting its ambitions, feeling that the Free State would ultimately be absorbed by its stronger neighbour. But the *Express*, the only newspaper within reach, and its party, had great influence in helping to delude the burghers with the idea that England wanted their country, and that they must be ready to defend it. When the time came for the Free State to declare for war or peace, the ultra-Dutch party, amongst whom we may include foreigners, and especially Germans, were strongly in favour

of joining the Transvaal, although they freely stated they would rather have waited for a more favourable opportunity, when England should be engaged in some European complications. Numerically a minority in the Raad and the country, they carried the waverers with them. They declared that there never had been any desire for peace on the part of the British Government, accused Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Conyngham Green of duplicity, and assured the Free State Boers that the annexation of the Transvaal by Great Britain would mean the annexation of the Free State also. They also asserted that they were obliged to assist the Transvaal, in accordance with the treaty for the closer union of the Free States, though it would appear that the action of the Transvaal Raad as to the dynamite monopoly absolved them from that obligation. But the great bulk of the Dutch population were unwilling to fight and risk their independence, for they thoroughly realised the gross corruption of the Transvaal, though they had no faith in or love for the British Government. They were, however, gradually won over by the war party. Lastly, there was a small party of Dutch who, with the very great majority of the English residents and burghers, entirely objected to the war, which they considered wrong and wholly unjustifiable; but they were too small in number to have any influence. This section was thoroughly well acquainted with the corruption and tyranny of the Transvaal Government; they recognised that the armaments of both states were far in advance of what was required for defensive purposes, and were convinced that sooner or later war must come. To them it seemed, from the point of view of British interests, that the sooner the war came the better, and the only way for England to recover her lost ground was to accept the challenge and assert her determination of obtaining for English men and women the right to live on equal terms with other races in South Africa.

The position of Natal has been so clearly set out in recent Blue Books that it hardly need be restated in such an article as the present. Natal statesmen, it will be recollected, were

against imperial interference after the Jameson Raid, and down to 1899 believed in a peaceful solution of the difficulty. In that year opinion changed; throughout that colony there was a bitter feeling, dating, as in the Free State and Cape Colony, from the retrocession in 1881, and the abandonment of the British loyalists to their bitter enemies; and loyal though Natal colonists are, there was a fear that in the event of war or peace they might again be abandoned. The position cannot be better stated than in the words of Mr. Tatham, M.L.A., in a letter dated September 11, 1899, to Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, governor of Natal:

I venture to ask you to forgive my writing to you upon a subject which we have more than once discussed; *viz.* the position of loyalists in South Africa in the event of the Imperial Government concluding any settlement of the Transvaal affair which will not include the final overthrow of the power for evil of the Kruger faction. Spurred on by the strong declarations made by Mr. Chamberlain and the other members of her Majesty's Government, and by their strong sentiment of loyalty to the Crown, the people of Natal have unhesitatingly ranged themselves on the side of the Imperial Government, and, by resolutions at public meetings and in Parliament passed in the firm belief that her Majesty's Government intended to carry through a final settlement of the question, Natal is so deeply committed, that she will be at the mercy of the Transvaal oligarchy, if that Government be allowed to continue. The loyalty of the people of Natal, intense as it is, might be tried beyond breaking-point, if we should be abandoned to the tender mercies of the Transvaal; and though the events of 1881 rudely shocked the British sentiment of the people of the colony, they would be as nothing weighed against such an abandonment now of England's supremacy. The franchise matter is dead. The issue now is British or Boer supremacy, and upon a definite settlement of that issue hang the lives and fortune of those who have stood by Great Britain in the controversy. Natalians live in daily dread of news that a settlement is contemplated which will fall short of a complete safeguard of Natal interests and the interests of those who have taken so strong a stand by the side of the mother country in this matter. Such a dread may be quite unjustifiable, but that it exists cannot be truthfully denied.

There is no doubt that the fear of abandonment which was strong in Natal in September last still permeates South Africa, and has been greatly strengthened by the speeches of Little Englanders. Great Britain has abandoned all who have stood by her in South Africa time after time all through this century, and the dread that she may do so again weakens the arm of the loyalist and strengthens the traitors and rebels there.

Before we mention the question of a final settlement, we must cast a glance at the position in Cape Colony, which is much more difficult, as far as the loyalists are concerned, than those who live at home at all conceive. Loyalists there, as elsewhere, have made and are making cheerfully the greatest sacrifices for Queen and country, in the hope that a final settlement will bring, not only a more tolerable existence to them, but peace and prosperity to Dutch and English alike.

The first question we have to ask with regard to Cape Colony is whether there has existed any Dutch conspiracy and ambition or aspiration to oust the British from South Africa. Such an intention, as we have seen, undoubtedly existed in the Transvaal and in the Free State. In Natal the Boer party represented a fraction probably as small as the British party in the Free State. In Cape Colony I think it can be shown that ever since 1881 there has been growing up a great national Boer movement, though it was not joined by all Dutchmen, and the old families especially held aloof. It is a movement hard for Englishmen to understand, knowing as they do the countless benefits of civil and religious freedom which are brought by the English flag. There have been similar political movements in Europe, in Russia, Spain, Bulgaria, and Italy, and there they seem intelligible enough. In such movements there are four important factors: an economic basis, a religious basis, a political organisation and press, and, lastly, a military organisation and a practical leader. I shall try and show that all but the last existed in Cape Colony. First, as to the economic grievance, we saw that Mr. Kruger himself in 1881 traced the agitation to the cession of the Cape to

England by Holland, and to the subsequent emancipation of the slaves. On the other hand, the fact remains that the Dutch have not the same sympathy for the coloured races that English people have; in fact, all agree that they treat them cruelly. In the words of Mr. Forbes, whom we have quoted above:

> In the Transvaal, whatever injury a black sustained, he had no chance of redress. In Johannesburg the Kaffirs were whipped, without having any trial, for walking on the pavement. A black man is also prevented from owning land. In the British colonies the black man had absolute equality with the white before the law.

There are, then, two economic questions: the labour question, and the land question. The Dutch hope to exploit black labour in town and country. This has been the keynote of the history of South Africa. On the one hand, Great Britain has hardly made an agreement in South Africa with the Transvaal, the Free State, or any chief or power which has not contained provision for the protection of the coloured population; on the other hand, the Boers have always been callous in the matter. No better instance of Dutch feeling can be given than the administration of the existing liquor law in Johannesburg to the ruin physical and moral of the coloured population, in spite of protests made by all religious leaders. The land question is even a more pressing one in many districts in Cape Colony and Natal. Under Dutch law farms are divided among the descendants, and there has recently grown up a class of landless men. For all these the land still held by the natives is a Naboth's vineyard, and they look forward to seizing it when Great Britain shall no longer be there to protect the native population, as she has done in every treaty with the Dutch in South Africa.

Next, and more important still, is the religious question. As the English language spread in Cape Colony a desire arose among the old Dutch families to have service conducted in English, and many even joined corresponding English Churches. This movement frightened the Dutch

clergy, who have always prided themselves on keeping a strong hold on their flock, and who were even obliged to give in and hold some services in English in the towns. To meet this they joined in raising the cry of equality for both languages, which was obtained in Cape Colony in 1882, and then set to work to capture the local education boards with such success that English children are at a disadvantage in many cases, owing to the preference given to the Dutch language. This movement *pro domo* was strengthened by the work of the Theological College at Stellenbosch, to which students go straight from the plough, returning to their native villages as full-fledged priests. In former days they travelled to Europe, and came back with a wider knowledge of the world. A similar result may be observed by those who know Ireland, and compare the courtly priests of the old school, who went to the Irish college at Rome, with some of those who now go from the village to Maynooth and back. The effect of this has been the growth of a class of Dutch clergy who hate the English language and everything that is English, leave out the prayer for the Queen, and refuse to mention her Majesty's name in their churches, to the great indignation of the loyal Dutch. The national humiliation services at the commencement of the war produced many remarkable prayers in Cape Colony for the triumph of "our arms," meaning the Transvaal; and amongst them I may quote the sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Krige, on November 26, at Caledon: "The same God," he said, "who came to the assistance of the Israelites in the wilderness of Tekoa exists to-day; and if God were approached with proper humiliation, He would assist our brethren now as He did in the past at Bronkhorst Spruit and Majuba." This is merely a type of many other such sermons, and I should add that in the house-to-house visitation far stronger expressions are, I am told, used. In fact, the priests, elders, and deacons of the Dutch Reformed Church alone would have kindled the revolutionary spirit which now exists in Cape Colony.

Turning to the political side, it must be remembered

that the republican spirit which showed itself before the colony ceased to be a Dutch possession has never entirely died out; but till Mr. Du Toit founded the Afrikander Bond in 1881, there was no secular organisation in Cape Colony to promote it. At first the Bond was merely a farmers' organisation, and loyal to the throne; but it was soon leavened by the republican spirit. In 1882 it obtained equal rights for both languages in the Cape Parliament, which meant that for the electorate any abuse of the English was a title to confidence, and for the elected that no knowledge of English was necessary. There are, in fact, members in the Cape Parliament who can hardly follow a debate in English. It secured an ignorant and therefore docile and bigoted following in the Cape Parliament and in the country. This organisation captured the Cape Parliament in 1883, and was already influential at the time of the Warren Expedition, from which, as I have said, the Transvaal learned the desirability of arming on a large scale. How far the organisation had reached in 1885 may be judged from a speech made at Grahamstown in that year by Mr. Merriman, now the Colonial Treasurer and the mainstay of Mr. Schreiner's Government:

> My quarrel with the [Afrikander] Bond is that it stirs up race differences. The main object is to make the South African Republic the paramount power in South Africa. . . . It is now the cue of the Bond to pretend to be loyal; and if it were not painful, it would be ridiculous to hear the editor of the *Zuid Afrikaan* cheering the Queen while resolutions are passed round the branches in opposition to the honour of England. . . . The question is whether you wish to remain an integral part of the British Empire. Do you want another flag here? A German flag, or the flag of a United South Africa?

As time went on the Bond increased in power. It has a literature and a history of its own. It has not only stirred up race differences; it has revived old sores, like the story of Slagters Nek, absolutely forgotten and unknown on the spot where it had taken place. It captured the educational

system. It imported Hollander teachers, and caused English children to be placed at a disadvantage with Dutch children. It boycotted loyal Englishmen in the professional classes; it has to such an extent captured the Civil Service, that the field-cornets are nearly all Dutch, and therefore it is a matter of frequent complaint that they do not report the disloyal colonists. The loyalty of the Bond is purely a lip loyalty, exemplified by a phrase quoted in a letter sent me: "We shall join the Boers when they come, but we are quite loyal." The contribution of Cape Colony to the navy did not affect the Bond. They did not mind England ruling the sea. Mr. Theron, M.L.A., used some remarkable words at the annual meeting of the Bond in 1899: "The Cape should be a Dutch colony, and the English should only be allowed to settle in it as long as they behaved themselves." The Bond motto is "Africa for the Afrikanders"; and it has done its work so well, that there is a positive premium on disloyalty. Even recently loyal magistrates have been removed from some districts, I am informed, merely because they have done their duty. This campaign is well supported by the Dutch organ *Ons Land*, the seditious tone of which shows the extent of freedom allowed in an English colony. Instances could be given in previous years; but in January, 1900, it quotes the mighty deeds done by Afrikander arms during the past few months, and declares "that still mightier deeds will be seen in the coming years, and that, far from the Afrikander nation being extinguished by the war, it will be welded into a compact mass and flourish more and more."

This, then, is the movement which Mr. Theophilus Schreiner has described as originating with Mr. Reitz, and the growth of which he has watched in the press, the pulpit, the platform, the schools, the colleges, and the legislature, and which has culminated in the present war, of which he says Mr. Reitz and his co-workers are the origin and cause. Only one link in the chain was deficient in Cape Colony. The economic, religious, and political movements were there: there was not, when the war broke out, an adequate

military organisation and leader. For this reason some would have preferred to delay the war. It is true that, owing to the profound contempt which the vacillation and cowardice of the British Government had inspired, it was thought a war would be a picnic, and that the British soldier would not and could not fight. But a movement was already on foot. Arms had been supplied to all the Dutch in Dutch districts, including the very poorest; arms have been found in large quantities in several districts since the war broke out. Promises of armed help had been made, and, as it appears from the prisoners, are well known not only to commandants, but also to the rank and file of the Transvaal forces. Threats had been levelled, not only at loyal colonists, but also at the loyal natives; and it seemed as if the threats would be carried out. Such was the situation at the commencement of the war, and it is not too much to say that, bad as the situation now is, in a year or two it would have been much worse.

It would, therefore, seem that the war was both just and inevitable, if we were not to abandon our kith and kin to those whom our own weakness and vacillation have made their bitter enemies. There is but little space to speak of the settlement, and, indeed, it is not yet time to discuss what will happen at the end of the war. It is, perhaps, not in sight at the present time. It may, however, be worth putting on record that the only end of the war which Great Britain can tolerate is the hoisting of the British flag at Pretoria and Bloemfontein, and the annexation once and for all of the two Republics, the foci of intrigue and sedition, as Sir George Grey would have called them. This and the compensation of all loyal colonists for the losses they have suffered, together with provision for equal rights for all white men and equal protection for all coloured men, is the very least the country can ask. It is certainly the very least that our colonists in Australasia and Canada, who have a right to be consulted, would tolerate, and the least the people of India, who have so large a stake in Africa, will require if British prestige is to be maintained there. Whatever the prospects of the moment,

the end of the war is not yet, and the final settlement may be delayed; but I for one firmly believe that out of all our misfortunes much good has come, and that there is more to follow. The federation of the Empire bids fair to be an accomplished fact before the war ends. Our military system must be reorganised on that basis. Great imperial questions can only be considered henceforth from that point of view. It will be no small gain to England, if we can lift colonial, imperial, military, and naval policy out of the slough of party politics. It will be no small gain to our cousins in America to have gained in us a strong military as well as a strong naval ally; and if that alliance, unconditional and unwritten as it must remain, only becomes an accomplished fact, there will be some prospect that the year which began in such a disastrous war may be the harbinger of many years of worldwide peace. For who is there amongst us to whom peace is not the first and foremost object of public policy, or to whom the words, once quoted, I believe, by Lord Chatham, do not appeal as strongly now as ever?—"God bless our country! May length of days be in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour; may all her ways be plenteousness, and all her paths peace!"

GEOFFREY DRAGE.

DR. MARTINEAU.

I. The Saint.

THE death of Dr. James Martineau removes one of those lives that do more than all fleets or armies to make a people great and keep them so. It is a great and noble nation that cherishes its men of genius more than its armaments, that prizes ideal beauty more than material success, that thinks its prophets more dear than politicians, its saints than its bishops, and dwells on the conquests of its seers more than on the extension of its territory. No nation has yet risen to that as a whole, but history has saved some by that alone. Greece is what she is to the great world to-day more by her Plato than by her Philip, by her Aristotle than by her Alexander. Israel to-day is most precious for its prophets—it is saved by its faith. And if we treat our Indian empire merely as a British possession to get rich on and not as a British trust to discharge, then our Milton and Shakespeare are worth more to our race than our Indian empire.

Dr. Martineau has died at the great age of ninety-five. He had passed his closing years in venerable retirement. Retirement was always the note of his mind, but it was mountainous retirement. He had the seal of an unearthly altitude and purity, a heavenly aloofness. He was a valuable rebuke to the passion for sociality, for popularity, for seeing and knowing everybody of note, or everybody who has done us good. The passion grows on a democratic age, and it makes us thankful sometimes for unpopular preachers and an unpopular Church. There is room for anxiety in the numerical strength of the Free Churches. It may be doubted whether any Church ought to be always popular, whether it be doing its Master's work faithfully if it is popular. The tendency to-day is to listen to no man who

is not a street preacher, so to say, or who fails to get the ear of the press. To the whole of what may be called the journalistic pulpit and to "rumbustious" religion a ministry like Dr. Martineau's is a rebuke. He was a Nonconformist to Nonconformity. It was not only his nature that was secluded and his genius unearthly, but he cast in his lot, for conscience' sake, with a community suspected where it was not dreaded, and despised where it was least understood. And by his brilliant genius, piercing mind, and lofty conscience he has done more to make his creed esteemed than all its advocates besides. No man, however great or good, can make a wrong faith right; but a great and good man can do much to secure respect for his wrong faith by the way in which he incarnates the elements in it which are right. And the greatness of Dr. Martineau was greatness of a kind that we in this age and country deeply need to be forced to respect. We have not our old regard for weak minorities or small peoples.

To many of the younger generation it is possible that he was mainly unknown; and they wonder why he should become the object of such praise from many who disown his creed. They have never read a word of his; they have never heard of his association with any philanthropic effort; they know him not as a preacher in demand for anniversaries; his name would have been useless for a chapel bill; he wrote no little books which sell by thousands with the religious public; he played no open part in the public life of the nation; he was not a politician, nor an empire-builder, nor a king of finance, nor a princely giver; his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart; he had little that appealed to the keen and bustling young person of the period; he did not deal in the wares which are in current demand. Yet, for these reasons in part, he was a great man, with a kind of greatness we much need to be forced to own. We are all of us only too ready to recognise the obviously great; and we are much too slow to recognise the spiritually great. We live in an age which revels in Kipling and has forgotten Shelley. We canonise the man who does big things, and we pass by the

man who sees great things and lives in their world. We are victims of the big, and we are dull to the great; we admire stir, and we ignore calm; we bow to the practical success, and we despise the ineffectual saint; we worship the man who *does* much, and we have less taste for the man who *is* much. We run after one who has seen many things, the daring explorer of torrid swamps or frozen poles; but we feel no interest in the man of venturous and laborious mind, who searches the deep things of the Spirit and goes voyaging on strange seas of thought alone. The late Archbishop Benson complains in a letter that "the harder the dignitaries of the Church work the less tokens of respect are shown to them." And he puts it down to the extreme ritualists, who make the public suspect of exaggerated self-importance a whole clergy whose effort is really only "to be more and more the servants of all." It may be, on the contrary, that, in so far as the decay of respect is true, it is because in the bustle of the time both bishops and clergy have come to be mere administrators rather than saints or apostles, and the public treats them just as men of business like itself. A ministry incessantly active is a peril to the Church. An administrator day and night like a bishop cannot easily be the object of apostolic or saintly respect. It is well that we should be forced to recognise a greatness silent and lofty among us, which has been seen chiefly to be disowned, or noticed too often with impatience. The *Spectator* has pointed out how honours were heaped on Dr. Martineau from learned Europe, while Oxford did not seem to discover him till he was over eighty, and Cambridge appears never to have heard of him. It is not claimed that we should pay public homage to one who was a thinker merely, or who occupied himself with technical pursuits of an abstract and remote kind, like school metaphysics, or the higher mathematics. His was the work of one who was familiar with these things, but whose ruling interest was their bearing on the great issues of the soul, the great powers of faith, the great energies of the spirit, the great "vocabulary of character," responsibility, guilt, merit, duty, God, freedom, immortality,

adoration, truth, and charity. He continued the great line of those who escaped from the specialism of even the higher studies by integrating them all into the study of God's relations with the soul and the world, which is the science of theology. He was a theologian of the extreme left. He was not a raw rationalist who theologised as an impertinence, like Haeckel and others, but he *was* a theologian. He was one of the trinity of spiritual powers who as theologians have had a subtle and commanding influence on the thoughts of the nineteenth century, men marked, not only by power, but also by distinction of mind and style. The reference, of course, is, besides himself, to Maurice and Newman. His style alone would have given him influence—so lucent, jewelled, over-polished at times, perhaps, but never metallic; full of fancy—sometimes too full—and of imagery now scientific, now poetic; full of delicacy, lithe as steel, with a careful felicity, "saying the unsayable." Newman alone ranked with him in this regard. But all the three had a style, along with a wondrous penetrativeness of intellect, spiritual imagination, and ideal charm.

Martineau's theology was of the Greek and not the Latin type. He was Greek in his subtlety, in his grace, in his lucidity, in his ideality. But he was a very Christian Greek; and he found the food of his soul among the great saints of Hebraism, Catholicism, and Evangelicalism. No man who so disowned the Catholic theology ever made so much use of the classics of Catholic and Evangelical devotion. He thought like a Socinian, and prayed like a Pietist. His sermons, his prayers, his hymn-book are treasuries of devotion, especially if we supplement them with a more adequate salvation, and descend on them from a higher cross. He was a severe critic, but he was also a profound mystic. He was as acute as the human mind has ever been, yet though not of the very deepest, he was deep and often subtle. He was one of the Greeks who would see Jesus, or who did see Him, but who saw Him before the cross rather than after it. Few Orthodox Christians have lavished on the Saviour such love and reverence as this heretic: he was a Socinian St.

Bernard; but the Evangelical interpretation of Christianity was an offence to him. Mediatorial religion seemed to him to be an impiety. He carried the love and reverence of Jesus to the height of a passion, and he enshrined it in words and thoughts of beauty at once rich and chaste; but one thing he refused to Him on principle—he refused Him worship. Christ was the author in man of the highest faith, but He was not its object. Martineau was not even Arian. That was the great gulf between him and such as ourselves. It is a very great gulf, ecclesiastically impassable—especially from his side. It must be hard for one holding *his* view to worship habitually with those whose worship of God is at the same time a worship of Christ, explicit or implied. It is easier for us to join in his devout love and reverence for Christ than it was for him to join in our worship of Christ. That is where the real difficulty enters. It is on the side of those who must regard our worship as idolatry of a man, rather than on our side who regard theirs as more defective even than wrong. There are not so many Unitarians who could use and admire the devout orthodoxy of Baxter as there are Evangelicals who have used and prized the holy heresy of Dr. Martineau in his *Endeavours after the Christian Life* or his *Hours of Thought*. It is men like these, of first-rate mind and of holy beauty, who have done most to alter the whole attitude of the public mind to theological heresy, and to reduce the ban upon it to something not different in kind from the condemnation that lovers of truth must bestow on any form of serious error.

II. The Sceptic.

There is a question that often entangles the mind of inexperienced seekers after truth, when their traditional belief is confronted with the fact of its denial by one so lofty, so profound, so heavenly as the sage and seer we have lost. If right belief be a matter of such moment, especially in its effect on character, how come we to find such character and godliness in one who discards it so sweep-

ingly? What does belief matter, it is asked, if a man is good and godly?

To such questions the first answer is this. Protestantism does not regard theological truth as a sacred deposit committed to the Church like a fabric of pure and massive gold most finely worked and chased, to be guarded for its own sake at the cost of any suffering, and almost any principle. We have no right to exact from any individual an assent to that system, or to the Church's view of that system, on pain of exclusion from Church privileges, or of salvation. Salvation depends on our personal relation to Christ, not on our assent to any statements of truth about Christ. Saving faith is not correct creed, even about Christ's own statements; it is personal and final surrender to Christ as a person. How different that is from the Catholic view of faith may be seen in the declaration which the Roman Church has demanded from its eminent man of science, Dr. Mivart:

> I firmly believe and profess that the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed like a philosophical invention to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the spouse of Christ, to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared, and that therefore that meaning of the sacred dogmas is to be perpetually retained which our holy mother the Church has once declared, and that that meaning can never be departed from, under the pretence or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them. I reject as false and heretical the assertion that it is possible at some time, according to the progress of science, to give to doctrines propounded by the Church a sense different from that which the Church has understood and understands, and consequently that the sense and meaning of her doctrines can ever be in the course of time practically explained away or reversed. (Cf. *Dogmatic Constitution of the Vatican on Catholic Faith*, Chap. IV., can. iv.)

The next answer is that the moral effect of theological belief is not to be measured by the results on individuals. The Catholic idea is so far right that a theology is much

more the property of a Church than of its single members; and its benefits accrue to the Church more than to the Christian; to the Christian through the Church. The sweep of those truths is too great to take effect in a single lifetime. It is extravagant and untrue to say that a man's loss of Christian articles must entail his loss of moral goodness. It neither is a moral crime, nor does it necessarily entail it. Martineau stood out well for the moral innocence of mental error so far as individuals are concerned; which, however, we may remark in passing, is not the same thing as being irresponsible for right belief. We have just lost another great seer in Ruskin, and it was a similar extravagance when Ruskin said that the art of an artist would be vitiated by his personal immorality. His own idol, Turner, would not stand the test, nor the consummate Cellini. The view was too individualist altogether. The moral tone and level of a *society* certainly would affect its artists; but these spiritual forces take more room than the individual life to turn round in. And so with religious belief. No doubt, if we take nations and generations, a false religious belief does affect the moral level and quality. It is fair enough, for instance, to place the bankrupt or helpless condition of Catholic countries or their state of social morality in connexion with their theological creed. It would be quite fair argument for them to turn the same weapon on us, if they could make their case good. But many men and women who have given up their Christian belief live on the moral capital accumulated from previous generations of godly ancestors, or from habits and sympathies acquired by themselves in their first believing years. There is an ethical and spiritual puritanism which survives in the nation the puritan theology that bred it; and so there is a moral puritanism in many individuals which remains for life when they have discarded the early Evangelical views and sympathies it was reared in. And it is equally true that, as the generations go on, the effect of a non-Evangelical theology would be the decay of moral vigour, or even principle, in society, and so in individuals. For it is only personal faith that prevents

individuals from becoming merely what their religious society makes them.

We should not overvalue in weighing truth or falsehood, the personal piety of the man or woman who holds it. Personal *faith* does very directly affect personal conduct, but personal *belief* does not affect it directly, nor does personal error of an intellectual kind directly damage it. A man may be a good man, probably, even if he is not able to go on believing in the Trinity; and he may be a devout one. But if *most people* ceased to believe in the Trinity, then, in the course of generations, good men would become more rare, goodness more hard, and godliness less winning in its aspect and more formal in its work. Martineau did very much to rescue Unitarianism from the mechanical view of God and the world which came down from the English Deism of last century. But there was much also in the Unitarianism that surrounded even his later days which he confessed he did not sympathise with. And the "atmosphere" which he cast about his keen rationalism was due to the fact that his conception of God was really at bottom a Sabellian Trinity. This he indicated, to the dissatisfaction of some in his own community, in his article on "A Way out of the Trinitarian Controversy."

It is not within the area of any mere individual that Christian truth and Christian life can completely meet and cover each other. The range of that truth is too great, and the area of the individual too small. There is only one personality in which the two were ever identical, who was both truth and life. And we so lift Him above ordinary human nature that we cannot describe Him as a mere individual alongside of others. Christ was a living person, but He was far beyond a human individual. He *was* all the truth He knew. He stood for all human nature in a way no individual could. Dr. Martineau admits that this was Paul's view:

> To Paul the Crucified as revealed in His resurrection was no mere individual sample of the sons of men, related to those whom He gathered as James and Andrew and Philip to each

other; but, as the realiser of God's idea for this type of being, He was the essence of humanity itself, and could speak and act and suffer for it all.[1]

This is the general Christian belief, which makes any incongruity in other men far from surprising; so that the very principle which makes us just to the life of a saint like Dr. Martineau makes his creed insufficient. His character was the fruit of a far larger life than his individual convictions; even as he fed his soul's life by preference from a far larger and more spiritual community than his own. It is with Christ that we have to do, with His universal personality, not with any individual—though it is with a Christ fresh and direct for every nation, and "born anew in each soul." If He is born anew in each soul, each soul is born anew in Him. We are not called on to explain any human anomalies like rationalist sainthood before we can commit ourselves to the faith of Christ. We cannot afford to wait to do anything so tedious. The very fact that Christ declared Himself to be the Judge of all men takes Him out of mere human categories, and places His actual presence in front of every single soul like no man's before or since.

"How," Baldensperger asks, "does such a claim fit into the frame of a human consciousness? It is an assumption which really lies beyond all *our* experience, also beyond the highest religious experience."[2]

It stands to reason that God's greatest gift to man should also be the final judgment on man. But God's greatest gift is His self-bestowal on man—"self-disclosure," as we shall see Dr. Martineau inadequately calls it. And among men nothing is so precious as a soul: "personality," he says again, "is the noblest gain of Christian thought." God's greatest gift, therefore, is at once Himself and a living soul, Himself therefore *in* a living soul, God *in* Christ, not *through*

[1] *Seat of Authority*, p. 479.
[2] *S. J.*, 152.

Christ; who is, therefore, our Judge. By our relation to Him we stand or fall for ever. So Christ taught, even in His synoptic gospel, in words that no criticism can take from His mouth. The claim to judge the world was too awful to have been put into Christ's mouth by His disciples; and it can be taken out of His mouth only by a criticism which is less historical than dogmatic—pursued in the interest of a negative dogma. Because it is fatal to a dogma which regards Jesus merely as a man perfectly filled with God,[1] instead of a God perfectly identified with man. We can understand how the Father should have committed all judgment to the Son, if the earthly Son were even what the Arian says, the incarnation of a pre-existent personality, created, yet uniquely divine. But it is hard to see how the position of Judge becomes even the holiest of men who was in his nature man and no more. Nor could Dr. Martineau see that this was possible; so he sweeps away from the genuine utterances of Christ every claim of the kind as Christian mythology. This is theological more than historic criticism.

III. A Spiritual Philosophy and a Human Cross.

The highest service for his age was done by Dr. Martineau in the world of thought—in defence of the spiritual principles of life, and the spiritual basis of God for mind and soul. His historical sense, indeed, was defective, compared with his philosophic; and his practical faculty in affairs was poor by contrast with his wealth of ethical insight. His criticism of the Bible was too little historical, as I have said. How did he fail to see that Christianity on his poor residuum of historic foundation could not possibly account for its own career? that it was too ideal, remote, aloof, and scholastic, like himself? His criticism was too much of a foot battalion brought up and handled for the purpose of supporting the squadrons of his ideal and dogmatic negations. And his

[1] This seems to be the burden of the two remarkable sermons on "Christ the Divine Word" in *Hours of Thought*, Vol. II.

efforts at Church reconstruction were a failure in a couple of years. He had not the social instinct in either mind or temper. He reacted from Hegelianism both because of its architectonic system and its socialist tendencies. He never grasped society as an organism, and he has been accused of an antiquated psychology in treating the mind as a firm of faculties rather than as an indiscernible unit. He suspected the idea of solidarity whether social or psychical. He was more of a critic than a constructer, positive though his mind was. But, for all that, it was he, together with Green of Oxford, who gave the death-blow to the somewhat hard, narrow, timid, and material quality of English philosophy. He took the low roof off it, and exposed it to the sky. He gave it the fresh-air treatment. He enlarged its world, its somewhat stuffy and beetling world. He stood for the value of the soul's intentions as against the mere arithmetic of utilitarian results. He insisted on the moral value of motives as distinct from effects. The motive was more for the man than the net upshot of his action. It was the quality of the soul that guaranteed the future of the soul. And it was God, the soul of all, that guaranteed the quality of the soul. He stood for God, a living God, freedom, and immortality, in the face of a science which, if not materialist, would have made the mass of its believers little else. He has not said the last word on these things: who has? His ethical method may be more useful for religion than for ethics. Thought has moved beyond even him. He had too little sympathy with the corporate side of either ethics or religion. He did not utilise the contribution made in that direction by the principle of evolution. In his religion he was alone with the alone. He did not realise the spiritual presence of a Christ or a Church in the core and crisis of worship. He was Unitarian in his noble individualism. But, for all that, he has greatly affected the colour of English thinking on the greatest things. He broke the self-sufficiency of the mere physicist, and the tyranny of the agnostic; while, on the other side, he exposed the hollowness of the amateur and literary idealists like Matthew Arnold,

and pricked, with the sharpest and deftest sword among us, the fine phrases in which they offered mere ideal substitutes for God. And the fine severity of his ethic has had a cleansing and corrective effect on debased forms of Evangelical belief. He has done much to force on a society too prone to lose religion in feeling and in thought its vital centre in the will. It was our free will, he said, where alone we were real causes, that gave us the true sense of God as the cause and ground of the world. Our mind might report an outward cause, but it was the conscience alone that realised a perfect cause and a supreme authority. And the same ethical bias made him a salutary, if too sweeping, critic of the perversions of vicarious theology. "You cannot have character by proxy" is sound doctrine, however we may differ from some of the applications he gave it.

Many have had a profounder idea of the power of the cross, but none has had a deeper or keener sense of its beauty. We are a vigorous race, and we have the defects of our qualities. We are as timid in thought as we are bold in deed, like a pietist athlete. We are dull to shades of meaning, impatient of half-lights, and sceptical of low tones. We love plain black and white, and we suspect the men who will not answer yes or no. But Martineau bore in upon our morbid robustness the holy and healthful spirit of a lovelier grace. He led us captive to the subduing spell of spiritual beauty. He turned upon a people of one key—and that C major—the subtle influence of the minor mode. He was to the English mind as Brahms to Handel. He did much also to open our eyes to the splendour of the night side of the soul's world, and to deliver us from the tyranny of a perpetual noon and a gaudy day. The cross was for him the consecration of all the powers and pieties that dwell so richly with the retired or broken side of life, the humble and contrite moods, the shady and pensive hour. But it was more. It was the hallowing of the human tragedy, the focus of the human agony, the divine centre of the world-woe, and its divine interpretation. It was not the one condition and

agent of God's redemption, but it was the one culminating expression of human victory by meekness, goodness, holiness, and sacrifice. He has put it all into his finest hymn, "A voice upon the midnight air." If there were a religion of powerful but pensive spiritual beauty, Martineau would be its prophet.

IV. Critical.

Having thus indicated our attitude of respectful affection to this sanctified thinker and teacher, it may be permitted to proceed with some criticism of his positions in so far as they affect what must be called a more Evangelical, and therefore more Christian, view of revelation.

Martineau had a saddened sense that ere he published his maturest views thought had moved away from his position, and he was no longer in the van of philosophical progress. He delayed his books too long. He came out in the eighties with what would have been most relevant in the sixties. He had won his battle by reconnaissances in force before he brought up his main body. His essays and his teaching had made his contribution to the world of thought, which had gone on to new developments and new conquests. The utilitarianism which he fought so well had moved forward to a far larger construction of things in evolutionary ethics; and his intuitionalism had expanded to meet this enlargement in the shape of Hegelian idealism. He stood between Mill and Green, Darwin and Bradley. He destroyed the hard, old individualism; but he did not adapt himself to the new universalism. He remained to the last hampered by the relics of an old atomism which made him suspicious of the new organic view of society. He saw the Hegelian school split into two wings, which advanced to destroy each other; and he congratulated himself that he stood on a height of individual intuition which secured him in the clash. "I have observed," he said to the present writer, "that these Hegelians begin by believing that everything that is is right, and they end by believing that nothing

is right." All the same, by the time that his two chief philosophic works were in print, he was isolated and left, and he knew it. It is well, of course, that a man should wait to mature his views on great subjects before he fix them in a treatise for the world. And some men have ruined their subsequent influence with the thinking world by being betrayed into premature publication, whose chief action, like Goethe's *Werther*, was the clarifying of their own mind to the public confusion rather than the discharge of a considered burden for the settlement of others. But the reserve can be overdone and prolonged ; and perhaps it was so in Martineau's case. And he would have produced more effect had he published his two chief works twenty years earlier than he did. When they came, the thinkers of his own rank began to look for their place in the history of the subject rather than to assimilate their contribution.

V. Intuitionist Ethics.

In the region of ethics Martineau's view is of a highly intuitionalist and therefore individualist character. The function of conscience, he said, is primarily concerned, not with outward acts, but with inward motives ; and with these not as they may contribute to the well-being of the whole to which the individual belongs, but as they are related to each other in a preferential scale of higher and lower. His ethic is preferential. Moral evil is choosing from two or more motives that which an ultimate intuition asserts to be qualitatively inferior. Goodness is the choice of the qualitatively superior as assessed by the faculty or intuition named. And he drew up a scale or ladder of motives which is one of his most interesting contributions to ethical science, as well perhaps as one of his most vulnerable.

One may take without saying the profound, acute, and fine *aperçus* which on almost every page lend distinction to his theories, and form windows that either arrest us by their colouring or open to us surprise views into long reaches of sky or earth. And need it be admitted how much there is

that is true in his theories, how much that is an immense advance on the past, and a precious protest for the intrinsic value of the soul's powers and worth? But when it comes to an estimate of his scientific position, there is much to be said at this time of day. It is far from easy to apply his preferential method in actual practice, owing to the solidarity and complexity of the motives in action at every choice. It is not as if two or three motives could be called up for judgment before the keen and kingly conscience, each put in a separate dock, and each examined on its worth and claim. No human act is like that. It is the whole self that acts in each choice, and the whole self is a great tangle of mixed motives which cannot be exposed and valued apart. Martineau had never really escaped from the old psychology which set one part or faculty of the soul to judge another. He had never really grasped the truer theory of conscience as the moral consciousness; *i.e.* as the self judging itself instead of one side or one section of it judging another. He set the subjective and the objective elements in moral judgment into so sharp an antithesis that it was hard to grasp the true idea of moral freedom; *viz.* that the law we obey is our own law, the law of our larger self. The infinite to which the finite bows is *its own* infinite, and has an organic relation to it which is essential to being at once an authority and an inward and not alien authority. That is one line of criticism on Martineau's intuitional and preferential theory. And there may be another. When we come to the bottom of the moral scale, is our attitude merely preferential? In higher regions we may prefer the motive of general justice to that of particular kindness in a given case, because the latter has, in circumstances, its right. But at the very foot are we not met by motives, or springs of action, called envy, hate, malice, and pure vindictiveness? Is there any right place for malice or for envy? Is the relation between these and the good motives merely preferential? Can we only say that generosity is comparatively better than envy? Can we say that without the implication that envy itself is, or may on occasion be, good? When we think of the abysses

and agonies of the soul and of the mortal moral strife, is it an adequate account of moral action to say that it is in its nature only preferential? Is the diabolic merely what is not to be preferred? Is the strife with it merely an effort to postpone it in rank? Is the whole moral conflict simply the effort to incarnate in conduct a scale of graduated excellence, and to produce a harmony in ethics, with the lowest in its proper place? Is that a gratuitous struggle which seeks to exterminate the lowest, and wipe Mephistopheles from existence? Or must we always have these ape and tiger impulses to be a foil for the next above them and to enable us to choose it?

It is, moreover, an imperfect account of the moral process which sees in the act of judgment only an intuitive, and so inexplicable, perception of superiority or inferiority. We are impelled to go beyond such immediacy. We are driven to inquire what constitutes superiority. And it is an account, besides, which does not do justice to the strength that underlies the utilitarian position. There must be more in that than Martineau allows, to commend it to the attention and support it has won from moralists of the finest fibre. A superior motive must be one whose superiority has some reference to its effect in act. It need not have its preferential value in the production of pleasure, even of the exalted pleasure of happiness. But it ought surely to have a tendency to produce a good will, and to perfect the race in character. Its consequences in this way are surely a real test of good or evil in any motive. Pity is not an ignoble motive; but the Charity Organisation Society has a right to be heard on its effects before we are entitled to call it a good motive, or to describe its action in a given case as moral. And there is plenty of room for discussing the question with what reserves or explanations the suffusion of jollity upon the conscience which characterises Dickens, for instance, or his effusiveness of pathos, is to be reckoned among the moral influences of literature. If heart piety be the mere readiness and rule of emotion, it is always discussible how far piety is moral, or whether ever "religion

is one of the forms of sin." It is singular that Martineau, who made so much of teleology otherwise, did not make more of it in ethics. Christian ethics surely (and so all ultimate and actual ethics) is teleological. It is not hedonist, concerned primarily with the quality of *acts*, nor intuitionalist and concerned with the value of motives; it has to do with the sanctity of life, *i.e.* its approach to its perfection in God, and especially in Christ, as at once king and kingdom. Morality is there for life, not life for morality. It is a thing of character, the evolution of a perfect ideal, our relation with which is not imitation so much as communion, and the progressive sanctification of His indwelling.

There is another difficulty which carries us beyond the ethical region to one likely to concern both the writer and the readers of this article still more nearly. The intuition of conscience with Martineau is twofold. It gives us the sense of superior excellence in a series of motives, enabling us to select according to quality instead of intensity; and it fortifies the weaker intensity of the superior quality by a reinforcement of authority, of obligation to choose it. We not only see that the finer is higher than the other, but we feel that it is really more imperious. It comes with a demand. And as the demand is made *on* a person it is made *by* a person, else it is mere necessity from below, or urgency from behind; it is not true authority. Person is set over person; and moral choice is only moral because of its obedience to the external authority of the higher person. But if such be the nature of morality, can this higher person be moral?[1] Who is the higher authority, beyond himself and descending on himself, whom he obeys as a moral being? Or is morality one thing in God and another thing in man, and have we relapsed into the Agnostic ethic from which Mill's famous words to Hamilton set so many free? If it be true that man is constituted in God the Son, or if something like that be true, the difficulty is much reduced,

[1] This point is made by Professor Sidgwick.

even when it is not removed. If God's demand on man be the reflection of God's demand on Himself; if man's sacrifice of himself to God do but correspond to a real sacrifice, within God, of Son to Father; if the authority over us be but the congenial control of entire Godhead over one of its persons or elements; if the divine unity be not the theistic unity of a person, but a richer unity of persons,—then we have a basis for moral authority which does not make it one thing for God and another for man. But upon Martineau's lines we have nothing by which we can ethically escape from the Agnostic position, which philosophically he spent his life in assailing. Some real principle of Incarnation is the only exit from that position—whether it be provided by a Trinitarian philosophy or an historic revelation.

It may be well to strengthen our statement as to the ethical Agnosticism of this great intuitionalist by a more particular reference. There is a passage in his *Types* which is a little startling to those who may have thought that his method was one which made Deity more humane than He had been left by either the Agnostic philosophers or the too Gnostic and systematic theologians. Martineau feels himself obliged in the last resort to modify the application of ideas like righteousness or holiness to God. They mean no more than His eternal blessedness. For he says these ideas have no meaning apart from a course of moral conflict which they crown, a struggle, and a suffering, and a tragedy of which they make the reposeful end. But conflict, struggle, and tragedy, he says, cannot enter into the divine perfection. The temptation or agony of Christ, he would probably reply to our questions, must not be taken to represent any real experience in the history of God Himself. God sympathises, but perhaps as genius might, apart from actual experience,

identifying His life with a conflict from which in His own essence He might remain aloof.

The strong hold which the Christian conception has of *Righteousness* and *Holiness* as predicates of God arises from the fact that it approaches Him along the pathway of humanity.

It is not possible to recognise this sympathy with human

probation without in some way *carrying up* the contrasted light and shade of moral distinctions into His inmost being. The only question is how to conceive any shadow there and hold the idea of a contrast at all?

Only by regarding Him first as bearing holy partnership in the conflicts of our humanity does the Christian faith *carry the ethical colouring into* the secret places of His being, and, by adhering to the relative view, avoid the blanching effect of cold metaphysic light.

Such beings "feel temptation as it were at second hand through an *appreciative* sympathy," [not actual experience].[1]

The italics are mine except in the first quotation. Is it not clear that our human tragedy or conflict is something comparatively external to God; that we have here much more speech of reading them into His nature than of reading them out; that they are imported not revealed, appreciated, at best, and not borne; that in so far as holiness has its culminating expression in the cross of Christ, it does not proceed from God's inmost nature, but is by us projected there; that it is more a reminiscence by us of the path we trod than a manifestation by God of the life He lives? Martineau's philosophical conception of God is Greek at heart; it is a balanced calm, not to say an impressive harmony, of powers and attributes, on which, by a need of our nature, we project a painless sympathy with our pain and an effortless appreciation of our struggle. How can "faith carry into God the ethical colouring" which is the real object and source of faith, the thing trustworthy in God? The writer's piety and rhetoric have misled him in a way that none could have exposed so effectively as himself. It is a view, after all, more æsthetic than ethical. And it is so because Martineau renounces the Evangelical position that the cross is the one final, absolute, and comprehensive revelation of God, that sacrifice and death are in the divine nature, that in the death of Christ, as Hegel quotes, "Gott selbst ist todt." In Martineau's view of the cross there

[1] *Types of Ethical Theory*, II., p. 92, second edition.

is more of man than of God, more of religion than of revelation, and with the results that we see. It almost seems as if he felt he ought to extenuate the anthropomorphism by which we are driven to ascribe to the perfect harmony of God righteousness and holiness in the only sense in which these command and move us. And he leaves us, not with an intelligible because cognate imperative for our duty in the Absolute, but only with a fine object for our worship. For want of the idea of revelation as historic Incarnation we are secluded from the ultimate reality of the divine experience, and we are reduced to a relation with Him which is too æsthetic for the purposes of moral faith, or the most deep communion. It is no real divine basis for Christian ethics which regards the cross of Christ more as a martyrdom than as an ultimate revelation, or more as a revelation than as a redemption.

VI. Revelation, Redemption, and Individualism.

On the whole question of revelation Martineau's views were too philosophical and too little historic. There is no indication that he really grasped the idea as contained in the person of Jesus, or in the more recent developments of thought about that person. That figure is an unresolved quantity in his view of the universe, a riddle which he was far too ready to solve by a reckless use of documentary criticism. There is really no other description than this for his efforts to eliminate the teaching of Jesus as to His final judgment of the world. The account of that fact may betray an imaginative drapery, but the claim itself cannot be subsequent mythology. He had not the historic mind as he had the philosophic, and the delicate, and the devout. And especially he does not face the problem of revelation *to a guilty race*, which is only possible as redemption. He treats the matter as if the one thing needful were the removal of scales, instead of the restoration of the visual nerve, or even the treatment of the optic centres. Sin has not, in his view, blighted all certainty about

God and what He is to do with us; and it only requires God's self-disclosure, not His redemption, for adequate revelation. Here again, perhaps, he fails to realise the solidarity of personality, and is held in the toils of a "faculty" psychology. Moreover, he is detained in the Greek and mediæval idea that our need or bliss is the *vision* of God, instead of the redemption of God. It is forgiveness that stirs our first and last prayer and praise, it is not the contemplation of Deity. It is the communion of pardon, not the rapture of vision, that makes the perfection of Christian life. For the purging of the visual eye we need rue more than euphrasy, and redemption before contemplation. It is something more that we need (and something more that is given) for a revelation than mere presentation, mere utterance, a mere "apparition of the most finished excellence and harmony." It is a more tragic world than is to be healed by a revelation so Greek—even when it is the apparition of Jesus, "so meek and yet so majestic," or the announcement of a God that merely "resembles" Him. We need much more than a disclosure of the "affectionateness" of God, of "a domestic God." (*Five Points of Christian Faith.*)

He deals with the question of revelation in the *Seat of Authority*, from which a passage may be quoted that is briefly expressive of his mind and its measure:

> Where the agent is divine and the recipient human there can be nothing for the mind to do but to let the light flow in, and by the lustre of its presence turn each common thought to sanctity; the disclosure must be *self-disclosure*; the evidence *self-evidence*; the apprehension, as we say, *intuitive*, something given not found.

The response to revelation, then, is intuition. That point, however, may be reserved for a moment while we ask exactly what is given in the self-disclosure which is the divine act of revelation. What is it that is conveyed? Or is anything conveyed? Is it just that something is removed —veils from God's face, or scales from man's eyes? The context suggests more than that—that something is "pre-

sented," "given." What is it? It can be only one of two things—either God Himself, or some truth about Him. Let us take the supreme point of revelation for the soul of the race, the supreme gift of God to the world of men, the man Jesus in whom He dwelt. I do not think Dr. Martineau would have objected so to describe Jesus. In *this* self-disclosure what was given—divine personality, or divine truth? There does not seem a middle ground. What we have in Christ as a revelation of God is either a man's report of God, which is a truth about God; and then we are back into all the coil of a revealed orthodoxy, revealed statements: or it is a living personality who does not so much state what He has seen, but for the revelation of God gives Himself, is Himself the revelation, the self-disclosure of God; and then how are we to avoid the conclusion that God was present not *inside* the personality but *as* the personality? If the personality *was* God's self-disclosure, God's gift of Himself, we are outside the Unitarian position; if Christ only bore witness to God in however glowing form, then we are inside mere orthodoxy, in the region where the object of faith is statement, testimony, and not reality. It is possible, however, that Martineau would have replied that the supreme point of revelation was not the personality of Jesus, that there is no such supreme point and historic centre for the race, that such a thing can only exist for the individual experience, that the experience of Jesus was final only for Himself, and that each soul must go through the like, and come to the direct intuition of God as Jesus did, though in a much more unsteady way. And to that the rejoinder would be twofold. First, when we are inquiring scientifically as to the value of religion, we must be chiefly concerned with the classic case or cases of it; it is only when we are dealing with the practical effects of it that we have chiefly to do with our own personal experience For the certainty of God the faith of Christ may be more valuable than my own. But, second, if in our scientific quest we treat the personality of Jesus as an experience merely parallel with our own, we depart in the first instance

from the view of all the classic Christians as to their relation to Him; and in the next place we interpret Him by a religious atomism—a religious atomism which has a doubtful claim to the name revelation, because it is not social, and it indicates but an individual God; it is unable to make itself good to any but its recipient, and unsteadily for the most part to him. Revelation which is only intuitive and not mediated is impression, but it is not really revelation because it is not knowledge. It is not certainty except for the individual, and in him it is liable to be dependent on the conditions of the moment.

The atomic nature of such revelation is in keeping with much that is partly strong and partly weak in Martineau's system. It is a precious truth too easily forgotten that revelation must come home to the soul, and truth to the individual mind, before it is a real certainty. The sense of God must be born anew in each mind. "It is a light for which they two alone are needful, alone are possible."[1] "As many minds so many revealing acts." "Immediate apprehension cannot pass laterally from man to man." This last may be quite true; but then it is fatal to immediate apprehension as the test of revelation distinguished from impression, and to say that there are as many revealing acts as there are minds is to betray a simplicity in the conception of revelation which is much more simple than adequate. Revelation then becomes an infinite series of facets on the face of the divine and terrible crystal, instead of a unitary divine act organised with an indefinite capacity of spirit and function for individual cases. Revelation as a religious solvent could not farther go, and remain religion, than in that startling expression. It makes a Church impossible, and it does not seem so much as to have heard of a Holy Ghost. This last negation, of course, is bound up in the intuitional position; but I mean that the construction of the spiritual world which is expressed in that theological doctrine is

[1] *Seat of Authority*, p. 307.

absent from the spiritual or the social life of the communities which hold such a creed, whether Churches or states. As Churches they are not missionary; for intuitionalism means that you cannot step outside yourself with your certainty, it is not objective for mankind, it is only true for you. And as states they tend to dissolution; for it is often to be remarked how intuitionalist thinkers, who begin and end with the conscience, gravitate to a pure, not to say a prickly, individualism in politics. Intuitionalism has made both saints and citizens; but its tendency is to make cloistered saints and critical citizens. Its saints are somewhat remote, and its citizens, however useful, tend to reduce their usefulness by their individualism. Martineau himself never had the corporate mind. He is throughout what Christ is for him—individual. It is a mental habit which destroys the destructive effect of his criticism upon the reconciling work of Christ, and makes it too sterile to be as corrective as we need.[1] His Theism is but his individualism writ large; a Trinity is social, rational, universal. It is architectonic; and Martineau was effective, but not constructive. He was unaffected by recent socialist sympathies, or rather they affected him with suspicion. His war with Agnostic and Determinist Evolution closed his mind against the true ethical contribution which Evolution has made—the reality of the social organism, not only as the soul's environment, but as the soul's own larger and more rational self.

Martineau does not seem even to have been much attracted by the idea of the kingdom of God, of ethical solidarity, of the spiritual organisation of the race. He knows it of course, and uses it, but he does not give it a ruling place. He knows that the individual is not himself apart from his society. But this is admitted rather than urged. And his subordination of the social idea is not unconnected with his deprecation of the idea of the universal man in Christ on the one hand, and of the ethical

[1] *Seat of Authority*, pp. 480 *seq.*

value of Evolution on the other. Especially with the former. The thought of redemption in the accurate sense does not occupy him. He refers to the kingdom of God as no more than the consummation of ethical and spiritual progress:

> There forms itself in the mind of men the conception of an ideal commonwealth whose pattern, as Plato said, is stored in heaven, never itself to descend, yet visible for perpetual approximation by the wise—"a kingdom of God," in which at last wrong shall wear itself out, and the energies of life shall be harmonized, and its affections perfected. Under this aspect it is that the moral evolution of society, unable to rest in the *State*, aspires to transcend it in the *Church*; the function of which is to idealise the conception of human existence, to prevent its settling on its levels, to unfold the contents of its best thought and aims, and lead on the way to their realisation, both by quickening the faith that power divine is on their side, and by skilfully assailing the resistances to their accomplishment. The ever widening conscience of faithful men feels in allegiance bound to nothing short of this.[1]

This is admirably put, as usual. But is it any adequate account of the way the Church arose out of the State, of the experienced relation of the spiritual to the natural in those who contributed most to the transition? Is the kingdom of God introduced by the Fabian policy of the wearing out of wrong, or by the mere harmonizing of the energies and affections of life? Has it not much rather come by decisive issues, by crises, and centrally by a crisis of crises, by a final judgment of God in history (which need not be at history's close, and is in Christ's cross)? Here again we are compelled to feel how this spirit, so delicate and devout, has yet missed the node of the spiritual life; how his saintly and philosophic mind remained outside the experienced agonies, tragedies, and crises of it; how his vivid sympathy was arrested at the frontier of an evangelical experience; how, by the very purity of his nature, his striving against sin came short of a resistance unto blood;

[1] *Types of Ethical Theory*, II., p. 405.

how attenuated, in consequence, became his idea of redemption; how secluded his God was after all from the real *nisus* and *conatus* of the soul's world; and how the missing truth was just the truth of an incarnation whose principle is not in the birth of Jesus, but in His cross, in His redemption—in His cross, not merely as a martyr-aspect of the divine, but as the sacrificial heart of Deity.

VII. Revelation and Faith.

There is in intuitionalism a truth we can never afford to lose, and from our religious life in particular. A real revelation must not only be general for the race, and historical once for all, but it must strike light on each soul. The unique and unitary revealing act must be of a nature to be born anew in each heart. But not in the sense of starting fresh in each soul from its divine origin, but in the sense of taking fresh effect in each. The best analogue, perhaps, is a great musical creation which is given to the world once for all by the composer, but which is reproduced with fresh life and power every time it is "given" to the public. All this is true, and must remain so. Where intuition fails is as an ultimate ground of certainty for what must in its nature be a universal revelation. If made thus final, it affects the universal cogency of God, His rationality; and it resolves religious society into a concourse of saintly atoms, not lighted by a common dawn, but visited with a sunrise for each. There is no Church possible but only an association, no religious humanity, no household of faith. Each has an immediate, but only an empirical conviction. There are many candles of the Lord, but no Light of the world. There is no trace of the idea which the aged Goethe expressed thus: "Collective humanity is really the true man, and the individual can only be happy when he gains the courage to feel himself one in a whole." It is, indeed, a gain to feel one among many instead of feeling only one, and not feeling the many at all; but it is a greater gain to feel one in a whole made up of the many, which is our true unity

and our own true home. An intuitional religion brings us at last to the condition that marks an over-cultured and reserved state of society where faith is largely feeling, and, therefore, shrinks from publication. In such a state of things the religion of all sensible men is, according to an authority who lived his creed, one which they say nothing about—which is as much as to say, nothing to speak of. Or it becomes the religion of Socialism, which is written off at the outset as *Privatsache*. It is singular to observe how the socialist and the individualist meet, how the worship of ideas destroys the individuality of the idea, how idolatry of even a refined kind pulverises its divine principle into a pantheon, with as many gods as there are interests, and as many chapels as there are men. Socialism is individualism disguised; and intuitionalism is individualism transfigured.

No real revelation can be duly met by an intuition but by faith, by trust. Intuition is too contemplative in its suggestions for the essence of faith. No man could say more true or fine things as to trust than Martineau in his devout writings; but in his scientific there is something unsatisfactory. As thus: "*Faith* as opposed to *works* of the will is rightness of *heart*, the true direction of the affections towards the objects, and in the relative strength, which God approves."[1] On this it may be remarked first that the directing of our affections, and the regulating of them, is surely a work of will, and one, moreover, of which we soon find we are grievously incapable. In so far as we succeed we produce a stoicism more or less amiable, instead of the distinctively Christian type of character. Could it be said that St. Paul's faith consisted in the directing of his affections or the adjustment of them? And one may find in such a definition an echo of the precise piety of the early century. But there is another remark to be made on the definition. In so far as it opposes heart to will in its account of faith it makes for the sentimentalism which so often is the rouge of a rationalism that has become incapable

[1] *Seat of Authority*, p. 489.

of glow. Faith is surely an act of the will, but upon the self, the personality, not upon the heart alone. It is the personality as will embarked on an act of final self-committal, love, and obedience. It is not an affection merely, and it is not an intuition; it is an act. It is not seeing an object and passing a judgment on its preferential worth; it is such a realisation of the object that we commit ourselves to it in an absolute and eternal choice. It is not a devout homage to the heavenly beauty, but a life-habit of surrender and exchange—a giving of self to Self given. It is an act, and what it answers in God is not merely a self-disclosure, a parting of the curtains and looking forth, but a real act. Not a movement, not a truth, not an image, not a report of God is the object of our faith and trust; but a real act, taxing and expressing the whole divine nature, and once and for ever decisive of the destiny of man. Faith is self-committal to an absolute, an ultimate, not a probable. What God gave in revelation, if Christ be its type, was not merely a manifestation of Himself, but an act of Himself. He did not set forth in Christ the supreme example of piety; but He did in Christ the greatest deed of spiritual history, of spiritual existence; which gave to the soul not only an object, but the lost power to treat that object aright and trust it for ever. He revealed Himself by redemption. He revealed what He was by what Christ did. If He was a Saviour, we only know it by virtue of the salvation that Christ effected. His work was an act of grace, and its answer is an act of faith. Faith is an energy more than an intuition, a response to grace more than to love, a disposal of the self more than a disposition of the heart. It does divine, yet its essence is not divination but devotion. It does not stand and gaze, or kneel and adore, so much as assign or cast itself, by a deed, into the heart of the mighty and ultimate deed of God. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed, who, in the abeyance of the intuition and the hiding of the face, yet commit themselves to the eternal act and the crucified arms. But in company with

Martineau's system, in the presence of its wonderful depth, discrimination, beauty, and truth, one is often moved by its want of dynamic and help to re-echo Heine's cry before the Venus of the Louvre, "She is lovely—but she has no arms."

VIII. The false unity and simplicity of Theism; Mediation.

The individualism of intuition makes religion logically a Theism. It sets up an antithesis too sharp between the soul and its goal. The individual is confronted with another individual, only infinite. It might easily enough be indicated how inadequate Theism and its intuitions are for either the soul or its religion. But it may be worth while to put the inadequacy in another way, and to point out how the antipathy to mediatorial religion is just the translation into that region of the intuitional aversion to mediated knowledge. It has been hinted above that what we gain by intuition is rather an incommunicable impression than a revelation with knowledge valid by its nature for all rational minds. It has been doubted whether what an intuitionist calls revelation is knowledge at all—so subjective is it. It is true that it is reinforced in Martineau by a leap from our own sense of will as cause to a faith in will as the cause of effects external to us, and so to faith in God. But this is not enough for religious purposes, which demand at least a perfectly *good* Cause; and it is the goodness of the Cause that is chiefly supposed to be given in the direct intuition on which religion rests. And our contention would be that such intuition is an insufficient ground, and does not rise to the real worth of a revelation; whose affinities rather involve the mediateness of knowledge and the complexity of the divine.

Both intuition and Theism indicate a false unity in God, and a false simplicity in our relations with Him. God's unity is not that of an individual person; the category of personality framed on the human individual is too small for

Him; and the more it is pressed the more by thought it is denied. It is a spiritual unity, which is personal indeed, but also so much more, that it includes a variety of persons, like all the most living and commanding unities we know—our family, country, or kind. It is a wrong procedure to start from our individual consciousness, and deify that simply by expanding it; the proper course is to start from the divine consciousness, as given in a revelation, and explain personality from that instead of that from ours. It is not wonderful if the personality of God is denied, when we provide the definition of personality from our own; it is when we accept the divine and revealed idea of personality in a union of several persons that we gain a spiritual world which needs both God and man.[1] Moreover, we are much too apt, when we start from our own individuality, to think of personality as an inviolable area rather than a living centre; with the result that we can multiply them only by mutual exclusiveness instead of by mutual interpenetration. The divine unity is not simple and single in the sense in which a human individual may be.

Of course Martineau did believe in the manifoldness of spiritual unity. Of course he knew that a conscious unity can fuse a plurality of thoughts or functions, and that manifold energies can combine in a conscious unity of organism. It is not the old question of the one and the manifold. It is a question, first, of why the manifold should in Godhead be three, and second of a tripersonal personality. It is a question of the interpenetration of persons in a higher personality, the union of more than one in a spiritual personality, as suggested in the solidarity of a race of human individuals no one of whom exists in an abstract and solitary self-identity. For such questions even Hegelian idealism is not enough. It is too little historic, too independent of the person of Christ as *the* revelation, too engrossed with the nature of thought, and too oblivious of

[1] Will any one suppose me to mean that the doctrine of the Trinity is presented *as a doctrine* in the New Testament?

the revealing uniqueness of Christ and the cross. The false unity of Godhead is not one which denies in it a manifold but one which denies an interpenetration of personalities.

And our relation to God is not, any more than His unity, so simple as a direct intuition of soul and soul would imply. There is no immediate perception which is not at the same time mediated. The immediate is not for that reason the unmediated. If it is not mediated by a third presence, it is at least by the process of our psychical history. If it is not mediated vertically "in the hand of a Mediator" from God, it is "laterally," as Martineau would say, in its passage to us through the world, in experience. It is mediated, psychically, in ways we have forgotten or never known, ways which were trodden by our ancestors before us. Psychologically we have no immediate knowledge. And spiritually there is none. Poetry speaks of spirit to spirit, soul to soul; but our knowledge of each other is really mediated by a plexus of self-expression on either side, by a microcosm of relations or symbols in which each announces himself to the rest. It is only by sensory mediation that spirit knows spirit. At their closest they do not meet so much as signal. However close the communion, it is always more or less sacramental. The material medium does not simply prepare the contact and then retire. The world is always in attendance on our spiritual interviews; and that not only as a bystander, a jailer, and an impertinence, but as a medium and interpreter whereby alone we converse. It is only after the mediation of much civilisation that man rises to the intuition of any God worth the name; for the fetish cannot be called a god except by coming down to the thinnest and barest abstraction. Why should it, then, be an impossible thing, or an intrusive, that a certain personality should be the standing mediator in the *nature*, as well as the history, of the soul's communion with God? Why should it be unreasonable that the historic mediator of this knowledge should also by his person be the eternal and indispensable; just as the world of personal relations which mediated

psychical education in our individual history is also the standing organ of communion in our personal intercourse with each other? In the one case we have a mediating process, in the other a mediating presence. Like the apostle, we would not in our perfection be unclothed and reduced to pure naked and helpless spirits without a garment or an organ of formal relation. That were not perfection, but attenuation. What we desire is to be clothed upon with our heavenly house, and hold our highest communion with the highest spirits always in a robe of social relations, if not always in social energies. And this it means to be in Christ. A house we must have. And if we put off our earthly tent, it is only to indue our heavenly temple. And Christ is Himself the temple in which we meet with God, now in our individual chapel, now in the main altar's consummation. He is the true altar and sacrament, which God founded and not man, to mediate the most intimate and abiding communion.

Mediation is a principle in human nature and society. We are introduced to our maturity by an elaborate system of relations which are also sponsorships. Man is taken on trust in his early years as no other creature is. In our prolonged infancy and minority we enjoy the benefit of an imputation, which, if not imputed righteousness, is at least imputed favour. We are treated well, and given room, for the sake of others who take the responsibility of us. We owe much to a very few. We live vicariously. We are not cast into existence each on his own footing like an orchard of apples, where each has exactly the same relation to opportunity as the rest and owes them nothing. We began each as the centre of a group of vouchers. Our way into our own is prepared by a great system of mediation, which is not simply effort for us but responsibility as well. Mediation is the indispensable process of our education, and the formula of our personal relations. It does not impoverish, debase, or deflect our humanity; it enriches it, and links to the vast cosmos in which we live. Why, then, should it be foreign to the divine nature? If He

mediate to our spirits by a cosmos, or a society, why not by a person with its appropriate methods? Is the finite quite alien to the Infinite? Does the mediation which is so essential between finites play no part in the Infinite? Is His principle of society foreign to His own being? What reasonable objection lies to a mediation included in God Himself and in the law of His nature? If He could worthily employ the principle in His approaches to us through nature, is there anything which forbids His continuing to use it in His approach to us through grace? If, indeed, it were a foreign party, or a mere human mediator, that intervened between Him and the soul, there might be cause to question. But if the mediator be Himself an element of the divine nature, as the Christian case is, and if His act be an eternal divine function, (as even a man may plead with himself,) then the difficulty disappears. In touching Him the soul touches Godhead and finds itself, and it does both at once. But it is not a Godhead or a self of quite single unity; and the relation is not quite simply direct. It is a unity much more rich, and a relation much more close. To all the greatest questions a simple and direct answer is probably wrong.

It is an elaborate suspicion of this rich, full, and varied unity of God that vitiates all Martineau's criticisms of mediatorial religion. I joyfully admit that it is an error encouraged in his case to a large extent by the wealth and promptitude of his piety. His individual experience of God was so full and vivid that the need of a social and rational mediation did not force itself on him as on most. But be the cause what it may, he does not recognise that what we have in Christ is not a third party acting on God, but God at once acting on Himself and reconciling man to Himself; as the moral reason is self acting on self and not a faculty acting on the rest. The narrower rationalism is always based on an individualism imported into God as Theism; and it protests naturally enough against a Tritheism, which the Christian Trinity is, by an incorrigible individualism, improperly supposed to be. The larger reason is based on the

nature of God, of which account is given at first hand in His personal self-revelation in Jesus Christ.

IX. Teleology, Ethics, and the Gospel.

Martineau did much to recast and repristinate the teleological idea as a passage from the cosmos to the Creator. Here his work is of real and permanent value. He translated the design argument into cosmic terms. It was effete as a theory that each species had been directly fashioned to fit into its place in the plan of creation. That gave us for God a mere grand Architect, who did not always succeed, and whose plans did not work out always. It was mechanical. And Martineau did very much to adapt the idea to the modern conditions of a world of law and thought, a world of developing life and not fixed contrivance. He showed that evolution did not necessarily exclude teleology, but only a false and artificial teleology; that it called for a teleology indeed, with all the implications of mind which a teleology enfolds. He would have rejoiced in Professor Ward's recent and masterly "Gifford Lecture," whose theme is so compactly expressed in its motto from Sigwart: "Whoever makes the element of law in nature answerable for what actually happens, in the same breath declares that it is realising thought; and he is a teleologist whether he know it or not."

But Martineau did still more, perhaps, for the ætiological idea than for the teleological. His ethical genius taught him that the effectual way upward was through the will, its freedom, and its sense of itself both as a trustee and a cause. This is the note of the whole century in its climb to God. It scales the crags of duty, and attacks the moral heights. It finds the secret pass to the shining tableland to be the conscience. But there is more in this method than we quite realise, more than either the heterodox or the orthodox quite measure always. In men like Martineau it led them to attack those ideas of Incarnation which are associated with the

birth of a Saviour; but it did not lead them far enough to develop those which are associated with His death. Yet it is there, upon any ethical lines, that the real seat of a revelation, and the real principle of Incarnation, must be. The miracle of the saving death is worth much more to a religion of redemption than the miracle of a virgin birth. In so far as revelation comes by redemption it comes by the death and not by the birth of the Redeemer. The preciousness of that entrance on the world is due, not to its manner, but to its destiny. He is precious, not because He was *ἀπάτωρ*, but because He was born to die and save. The ethicising of theology is our most urgent religious need; and it must lead to a restatement of the Incarnation and a redistribution of emphasis in the living Word. We must accentuate the last, and not the first. We must interpret, we must test, the birth by the death, and not the death by the birth. When men challenge the Incarnation, we must ask them what it is exactly that they deny. Is it an initial miracle, or is it the closing miracle of grace? Are they thinking cosmically or ethically? And if they do not know, they should be referred to study the charts of the subjects before embarking to attack. We should adhere to the primacy of the ethical. It is fruitless to discuss the cosmic miracle till we have obtained due recognition of the ethical miracle of the cross and its grace. It is only those who have grasped salvation in the death of Christ that are quite equipped for handling the outset of His life. On the very hypothesis of its questioners the birth-story grew up among the redeemed as an effort to express what seemed to them one implication of their redemption. The decisive secret is at the end, not the beginning. The cross prescribes the theology of the Incarnation, and gives the true perspective of the manger. It is round the cross that the great world-conflict must be fought, and not round the cradle. It may even be possible so to distract attention and passion to the birth of Christ that they are withdrawn from the death, which, however, contains the real issue and the last word in

the moral Armageddon and the Lord's controversy. The more we pursue the ethical line so powerfully entered by men like Martineau, the more impossible it will be to rest in their creed. There can ultimately be no ethics but Christian ethics, and these start from the new morality of the redeeming cross. The more we demand an ethical revelation, the more we shall be forced to concentrate upon the cross. In its redemption we shall find the principle of a new moral world, and the incarnation in historic actuality of the moral argument for God. And, making a creed of one article, in which all the saving power of God converges to a dynamic point, the Church, following the divine strategy, shall bring this irresistible volume of attack to bear on one point of the world, break the armies of the aliens, and open up a new moral country to rich development by the sons of God and the faith of the Redeemer. The real peril of Evangelicalism is distraction of issues. Rome is mighty because she has one word: it is the Church. The world is mighty because of its one word—self. We can only prevail if one word be ours too, if it be the faith of the cross. We must refuse to have our strength frittered by moving in force at each alarm, as if affairs of outposts were attacks on the camp and city of God.

X. Epitaph.

There are no fitter words in which to take leave of this master in God than his own, in which he protests for immortality against the dissolution of personality in death:

> I do not know that there is anything in nature, (unless indeed it be the reputed blotting out of suns in the stellar heavens,) which can be compared in wastefulness with the extinction of great minds; their gathered resources, their matured skill, their luminous insight, their unfailing tact, are not like instincts that can be handed down; they are absolutely personal and inalienable, grand conditions of future power unavailable for the race, and perfect for an ulterior growth of the individual. If that growth

is not to be the most brilliant genius bursts and vanishes as a firework in the night. A mind of balanced and finished faculties is a production at once of infinite delicacy and of most enduring constitution; lodged in a fast-perishing organism, it is like a perfect set of astronomical instruments, misplaced in an observatory shaken by earthquakes or caving in with decay. The lenses are true, the mirrors without a speck, the movements smooth, the micrometers exact; what shall the Master do but save the precious system refined with so much care, and build for it a new house that shall be founded on a rock?

Which rock is Christ; and the Master that saves and rebuilds is the one ground of our immortal faith and hope.

P. T. FORSYTH.

GENESIS AND EVOLUTION OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. *A Sketch of the Life of Robert Raikes, Esq., and of the History of Sunday Schools.* By W. F. LLOYD. (London : H. Teape. 1826.)
2. *Robert Raikes : Journalist and Philanthropist.* By ALFRED GREGORY. (London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1877.)
3. *The Day, the Book, and the Teacher.* By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. (London : Sunday-school Union. 1880.)
4. *Yale Lectures on the Sunday School.* By H. CLAY TRUMBALL, D.D. (Philadelphia. 1896.)
5. *Robert Raikes : The Man and His Work.* Introduction by Dean FARRAR. Edited by HENRY J. HARRIS. (London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1899.)

STATED shortly, the problem on which the Sunday school is engaged is, how to lead human souls to what is best, and then to make the best out of them ; and what is here proposed is to consider some of the conditions under which the problem, as applied to child life, was first clearly stated, and then to follow some of the methods employed for its solution. The student will be enabled to trace the intellectual and moral processes of a design which at first appeared to be original, and, by comparing the present working of the system with the date of its inception, will be enabled to judge for himself of the growth and development of an idea and the lines along which evolution has proceeded.

One hundred and twenty years ago the "experiment of botanising in human nature" was tried in the city of

Gloucester. The phrase was not a hopeful one; but it implied a certain amount of preparation and of intention to await results. As a rule, men do not enter on socio-economic experiments without some definite purpose in view, and no man would liken his experiment to a botanical one without being prepared to wait, watch, and carefully note what followed. In 1780 social science, as we now understand it, had no existence. The economics of industry were based almost exclusively on the axiom of human selfishness; and so the masses of the people, estimated at about eight-tenths of the whole population of England and Wales, were treated as waste products, except so far as they could be beneficially employed to the profit and comfort of the rest. The "experiment" with this vast social residuum was, then, to see if it were possible to create "a new race among the lower orders of mankind." The purpose was definite, and its accomplishment was to be brought about, if possible, by teaching children the simplest elements of the Christian faith, and so awakening in their souls the twin spirit of reverence and devotion. This experiment was conducted in the cathedral city of Gloucester, which in many respects compared favourably with other towns towards the end of the eighteenth century.

The inventor of the phrase "botanising in human nature" was Robert Raikes. Two people were associated with him, and their names always deserve mention in connexion with this experiment, all the more interesting now because of its hitherto obscurity; namely, the Rev. Thomas Stock, rector of St. John the Baptist, and head master of the Cathedral College School, and Sophia Cooke, afterwards the wife of the Rev. Samuel Bradburn, the "Demosthenes of Methodism." Each had seed-plots for the cultivation of human waste; but it is necessary at once to narrow the radii of their effort. No certain record remains of the length of time during which Sophia Cooke gathered children together in a kitchen in Pye Corner, taught them on Sundays, and then personally conducted them to church; there is also no record of any contribution which she made

towards noting the results of child culture under the then exceptional conditions: but though she married and disappeared from the city, her claims to recognition may not fairly be denied. The Rev. Thomas Stock looms, during the experimental stage, out of all proportion to the value of his after performance; and there exists no sufficient ground for believing that an institution or system warm with organic life would have resulted from his efforts, or that he was at any time inspired with the scientific spirit. No observation of his can be produced in evidence that he noted the possibility of creating a new race out of the child life of the streets already branded with the hereditary taint of criminal and dissolute parents. There, then, remains Robert Raikes; and in future it will be only necessary to refer to him.

The phrase "botanising in human nature" is very apt when dealing with child life. The association of children with flowers is, when true, always beautiful. The phrase does not appear to have been invented until at the close of the experimental stage, which lasted nearly three years—1780–1783; and the great importance of this period is that the evolution of the Sunday school cannot be well understood without knowing all that is possible about it. We must linger inquisitively in Mr. Raikes's botanical gardens, see what he was cultivating, how he worked, and then test his observations critically.

The seed-plot with which he had the closest connexion, and about the historical continuity of which there is no doubt, was in Sooty Alley—the St. Giles of Gloucester. Sooty Alley was the sweeps' quarter, and opposite the Bridewell. The children, placed under the care of a poor woman named Meredith, were the offspring of parents who had never entered the house of God for the purpose of worship: Mr. Raikes said "neither they nor their ancestors" had ever done so. How many generations he intended to include we cannot tell; but the description shows clearly the kind of materials chosen for the "experiment." To say the least, they were not encouraging; moreover, he was obliged to proceed in the spirit of an original investigator, for inquiries

into this kind of child life had not been methodically conducted.

In 1780, when the experiment began, England was under two spells which in time were bound to infuse new life among the masses : the one was mechanical, and the other spiritual. The throb of the steam-engine had been felt, and Adam Smith had shown that, economically, there was no such thing as human waste—human energy when rightly cultivated was national profit, when neglected was national loss ; waste it could not be, being a force. The *Wealth of Nations* led men to take broader and less selfish views of the economics of industry which the application of steam was steadily forcing to the front. The other and more important spell was spiritual. Whitefield and the Wesleys in England, and Howel Harris in Wales, had commenced to thaw the ice in which the souls of the masses were bound. Without these two anterior movements, it is difficult to see what prospect there would have been for the Sunday school as a system to have taken root and spread, because there would have been lacking two great motives for the education of the people, of which the selfish—the lower one—was at first, perhaps, the more effective.

Concurrently with the spread of these new ideas on social economy and the spiritual relations of the Church towards the masses, Robert Raikes was advocating new and decidedly unpopular views with regard to the punishment of criminals. His idea was that punishment, in order to be effective, should leave the criminal all the better for his suffering—that he should return to society the better for his moral lustration. He also arrived at the conclusion that vice was preventable; and so he ran counter to the popular idea of the day, namely, that crime was hereditary, and that the proper way to cure the criminal was to hang him. Mr. Raikes thought that hanging for trifling thefts from the person or for stealing a sheep from the downs was "too great a sacrifice"; and so, long before Howard came on the scene, he endeavoured to find some means for "protecting society" by less drastic and expensive methods. He tried

his hand on adult criminals in the city prisons, and failed. They were and always had been ignorant. Neither they nor their ancestors had ever been in the house of God for the purpose of worship; there was, therefore, no spiritual chord which vibrated to his voice. For twenty-five years he worked at this problem: how to reclaim and regenerate the adult who in his youth had never been subjected to religious influences or received religious training. The Wesleys were working at the same problem. He failed; they succeeded: but, then, the conditions under which they laboured were very different.

When, therefore, Robert Raikes entered on his experiment of botanising in child life in 1780, he had had a quarter of a century of experience and discouragement for his guidance; and when we endeavour to trace the evolution of the Sunday school, it is desirable to know something of the character, training, and aptitudes of the man who thought it was possible to create a new race, as well as of the atmosphere in which and the materials on which he worked.

Looked at superficially, one would say that Robert Raikes was about the last man in the kingdom to associate himself with the children of the streets. He succeeded his father as a printer, and as editor and proprietor of the *Gloucester Journal*. He was an educated man—read the classics, was a good French scholar, and a first-rate geographer. By marriage he was connected with some of the families of his county, and in dress he belonged to the dandies of the period—he was known as "Buck" Raikes. In his personal habits he was fastidious to an extreme. His dislike of dirt was an instinct. He had a pathway swept between his private house and printing-office so that he should not soil his shoes with the filth of the streets, and on dark nights his servant carried a lantern before him so that he should not be fouled with the filth of the kennel. He was a social man, and kept a good table; and though not given to the "sports" of the day or gambling, he was visited by the "best company." His ear was very sensitive to language,

and he had a profound horror of cursing and swearing, which, he complained, was the current language of the people.

With these characteristics Mr. Raikes was the most unpopular man of his day with his fellow citizens. His habits of dress and cleanliness and social eclecticism were at once a protest and an offence. He was said to be vain, conceited, and proud; and, later on, he complained of being "vilified." Looked at superficially, we should say he was the last man to visit the prisons at the imminent risk of fatal jail-fever; and then to take up a new study in child life which would lead him into the dens of the city, wherein filth, rags, and profanity, and everything repugnant to his sight and senses awaited him. He was in truth a many-sided man, and in him we have an instance of personal vanities subjected to an overmastering conviction of duty towards the neglected masses, inspired by strong religious impulse. His words are: "It is that part of the Saviour's character which I aim at imitating: He went about doing good."

The state of education in England and Wales in the eighteenth century had much to do with the genesis of Sunday schools. The study of the condition of the masses during the century is one of the saddest exercises for the student; for one enters a region wherein so much is sad-coloured, that what is inspiring and illuminative only intensifies the sombre and depressing effects. Knowledge of the alphabet acquired at a charity or dame school was only possible for a small sprinkling of the children of the labouring classes. The people possessed technical knowledge, but were ignorant of all "book learning." It was the policy of the century to train a race physically strong, and with their brutal instincts well developed. The "sports" of the people were jealously preserved for them by successive parliaments, so that they might be "manly," and have a proper lust for combat.[1] The masses had little

[1] A bill to abolish bull-baiting was opposed in the year 1800 by the then Secretary for War, on the ground that the "sport" gave the people a martial spirit. The sport was not abolished by Act of Parliament until 1835.

to do with Sunday as a day for divine worship, but they knew it well as a day for fairs and feasts, wakes and revels, according to the custom of their county; and there was for the most part unlimited and unchecked licence to play at single-stick and cudgels, wrestling and fisticuffs, cock-fighting, badger-drawing, and bull-baiting. The clergy, as a whole, acquiesced; and many shared the amusements of the people. The worst sign, however, was that, whilst the higher orders of society acted as though they believed that the lower orders were in their proper places in the scale of being, the vulgar took the same view about themselves, and were not only willing but proud to be considered "meet for their masters," whether wanted for the battle-field or some less honourable purpose. When, therefore, Robert Raikes in 1780 persuaded himself into trying an experiment for the raising a new race among the lower orders, not only were precedents wanting for his guidance, but he was met with resistance by the very class he sought to benefit. Writing on this subject, he said:

> I can prevail on no one to second me in my little efforts to civilise the long despised and neglected children of indigence. I walk alone. It seems as if I had discovered a new country, where no other adventurer chooses to follow.

This feeling of isolation oppressed him in his own city. The poor took their cue from their masters, and, treating him as one a little mad, called him "Bobby Wild-goose."

The first school for the poor is said to have been founded in 1687 in connexion with Nathaniel Vincent's Church in Southwark. Numerous individuals all over the country taught and catechised children; but Mr. Raikes's experiment had certain distinctive features: first, he selected children from the dregs of the scum—he could go no lower in the city of Gloucester than the purlieus of Lulworth; second, he took them at four years of age and upwards; third, he personally identified himself with the children and taught them; and, fourth, he made notes of some effects of discipline and teaching upon the nascent qualities of child life

with the avowed purpose of establishing a system of popular education. We should now say that he acted in the scientific spirit, and what he called his "scheme" differed greatly from the local and isolated efforts of individuals which died with them; so when he began his experiment he had nearly everything to learn. Being an original thinker, this did not distress him; and so the first point which we make when tracing the genesis of the Sunday school is that *in its inception there are well marked evidences of design.*

The experimental stage (1780–1783) is the most interesting, partly because down to the present it has been most obscure, and partly because for the first hundred years of its existence the Sunday school departed very slightly from the original designs of its founder. From another point of view this period is important to the student, because Robert Raikes has suffered so greatly at the hands of those who loved him well for his work's sake. The popular though totally inaccurate view of him is easily summarised: it is that of a fat, good-tempered, benevolent man whose heart melted at the distress of prisoners languishing in prison, and who so pitied ragged children profaning the Sabbath that he started Sunday schools on the sudden inspiration conveyed in the word "try." Where educated, whether apprenticed, what his hereditary tendencies, what his habits of thought and environments, what his religious convictions and intellectual endowments—everything which goes to build up character and make example valuable was until quite recently unknown.[1] The inferences drawn from the fact of his active benevolence are too often misleading. He was (we now know) a slow thinker, cautious in taking up new ideas, but obstinate in holding to what he believed to be right. He was impatient at contradiction, and ready with invective. The children who disobeyed him he birched, and blistered the fingers of an incorrigible young liar; a solicitor who got him fined £50 for a breach of the

[1] Mr. Leslie Stephen's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* was written before the publication of *Robert Raikes: The Man and his Work.*

press laws by his foreman printer, he described as a "pettifogging attorney" and a "son of Beelzebub." Of the clergy in the city who took no interest in his Sunday-school movement, he said their "minds are seared with a hot iron." Then, on the other hand, he possessed such a charm for children, that they swarmed about him "as though I had loaves and fishes to distribute"; and when they were old, they forgot the birchings, and remembered him as one who looked "angelic" when walking through the streets. He did good and kept silence, but was intolerant of the free-thought of his age, and joyfully attended the burning of Tom Paine in effigy. The character of the man is worth studying, if only for its seeming contradictions: the dandy concealed the Bible student, and the practical man of business the pious mystic anxious to know what was meant "by the seven spirits, like the seven lamps burning before the throne. Do they mean any particular attributes of the Deity?" he asked. When we know that a man—so really man—took up the question of child life with the view of seeing whether a new race could be raised out of the human waste around him, we may expect original observations; and we shall not be disappointed.

At the present day most things are traced to their beginnings: embryology is a science; and spiritual embryology is talked about. The child is taken in hand before it can well articulate. The soul of the child is believed to have markings which are divine—"so long as man is child he is innocent"; from which it follows that the spiritual embryology in man cannot be too early studied. If any such ideas existed in the eighteenth century outside of Rousseau, they were not generally known, certainly not acted on for the benefit of the masses. Mr. Raikes groped his way towards the finding of a spiritual life in the offspring of criminal and dissolute parents; and when he found it, he was "astonished," and said so. When he further found that this spiritual life was *sui generis* and capable of cultivation, he was further astonished, as well he might be, at discovering the secret which has since made the reputation of

Froebel. Sunday-school workers will not be displeased to know that the founder of the Gloucester movement proceeded on scientific as well as on benevolent lines, and that its genesis is due to mental effort, and not to chance or spasmodic inspiration. In his correspondence we find Mr. Raikes noting :

That the children whom he had classed as savages by heredity often possessed "genius and innate good dispositions."

That "if good seed be sown in the mind at an early period, . . . it may please God to cause it to spring up, and to bring forth a plentiful harvest."

That under the age of twelve years child life ran upon independent lines, and was easily moved to voluntary effort when the imagination was quickened. (He experimented with a magnet, explained its invisible powers of attraction, and so magnetised his little flock that they went into the streets and drew other children to school.)

That the mind of a child was never vacant ; it was, therefore, a duty to fill it with the good, only the good must be made attractive. In his own case doing good to others was first a pleasure, and then a passion ; and he noted that his scholars tried to please him by memorising verses from the Bible, and showing "how sweetly they could sing their Maker's praise."

Then there is an observation that might have been made to-day, so modern is its ring : "If good seed be sown in the mind, as in the natural world, a plentiful harvest may be looked for, and in the same order."

We have only to remember what the practice of the century was with regard to the treatment of the masses, in order to see that Mr. Raikes was far in advance of his time, and that he was an original thinker.

We have already noted that the inception of the Gloucester movement is well marked by design ; and we are now in the position to say that the motive underlying the design was religious. It has been repeated so often that many really believe that the motive underlying the Sunday-school

institution was the secular education of the people. This error has arisen from insufficient knowledge of what took place during the experimental stage. As a matter of fact, Mr. Raikes's Sunday school formed part of a much larger design; for, concurrently, he established day and evening classes for children paying a small fee, and he unremittingly advocated the establishment of day industrial schools wherein children could acquire secular knowledge and learn trades. Several were started, and were often bracketed with Sunday schools in sermons and public appeals to the benevolent for subscriptions. In the St. Mary de Crypt School, over which Mr. Raikes exercised personal control, nothing more secular than the alphabet and spelling was taught. This was a necessity from the first, because the children had to be disciplined and taught rudimentary things before religious knowledge could be profitably conveyed.

There is no doubt on this point, because before the "little scheme" for civilising the children of neglect was published to the world, the Sunday school—Mr. Raikes's model school—already possessed a literature. The authorship of the *Sunday Scholar's Companion* is doubtful. Robert Raikes printed it, and it seems probable that it was the joint production of himself and his brother Richard, the vicar of Maisemore.[1] This little book is valuable now as showing what was taught, and in what manner it was thought possible to teach the youngest children divine things. The evangelical yet catholic spirit pervading the whole is characteristic. The reading lessons are divided into four parts, commencing with words of one syllable. The first six lessons deal with God—His unity and love, immutability and omnipresence, creative power and goodness. Then four lessons teach of Christ. Here is a sentence: "My son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ." Christ is set forth as the Redeemer, the just One

[1] The first edition was in use in 1783, probably before. The edition of 1794, in the writer's possession, was revised by Richard Raikes, and published shortly after his death in 1824.

who died for sin, the Prince of life, the Lamb of God who will judge the quick and the dead, and the sinless Sacrifice for sin. Then we are the sons and heirs of God through Christ. Lesson XI. teaches of faith: "Fight the good fight; lay hold on life," are the exhortations. Lesson XII. teaches that men are known by their lives. Lesson XIII. inculcates that the consequence of sin is death to the soul. Then follow lessons showing the need of repentance, and exhortations against blasphemy, lying, and some good advice such as "Laugh not a lame man to scorn." Simple aphorisms, the necessity of prayer, and the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord follow; and these twenty-five lessons, taken as a whole, complete a system of Christian theology more ethical than dogmatic, and more loving than punitive. Parts II., III., and IV. are composed of selected passages from the Old and New Testaments setting forth man's duty towards God and his neighbour; Proverbs; the Creation and Fall; the Redemption; and the Sanctity of the Sabbath. The Church Catechism, Morning and Evening Prayers, Dr. Watts's Hymns, and a catechism explaining some portions of dogmatic theology, follow. The volume concludes with a "postscript," which summarises some of the results at which Mr. Raikes arrived during his experiment, in the following words:

> The human mind will be filled with what is bad, if it is not employed on what is good; let children, therefore, be early taught to repeat either in prose or verse whatever may supply their idle moments with innocent and virtuous thoughts, such as may lead their tender minds to reflect on that good and merciful God on whom *the sooner they are taught to think, the deeper and more lasting will be the impression.*

The student still entertaining doubts as to the motive for establishing Sunday schools, and whether the institution is Bible-rooted, may consult this little volume with much profit.

Another widespread error affects the voluntary principle on which the institution was founded. The presence of

hired teachers in schools for more than half a century has often been regarded as a defect in the original design. In fact, the hired teacher, though at first necessary, had nothing to do with the grand sweep of the first sustained democratic, unselfish movement which this country had witnessed. The system was founded on voluntaryism—voluntary lay effort; the hired teacher took no part in the initiative, and was only continued until he could be dispensed with. During the experimental stage Robert Raikes, Thomas Stock, and Sophia Cooke directed the Gloucester movement. Their superintendence was personal and voluntary. They hired rooms, paid teachers and all other expenses. After the system was made public in 1783, local committees were formed in all directions; and these, in their turn, administered the funds voluntarily subscribed; whilst the religious and moral instruction of the children was conducted by the members of the committees, subscribers, and visitors. Hannah More and her sister, Mrs. Trimmer and her daughters, some ladies at Windsor, Wilberforce, Hanway, Fox, and the founders of the Sunday-school Society in 1785, represented the principle of voluntaryism without which the system could not have extended. It is, however, necessary to correct a misconception which narrows the broad bases on which the institution is founded, and gives to its subsequent history an appearance of evolution which is deceptive.

We may here close the experimental stage; and when the results of the experiment of "botanising in human nature" were made known in November, 1783, Mr. Raikes was satisfied that a new race could be made to spring from the human waste with which he had experimented. The evolution now fairly commenced, and those who looked critically were astonished at the simplicity of the design so plainly marked upon the surface. Adam Smith frankly confessed that nothing so simple and effective for its purpose had been seen since the days of the apostles. Its simplicity was its strength. What qualified Robert Raikes to become the founder of the system was his patient study

of child life, which enabled him to anticipate both Pestalozzi and Froebel in the two important points of their system now thought worthy of minute investigation.

The soundness of Mr. Raikes's observations is evidenced by the fact that the development of the Sunday school, as a system, has been exceedingly slow. The changes which have taken place have been produced more by external pressure and circumstance than by alterations of or additions to the basal principles on which it was founded. The intent and purpose of Mr. Raikes's ideal still form the ideal of earnest workers, notwithstanding all the auxiliary aids which have been called into existence.

The year 1850 offers a convenient period of comprehensive survey. The Sunday school, with but imperfect organisation, stood the test of seventy years' practical work whilst society was in a state of flux. The ever growing demand for skilled labour pushed the claims of popular education more and more to the forefront. A large and wealthy middle class had sprung into existence; beneath was an intelligent, energetic, restless, and inquiring artisan class, technically skilled, but with little education beyond that obtained in Sunday schools; lower again was the labourer in rural districts wherein life was stagnant, and for whom there was no chance of learning the alphabet of his mother tongue except in Sunday schools. And here it is desirable to distinguish between the growth and the development of the system: the first was phenomenally rapid, and the second slow and irregular, full of vitality, but wanting in method and organisation. With regard to growth, it is the fact that the Sunday schools throve best where life was most active, as in the great industrial centres, where they gave the first rudiments of education to the flower of the rising generation such as were afterwards found in the mechanics and literary institutes. After all eccentric movements consequent upon the social conditions of the period are considered, there still remains the fact that for seventy years the Sunday school had so won and obtained the confidence of the people, that in Wales and over large areas in

England it was deemed sufficient as a national educational agency for the poor, and so, to a limited extent, placed obstacles in the way of national and cheap denominational schools. This was especially the case in the Principality, where the Sunday school monopolised the religious education of the people. This is clearly shown in the Blue Book published in 1847 containing the reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of education. The following passage is worth quoting:

> Excepting the Church Catechism which is taught in some of the Church of England and National Schools, *no* religious instruction is communicated in the day schools. To give religious instruction never enters into the head of a man setting up a private day school; *the parents would object to it.*

The Hon. J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, in his letter of instruction to the commissioners (1846), says:

> The Sunday school must be regarded as the most remarkable, because the most general, spontaneous effort of the zeal of Christian congregations for education. Its origin, organisation, and tendencies are purely religious.

The Sunday school in Wales remained unchanged in its broad and essential features during the first seventy years.

In England the outline is less uniform, although the principles remain practically unchanged. The growth which we see is numerical rather than organic. Increased facilities for better education; the silent but cumulative influence of the thousands who, having passed through the Sunday school, adopted it for their children; and the growing practice of persons of better social standing to adopt the institution, forced upon all interested the vital necessity of teaching the teachers. At the jubilee celebration in 1831 this subject was seriously discussed, and better organisation, more varied and improved literature, systematised lessons, henceforth more completely engaged the attention of the Sunday-school Unions, and the publication of the *Cate-*

chumen Reporter[1] in 1840 was a thoughtful attempt to systematise and synchronise Sunday-school instruction. Persistent effort brought a superior class of teacher, better educated and more amenable to discipline. In some places the Sunday school became a recognised part of the Church, and teaching was conducted on scientific lines. In 1839 a writer in *Blackwood* gave a graphic description of a Sunday school in Manchester containing 3,000 scholars divided into six separate schools of 500 each. The children were "graded," the lessons prepared and sermons preached to the children, and the whole atmosphere was that of a Sabbath festival of holy effort. The writer said that the building was "well lighted, well warmed, healthy, and ventilated." The school services were held during the greater portion of the day, and the teachers "took deep interest in their work"; the schools were "admirably classed," and so efficiently directed that the writer "never saw in a scholastic establishment such perfect order and discipline." This high water-mark of excellence was seldom reached, and the average standard throughout the country was not high. What is, perhaps, more important now is that upward movement on the part of the Churches to adopt the Sunday school as an integral part of their organisation and life. Bible-classes for teachers under the personal superintendence of ministers were the silent but effective agents in bringing about this marked development in the history of the institution. The growth of the idea may be said to have become active with this upward though silent movement.

At the Centenary Celebration in 1880 the system showed marks of having felt the influence of ten years' working of the Education Act. In 1869 the State for the first time recognised its duty towards the masses. The Government grants had previously been paltry, and were for school buildings, etc., and not for education. The first grant was in 1832, and for £20,000; and at that time there were

[1] Edited by the Rev. Robert Jackson.

1,500,000 children receiving free education in the Sunday schools. For one hundred years this voluntary system had borne the strain of providing a national education for the poor, and this fact closes the mouth of hostile criticism about methods. In 1880, however, many things were changed for the better. The Sunday school was considerably relieved from the burden of giving elementary instruction to large numbers residing over extended areas, and so was more free to cultivate the religious life together with a more critical knowledge of the Bible. Now, too, was felt with increased and increasing pressure the necessity for meeting the requirements of scholars accustomed in day schools to the methods of teachers scientifically trained, by providing teachers equally well trained but in biblical subjects, and—and this is important—equally expert in the difficult art of imparting their knowledge.

At this the opening of a new century the teacher rather than the scholar is the problem of the hour. Given the teacher, improved organisation is comparatively easy; and it may be not only desirable but necessary in the near future to seek State aid towards the support of normal or theological schools for the better education and more efficient training of Sunday-school teachers. Such an appeal cannot reasonably be refused to an institution which for one hundred and twenty years has provided free education for the people, and may, even yet, become relied on as the only channel outside the domestic circle through which the young are to receive sound religious instruction.

When we refer to the principles on which the Sunday school was founded, we note that its evolution has been slow and spasmodic, that with little basal change it has become the recruiting-ground for the Churches, and that the Churches have reciprocated the obligation by assimilating it more and more. When the Sunday school becomes *de facto* a part of the Church of Christ, then its evolution will be complete. Guilds, brigades, and Christian Endeavour societies are helping towards this ideal, yet, it is hoped, practical relationship; but there is cause to fear that some

of the forcing processes of the day are too violent, and that an institution which has taken one hundred and twenty years to grow, and yet undergone so little radical change, may suffer damage by over-stimulation.

In conclusion, a few words should be devoted to the numerical growth of the institution, which in many respects has been phenomenal. The first observation is that it has been elective, and thriven only in the presence of free institutions and enfranchised religious thought. At present the Sunday school is the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race, but full of missionary zeal in all lands where not unduly hampered by State interference and official jealousy.

In Great Britain its growth has been irregular.

In Wales the system from the first assimilated itself with the moral constitution of the people. The itinerant Bible-classes preceded its advent, and secured its immediate acceptance.

In Ireland the Sunday school has been confined to limited areas.

In Scotland the system was met by the active resistance of a well educated population jealous of interference with home influence in the education of the young. Hugh Miller hits off the situation in his own time:

> Early in the Sabbath morning I used regularly to attend at my uncle's . . . to be catechised first on the Shorter Catechism and then on the Mother's Catechism of Willison. There was a Sabbath class taught in the parish church at the time by one of the elders; but Sabbath schools my uncle regarded as merely compensatory institutions highly creditable to the teachers, but very discreditable to the parents and relatives of the taught; and so they never thought of sending me there.

Although opposition has ceased, this feeling is not unknown in parts of Scotland at the present time.

In our Colonies the Sunday school has followed the Christian flag, and proved itself a valuable mission agent.

In America the institution has undergone many rapid

transformations, and is held to-day in the highest honour. Like the Gloucester movement which it followed, the American Sunday school is Bible-rooted, and American example and zeal have had stimulating effects in Great Britain. The two systems cannot run altogether on identical lines, on account of the many different social stratifications of the two peoples. The evolution of the American Sunday school requires to be studied from independent standpoints before being compared and contrasted with our own. It may, however, be said with truth that, differences notwithstanding, the two systems have roots in common, and are greatly indebted to Robert Raikes for his practical studies of the possible in his experiment of "botanising in human nature" during the years 1780 and 1783.

J. HENRY HARRIS.

PSYCHOLOGY AND CHRISTIANITY.

1. *Exploratio Evangelica.* A Brief Examination of the Basis and Origin of Christian Belief. By PERCY GARDNER, Litt.D. (London : Adam & Charles Black.)

2. *Naturalism and Agnosticism.* By JAMES WARD, Sc.D. In Two Volumes. (London : Adam & Charles Black.)

3. *A System of Ethics.* By FRIEDRICH PAULSEN, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin. Edited and translated, with the Author's Sanction, from the Fourth Revised and Enlarged Edition, by FRANK THILLY, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Missouri. (London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ld.)

EVERY age has its own work to do, and its own problem to solve. Every age, also, is apt to think that a harder problem is set to it for solution than has ever been set to any previous age. At all events, the burden laid on our own time bears with sufficient heaviness on every thoughtful man. While each man feels it in his own way, some feel it more than others. The man who feels it most keenly is he who is equally interested in science and faith, who is attracted equally towards the great scientific and critical movements of our time, and towards the kind of life originated, fostered, and nourished by the Christian faith. Can we have those inward pieties of the heart, those graces of the Spirit, those fruits of love, peace, and purity produced by belief in the Christian verities, along with a resolute adherence to those principles of research which in their final outcome seem to cut down the roots of that view of life which made Christian character possible? Men are troubled and perplexed by the fear that Christian life will become impossible when the presuppositions of that life are

discarded, and Christian life is so precious to them that they will not willingly let go the foundations on which they seem to rest. Some, indeed, seem to have surmounted the antinomy, and have held fast to both tendencies, have been able to become more intensely Christian than before, while on another side they have set forth principles which entirely subvert the supernatural basis of Christianity. Of the existence of this antinomy there can be no doubt. To cut down by the roots the beliefs on which the Christian Church and the Christian faith rest, and at the same time labour to preserve that character and that faith, would seem to be a hopeless task. At this labour cultured men and women are toiling to-day, and we are all familiar with their works.

One of the best illustrations of this tendency we can find lies before us in the work of Professor Percy Gardner, *Exploratio Evangelica*. We see that it is one of the books recommended by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Indeed, Mrs. Ward is herself an eminent example of those who seek to maintain the characteristic features of Christian life, after having discarded the historic basis which till recent times was believed to be the basis of Christianity. Our aim in this article is to look at the question in the light cast on it by the work of Professor Gardner, to examine the principles on which he proceeds, and to see whether he has been successful in accomplishing his purpose. We do not question his earnestness, his sincerity, or his ability. We find no fault with his manner of treatment, nor with the manner in which he writes. He writes with ability, with reverence, and with manifest conviction. He is doing what he can to preserve for humanity the gain won by prolonged Christian experience, while he exerts all his ability to show that the fundamental beliefs of Christianity are mistaken beliefs. He warns his readers again and again that they need not read his book; but it is the business of some people to watch the signs of the times, and the drift and tendency made manifest by them. Professor Gardner's book is one of the most significant of these signs. The

problem he has to solve is to ascertain how much of Christianity he can keep, after he has removed from it every trace of the supernatural. He certainly keeps a good deal, and he is evidently under the impression that he can keep this quite logically and consistently. Beginning with a statement of the difficulties arising from the growth of historical criticism, and the change of attitude to the Bible arising therefrom, he proceeds to set forth the psychology of religion :

> The basis of religion is experience, in particular the experience of sin and its removal, and of the answer to prayer. On such experience must be based, in the first place, an intense conviction of a power within, which works for righteousness, and in the second place, all assertions as to the divine attributes.

He passes on to state that the truths of religion are not speculatively valid, that the only religion which can be secured against scepticism is relative religion—religion as revealed to man, and as adapted to human environment. That there is a power that makes for righteousness is one of the fundamental propositions of the professor. He devotes ten chapters to discussions such as we have indicated. After he has, as he thinks, established his principles, he proceeds to apply them to the explanation of Christianity. Into the details of this application we do not enter, nor do we seek here to criticise them. Suffice it to say, that what he leaves as a residuum is so unlike what is understood to be Christianity, that we do not mean to accept it without further investigation. Nay, we are not sure that, on his principles, we have a right to hold even the poor remainder which survives. We go back to look at his attitude, and to examine his assumptions.

It may be interesting, first, to quote the following passage :

> It may be convenient to readers that I should briefly indicate to what schools of thought I owe most. By birth and training an Evangelical Christian, I became at Cambridge a pupil of Maurice. But though I have greatly valued converse with

him and with many other distinguished theologians, I have been on the whole more influenced by books than by men. In the field of psychology I am Kantian or Neo-Kantian, with a special debt to Mill and to Mansel. In the field of anthropology I owe most to Robertson Smith and Dr. Tylor. As regards the early history of Christianity, I have tried to follow the best writers such as Harnack, Lightfoot, the Révilles, and Schürer. For many years the writings of Auguste Comte exercised a great influence over me, both in the way of attraction and repulsion. Convictions as to the great importance of criticism in religious matters I owe to Matthew Arnold, in my opinion the greatest critic of our age. Since the book was written, I have been delighted to find in how many psychologic views I agree with Professor Sabatier of Paris, and in how many with Professor James of Harvard.[1]

This autobiographical passage is of great interest, both because of the light it casts on the book and its meaning, and because it illustrates the varied influences which play on the educated modern mind. It would be interesting to trace the varied influences described in the foregoing passage, and set forth the part played by them on the mind of the author. But this we must forgo, as well as many other tempting lines suggested by the book. We shall take from the author a description of the tendency of the book, and examine it. We do this because it has a wider issue than those which belong to the book itself.

The general tendency of this book is to transfer the burden of support of Christian doctrine from history to psychology; perhaps rather from the history of facts to the history of ideas. There is great truth in Amiel's saying, "What our age especially needs is a translation of Christianity from the domain of history to the domain of psychology." Much the same view was expressed by Mr. Jowett in the words, "Religion is not dependent on historical events, the report of which we cannot altogether trust. Holiness has its sources elsewhere than in history."[2]

[1] Preface, p. vii.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. vii, viii.

Amiel's saying and Professor Gardner's approval of it sent us back to review our knowledge of psychology and of history, and set us to think out the methods, the provinces, and the limits of both. Nay, it raised for us a larger question still—the question of the province and the limits of abstract science as such, and the claims so often made on behalf of abstract science to dominate all our thinking. It was no new subject of meditation; it had frequently been raised for us by many works, and specially by those books which dealt with the principles of scientific method. It is raised also by the statement often made in scientific journals of the discovery of a plant or animal new to science. As we mused over these things, it gradually became clear that science has a twofold work to do. It has to find that general description of the processes of nature which will include all that is common to them all. It has to find out the widest and most general laws, and it has, for example, to state that most general of all laws of matter—that matter attracts all other matter inversely as the square of the distance. Laws of motion, conservation of energy, and other generalisations may sufficiently illustrate the result of this form of scientific activity. The process which leads on to these generalisations is sufficiently described in books of logic, and all students are acquainted with it. But the other side of scientific work is not described in any book or method with which the present writer is acquainted, and yet the larger part of scientific practical training is devoted to it.

We recall our student days, and the training in physics which we received from our teacher, one of the best we ever knew. He taught us the method by which we were able to recognise the general laws of physics, to know the laws of motion as these were set forth by Newton; and we can recall how he led us into the whole field of physics as it was presented to an intelligence trained to abstract thinking in this department of knowledge. We also remember that he, when he called on us to solve a particular problem, was not satisfied with a reference to the laws of motion. He

insisted on our recognising the particular conditions of the problem set to us. We remember, also, that he insisted on our learning the essential property of gases, and taught us that the density of a gas is directly proportional to the pressure, and the volume inversely proportional to the pressure. This is, however, true only of a perfect gas, and our professor insisted on our learning to recognise deviations from this law in the case of each particular gas. That is to say, we were taught to recognise general laws to which there was no exception, and we were taught to recognise those particular determinations which belonged to the particular matter in hand at the moment. The abstract method led us to take those determinations which we could regard as essential, and to neglect all the other determinations. But in our practical scientific training we were taught, also, to recognise all those concrete determinations which were present in the thing subjected to our examination, the synthesis of which constituted for us the whole character of that particular thing. This was really the greater part of our scientific education. We found in all our classes that there was this double movement—from the concrete to the abstract, and from the abstract to the concrete.

We have inquired of other scientific students, students who have been trained in geology, physiology, anatomy, chemistry, (we take the sciences in no particular order,) and we found that their experience was altogether like our own. General laws were set forth as to these processes whereby our planet attained its present form and character; but the geological student was taken to the field, and was made to recognise the marks which distinguished any particular formation from any other. He was made to identify fossils, to distinguish them from each other, and to attend to the differences of one from another. It matters not what was the profession of the educated men from whom I sought information, I found that, whether they were scientific men, philosophers, or theologians, the larger part, and by no means the least important part, of their training was directed towards the discovery and recognition of

particulars, and to the marks which distinguish particular beings each from the other.

The bearing of these remarks on the work of Professor Gardner, will speedily appear. Bishop Butler has said, "Abstract notions can do nothing." Our abstract thinkers, on the contrary, seem to have the belief that abstract notions can do something. In fact, the abstract method which we pursue usually is doubly abstract: it is abstract, in the first place, because we abstract from the differences between objects, and attend only to the common elements; and it is abstract, in the second place, because we neglect the other side of true scientific procedure, namely, that side which insists on recognising the concreteness of the concrete. We fancy that the abstract outcome of this double process of abstraction gives us a real picture of what actually goes on in the world. The unconscious assumption that the sciences represent reality is naïvely acted on by most of our scientific friends, and particularly by scientific men who become metaphysical. It is acted on by Professor Gardner; but not thoroughly or consistently. It is acted on by him in that statement of his in which he professes to substitute psychology for history as the foundation of Christianity. It is not acted on in certain parts of his book, as in the following:

Our psychology has greatly suffered, like other branches of knowledge, from setting aside phenomena which are not easily investigated, and which impede one's theories. In fact, there are whole realms of psychical phenomena which until lately were disregarded, and which are now more often visited by the charlatan than the scientific inquirer. Of all that lies below consciousness, and is the ground of it, we know even now very little. Consciousness is like the surface of the sea, where alone are the ways of commerce, while the vast and silent depths below are scarcely visited by man. Yet the substance which is at one moment at the surface of the sea may presently be below that surface. There are all sorts of sympathies, and of mysterious lines of connexion between spirit and spirit which we have but begun to track out. And there is a possible and an actual communion between man and the higher powers which is so little

understood, that the best truth in regard to it must be sought, not in the books of science, but in the books of religion and of poetry.[1]

If psychology is in the condition described by Professor Gardner, is not the attempt to make it the foundation of Christianity a little premature?

There are other passages, nay, there are whole chapters, in which Professor Gardner forsakes his own thesis, and actually replaces history in the position from which he has formally dethroned it. Notably is this the case in the chapter "The Inspiration of History." As an illustration of his departure from his own view take the following:

The more an historian is possessed by the genius of evolution, the more likely he is to disregard that in history which is most human and most divine. A great man may appear to him to be merely the result of his antecedents and the voice of his age, and what specially belongs to him as a man, character, will, inspiration, is thrust into the background. The features of personality no man borrows from his predecessors, nor can he transmit them to his followers; they are not his, they are himself. It is going too far to suppose with Carlyle that history is made by the successive personalities and inspirations of heroes; but it is a mistake quite as fatal to suppose that history works itself out, apart from the character and purposes of the great men of history. On the average these special forces of character and purpose tend in the long run to cancel each other, yet they cannot be overlooked. History is like a river. If one knows its source, and the direction which it must take, one can tell what sea it will eventually reach; yet its course is not direct, but bent in this direction and that by the resistance of intervening hills and rocks. The extreme historical evolutionist wants to see history like a river which runs in a straight line from source to mouth, and regards aberrations as defects to be smoothed down as much as possible.[2]

A good deal of this passage may be applied in criticism of the work before us, and specially of his desire to make psychology the criterion of the possibilities of concrete being and of actual events. In this regard psychology is in

[1] Page 14. [2] Pages 135, 136.

no better position than any other abstract science. All that it can demand is that concrete being and events shall not be in contradiction to its principles and results. It is time that an arrest should be set on the claims of abstract science, and a limit set to its demands. Without dwelling on abstract science in general, let us look for a little at psychology in particular. Let us take our account of it from some of the acknowledged masters of psychology:

Psychology is mainly concerned with the perceiving or thinking itself, and it therefore only takes account of the object so far as it is actually perceived or thought of. It is concerned, in the first instance, not with what is known, but with the process of knowing; not with what is willed, but with the process of willing; not with what is agreeable or disagreeable, but with the process of being pleased or displeased. Hence it takes no account of the object, except in so far as somebody is supposed to be actually knowing it or willing it, or being satisfied or dissatisfied with it. For the physical sciences the object is something that is to become known; for psychology it is something which is actually in process of being known. *Psychology is the science of the processes whereby an individual becomes aware of a world of objects and adjusts his actions accordingly.*[1]

Again:

To be characterised at all, psychology must be characterised from the standpoint from which this experience is viewed. It is by way of expressing this that widely different schools of psychology define it as subjective, all other positive sciences being distinguished as objective. But this seems scarcely more than a first approximation to the truth, and is apt to be misleading. The distinction rather is that the standpoint of psychology is what is sometimes termed "individualistic," that of the so called objective sciences being "universalistic," both alike being objective in the sense of being true for all, consisting of what Kant would call judgments of experience. For psychology is not a biography in any sense, still less a biography dealing with idiosyncrasies, and in an idiom having an interest and a meaning for one subject only, and incommunicable.[2]

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[1] Stout's *Manual of Psychology*, Vol. I., pp. 3, 4.

[2] Dr. Ward, article "Psychology," *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Popular ideas about psychology suggest that the psychological description and explanation of mental facts expresses the reality of our inner experience. It is a natural consequence of such a view that our ethical and æsthetical, our practical and educational, our social and historical views are subordinated to the doctrines of psychology. These papers endeavour to show that psychology is not at all an expression of reality, but a complicated transformation of it, worked out for special logical purposes in the service of our life. Psychology is thus a special abstract construction which has a right to consider everything from its own important standpoint, but which has nothing to assert in regard to the interpretation and appreciation of our real freedom and duty, our real values and ideals. The aim is thus a limitation of that psychology which wrongly proclaims its results as a kind of philosophy; but this limitation, which makes the traditional conflicts with idealistic views impossible, gives at the same time to the well understood psychology an absolute freedom in its own field, and the whole effort is thus as much in the service of psychology itself as in the service of the rights of life.[1]

Other authorities may be quoted to the same effect. What Münsterberg describes as popular ideas about psychology is essentially the view of Professor Gardner. That such ideas about the nature and scope of psychology are current is manifest, since such phrases as "the psychological moment" and "a psychological atmosphere" have become parts of common speech, and have found their way into treatises of a philosophical order. We should not dwell on this, if it were a mere question of nomenclature or of phraseology. Professor Gardner may regard psychology as having a wider scope than that assigned to it by the authors we have quoted. But whatever be the scope of it, whether psychology be a name for philosophy and science in general, he makes for it a claim to judge reality which cannot be substantiated.

If, as Dr. Ward asserts, psychology does not deal with individuals in their individuality; if, as Münsterberg says,

[1] *Psychology and Life*, Preface, pp. vi, vii. By Hugo Münsterberg.

it is a construction which does not profess to represent reality,—clearly it is a very unfit instrument by which to judge of anything which does not fall within its own province, and most unfit to be the criterion of a great historic movement. While psychology deals so far with the individual, and takes the experience of the individual, as at least the starting-point of its inquiry, it deals with that experience only in so far as it is representative of experience in general. But no two individuals are altogether alike; and when we desire to know a person in his concrete personality, we pass beyond the bounds of psychology, and have to become biographical. It is well to know all that it is possible to know about sensations, perceptions, the processes of judgment, memory reasoning, to know also the psychological bearing of time, space, the finite and infinite, and to acquaint ourselves with the phenomena of purpose and will, and to know all that psychology can teach; but, after we have accomplished all that work, we have not even begun to know a man as he lives, breathes, and works. But the man is real, while the psychological outline does not even profess to represent reality. We need not say that we do not despise psychology, or seek to attenuate its worth in its own place. But we do seek to keep it in its place. It is perhaps the best which we men can do, owing to our finitude, and to our way of acquiring knowledge bit by bit. Our abstractions and generalisations do help us; it is our attempt to grasp something like the unity of the universe. They are, also, in a manner and for our purposes, true. When, however, we trust our abstractions so far as to make them take the place of reality, and to say that there must be a "translation of Christianity from the domain of history to the domain of psychology," it is time for us to consider the matter a little more closely. By the very fact of abstraction no abstract science can represent reality; it has neglected those concrete determinations which are characteristic of the individual. As Professor Gardner has himself said in the paragraph already quoted, "the features of personality no man can borrow from his

predecessors, nor can he transmit them to his successors; they are not his, they are himself." If this is so, clearly when we study individuals we have passed beyond the scope of psychology. This conclusion is so obvious that it need not be insisted on. It is the common feature of biography, and the numerous failures in the biographical field are due to the fact that the biographer has been too abstract in his method, too psychological, and has set forth generalities, when his readers desire a picture of the man in his habit as he lived. That Boswell was thus able to depict Johnson is the secret of the abiding interest of that most wonderful of all biographies.

Generalities do not describe, do not account for any man; still less do they account for the great leaders of thought and action, whose names readily occur to every student. It helps us to remember that Plato and Aristotle were Greeks, that Julius Cæsar was a Roman, that Shakespeare was an Englishman, that Kant and Hegel were Germans, and that Isaiah and Paul were Hebrews. But how small is the help towards a true conception of these men which we obtain from the knowledge of the races to which they belonged. How little is the contribution made by psychology towards the knowledge of these men and their work. Precisely as much, and no more, is the help we obtain from psychology towards an appreciation of the origin, the character, and the truth of Christianity.

But the claim of Amiel, sanctioned by Professor Gardner, is the right to effect a "translation of Christianity from the domain of history to the domain of psychology." If the attempt were successful, the result would be disastrous to psychology, to history, and to Christianity. It would have the effect of removing psychology from contact with reality, and to set it free from that criticism to which it is constantly subjected by the stern reality of fact. As the matter stands at present, psychology is under the necessity of revising its method and conclusions, and of striving to render them less inadequate to the truth. The critic of science is nature, and the critic

of psychology is experience; and the conclusions which science and psychology have reached are simply our understanding of the facts and processes concerned, and not the facts and processes themselves. To substitute psychology for history would be the death of all hope of progress on the part of psychology.

It seems, also, that such a substitution would be a death-blow to all hope of progress in historical investigation. To limit history by psychology would simply be to put our transcript of what has happened in the place of the happenings themselves, to substitute generalities for particulars, and thus to miss the mark. It is to be remembered that history as written and understood by man is itself so far abstract. Here, as elsewhere, we make general statements, select periods of evolution, and in a way which seems somewhat arbitrary choose in the vast field of time a certain point and a certain relative simplicity from which to begin, and from these proceed to trace a certain course of evolution of a given people. But, even from this point of view, the idea of history is different from the idea of psychology. The substance of history is the actions of personalities. The aim of history is to describe the living and the doing of men, to set forth what man has made in all the spheres of his activity. It has to do with events which only happened once, with persons who had a certain sphere and work in space and time, and it seeks to deal with the conditions, the quality, and the results of their work. History really must mean more for us than can be meant by that which psychology, economics, and statistics have put in its place. It is quite possible, as Münsterberg suggests, to see nothing more in Napoleon and Wellington, in Newton and Goethe, than those complicated chemical processes which the physiologist sees in their life, and those accompanying psychical processes which the psychologist enumerates between their birth and their death. And for psychology and for physiology this is really all that is meant by these respective names.

In truth, Professor Gardner has himself recognised that

which we seek to state. In the suggestive chapter on the "Inspiration of History" he says:

> All history is, indeed, in one aspect only the register of successive acts of human volition. Therefore, any attempt to construct an external science of history on the basis of statistics, of climatic influence, of race-tendency, must needs bring very imperfect results, omitting premisely the things which most need explanation, and proceeding upon analogies which are utterly misleading. It is much like working out a chemical problem by mathematical methods, perhaps still more like trying to compose a piece of music on some scheme of mathematical progressions and proportions. And this is true, not only of the course of history, but of every investigation built on the ground of human nature. And it is truest of all in matters of ethics and of religion, since these are above all things purely human, inward, and practical, and in the smallest degree under the dominion of physical law. The history of nations and races is much like the history of individuals writ large. And the course of ethical and religious development in a nation is closely parallel to its course in an individual.[1]

Taking this statement along with the statement on great men already quoted from him, we have a sufficient reason for declining to follow him when he wishes to substitute psychology for history as a support for Christian doctrine. For to history falls the burden of investigation into the sources of Christianity, and history is bound to inquire into the truth of the Christian claim. If history is the register of successive will acts, it is also the account of those personalities whose are the will acts. It, therefore, has to take into account the will acts of outstanding personalities, whose influence and power over their contemporaries were altogether unique. Julius Cæsar is not merely the tendency of the Roman people towards a centralised, personal form of government, nor is Aristotle a mere type of Greek intelligence. Psychology connects events, feelings, desires, thoughts, acts, whatever is, in short, a part of human

[1] Page 73.

experience, from the standpoint of cause and effect; history aims at connexion, but the connexion is teleological, not causal. True, the connexion in each case is general, and, it may be, that in both the connexion reached is partial and incomplete. History as well as psychology may look at the individual as simply the meeting-place of the currents of the age, and the individual may become nothing more than a vehicle for the expression of the spirit of the age. Here, too, we must always remind ourselves of the reverse procedure of science, that, namely, which moves towards a full recognition of the concreteness of the concrete. Our scientific procedure can never be regarded as complete, whether we look at it as our attempt to set forth the connectedness of things, or to appreciate the fulness of concrete determinations which make the individual. Connexions we must have; but our endeavour must be to make the conception of connexion correspond to what is real. So, also, our description of individual being ought to set forth the individual in all his qualities and powers.

The bearing of these remarks on the question of the origin and character of Christianity is obvious. Critics in general, and Professor Gardner in particular, bring to the criticism of the New Testament a number of generalisations which they have taken from the study of history, of psychology, and of science in general. They have learned something from the study of myth, and they bring to bear on the study of Christianity what they have learned from the study of mythology. Legendary literature has its characteristics, and this also is brought into the service of criticism. Then there is the maxim that any given literature bears the marks of its time, and shares the limitations of the period of its production. The literature of the New Testament and the phenomena of Christian life are to be explained in terms of the ordinary laws which account for such phenomena in general. We have to translate the phenomena into the language of our time, and deal with them as we deal with other historical phenomena. Thus we have endless investigation into the history of the period in

which Christianity arose, and we may thankfully accept the results of that investigation. As a matter of fact, this generation knows the first centuries of our era as no other generation ever did. What the Old Testament and the history of the Hebrew people really were, and what was the influence of the great Hebrew tradition in Palestine and the diaspora on the life in Palestine in the first century, is known in great fulness. The political conditions and the religious atmosphere of the times are also known. The ideas, the expectations, the hopes and fears of the Hellenistic world are so far understood, and the influence of Jewish life on the Gentile world we know in part. The influence of Greek thought and life, and the result of the cross-fertilisation of race upon race on the intellectual world, have been the object of serious research, and the result is of advantage to every student. Modern research in dealing with the great question of the origin of Christianity has sought for points of connexion with the Old Testament and its developments, with the religious life of the synagogue and the temple, with the Messianic hopes of the Jews, with contemporary hopes of the future, with the whole intellectual and spiritual condition of the Greek and Roman world; and its aim has been to explain Christianity in its origin and character out of these connexions. It seeks to show that the New Testament takes its colour from the history of the time of its production, that the life and literature of the first century belong to their time and environment, and can be accounted for by the circumstances of their time and environment. Our waning space forbids anything more than a general description of the processes by means of which it is sought to make Christianity to be entirely on a level with ordinary human experience. We believe, however, that we have indicated the main elements of the procedure. The defect of the method is, even when it is applied to human history, which does not claim to be supernatural, that it takes no account of creative human personalities. The general connexions we establish in Greek history do not account for the Homeric poems, nor do

the general characteristics of Greek thought account for Socrates, Plato, or Aristotle. We may make the same remark about Shakespeare, and make it even more emphatically. To the study of Greek life and thought, and of the previous speculative activity of the Greek mind which made Plato possible, and to the study of contemporary Greek life which afforded to Plato an audience which so far understood him, we must add a study of Plato himself, and the character and conditions of his personal life, if we are to understand him and his times.

We gladly welcome all the light cast on the New Testament and its times by the persevering and varied research of the present time; we hail with pleasure any true description of the life, thought, feeling, life of the world, Jewish, Greek, and Roman, in the first century of our era; and welcome, too, any connexions which may be traced between Christian life and thought, and the life and thought of the times: but when these are set forth as a sufficient account of the origin and character of Christianity, we emphatically demur. These are simply attempts to account for Christianity apart from the creative personality of Jesus Christ. In fact, the history of the Christian faith is often in the hands of critics turned into a process which began after Christ. It is needful to supplement the study of the connexions between preceding and contemporary thought and life with a study of Christianity itself and its essential features. That Christianity has its resemblances and connexions with contemporary thought goes without saying; for otherwise it would be no boon to man. To be a religion of redemption for men, it must have been prepared for, it must be in relation to, their feeling, their thought, and their need, and so far have elements in common with all religious experience. That fact, however, in no way interferes with the claim that Christianity has a distinctive character and a unique position among the religions of the world. What we complain of is that the distinctive character of the Christian religion is lost sight of, is swamped among the tide of general resemblances it has in common with other religions, and amid the connexions

established between it and the general life of the period. These resemblances and connexions are of the highest value, for they show that Christianity came to a world prepared for its reception; but they cease to be of value when they are used to reduce Christianity to their own level. A study of Christianity must be made which will seek to see it in its own distinctive character and claims, and to acknowledge its uniqueness in the sphere of human religious experience.

It is well to study the literature of the gospels, and to seek an explanation of the very complex phenomena set forth in them considered from a literary and historical point of view; it is still better to study the life set forth in the gospels, and endeavour to measure its meaning and worth for man. Whatever be the processes through which the material of the gospels passed before they assumed their present form, certain it is that they have succeeded in setting forth a unique life and work in a perfectly unapproachable way. The problem they had in hand was the greatest problem ever set to literature, and they have solved it. How shall we present a divine Being in human form, place Him in definite historical times and circumstances, and under historical limitations, and set Him forth in such a way as never to say or do anything unsuitable or inconsistent with the claim made on His behalf? This was accomplished by the evangelists, and done in such a way as to win the confidence of all readers of the gospels. The moral purity, the gracious sweetness, the penetrating insight, the loving work, and the unique spiritual grandeur of Jesus Christ are universally recognised.

We speak easily of translating the life and experience of the New Testament into that of our own time, and we are told that such a process of translation is indispensable. By all means translate them, if you can. But the only legitimate method of translation is to produce men of the mental, moral, and spiritual stature of Christ, and to write a literature like that set forth in the New Testament. Stating the claims of that life and literature at their lowest, we say that there is a standard of life embodied in them which forms

the unapproachable standard for the life of every age, approached but never reached by any generation. We know a little of the men who wrote the epistles, and something of the writers of the gospels, and we know sufficient to prove that the presentation of the life and thought which they set forth was quite beyond their unaided power. The gracious Figure of the gospels is real, for He could not have been invented. The art with which He has been depicted is beyond the reach of any writer recorded in the history of the world. To show this it is enough to say that there is no figure in the world's literature like that of Jesus Christ.

A life which dwarfs every other life, a literature which sets forth a view of life and duty which remains the standard of every age, cannot be explained by a reference to the commonplaces of history or to the teaching of psychology. We cannot, at present, enter into a detailed statement of Christianity, nor set forth its claim to a thorough examination of its characteristics. Nor can we say anything of its history for those centuries in which it has exerted its influence over men. But this we may say—that through all the centuries, and in all its divisions, Christianity has consistently claimed that to live a Christian life it is necessary to be and to keep in fellowship with the living Christ. Without His help it is believed to be impossible to live a Christian life. There is the belief that He lived and worked once on earth, and there is the belief that He lives and works to-day; and these beliefs are of a practical working kind, and issue in the production of a certain kind of life. The experience following on these beliefs and the kind of life they produce and foster are known; they are facts deserving study as much as any other facts of human experience. But in order to understand them we must study them in their concrete reality. We ought not to reduce them to abstract determinations of any kind, and then assume that these abstract determinations are all that there is to study.

JAMES IVERACH.

JOHN RUSKIN.

RUSKIN was accustomed to complain that people insisted on being charmed with the way in which he said things, while they refused to be influenced by what he said. And it must be owned that few ears can be deaf to the music of that unapproachable style. I vividly recall the hush which used to fall upon the audience at Oxford when the lecturer took up a volume of *Modern Painters*, and read in that curious chant, accompanied by something like the Northumbrian burr, some golden passage, which, as he would petulantly say, he only read to tell us that all he had said in it was wrong. It was difficult, however, to believe that that was the only reason; he took a manifest delight, as a singer might in the use of his voice, in the cadences and melodies which made the intricate harmony of the piece. Such magic of words carries the hearer away, and for the moment inclines him to seek nothing further than the authentic thrill which the words impart. And whatever happens, one returns to the mere music of the words with ever new surprise and delight.

"But we have other sources of power," we read in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, "in the imagery of our iron coasts and azure hills; of power more pure, nor less serene, than that of the hermit spirit which once lighted with white lines of cloisters the glades of the Alpine pine, and raised into ordered spires the wild rocks of the Northern sea; which gave to the temple gate the depth and darkness of Elijah's Horeb cave; and lifted out of the populous city gray cliffs of lonely stone into the midst of sailing birds and silent air."

What is the secret of such writing? one is tempted to ask before considering what is written. Why have the words, not one of which is unusual, fallen into a combination which gives the effect of chords struck upon a harp, while

one image follows another as in an inspired dream? It must always be the misfortune of a writer who writes thus, that he lays a spell upon the mind of his reader and keeps him at the gate following the reverberations of his music, before bringing him into the house to examine what is there.

But the master need not have complained. There were few who felt the music of his words, that were not lured to explore the secret of his thoughts. And whether he knew it or not, his teaching fell into a prepared soil. The object of the present article is to indicate the extent of the influence which he wielded. And this may be traced in art, in conduct, and above all in economics. He supposed that his prophetic utterances on the last subject were not taken seriously, but met by the reproach *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. But it is quite conceivable that this was his most original contribution to the thought of his time; and that when *Modern Painters* is read only for its beauty of diction, *Unto this Last* will be quoted as the renaissance of political economy.

But to approach these subjects in order: is it too much to say that thousands in this generation owe all their interior understanding of great art to Ruskin? It may be true that Turner was already appreciated before Ruskin became his interpreter; but the character and quality of the appreciation are the fruit of his interpretation. Until our eyes were anointed with that salve we did not observe the miraculous insight which makes Turner's trees and rocks nature, while the trees and rocks in a Gainsborough were only a mannered convention. Nothing but a patient analysis could reveal the unconscious science which underlay Turner's art. That Turner's world is the actual world, radiant, significant, steeped in the rainbow of poetry, was not a fact so obvious that the majority of us would have recognised it without a guide. Nay, the reaction of realism has sufficiently shown that we could easily drift back to the pre-Ruskinian days, but that the words of the prophet are written in enduring letters of gold.

Then what would Santa Croce and the Spanish Chapel

have been to us but for the *Mornings in Florence*? And what would some of our lives have been without the Spanish Chapel and Santa Croce? The glamour of Raphael and Leonardo, nay, even the dull sentimentalism of Guido and Domenichino, held the world captive. No one had time or thought for Simone Memmi and Taddeo Gaddi, or even for Giotto, beyond his tower. But Ruskin taught us to penetrate the spirit of those earlier and more serious masters. We went with him in the early morning while the shafts of light could pierce the low-vaulted chamber, and learnt the noble thought of the great Florentine, that all wisdom, science, and education are the outcome of Pentecost. Or we passed reverently the prostrate form on the stone pillow of the floor of Santa Croce, to make our first acquaintance with St. Francis, where Giotto stretched him for ever, among the devout and sceptical followers, reclining on the moveless bier, gazing on the vision of angels that passes not away.

How many of us, but for the *Stones of Venice*, would have learnt to read the Bible of St. Mark's or to thread the *calle* with the reverent memory of the great souls that founded and maintained that republic in the sea? Should we not have wasted all our time with Titian's gorgeous canvases, and been blind to the modest marvels of Carpaccio? A year ago I visited, Ruskin in hand, St. Giorgio di Schiavone, and studied that picture in which Carpaccio delineates the conquest of lust in the victory of St. George over the dragon. Who but Ruskin would have taken us to that dishevelled church, or gained for the master a hearing from the modern world? And yet while Titian intoxicates the eye with the lust of the world and the vain glory of life, it is Carpaccio who finds that the one delight of the world is to overcome it, and the one glory of man is to seek the glory of God.

Or to take but one more instance, the Tombs of the Scaligers were a subject of curiosity only until they became in Ruskin's hands a great sermon in stone. Since Ruskin spent his hours of meditation in that strait inclosure it has become impossible for us to miss the meaning of the decline from Dante's Can Grande to that Can Signorio, who, lustful

and murderous, forestalled the judgment of survivors by building his own gorgeous tomb in all the glory of the warlike saints, and of the personified virtues.

But it is not only that to thousands of us Ruskin gave eyes to see and a heart to understand; his eloquent protests have largely transformed our architecture, our domestic furniture, and our whole conception of our surroundings, whether in nature or in cities, as a great unconscious influence in the moulding of character and the ordering of life. It required no great insight to see that Seven Dials was hideous, or that the Black Country was like a blighted heart to England; but it required both insight and courage to describe the Houses of Parliament as "the absurdest and emptiest piece of filigree—and as it were eternal foolscap in stone—which ever human beings disgraced their posterity by." And we had no one before Ruskin to tell us that "if cottages are ever to be wisely built again, the peasant must enjoy his cottage and be himself its artist, as a bird is." William Morris was a pupil of Ruskin's. And if we are beginning to rediscover the delight in handicraft, and to find a metal work, a frieze work, a tapestry, an earthenware, which retains in it the joy of the worker, instead of being the soulless duplication of thoughtlessness and machinery, it is to Ruskin that we must refer this return into the good old ways.

No doubt there is a reaction from Ruskin's judgments in art. Whistler, who was the object of his withering criticism, has attained recognition as a great and original genius. It has become true in Ruskin's case, as in all others, and even with peculiar force with one whose language is so trenchant and final, that we can attach more importance to a critic when he praises than when he condemns. While the truth and beauty of all art can only be recognised by the truth and beauty in the eye of the observer, there may be defects or limitations in the eye which render it incapable of recognising truth and beauty in all places where they exist. But it may be conjectured that Ruskin was prepared for a reaction. He had to save us from abysmal depths of vul-

garity and soullessness in our art judgments; and he had to turn our attention to the eternal springs of beauty. A certain vehemence, and even a certain onesidedness, was necessary. Eyes which were captivated by Guido Reni and Guercino, or saw nothing painful in the Houses of Parliament or the dome of the National Gallery, could only be opened by vituperation of the things they immoderately admire, while when once the eyes were trained to the true admiration they might return to give a modified approbation of the Aurora and of the Angel of the Lily, and to find some picturesqueness in the Houses of Parliament if not in the dome of the National Gallery.

The revival of village industries and handicraft art which has brought a new life into the dales round Keswick is a result which may yet have a great future. Mr. Godfrey Blount's *Arbor Vitæ* shows that Ruskin's teaching has called into being fresh and original thinkers on the subject. In the neighbourhood of Haslemere there is a little school of unostentatious workers, who, turning from drawing-room pictures which are painted for money, bought for vanity, and displayed for ostentation, are seeking for a national art at the sources; the object is to give the touch of individuality to objects of household furniture and to secure decorative effects, not by putting ornaments on things, but by making things themselves ornaments. This is but one of the many channels in which Ruskin's vast influence on modern art is at work.

Now to turn to the ethical and didactic influence of the dead master: there are many passages in his writings which betray the despondency of a lonely thinker and a contemned prophet. It seemed to himself that his exhortations were thrown to the winds; and one might have supposed that his work as a teacher was vanity. But this sense of failure arose from ignorance of the effect which he was producing. It is possible that particular precepts of his were ignored, or perhaps they passed underground to germinate by-and-by; for, to say truth, many of his particular precepts were vehement and exaggerated judgments seen

without the relief and modifications which practice must take into account. If his hearers did not obey these requirements of the new Sinai, neither did the lawgiver himself. He denounced usury in unmeasured terms; and yet, as he admitted, he lived on it. Was it possible to expect that even the most reverent could accept as quite serious a principle which the teacher could not practise? I have heard it said, too, that some of the counsels given to girls in *Sesame and Lilies*, regarding dress, reading, religious work, etc., are not of the kind which can be accepted *au pied de la lettre*. Why should they? Did the master expect that they would be? For the ethical and didactic value of Ruskin did not lie in particular precepts, which, where they deviated from accepted standards, were apt to be eccentricities and even extravagances, but in that invigoration of the moral sentiment, in that magical light thrown on common life, in that insight into the connexion between religion and conduct, which the earnestness and inspiration of his writings produce. Like his predecessor, whom he acknowledged as his master, Thomas Carlyle, he acted upon his generation not so much by moral instruction as by moral stimulus. If one were to reduce Carlyle's definite instruction to concrete forms, the decalogue which resulted would be meagre; the whole law would seem to be summed up in a barbarous conviction that might is right. For the gospel of love seemed to be substituted the gospel of force. But Carlyle as a writer and a sage operated on his readers in a very different way. In the stirring of the waters a healing power was exerted. There was the rush of invisible wings, voices called out of the upper air. And young, ardent souls sallied forth, not to maintain the Carlylean dogma, but in dogmas of other kinds, orthodox or heterodox, to prove the Carlylean spirit, the love of work, the hate of lies, the earnest confidence in God. It is not necessary to maintain that all inspired teachers are of this kind, and that we misuse them when we miss the spirit and cling only to the letter. But certainly Ruskin was of this kind. His writings are not a new Decalogue, but in them the old and venerable Deca-

logue, the indefeasible laws of God, are uttered again with the majesty of lightning and earthquake; again the reverent soul stands in the mouth of the cave wrapped in a mantle while the words of the still small voice are heard. It would, of course, be preposterous to rank these words of a modern prophet with Scripture; but it is not preposterous to compare his mode of instruction with that of Scripture; it is not by a uniform and consistent presentation of ethical principles or requirements that the effect is produced; but a spirit is at work which transfuses, moulds, and employs materials of very different kinds, so that the unity is not in the material but in the spirit.

As a young man in the second volume of *Modern Painters* (II. i. 2, §§ 8–16) he laid down a principle which is the key to all his subsequent work, and he followed it with one of those flexible passages of harmonious words which are the secret of his abiding charm. And this double value of the passage must excuse the long quotation:

Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this follow me no farther, for this I purpose always to assume), are, to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, useful to us: pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are, in a secondary and mean sense, useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless, and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence. And yet people speak in this working age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment were alone useful, and as if Sight, Thought, and Admiration were all profitless, so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body, who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vinedressers and husbandmen who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers

of wood and drawers of water, who think that it is to give them wood to hew and water to draw that the pine forests cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and the great rivers move like His eternity.

Surely we may say that there is something of the quality of inspiration in such a passage as this. It is not argument, it is not the assertion of some new truth; it may be doubted even whether the description of the Utilitarians is absolutely just to Bentham and Mill. But there is in it the power which stirs in a Hebrew prophet like Isaiah, or in a Puritan poet like Milton. It has the faculty of revelation. A secret passion at its heart and a moving eloquence in its utterance attract and rivet the reader while the heavens open, and the eternal truth becomes plain that God is the only explanation of man, and the harmony of man with God is the only rational object of human life.

And that the comparison to Sinai is not out of place let us further show by taking another passage out of the fourth volume of the book which made his fame (*Modern Painters*, IV. v. 19, §§32, 33). He is speaking of the manifold ignoring of the sterner aspects of God's dealings with men:

So, what between hardhearted people, thoughtless people, busy people, humble people, and cheerfully minded people,—giddiness of youth and preoccupations of age,—philosophies of faith, and cruelties of folly,—priest and Levite, masquer and merchantman, all agreeing to keep their own side of the way,—the evil that God sends us to warn us gets to be forgotten, and the evil that He sends to be mended by us gets left unmended. And then because people shut their eyes to the dark indisputableness of the facts in front of them, their Faith, such as it is, is shaken or uprooted by every darkness in what is revealed to them. In the present day it is not easy to find a well meaning man among our most earnest thinkers, who will not take upon himself to dispute the whole system of redemption, because he cannot unravel the mystery of the punishment of sin. But can he unravel the mystery of the punishment of NO sin? Can he entirely account for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he ever looked fairly at the fate of one of those beasts as it is dying,—measured the work it has done and the

reward it has got,—put his hand upon the bloody wounds through which its bones are piercing, and so looked up to Heaven with an entire understanding of Heaven's ways about the horse? Yet the horse is a fact—no dream—no revelation among the myrtle trees by night; and the dust it dies upon and the dogs that eat it are facts; and yonder happy person, whose the horse was till its knees were broken over the hurdles, who had an immortal soul to begin with, and wealth and peace to help forward his immortality; who has also devoted the powers of his soul and body and wealth and peace to the spoiling of horses, the corruption of the innocent, and the oppression of the poor; and has at this actual moment of his prosperous life, as many curses waiting round about him in calm shadow, with their death's eyes fixed upon him, biding their time, as even the poor cab-horse had launched at him in meaningless blasphemies, when his failing feet stumbled at the stones,—this happy person shall have no stripes,—shall have only the horse's fate of annihilation; or, if other things are indeed reserved for him, Heaven's kindness or omnipotence is to be doubted therefore

This is not the language of a sermon or of a satire or of a moralist, nor is it to be tested by the standard to which we should bring sermons, satires, and treatises in ethics. But it is the language which in Scripture is called "the word of the Lord," the utterance of prophets. A power from behind is speaking; yet it is not by might, nor by power. It is not argument, or demonstration, or the citation of facts. But it is insight and revelation. Before such oracles men are stricken silent and ashamed. And two generations now have listened to them, with this result, that there are many hundreds of persons who otherwise would have exercised their immortality "in the spoiling of horses, the corruption of the innocent, and the oppression of the poor," but are now with open eyes looking into the face of God, and with diligent hands working, as they can apprehend, His will in the earth.

If at the present time there are few among the privileged classes who do not recognise the obligations of their position, and if they who decline their obligations are conscious of the stigma under which they lie; if every univer-

sity, and almost every public school, has its settlement among the poor, in which the educated and happy are seeking modest contact with the less fortunate; if a new spirit is abroad in modern life which gives to duty a definite value, and makes even pleasure and greed masquerade under that august name; if religion has passed from the stifling atmosphere of churches into the streets and the fields, and the message of God is heard as often in newspapers as in pulpits,—we must refer these results, not in their entirety, but in their impulse and shaping, to that voice which so often seemed to return upon itself neglected and derided.

There are, of course, still thoughtless, selfish, and heartless men and women among us. Fashion is still cruel. The lust of gold, and the pride of its display, still destroy the souls of men. But the immense change for the better which has been witnessed in the last fifty years—and until the dazzle and delusion of the diamond-mines and the gold-fields again awoke the demon that lurks in the human heart—is due to the fact that nearly all educated persons, and especially the girls, who make the life and mould the feeling of a nation, have had before their eyes the words of their prophet, as the women of Jerusalem had before theirs the words of Isaiah (Isa. xxxii. 9–20):

> And would it be strange, if at any great assembly which, while it dazzled the young and the thoughtless, beguiled the gentler hearts that beat beneath the embroidery, with a placid sensation of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort has been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent; it would be strange, I say, if for a moment the spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts and show us how—inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death; and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight you would see—the angels do see—on those gay

white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you know not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away, yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves."[1]

This quotation carries us over to the last part of the subject, the influence which Ruskin has exercised on our problems of social amelioration. Before passing to it, however, it may be worth while to pause and meet a note of disappointment which is sufficiently audible to-day. How can we talk of progress, it may be asked, whether due to Ruskin or to others, when books such as *Liza of Lambeth*, or *No.* 5 *John Street*, or *Tales of Mean Streets*, and *The Child of the Iago*, are among the most constant elements of our literary production? How have the invectives availed, any more than those of prophets and apostles before him; when this is still the dismal feature of our crowded cities, a class sodden with wealth and another class sodden with poverty, at the one end of the scale thousands living the unclean life of drink and lust and vulgar display, making no serious effort except to find new pleasures, finding no lasting delight in the pleasures purchased at such a cost, and at the other end of the scale hundreds of thousands who tremble on the line of starvation, finding their one relief in sensual acts, and their one religion in a dull hatred of the fortunate? But the reply to this cry of despondency is to be found in this: that these books are written and sold, is due to the awakening sense that we are our brother's keeper. There is nothing new in the selfish luxury of the rich and in the hopeless squalor of the poor. What is new is that a large part of the community, all the more thoughtful and earnest part, no longer passes by the unsavoury facts as part of the inevitable order, but is determined to know, and knowing to attempt a remedy. That is the element of truth in the cheerful assurance of an eminent statesman, "We are all

[1] *A Joy for Ever*, §§ 50–53.

socialists to-day." We are all, broadly speaking, conscious that the extremes of wealth and poverty are a gangrene in the community, and the community is committed to heal itself of the disease. And if that conviction is now practically universal, the main thanks are due to John Ruskin, who, we have ventured to predict, will be remembered by posterity as the great writer who set in motion the forces of social amelioration.

Mr. J. A. Hobson, in his admirable book *John Ruskin as a Social Reformer*, has worked out in detail Ruskin's contributions to economic science. Mr. Hobson is no blind devotee, as one who comes under the master's spell is apt to be: he is well aware of the limitations, the inconsistencies, the actual mistakes. But as an economist and a publicist he is equally aware of the positive service which Ruskin has rendered to the "dismal science"; indeed, not the least of his services to it is that in his hands it ceases to be dismal. The last time that I heard Ruskin speak was at a lecture delivered by William Morris in the hall of University College, Oxford. Morris, stiff and burly and dogmatic, advocated an out-and-out socialism. His notion of "the present system" was summed up in the phrase, "Every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost." There was not, perhaps, much light or leading in the lecture; it left the audience angry with the wrongs of the people rather than hopeful of their redress. But at the close of the lecture Ruskin, who was present, was asked to speak. He stood before us for a minute, shy and restrained; the eyes shone under the shaggy brows; there was an infinite pathos in the slight figure and its indescribable modesty. The words he spoke were few and not memorable. But the impression was ineffaceable. Morris claimed to be a pupil of his. Ruskin did not repudiate him. And yet there was an implied repudiation in his manner. His pupil was confident where he was diffident. His pupil was dogmatic where he was an inquirer. Granted, he seemed to say, that this strong and violent stream has broken from the fountain-head and leapt down the precipitous cliff, yet it will be

necessary to revert to the fountain-head if one is to lead from it the waters which are to fertilise the barren fields and cleanse the polluted streets.

Socialism, it may be suggested, is a perversion of Ruskin's economics, and yet it is an essay which is not without its value, for it may throw the student back more earnestly and spiritually on the study of the original. Ruskin's economics were elaborated as a preparation for the fulfilment of his art teaching. He found that what barred the way to a vital art, such as he had discovered in the masters of the age before Raphael, was the vulgarity, the sick hurry, the coarse aims of an age of unlimited competition. He struck into economic speculations, finding small help from the economists, but much from his Bible and his own heart, in order to discover what kind of a society would make a noble art possible again. But the subject once opened fascinated him. It touched again the prophetic chord in his nature. His unbounded charity to the poor, and kindliness to all, worked for an expression. To remember the poor was the first and indispensable duty of his creed. And the conviction grew upon him that the oppression of the poor is not the deliberate exaction of a Pharaoh or a slave-driver, but the unconscious action of economic laws when they take their course in the thoughtlessness of individualism and under the imaginary sanction of a so called science.

He set himself, therefore, to show that political economy, as it had been taught by its exponents since Adam Smith, was only a *so called* science. It worked *ex hypothesi*, and its conclusions were purely relative to the hypothesis. But the hypothesis was false: the "economic man" was a fiction. The sanction, therefore, which a hypothetical science, based on a false hypothesis, seemed to give to actions, was imaginary.

The economic man, existing only for the creation and accumulation of wealth, was not only a fiction, but a travesty. If such a man existed, he ought to be arrested as a monstrosity. And to assume his existence and work

out a science, as a guide to conduct, on that supposition, was to turn men into such monstrosities.

Ruskin challenged the economists even in their definitions. He declared that they had given a wrong account of wealth and of value; he disputed their analysis of both labour and capital; he showed that all their conclusions were vitiated by these mistaken definitions. In place of the economic man he insisted on restoring man, man that was made in the image of God; and as a result economics had to become human. We are not dealing with stars in their courses or stocks and stones and trees, but with flesh and blood, hearts that feel and can love, brains that think, and wills that can act *against* the iron laws of fate.

The form of his writings did not dispose economists to take him seriously. The inimitable charm of *Fors Clavigera*, a work made up entirely of digressions, and vivid with every colour and harmony of which writing admits, did not suggest economic discussion. Was the poet or the painter among the economists? He came there, his pen dipped in the hues of the rainbow, and with the apparent irresponsibility of a lark singing among the clouds. And in the quaint richness of his half-legendary proposal of a Companionship of St. George, the dry-as-dust mind was not prepared to see the serious purpose, which chose the name George not on legendary grounds but because it means, or is supposed to mean, "a worker of the earth." As Virgil sang his Georgics to save an empire that was decaying because manhood was divorced from the soil, so this inspired writer formed his Society of St. George for the lowly purpose of leading young England back to the wholesome ways of the earth and co-operation with the productive forces of nature. But while Virgil, the laureate of an artificial court, was poet and nothing else, Ruskin, the mouthpiece of a great and free people, was only formally a poet; he was materially an economic teacher, trying to awake in young minds the sense of certain eternal verities concerning man, society, and the earth on which we live. Perhaps that *Fors Clavigera*, Fortune bearing the key, has only begun its work,

and will yet apply the key to some of our intractable locks.

Ruskin was an illustration of genius according to that definition, "Genius is a zigzag lightning in the brain which other men have not." His straightest course always had an erratic appearance; and while one was delighted to wander with him where he would, one often forgot where he was going. One of my undergraduate recollections is seeing the little group of men, from Corpus and Christ Church, and from Balliol, for Alfred Milner was one of them, in sweaters and flannels and boating-blazers, at work on a road at Ferry Hinksey. The scoffer went out to observe, and reported that the part of the road which Ruskin's lambs were making was not materially more impassable than the rest of the rutted track, which led no particular whence or whither, and therefore could not affect for good or ill the humblest traveller. What went ye out for to see? Men clothed in soft raiment, and handling picks and shovels as ill as they were ever handled? Nay, but it was a prophet, and even more than a prophet. The dilettantism was only on the surface; underneath was an immense seriousness. The whole action was merely symbolical, like a panel of Simone Memmi's, or like St. Francis' building with his own hands Santa Maria dei Angeli, or, for the matter of that, like the baptism in Jordan or the Supper in the upper chamber. Fools might laugh at the symbol, but the wise accepted the truth.

That labour, and labour alone, is the foundation of wealth; that wealth does not consist in material products, but in healthy and happy human beings; that the wealth of nations, therefore, is not to be estimated by its accumulated or floating capital, but by the number of wholesome, clean, developed souls that compose it,—this was the truth which the master was trying to teach in a parable.

In *Unto this Last* he dropped the parabolic style and spoke plainly, not prosaically but plainly, the truth which was in his heart. Still economists disregarded him. Here was the usual string of quixoticisms and paradoxes, dressed

in the familiar garb, which no one could resist. But for their part they enjoyed reading it with the rest, and returned refreshed to their economics as from a play or a concert—he was "unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument." He, like Ezekiel, chafed under his inability to convince the world that this was no paradox, but rather a commonplace. True, he could not be dull, like the economists; but he was handling realities and arguing the matter gravely, with the dullest of them. It was strange that the brilliance and glory of his style should seem to be a hindrance, but so for a while it was. Who made thee an economist over us? was the question. He had to all appearance been entirely occupied in art, studying the composition of rocks and the contours of mountains, to appraise Turner, or the first principles of architectural utility, in order to appraise Venice. What attention could he have paid to demand and supply, capital and labour, production and distribution, the wage fund, the law of diminishing returns, the theory of rent? Now, the truth was that he had been poring over these things with intense earnestness, impelled by the thought that until they were rightly understood there could not be again any great art. But his study had been, not in the text-books of the science, but rather in the facts of life. He had claimed the privilege of genius, the privilege which Adam Smith claimed, though with how different an equipment, to go straight to the facts again and look at them with serious and reflecting eyes.

He was born in the purple, as it were, and the rude winds were warded off from his sensitive organism. His life at the university was that of a gentleman commoner; and in the world he was always a gentleman commoner. At the age when men take their degree he was already famous; the first volume of *Modern Painters* had announced the advent of an original genius. But like the Buddha in his palace, his heart was always going out to the poor, the distressed, the forlorn. The social problem took possession of him. His economic studies were at first hand. Wealth,

what is the use of wealth, if life, in the getting of it, is reduced to a vulgarising monotony of competition? How can a nation be called wealthy which has defiled its rivers and its meadows, the living fountains of delight, and turned from God's sweet fields and rocky shores to herd in mean and poisonous cities, where beauty is meretricious, and human souls are designated, and treated, as "hands"? With absolute conviction he maintained that these hoards of material things distributed in such a way, that they materialised their possessors and brutalised those who could not obtain them, were illth rather than wealth. And over against the false doctrine he declared that "wealth is the possession of useful articles *which we can use.*" If a thing is to be useful, it must be, not only of an availing nature, but in availing hands.

> Or in accurate terms, usefulness is value in the hands of the valiant: so that this science of wealth being, when regarded as the science of Accumulation, accumulation of capacity as well as of material,—when regarded as the science of Distribution, is distribution not absolute but discriminate; not of everything to every man, but of the right thing to the right man.

To get your valiant who are able to use is as essential a part of the science as to get the material which they can use. To get the material without the valiant is worse than useless; they will not really use it, but it will demoralise them. There genius strikes at the root of that sad tree "Progress and Poverty," of wealth advancing while manhood dies. The economists no longer regard *Unto this Last* as the extravagance of an enthusiast. Professor Marshall, if he does not cite Ruskin as an authority, has absorbed his teaching into his economics:

> The older economists took too little account of the fact that human faculties are as important a means of production as any other kind of capital; and we may conclude in opposition to them that any change in the distribution of wealth which gives more to the wage receivers and less to the capitalist is likely, other things being equal, to hasten the increase of material

production, and that it will not perceptibly retard the storing up of material wealth.[1]

Or again:

Inextricably the religious, political, and economic threads of the world's history are interwoven, while together they have been bent this way or that by great political events, and the influence of the strong personalities of individuals.[2]

It is now recognised that hopefulness, freedom, change, are elements in efficient work; and the sanctities of the home and the careful protection of the mother are included in the demands of political economy. The word of the prophet is quick and powerful. It will go on and prosper, until the first consideration of the State will be not property, but men; not the security of those who are in possession, but the claims of the dispossessed. Presently a government, elected by the people and for the people, will regard the presence of labour ill-paid, or not paid at all, a national calamity, the swarms of houseless tramps and city dossers a matter as pressing as the wrongs of Englishmen in a foreign state, the overcrowding and insanitary conditions of life a question of the first public interest. The schools will not be made the sport of sectarian bigotry, but developed to the highest possible efficiency for making the children wholesome and happy, because instructed and disciplined. The rights of labour will be regarded as the primary rights—*viz.* the right of every man to labour and to reap the full fruit of his labour, and the right of labourers to refuse support to those who do not labour; it will be seen that they who have only their hands and brains to offer are at a disadvantage in bargaining with those who have accumulated capital, and as the hands and brains are all important, while the capital is mere brute force, the whole weight of the community will be thrown in the scale of the more helpless but more necessary side. With the freedom and security of

[1] *Principles of Political Economy*, i. 295.
[2] *Ibid.*, 331.

labour will come a new delight in it; and from labour which men delight in will grow again, as always before, a genuine art, the expression of the healthy human spirit rejoicing in the work of its hands, and at liberty to feel and therefore to produce what is beautiful

"The condition of England question," which to the sombre forerunner was announced as the all-important question, will at last have found its right place. And the solution of the question will have been found along the lines of the great nineteenth-century prophet, whose love of beauty led him to the search for truth, whose search for truth brought him to the springs of beauty. His words will never perish; they belong to the living word of God; they will ring out as the prophetic herald until the dawn of our economic redemption breaks:

> You cannot serve two masters; you *must* serve one or the other. If your work is first with you and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of Devils—"the least erected fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms: Work first, you are God's servants; fee first, you are the Fiend's.[1]

And when the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness have become an accomplished reality, there will be found among the names of those who foresaw, proclaimed, and toiled to realise the consummation, few more venerable or more dear than the name which for our generation has stood for the expression of all that is lovely and of good report, the name that was our guiding star in the search for beauty, our venerated leader in the discovery of truth.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

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[1] *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 32.

THE BOER, THE CHURCH, AND THE NATIVE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. *Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa.* By ROBERT MOFFAT, Twenty-three Years an Agent of the London Missionary Society in that Continent. (London: John Snow. 1842.)

2. *The History of the Great Boer Trek, and the Origin of the South African Republics.* By the late Hon. HENRY CLOETE, LL.D., Her Majesty's High Commissioner for Natal, 1843–44. Edited by his Grandson, W. BRODRICK-CLOETE, M.A. (London: John Murray. 1899.)

3. *Some South African Recollections.* By Mrs. LIONEL PHILLIPS. (London: Longmans & Co. 1899.)

4. *South Africa.* By GEORGE M. THEAL, of the Cape Colonial Civil Service. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.)

5. *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. (London: John Murray. 1857.)

"SOUTH AFRICA" is an immense region, a "sub-continent." The distances between its boundaries are measured in thousands of miles. It comprises Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, Rhodesia, and other territories south of the Zambesi. The number of the coloured inhabitants of this sub-continent has recently been variously estimated. It may be supposed that the true figure is not very far short of five millions. They are chiefly of the Bantu race, and are divided into

numerous tribes which bear their own specific names. In colour some of these people are almost jet-black, others are of a very dark yellow, and all carry on their head the familiar woolly tufts of hair. Among the pure Bantu there still are scattered remnants of the races known as Hottentots and Bushmen, and a pure negro may be found here and there. The proportion of Hottentots and Bushmen may be larger in the German Protectorate than in other parts of South Africa. For a long time after the first settlement of Europeans in Cape Colony the only known natives of the country were Hottentots and Bushmen. During the period of the Dutch East India Company their numbers were greatly reduced, at one time by war, at another by disease. Small-pox came to them from India by means of merchant-ships, and proved extremely fatal. In those days the natives learned to dread and to hate the white man. No wonder; for those who escaped the sword and the pestilence were driven farther and farther inland, as the area claimed by the invading colonists extended. New difficulties, however, confronted the colonists; for large hordes of heathen warriors were gradually advancing from the north to occupy what is now the Eastern Province of Cape Colony. Those warriors were of the Bantu race. They and their brethren left beyond the Orange river and in more northern parts were the progenitors of the black and dark-yellow millions who are destined to engage the attention and to tax and test the wisdom and the benevolence of the statesman, the humanitarian, and the evangelist of the twentieth century. These people are hardy, strong, and prolific, and are capable of civilisation. They show a fine physical development, and have great power of endurance. They give no indication at the present time of becoming extinct. They are believed to be steadily increasing in number. In this respect they differ entirely from aborigines in certain other parts of the world. They probably are at this time as five to one of the white inhabitants of the sub-continent. By their multitude, therefore, they raise questions of the gravest nature. Two hundred years ago Europe

knew nothing of them. They were then in the deepest heathen darkness, tribe with tribe waging almost unceasing warfare. It is believed that some tribes have been extinguished by the battle-axe and captivity. Tribal traditions are understood to reach backward, in some cases, for about four hundred years; but little reliance can be placed upon them, and true history is therefore a thing of yesterday.

A century ago very little had been done to lead any of these people to the light of religion and civilisation. The Moravians had, indeed, begun a mission in Cape Colony, and the duty of doing something in the same direction had begun to be looked at by a few persons belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church of the colony. But neither Scottish nor English missionary was yet to be found anywhere on the sub-continent. And the benighted native was friendless, helpless, and despised. He was not, however, to be much longer totally neglected. Yet huge difficulties stood in the way of his being enlightened and evangelized.

The attitude of the Dutch colonist was most unpromising. This statement has the support of history. Theal, the historian of South Africa, writing of the foundation of Cape Colony, says: "In 1658 the great mistake of introducing negro slaves was made, a mistake from which the country has suffered much in the past, and must suffer for all time to come." This testimony is striking. Slavery, established and legalised, continued in force until the year 1834, a period of one hundred and seventy-six years. It had full time to mix itself with the thoughts, the social relationships, and the very devotions of the Dutch settlers; and even now, when sixty-six years have passed since legal slavery was abolished, neither the Boer himself nor the Church of the Boer can be said to have become clear of the poison. The virus of slavery is still working in a considerable section of the white inhabitants of the sub-continent, detrimentally affecting domestic, social, commercial, and political affairs and conditions. To persons who have not resided in

South Africa this may seem to need explanation. It is not difficult to explain. History has made it abundantly clear that for two hundred years Europeans, residing in Cape Colony, making profession of the Christian religion, and seeking edification from Christian ministers, wholly neglected the duty of endeavouring to evangelize the native. Even Huguenot refugees and their descendants stood, for a great part of that period, in the same position. It is well known, also, that the earliest systematic attempts to give Christianity to the black people were disapproved of and withstood by those who held political authority. Those earliest attempts were made by agents of the Moravian Church. The reason alleged for disapproval was that it would be dangerous to found "a rival Church," as if an assembly, or many assemblies, of inquiring and possibly devout Bushmen or Hottentots could be, in any sense, in rivalry with the Established Church of the colonists. The real reason may be taken to have been the fear lest troublesome notions should be put into the minds of the natives, notions which might not easily fit themselves to the position of the slave. In the same connexion stands the regulation which forbade the use of any other language than Dutch in public religious services, and forbade all public religious services but those of the Dutch Reformed Church. Those who enacted that restrictive regulation distinctly, officially, and publicly set themselves against the Christianisation of the native; for even if he had known the language, he would not have been allowed to present himself in the meeting for worship. The restriction was in force until, Cape Colony having become a British possession, full religious liberty was sought, obtained, and confirmed to all people. Then the ecclesiastical law which had imposed the restriction became a dead letter; but even then most colonial Christians continued to neglect the spiritual interests of the heathen who dwelt among them. The Dutch, first on the ground, enjoyed their own privilege, but did not clearly see the duty of converting the heathen. That duty had to be set out and defined by men who had learned it

in Great Britain under the influence of the Evangelical Revival. The inculcation of it by British colonists or seamen and the persistent discharge of it by the Moravians did eventually make some impression on the Dutch colonists, and in or about the year 1808 the Dutch Reformed Church began its mission to the natives. Then the difficulty of the situation disclosed itself. To reconcile education with oppression, and evangelization with slavery, was not an easy matter. Progress was slow. For a long time the missionary agents of the Dutch Church were few, and their work was of very limited extent. Even now, at the end of the century, it is not one of the great missionary forces of the country. Indeed, it has been very widely outgrown, as the reader of this article will find, by the work of Continental and British Missionary societies.

The work of those societies was not regarded with much favour by the Dutch colonists. It received more countenance from the British settlers of 1820, many of whom had come with strong evangelical convictions and ardent desires to extend the kingdom of Christ. When the agents of the British societies began, early in the century, to draw the natives into schools and into gatherings for worship, loud complaints arose from Dutch colonists. They alleged that idleness was encouraged and fostered, and that the work of the farms was neglected, to the great disadvantage of employers. Much bitter feeling was expressed against certain missionaries, whose zeal did sometimes, it must be admitted, exceed their discretion. On this point Dr. Cloete speaks very strongly, being unable to refrain from condemnation. Even Dr. Moffat, whose sympathy with missionary enterprise was deep and intense, has to complain of and deplore some indiscretions. But to attempt to do a good work, although mistakes accompanied the endeavour, was better than to do nothing, and much better than to hinder that work by complainings which were bitter and sometimes unreasonable. It does not seem to have occurred to the complainers that they should try to do the same good work in a better manner and with less disadvantageous

effects. It is conceivable that the colonists might have established their own schools for natives, might have pleased themselves in the management, and might thereby have met an undoubted demand, and attached the natives to themselves and their farms. But such a course was not according to their views. To disclose intelligence and spiritual capacity in the native was the work of the missionary. It appears that if the missionary had not done it, it would not have been done. The sense or the fear of personal loss moved the Dutch colonist to resent and to hinder the work of the missionary. This is the conviction thrust on the student of the history of the period. Thus is it made clear that the external difficulties which stood in the way of evangelization were formidable, and were set up by those who ought to have known and to have done better. Slavery had filled the mind of the Dutch colonist with views fruitful of complaint and obstruction.

There were difficulties of another and a different kind. Dr. Moffat was a pioneer missionary. His book, named above, will be permanently valued for the clear light which it sheds on questions that must have been obscure in the absence of such illumination as his personal experience and careful observation enabled him to furnish and perpetuate. He came into contact with various tribes. He lived among natives in times of peace and in times of war. He was with them in their days of health and of ease, and when sickness, famine, or death had to be met. He therefore, being a man of varied attainments and great ability, became an expert and strong witness. His writings are a useful record of what he saw and of what he knew. As a teacher and preacher of Christianity he encountered great difficulty. How does he speak of the people in respect of religion? He says he had to give up some notions brought from Great Britain, because of the atheistic superstitions which he found prevalent. The people had no conception of a supreme Being. Neither temple nor priest was found anywhere. Worship was unknown, and there was nothing to show that it had ever been. The witch-doctor and the rain-

maker were in full evidence, wielding a weird mastery for gain and nothing else. They were thieves and malicious deceivers, enjoining hardships and inflicting sufferings for their own ends, and without regard to the welfare of the people. He says that when he and other missionaries spoke, in the language of the people, of Almighty God as the Creator and Ruler of the world and all things, their words were received with astonishment, and sometimes with scorn and laughter.[1]

People so beset with error and superstition could not easily be led to any appreciation of the gospel. But the work of the evangelist had to be done, and was done with rich results. The language was acquired and reduced to writing; Holy Scripture was translated and printed; teaching and preaching went on without intermission; the purity of the Christian life and the graces of the Christian family were constantly before the eyes of the people; and the work was carried forward, with prayer and patience, until one here and another there became obedient to the word of God, and rose to the dignity of true religion and to the humble exemplification of its directive power. Dr. Moffat lived to see great and notable changes wrought by the gospel. The work which he founded and organised has been worthily continued and widely extended by his successors of the London Missionary Society. What he found a moral wilderness is now a fruitful field. From among the people themselves have arisen preachers and teachers, pastors and saints. Superstitions have given way or disappeared. Cruel customs have been abandoned. The witch-doctor is discredited, and cannot live by his craft. The rain-maker has lost his place and his employment. Spiritual conceptions are spreading. And there are many beautiful living examples of renewed human nature. Thus

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[1] With these representations the reader should compare those of Dr. Livingstone, who came later, and observed even more extensively. He does not sustain all Dr. Moffat's views. In the far north he found some signs of idolatrous worship.

it is shown that, in spite of enormous hindrances, Christianity has taken root in the minds and the hearts of the people, and is propagating itself in a manner which yields great encouragement and calls for devout thanksgiving. For what does the observer see? He sees results of Christian effort which do not easily lend themselves to tabulation. They are intellectual, spiritual, moral, and practical. Such results are numerous and varied. Education is esteemed, children crowding the schools opened for their benefit. Large congregations use the language and observe the forms of devotion; and it is beyond doubt that there is much sincere worship. Social relationships and personal character display themselves in better quality and on a higher plane. And the charities and the ministries which accompany true obedience to Christ are conspicuous where, before the evangelist appeared, superstition and cruelty made existence a burden and a misery. The words of the psalmist, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," aptly describe what Dr. Moffat and other early missionaries saw, deplored, and laboured to render impossible. But now, where Christ is known, people are "clothed," are "in their right mind," and can live in love and kindness. That which was a wilderness now "blossoms as the rose." Those who have seen nothing of all this, or who cannot admit the greatness of the contrast which it proves, are not deserving of credence, when, having run through South Africa, they return to say that they have seen little or nothing that Christianity has done for the natives. If they had cared to know, and had taken but ordinary pains to learn, they would have seen that the gospel has accomplished much in many ways, having brought for multitudes a complete change of condition.

Some valuable results can be presented in tabular form, and statistics may serve the purpose of this article. The Blue Book of Cape Colony contains an instructive and suggestive table of ecclesiastical returns for the year 1896, from which the following figures have been taken, as having an important bearing on the subject here discussed. Under

the heading, "No. of Persons belonging to Congregation," the column "Coloured" is as follows:

Dutch Reformed Church	24,421
South African Reformed Church	0
Church of England	42,947
Wesleyan Methodist Church	109,254
Primitive Methodist	1,540
Presbyterian (including Free Church of Scotland)	6,113
United Presbyterian	15,080
Congregational and L.M.S.	43,401
Baptist	390
Lutheran and Evangelical:	
Dutch (Strand Street, Cape Town) ...	63
German	2,320
Berlin Mission	8,064
Evangelical, including Moravians ...	15,444
And Rhenish Missions	14,781
Seventh Day Adventists	8
Salvation Army	418
Union Church (Bedford)	840
Evangelical (Tulbach and Cape Town) ...	2,187
Apostolic Union (Paarl)	667
Paris Missionary Society	6,800
Free Protestant (Cape Town)	5
Evangelical Presbyterian (Clanwilliam) ...	310
Roman Catholic	2,642
Jewish	0
	297,695

These figures relate only to Cape Colony. The study of them may help such persons as desire to understand the question of Christianity among the natives. Their diversity is great, and must have some useful meaning. The total of 297,695 is in proportion to the population (Census 1891) almost as one in five. Let that fact be pondered. Of that total the Wesleyan Methodist Church claims 109,254, or 36·7 per cent. Of the other twenty-three denominations, which claim to have 188,441 coloured people, the strongest are

the Church of England, the Presbyterians, and the Congregationalists. The other denominations, with the exception of the Moravians and the Rhenish Missions, have attained only comparatively small numerical results. The "South African Reformed Church," which, not being more definitely described, may be taken to be the "Dopper" denomination, stands with the Jewish "Persuasion," doing nothing for natives, so far as these statistics show.

In these returns there are two striking features, namely, the aggregate result of the British agency and the backward position of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Let it be repeated that a century ago the British Missionary societies had not set foot in Cape Colony. The first Methodist missionary was the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, who landed in 1814, to find it impossible to execute his commission, on account of the regulation touching the Dutch language and public religious services. Not being content to be thwarted, he did two notable things. The one was to initiate an urgent appeal for full religious liberty, which was addressed to the Secretary of State in England, and which proved entirely successful. The boon then granted has extended itself throughout South Africa, with limitations in the Boer Republics; and no true friend of South Africa can desire to see it withdrawn in any State. It eventually opened a way for the gospel among the heathen, with the issue which has been seen. The other notable thing which Mr. Shaw did was, that he travelled northward, "not knowing whither he went," but determined to seek and hoping to find a place in which he might without interference do the work for which he had been sent. It is on record that he met, on the way, a native chief who was coming with attendants to find and engage a Christian teacher for his own people. That circumstance seemed singularly providential, and Mr. Shaw took courage and went with the men, and began a work which has never ceased. Shortly afterward, in the year 1820, the justly celebrated settlers, to the number of 4,000, came from Great Britain and spread themselves in the Eastern Province of Cape Colony. By promoting the

emigration and the settlement of so many families, at the cost of £50,000, the British Government conferred on South Africa an illimitable boon. Many of the settlers, whose descendants are now found afar in all directions, have been "the salt of the earth" in South Africa. Among them were earnest Christian men and women who had partaken of the great revival of missionary zeal which marked the period in Great Britain and elsewhere. Slavery and indifference to the salvation of the heathen did not suit their antecedents and convictions. They had much to endure from natives, in "Kaffir wars" and otherwise; but they did not lose sight of the spiritual needs of the native; and during the second quarter of the century, the Eastern Province witnessed a wide and rapid extension of evangelistic work among black people. Church buildings were put up, schools were opened, the gospel was preached in the dialects of the native population, and genuine conversions were witnessed in all directions. Thus appeared what could be done by those who had zeal for the kingdom of Christ and proved their zeal by prayerful and persevering effort. Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians found work enough for all, with no need for overlapping or rivalry. The happy relationships of the period may not have been fully maintained in all places; but the sure foundations were laid of much that is matter for great rejoicing at this day.

What has been described was an object-lesson to older colonists and to ministers and members of the Dutch Reformed Church. The meaning of what was seen would be fairly obvious to most observers. But some were slow to "learn" the lesson. There were Christian men who were not willing to see that it was any part of their duty to take measures for the Christianisation of the heathen living around them. The traditions of the Dutch Reformed Church and the prevalent notion of slavery must be considered when any attempt is made to account for the slowness of the Boers to see eye to eye with the English colonist in respect of duty towards the natives. Slavery was regarded

as a natural, profitable, and necessary institution ; and if the Church did not directly and formally support it, it refrained from recording condemnation. It was matter of common remark that British missionaries were creating a tendency which was to be deplored. A movement was seen to be rising which would eventually assert itself very strongly in opposition to the traditional view of slavery and to the very existence of the institution itself. One result appeared in a colonial measure which promised a reduction of the number of slaves even before the year 1834, the year of emancipation in all British colonies. The measure referred to was intended to give freedom to girls ; but it effected little, because the perversity of thought and the obliquity of vision created by slavery continued. That perversity and that obliquity came at length to be associated with certain sore grievances occasioned, to the Dutch farmers, by the policy and the doings of the British Government in connexion with the Emancipation Act. The farmers really had some legitimate grievances. Dr. Cloete states their case against the Government with considerable force, but perhaps neither quite impartially, nor with adequate fulness of detail. The reader may, however, find even a rapid survey sufficient to prevent him from wondering at the backwardness of the Dutch Reformed Church, as shown in the returns quoted above.

More has to be said of the attitude of the Boer and his Church. When Dr. Cloete speaks of colonial farmers as being incensed on account of the drawing away of native labourers from the plough to the school-desk, it is made clear that the offenders were not missionaries and agents of the Dutch Church. The representatives of that Church kept themselves well within the bounds of which their own people could approve. What was the consequence ? While British missionaries were achieving great results, the Dutch Church saw but little progress. When has that Church been able to do much for the natives ? It has been stated, with the authority of an able living representative, that the missionary operations of that Church have in recent years

been "enormously extended." What may be meant by extension or by "enormousness" cannot just now be determined; but the returns quoted above do not assign the Dutch Reformed Church any position of honour. The returns quoted are for the year 1896. The able representative mentioned quotes the Missionary Report for 1889, as giving "24,879 souls" in connexion with the missions of his Church, or 458 fewer than the number returned in 1896, seven years later. Yet he says that "within the last ten years" the missionary work of his Church "has enormously extended."[1] Here is perplexity. But let that pass.

To return to the main question of the moment, the position of no honour of the Dutch Reformed Church. How is it to be accounted for? Has the poison of slavery any part in the true explanation? Witnesses can be called. Dr. Livingstone has written strong things on the point. He could not carry on his work at Kolobeng, where his house was plundered by the Boers, who tore his books of reference, "smashed his medicines," carried off his furniture and clothing, and sold them at public auction to pay the expenses of the foray. He therefore went elsewhere.

Though I do feel sorry for the loss of lexicons, dictionaries, etc., which had been the companions of my boyhood, yet, after all, the plunder only set me entirely free for my expedition to the north, and I have never since had a moment's concern for anything I left behind. The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution—they or I.[2]

How did he find them thinking of the natives? He says:

The Boers kill the blacks without compunction and without provocation, because they believe they have no souls.[3]

How did he regard their Church? He says:

Their Church is, and always has been, the great bulwark of slavery, cattle-lifting, and Kaffir-marauding.[4]

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[1] Professor Muller in the *British Weekly*, November 30, 1899.
[2] *Travels*, p. 39. [3] *Life*, p. 136. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 128.

Two of their clergymen came to baptize the children of the Boers; so, supposing these good men would assist me in overcoming the repugnance of their flock to the education of the blacks, I called on them; but my visit ended in a *ruse* practised by the Boerish commandant, whereby I was led, by professions of the greatest friendship, to retire to Kolobeng, while a letter passed me by another way to the other missionaries in the south, demanding my instant recall, "for lending a cannon to their enemies."[1]

The "cannon" was a "black-metal cooking-pot"!

Here is a witness who cannot be put to silence, a witness of great authority. He first tried to work near the Boers, then left them, and then at a distance, and after mature deliberation, told the world what they were and how they acted. No wonder that he says: "The Boers hate missionaries."

There is an unimpeachable witness of a different class, who had to look at the question from the point of view of a jurist and a statesman. Dr. Cloete was at one time an owner of slaves in Cape Colony. He was High Commissioner in Natal. In the years 1852–55 he delivered in Pietermaritzburg his course of lectures on "The Great Boer Trek, and the Origin of the South African Republics." He undertook to account for the aggrieved condition of the Dutch farmers of Cape Colony, which issued in the "trek," or exodus, of 1836. He writes from observation and experience. If his testimony were not to be accepted, whose could be? He dwells on three great and prominent causes of grievance which he calls "the Hottentot question," "the Slave question," and "the Kaffir question." Of these causes he says:

They were working simultaneously, the one cause preponderating in one year, and in another the second or the third cause; but all alike tending to accomplish the one end—that of driving the great mass of the population out of the further influence of those measures which (several have often assured

[1] *Travels*, p. 38.

me) would otherwise again have driven them to open resistance or rebellion.

Having discussed "the Hottentot question," he proceeds to "the Slave question," and says:

But great and serious as this cause of grievance became, it proved quite secondary to the intensity of feeling with which the colonists saw the steps taken by the Government to deprive them of that labour over which they claimed an unquestionable right of property.

Can testimony be more decisive? All the principal causes of grievance were native questions, and the most influential of them was the question of slavery. That question, according to Dr. Cloete, had fixed itself very deeply in the mind of the Boer of Cape Colony. It proved its presence and its influence in Natal in several ways during the period covered by Dr. Cloete in his historical summary. The reading of his book has left on the mind this impression—that the "voortrekkers" went out on their strange exodus in order to get away from the sovereign authority of slave-emancipating England, and to find a land in which they might be free to treat the black man according to their own views and likings. Even in Natal the Boer had to be restrained from his own ways in relation to the natives. When, at last, the Dutch farmers submitted to the rule of her Majesty Queen Victoria, the agreement which they accepted had to contain an absolute prohibition of slavery. Those who drew up that agreement and refused to modify its contents knew well what they were doing in demanding fair treatment for natives, and knew particularly, through prolonged experience and much observation, the desires and preferences of the men with whom they had to treat. The agreement referred to is given by Dr. Cloete in his last lecture. The reader looks in vain in the learned jurist's book for any sign of legislation, of private arrangement, or even of desire on the part of an individual, for the Christianisation of the native. But what do we see now in Natal, after an interval of British supremacy and ever

deepening colonial loyalty? We see a prosperous white population, and we see the natives numerous, peaceful, serviceable to the white man, and, to a large extent, both schooled and evangelized. The Government of Natal makes the welfare of the natives matter of concern and of legislation, as may be seen, for example, in the appointment of a commissioner to reside in Johannesburg for the promotion of the interests, general and particular, of natives belonging to Natal.

Attention must now be given to the Transvaal. About the middle of the nineteenth century we begin to see here and there a Dutchman, a Boer, settled on a farm to the north of the Vaal. From that time to the present day the Boer has been dealing in his own way with the native people in the Transvaal. Is there anything to show that he has changed his bearing towards the black man? It is believed there is not. It is needless to attempt to present the case with any fulness of historic detail. Suffice it to say that the country has been taken from its black inhabitants by conquest, that some of the wars, so called, have been cruel and sanguinary massacres, and that the natives have been compelled to occupy the subject, often abject, position in which they still are. There has been, in some quarters, a lamentable amount of misapprehension as to their position. It is time for some of that misapprehension to be removed by a clear statement of facts; and this piece of service is here attempted.

The native in the Transvaal cannot speak for himself, having neither audience nor voice where politics are in question. It is feeble to speak of the limitations of his position. His limitations are iniquities, often egregious and gross. He must pay for permission to work, and his white employer must give him more money than he could otherwise claim, on account of the cost of the licence. He must wear on his arm a metal badge of servitude and subjection. If the policeman finds him in the street without his pass, he is arrested, imprisoned, and heavily fined, unless hush-money is taken. He can be arrested according to law

for walking on the footpath in the street of the city. He cannot own property in house or land. He is forbidden by law to be out of his dwelling in "the location" after nine o'clock at night. If his presence is required after that hour at a church meeting, he must be armed with a special written pass or be liable to arrest. And he cannot have a legal marriage without paying to the Government the sum of £3 for the licence. Previously to the year 1898 no couple of natives could be legally married on any terms whatsoever. Members of Christian Churches were advised and encouraged to accept what was known as a "Church marriage," of which it was usual to give a certificate; and many did so. But that certificate was as nothing before the law. If the man fell into bad ways, forsook his wife, or treated her with cruelty, she had no redress, *in forma uxoris*, at law. If she had children, they were illegitimate. This state of things was so persistently and so loudly complained of by British Christians in the Transvaal, both privately and officially, both in congregations and in ecclesiastical courts, that the Volksraad did at length legalise native marriage; but the concession came without grace, because the cost of the licence was fixed at £3 in every case. Some said the tax was a burden; others said it was an incitement to immorality. In either view it is iniquity. British Christians have neither ceased to complain of the shameful excess of that cost nor failed to let their complaint be heard where laws are made; but they have complained in vain. A painful case may be cited in illustration. A Briton resident in the Transvaal called on the minister of one of the English Churches in Johannesburg, and stated what he called his own case of hardship. His wife, to use his own words, was a Bantu woman, by whom he had several children, and for whom, he said, he had a deep and pure affection. He wished to be legally married to her, and asked the minister to find out what could be done for him. The minister, seeing the hardship of the case, and wishing to help a worthy man, brought the case under the notice, first, of the landdrost (stipendiary magistrate) and, then, of the public

prosecutor, with no result, except that it was made clear that nothing could be done, the law still forbidding. The man was advised to take the woman across the border into British territory, where a legal marriage, duly registered and certified, could be obtained at the cost of a few shillings; and he said he would do so. Such a case speaks for itself.

Let it be remembered that there are probably 700,000 natives in the Transvaal. Then is not what has now been described demonstrative proof of outrageous wrong? What words are strong enough to describe this wrong? Must it not be ever crying to Heaven with loud and bitter voice? Can any one imagine clearer proof, can any one desire stronger proof, of the down-trodden condition of the black man in the Transvaal? Can those who can treat him in such fashion be expected to turn a finger to give him any of the advantages of civilisation? Can they put him to school? Can they give him the gospel? Is there any respect in which they can treat him fairly? They have had full time and opportunity; what is it reasonable to expect them to do, if left to themselves?

A few facts may indicate the proper answer. The first fact is, that the Government does nothing for the education of natives. It leaves that matter to the Churches of the Uitlanders, British, Continental, American. Their schools for native children are usually aided by grants sent over the sea. It is not known that the Government either aids such schools or has one such school of its own in the country. But it is known that bitter complaint has, from time to time, been made by men in the pay of the Government, of mischievous results alleged to arise from giving to the native the power to read and write. This fact deserves to stand among the grievances of the Uitlanders themselves.

Another fact is that the Boer in the Transvaal does not desire to see the natives evangelized. The superb record of missionary journeys and missionary work published by M. Coillard of the French Mission tells of missionaries arrested, detained in Pretoria, unlawfully fined in that city,

otherwise shamefully treated, and, finally, told, with authority, that their labouring among the natives was a thing for which Pretoria could feel no approval. Such a statement would correctly express the position of the Government and of leading Transvaalers. As in Livingstone's days, so in these.

A word may be said on the other side; and perhaps it ought to be said, though it is mainly of the nature of an assumption. It must be credible that there is genuine piety on farmsteads in the Transvaal, and that the native servant has sometimes heard the word of life from a pious master or mistress. Surely among the Bible-reading peasantry there must be persons who know the secret and feel the constraint of the love of God shed abroad in the heart. Such persons, it must be supposed, cannot wholly refrain from speaking, even to the Bantu, of "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and of the salvation offered in the gospel. But on this point little evidence has come to light. If biography or any other form of literature had made the Christianity of the Transvaal Boer articulate, the case might have been different; and mere supposition cannot carry us far.

A third fact is, that the Church stands with the Government in relation to the evangelization of the natives. The Dutch Reformed Church (with its alternative name!) is the largest Boer religious denomination in the Transvaal. The "Dopper" Church, of which President Kruger is the chief member and perhaps a principal preacher, is only a small denomination. It, however, claims to be the true Dutch Reformed Church. It does not appear that either of the Churches has one gathering of natives for Christian instruction or for worship. Nor does it appear that there is one black man whom either of the Churches rejoices to reckon as a member of its body. But it is known that ecclesiastical assemblies have set themselves against attempts to evangelize natives. What do English Christians think of the following fact stated in the *Daily News* of February 3 last, by Mr. William Hosken, Chairman of the Uitlander Council and of

the Chamber of Commerce of Johannesburg? Mr. Hosken is speaking of "the Boer idea of Christianity," and says:

> **The section of the Dutch Reformed Church to which Christiaan Joubert, the late Minister of Mines, belonged, and which is the most numerous in the Transvaal, passed in its Synod at Pretoria two years ago a resolution forbidding any of its ministers or officers, on pain of expulsion, to preach Christianity to the natives.**

It is known, further, that deep suspicion lies against those ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church who fraternise with ministers of English Churches. This statement rests on facts known to the writer, which must for the present be withheld.

The Boer of the Transvaal, with the support of his Church, still holds an unfortunate legacy from the actual slavery of the past. There has been virtual slavery until this time. If a man is compelled to work without wages, what is he but a slave? If he works for food and shelter, how much better is his lot than that of a beast of burden? There was good reason for the prohibition, put down in the Convention of 1884, of "slavery or apprenticeship partaking of slavery." The Boer to this day has resented the restriction, and acted accordingly. Therefore we see that the native has no recognised rights, and is helpless. Lacking leaders and deliverers of his own race, he must be said to be doomed to perpetual degradation, unless political change can bring him rescue. The day of relief, of mental emancipation, and of opportunity to hear the gospel may just now be dawning.

Can a Church be living, and loyal to Christ, and yet not missionary? What future can be expected for a Church that is, at its best, non-missionary, and is, in fact, anti-missionary? This sign is held out in the Transvaal to-day. Let men of knowledge and of conscience consider. In the ministry and the eldership of the Dutch Reformed Church there are many able men. It is usual to find such men bilingual, able with almost equal facility to speak both English and Dutch. In some places in South Africa the

Sunday evening service of the Dutch Reformed Church is conducted in English, because there is a strong demand among the people that it should be so. This is a sign of the times, marking, in this one particular, a great contrast between the beginning of the century and its end. The instinct of self-preservation has suggested the new practice. The young people like to hear English preaching. If some one in Cape Town a hundred years ago had foretold this sign, he might have been laughed at. Let the responsible leaders of the Church consider. The Church as clearly owes a duty to the natives as to its own young people. It may continue to neglect that duty, to its own irreparable damage. The Church that neglects its duty to the black population must expect to be surpassed, even in influence among white people, by the Church that takes to itself the divine commission, and "preaches the gospel to every *creature.*"

The native race will amply repay the labour of the teacher and the evangelist. The average Bantu can learn some things with great ease. He is imitative. When he is sober and Christian, and has been patiently taught for a little while, he can be exceedingly useful in many kinds of service. He is proud to be trusted as a caretaker, and has often been commended for faithfulness in such a capacity. He is a ready linguist. The Zulu domestic servant in Johannesburg may be expected to understand, in addition to his own dialect, Sasuto, Dutch, and English. An Afrikander University graduate, who spoke English well, addressing an educated Englishman, was heard to say of an ordinary native whom he was watching, "He is a better linguist than either you or I." The present writer has heard an educated native speak beautifully idiomatic English in an assembly in which English gentlemen scarcely surpassed him, if indeed they were equal to him, in the use of their own mother tongue. It is a fact that a young native preacher preferred for his own use Bishop Westcott's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews* to any other work on the epistle that could be named to him. There are devoted Christian pastors among

the native ministers and agents of the Churches. One such, on a memorable occasion, was deeply moved when tenderly exhorted, for reasons given, to be a dutiful shepherd over the flock of Christ. A case is well remembered in which conscientiousness, gratitude, and punctual attention to duty were finely displayed by a Zulu who was long retained in service, being treated with kindness and made to feel that he was trusted and that his work was esteemed. And the general conduct of the members of native Churches is creditable to themselves and encouraging to those who have laboured for their good. An English missionary, who had thousands of natives in his congregations, has published the statement that he, knowing his people, felt sure that not one of them would be guilty of the crime of forging a *reis-pas*. This statement the missionary made when told that he must be held responsible, in respect of a certain forgery, on the ground that he it was who taught the natives to read and write. The logic of the charge may be absurd ; but there is no absurdity in the answer. Enough has been said to show the quality of the material on which Christianity has to work in the Bantu. But one instance of great distinction may be cited.

There is a native ruler in South Africa of whom Christians may well be proud. Khama is an enlightened, wise, and progressive king. From early life he has been taking counsel with Englishmen worthy of confidence, who have trained him, and who have rendered to him and to his people service of incalculable value. The results are to-day abundant and rich. Khama is a Christian, to the lasting honour of the London Missionary Society. If King Khama be compared with President Kruger, the white man will not appear to advantage in the eyes of men who esteem fitness of administration to times and circumstances. Khama is quite abreast of his age, in respect of the real interests of his tribe, and knows how to act justly towards all ; while Kruger is antiquated, retrogressive, partial to the clique, and unrighteous towards an immense majority of the people of his country. It is a fact of great meaning that a ruler

behind whom there lie many generations of Christian ancestors should be so manifestly and so far surpassed by one who is the first of his nation to rise to the full height of the Christian position, and who, standing in that position, shows also the moral stature of a Christian king. Thoughtful men may look and learn.

The black man is coming gradually but surely to the consciousness of his own powers. Contact with the white man cannot be stayed. The attitude hitherto maintained by the Boer is condemned, and cannot be allowed to continue. Though the native lacks leaders of his own race, yet here and there is seen a man of commanding influence, and more such may be expected soon to appear; for, in spite of the neglect and opposition already proved, the education which discloses and develops ability is rapidly extending. Therefore a pressing present question is, What to do for the black man? It cannot be denied that some Englishmen have given up the view of the native with which they went into the country and have largely adopted the thought and the attitude of the Dutch. It has, indeed, been asserted that individual Englishmen have out-Boered the Boer in misconduct towards natives. If it is so, they have much to be ashamed of. If such Englishmen have pronounced the natives hopelessly bad, no wonder; they have but reaped what they had sown. Their experience and declarations do not disprove the facts which stand on the other side of the great argument. Any amount of wickedness, deception, and provocativeness can be developed in the native because he is a sinner like all his fellow men; and those who look for nothing better and do nothing to bring out anything better may be pitied but cannot be justified. White people have, it is well known, suffered heavily and bitterly at the hands of undisciplined natives. Mrs. Lionel Phillips does not exaggerate the statement of the case against the native in Johannesburg when she describes the dread with which unprotected ladies were sometimes inspired. She hints at horrible deeds which shame kept from publicity; and it would be easy to make

additions to her references. It would be absurd to call this testimony in question. When the blame is justly apportioned, while part of it must be given to the native himself, for his inborn and cherished corruption, perhaps a much larger part will belong to those who are responsible for having made him drunk; for many cases of offence have been distinctly traced to intoxication.

The question, then, is, What is to be done for the native? This question is urgently demanding answer. If it be not properly answered, or if the proper answer be left in the academic stage and be not turned into practice, dark days will come in South Africa. Social, economical, and political difficulties will be multiplied; rulers will have vexation; and white settlers will have rude people as thorns in their sides. What is wanted? Personal freedom, righteous treatment, a reasonable position, with education and the gospel, are what the natives ought to have. No programme exclusive of any one of these things can possibly meet their case. Where these things have already been granted them, as in Cape Colony, Natal, and the Bechuanaland Protectorate, the natives have shown loyalty, have lived in a fair amount of contentment, and have, with some local exceptions, given comparatively little trouble to those who have had the oversight of them, whether commissioners, magistrates, or ministers of religion. Where these things have not been granted, as in the Transvaal, trouble has been plentiful, and has taken various forms.

The question considered in this article has an important bearing on the war now proceeding in South Africa. Slavery or "apprenticeship partaking of slavery" has been a part of the Dutch political ideal for South Africa. Little can be brought forward to show that this part of the ideal has ever been abandoned by the Boer of the Transvaal; but the evidence for the permanence of it in his mind is very strong. It sufficiently accounts for the actual position of the native. Does it not also account for the oppressions put upon Uitlanders by those who were determined to treat them as inferiors? Does it not fully justify the affirmation of Sir

Alfred Milner, that the Uitlander was in the position of a helot? If, then, the Boers should be finally victorious in this war, and should be in a position to decide upon the form of the final settlement, the position of the Bantu would not be improved, but would rather be changed for the worse. He would be, to all intents and purposes, enslaved. The atrocious treatment given in prison in Pretoria to the chief Malabok and many inferior natives would be meted out to others under similar conditions, and many a war of extermination might be expected. What English Christian could be content with such an issue? On the other hand, if British arms win victory and Britons have to determine the settlement, the opposite results will be seen: the black-skinned race will be free, prosperous, and contented. This issue would be best for all sections of the mixed population of the entire sub-continent.

WILLIAM HUDSON.

THE COWPER CENTENARY:

THE POET OF THE GREAT REVIVAL.

ONE wintry day in February a century ago, a Norfolk physician—Dr. Lubbock—was called in to see William Cowper at East Dereham. But for that visit the good doctor's name would have been forgotten these hundred years. He asked the poet how he felt. "Feel!" said he, "I feel unutterable despair!" That appalling darkness never lifted till April 25, 1800, when he passed into the marvellous light—and on his dead face there was "a look of holy surprise."

It is fitting for us, at the centenary of his death, to remind ourselves of our debt to Cowper; for, like the poet he loved best and read last, he "left some things so written to after times as we shall not willingly let them die."

By this time Cowper has found his place, and it is not in the first rank of our poets.

"There is much mannerism, much that is unimportant, or of now exhausted interest in his poems," says Mr. Palgrave; "but where he is great, it is with that elementary greatness which rests on the most universal human feelings. Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos."

Now, the place which Cowper holds in the hearts of his countrymen is out of all proportion to that estimate, true and just as it is. He occupies a far higher position than the intrinsic merits of his poetry—from a strictly literary point of view—would warrant. It was not any literary excellences which first endeared Cowper to the bulk of his readers; and great as his best work admittedly is, it does

not account for the affection with which his name is still regarded. He is still "named softly" among us.

> He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
> And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
> Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
> Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

He is better known—more intimately known, that is—and more beloved than many a man who has made a greater name in literature. It is not the poet, but the *man* we love; the man who stands self-revealed in his Poems and his Letters, as no other man in that century does—not even Dr. Johnson. Cowper was his own Boswell, and he has left us a picture of himself which is imperishable, and infinitely more lifelike than Romney's portrait. Wesley, of course, is more widely known—so is Pitt; for they, more than any men, made the history of that century; but neither is *better* known than our poet. We know Cowper as we know our best and closest friends. He has spoken out all that was in him, so frankly, so unconsciously, so fully, that he belongs now to every century. It is that personal element in all he wrote which will make his work live when better work is forgotten. If we knew nothing but his Poems, there would be much both "unimportant" and "of exhausted interest"; but the personality of Cowper keeps them alive,

> Thanks to the human heart by which we live!

Shakespeare's life is almost a blank: his work lives, and tingles with life, apart from any personal interest. Homer has held the world spellbound for three thousand years; and yet those who read his poems know nothing about him. What would we not give to know their lives! What a new interest it would add to every line!

Yes; there is a great deal in Cowper's Poems which the critics find dull and commonplace. "*The Task* has justified its title," says one of them, "and men weary of it mid-way."

Do they? We forgive commonplaces in some men. Wordsworth wrote as much "commonplace" as would have filled Cowper's two volumes; yet who would wish for an expurgated Wordsworth? We cannot spare a line of Cowper, for he unconsciously and artlessly wrought *himself* into all his poems. He is always there—the lovable, heart-broken man—never obtrusive, but always there. His Poems and his Letters are his life.

Mrs. Browning's verse, quoted above, suggests another reason why Cowper's work has had a longer lease of life than its purely artistic merits could ever have given it. His is distinctly *religious* poetry, and as Mr. Palgrave says again:

> Verse of this kind, hymns in particular, beyond any other modes of poetry, hold a special place in the hearts of men; . . . they have a charm for us beyond criticism,—a spell which is none the less irresistible because it is not cast over us by their own proper magic.

You cannot separate the poetry from the piety in Cowper's work. Now many poets have to create their audience, and wait for it. Wordsworth waited twenty years. Browning is an even more pertinent case. But Cowper sprang into popularity at a bound. He awoke one morning and found himself famous. His audience was waiting for him. It was the creation of that great religious movement which made him a poet. His poetry is saturated with religion. He is the first of a succession of theological poets reaching to our own day. But his theology is closely linked to life. He has no mere theoretic philosophic interest in religious questions. He does not discuss free-will and fate and "man's first disobedience" from an intellectual point of view. His theology is the story of his own soul's wrestling with God. It is intensely personal. It is what he would call "experimental." Take, for example, the terrible poem he wrote just after his first attack of insanity:

> Hatred and vengeance,—my eternal portion
> Scarce can endure delay of execution,—
> Wait with impatient readiness to seize my
> Soul in a moment.

Damned below Judas; more abhorred than he was,
Who for a few pence sold his holy Master!
Twice-betrayed Jesus me, the last delinquent,
Deems the profanest.

Man disavows, and Deity disowns me,
Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
Therefore, Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
Bolted against me.

Men used to point to Dante as they passed him in the street, and whisper, "There goes the man who has been in hell!" Cowper's was, if possible, a deeper hell. His poetry begins with these terrible Sapphics; it ends with *The Castaway*, written in the hell of "unutterable despair." And yet

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

The above poem was written after his first attempt at suicide, and before his removal to Dr. Cotton's asylum. It is the only poem of any consequence written up to that time. It has been repeatedly asserted that too much religion drove Cowper mad. No. It was not religion; it was the want of it. Before he left the asylum, he wrote one of the *Olney Hymns*:

How blest Thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of Thy word,
The dayspring from on high!

Through all the storms that veil the skies
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
With healing on His wings.

Between these two poems came the great event which divided his life into two parts—equal in length, but how different in quality!—his conversion. He never began to live till he was "born again." He was then thirty-three. Till then, as he says, "I stole through life without undertaking anything." He shall tell his own story:

I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and

instruction. The first verse I saw was the twenty-fifth of the third chapter of Romans: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the Atonement He had made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fulness and completeness of His justification. In a moment I believed and received the gospel. . . . Unless the Almighty Arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears and my voice choked with transport. I could only look up to Heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder. . . . For many succeeding weeks, tears were ready to flow if I did but speak of the gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was all my employment. Too happy to sleep much, I thought it was lost time that was spent in slumber. O that the ardour of my first love had continued!

In that last sentence is the germ of another of his *Olney Hymns*: "O for a closer walk with God."

Cowper often refers to his conversion both in the Poems and in the Letters. With touching humility he writes of himself to Lady Hesketh as "a convert made in Bedlam." This, from *The Task*, is the most beautiful of all these allusions:

> I was a stricken deer that left the herd
> Long since; with many an arrow deep infixed
> My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
> To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
> There was I found by One who had Himself
> Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
> And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
> With gentle force soliciting the darts,
> He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.

The same deep note of personal religion is found in the *Olney Hymns*. Some of them are still used in all the Churches, such as "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Sometimes a light sur-

prises," and another, written, as Montgomery says, "in the twilight of departing reason," when his second attack of insanity was approaching: "God moves in a mysterious way."

The critics, who regard Cowper from a purely literary standpoint, find some difficulty in placing him. He owed little or nothing to his contemporaries. He read very little poetry.

> English poetry I never touch, being pretty much addicted to the writing of it, and knowing that much intercourse with those gentlemen betrays us unavoidably into a habit of imitation, which I hate and despise most cordially.

He used one of Pope's metres; he was under some obligation to Churchill, and still more to Milton; but this man is a Melchizedek in literature—"without father, without mother, without genealogy." He did not catch his inspiration from other poets, nor from nature nor art nor beauty. It was his *religion* which made him a poet. Religion gave him both his inspiration and his theme. He would have been another "mute inglorious Milton" but for that. That is why we call him "the Poet of the Great Revival." What Milton was to the Puritan revival of the seventeenth century, Cowper was to the Evangelical revival of the eighteenth. He aspired to be the Bard of Christianity:

> Pity Religion has so seldom found
> A skilful guide into poetic ground!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> 'Twere new indeed to see a Bard on fire,
> Touched with a coal from Heaven, assume the lyre,
> And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
> With more than mortal music on his tongue,
> That He who died below, and reigns above,
> Inspires the song, and that His name is Love.

There is a good deal of preaching in Cowper's first volume, from which this is taken—enough to spoil the poetry. In *Hope* there is a fine vindication of Whitefield (Leuconomus, as he is called). It was thought at one time

that Cowper had depicted Wesley (in *The Progress of Error*) under the name of Occiduus, but the only reason for thinking so is this supposed pun on Wesley's name. It is strange that in all Southey's fifteen volumes of *Cowper's Life and Works*, there is only one passing reference to Wesley—"Pope John," as he calls him; and it is quite as remarkable that Cowper's name is mentioned only once by Wesley, though he lived nine years and wrote many letters and some part of his Journals after Cowper became famous.

Cowper is closely identified with another side of the Great Revival—its philanthropic side. "With him began," says Stopford Brooke, "the poetry of human wrong, the long, long cry against oppression and evil done to man by man."

> My soul is sick with every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

In this he was the forerunner of Wordsworth. He was stung into poetry. Indignation made some of his best verses. He was touched by the deep poverty of the lace-makers of Olney:

> Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
> Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
> Shuffling the threads about the live-long day
> Just earns a scanty pittance. . . .

He was deeply moved by the wrongs of the slave (this was twenty years before the abolition of the slave trade):

> dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
> Just estimation prized above all price,
> I had much rather be myself the slave
> And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
> We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free,
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

We should notice, too, Cowper's intense *patriotism*. There is more passion in his *Boadicea* than in anything Kipling has

written. The patriotism of *The Task* is of another quality than the music-hall jingoism of our days. It is religious, like everything Cowper wrote; but there is strength, there is virility in it, and a deep concern for the destiny—the God-given destiny of England. Is this out of date?—

> Poor England! thou art a devoted deer,
> Beset with every ill but that of fear,
> The nations hunt: all mark thee for a prey,
> They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay,
> Undaunted still, though wearied and perplexed;
> Once Chatham saved thee, but who saves thee next?

Another thing which accounts for Cowper's popularity, both in his own generation and ours, is his treatment of English scenery. Here is the secret in his own words: "My descriptions are all from nature, not one of them is second-handed." "One may know what Olney scenery is like from *The Task*, better than by a set of photographs" (Canon Benham). We see the lazy Ouse, and the far off smoke of Emberton and Steventon. We wander down the

> lanes in which the primrose ere her time
> Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn's root.

We have felt on our cheeks

> The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew.

We have heard the bells in Clifton tower and Olney spire. We have breathed the crisp fresh air as we accompanied the poet on his "Winter Morning Walk." "To me," says Lowell, "Cowper is still the best of our descriptive poets for every-day wear." He describes the sights and sounds we know, and his landscapes are peopled with folk such as we know—the woodman and the thresher and Crazy Kate, the ploughman on the distant hill "diminished to a boy." But think what all this must have meant when it was the fashion to call every country Arcadia, when all the woods were "verdant," and all the mountains "soared," and all the brooks "purled," and all the airs were "soft" or "balmy" according to metrical necessities; and every farm-lass was a

"nymph"—a Phyllis or a Flora, and every labouring man was a "piping shepherd" or a "swain." How Cowper's first readers must have revelled in the pages of a man who "draws the thing as he sees it

for the God of things as they are."

And Cowper's garden at Olney still blooms every year for some of us. We spend happy hours among the "double row of grass pinks" and the bed of mignonette, the beans and the cucumbers and the "hedge of honeysuckle, roses and jasmine." The pets he immortalised are still there,—the three hares, Puss and Bess and

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,

the rabbits and the guinea-pigs, the spaniel and the birds, and his "eight pair of tame pigeons," and the tortoise-shell kitten—"drollest of all creatures that ever wore a cat's skin." These are all there, and the middle-aged gentleman who taught us to love them—*he* is there.

Above all, Cowper is the poet of the home; not any home, but *his* home,—that snug and cosy parlour at Orchardside, Olney, where he loved to settle down for a "long uninterrupted evening," and where we still hear the postman's horn as he clatters across the long bridge in the moonlight.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

But Cowper cannot enjoy his "peaceful evening" without contrasting it with the worldling's misspent evening. So he continues:

Not such his evening who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, etc.

That is "W. C." exactly! He had his little failings. No lover of Cowper is blind to them. But give me a man with

a failing! One picture of Cowper always lives in my mind. It is found in a letter to Hill, December 7, 1782:

> How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine! —yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy periwigs; mine by a domestic fireside, in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it; where no noise is made but what we make for our own amusement. . . . One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I, with the other, have been playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A little dog, in the meantime, howling under the chair of the former, performed, in the vocal way, to admiration.

What a fine subject for scorn is this to the periwigged gentry about town, but for the majority of Cowper's readers —the great Puritan middle class, who read him at their own firesides—how delightful!

What a genius Cowper had for friendship! Surely never man had such

> honour, love, obedience, troops of friends

as he. His first biographer, Hayley, notes how friends were raised up one after another, as they were needed—and, God knows, he needed them all. There was Joseph Hill, the lawyer—dear old 'Sephus,—an old schoolfellow at Westminster and a member of the Nonsense Club; one of the very few whose friendship survived the awful "storm of '63." Hill came to see Cowper at Huntingdon after he had left the asylum, and never saw him again. "He ever serves me in all that he can," says Cowper, "though he has not seen me these twenty years." There was Newton, the curate of Olney, Cowper's neighbour and warm friend for twelve years; and they were "seldom separated for seven waking hours." There were young men like Unwin and Rose; and his cousins, Johnny Johnson and Lady Hesketh; the Throckmortons ("the Frogs," as he playfully calls them) and Bull, the Dissenting minister of Newport Pagnell,— "*Carissime Taurorum*"! Bull had one failing in Cowper's eyes: he loved the

> Pernicious weed whose scent the fair annoys.

But Cowper kept a special pipe for him in the greenhouse! Then there was Lady Austen, who told him the story of John Gilpin, and suggested the subject and the metre of *The Task*. And, first friend and last, best and most beloved—Mary Unwin. For thirty years she was his nurse, companion, adviser, and helper; and she never spared herself. They shared one purse, though her income was double his. "Mrs. Unwin," he says, "is my Lord Chamberlain, who licences all I write." She has her reward—an imperishable name. Two of the finest poems in the language record her faithfulness:

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth, with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalises whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

This is the sonnet which makes Mr. Palgrave say: "Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos." The other poem—too well known to need full quotation—is *My Mary!*

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

. . . . . .

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

And it did! The story of her last years is unspeakably pitiful. She was struck down with paralysis. She became querulous and exacting, and at length half imbecile. Cowper waited on her as she had waited on him in other days. He rose at six on winter mornings, and worked at his translation of Homer till breakfast at eleven, so that he might give his whole attention to her from the time she rose. She sat silent in her chair, laughing now and then or "holding a dialogue with herself." "She looks for a new day with despondence, weary of it before it begins," he says. No wonder it drove him mad again! Never was a braver struggle than his against that madness. Broken-hearted as he was, he still kept his "loving face" and wrote his witty letters, and for her sake tried to keep up. Mrs. Unwin was released at last. She was buried by torchlight at night, that he might not know. He never mentioned her name again. He never rallied from that last attack, though he lived for three years yet, and the Johnsons—kindest of friends—lavished all their affection on him. They read Richardson's novels to him, and Anson's *Voyages*. But the gloom deepened toward the valley of the shadow of death. Cowper—to use words he had written years before—was "encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair, and a thousand times filled with unspeakable horror." He thought God had forsaken him—"He who made me regrets that He ever did"; and he refused all comfort to the last. In one of his saner intervals he wrote his last original poem—*The Castaway*. The story had "caught his troubled fancy" when somebody read Anson's *Voyages* to him a month before.

Obscurest night involved the sky—

(Observe how he clings to the last to his two favourite images—the darkness and the storm.)

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When *such a destined wretch as I*,
Washed headlong from on board,

Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

. . . . . .

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

There is nothing to relieve that impenetrable blackness of darkness, not the faintest glimmer of hope. "Feel!" said he; "I feel unutterable despair!"

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted,—

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

ARTHUR MOORHOUSE.

The World of Books.

I. THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

Calvinism. Six Stone Lectures. By Professor A. Kuyper. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 4*s.*)

It is psychologically interesting to note that, directly the rigid obligations of a creed are loosened and unqualified subscription is no longer demanded, the repellent creed itself, in virtue of inherent strength as a method of thought, quickly finds fresh and enthusiastic defence. This interesting and able course of lectures, delivered by a distinguished Dutch professor at Princeton, where, if anywhere, they could command a sympathetic hearing, is a case in point. They set in vivid contrast as "life systems" two irreconcilable principles: "Modernism, the daughter of the French Revolution, whose mother principle is that man is an evolution of nature; and Calvinism, finding its mother principle in the absolute sovereignty of God and the divine origin of man by direct creation." The method of treatment is historical, not polemical. Mark Pattison's saying, "Calvinism saved Europe," with the addition, "and created America," might be the text of the lectures. Their comprehensiveness is seen in the titles. The first deals with "Calvinism as a Life System." Chapters on the relation of Calvinism to Religion, to Politics, to Art, to Science, and lastly to the Future, follow. Together they probably form the most complete and consistent exposition of the place and potency at the close of this century of the living force Calvin started in the sixteenth. Their style is clear, often picturesque, and a striking tribute to a foreigner's mastery of our language; but the effect is marred by numerous typographical errors, due doubtless to the printing having been done in Holland.

Though distinctly a special pleader, there is little or no indication that Professor Kuyper makes an unfair use of historical facts. He pleads *con amore*: "In Calvinism my heart has found

rest." An admirable exposition of Calvin's doctrine of the Church will be read with profit in the light of present controversies. Catholic and Evangelical theologians will be grateful for the reasoned protest against the scientific materialism and the dogmatic naturalism which are the author's *bête noir*. We are in strong sympathy with the timely emphasis laid upon sin as guilt, in opposition to the assumption that it is chiefly a note of imperfection in the evolution of the race, and also with the deep conviction expressed that the doctrine of the Fall is the crux of the controversy between the biblical and the modern view of the world. The last chapter states significantly the difficulty of accepting Natural Selection and rejecting Election. "Allow me to contrast with this word 'election' another which differs from it in a single letter. Our generation turns a deaf ear to *Election*, but grows madly enthusiastic over *Selection*. Whence are the differences?" It is the one problem in two spheres. "There is no life without differentiation, and no differentiation without inequality." In both spheres "differences involve *preference*"; and it is easier to give an ethical basis for *preference* in the physical doctrine of Selection than in the spiritual doctrine of Election, with which "three centuries ago Calvinism dared to face the all-dominating problem, solving it, not in the sense of a blind selection stirring in unconscious cells, but honouring the sovereign choice of Him who created all things visible and invisible."

Treating the whole argument of the lectures, we think that Professor Kuyper claims far too much for Calvinism as a distinct force. It is to the whole movement of Protestantism, to which Lutheranism and Arminianism have been important contributors, that the remarkable results in the progress of the peoples concerned are to be attributed, and not solely to Calvinism as such. It is too exclusive as an efficient force. That "Calvinism is the only decisive, lawful, and consistent defence against encroaching and overwhelming Modernism" we cannot accept as proved. Altruism and Mysticism are much greater forces than our author acknowledges. He will admit of no modification of the rigidity of his system. Compromise is scorned. "The Calvinist of to-day considers the critical analysis and the application of the critical solvent to the Scriptures as tantamount to the abandonment of Christianity itself." We strongly dissent also from the constant application of the short and easy method indicated in the Calvinistic device of

"common and particular grace" as sufficient for disposing of awkward facts in historical developments, which stand in the way of the thorough application of the "system"; though it is to be admitted that the flawless consistency of the author is refreshing to readers a little weary of the incessant mental readjustment demanded by our period of transition. The ability and sincerity of the lecturer lead the reader to ask himself whether we are nearing a renaissance of Calvinism, and whether the revival of Evangelical Christianity, which many discern as approaching, will be a revival of the doctrines of grace as interpreted by the symbols of Calvinism.

FREDERIC PLATT.

The New Evangelism, and Other Papers. By Henry Drummond. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.*)

This volume is a legacy from a writer to whom we owe a great debt; and though it has not had the master's finishing touches, it is full of food for thinkers and workers. The paper on "The New Evangelism" really rests on Horace Bushnell's phrase, "The Gospel a Gift to the Imagination." The fact that the gospel is pictorial makes the old theology luminous again. "Those who even faintly see it thank God that they live, and live to preach it." There is a great truth here, though it needs to be carefully guarded. The main hindrances, Professor Drummond thought, to the new evangelism were unspirituality and laziness. "The New Theology" as affected by higher criticism and by science is the subject of the second paper. The writer claims that the Bible has gained new authority by critical research, and a hundred infidel objections have been destroyed with a breath. If the divine judgment upon sin lies in the natural law of heredity, may we not find, he asks, among the laws of the moral world some larger and more universal principle of judgment? The problem of foreign missions is stated in new terms. If to perfect men and nations be its aim, the doctrine of evolution is at once on our side. That is not the whole truth, of course; but it is a vital part of it. The volume closes with a memorable statement: "One thing I can assure you of. If any man develops this faculty of reading others, of reading them in order to profit by them, he will never be without practice. Men do not say much about these things, but the amount of spiritual longing in the world at the present moment is absolutely incredible. No one can ever even faintly appre-

ciate the intense spiritual unrest which seethes everywhere around him." Professor Drummond was not a theologian; but his book has a value of its own as an attempt to show how Christian truth is affected by science and research.

The Map of Life: Conduct and Character. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. (London: Longmans & Co. 1899. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a sort of ethical discourse, moulded loosely on an outline of life's natural aims and actual duties, as determined by each man's capacities and circumstances. It seems to come fitly from the pen of the author of the *History of European Morals*. Mr. Lecky is a man of vast reading, and hence is what Bacon describes as a "full man"; he has also written much, and is accordingly an "exact man." He discourses easily and interestingly about all that fairly comes within the "Map of Life" as he sketches it. There is at the same time a sustained gravity, which assorts well with his own serious view of life's duties, and with the motto on his title-page, taken from De Tocqueville, to the effect that "life is neither a pleasure nor a sorrow, but a grave business with which we are charged, and which it is our duty to conduct and complete to our honour." He writes as a philosopher and a moralist, but hardly as a distinctively Christian teacher, though the motives and duties of religion are not quite overlooked. Its tone and teaching, it need hardly be said, are, as far as they go, pure and high; the book is one of calm wisdom and of acute determination; its casuistry is not too fine and ideal for practical application. Mr. Lecky is not often severe, but he maintains an elevated moral standard. The excesses of modern English Church ritualism he strongly condemns, as violations of contract, and shows that the ritualistic confessional practice is in certain respects a greater evil than even the Roman practice of confession, an evil with fewer safeguards and therefore more perils. He also condemns the conduct of Cardinal Gibbens in writing a eulogy on John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish Fenian who played traitor to his colours and to his oath of allegiance, and entered the British army for no other purpose but to seduce his comrades from their duty to the Queen. In one point we consider Mr. Lecky to have swerved from true justice, misled, we suppose, by an unconscious bias. He thinks Governor Eyre was too severely dealt with, and he judges, as we think, with quite unwarrantable hardship the

governor's victim, Gordon the coloured man, whom the Lord Chief Justice held to have been innocent of the false charges brought against him, and to have been in fact a murdered man.

The Development of Doctrine in the Early Church. By John S. Banks. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

A brief history of the development of doctrine has long been a desideratum, and no one could be a better guide to this wonderful realm than Professor Banks. Every line and phrase is thought out, and the book embodies long and wide research. There are many who can be tempted to a study of theology on its historical side who are not drawn to it in other aspects, and this book will be cordially welcomed by them. But we should like every thoughtful man and woman to have this manual, and to master it. It lights up the whole domain of dogmatic theology, and brings out many a point of peculiar interest. The Eastern Church worked out the definition of the doctrines of the Trinity and Christ's Person, leaving the Western Church to step in and round off the development. The Western Church grappled with the problems of human nature, sin, and redemption; but the East never troubled itself to claim its share in that development. It remains where the Council of Chalcedon left it. The strange fortune of a teacher's work is shown in the fact that one half of Augustine's system forms the groundwork of the Papal polity, and the other half the groundwork of a large portion of Protestant Christendom. Calvin simply added reprobation to Augustine's teaching on predestination. Augustine himself, who depended so much on Paul for his doctrine of sin and grace, overlooked his doctrine of justification by faith, which Luther and the Reformation brought to light. The whole book is full of suggestion, and the brief biographical introductions to each section are crisply written and full of facts.

The Christian Salvation. By the late J. S. Candlish, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

These lectures on "The Work of Christ, its Appropriation and its Issues," represent the regular teaching of the late Dr. Candlish, Professor of Theology at the Free Church College, Glasgow. They were not prepared by himself for the press; but they deserve to be welcomed by a circle of readers outside those who personally knew and esteemed the writer. Dr.

Candlish was an essentially modest man, and was not anxious about his reputation according to the prevailing fashion of these times. But he possessed a well balanced mind and sound judgment, he was well equipped in knowledge for his work, and was eminently capable of presenting the evangelical position in theology in a clear and cogent form. His "Cunningham Lectures" on *The Kingdom of God* and the small handbooks which he published on leading theological questions have amply proved this.

We rejoice, therefore, that it has been found possible to preserve a portion of the lectures which he was accustomed to give to his students. The present volume includes a tolerably full treatment of the doctrine of the Atonement, chapters on the New Life and the Church, together with a fuller exposition of the doctrine of the Sacraments and Eschatology. We have read all with interest and profit, though the portion of the book on the New Life—including Renewal and Sanctification—is much the least satisfactory in several respects. We regard it as a fragment only; if it were intended as a full exposition, it must be pronounced seriously defective. But it would be wrong to treat this work as if it had received the author's *imprimatur*, and considered as a collection of some of his utterances on certain cardinal topics it is full of instruction. The doctrine is orthodox, but not cut and dried. The treatment combines the biblical, historical, and dogmatic elements, as all theological lectures should. Perhaps the most useful portion of the volume at the present moment is that on the Sacraments, inasmuch as Dr. Candlish is able to maintain a clear and sound Evangelical note, neither exaggerating nor depreciating the sacramental element in Christianity. The discussion of the difficult question of Christ's presence in the Lord's Supper furnishes an excellent example of clear exposition. Any who have been bewildered by phrases such as "real presence," objective, subjective, spiritual presence, should read Dr. Candlish's answers on pages 200 and 201 to the simple questions, What is present? And when? And where? Clearness, however, in this case does not imply shallowness, any more than the vague and confused utterances of modern High Anglicanism imply depth. There are other points on which we might well comment; but we content ourselves with heartily commending these interesting and weighty lectures to all students of theology.

W. T. Davison.

1. *Evangelical Belief.* The Prize Essay on the Present Conflict between Evangelicalism and Sacerdotalism. By J. B. Nichols. (London: Religious Tract Society. 1899. 6*s.*)

2. *Rome, Reform, and Reaction.* Four Lectures on the Religious Situation. By P. T. Forsyth, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1899. 5*s.*)

3. *The Holy Spirit and Christian Service.* By J. D. Robertson, M.A., D.Sc. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1900. 5*s.*)

4. *Hard Sayings of Jesus Christ.* By W. L. Grane, M.A. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1899. 5*s.*)

5. *Can I Believe in God the Father?* By W. N. Clarke, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899. 3*s.*)

6. *Studies of Bible Truths.* By J. C. Keener, D.D., M.E.C. South. (Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith. 1899. $1.)

1. Mr. Nichols's volume, which won the £100 prize offered for an essay on the subject, is able and comprehensive. Part II., which deals with the several topics in dispute, is the strongest part. In it such topics as the Rule of Faith, Private Judgment, Church Unity, Catholicity and Authority, the Sacraments, Priesthood, Penance, Purgatory, are discussed luminously and in sufficient detail. The arguments used, if not technical and exhaustive, go to the heart of the subject. Dr. Hatch, who is often appealed to, is not the best authority. It was needless to lay so much stress on the local synod of Carthage (p. 65) in reference to the Canon of Scripture. The use of Scripture in previous days, as, *e.g.*, at Nicæa, shows that the question was settled long before. The author rightly says that the number of sects, so often referred to by opponents, is a "negligible quantity." An enumeration, which puts every petty sect on a level with the half-dozen great denominations, is puerile. The argument respecting Peter's alleged jurisdiction (p. 114) is exceedingly well stated. Mention is made of Mr. Orby Shipley saying that he exercised the right of private judgment for the last time by renouncing it for ever. How, then, could he trust the act of renunciation itself? The entire essay is vigorous in thought and style, and should be exceedingly useful.

2. While Mr. Nichols deals with particular doctrines, Dr. Forsyth's four strenuous lectures go to root principles and ideas. He contrasts Protestantism and Roman Catholicism in their essential teachings and aims, and finds them everywhere seriously, not to say diametrically, opposed. The former is an intensely religious, spiritual interpretation of Christianity; the latter, a secular, political interpretation. The two systems take directly opposite views of faith, grace, the Church. The corruption began as early as the second century. "At the end of the apostolic age the history of the Church enters a tunnel for about a generation. When it comes out, the Church has undergone a change whose tremendous importance is even now the largest influence on the Church in the world. It has begun to be the *Catholic* Church, and it has ceased to be in some essential points the Church of the New Testament." The iteration in the four headings is characteristic. "What is the Real Nature of the Present Issue? Where do we really Go when we Go Behind the Reformation? What did Luther really Do? The Real Nature of the Priesthood; some Real Sources of the Priest's Welcome." The note of reality sounds on every page. The answer to the third question is, perhaps, the most striking and brilliant part of a brilliant volume, showing conclusively that the Reformation was the rediscovery of New Testament Christianity. The lecture is a noble vindication of the Reformation and of spiritual religion. The second lecture insists in the same way that we cannot stop short of the New Testament. Equally original and striking is the insistence in the fourth lecture that the Christian Church is the true priest in the Christian sense, intrusted with priestly function and privilege. Most wisely Dr. Forsyth does not allow himself to be driven by the sacerdotal extreme to the opposite extreme. Very skilfully he discriminates between the truth and error in the positions he attacks, and it needs great skill to do so. We had noted many pungent *obiter dicta* for quotation, but we must refrain. The author is rather fond of strange words like "meticulous, ergistic."

3. The third work is typical of the best Christian life of our day in two respects: it emphasises the practical side of religion, and brings that side into relation to the deepest sources of spiritual life. The danger of resolving Christianity into philanthropy is a real one in our days, and it can only be guarded against by inspiring philanthropy with the highest spiritual

motives. In this respect the volume before us is most timely. After first expounding the Christian life as consisting in service, the author shows the dependence of truly Christian service on the possession and energy of the Holy Spirit. Christian service in its highest form is just the outcome in act of the indwelling Spirit. The subject is a fruitful one, and it is excellently treated. All the various hindrances and helps in Christian work, discouragements, and encouragements are brought under review. The style is easy and graceful; there is nothing commonplace in thought or tone; the ideal and practical are perfectly blended. The typography also is excellent.

4. The aim of Mr. Grane's fourteen discourses or addresses is to soften the apparent sternness or harshness of many of our Lord's expressions. As far as the words are concerned, he succeeds in his purpose by reference to metaphor, hyperbole, and emphasis. Whether he succeeds equally in lessening the sternness of the underlying fact or principle is another question. He makes a good point in showing that Renan, despite his love of poetry and flowers, can be as literal in interpreting Scripture as any "dear, bungling literalist," when it will serve his purpose. The discourses offer contributions to solutions rather than complete solutions, and in that sense they will be useful. In treating of the future life the author, not satisfied with "æonian, age-long, cyclical," proposes "real or spiritual" as another rendering of a well known word. Does not the author himself rise into Oriental metaphor or hyperbole when he speaks of "the great Baptist minister, who was the infallible pope of thousands of ultra-Protestants"? The style is free and flowing.

5. Dr. Clarke's booklet is marked by the same qualities of lucid thought, charming exposition, and argumentative force that gave his larger work its fame and influence. It is preeminently a work to put into the hands of an intelligent doubter. The first of the four lectures very thoroughly works out a "Practical Argument for the Being of God," by pointing out the consequences of the opposite supposition. Assume that God does not exist, and it is impossible to account for the existence of science, morals, and religion. "The acceptance of belief in God involves far less difficulty than the denial of it." As in his larger work, Dr. Clarke argues here also for the divine Fatherhood as the sole, final, all-comprehensive relation of God to man. It supersedes the kingly relation altogether. On this

view much of the loftiest Old Testament teaching becomes obsolete. It might be surely argued that a theology which preserves both ideas in their highest form is richer and truer to the facts of existence. It may be true that "Calvinism perhaps has broken as many hearts as it has nerved." It may also be true that writers of the author's school exaggerate the paternal as Calvinism exaggerated the kingly idea. If the work is read in the light of this caveat, it will be found suggestive and helpful.

6. The chief "Studies" in Dr. Keener's volume are a Theodicy, an exposition of Job and the Apocalypse. The exposition is on the old, familiar lines. The new ideas have not disturbed the bishop's faith and peace, perhaps to his own and his readers' gain. The matter and form of the "Studies" have evidently been carefully laboured, the eloquence being sometimes overdone. Martineau, Martensen, Romanes, Gore, Wace, Shairp, Dr. Burt Pope, furnish apt quotations. The poetical pieces are the least happy parts of the work.

J. S. BANKS.

The Journal of Theological Studies. January, 1900. No. 2. (London: Macmillan. 10s. annual subscription, post free.)

The second number follows similar lines to the first. The majority of the articles provide valuable materials for specialists in different departments, while two or three are of more general interest. Of the latter Dr. Sanday contributes an excellent review of Jülicher's new work on the Parables. While doing the fullest justice to its great ability, he reasonably objects to the minimising tendency which characterises the entire school to which the author belongs. He suggests to the author the wisdom of providing a condensed abridgment for the use of others than profound scholars. Mr. Buchanan Grevy argues in favour of two classes of Nazirites in Old Testament times, permanent and temporary, the former in the early history of Israel, the latter in later days. The article "Edwardine Vernacular Services before the First Prayer-Book" tries to get back to the origins of the Prayer-Book. There are also able notices of the reproduction of the Codex Bezæ, of Hort on 1 Peter, and the two new Bible Dictionaries. The publication of such a Review is a good omen for British scholarship.

J. S. BANKS.

Darwin and Darwinism Pure and Mixed. A Criticism with some Suggestions. By P. Y. ALEXANDER, M.A., LL.D. (London : John Bale, Oxford House. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The author thinks that, while Darwin was "one of the greatest observers and investigators the world has seen," his "capacities of thinking and drawing inferences" were by no means on the same level, and sets himself to prove this in a great number of instances. On his showing the great master was guilty of all sorts of inconsistencies and contradictions, and the disciples are still worse. It may be so. But the criticism comes very late, and is too flippant. When a critic says, "I have tried to understand many things, but Mr. Darwin I cannot understand," the reply is obvious that the fault may be in the critic. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Romanes, Rev. F. W. Macdonald, Rudyard Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's uncle, and others are dragged in as illustrations. The tone is anything but scientific. Much of the matter is not edifying in other respects.

The Second Part of Canon Gore's *Romans* (Murray, 3*s.* 6*d.*) is a splendid vindication of Arminian theology as against the Calvinistic teaching that some men are inevitably doomed to everlasting misery. "This doctrine is flat contradictory to some particular statements of the New Testament (as to its general spirit), and is only a misunderstanding of others." The exposition makes this abundantly clear, and is most suggestive and helpful for those who feel the difficulty of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters. Canon Gore regards "universalism" as an instance of wilfulness, and adopts Dr. Beet's position as to necessary immortality. The book is one that every Bible student will find it abundantly worth while to master. Dr. Bigg's *Epistle to the Philippians* (Methuen & Co., 1*s.* 6*d.* net) is somewhat popular in treatment, but it is wonderfully rich and felicitous. Every reader will appreciate this spiritual and practical exposition. Dr. Hugh Macmillan's *Gleanings in Holy Fields* (Macmillan & Co., 3*s.* 6*d.*) draws its topics from the Holy Land, and leads its readers into many pleasant by-paths of Bible knowledge. We visit the site of Jericho, and find our way to Bethlehem, to Jacob's well, and many other Bible scenes where we gain fresh impressions which throw light on both the Old and the New Testament. Dr. Macmillan is always instructive, and he knows how to make his lessons really delightful.

II. FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Proverbs. By C. H. Toy, Professor of Hebrew in Harvard University. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 12*s*.)

Professor Toy has made the new volume of the "International Critical Commentary" the best guide for students of the book of Proverbs that we possess. In his introduction every question as to the structure, authorship, and contents of the book is considered briefly, but with a wealth of learning that only scholars can rightly appreciate. He shows that the purpose of all the sections is the inculcation of certain cardinal social virtues, such as industry, thrift, discretion, truthfulness, honesty, chastity, kindness, and forgiveness. These exhortations are coupled with warnings against vices and praise of wisdom as the guiding principle of life. Ecclesiasticus deals in general with the same moral qualities; but goes more into detail in the treatment of social relations, and has more to say of manners as distinguished from morals. The repetitions in the book of Proverbs lead Professor Toy to conclude that the compilers of the various sections were mutually independent. The book is a manual of conduct evidently produced by schools of moralists in a period of high moral culture. Professor Toy holds that, as Solomon came to be regarded as the ideal of wisdom, all work of that kind was ascribed to him. He thinks that the body of the book probably took form about 350 B.C., and that other sections were added during the following fifty years. His argument will be studied with interest, though his conclusion will not be accepted by all scholars.

A Historical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Professor in Aberdeen University. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 12*s*.)

All who are familiar with the freshness and force of Professor Ramsay's writings will give a hearty welcome to this handsome volume. The historical introduction (pp. 1–234) is an "attempt

to picture the state of Central Asia Minor at the time when Paul and Barnabas crossed the great belt of the Taurus mountains, and to show how the racial, political, geographical, and religious facts of previous history had contributed to produce it." Here we have the most complete and powerful statement which even Professor Ramsay has given of the South Galatian theory, in favour of which the weighty name of Dr. Zahn may now be quoted.

The historical commentary (pp. 237–478) has already appeared in the *Expositor*; but "many passages have been completely rewritten, three chapters have been suppressed, and eleven added." No student of this epistle can afford to neglect Professor Ramsay's most suggestive treatment of its main topics. On questions which had been considered closed his investigations often cast new light: as an example, part of his note on i. 6, 7, may be quoted: "It is not possible within the limits of the Greek language to admit the translation as advocated by Lightfoot and many others—'a different gospel, which is not another, a second gospel, *i.e.* which is not a gospel at all.' This result is not likely to be disputed by any scholar; but it is more difficult to say what is the exact meaning that Paul intended to convey. . . . The simplest, and perhaps the best, is that which the American revisers give in the margin: 'a different gospel which is nothing else save that there are some that . . . would pervert the gospel of Christ'; in other words, 'another gospel which is merely a perversion of the gospel.'"

J. G. TASKER.

The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel. Critical edition of the Hebrew text, with Notes by C. H. Toy, LL.D. (London: David Nutt.)

This volume is Part XII. of the Hebrew edition of what is popularly known as the Rainbow Bible; but it differs from most of its predecessors in that there is no printing in colours. Dr. Toy, like most scholars, recognises the unity of the book of Ezekiel: hence the problems discussed in his critical notes are chiefly those which arise from corruptions of the text. The variations of the Hebrew text from the LXX. and other versions are carefully examined; sometimes, as in xl. 38–43, the problem is declared to be insoluble,—"the details of the sacrificial arrangements can hardly be recovered"; sometimes, as in xxxii. 19–22, the "emendations" in the Masoretic text are

pronounced "largely conjectural": but for the most part Dr. Toy's conclusions are more conservative than those of such critics as Cornill and Winckler. The notes are models of succinct and fair statement of opposing views, and often in a few lines summarise the results of great research.

J. G. TASKER.

Student's Hebrew Grammar, with Exercises and Vocabularies. By Michael Adler, B.A. (London: David Nutt. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The author of this work is the Senior Hebrew Master at the Jews' Free School, London, and has already published a useful little book on the "Elements of Hebrew Grammar." The present work is on a larger scale, and contains syntax interwoven with the accidence and graduated exercises throughout. That Mr. Adler has a practical acquaintance with the difficulties encountered by beginners is clear from his excellent hints upon learning the verb; it is also a happy idea to print a list of the peculiarities of each irregular verb by the side of the table of its forms. But as the book is intended to serve as an introduction to "the standard Hebrew Grammar, the Kautsch-Gesenius," it would be a great improvement if the spelling of such words as *Shevo* and *Dogesh* were made to conform to the standard. A fuller treatment of Vav Consecutive is also to be desired. The clear and accurate printing deserves a special word of praise.

J. G. TASKER.

A Textual Commentary upon the Holy Gospels. Part I. St. Matthew, Division I., chaps. i.–xiv. By Edward Miller, M.A. (London: George Bell & Sons. 1899. 5*s.*)

The mantle of Dean Burgon as a textual critic has fallen upon Mr. Miller, who in this first instalment of a great work annotates half of St. Matthew's Gospel with the evidence for the various readings of importance. The book comes consequently into competition at once with Tischendorf's eighth edition, which, however, it does not supersede. Its main value lies in its exhibition of the patristic evidence, with which Dean Burgon filled sixteen thick manuscript volumes now in the British Museum. For this textual students will heartily welcome the book as supplying them with materials not easily accessible elsewhere. A short preface gives a compact and reasonable account of the sources from which the different kinds of evidence are drawn.

R. W. MOSS.

III. ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

The Apostolic Age. By J. V. Bartlet, M.A., Lecturer on Church History in Mansfield College, Oxford. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 6*s.*)

We have no hesitation in saying that this is far away the best of Messrs. Clark's series of "Eras of the Christian Church." With the series in general we have in a previous number of the London Quarterly expressed our disappointment. But Professor Bartlet's volume is stimulating and valuable, bearing on every page marks of careful scholarship and independent thought. We cordially recommend the book as, on the whole, the best we know of its order to those who desire to understand better the difficulties and struggles of the early Church. It is cheaper than the able work of Professor McGiffert in the "International," and takes a different standpoint.

Our praise of the volume before us does not mean indorsement of all its views. We imagine that few scholars would agree with its remarkably early date for the martyrdom of St. Paul. Professor Bartlet can only justify this date by taking certain chapters bodily out of 2 *Timothy* and claiming that they really belong to the first epistle. He is also driven into the difficulty of maintaining that *Titus*, *Philippians*, and 2 *Timothy* were written about the same time. To our mind this is absurd. There are other difficulties involved on which we need not linger. The Pauline chronology also vitiates that of St. Peter. In advocating the year 58 for Paul's voyage, Professor Bartlet follows Mr. Turner; but in a forthcoming number of the *Expository Times* my brother shows conclusively, I think, that this date is impossible. But the value of the book lies not so much in the fact that every one will agree with everything in it, as in the careful and accurate presentation of the diverse elements and schools of thought out of which the early Church struggled into its present form. Professor Bartlet sees how completely the researches of recent years, especially the studies of Mommsen and other scholars into the nature of the Roman empire, have altered the older traditional views. Not the least valuable part of his work is his admirable chapter on the *Apocalypse*. Let any one read the remarkable quotation that he gives from

the *Ascension of Isaiah* (pp. 521–523), and he cannot doubt that it was written with the *Apocalypse* before the writer. But the *Ascension of Isaiah* is admitted to be earlier than A.D. 80. This disposes, therefore, as it seems to us, of the later date for the *Apocalypse*, and settles its political rather than spiritual significance. Theologically the "sublimated Judaism" of the *Apocalypse* is far removed from the Pauline conception. Professor Bartlet's chapter on St. James is of especial value. He finds in St. James the Francis of Assisi of the early Church (p. 249). He shows that the so called antagonism to St. Paul is really not so much antagonism, as thought and life moving on utterly different planes. He traces the conclusion of St. James and his school of Christianity in the "Syrian *Two Ways*" (commonly called the *Didaché*), of which we have a capital analysis.

Our short notice of the volume before us is no measure of its value. We cordially commend it to our readers. But why does a respectable firm like T. & T. Clark print this book by an English writer in New York? We protest once more against this policy of "eleven pence three farthings." Then, on p. 64 they borrow a map from Fisher's *History of the Christian Church*, and the author explains at the bottom that it is all wrong because he (Professor Bartlet) has adopted the S. Galatian theory of Professor Ramsay. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and for an Edinburgh firm to go to New York for its printers and maps is absurd. H. B. WORKMAN.

The Church Past and Present. A Review of its History by the Bishop of London, Bishop Barry, and other writers. Edited by Rev. H. M. Gwatkin, D.D. (London: Nisbet & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Professor Gwatkin has written four of these papers himself, and the other nine are by Mr. Llewelyn Davies, Dr. Bigg, Mr. Schreider, Professor W. E. Collins, the Bishop of London, Dr. Hunt, Canon Meyrick, Chancellor Lias, and Bishop Barry. Frank catholicity and sturdy Protestantism is the dominant note of the book. It is not easy to overestimate the value of such a vigorous presentation of eighteen centuries of Christian history, and Nonconformists will prize the volume almost as highly as members of the Church of England. Dr. Hunt's broad-minded discussion of "The Rise of Dissent in England" deserves special attention. He says that the Independents and Baptists "had the new life from the Evangelical or Methodist

revival, which was a movement within the Church, though it produced communities which are practically Dissenters. The Wesleyan community, which is the largest Protestant Church in the world, the Anglican not excepted, are Nonconformists as it were by accident. They never made any formal separation; and if they have ever shown hostility, it has been in the way of retaliation for having been treated as schismatics."

Puritan Preaching in England. A Study of Past and Present. By John Brown, B.A., D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

Dr. Brown's lectures were delivered at Yale University last October. They deepen in interest as they proceed. After the lecture on the Preaching of the Friars, which paved the way for Wickliffe, we pass to "John Colet and the Preachers of the Reformation." Erasmus paid Colet a high tribute: "You say what you mean, and mean what you say. Your words have birth in your heart, not on your lips." Colet's power of making the Scriptures living books to the men of his time leads Dr. Brown to discuss the subject of Expository Preaching. Mr. Spurgeon never dare enter on a continuous course of teaching. Each separate text that he used must grip him by the hand, and he had to wait for the elect word, even if it did not come till within an hour of his service. Every man must gauge his own powers; but Dr. Brown holds that some amount of systematic instruction would go far to establish a congregation in the truth, strengthen shaken faith, and revive spiritual passion. Good things abound in the volume.

Some Worthies of the Irish Church. By G. T. Stokes, D.D. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by H. J. Lawlor, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

We are glad to have a final volume from Dr. Stokes's pen. The course of lectures was left unfinished at his death; but his successor at Trinity College, Dublin, has supplied notes, verified or added references, and put the volume into shape with much skill and painstaking scholarship. The worthies are Dr. Lingard, dean of Lismore in 1666, a learned scholar and divine framed in the school of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor; Dudley Loftus, an Oriental scholar much prized by Archbishop Ussher; Dr. Narcissus Marsh, archbishop of Dublin; and Dr. King. St. Colman of Lindisfarne is the last of the worthies. The learning and research are spiced by many amusing details.

Glorious Gospel Triumphs as seen in my Life and Work in Fiji and Australasia. By John Watsford. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Fitchett pays a well merited tribute to the Australian Methodist veteran in a brief introduction. He tells us that John Watsford's is a household name, not only in the Methodism of the Antipodes, but among all Churches who rejoice in "his saintly piety, his fine record as a missionary and an evangelist, his frank honesty, his transparent unselfishness, his utter devotion to the service of every good cause." He is Australian born, and English boys will revel in the pages that describe his youthful adventures. He won his spurs in Fiji, and we seem to see Christianity there in the making as we follow the artless record. Stories of God's grace laying hold of stout opposers and making men and women cry out for mercy are to be found in every part of this book. It is an unaffected record of a ministry that has been greatly blessed, and it shows us how wonderfully Australia has developed in one man's lifetime.

The English Church, from its Foundation to the Norman Conquest. By William Hunt, M.A. (London: Macmillan & Co. 5*s.* net.)

This is the first of seven volumes which are to trace the history of the English Church down to the end of the eighteenth century. The work is based on a careful study of original documents, and each of the volumes is in the hands of a writer who has paid special attention to that period. Dean Stephens and Mr. Hunt are co-editors. The first volume covers eight hundred memorable years,—the age of British and Saxon saints and rulers, such as St. Aidan, Bede, Wilfrith, Alfred, Hild, Cuthbert. Mr. Hunt treats this subject in a way that is profoundly interesting. We feel that we are really at the sources of English Christianity. Its development was remarkably free from Roman influence; and though it regarded the Roman see with gratitude and reverence, it seldom either sought or accepted guidance from Rome. Its saints were English men and women, and it appointed the services by which they were commemorated. The Church has its insularity, like the nation, and that gives peculiar interest to this study of its development. It appeals not only to Churchmen, but to all lovers of English Christianity.

IV. HISTORY.

How England Saved Europe. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. Vol. II., "The Struggle for the Sea"; Vol. III., "The War in the Peninsula." (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6*s.* each.)

Dr. Fitchett's second volume deals with exploits which still stir the heart of England. Copenhagen and Trafalgar, with those heroic deeds of our navy which crippled Napoleon's schemes and paved the way for his downfall, are stories that never lose their interest. The volume opens with the return of the French from Acre to Egypt. It was the retreat from Moscow translated into terms of heat. Men fell from the ranks stricken by plague, and their comrades showed them neither help nor pity. "Bonaparte made all his officers give up their horses for the service of the sick and wounded; but in spite of this, the track of the retreating army was marked by a trail of dying and abandoned men." The battle of Aboukir, where the French cavalry swept nine hundred Turkish fugitives into the sea, restored Bonaparte's prestige and enabled him to return from his Egyptian expedition with "a respectable amount of glory." He was soon in Paris, and on his election as First Consul became a ruler as absolute as Louis XI. Abercrombie and Hutchinson made short work of his conquest of Egypt. The chapter devoted to that strange pair of heroes is one of the freshest in the volume. Abercrombie was mortally wounded at Alexandria, yet when a soldier's blanket was placed under his head he insisted on knowing to whom it belonged, that it might be returned before nightfall. But Nelson is the hero of the volume. The way in which he won over his unfriendly superior at Copenhagen by sending him a turbot, and fought for existence whilst Sir Hyde Parker and the heavier ships of the fleet looked on, is a strange story. Napoleon's scheme for invading England is described with a mass of detail which helps us to understand how formidable was the danger which threatened our country at the beginning of the century.

The War in the Peninsula, the subject of the third volume, opens with a story which always touches a tender chord in English breasts—Sir John Moore's masterly retreat to Corunna, which

foiled Napoleon's plans, and the general's death on the field where he had beaten back the French forces. That scene ranks with the death of Wolfe at Quebec and of Nelson in the cockpit of the *Victory*. After that heroic story, it is pitiful to read of the Walcheren expedition, one of the most humiliating in our military history, where a noble army was absolutely sacrificed by its incompetent leader, Lord Chatham. We next follow with bated breath Wellington's heroic struggle in the Peninsula. The way that he overthrew Napoleon's greatest soldiers one after another, reduced the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and at last by the victory at Vittoria drove the French out of Spain, is proud reading for an Englishman. Mistakes were made for which Wellington paid dearly, and he was hampered on every side by the home authorities; but when the struggle was over, "the splendour of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations." Dr. Fitchett is master of his subject, and makes it live again before his readers. JOHN TELFORD.

"*The Death or Glory Boys.*" The Story of the 17th Lancers. By D. H. Parry. (London: Cassell & Co. 6*s*.)

When this record opens "a dapper little red-haired man, clad in a bright new uniform," lies dying by the St. Lawrence. Before Wolfe drew his last breath, he asked that his old friend Colonel Hale might be allowed to carry the news of his victory to England. Hale had played a valiant part in the taking of Quebec; but he does not appear in West's famous picture, because he refused to give the printer £100 for the insertion of his portrait. It is also interesting to note that he had remonstrated with Wolfe before the action for wearing a new uniform which rendered him doubly conspicuous to the Indian marksmen. Hale reached this country, and was made colonel of a regiment of light horse which was to be raised forthwith. He thus became the father of "The Death or Glory Boys." The forming of the regiment throws much light on the military methods of last century. A death's-head, with two cross-bones above it, and "or glory" below, was put on the uniform, and gave the regiment its name. Mr. Parry traces the brave fellows through barracks and battlefields for a hundred and forty years. The Lancers saw much service in America during the War of Independence, and have had their fill of hard campaigning in India, in the Crimea, and in the Soudan. The most famous page of their annals is the Charge

of the Light Brigade. That story is told with great vigour and much grim detail in this stirring volume.

To Modder River with Methuen. By Alfred Kinnear. (Bristol : Arrowsmith. 1*s.*)

Mr. Kinnear who was a war correspondent at Modder River, writes to correct the grim pleasantry that our force there was "shelled with blunders." He rather confirms that criticism, though he shows that Lord Methuen was not altogether responsible, since his force was quite unsuited for Boer warfare. A graphic account is given of the four engagements which closed with the disaster of Magersfontein. As we turn these pages we learn to appreciate the deeds of our linesmen whose courage and reserve force make them unquestionably the finest soldiers in the world. But we feel that they were sadly misled, and that our experience was bought at a terrible price. The truculence of the Boers seems to have been terrible. The sketches of Lord Methuen and Cronje are very vigorous, and the book is brightly written.

Child Life in Colonial Days. Written by Alice Morse Earle. With many Illustrations from Photographs. (London : Macmillan & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mrs. Earle has made an enviable reputation as the chronicler of New England customs; but she has never done anything better than this. Child life among the old Puritans had its thorny side; but this book leaves a delightful impression of human love and tenderness. Mrs. Earle has reached the conclusion that in many ways the lot of the common people was much better in America than in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and children shared the benefit of these better conditions. A child's life was more valuable to the colonies than to the mother country; and though the little ones were expected to be seen, not heard, it is easy to see that the stern old Puritans made them the idols of their hearts. Large families were a Godsend, and one fond parent claims that the children were "in the general observed to be better natured, milder, and more tender-hearted than those born in England." Amid all privations of a new colony the early settlers had a great zeal for education. "Child," said one New England mother, "if God make thee a good Christian and a good scholar,

'tis all thy mother ever asked for thee." Of hornbooks, primers, and other school-books we learn a host of particulars. Picture-books, needlework, children's games, and other subjects are delightfully handled in this charming book; and it is literally packed with the most attractive pictures of little colonials, with their toys, lesson-books, school-houses in olden times.

From Capetown to Ladysmith. An Unfinished Record of the South African War. By G. W. Steevens. (London: Blackwood & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a fragment, and a fragment that lacks the master's finishing touches; but it only makes us regret the more the loss to English journalism by its writer's premature death. The record opens at Capetown on October 10. After President Kruger's ultimatum there was a strange lull on the frontier. Mr. Steevens soon found his way to Stormberg Junction, whence he pushed on to Ladysmith. His last sentences on the battle of Elandslaagte are a vigorous epitome of that famous fight. Following that victory came the miserable disaster at Nicholson's Nek, and Ladysmith was soon hemmed in by the Boers. They made war like gentlemen of leisure, and kept their meal-time with the scrupulous exactness of trade unionists. They might have put the defenders to great loss and discomfort; but they had the great defect of all amateur soldiers: they loved their ease, and did not mean to be killed. It is not a comfortable sensation to be in a bombarded town; but as you go about your business, confidence revives. Everybody got sick of the bombardment, and was almost ready to die of dulness. "You sit here idly to be shot at. You are of it, but not in it—clean out of the world. To your world and to yourself you are every bit as good as dead—except that dead men have no time to fill in." Casualties mounted up, and sometimes the dribbling bombardment became appalling. Mr. Steevens has much to say of the handful of sailors who "have been the saving of Ladysmith." "The Royal Navy is the salt of the sea and the salt of the earth also." A graceful sketch of his friend from the pen of Mr. Vernon Blackburn forms a last chapter. England is poorer to-day for Mr. Steeven's death, and his graphic sketch, slight though it is, will long be treasured by every patriot.

V. BIOGRAPHY.

Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury. By his Son ARTHUR C. BENSON, of Eton College. Two Volumes. (London: Macmillan & Co. 36*s.* net.)

MR. BENSON has written his father's life with much ability and excellent taste. If the amount of correspondence in the fifteen hundred pages may seem to be excessive, it should be borne in mind that a son writing the biography of a father whose character may be interpreted variously by those who have known him escapes serious difficulties by affording his readers the means of observing for themselves the unfolding of his father's character, and of forming an opinion as to the merits of his conduct, through his own letters, and those of others who were in habits of confidential intercourse with him from his early years onwards. Fortunately the exact habits of the archbishop, through all his life, in the way of preserving family and business letters, have provided his son with very large stores of information for his work. There were strongly marked processes of development and also of change in the character of Edward White Benson from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood; while in his middle life, and some time before his episcopal career began, there was the commencement of a stage of religious conviction, of deepened and deepening spiritual experience, and of moral ennoblement, described by himself very humbly and touchingly in confidential letters, especially to his wife, and which to Wesleyan readers is likely, for special reasons, to be peculiarly interesting. This stage of spiritual development helped, no doubt, to make his episcopal work in Cornwall congenial and sympathetic, as it could not otherwise have been. His special reference to Wesleyan sympathy and co-operation in his final address on leaving the Cornish diocese may be taken as warranting this assertion. Called to the responsibility of the Cornish episcopate, as the first bishop of the diocese—a position in which he was brought into contact with the intense religious susceptibilities of such a Celtic race as the Cornish in an atmosphere surcharged with the traditions and influence of

Wesley's apostolic ministry—at a time, too, when the sudden death of his eldest son, a son of the rarest promise, intellectual as well as religious, had deeply touched and solemnised his spirit —"his spiritual life," we are told by his son, "assumed during the quiet years of Cornwall proportions that it had never before reached."

It can hardly be said that the earlier years of his life gave promise of such a character as was unfolded after he left Wellington College. With that modest and tender, yet honest and penetrating discrimination, which is one of the distinctive features of this biography, his son delicately sketches his father's character, as it appears in the records and memories of his earlier life. "Looking back through the years, one sees my father the idolised son of a home circle which never questioned his will, (for his father died when he was quite a child,) intensely absorbed in culture, in the æsthetic side of religion, in sacred and classical art, conscious of strength and will and intensely definite aims, with very precise ambitions, but without any deep sympathy with humanity, inclined to condemn rather than to condone, to command rather than to lead, and imperiously claiming love from others as his right, love which his brightness and eagerness easily won. He had at first little of that simple love of others, the patient waiting upon others' needs—the pleading desire for others' happiness—the watching for stubbornness to melt, for wandering feet to return—the spirit that rejoices more over the penitent than over the just—the spirit of humblest self-sacrifice—the spirit of Christ."

It was not, indeed, till middle life—till he had left Wellington and the school which he dominated, as his son allows his readers to see, with so much, not only of masterfulness, but of severity, severity which was often excessive, if it was not sometimes cruel—that he came under the deep spiritual convictions which brought him to be in the end such a "Christian indeed" as is shown in the filial narrative of his episcopal years. How sincere and devoted he was appears with increasing distinctness and impressiveness till the sudden and pathetic end at Hawarden, on the Lord's Day, when, after his bright and triumphant Irish tour, he seemed to have come to enjoy a welcome rest under the shelter of the Gladstone roof. He had been to Hawarden Church to early celebration of the Lord's Supper, walking to and fro. He walked again to church for the forenoon service; and a few minutes after entering, while he was kneeling for the

Confession, he became unconscious, dying as he was carried out of church into the vicarage. It is evident that the tour had exhausted his strength, and that the effort of going to the services, added to the excitement of joining in animated conversation, late and early, when what he needed was a season of complete quiet, had been too much. His case was like that of a gallant but overpressed horse, which drops while going at speed, and dies where he falls. It was syncope from overwork which brought to what seems like a premature close "that vivid life, that ardent personality, which passed out of sight" with such startling suddenness. His all but last letter written at Hawarden on the Saturday night, and intended for Mr. Edmund Gosse, though the writer did not live to send it, tells the truth as to his exhaustion on that Sunday morning: "I have been overtravelled and overworked. Ireland is as exacting as she is affectionate. . . . I need not say that the G.O.M. is 'marvellous,' for no one says anything else of him, and the word is not full measure." On the Sunday morning itself he wrote a letter after breakfast, finished just before going to church, and addressed to the archbishop of York, in which he dealt with the necessity of a joint official reply by the two archbishops in answer to the Roman claims. This matter had been the subject of conversation between the archbishop and his host, Mr. Gladstone. The Countess Grosvenor, who was present when the archbishop arrived at Hawarden, wrote in her Diary the same night: "When they" (the archbishop and Mrs. Benson) "arrived, Mr. Gladstone plunged straightway into the Bull, and we all listened breathless," the archbishop sitting "with his teacup in his hand, for three-quarters of an hour, waiting to drink." Such was the last night, and we have seen what the morning was that followed, and what it brought. The bishop's strength was far spent, it cannot be doubted, when he reached Hawarden. But it is evident also that the exhausted man was hurried and pressed out of life.

Archbishop Benson was hardly to be called in any respect, or perhaps on the whole, a great man, although he was one of the most powerful Primates of All England known in recent years. He was naturally eager, ambitious, strenuous, and masterful. In his school life he had the talents needful for a powerful class teacher, but not the gifts and temper for a really great head master. He scarcely seems to have aimed at moulding the character of his pupils individually by moral influence;

his son says, in fact, that his method was to drive, and not to lead. He loved his Church with a priestly love, though, happily, he was by no means an advanced or Romanising ritualist. He disliked Romanising ritualism strongly, had an intense Protestant antipathy to the Papacy and all its ways and works, was puritanically severe in his seriousness and his distaste for frivolous amusements, but at the same time had a scarcely less intense antipathy against the bald and colourless evangelical Calvinism of the low Church of former generations. He was, indeed, an intense æsthetic ritualist. Throughout life he was true and sincere, with a ruling reverence for all that was pure and virtuous. He had nothing but fear and dislike for anything that approached moral laxity or verged on fashionable vice.

Intellectually the archbishop's range was limited. He was not troubled by doctrinal doubts; partly, at least, because he had no metaphysical capacity, and knew neither the pleasures nor the perils of philosophical speculation. He was a good classical scholar, and for clever boys was a high-class teacher, though his style as writer of English was faulty and eccentric. He had imagination to play with legendary stories or with mythical conceits, especially by way of adapting them to ecclesiastical subjects or devotional fancies. While he delighted, within orthodox Anglican limits, in all matters of ritual ornament or symbolism, he was anxious that ceremonial beauty or splendour should not be made tributary to Romish or Romanising error. He limited his priestly sympathies to Cyprian and his ecclesiastical school. He found his age of Church maturity in the third century, not, like Lord Halifax, in the thirteenth.

In his later years, however, as has already been intimated, the primate's character was deeply changed; he became a better Christian, a man of a tenderer, more spiritual, and more loving character. About the time of his leaving Wellington this marked ennoblement of his character may be traced in its earlier stirring within him. It would seem as if the deeply devotional and self-sacrificing spirit of Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, with whom, first as his chaplain and afterwards as Chancellor of Lincoln, he was brought at the time into close intimacy,—as if, indeed, the spirit of the whole family of which that saintly though too often misguided High Churchman was the head,—had exercised a critical influence on the urgent and ambitious nature of the bishop's chaplain and chancellor of

the diocese. Writing to Miss Wordsworth about Christmas, 1869, and referring to a visit to Lincoln he had just paid, he says: "How can one get Love into one's system? into one's blood? not drink it like a glass of wine that makes a little glow and a little flush and passes? Ah! Sunday last! Ah! the Bishop! Mrs. Wordsworth—all of you."

The change from the self-will of Archbishop Benson's early life which marked his later years his son speaks of as "conversion," and attributes in part, and perhaps in its first beginning, to "his sense of failure as an educator"; "then followed," he says, "the quiet years in Cornwall, consecrated by a great sorrow, in which his spiritual life assumed proportions that it had never before reached." The sorrow referred to was the sudden death—already mentioned—at Winchester School of his eldest son, a boy remarkable yet more for the promise of his Christian character than for his gifts as a scholar. The biographer speaks of the bishop's "Lincoln days," after "his failures as an educator," as having helped to bring him nearer to human nature," and of "the crowning sorrow of his life," as having "altered him as far as any nature can be altered whose habits are more or less formed." "It was then that he grew to see the power and depth of love, how it is the divinest attribute of man."

Archbishop Benson was not unnaturally regarded as more favourably disposed towards ritualism than he actually was. In truth, as already noted, he was distinctly opposed to Romanising ritualism, although his judgment in the Lincoln case, there is reason to fear, lent encouragement and strength to the Romanising party. The special circumstances, and the antecedent history, which led him and his able advisers to follow the subtle line of distinction and allowance which gave shape to that judgment, it is not proper to discuss here. The difficulties surrounding the question had proved insurmountable by his able and resolute predecessor in the primacy, and it is possible that the archbishop's solution was better than letting things drift year after year. It is, however, proper to refer to the impression of his partiality for Romanising ritualism which that judgment seemed to confirm, but which this biography should remove. "His own instinct for beauty in worship and his knowledge of ancient traditions gave him a peculiar power," as his son says, "over the largest and most dominant party in the Church, but it was sometimes forgotten by those who valued

his special sympathy how unessential to truth he held the outward observance to be, and how comprehensive he wished the Church to be."

Without being at all disposed to accept his Cyprianism as the standard of episcopal authority and of Church discipline, without regarding him as a wise and strong doctor of the Church in any sense, it is pleasing to regard the late archbishop as placed in a true light in this sincere and candid biography. He was a diligent, godly, and accomplished man, a prelate of good counsel and a lofty spirit, a Christian of large sympathies, faithful to the essential doctrines of his Church. A study of he ample correspondence which gives value and character to the biography enables the reader to understand how Benson, the early schoolmate of two such distinguished bishops as Lightfoot and Westcott, should have held throughout life the position of confidential friend to both of them, and should have been honoured by Bishop Lightfoot with the dedication to him of one of the most learned and valuable of his masterly commentaries. He was, indeed, fortunate in his friends. Nor was he only fortunate in the possession of such friendships as those which have been referred to, and as those of two other prelates so distinguished and at the same time so far apart from each other, as Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln and the present archbishop. He owed very much also to the favour with which the Prince Consort, and, following her Consort, the Queen herself, regarded him, from the time when the prince adopted him as the selected candidate for the head mastership of Wellington College. It is much to say that his course, as a whole, justified the constant friendship with which he was honoured by persons so eminent and so excellent.

Other notices of these volumes have dealt with this biography from other special points of view. In this notice, to trace the development of character, especially in the highest sense of Christian quality and spirit, as seen in the life of a devoted and influentia chief ruler of the great Anglican Church, has been the writer's special purpose. He might add, from his own knowledge, illustration of the large and catholic cordiality of friendship and sympathy—combined with touching frankness and simplicity—which marked the archbishop's private life in his later years. To his own family circle he was happy in welcoming Nonconformist friends. Quakers and Methodists were made frankly at home in the privacy of a bright family circle, where one or two

bishops and a small group of intimate clerical friends joined in easy friendliness of pleasant and open-hearted intercourse.

A Memoir of Richard Durnford, D.D., Sometime Bishop of Chichester. By W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester. With Portraits and Illustrations. (London: John Murray. 16*s.*)

Dr. Stubbs paid a fine tribute to his brother of Chichester in Convocation. "Looking at it all round," he said, "I have always regarded him as one of the most remarkably gifted men that I ever knew—perhaps the most. In every function, in every department, in every relation, without any faltering or falling back, or being weakened by age or weariness, he was always ready, always judicious, always fully informed, always full of sympathy." Dr. Durnford spent thirty-five years as rector of Middleton, a great Lancashire parish, where he laboured with wonderful devotion and success, managing his schools, building district churches, presiding over the board of local commissioners, and proving himself a worthy illustration of Chaucer's good parson. As years passed he became the most influential clergyman in Lancashire; and though Mr. Gladstone hesitated on grounds of age to intrust him with the diocese of Manchester, he took the opportunity a few months later to confer the quieter see of Chichester upon him. He was then sixty-eight years old. For a quarter of a century he proved himself a model bishop. There is a fine dignity about his letters which shows that he knew how to hold the reins in troublesome times. He was a true friend to every earnest worker in his diocese. In one of his letters he speaks of a clergyman lately deceased who for many years had "faithfully and lovingly discharged the sublime duties of a parish priest." The bishop was a fine classic, conversed freely in French, German, and Italian, wrote verse in Latin and Italian in response to Mr. Gladstone's challenge. He was also an ardent naturalist who knew every plant and flower, and could advise the gentlemen whom he visited as to the trees that would flourish best in their grounds. He delighted in his garden, and often spent an hour in weeding and watering his flowers. He described himself as a walking bishop, not a talking bishop. His counsel to "preach Christ rather than Christianity" was the revelation of his inmost heart. He lived to be ninety-two,

and died in harness. He was never really old. At ninety his sight, hearing, perception were practically perfect. The bishop's sons have prepared the first two chapters. Dean Stephens is responsible for the rest of the book. It is a chaste and beautiful record of a noble life. We should like every minister to read it, and to catch the spirit of this saintly and sagacious ruler of the Church.

Sir Robert Peel. By Lord Rosebery. (London: Cassell & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Lord Rosebery's study, which first appeared in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, is a well balanced critique of the great statesman who was devoted even from his childhood to the Muse of History. "So far back as we can discern him at all, we find him from the outset the same able, conscientious, laborious, sensitive being that we leave him at his death. It was perhaps unfortunate that he was sworn to Toryism before he understood what was really involved. His surroundings and habit of mind would doubtless have made him a Whig, if he had been left untrammelled. From the time of Roman Catholic emancipation there was an atmosphere of distrust around Peel. It was due to his reserve, his awkwardness, to a certain slyness of eye, as well as to a suspicion of Liberal tendencies. The expression of his eye was probably due, not to cunning, but to humour, which was a strong though severely repressed characteristic. His fiery temper was almost equally strong and almost equally suppressed." Lord Rosebery's discussion of the Cabinet system, of Peel's relations to Wellington and other colleagues, and especially the study of the political morality of Peel's action as to Roman Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Corn Laws, are valuable features of this vigorous and beautifully written little volume. It ought to be put with Lord Rosebery's *Pitt* in every Englishman's library.

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records. By his Wife and his Private Secretary. Vol. IV. 1878–1892. (London: Passmore & Alabaster. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This volume brings Mr. Spurgeon's Autobiography to a close. It is perhaps the best of the four volumes, and seems to have its full share of the raciness and tender playfulness which were

so characteristic of the man. Mr. Spurgeon's was a full life, and his desire to help and comfort unknown correspondents made him write hosts of letters which most celebrities would have put into the hands of a private secretary. This involved a heavy strain, but he had his reward in the blessing that his words brought to many a troubled correspondent. His delightful friendship with Earl Shaftesbury and glimpses of Gladstone, Ruskin, Archbishop Benson, Bishop Thorold, Bishop Welldon, and others give varied interest to the volume. One of its chief charms lies in its chapters on "Mr. Spurgeon as a literary man." Dr. William Wright, who was no mean judge, found his knowledge of all literature wonderful. "He made a point of reading half a dozen of the hardest books every week, as he wished to rub his mind up against the strongest minds; and there was no skipping. I several times had an opportunity of testing the thoroughness of his reading, and I never found him at fault." His pleasant relations with Dr. Punshon, Charles Garrett, and Mark Guy Pearse find happy record here. Mr. Spurgeon's skilful dealing with inquirers ought to be carefully studied by all who wish to gain wisdom in that difficult work. The Downgrade Controversy has its chapter, but it is brief and free from bitterness. The book is full of good things, and it is bright and delightful to the last. Mr. Spurgeon was one of the great spiritual forces of our century, and both in life and death he approved himself a man of God—faithful and fearless, loving and beloved. Our hearts warm to him as we read this touching record.

JOHN TELFORD.

1. *Life of D. L. Moody.* By W. R. Moody and A. P. Fitt. (London: Morgan & Scott. 1*s.*)

2. *The Life Story of D. L. Moody.* By David Williamson. (London: Sunday-school Union. 1*s.* net.)

1. This is the Authorised Life of Mr. Moody, and nothing could be in better taste. It is full of matter, and has details about the death scene which can be found nowhere else. The pictures are very attractive. It is a charming little book, which every Christian worker ought to read.

2. Mr. Williamson's little Life is full of facts and incidents pleasantly told, though it betrays signs of haste, and omits some details that we should like to have seen included. It is full of sympathy with the man and his work.

The Earl of Beaconsfield. By Harold E. Gorst. (London: Blackie & Son. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Gorst gives an impressive sketch of Disraeli's fight for the first step on the ladder, and shows how, having gained it, he threw himself in full shock of battle against Sir Robert Peel. He makes the best of Disraeli's letter to the Prime Minister; but he has failed to remove the unhappy impression of that appeal from our minds at least. Disraeli's indomitable resolution, his high courage, and his glorious confidence in his own powers are effectively brought out in this sympathetic sketch, and we follow the statesman's course with deepening interest till he becomes the founder of the new imperialism. He succeeded in stamping out the old policy of dismemberment and isolation which had become a cardinal principle in English politics. The sarcasm and invective of the great phrase-maker are illustrated by many famous passages from Lord Beaconsfield's speeches.

Sir Arthur Sullivan: Life Story, Letters, and Reminiscences. By Arthur Lawrence. (London: James Bowden. 6*s.*)

Sir Arthur Sullivan is the acknowledged head of English music, and this pleasant biography will be eagerly read, not only in professional circles, but also by the wider public that loves to hear of music and musicians. Sir Arthur is the grandson of an Irish soldier who formed one of Napoleon's guard at St. Helena. His father was bandmaster at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and afterwards was attached to the Military School of Music at Kneller Hall. When the boy was eight, he could play every instrument in his father's band, and thus laid the foundation of his marvellous skill in orchestration. Three years in the choir of the Chapel Royal gave him his familiarity with vocalisation and with sacred music; then he won the first Mendelssohn scholarship, and after a fruitful term of study at Leipzig made a triumphant appearance with his *Tempest* at the Crystal Palace Concerts. He was not yet twenty; but it was evident that a composer of rare merit had arisen in England. The last twenty-seven years have been wonderfully fruitful. Sir Arthur has done more than, perhaps, any other man to develop a national school of music and to cultivate a patriotic feeling in this matter. The result is yet far from satisfactory; but English music is no longer frowned upon and

sneered at as it was when Sir Arthur began his career. No man has loved his profession more passionately, or laboured at it more zealously. He has found that "the happy thoughts which seem to come to one only occur after hard work and steady perseverance. It will always happen that one is better ready for work needing inventiveness at one time than another. One day work is hard, and another day it is easy; but if I had waited for inspirations I am afraid I should have done nothing." The book would have gained by a little pruning here and there, but it will be eagerly read and greatly enjoyed.

John Ruskin. By M. H. Spielmann. (London: Cassell & Co. 5*s.*)

Mr. Spielmann has refrained from enlarging on Ruskin's many-sided character and achievements, and has contented himself with directing the attention of his readers to the most important or most amusing of the great writer's views in order to send them to Ruskin's books. He gives a wonderful set of Ruskin portraits, with useful notes; a charming description of Brantwood, with Coniston Water lying in front, and across it the quiet, gray village, and the Old Man of Coniston towering above his girdle of smaller hills. We look into Ruskin's study, and see the wonderful Turners in their white mounts and gold frames lining the walls of his bedroom. His collection of stones nestling in their cabinets, his habits of study and of life, his love for pretty girls and children, his ebullitions of wrath, and his delightfully original deeds of charity, are all touched on in this pleasant book. It is not a biography but a set of studies, some rather thin, yet all suggestive.

Chatterton: A Biography. By David Masson, LL.D., Emeritus Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. New and revised edition. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

Dr. Masson's biography of Chatterton was originally published in 1856 as part of a volume of Collected Essays, and for a long time has been out of print. In this separate and revised form it will be welcome to all who are interested in the marvellous lad, who died before he was eighteen, and yet was pronounced by D. G. Rossetti "as great as any English poet whatever." A few additions have been made to the final chapter, chiefly in the form of bibliographical notes and of

critical appreciations of the poems, whether antique or undisguised. And the volume in its present shape contains practically all that is known of Chatterton and his productions, and is in every respect the standard work on the subject.

James Hack Tuke: A Memoir. By the Rt. Hon. Sir E. Fry. (London: Macmillan. 1899. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Tuke was one of the long roll of practical saints and philanthropists who have made the Society of Friends so illustrious. His first acquaintance with Irish distress was in the potato famine of 1846 under the guidance of Mr. William Forster, and from that time till his death in 1896 he was always more or less deeply engaged in schemes of Irish Relief,—emigration, light railways, congested district board, etc. Misery and humour blend in the scenes described. Mr. Tuke was consulted as an authority on every phase of the Irish Question. He recognised that relief measures were only a partial remedy for deep-seated evils. While opposed to Home Rule because of its supposed ulterior consequences, he advocated a council in Dublin to settle local taxation, the abolition of Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, and other changes. The memoir gives us a peep into Paris in the days of the Commune, and into a quiet home in Hitchin, where the curtain fell on a serenely beneficent life. J. S. Banks.

Our Greatest Living Soldiers. By Charles Lowe, M.A. With Eight Portraits. (London: Chatto & Windus. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a most timely and readable little book. The facts of each man's career are very clearly given, and one sees that England's army in South Africa is being led by her finest soldiers. Mr. Lowe is a warm admirer of Lord Wolseley, and pays high tribute to the tried vigour and experience of Sir Redvers Buller, though he does not hide from himself that repeated blunders and errors of judgment due to our unfamiliarity with this mode of war have marked the earlier stages of our present campaign. The sketches are very well done, and the portraits admirable. None is better than that of Hector MacDonald, the Scotch lad who began life as a private in the Gordon Highlanders, and is now commander of the Highland Brigade. He is the only man in this gallery of portraits who has risen from the ranks, and he well deserves his proud place.

Forty Years in the Church of Christ. By Rev. Charles Chiniquy, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Father Chiniquy died fifteen months since in Montreal. The story of his early life in the Church of Rome produced a profound impression on the Protestant world a generation ago, and many will be glad to know more about Chiniquy's work during the last forty years. He cast in his lot with the Presbyterians of Canada, and made the world his parish. The exciting scenes which marked his public work are graphically told in this volume. His speeches are incorporated in the narrative, and somewhat mar the artistic effect of the book, though they help a reader to understand the man's methods and to see the corruption and ignorance against which he maintained lifelong war.

Memorials of Hugh M. Matheson. Edited by his Wife, with a Prefatory Note by Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

There is nothing striking in this volume; but it is an unaffected record of a truly Christian life. Mr. Matheson was one of the little group of laymen who have had so much to do with the recent growth of the English Presbyterian Church. He was the convener of its Foreign Missionary Committee, and to a large extent selected the agents who were sent out to the field. He had strong and perhaps somewhat narrow views; but his devotion to Christ and to all Christian work forms a noble example to all business men. A Scotchman who was present at a meeting over which he presided said, "Yon's a man! He's gotten a' the ten commandments written on his face."

Shakespeare the Boy. By W. J. Rolfe, Litt.D. A new edition, with Forty-one Illustrations. (London: Chatto & Windus. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This is just the book to inspire young people with a love for our great dramatist. Dr. Rolfe knows what boys and girls like, and he gives such vivid details of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folklore of the time, as will delight every young reader.

VI. TRAVEL.

In the Valley of the Rhone. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. With Eighty-eight Illustrations. (London: Macmillan & Co. 10s.)

Mr. Wood opens his tour at Montreux, a species of earthly paradise, below which stretch the lovely waters of the lake of Geneva. The snow-capped Alps lie opposite to the town, and above it rise terraced gardens rich in vegetation. Houses nestle on the hillside and on the walls, and seem like hanging gardens with their graceful trailing creepers. Mendelssohn hoped to spend his old age in this sweet and wonderful country. A Sunday was passed at the Rochers de Naye, where the travellers were above the clouds, and seemed almost on a level with the peaks of Mont Blanc, the Wetterhorn, and Matterhorn. For a while the mists cleared, and far down the lake of Geneva appeared in all its glory. The air was so light and delicious that Mr. Wood and his companion were loath to go down to their hotel. They had never breathed anything so exhilarating and health-restoring. They tore themselves away from this dreamland, and visited Chillon, whose present peace and repose form such a contrast to its terrible history. Sion, with its two castles crowning separate heights, is a strange old place full of contradictory outlines and elements. It contains few signs of past greatness; but its quaint houses, with curious roofs, pepperbox turrets, latticed windows, and overhanging eaves, make delightful pictures. The visit to the Hospice at St. Bernard was not altogether a delight. It was early autumn, yet the monks had no fire in the great hall, the fare was meagre, the dogs proved snappish and unsociable. They had wonderfully intelligent heads and eyes, but not the beauty of the long-haired St. Bernard. After a brief stay in Geneva, the travellers pushed on towards Arles and Avignon. Lyons proved modern and commonplace; but some gems of architecture in Le Puy well repaid their visit, and the views over vast undulating plains and innumerable vine-clad hills were superb. Nîmes was once a wonder of the world, and its glorious Roman amphitheatre which would seat twenty-four thousand people is still in wonderful preservation; whilst the Roman bath and the Maison Carrée,

a lovely Corinthian temple, and the aqueduct over the Rhone, are a delight and wonder to the traveller. Arles also has its amphitheatre, the most famous in France, and the stately beauty of its women made a great impression on the visitors. They move about like queens, and have a refinement of gesture, voice, and expression which forms a strange contrast to their ugly, plebeian, and ungainly fathers, husbands, and brothers. The sculpture of the west portal of the church of St. Trophimus is simply glorious, and so is the west front of St. Gilles'. The superstitions of the region came out when the travellers visited the desolate Camargue, and heard of the pilgrims to Saintes Maries. "They swarm into the church, until it is packed like sardines in a tin. They fight and struggle for places. Will you believe that for three days and nights they never moved out of that church, day or night, no not for an instant. They have their food with them, and economise it. If they left the church, they would lose their place, and so there they stay." Aigues-Mortes, which St. Louis built after the model of Damietta, is a wonder of the past, surrounded by its grim fortifications. Avignon has one of the finest sites in the world, and the view from the upper walks over the Rhone valley is magnificent. Mr. Wood has the light touch that makes such a record bright reading from first to last, and yet we feel that we are learning all about the history and antiquities of the region, and by the help of a very fine set of pictures are ourselves for a little while transported to the sunny south, and loath indeed to leave it.

JOHN TELFORD.

America To-day. Observations and Reflections. By William Archer. (London: Heinemann. 6*s*.)

Mr. Archer makes no claim to omniscience. He says frankly that he has only had a superficial glimpse of one corner of the United States. "I have seen something of the outward aspect of five or six great cities; I have looked into one small facet of American social life; and I have faithfully reported what I have seen—nothing more." He calls New York the most maligned city in the world, and regards Mr. G. W. Steevens's description of it as "uncouth, formless, piebald, chaotic," and his verdict "never have I seen a city more hideous" as simply libellous. The monster buildings—a deputation of giants sent down to the waterside to welcome visitors—greatly impressed him. The Americans, indeed, seem to move almost as much on

the perpendicular as on the horizontal plane. "When they find themselves a little crowded, they simply tilt a street on end, and call it a sky-scraper." At almost every corner the stranger in New York comes across a building that gives him a little shock of pleasure—"a patch of Venice or a chunk of Florence transported bodily to the New World." Mr. Archer pays tribute to the home life of America, though sometimes the affectionate comradeship between parents and children staggers an English student. A Western professor taught his children to call their parents by their Christian names. One day the youngsters were playing in the bathroom, and allowed the taps to flow till the water streamed down through the ceiling of their father's study. He rushed up in haste, and was met at the bathroom door by the chief offender, a boy of six, who exclaimed: "Don't say a word, John—bring the mop."

Highways and Byways in Yorkshire. By Arthur H. Norway. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thompson. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*)

Mr. Norway enters the "best shire in England" at Bawtry, a red-tiled, cheerful town on the great north road, with its old-world stories of highwaymen and of the saddler "who was hanged for leaving his liquor." We soon find ourselves flying round the county with our guide, visiting Doncaster, Pontefract, York, and Beverley, seeing the glorious ruins and great minsters, listening to stories of monks and soldiers, and looking on the exquisite scenery of Wharfedale and on the bold sea-coast at Whitby and Flamborough. Mr. Norway has little love for smoky towns, but he waxes enthusiastic over the inland scenery and the traditions of the county. His descriptions and the pencil of Mr. Pennell and Mr. Thompson make this book a delight for the Yorkshireman, and a mine of wealth to the visitor.

A Cotswold Village. By J. Arthur Gibbs. Second edition. With Illustrations. (London: John Murray. 6*s.*)

Before this edition of his book appeared, Mr. Gibbs died from sudden failure of the heart, at the early age of thirty-one. He combined a warm love for outdoor life with a refined and scholarly taste for literature. One of his last letters expressed the motto of his brief but beautiful life: "All time is wasted unless spent in work for God." A fine Christian tone runs through the whole book. But Mr. Gibbs is no ascetic. He

delights in fox-hunting, and gives some stirring descriptions of the runs he has enjoyed with the hounds. The life of the Cotswolds has never been painted by a more skilful or more loving hand. His "village characters" are a most entertaining company. One of his neighbours admired the vicar "'Cos he be so scratchy after souls." Mr. Gibbs says: "The labouring man hates reading, above all things." He will only read paragraphs of the newspaper which have a direct interest for himself. The little village of Bibury, where every cottage is worthy of the painter's brush, and every gable or chimney deserves a niche in the Royal Academy, is one of Mr. Gibbs' favourite spots; but he grows enthusiastic over the country houses and over the charms of Cirencester.

The New Forest: Its Traditions, Inhabitants, and Customs. By Rose C. De Crespigny and Horace Hutchinson. With Illustrations. Second impression. (London: John Murray. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

All the natural surroundings of the New Forest conspire to make it the very home of fancy and imagination. Yet the West Saxon stumps along through this wonderland and never wonders. The poverty of his folklore is in striking contrast to the imaginative tradition and superstition of the Celt. But if lacking in imagination, the forester lives in a world of delicate woodland beauty which is a veritable fairyland in spring, and in summer is still more beautiful, though it is then flyland rather than fairyland. The wealth of its greenery is wonderful. The gypsies love the New Forest, though their food is often of the scantiest, and a favourite dish is snails toasted on the hot ashes with salt sprinkled over them. The gypsies compare well in honesty and sobriety with most village communities. The black pigs of the forest are bold fellows, who sometimes "go for" for the visitor's dog, and occasionally for the visitor himself. The forest ponies are wonderfully intelligent, donkeys abound; but not a sheep is to be seen, and a New Forest child is terrified when it sees one.

In Journeyings Oft (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a brightly written and well illustrated book, published by the Church Missionary Society, and gives young readers some idea of the perils and hardships missionaries have to face on their preaching tours. China, India, Japan, West Africa, Hudson's Bay, and other regions are all represented; and in a somewhat novel way a mass of valuable information is supplied.

VII. ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty. By R. De La Sizeranne. Translated by the Countess of Galloway. (London: George Allen. 5*s.* net.)

THIS study, which is the outcome of years of labour, first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and it is a boon to Ruskin students to have it in such a form. The writer's attention was by several circumstances attracted to a man who "held such empire in the British mind that he could attune it to the ecstatic visions of the early masters, and impose on life, style, economy, and even dress, ideas that were frankly retrograde." He not only read Ruskin's books, but visited the scenes and galleries which Ruskin had visited, until he became steeped in his system, and found it "no longer a delicious medley, but a harmony of great lines like those Alpine mountains which the master loved so well." No great teacher could wish for a more sympathetic interpreter than M. Sizeranne.

1. *Raphael.* By Henry Strachey.
2. *Luca Signorelli.* By Maud Cruttwell.
3. *Carlo Crivelli.* By G. McNeil Rushforth, M.A.

(London: George Bell & Sons. 5*s.* net each.)

1. The illustrations in this volume are gems, and the text gives the facts about the painter's life and descriptions of the pictures viewed as triumphs of the art of painting. We wish Mr. Strachey had not limited himself so severely in his account of the master's life; but we get the more space devoted to the pictures themselves, and the study is full of suggestive matter. It is easy to see the justice of the verdict that, while Leonardo dwelt in dim regions which only the most poetical of imaginations could penetrate, and Michelangelo soared into the farthest regions of the spirit, Raphael walks in the world, and, like the sun, shines everywhere. He died of a chill when he was only thirty-seven, leaving those frescoes, cartoons, and madonnas which are so glorious in rhythmical construction and lyrical beauty, and which appeal as no other works do to the common humanity that is in us all.

2. Only the merest outline of Signorelli's life has survived. We know that he was born at Cortona about 1441, and studied under Pollaiuolo, whose great aim was to discover the science of movement in the human frame. He worked in Florence and other Italian towns, but his fame rests largely on paintings in the cathedral of Orvieto which Fra Angelico began. For fifty years the monks had not found a fit successor to the friar painter. The conceptions of Dante inspired but did not trammel Signorelli. He found here abundant scope for his love of energetic action, and for exhibitions of the human frame. The magnificent scene of The Damnation is almost alive. A mass of convulsed limbs has never been rendered in so masterly a manner. "He takes his place with Mantegna, with Dürer, and with Cossa, the austere painters, who felt the dignity of life to lie in rugged strength, iron resolution, and unflinching self-reliance." Miss Cruttwell's book is full of suggestive criticism, and its illustrations are very finely executed.

3. Crivelli sums up the resources of the old Venetian art. The ornamental possibilities of the mosaics, the use of gems and precious metals, the feeling for beautiful surfaces, all receive in him the highest employment that can be given them in painting. He was not prolific. We possess rather more than fifty of his pictures; but they are built up with patient and painful care. "He was never careless. We cannot think of a picture of his which could be described as hurried or superficial. The result is that his clear tones and enamel-like surfaces remain to-day as perfect, save for accidental abrasures, as when they left his hands." His pictures of the Madonna and Child and of saints like Dominic and St. Thomas Aquinas are wonderful studies.

Mr. Andrews of Hull sends *Old Church Life* (*7s. 6d.*), a singularly interesting volume on Christmastide customs, old English wedding and funeral sermons, dog-whippers, sluggard-wakers, and kindred subjects. It is one of the most racy and instructive books that Mr. Andrews has published. *Historic Byways and Highways of Old England* (*7s. 6d.*) is more secular. Anglo-Saxon homes, castle-building, falconry, gibbets, and papers on Robin Redbreast lore are but a few of the subjects. The papers are brief and brightly written. *The Story of Fish Street, Hull*, written by C. E. Darwent, a late minister, is a wonderful book for half a crown. It gives abundant detail as to preachers and people, and connects the history of the old chapel with the religious, political, and social life of the times.

VIII. BELLES LETTRES.

The Latin Hymns in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book. Studies in Hymnology. By Frederic W. Macdonald. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

When John Wesley published his Hymn-Book in 1779, the treasures of Latin hymnology were practically unknown. Luther was not willing, even though he left the cloister, to lose the hymns which had often refreshed his spirit. He translated not a few of them into German. As Mr. Macdonald says: "Continuity of pre-existing religious faith and devotional life—corruptions and abuses cleared away—was the great reformer's aim, and not a new beginning in everything. He did not think it needful to add to the shock he was compelled to give to the accepted order of things by discouraging the use of hymns well established in the sentiments and traditions of the people." But it was not till the Oxford Movement turned attention to what were vaguely termed the "Middle Ages" that England seemed to wake up to the glories of Latin hymnody. Mr. Macdonald confines himself to the thirteen Latin hymns in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, and gives an insight into the times when they were written, an estimate of the original and the translations which will greatly interest young students, and prepare the way for further additions to the Wesleyan Hymn-Book from Latin sources. Charles Wesley's metrical version of the Te Deum has great merits, though it gives little idea of the form and proportion of the original; but here the Church holds fast to the noble prose version of the Prayer-Book. "Veni, Creator Spiritus" is represented by both Bishop Cosin's vigorous rendering and John Dryden's stately version. Mr. Macdonald dwells impressively on the double strain in Dryden as one of the anomalies of human character. He is unable to accept the tradition that ascribes the hymn to Charlemagne, and its companion hymn, "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," to King Robert of Paris.

The two Bernards supply material for some pages that one would have liked to see extended. It is strange to see the monk of Clugny in a convent, where luxury had reached such a height,

pouring out his lamentation *De Contemptu Mundi* with its abrupt and startling sternness:

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.

The Dies Iræ is the supreme hymn of the Latin Church, which in treatment and perfection of literary form has never been surpassed. It gathers up the most solemn thoughts of the Middle Ages, and as its triple rhymes fall on our ears like blows raining down on an anvil we understand the fascination which it exercised for centuries on the mind and heart of Europe. It is wedded in the Wesleyan Tune-Book to strangely impressive music, and every Church ought to sing it at least once or twice in Advent. Mr. Macdonald has made much research into his subject, and sets out his stores in such a way that the reader is left craving for more.

The Life and Works of Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters. Vol. III., "Villette"; Vol. IV., "The Professor." By Charlotte Brontë. Vol. V., "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey." (London: Smith, Elder. 6*s.* each.)

Mrs. Humphry Ward's introduction to *Villette* is a beautiful appreciation of that masterpiece and of its author. For a year after the publication of *Shirley* Miss Brontë seems to have been content to rest. She was somewhat disappointed because Mr. George Smith could not feel any enthusiasm for *The Professor*; but she bowed to his decision, and was soon at work on her new story. Its narrow stage and foreign setting, as well as its fiery energy, repel some readers; but there is no doubt that it is her masterpiece. "It is the most assertive, the most challenging of books. From beginning to end it seems to be written in flame." There is an all-pervading swiftness, fusion, vital warmth about it, and the detail is as a rule much more assured and masterly than in *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*. Why is it, Mrs. Ward asks, that women have shown such assured power as novelists? They have won their place, she answers, as poets of passion, of exalted and transfigured feeling. Love as the woman understands it is the lady novelist's field where she knows her ground and has a subject that interests all the world, and never can grow old-fashioned. "Tenderness, faith, treason, loneliness, parting, yearning, the fusion of heart with heart and soul with soul, the ineffable illumination that love can give to common things and humble lives,—these, after all, are

the perennially interesting things in life: and here the women novelists are at no disadvantage." *The Professor* and the *Poems* of the sisters and their father make up the fourth volume. Mrs. Ward's introduction is brief. Hunsworth is never really alive, though Frances Henri, the little lacemaker, is "a figure touched at every point with grace, feeling, and truth." *The Professor* as a whole is gray and featureless, a temporary reaction in Charlotte Brontë's literary development, yet dear to all lovers and students of her genius. Emily Brontë died at the age of thirty, leaving one story and a few poems behind her. But *Wuthering Heights* has a niche of its own in English literature. It is pure mind and passion, and, as Mrs. Ward puts it, "one might almost say that the first volume of 'Adam Bede' is false and mannered beside it,—the first volumes of 'Waverley' or 'Guy Mannering' flat and diffuse." The elastic vigour of its sentences, the rightness of epithet and detail, and the flashes of beauty never fail to charm. The illustrations are very effective, and the "Haworth Edition" has made good its place as *the* edition for every lover of the Brontës.

Via Crucis. A Romance of the Second Crusade. By Francis Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Louis Loeb. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.)

Mr. Crawford is our chief literary artist in the field of romance. His pictures of Italy form a noble portrait gallery, and every excursion into other fields opens for his readers a door into some world of delights. The Second Crusade furnishes him with a great subject. St. Bernard's preaching, and the strife in the monk's soul when he discerns that he is probably thrusting the pilgrims into the jaws of death and disaster, are very powerfully sketched; but the chief interest centres round Gilbert Warde, the maiden knight, beloved of Eleanor of Aquitaine, yet faithful to his boyish attachment to Beatrix Curboil. The contrast between the two women only brings out more vividly the mettle of the hero; and Eleanor's hard-won conquest over herself in order that she may secure the happiness of Gilbert is portrayed with consummate skill.

A Corner of the West. By Edith Henrietta Fowler. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 6*s*.)

A Corner of the West is a delightful story. It opens with a picture of Lady Merrivale's little daughter, whom George

Lumsden has come down from London to paint. Petronel is a dainty little creature, rich in all a child's artless grace, yet with a sort of Puritan contempt for the worldliness of her elders. Nine years later the R.A. visits the court again, and finds his little lady grown into a loud-mannered schoolgirl smoking a cigarette. His disillusionment is complete. In another year or two Petronel, now blossomed into a lovely girl, marries a peer with twenty thousand a year, sacrificed by her mother at the shrine of wealth and fashion. Meanwhile, another story is unfolding itself in the Devonshire town. Dr. Cary, in a pitying mood, becomes engaged to his partner's daughter, Lavinia Garland, a sweet woman dwarfed and overshadowed by an overbearing mother. When the doctor wishes her to fix the wedding day, she shrinks back in panic. "A single life and a sweetheart" is the ideal life for her. For ten years she allows her engagement to drag on; then her niece comes on the scene, and the aunt's eyes are opened—it was only during the last two days that she had grown up, says Miss Fowler. She sets the man who has ceased to be her lover free to marry a woman who in heart and mind is worthy even of Jim Cary. The portrait-painting both of children and of "grown-ups" is very fine. There is much happy moralising, much bright talk, and a keen sense of natural beauty. Miss Fowler speaks of a "prodigious prejudice dressed up as a principle," of the secret of discipline being "the person behind it," of a postman who thinks the day begins well with a letter—"it gives a relish, like a radish with one's tea." Many a thought lingers to sweeten and fertilise the mind, whilst the story charms and delights from the first page to the last.

The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. With an Introduction by George Gissing, and Notes by F. G. Kitton. Illustrated by E. H. New. Two volumes. (London: Methuen & Co. 6*s.* net.)

This is the first instalment of an edition of the books of Dickens that are out of copyright. It is neatly bound, and printed on rough paper in bold type. Mr. New's full-page illustrations of the chief scenes frequented by the immortal club have all his special force and freshness; and Mr. Gissing gives a brief but very complete and suggestive introduction.

The Cambric Mask, by R. W. Chambers (Macmillan, 6*s.*), is a very fine American story of Mohawk County. John Sark, a

retired officer who is passionately devoted to entomology, buys some land from a drunken scamp. A projected railway sends up the value of the estate enormously, and the vultures and knaves gather around to rob Sark of his treasure. The descriptive power of the book is enough to account for the popularity it has already won, whilst there is an air of mystery that absorbs the reader's interest from first to last.

Donna Teresa, by F. M. Peard (Macmillan & Co., 6*s*.), is the story of two English sisters living in Italy. The elder has been married to an Italian marquis, and after a brief and somewhat painful experience is left a widow, and comes to live with her grandmother and sister. Life in Rome and Sicily are sketched with a true artist's touch; but the interest of the book lies in the love story of the younger sister, who wins an English gentleman's fancy, but fails to hold it. How Sylvia sets him free and loses her life is powerfully told.

The Lady from Nowhere, a detective story, by Fergus Hume (Chatto & Windus, 3*s*. 6*d*.), is a story that will be very popular with all who read *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. It is not pleasant reading for most of us; but the solution of the problem is so baffling, and the side-scents are so many, that we are kept in doubt as to the real criminal to the very end. *Thought Sketches*, by Walter Earle, M.A. (George Allen, 10*s*. 6*d*. net). There is real poetry in this volume, pensive, yet strong in faith and lighted up by hope. The full-page illustrations are very choice, and the book is full of rich thought often nobly expressed. *The Barrys*, by Shan F. Bullock (Harper Brothers, 6*s*.), is a fine study of Irish character which will be eagerly read. *Ghosts: being the Experiences of Flaxman Low*, by K. & H. Prichard (C. A. Pearson, 6*s*.). Flaxman Low is the Sherlock Holmes of the ghost world. He is called in to deal with all manner of murderous spirits, and runs them to ground in the most astonishing fashion. The stories are told with great vigour; but they are too palpably unreal to make one shiver. *Among the Farmyard People* and *Among the Forest People*, by Clara D. Pierson (John Murray, 5*s*. each), are delightful studies of bird and beast, and will teach children to take a new interest in every living creature. They are admirably simple, sympathetic, brief, and bright sketches, with many a homely moral for boys and girls. The *Tales from Sienkiewicz* (George Allen, 5*s*.) are full of vigour and literary force. The tragedy and comedy of life

are here, and we feel that the writer has what Tolstoy called "a true moral attitude toward his subject." *Until the Day Declare it*, by Margaret Cunningham (5*s*.), took the first prize offered by the Religious Tract Society for stories setting forth the evils of sacerdotalism, and has some powerful scenes. It ought to open many blind eyes. *The Vicar of St. Margaret's*, by M. G. Murray (1*s*. 6*d*.), took the prize for a shorter tale. A bright girl's life is clouded and her lover estranged by a ritualising priest.

A Kipling Primer. By Frederic L. Knowles. With Two Portraits. (London : Chatto & Windus. 3*s*. 6*d*.)

This is a thoroughly good handbook, full of facts about Mr. Kipling's life, writings, and gradual ascent to his world-wide reputation. Lovers of Kipling will find it a treasure.

The Makers of Modern Prose. A Popular Handbook to the Greater Prose Writers of the Century. By W. J. Dawson. (London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1899. 6*s*.)

This volume is the second of a trilogy, of which *The Makers of Modern Poetry* appeared some ten years ago, and *The Makers of Modern Fiction* is under contemplation. It consists of twenty-two brief sketches, beginning with Johnson and closing with F. W. Robertson. The book is designed apparently for the general reader rather than for the student of literature. It shows slight evidence of the possession by the author of any special critical faculty or fitness; and the preacher's habit of emphasis is probably to blame for the occasional omission of qualifying particulars, and for the judgment that exalts the Dream of Gerontius above Faust, and brackets it with the Divine Comedy. An ethical standpoint is consistently maintained; and these essays will prove stimulating to young readers, and a good introduction to the study of the English prose literature of the last century and a half.

Percy Lindley's hints for *Holidays in the Old Flemish Cities and the Ardennes* are very well done, and should be of real service to tourists by the Great Eastern route *viâ* Harwich.

Mr. Kelly has published the New Series of *The London Quarterly Review* in two handsome volumes, neatly bound in sage green cloth, with red edges. Those who wish to have a complete set of the new series will find that these volumes exactly meet their need, and they form an encyclopædia of theology, history, science, and general literature.

IX. MISCELLANEOUS.

What is Thought? or, The Problem of Philosophy by Way of a General Conclusion so far. By Dr. James Hutchison Stirling. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

THE author of *The Secret of Hegel* and the translator of Schwegler's *History of Philosophy* has just given us another characteristically powerful and original book, dealing with the question of questions, the nature of thought. This is not the book to be handled profitably by any one unversed in the terms and problems of metaphysics. Even the professional reader will be obliged to make a vigorous use of all his mental faculties. His efforts, however, will be abundantly rewarded, and he will find himself, at the end of his task, braced in every faculty and laden with philosophical spoil. For the pages of this latest work of Dr. Hutchison Stirling are almost as full of acute reasonings, striking illustrations, telling criticisms, and sudden flashes of humour as those of his previous books.

Dr. Stirling says: "In this whole universe there is only one thing that is *intelligibly* self-create. And it is the ego." This proposition is further explained and enforced by reference to statements of Kant and Fichte concerning the categories, which are nothing but modes, functions of or derivations from the unity of the ego, and also by a number of passages quoted from *The Secret of Hegel* to show how Hegel viewed the same subject. Dr. Stirling argues cogently for the doctrine that thought is essentially the recognition of identity amid difference, and not by any means limited to the determination of bare identities. The true function of the logical predicate is "to bring difference into the subject—difference into identity—particularity into universality," and this is accomplished by the mediation of the ego and self-consciousness.

The second and main portion of the book contains a valuable reference to history, in the shape of a survey of the principal solutions of the problem at issue from the Ionic to the Hegelian. It is impossible, in a brief notice, to convey any adequate idea of the contents of these valuable historico-critical discussions. The treatment of Schelling, whose personality and doctrine are

perhaps least known in our own country, is particularly fresh and instructive. The character sketches of Schelling and Hegel are brilliant pieces of work. In reference to Hegel's account of the nature of thought, Dr. Stirling writes, "Kant's Reine Apperception, cleared into Fichte's Ego, is Hegel's Begriff. What is specially *Hegelian* is solely due to what new principle of movement Hegel himself and of himself has alone introduced."

A. W. COOKE.

Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography. By RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D. (London: George Allen. 6*s.*)

This is the fifth volume of "The Library Series," of which Dr. Garnett is editor. It will open the eyes of some readers to the complicated problems of cataloguing and storing books, and will show that gifts like those of Sir Anthony Panizzi, who brought to the British Museum powers that might have governed an empire, find abundant room for exercise in the librarian's profession. The biographical sketches in this volume not only preserve the memory of men who have laid all lovers of books under a lasting debt, but also mark the chief stages in the development of the librarian's art during the present century. Dr. Garnett's vast experience comes out in every paper. He gives a most interesting account of the British Museum Catalogue and of the "sliding-press" which will hold four hundred thousand books and provide for the growth of twenty-two years at the British Museum without taking in another square inch of ground. But if the book records the triumphant solution of some problems, it betrays no disposition to rest on the past. Dr. Garnett advocates a universal catalogue based on that of the British Museum; he wishes to secure the introduction of the writing telegraph, which would transmit the order for a book in facsimile to the library as soon as it was written in the reading-room; and the appointment of a Museum photographer, who should take facsimiles of MSS., etc.

The Royal Atlas of England and Wales. Reduced from the Ordnance Survey. A Complete Set of Topographical Maps, Physical and Statistical Charts, Town Plans, and Index of 35,000 names. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. (London: Newnes. 16*s.*)

This is the finest Atlas of England and Wales that we have seen. It is superbly printed and got up; has sixteen general

maps showing the counties, the bishoprics, the parliamentary divisions, the geological features, mountains, density of population, temperature and rainfall; thirty-five survey sections, covering all parts of the country; and nineteen town plans, four of which are devoted to London, and the rest to our chief cities and watering-places. The maps are wonderfully distinct and effective in colouring. An hour or two spent in turning these pages will give a better idea of England and Wales than almost anything else; and it is really a delightful occupation.

Good Citizenship. Edited by the Rev. E. J. Hand. (London: Allen. 6*s.* net.)

We have here twenty-three essays by various authors on social, personal, and economic problems and obligations, together with a preface by Canon Gore. The opening essay, by Dr. Rashdall, on "The General Functions of the State," is of a somewhat abstract nature, as is also Canon Scott Holland's on "The Obligation of Civil Law." But the greater part of the volume deals in a practical way with such questions as "the Housing of the Poor, the Poor Law, Factories and Workshops, the Economic Duty of the Consumer," etc.

Our National Education. By the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, Vice-Chairman of the London School Board. (London: Nisbet & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is a series of short notes on some aspects of the education question. Mr. Stanley, as we all know, delights to dwell on the excellences of school boards and the vices of the denominational system. In regard to the latter he says that "the so called voluntary party" contends "that private persons are to have the whole management, and public funds are to bear the whole cost" (p. 121). The fact is, that, in any but the technical sense of the word, the voluntary schools are largely "managed" by the Education Department through the code and the inspectors, and that what is left to the local authorities is not greatly, if at all, out of proportion to their contributions. When allowance has been made for the point of view, this little book will be found instructive; for the author is an acknowledged authority, and he sees the question as a whole. Much of it is contentious matter; but every student of education will treat with respect the views of Mr. Lyulph Stanley.

JAMES CHAPMAN.

X. SUMMARY OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (December 1).—M. Filon's "India of To-day" deals with European education and Indian society. He says it is no wonder that Indian women are not allowed to read the Vedas and the old Sanscrit books; for they would see there how different the existence of the Hindu woman was in the olden times, freer and sweeter. Woman was then a character, a personality; she lived her own life, thinking, acting, loving, and being loved. The great virtue among the heroines of the primitive legends was not woman's devotion to man, but to the man of her choice. The Aryan woman may have abused her liberty, and thus have lost it; but the burden of the Puritan reaction still lies heavy upon her, and the man still denounces her as the source of his sin and fall. Moralist legislators such as Manou, who, to the eternal misery of India, have confounded the religious and the civil law, think worse of woman than even Rouchefoucauld or Stendhal. They tax their ingenuity to devise precautions against her snares, and meet artifice with ruse.

(December 15).—M. de Wyzewa has a sympathetic article on R. L. Stevenson's Letters. He thinks that no other greater artist, save perhaps Mozart, remained so completely a child all his life long. The volumes do not, he says, contain a single love letter or make the least allusion to the writer's private life; but they are full of things which are of deep interest to Stevenson's admirers. The French critic pays tribute to the wonderful gaiety of heart of the man whose life appears to outsiders like a cruel and unceasing martyrdom.

(January 1).—M. Depelley's article on "Telegraphic Cables in Time of War" has a striking map showing the ocean cables. Thirty million words were exchanged between Europe and North America last year, and M Depelley thinks that if France would take advantage of her geographical position she might with a little pluck and perseverance secure cables linking her to all her colonies and transfer the great telegraphic exchange between Europe and the globe from London to Paris. He is eager to break the telegraphic monopoly of England, and thinks that if other countries would join France in this enterprise there would be the best safeguard against rupture in time of war. France, however, he holds, ought to take the initiative.

(February 1).—The first place is given in this number to a strong pro-Boer article on "The South African Crisis," by Dr. Kuyper of the States-General of Holland. He naturally regards our struggle for equal rights as a war of usurpation which nothing can justify, and actually says that "a cry of distress is raised, a cry from the European conscience, which revolts, not on this occasion against the Turk, but against the country of Burke and Pitt, against the country once so proud of its inner love of justice." He thinks we may succeed in disarming the men, but that we have to reckon with the fecundity of the Boer woman. In the coming century he claims that the Boer population will have reached three or even five millions, and that South Africa will belong to them. The article is a strong phillipic against us, which ignores the facts on the other side.

METHODIST REVIEW (November—December).—Dr. Madison, in an article on "Methodism and Religious Thought," says that while Kant, Lessing, and Goethe were teaching new thoughts of God, Wesley and his coadjutors were teaching men to express these conceptions in a new life with God. There was a brief period of quiet in the intellectual world when Methodism arose. The religious movement vitalised essential truths. It brought into the mass of opinion a comprehensiveness, a vitality, a fervour that embraced and fired them all, and a practical activity that could apply them to the needs of men. Dr. Madison thinks that in emphasising conversion and experience Methodism tended to obscure the importance of a high intellectual tone; but that was certainly not true of Wesley. He shows that, when its weakness was pointed out, Methodism "hastened to adjust itself to the intellectual needs of man, and to become one of the greatest educational factors of modern times."