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LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1902.

THE ARTICLE "JESUS"

IN THE THREE ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.

WHEN the second volume of the Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible* was published, widespread attention was drawn to the article on Jesus by Dr. Sanday as not only the gem of the volume but an ornament to the entire work. Since then even more attention has, for other reasons, been excited by the corresponding article, from the pen of Dr. Bruce, in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, edited by Professor Cheyne and Dr. Sutherland Black. And, still later, in the ninth volume of the new edition of the kindred work of reference in Germany, Herzog's *Encyclopædie*, the article on the same subject, by Professor Zöckler, has had special attention challenged to it by its being postponed from its alphabetical place in the preceding volume and made to open the present one. These are indications of the paramount interest which this subject has at present for the public mind; the writers to whom it has been entrusted in these three works are men of conspicuous

knowledge and ability; and it may be profitable to compare the modes in which they have acquitted themselves of their task.

I.

Dr. Bruce's performance has created something like consternation among his own friends on account of the negative tone by which it is pervaded; and this has been felt to be the more painful because, through the lamented author's death before its publication, it has come to the public with the air of a last will and testament. Certain Unitarians have been claiming it for their own and using it for their peculiar purposes, forgetting that, if it were really as they suppose—if one who up to the day of his death had eaten the bread of a Trinitarian Church had left behind him a legacy of Unitarianism—the scientific interest of the incident would disappear in the importance of the article as a document in estimating the author's character. They might have been restrained by the very first words, in which Jesus is spoken of as not only the Author but the Object of the Christian faith, and there are plenty of other indications throughout the article which prove to a discerning eye that the distinguished author had no intention of turning his back in this last product of his pen on the testimony of his whole preceding life.

It cannot, however, be denied that the representation of Jesus is humanitarian, while the references to His higher claims are most meagre. So strongly has this been felt that the idea has been mooted in certain quarters that Dr. Bruce's manuscript may have been subjected to editorial curtailment or modification. I am, however, in a position to state that this is not the case, the manuscript having been courteously submitted to my inspection; and I have the highest authority for the statement that no limitations were imposed on Dr. Bruce beyond his general acquaintance with the aim and method of the new dictionary.

To some of Dr. Bruce's friends it may appear that the

tone of the article is to be accounted for by the failing power of one on whom disease had already laid a fatal hand. But a close examination will hardly justify such an idea. Certainly there is not present the buoyancy of his best work; but every sentence is written with precision; and the whole is not very different from what might have been anticipated by anyone who had read with care his commentary on the Synoptic Gospels.

A more likely explanation lies in the fact, which close students of Dr. Bruce's writings have noted for many years, that the apologetic habit had been growing upon him, and that it had at length become so confirmed that he was unable to address himself to a subject in any other attitude. Almost unconsciously he had in his mind a reader acquainted with everything that could be said against the Christian positions, and he confined himself to demonstrating what such a fair inquirer must concede at the least. But the keeping-up of such an attitude reacts on the apologete himself, who, by thus confining his attention to the minimum of truth, loses the warming and invigorating influence of the maximum. While Dr. Bruce's later books may be of great value to those whose faith is in danger of being lost altogether, they are disappointing to those who are already standing on securer ground.

Another influence which may have restrained the hand of the author is, that the article was designed for an encyclopædia; because, even when editors impose no unusual limitations, it is always difficult to decide how much should go into such a work, and it is not unnatural to conclude that it ought to be the minimum. Evidently this was Dr. Bruce's conclusion; for he has cut down to the very bone what he had to say, rigidly excluding the dogmatic construction of the facts and restraining himself to the baldest narrative. It is a pity he did not feel, or was not encouraged to recognise, that on such a subject he might have allowed himself ample latitude, and that the utterance of his whole mind would have proved of the deepest interest to readers in every quarter of the world.

The most disappointing feature of the article is the coldness of its tone. Here again, of course, the question is, What is becoming in an encyclopædia? Ought an expert, writing in such a place, to expatiate with warmth on his favourite subject, or ought he to state the facts without emotion? Certain it is, that many an expert would have written about some trivial novelty of science or invention with more enthusiasm than has been here displayed in dealing with the highest of all subjects. Yet it may be urged that there are minds on which the cool statement makes the deepest impression; and readers of Dr. Bruce will not forget the warmth into which he habitually kindles, when writing on a larger scale, in speaking of the Son of man.

The article opens with a brief but vigorous discussion of the Sources, in which the author announces himself as an adherent of what is known as the Two-sources Theory and reiterates his well known preference for St. Mark. Then, following out his design of confining himself to a minimum, he announces that he will relate only what is common to the Synoptists. Accordingly he passes at a bound over everything relating to the Infancy and Childhood, as this lies outside the triple tradition. Not the slightest allusion is made to the Supernatural Birth—a procedure the reason assigned for which seems to be very insufficient. Then the Public Ministry is presented under four broad aspects,—first, a Preaching Ministry among the people at large; second, a Teaching Ministry among disciples; third, a Healing Ministry; fourth, a Prophetic or Critical Ministry, antagonistic to current conceptions and embodiments of righteousness.

Under the first of these occasion is taken to explain the method of teaching by parables; and, in connexion with this, strong adhesion is given to the view of Jülicher, that the intention attributed by the Evangelists to Jesus of using the parable as a veil to conceal the truth is mistaken:

> It is not credible that Jesus would either cherish or avow such an inhuman intention, though it is credible that in His bitter disappointment at the meagre fruit of His popular ministry

He might express Himself in a way that might easily be misunderstood on the principle of reading intention in the light of result.

Under the second division a summary is given of the Teaching of Jesus; and this is the only part where the style swells out into something like sonority, and the impression made is deep and convincing. The statement concludes with the fine sentence that the spiritual intuitions of Jesus are "pure truth, valid for all ages; God, man, and the moral ideal cannot be more truly or happily conceived." After this the mention of St. Peter's confession leads on to a consideration of what may be called the Claims of Jesus. But here Dr. Bruce advances with an extremely cautious step. To the chosen self-designation of Jesus—"the Son of man"—he attaches the minimum of significance, inclining to the old notion of Paulus, recently revived by Lietzmann and Wellhausen, that it means no more than "man," and fighting very shy of its Messianic reference. Indeed, the Messianic claim of Jesus is to Dr. Bruce more a difficulty than an explanation; and he speaks with extreme severity of the school in Germany which has recently represented the Messianic and eschatological elements as occupying a foremost place in the consciousness of Jesus.

Under the third head there is a more cordial acknowledgment of the miraculous element in the ministry of Jesus than might have been expected from the general tone of the article; and the evidence is presented with powerful effect which is furnished by the theories invented by enemies to account for the miracles; such as that of Herod, that He was John the Baptist risen from the dead, and that of the Pharisees, that He was in league with Beelzebub. These were thoroughly characteristic suggestions, however absurd; and they would not have been propounded at all unless there had been a problem to explain.

In describing the conflict with the religious leaders—the last of the four elements into which the ministry is divided—Dr. Bruce is handling a thoroughly congenial theme. Probably at all times the portion of his Master's example

which he found it easiest to imitate was His opposition to traditionalism and Pharisaism. The readers of his works are aware how trenchantly he always wrote on this theme; and in the present instance his pen has lost none of its cunning.

Coming to the Passion, Dr. Bruce divides the incidents, in about equal proportions, into two kinds,—those which are incontestable, and those which criticism has attacked with greater or less success. Of the latter he seems not disinclined to sacrifice a considerable number, yet "when criticism has done its work, the Passion narratives remain," he maintains, "in their main features history, not legend." "A history," he adds, "how profoundly significant as well as moving"! The theory of criticism is, that incidents were invented at the suggestion of Old Testament predictions; but Dr. Bruce holds that the movement of the apostolic mind was in the opposite direction, the application of Old Testament texts to the incidents being in some cases so imaginative that it could never have been thought of unless the incidents had been there beforehand.

On the burning question of the Resurrection the following is Dr. Bruce's deliverance:

> Christianity could not have entered on its victorious career unless the followers of the Crucified had believed that He not only died but rose again. . . . The primitive disciples believed that their Master rose on the third day, and that He would soon come to the earth again; and this faith and hope became the common possession of the Apostolic Church. The faith and the hope both find support and justification in the words of Jesus as reported by the Evangelists.

This is an imperfect sketch of a deeply interesting article, in which the most successful feature is the development of the ethical teaching of Jesus. No doubt the ethical teaching of our Lord is that which lies most conspicuously on the surface of the Gospels; but one misses in Dr. Bruce's pages almost any reference to those subtler elements of the teaching of Jesus in which the Christian Church has always believed the most solemn and moving part of His message

to lie. There is hardly a word on the relation of Jesus to God or on the significance of His death. The great text in Matthew xi. 25 is referred to, but not with anything like the impressiveness of writers like Wendt or Keim. Dr. Bruce says that what the primitive Christians asked about Jesus was, first what He taught, secondly what He did, and thirdly what He suffered. But what the hearts of men from the first asked was, who He was, and with what object He had appeared in this world; and without a doubt it was to the belief that in Him the Eternal Love had incarnated itself for the purpose of taking away the sin of the world that the Christian Church owed its origin and its permanence.

II.

Professor Sanday's article deserves all the praise which has been so liberally bestowed upon it. In fact, it would be difficult to find a parallel among the articles of any encyclopædia to the thoroughness and fineness of its work. It is said that Professor Sanday is preparing a larger work on the same subject, and the article has all the appearance of having had the benefit of wider studies.

In the first place, the writer has taken plenty of room. His article is three times the length of Dr. Bruce's, almost attaining the dimensions of a book. Yet there is no prolixity. Every page is packed with matter. The author has an admirable way not only of dividing his subject under clear and simple heads, but of sub-dividing what falls under each head into a number of particulars; so that he keeps himself always to the point and rapidly quits a topic when he has done with it.

In this way he passes all the features of the Life of Christ under review; and, besides telling the actual story, he gives, at the beginning, a comprehensive account of the condition of the world which was the matrix of the Life and, at the close, a still more careful estimate of the influence exercised by Jesus on subsequent centuries. Special emphasis is laid

on those topics which have recently come much into discussion, and the reader will here become acquainted with what has been done by specialists during the last few years to illuminate this or that point of the subject. Thus, the bearing of the apocalyptic and pseudepigraphical writings which appeared between the Old Testament and the New on the ideas and language of Jesus is recognised; the essence of countless books on the "kingdom of God" and "the Son of man" is distilled into a few pages; and the points are given of the controversies which have been raised of late concerning the Lord's Supper; while older difficulties, like those connected with miracles, are fully dealt with. The strong features of the article are its comprehensiveness and the way in which the knowledge of the reader is brought up to date on what may be called the problems of the Life of Christ.

On all these subjects Professor Sanday has not only read widely and reflected long, but made up his own mind, and it is seldom that he declines to express a decided opinion. His judgments will confirm the convictions of those whose minds are confused with the din of controversy, while they will command the respect of all who have reflected on these topics themselves. It cannot, indeed, be said that his conclusions are all equally reassuring. His speculations, for instance, on the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, which he believes to be a rule for Christian society, but inapplicable to human society in general, will raise in many minds the question, Is not Christ, then, the moral lawgiver for the whole life of humanity? and, if not, who is to fill this great place? In dealing with the very difficult idea of "the Son of man," while rightly holding that the Messianic reference is the primary one, he concedes too much to the contention that it can ever have been a mere translation of the Aramaic term for "man." When the Greek language had to render from the Hebrew—*e.g.* in Psalms viii. 4 and lxxx. 17—the exact equivalent of this Aramaic term, in the sense simply of "man," it did not do so in the phrase with which it renders the favourite name of Jesus;

and this difference must have been due to a difference in the mouth of Jesus Himself, if, indeed, He spoke Aramaic in his public addresses. What Dr. Sanday says of the Lord's Supper will be felt to have a certain vagueness; and he should not have assumed without argument that Christian baptism is referred to in the third chapter of St. John as a birth of water and of the Spirit. But it would be ridiculous to expect that in a single article all the problems of the Life of Christ should be solved. It is one of the evidences of the divine greatness of this subject that it is constantly throwing new questions to the surface.

Professor Sanday assumes from the first the attitude of a Christian believer, and nothing is more remarkable in the whole performance than the delicate fervour of faith that is combined with fidelity to facts and with fairness to the opinions of others. He holds that Jesus was from His baptism perfectly conscious of His Messianic vocation, and resolved to found the kingdom of God upon earth; but He had first to transform the conceptions of the kingdom entertained by His contemporaries; and this delayed His full manifestation of Himself, while it accounts for the comparative rarity of testimonies from His own lips in the Gospels. But His work, towards the close, centred more and more in His own person, and He spoke about Himself with growing freedom. Like Dr. Bruce, Professor Sanday begins with the story as it is told in the triple tradition; but, after finishing this, he goes back to those incidents which have less ample documentary support, holding that "it by no means follows that what is peculiar to a single Gospel is by that fact stamped as less historical." He gives a long and most sympathetic discussion of the Infancy, showing good reason why the experience of Mary should have been handed down only by St. Luke. The Fourth Gospel is accepted as authoritative, and its guidance is followed, especially in determining the dates of the Ministry. In speaking of the Peræan period, for example, the author says:

> The historical value of the Fourth Gospel comes out strongly in this period. Rarely has any situation been described with

the extraordinary vividness and truth to nature of chapter vii. Not less graphic are the details of chapter ix., and there is marked decision in the statements of x. 22 *f.*, 40 *f.*; xi. 54–57.

Professor Sanday is not shackled by any rigid doctrine of inspiration and, therefore, from time to time acknowledges that the record on which he is commenting may be imperfect or even mistaken, but he does not display a particle of the inclination to domineer over his text and glory in the exposure of its assumed imperfections which is so unamiable a feature of much modern criticism. He writes, on the contrary, with unfailing reverence, and with pride in his authorities, being evidently glad when he is able to vindicate their absolute trustworthiness and surrendering their testimony even on little things only with hesitation and dislike. Here lies the deep gulf between a believing and a disbelieving treatment of the record, as Delitzsch pointed out in the theological literature of his own country; and it looks as if it may soon be the line of demarcation in the religious literature of this country also.

The weakness of this remarkable article lies in its criticism, and this may, in spite of its freshness, soon render it antiquated. The discussion of the Sources in the introduction is meagre, and in marked contrast with the expansiveness which the writer permits himself elsewhere; and, although in the course of the article there are valuable critical principles casually mentioned—the remark is specially important, that the miracles of the triple tradition include not only those of healing but such as the Feeding of the Five Thousand—yet these are not compacted into systematic form, and it may be questioned if they go deep enough. In England the comfortable belief has long prevailed that with the overcoming of the Tübingen Theory serious attacks on the credibility of the Gospels had come to an end, and that Bishop Lightfoot, in his reply to *Natural Religion*, had practically said the last word. Old Testament critics, while dismembering the Old Testament books, have kept on assuring the Christian public that there was no

danger of a similar process being applied to the historical books of the New Testament. But in Germany, France, and Holland there has been practically no cessation of the disintegrating processes of the Tübingen School, although the reasons for setting the incidents aside have somewhat altered; and the Walpurgis dance of interpolation and mythification, with its anonymous authors and redactors, has swept over the Gospels and the Acts in exactly the same way as it is doing over the books of the Old Testament. There are vast quantities of material of this kind accumulated in the theological literature of the Continent; and it is not likely that hands will be wanting to transfer it to Western shores. The scepticism of the Ritschlian School in regard to the Miraculous Birth and the Bodily Resurrection of our Lord is not likely to remain long without imitation in England and America, when the Ritschlian doctrines in general are exerting so widespread an influence; and disbelief on points so cardinal as these will unquestionably be only like the letting-out of water. The criticism of Wendt and Holtzmann breaks up even so compact a Gospel as that of St. Mark, going behind it to a supposed original from which the greatest miracles and the grandest sayings of our Lord are eliminated. There are scholars who, operating with such canons as these—that Jesus can have uttered no testimony to His own Messiahship before the great confession of St. Peter, and that He cannot have spoken a single word about the distant future, because He expected the world to come to an end within a single generation—contract the authentic history within still narrower limits. Should such a conflict be upon us, Professor Sanday would no doubt be one of the most intrepid defenders of the citadel of the faith; but in this article he has hardly given any indication of the weapons with which such an attack could be repulsed.

III.

If the strong point of Dr. Bruce's article is the exposition of the ethical teaching of Jesus, and that of Dr. Sanday's the

statement of the actual state of the discussion, the strong point of Dr. Zöckler's article is the registration of relevant literature. In it anyone can learn what to read, either on the Life of Christ as a whole or on any section of the subject; and this, it is easy to see, is one of the principal uses of an encyclopædia. Dr. Zöckler supplies a history of the literature of the Life of Christ from the earliest times down to the books of yesterday—from the earliest attempts of Christian bards to tell the divine story in verse down to the caricatures of socialists and atheists, who, it would appear, on the Continent make use of this strange form of insolence in support of their propaganda.

We are, according to this authority, at present in the critical and scientific stage of the long development. This stage dates from the writings of Schleiermacher and Hase, and its writers are of two schools—the negative and the positive. The negative school has manifested itself in three phases—first, the Mythical, of which Strauss was the great protagonist, representing the miracles as a crown of legend woven for the head of Jesus, the details being suggested by the miracles attributed to the heroes of the Old Testament; secondly, the criticism of Tendency, which accounted for the New Testament books as pamphlets produced by the controversies of the Apostolic Age and by the attempts made to reconcile the diverse parties, Baur being here the foremost man, and his subordinates such names as Köstlin, Hilgenfeld, and Volkmar; and, thirdly, the Eclectic phase, which is most prominent at the present hour, and in which the ideas of myth and tendency are both made use of, while recourse is also had to the older naturalistic explanations of miracle, and an idealising activity is at work, volatilising the evangelic history into legend and romance; Renan's being here the principal name, while others are Schenkel, Keim, Wittichen, Schmidt, the author of *Supernatural Religion*, Réville, Loman, and Brandt. The positive school has carried on a vigorous and successful apologetic against all these different phases of negative criticism; and Zöckler gives happy and generous characterisations of the principal

works that have appeared not only in German, but in French, Dutch, and English also.

In addition to this history of opinion on the subject as a whole, the author carefully traces the phases of opinion and enumerates the most important books and even learned articles on every important problem of the Life; and from these lists students will obtain excellent guidance for the study of special aspects of the subject. Sometimes, indeed, the author himself appears to grow a little weary of the endless enumeration of authorities; and in one place he actually refers to Sanday's article for the full names of a number of German books.

It is a remarkable fact that of the articles in the three encyclopædias the German one is decidedly the most orthodox. And this is not the only indication furnished by the new edition of the greatest theological encyclopædia in the world that there are large sections of the learned world in Germany on which extreme views in criticism have made little impression, and that, in the conflicts lying before us in England and America, we may be able to fetch our weapons of defence from the country which we have been wont to think of as the source of all that is arbitrary and extreme. While giving very fully the history of the criticism of the Sources, Zöckler himself does not acknowledge any varying scale of values as belonging to the four Gospels or to any portions of them. At the most, he only acknowledges a certain subjective element in St. John's reports of our Lord's discourses, and of course he recognises that one of the Evangelists is more important for one purpose and another for another; but, while even Dr. Sanday speaks freely of the mistakes of the Evangelists, I do not remember that Dr. Zöckler acknowledges a single real discrepancy, except it be in the date of the Last Supper, where he prefers the account of St. John. He goes so far as to say that nothing but prejudice stands in the way of believing that St. Matthew may have produced our first Gospel as it stands by translating his own *logia* into Greek and furnishing them with historical settings. His belief in the traditional

view of Jesus adopted by Christianity is no hesitating one, but confident and full-blooded, and he writes as one who knows himself able to give an account to all comers of the faith that is in him.

The following extract, on the burning question of our Lord's Bodily Resurrection, will be read with interest, both on account of the information it conveys as to the present state of opinion in Germany and as a specimen of the author's style :

The Vision Theory exerts an almost unlimited sovereignty at present among the ranks of theological liberalism, and this in such a way that by the representatives of this tendency who have advanced furthest towards the left the visionary appearance of Christ seen by the disciples is conceived as purely subjective, whereas the more moderate liberalism seeks to refer the appearances of the Risen One to objective, that is, in a certain sense real and God-caused sights or visions. The former modification virtually ends in representing the belief in the Resurrection as having arisen from the hallucination or self-deception of the disciples; thus Renan, Strauss, H. Lang, Hausrath, Holsten, on the whole also H. Ewald. On the contrary, the representatives of the objective Vision Theory claim, if not a bodily yet a spiritual reality for the self-manifestations of the Christ, who lives now in a higher form of existence. Christ is, according to them, not indeed in a corporal manner but in a spiritual sense, really risen, to live on and reign as the spiritual head of His Church; the visions caused by Him among the company of His disciples are actual, if only internal, miracles—genuine acts of God, serving for the laying of the foundation of the kingdom of Christ, true manifestations of the exalted Saviour to His own, as well as "telegrams from heaven" to the children of God upon earth. So especially Keim, Schweizer, H. Lotze, Weizsäcker, Holtzmann, Pfleiderer, and Réville. . . . Both theories, the objective as well as the subjective, differ only in degree not in fact, and in the one as well as in the other form, they are irreconcilable with the historical fact that out of the belief in the Resurrection on the part of the apostles there has issued not a transient and ultimately extinguished religious movement, but the perfect new birth of the spiritual life of humanity, the establishment of a kingdom of truth and love, the

victory of which over the powers that resist it is certain, and the everlasting duration of which is beyond all question. By the effects of the faith of the apostles, as seen in the origin of the Church and the new birth of the world, the Vision Hypothesis is condemned in each of the forms which it has heretofore assumed, and in every modification which it ever can assume in the future.

The immediately imminent problem of the Life of Christ is the attempt to reconstruct out of our present Gospels the apostolic Source from which they were derived; and it is possible that this may not be beyond the reach of biblical science, though of course it will afford opportunities for almost unlimited conjecture. To such an attempt those will naturally look with hope who dislike and distrust dogmatic Christianity; because it is not unnatural to suppose that the original picture may have been more simple and human than the one elaborated at a later period. If, however, this should turn out to be the case, it would not necessarily follow that the simpler representation is the more correct. Later information may be not only fuller but more accurate than a first report. The Parable of the Prodigal Son occurs only in St. Luke—not the earliest of the Gospels—but is there any single thing attributed to our Lord which bears His stamp more unmistakably? Certain it is, that, the simpler and less miraculous the story of Jesus becomes, the more difficult is it to reconcile it with the facts of history indubitably disclosed in the writings of St. Paul. From these documents we learn with absolute certainty that, within a quarter of a century of our Lord's death and before any one of our present Gospels was written, there was received without question in the young Christian communities a Christology substantially identical with that which is now the faith of Christendom. Whence was this derived? If it can be shown that it was not derived from the tradition which forms the basis of the Synoptic Gospels, then it is certain that the infant Church must have been also in possession of another tradition, virtually identical with the Gospel of St. John; for there is

nothing of importance in the Christology of St. John that is not to be found also in the Epistles of St. Paul.

The acknowledged fact that the Gospels did not come into existence till at least a generation after the passing of Jesus from the earth will always afford to what may be called scrupulous historical consciences the opportunity of doubting whether in the interval the facts may not have been tampered with, and this alarm may at any time communicate itself to the general public. It is with the view of meeting such a state of mind that a writer like Resch has, with the labour of a lifetime, endeavoured to reconstruct the apostolic source; and he is able to persuade himself that he can present the record as it existed within half a dozen years of the Crucifixion. It is impossible to follow his course even at a distance without being infected with his enthusiasm; and, from the historical point of view, the attempt is of engrossing interest. But it cannot be ignored that too frequently the motive of such reconstructions is a different one: it is the desire to eliminate or to minimise the supernatural. On this account the testimony of St. Paul will probably in the near future assume more and more importance, as it is seen that the interval between the death of Jesus and the writing of the Gospels is not a blank, but is filled with historical documents of the very first order, testifying to a faith in the divinity of our Lord so calm, widespread, and undisputed that it can only be explained as the reflex of Christ's own testimony concerning Himself.

JAMES STALKER.

BIOLOGICAL FACTS OF INHERITANCE.

1. *L'hérédité, Clef des Phénomènes Biologiques.* By F. LE DANTEC. "Rev. Gen. Scientifique," 1900.
2. *On Heredity in Disease.* By D. J. HAMILTON. "Scottish Medical and Surgical Journal," VI. (1900.)
3. *Heredity and Human Progress.* By W. D. MCKIM. (New York and London. 1900.)
4. *The Grammar of Science.* By K. PEARSON. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Illustrations. (London. 1900.)
5. *Die Continuität des Lebens als Grundlage der modernen biologischen Anschauung.* By R. VIRCHOW. International Congress Medicine, Moscow, 1900. Vol. I.
6. *The Cell in Development and in Inheritance.* By E. B. WILSON. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Illustrations. (New York and London. 1900.)

Introductory and Apologetic.

WITHIN the last few years it has been the writer's privilege to hear at least half a dozen sermons with heredity as their central theme. One in Edinburgh and another in Dublin, one in the Lowthians and another in the heart of the Highlands, and so on, they naturally differed greatly in form, while they agreed in the nobility of their motive. In one there was an interpretation of the sadness of the slums; in another the influence of Ibsen's "ghosts" might be traced; a third kept rigidly to what is said in the Decalogue; while a fourth suggested "Elsie Vennor"; a

fifth recalled the Greek Tragedies, and a sixth the "Rougon-Macquart" series. But while the discourses agreed in good intention, they also seemed to agree in their ignorance or disregard of the biological basis of the subject discussed! If this can be said of half a dozen deliverances from the pulpit, it may be safely inferred of a much larger number of decisions from the pew; and a sympathetic consideration of this has prompted the following elementary article, which should be compared with a previous one on the Evolution Theory.[1] Is there not need for that humility which condescends, first of all, to master the A, B, C of the subject?

There is little in what follows that has not been said before, and the writer has borrowed freely from articles on Heredity which he has contributed to four Encyclopædias.[2] His hope is that there may be utility in presenting the facts afresh to a wide circle of readers in a form as free as possible from technicalities. The more theoretical aspects of heredity problems have been left almost undiscussed, in order to bring the secure elementary facts into stronger relief; and almost nothing has been said about the social aspects of heredity which demand separate treatment.

The partiality of this article is not only in deliberately omitting to discuss the profoundly important social aspects of heredity (treated of, for instance, in McKim's *Heredity and Human Progress*), but also in keeping strictly to the biologist's point of view, and we beg to insist that in fixing attention on the physical basis of inheritance *we do not ignore* that for man—as a social person—this point of view is necessarily incomplete. Our position is simply that *to begin with* we must attend to the biological basis,—to considerations which are applicable to animals as well as to men and women. But to suppose that the biologist thinks of man as he would think of a particularly fine prize bull, or of woman as a sublime cow, is to be the victim of unjust

[1] London Quarterly Review, April, 1901.

[2] Chambers', Blackie's, Nelson's, and the *Encyclopædia Medica*. See also Health Lectures in Edinburgh, Lecture at Royal Institution, 1900, and *The Science of Life* (1899).

prejudice. To attempt to give a false simplicity to a problem by ignoring a large part of its content is a "materialism" of the worst sort, and of this we are by no means disposed to plead guilty: what we have done is to make a temporary abstraction by considering man under the more general category of organism.

Heredity: An Old Problem.

We are probably safe in saying that since the unknown date when man first found time to think scientifically about himself and his race, the problems of heredity have excited his interest. Why do we resemble our parents—sometimes so closely, sometimes so vaguely? How is it that a boy "takes after his grandfather," or that a taint of blood "skips a generation"? Why is it that extraordinarily gifted parents have so frequently very mediocre children? Is it true that the children's teeth are set on edge *because* the fathers ate sour grapes?—these and a dozen other familiar questions are as old as clear thinking, and no one of them is as yet fully answered. But although the biologists of to-day cannot profess to have solved more than a few of the problems of heredity, they may claim to have made the statement of all the problems more precise, and to have discovered paths of experimental and statistical inquiry which have led in a few years to firmer foothold than centuries of speculation and *a priori* discussion afforded. Let us first of all indicate in a general way what has been the nature of the change of outlook.

Change of Outlook.

(1) It is some gain that biologists (of the wiser sort, at least) have ceased to spell heredity with a capital, have ceased, that is to say, to regard it as a "power," or "force," or "principle," for there can be no doubt that heredity is simply a convenient term for a *relation*—the relation of

organic or genetic continuity which binds generation to generation. Like "Caloric," "Vital Force," the "Principle of Horologity," and how many more, "Heredity" has fallen before William of Occam's razor. Ancestors, grandparents, parents are real enough; children and children's children are also very real; heredity is a term for the relation of genetic continuity which binds them together like beads on a string. It is a relation sustained by a visible material basis—the germinal material,—and expressing itself in resemblances and differences, many of which can be measured or weighed or in some precise way estimated. The characteristically modern conception of genetic continuity—sustained by a continuous germ-plasm—will be discussed in a subsequent section.

(2) Since Prosper Lucas wrote his great book on heredity (in 1847) there has been no need for further demonstration of the broad fact of inheritance—that the present is in the main a product of the past; that the child is "a chip of the old block"; that our start in life is no haphazard affair, nor independent new beginning, but is rigorously determined by our parents and ancestors; and that all sorts of inborn characters, normal and abnormal, bodily and mental, important and trivial, may be transmitted. One step of progress during the Darwinian era has been the recognition of inheritance as a fact of life which requires no further proof. There have been, it is true, great modern thinkers, such as Buckle, who have sought to depreciate the importance of the hereditary relation, or who have tried to restrict its applicability to bodily structure; and we still meet keen-witted men who say that they "do not believe in heredity." But these "denials of heredity" (which have quite an interesting history by themselves) are due either to a refusal to admit the validity of the biological outlook, or to some verbal quibbling, or, in the best instances, to a preoccupation with the potent influences of habits, of surroundings, and of the external heritage of tradition, institution, and the like, so enormously important in the case of man. Frankly, however, the deniers of heredity

remind us of a sceptical old man in a small German town, who refused to believe in the railways of which he heard so much, who, even when the line at length reached his own town, still maintained his scepticism by the simple expedient of never going near the station! Thus he died, as he had lived, a consistent disbeliever in railways. It is rather "Rip-Van-Winkelish" not to believe in heredity nowadays, and to cite in defence the fact that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has no article on the subject.

(3) A third change, already hinted at, is that the subject of heredity has ceased to be studied exclusively in the arm-chair. It is being attacked by distinctly *objective* methods: (*a*) by the minute study of the history of the germ-cells, by which life is continued from generation to generation; (*b*) by the statistical study of the measurable characters of successive generations, so well illustrated in the works of Mr. Francis Galton and Professor Karl Pearson; and (*c*) by experiments in breeding, as in Professor Cossar Ewart's interesting studies at Penicuik. Correlated with this change in the mode of inquiry there is a healthy spirit of criticism with regard to not a few widespread beliefs concerning inheritance,—one of them at least as old as Jacob. Several conclusions which our fathers accepted without question are now tottering to the grave. We have learned by bitter experience that easy-going acceptance of the first solution offered is not the scientific method. It would be too much to say or to expect that even the biological outlook on the problems of inheritance has become *thoroughly* scientific; the inquiry is still very young, and along various lines is still almost wholly tentative and speculative,—so subtly speculative sometimes that a leading expert spoke only a few months ago of theories of heredity having "assumed shapes which would not disgrace the schoolmen of the Middle Ages." Without stopping to question the fairness of this doubtful compliment, we may content ourselves with maintaining, as we propose to illustrate, that the scientific study of heredity has made a good beginning. In the present article, at least, we propose to keep very close to the facts.

Material Basis of Inheritance.

It is unfortunate that we can hardly use the biological terms—"transmit," "inheritance," "heritable," and so on—without suggesting a false analogy. For while in regard to human property there is a clear distinction between the heir and the estate which he inherits, in regard to organisms the distinction is hardly applicable. In point of fact, we inherit *ourselves*; the organism and its inheritance are to begin with *almost* one and the same; for we mean by inheritance all that the potential creature implicit in the fertilised egg-cell is or has to start with in virtue of its hereditary relation to parents and ancestors. In some way, which it is far beyond our powers of imagination to picture, there is in a fertilised egg-cell the potentiality of a new living creature—an oak-tree, a daisy, a horse, or a man; and until influences of "nurture" (in the widest sense) begin to play upon the developing germ all its characters must be regarded as "inherited." An exception may be made for the rare cases where the developing germ is poisoned or otherwise affected by the body which bears it, for it is not a merely pedantic distinction to say that infection or the like before birth is not part of the inheritance. Similarly, when the young creature for lack of food suffers arrest of development, and may exhibit abnormal characters, *e.g.* of a half-finished head or of a tendency to epilepsy, we must refer this unhappy result rather to defects in "nurture" (maternal and environmental) than to defects in inheritance. As life goes on, the distinction between what is due to "nurture" and what to "nature" may become more and more clear; but we must emphasise that to begin with it is impossible to abstract the organism from its inheritance. To begin with they are the same.

If we disregard a number of exceptions, like that of drone-bees who have a mother but no father, or that of animals which multiply by buds and the like, or that of the simple unicellular animals, we may say that the material

basis of inheritance is the fertilised egg-shell,—the result of the intimate and orderly union of a germ-cell (the ovum) liberated from a female organism with another germ-cell (the spermatozoon) liberated from a male organism. In the great majority of cases each new life begins as a fertilised egg-cell. All theory apart, it is by the germ-cells that the secret of life and the character of each kind of living creature is sustained from generation to generation. The marvel of this commonplace of observation is enhanced when we remember the minuteness of the germ-cells; the egg of a whale is like a pin's head in size, the majority of eggs are much smaller, and the spermatozoon may be only one-hundred-thousandth of the egg's size. A human being begins as a fertilised ovum one-hundred-and-twentieth of an inch in diameter, weighing only a minute fraction of a gramme. Little wonder then that some who are unaccustomed to deal with such matters find it almost impossible to believe that such infinitesimally small elements can carry the weighty burden of inheritance. It may be useful, therefore, to recall the calculation made, if we remember aright, by Du Bois-Reymond, that the *Great Eastern* filled with the daintiest watches made for ladies does not suffice to suggest the possibilities of *molecular complexity* in a spermatozoon whose actual size is less than the smallest visible dot on the face of one of the watches. It may also be noted that we do not require to stock the germ-cells with more than initiatives, and that the difficulty in regard to size is in no way peculiar to the potentiality of germ-cells; it is just as difficult—as impossible rather—for us to conceive how the pin-head-like brain of the ant carries all its skill. Nowhere more than in biology is one made to feel that "a little may go a long way"!

Another difficulty, which should not be exaggerated into a stumbling-block, is that one egg often looks so like another, though the results of their development are very far apart. It is usually by minute un-essential differences in the egg-envelope or in colour or in the yolk that we can distinguish eggs of different kinds; the essential differences

in organisation are almost quite hidden from us. It is true that in the kernel or nucleus of the germ-cell there is always a definite number of readily stainable bodies (chromosomes), constant for each species; but although the definiteness of number is an interesting and important fact, it gives no clue to the essential differences in germinal organisation, as is evident when we note that the same number occurs in water-beetle, slug, rat, and man. There is nothing visible in the egg which we can point to as distinctive, as suggestive of its fate; the characteristic organisation which we must assume to exist is ultra-microscopic. We can only say with Goethe:

> Alle Gestalten sind ähnlich und keine gleichet der andern,
> Und so deutet das Chor auf ein geheimes Gesetz.

We have admitted, then, our entire inability to conceive of the way in which the germ-cell carries its stock of potential heritable qualities, and also the impossibility of demonstrating the specific peculiarities of structure which must distinguish one egg from another; but there is a third question, in regard to which we need not be so modest. We refer to the old riddle of the uniqueness of the germ-cells: What is it about them that distinguishes them from ordinary body-cells, that gives them the capacity of developing and of reproducing the likeness of the kin to which they belong?

Old Theories.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and even in the early part of the nineteenth, it was commonly supposed that a preformed miniature model of the future organism lay *in nuce* within the germ, and many went on to imagine that within the first model there lay another (for the next generation), and within that another, and so on after the fashion of an infinite conjuror's box. We smile now at the naïveté of the precise calculations which were made as to the number of miniature models in the first human ovum,

and at the credulity which led others actually to draw the homunculus within the spermatozoon; but there was a kernel of truth within the thick husk of error. For we still say, as the "preformationists" did, that the future organism is implicit in the germ, and that the germ contains not only the rudiment of the future organism, but the potentiality of successive generations as well. But the framework of the ancient conception is very different from that of to-day, though there is the same general idea behind both.

What baffled the earlier investigators was the question how the germ-cell comes to have the ready-made organisation with which they credited it. To suppose that development means the unfolding—"*evolutio*"—of a preformed model is all very well, but how does the model get there? To answer this was quite impossible with the methods of inquiry available to men like Haller and Bonnet, and discovering no natural way of accounting for the unique potentiality of the germ, the majority fell back upon a hypothesis of hyperphysical agencies, that is to say, they abandoned the scientific method. [It should be needless to explain that while one may assume hyperphysical agencies *all along the line*, to introduce them *as part of* the scientific formulation is to say farewell to science.]

Pangenesis and Germinal Continuity.

While the majority, as we have said, fell into the sad error of trying to eke out the precarious life of their science of heredity and development by bills drawn on the bank of metaphysics, there were others, like Buffon, who attempted to solve the difficulty in another and more interesting way, by reviving a theory which seems to have occurred at intervals in the long period between Democritus and Darwin. On this theory, the cells of the body are supposed to give off characteristic or representative gemmules or particles (the synonyms are legion); these are supposed to find their way to the germinal elements, which thus come to contain, as it were, concentrated samples of the different components of

the body, and are therefore able to develop into an offspring after the fashion of the parent. The theory involves a number of hypotheses, and is avowedly unverifiable in direct sense-experience; but this might be said of many other theories, and is no sound argument against it. There is no doubt that it fits many facts, and it may be that we shall return to some modified form of this, to quote Darwin's always candid words, "provisional hypothesis of pangenesis." Galton's experiments on the transfusion of blood led him to suspect that there were facts irreconcilable with the pangenesis theory—and this, of course, would be fatal,—but it does not appear to us that his experiments were adequately conclusive; so it seems more to the point to say that there is another theory which is, on the whole, simpler, which seems, on the whole, to fit the facts better—the theory of "*germinal continuity.*"

The pedigree of this theory is a long one—taking one back to the early work of Professor Virchow (1858), whose eightieth birthday we have been recently celebrating, and of Sir Richard Owen (1849), who was a student under Cuvier. There is great historical and personal interest in the address (cited at the outset) which Virchow delivered in 1900 on "The Continuity of Life as the Foundation of the Modern Biological Outlook," yet the importance of his early suggestion must not allow us to forget that many (*e.g.* Brooks, Jaeger, Galton, and Nussbaum) have shared in developing it into a stable theory. But it is to Weismann in particular that we owe the elaboration of the theory of "germinal continuity." Utilising a previous paper, let us briefly recall its general purport; let us also emphasise that it is the *pons asinorum* to an understanding of subsequent theorems and propositions.

Germinal Continuity.

The problem, the difficulty, to which we have alluded, is to account for the *uniqueness* of the germ-cells, for the complex organisation which they are presumed to have, in

virtue of which they develop and reproduce like from like. The solution, the modern answer, is in the idea of germinal continuity. There is a sense, as Mr. Galton says, in which the child is as old as the parent, for when the parent's body is developing from the fertilised ovum a residue of unaltered germinal material is kept apart to form the future reproductive cells, one of which may become the starting-point of a child. In many cases, scattered through the animal kingdom, from worms to fishes, and perhaps to birds, *the beginning of the lineage of germ-cells* is demonstrable in very early stages, before the differentiation of the body-cells has more than begun. In the development of *Ascaris megalocephala*, the thread-worm parasitic in the horse, the very first cleavage, according to Boveri, divides the fertilised ovum into a cell which is the progenitor of all the body-forming (somatic) cells, and another which is the progenitor of all the germ-cells. The list of cases in which the germ-cell lineage is visibly distinguishable at an early stage in development is representative of most of the classes of animals; it is being added to every year; in 1900 two new and unsuspected instances (skate and fowl) were added on fairly strong, if not quite conclusive, evidence. There can be little doubt that an early distinction between body-forming (somatic) cells and primitive germ-cells is demonstrable in a large number of cases—in more than those who have not carefully followed the details seem to suppose. It must be allowed, however, that in many cases among animals, and in most cases among plants, the early segregation of germ-cells is not at present demonstrated. It may be that in plants—where even a piece of leaf will in favourable conditions reproduce a whole plant—the distinction between somatic cells and germ-cells is less differentiated than in animals.

Without entering upon any discussion of the details of Weismann's continuity theory, we may simply say that Weismann maintains that in all cases the germinal material which starts an offspring owes its virtue to being materially continuous with the germinal material from which the

parent or parents arose. But it is not on a demonstrably continuous lineage of germ-*cells* that he insists, for this is often unrecognisable, but on the continuity of the germ-*plasm*—that is, of a specific complex substance, resident in the nuclei of cells, and supposed to be the bearer of the hereditary qualities. In development, he says, a part of the germ-plasm contained in the parent egg-cell is not used up in the construction of the body of the offspring, but is reserved unchanged for the formation of the germ-cells of the following generation.

Thus the parent is rather the trustee of the germ-plasm than the producer of the child. In a very literal sense, the child is a chip of the old block. As Mr. Galton has said, there is a sense in which the child is as old as the parent!

As we have expressed it elsewhere,[1] "Let us suppose that the fertilised ovum has certain qualities, *a*, *b*, *c* . . . *x*, *y*, *z*; it divides and re-divides, and a body is built up; the cells of this body exhibit division of labour and differentiation, losing their likeness to the ovum and to the first results of its cleavage. In some of the body-cells the qualities *a*, *b* find predominant expression, in others the qualities *y*, *z*, and so on. Muscles and nerves, skeleton and glands emerge in obvious complexity out of the apparent simplicity. But if, meanwhile, there be certain cells which do not differentiate, which retain the whole sum of the qualities *a*, *b*, *c* . . . *x*, *y*, *z* unaltered, which keep up, as we may say figuratively, the 'protoplasmic tradition,' these will form the germ-cells, able to develop into an organism like that which bears them. Similar material to start with, similar conditions in which to develop, *therefore* like tends to beget like."

"May we think for a moment of a baker who has a very precious kind of leaven; he uses much of this in baking a large loaf; but he so arranges matters, by a clever contrivance, that part of the original leaven is always carried on unaltered, carefully preserved within the loaf, to form the starting-point of the next baking. Nature is the baker, the

[1] Lecture, Royal Institution, 1900.

loaf is a body, the leaven is the germ-plasm, and each baking is a generation."

At the same time, it must be carefully noted that just as we cannot point to any one stuff in the complex microcosm of a cell, and say "this and nothing else is protoplasm," or "this is protoplasm and nothing else"—for it may be that vital activity depends upon several complex stuffs which, like the members of a carefully selected firm, are characteristically powerful only in their inter-relations—so we cannot *demonstrate* the germ-plasm, even if we may assume that it has its physical basis in the stainable bodies or chromosomes of the nucleus. The theory has to be judged, like all conceptual formulæ, by its adequacy in fitting facts.

The classic exposition of the idea of germinal continuity is to be found in Weismann's *Germ-Plasm* (1883), but we may also refer to the admirable work by Professor E. B. Wilson, cited at the outset, and to the revised edition of *The Evolution of Sex* (1901). The inclusion of the last-named work in the list of a publishing firm who issue "Sex Books" from the Continent is entirely without the sanction of the authors.

Facts of Inheritance.

(1) *Like tends to beget like.*

The largest fact of inheritance is that like tends to beget like, the members of a species tend to "breed true," the specific inheritance tends to be approximately complete. We do not gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles. It seems probable that the familiar adage "like begets like" commended itself to general commonsense, not because it expressed this big fact—which is too obvious to excite popular interest,—but because it expressed another fact, that *individual* characteristics, both momentous and trivial, are often transmitted. That the offspring of two specific thistles are similar thistles belonging to the same specific category does not arrest attention to the same degree as the recurrence of a grey lock of hair in the same position through three

generations, or as the recurrence of the same abnormality of structure or character throughout an even longer range.

The big fact, we say, is that the specific inheritance tends to be approximately complete; from generation to generation, unless the number be very large, and unless the species be in an unusual condition of flux, the average of the specific characters is sustained. A buttercup in a meadow with five petals may have among its offspring buttercups with six or seven, yet, year after year, five will remain by far the commonest number of petals in the buttercups in that meadow. In more technical phraseology, variability is as real a fact of life as complete hereditary resemblance; but, on the whole, the inertia is more impressive than the variability. In any given case, the offspring are rarely quite like their parents, there are inborn differences—augmentation of one character, diminution of another, or the outcrop of some emphatically novel characteristic; but, on the whole, for a term of generations like tends to beget like. As indicated in our previous article, care must be taken to try to distinguish between inborn (blastogenic) *variations*, and those acquired peculiarities, or *modifications*, which result from the influence of novel conditions of life.

(2) *All sorts of Inborn Qualities are Transmissible.*

(*a*) It seems quite certain that any kind of inborn bodily peculiarity, if it does not inhibit reproduction altogether, may be transmitted, though it does not follow (happily) that the transmission is always actual. Even when a characteristic forms part of the inheritance (an inference from its recurrence in a subsequent generation) it may not find expression in the development. But the immediate point is, that a curve of the nose, a turn of the eyebrows, a cleft in the chin, an extra finger, a high instep, a peculiar splash of colour in the hair, and so on through an almost interminable list of peculiarities, may find hereditary expression from generation to generation.

(*b*) The same is true in regard to functional peculiarities.

A peculiar style of handwriting, a characteristic mode of speech, a peculiar style of gesture, an idiosyncrasy of gait, a curious antipathy to certain articles of food, and, in short, almost any individual functional feature, whether important or trivial, may form part of the inheritance from parent to offspring, provided always (so far as we know) that the functional peculiarity was inborn in the parent, was one of his or her "variations," and was not merely an acquired modification associated with some peculiarity in the life-conditions.

(*c*) Nor are reproductive peculiarities any exception, when they are innate. A tendency to great or small fertility has been shown to be as heritable as a tendency to long life. A tendency to have twins often runs through the female members of related families; and although complete sterility cannot of course be heritable, a tendency to sterility certainly is.

(*d*) And as it is impossible to separate mind from body, or either from the physical basis of inheritance, we are not surprised to find abundant evidence that particular talents and ineptitudes, peculiar ways of looking at things, characteristic strength or weakness in certain emotions, and so on, are all transmissible. The work of Ribot alone proves this up to the hilt.

(*e*) Similarly, while no disease of bacterial origin can as such be transmitted, and while no disease of quite extrinsic origin has been proved to be transmissible, there is a sad sufficiency of evidence to show that every disease due to an inborn vice of blood or innate taint of any kind may be transmitted from parent to offspring. Happily, there is also strong evidence of the hereditability of inborn immunity to certain diseases, although the alleged transmission of artificially acquired immunity remains unproved.

(3) *There are several Common Modes of Hereditary Resemblance.*

As we have seen, completeness of hereditary resemblance between offspring and parents is rare; in other words,

variability is a general phenomenon of life. But the modes or degrees of hereditary resemblance admit of some classification; the result of any particular pairing may be unpredictable, but the experienced breeder or parent has several more or less well defined alternatives of expectation. Of these there are three which are frequently illustrated, namely—blended, exclusive, and particulate inheritance.

Before discussing these modes we must attend for a little to a preliminary consideration: it must not be assumed that lack of resemblance is necessarily due to incompleteness in the inheritance. The fact that the resemblance so often reappears in the third generation makes it probable that the incompleteness is not the inheritance, but rather in its expression. Parental characteristics, which seem to be absent in the offspring, may "skip a generation," as we say, and reappear in the grand-offspring; and this, so far as we can see, must mean that they were part of the *inheritance* all the time, but were kept latent, neutralised, or silenced (we can only use metaphors) by other characters, or for lack of the appropriate stimulus to expression. To take refuge in an illustration, we can imagine the son of a lavish millionaire reacting to plain living; we can imagine the superficial supposition that the family wealth had been lost: and we can imagine the complete contradiction of this inference by what occurred in the third generation. The wealth was part of the inheritance all the time, though the expression skipped a generation.

The three frequent alternatives of inheritance to which we have alluded may be briefly illustrated; and anyone with open eyes can verify them in his own family circle or in those known to him.

(*a*) In *blended* inheritance, the characters of the two parents are intimately combined in the offspring. The boy's set face is paternal; it is moved with emotion and he is his mother's image. The colour of the hair may be an almost precise average between that of the blonde mother and that of the dark-haired father. This is particularly well seen in

some hybrids, especially in plants, where the offspring seems like an accurate mean of the two parents.

(*b*) In *exclusive* inheritance, the boy is "the very image of his father," or the daughter "her mother over again," though even more frequently the resemblance is "crossed," the son "favouring" the mother, and the daughter the father. But this mode is best illustrated by fixing attention on particular characters, the colour of the eyes or the stature; the one may be maternal, the other paternal. There is scientific justification for the popular verdict, "I owe *this* to my mother, and *that* to my father."

De Quatrefages and others have discussed the well known case of Lislet Geoffroy, the only black man who has been a corresponding member of the Institute of France. He was the son of a Frenchman and a not very intelligent negress; he inherited physical negroid characters from his mother, high intellectual and moral qualities from his father; and it seems fair to say that in this case the father was *prepotent* in respect to the cerebral endowment of the son.

Similarly, Huxley wrote:

> Mentally and physically (except in the matter of the beautiful eyes) I am a piece of my mother, and except for my stature, which used to be 5 feet 10 inches, I should do very well for a "black Celt"—supposed to be the worst variety of that type. My father was fresh-coloured and grey-eyed, though dark-haired; good-humoured, though of quick temper; a kindly man, rather too easy-going for this wicked world. There is a vein of him in me, but the constituents have never mixed properly.

In this case, it may be fairly said that the mother was markedly *prepotent*.

(*c*) It is convenient to have a third category for cases where, in the expression of a given character, part is wholly paternal and part is wholly maternal. This is called *particulate* inheritance, and may be illustrated by a piebald pony, or by the case of an English sheep-dog with a paternal eye on one side and a maternal eye on the other!

The word "*prepotency*," used above, expresses a fact of

much importance with which breeders have been for a long time familiar. The word refers to the fact that in the development of a character the paternal or the maternal qualities may predominate. Thus in man the father is usually "prepotent" as regards stature, and breeders give many examples where even trivial characters of sire or dam reappear persistently in the offspring, irrespective of the nature of the other parent. It seems as if certain characteristics had a specially strong power of persistence and of asserting themselves in development, and it may be that there is, as Weismann has suggested, a struggle for existence among the hereditary qualities in the arcana of the fertilised ovum. By careful breeding within a narrow radius (in-breeding) it seems possible to develop this quality of prepotency, and this may also occur in nature through some form of isolation. If so, we can understand more easily how new departures or individual variations may become paths of racial progress. And we can better understand the thesis maintained by Reibmayr, that the evolution of a successful human race implies periods of dominant in-breeding and dominant cross-breeding. The in-breeding gives fixity to character, as in the case of the Jews; the cross-breeding averts degeneracy and prompts fresh variations which form the raw material of progress.

Some may recall a passage in one of Byron's poems (not, perhaps, very much of a poem) where, after indicating the disadvantages of breeding in and in when carried too far, he says:

> This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
> Ruined its blood, but much improved its flesh;
> For, from a root, the ugliest in Old Spain,
> Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh,
> The sons no more were short, the daughters plain.

(4) *There is an Occasional Occurrence of Reversion or Atavism.*

We use the term reversion to include cases where *through inheritance* there reappears in an individual some character

which was not expressed in his parents, but which did occur in an ancestor. We say *through inheritance* in order to exclude cases where the reappearance of an ancestral character may be accounted for in some other way, *e.g.* as a coincidence in variation, as the result of arrested development, or as a modification induced from without. Many occurrences have been labelled "reversions" on the flimsiest evidence,—a Cyclopean human monster may be called a reversion to the sea-squirt, gout may be interpreted as a reversion to the reptilian condition of liver and kidneys, the occurrence of an extra digit may be illumined by the ichthyosaurian paddle which was more than pentadactyl; but all this is credulous. The postulate of characters remaining latent for millions of years cannot be made as glibly as if it were just as conceivable as a throw-back to a great-grandfather. Often, too, there has been no scruple in naming the ancestor to whom the reversion is supposed to occur, although evidence of the pedigree is awanting; and the vicious circle is not unknown of arguing to the supposed ancestor from the supposed reversion, and then arguing from the supposed ancestor that the interpretation of the character in question as a reversion is justifiable.

At the same time, there does not seem to us at present any alternative but that of accepting the general theory of reversion—that characters may lie latent for a generation or for generations, or, in other words, that certain potentialities or initiatives which form part of the heritage may remain unexpressed for lack of the appropriate liberating stimulus, or for other reasons, or that their normal expression may be disguised. The best illustrations are furnished by hybrids; indeed, one of the frequent results of hybridisation is reversion. Thus, in one of Professor Cossar Ewart's experiments a pure white fantail cock pigeon, of old-established breed, which in colour had proved itself prepotent over a blue pouter, was mated with a cross previously made between an "owl" and an "archangel," which was far more of an owl than an archangel. The result was a couple of fantail-owl-archangel crosses, one resembling the Shetland

rock pigeon, and the other the blue rock of India. Not only in colour, but in shape, attitude, and movements there was an almost complete reversion to the form which is believed to be ancestral to all the domestic pigeons.

In his *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* Tennyson spoke of

> Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good
> And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud;

but this is making a bogey of reversion. It does not seem to be of very frequent occurrence, and it often means a return to a position of greater organic stability. What acts as a drag or brake—often advantageously—on progressive variation is not so much *reversion* as *filial regression*, which is discussed in the next section.

(5) *Filial Regression.*

To Mr. Francis Galton especially we owe an analysis of the fact which stares us in the face, that there is a sensible stability of type from generation to generation. In other words, there is a tendency to maintain a specific average. This may be partly due to the action of natural elimination, weeding out extremes, often before they are born: but it is to be primarily accounted for by what Mr. Galton calls "filial regression." Whenever parents are in any way extraordinary, their children *tend* to differ less from mediocrity, *tend* to come nearer the average of the stock; and, happily, this succession-tax is levied on characters which are evil as well as on those which are good. As Professor Karl Pearson puts it:

> The father with a great excess of the character [say, stature] contributes sons with an excess, but a less excess of it; the father with a great defect of the character contributes sons with a defect; but less of it.

This big average fact of filial regression is to be accounted for in terms of that genetic continuity which makes an

inheritance not merely dual, but multiple. To quote again from *The Grammar of Science*:

A man is not only the product of his father [parents ?], but of all his past ancestry, and unless very careful selection has taken place, the mean of that ancestry is probably not far from that of the general population. In the tenth generation a man has [theoretically] 1024 tenth great-grandparents. He is eventually the product of a population of this size, and their mean can hardly differ from that of the general population. It is the heavy weight of this mediocre ancestry which causes the son of an exceptional father to regress towards the general population mean; it is the balance of this sturdy commonplaceness which enables the son of a degenerate father to escape the whole burden of the parental ill.

In short, the "old block" of which the child is "a chip" is *the average of the stock.*

(6) *Galton's Law.*

Apart from the conception of germinal continuity, the most important general conclusion which has yet been reached in regard to inheritance is that formulated in Galton's law. It is a statistical conclusion, based on studies on the inheritance of human qualities, and more particularly on a series of studies on Basset hounds.

While it may be useful to speak of a heritage as dual—half maternal and half paternal—this does not cover the facts observed, and as it is evident that the heritable material handed on from each parent was also dual, being derived from the grandparents, we reach the idea that a heritage is *multiple.* Now, according to Galton's law, the two parents between them contribute *on the average* one half of each inherited faculty, each of them contributing one quarter of it. The four grandparents contribute between them one quarter, or each of them one sixteenth; and so on according to the series $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}+\text{etc.}=1$. The law deals only with *average* contributions, and it is only a

general estimate, liable to be disguised in particular cases by the strong prepotency of one of the parents, and so on. But it has already begun to justify its general accuracy by serving as a basis for prediction.

In regard to the number of ancestors, a difficulty often occurs to those who are unfamiliar with the inquiry. We have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and if the series continued backwards in the same ratio, we would be landed in the absurd result that a man whose pedigree goes back to 1066 would at that time have over sixteen million ancestors, which is absurd. On the same theoretical lines the existence of one man to-day would imply nearly seventy thousand millions of millions of ancestors at the commencement of the Christian era; which again is absurd. It overlooks the frequent occurrence of close intermarriage, of cousins for instance. In other words, different family-trees cross, interlace, and merge, and the theoretical number of ancestors suffers great reduction. The problem of the reduction of ancestors has been carefully studied by genealogists like Professor Lorenz and Dr. F. T. Richter, but it may suffice to give one instance: that while the German Emperor might have had theoretically 16, 32, 64, 128 ancestors of the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh generations back, the actual numbers are 14, 24, 44, and 74. It may also be noted that in the pedigree of highly bred domesticated animals, such as cattle or horses, the reduction in the number of ancestors is often very rapid. Cases are known where herds of distinctive breed, now multitudinous in their numbers, can be traced back within the nineteenth century to an origin in one small farm-steading.

The Transmissibility of Acquired Characters has not been proved.

In a previous article (April, 1901) we explained what was technically meant by "an acquired character." The phrase is an unfortunate one, and we do not mend matters satisfac-

torily by substituting for "acquired character" the term "modification," or the phrase "direct somatic modification," or "an exogenous bodily change." But the point of importance is this, that while the phraseology may be objected to, no clear-headed person who condescends to think over the matter for a little can have any doubt as to what is meant. Modifications or acquired characters are structural changes in the body of an organism, directly induced by changes in environment or in function, of sufficient magnitude to transcend the limits of organic elasticity, and therefore persisting after the inducing causes have ceased to operate. The white man who has laboured for half of his lifetime under a tropical sun may become so deeply tanned that the result never disappears during the many years in which he enjoys a pension at home. Unlike the Ethiopian he *has* changed his skin, but he cannot change it back again. His thorough sun-burning is a modification. Through prolonged disuse from early years onwards a muscle may pass into a state of atrophy, through prolonged exercise another may become unusually strong, and the modifications in either case may last throughout the individual's life. They have transcended what we call the limits of organic elasticity, and from what we know of the histological facts, it seems quite safe to say that no amount of "taking thought" can restore the original normality. The endeavour is as vain as adding a cubit to stature.

We are by no means inclined to be dogmatic or even confident in discussing a question in regard to which equally renowned authorities may be cited on both sides, but of this we are sure, that no useful result can follow unless the quite precise technical use of the terms "modification" or "acquired character" is recognised. It is not open to the critic, however clever, to enter the controversial arena without taking the trouble to inquire what the exact issue is, or with a redefinition of the terms according to his enlightenment. It is hopeless to argue with a man who insists on re-editing the English Dictionary as he goes along; and it is hopeless to argue about the transmissibility of acquired

characters unless it be agreed that the technical use of this phrase (confessedly bad) has been historically determined, not only by the early deliverances of Kant and Prichard, but by Galton's essay of 1875, and Weismann's of 1883.

Among living creatures of the same kind (species) there are many *observed differences.* When we come to analyse these we discern that a number are definitely associated with peculiar functions and surroundings; they may not be hinted at in the young forms, but they begin to appear when the peculiar conditions begin to operate; and they are usually exhibited in some degree by all the individuals which are subjected to these conditions. These are "*modifications*" or "acquired characters" as above defined, and their transmissibility seems to us unproved. When these are subtracted from the total of observed differences, there remain the differences—due to "nature," not "nurture"—which we call "*variations.*" We cannot causally relate them to peculiarities of habit or of environment, they are often hinted at before birth, and they are not alike even among forms whose conditions of life seem absolutely uniform. We suppose that they have an origin in changes in the germinal material before, or during, or after fertilisation; we call them inborn, constitutional, or germinal *variations*; and there is no doubt that they are transmissible. If in Galton's phrase, which carries us back to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, we say that the effects of surrounding influences are due to "nurture," our question is seen to be the extraordinarily important one: May the results of "*nurture*" be transmitted, or is it the "*nature*" alone that constitutes the inheritance? This question is much more, obviously, than a technical problem for biologists. It is of profound interest to parents, physicians, teachers, moralists, and social reformers; it really concerns us all, for the answer to it affects everyday conduct. After contrasting the two hypotheses of the transmissibility and of the non-transmissibility of the bodily peculiarities acquired by the parent, Herbert Spencer says: "Considering the width and depth of the effects which the acceptance of one or the

other of these hypotheses must have on our views of life, the question, Which of them is true? demands beyond all other questions whatever the attention of scientific men." It may be noted that Spencer sides with the affirmative, and that the establishment of the negative (always a difficult business) would necessitate serious changes in Spencer's evolutionary system of interpretations.

Psychologically, the prolonged discussion as to the transmission or non-transmission of acquired characters is of much interest, for we find equally expert authorities on either side,—Herbert Spencer against August Weismann, Ernst Haeckel against Ray Lankester, Sir William Turner against Wilhelm His. In these three illustrations, those first-named occupy what we shall, for shortness, call the affirmative position, maintaining that acquired characters may be transmitted. There is no lack of conviction on either side; thus Professor Haeckel is so sure of the truth of the affirmative that he stakes his particular form of religion upon it, asserting that "belief in the inheritance of acquired characters is a necessary axiom of the monistic creed"; and what may sound even more serious to some people is his declaration that, rather than agree with Weismann in denying the transmission of acquired characters, "it would be better to accept a mysterious creation of all the various species as described in the Mosaic account." We cannot regard either statement as quite harmonious with the calm scientific mood; but the fact that the affirmative position is taken up by this renowned biologist and by many others may serve to remind us that the question at issue cannot be an easy one. It is a very serious case of "doctors differing."

The reasons why the affirmative position is so widely held are probably four: (1) Many facts *suggest* modification-inheritance until they are critically examined, but the obviousness of an interpretation is hardly an argument in favour of its correctness, as is evidenced by the fact that the sun does not go round the earth; (2) the affirmative answer would seem to make the theory of evolution simpler,

for an entailing of the results of nurture indicates a more direct and rapid mode of progress than the natural selection of germinal variations; (3) many have such an inadequate appreciation of the extent to which germinal variation among organisms is at present supplying the raw material of progress, that they find it difficult to conceive of past evolution without the hypothesis of modification-inheritance; (4) men are so accustomed in human affairs to the entailment of gains from generation to generation, that some find it difficult to refrain from projecting this on the world of organisms, forgetful of the fact that the greater part of *our* entailing is altogether apart from organic inheritance.

Sadly but firmly, however, we must express our conviction that many of those who occupy the affirmative position show by their phrasing that they have not quite accurately gripped the problem. We could hardly name a more illustrious authority in Britain than Sir William Turner; yet we find him saying that "to reject the influence which the use and disuse of parts may exercise both on the individual and on his offspring is like looking at an object with only a single eye." This is not perhaps a very emphatic condemnation, since most microscopic vision is monocular; but our point is rather that the quotation does not express the problem. No one on the negative side disputes the influence of use and disuse on the individual or doubts that the offspring may also be affected. The whole point is whether the offspring is affected in a precisely similar way.

Common Misunderstandings.

In discussing this very important question, it seems advisable to begin by clearing away a number of common misunderstandings. (1) It is useless to cite cases where a bodily peculiarity reappears generation after generation, unless we first make sure that we are dealing with a modification. A learned scholar became short-sighted in his teens, as the result, *he thinks*, of extraordinary studiousness; his son and grandson are short-sighted, though neither is studious;

is not this the transmission of an acquired character? But, so far as we are aware, no authority on the eye would admit that the original short-sightedness can be assumed to be a modification; it was much more probably a constitutional variation. Arguments like this are futile, but they are very common. A tired traveller slept in a damp bed, thereafter he developed rheumatism, and eventually he got married. As his children are rheumatic he is a convinced Lamarckian or believer in modification-inheritance. If it be worth while to attend seriously to such puerilities, it may be noted that in such a case we have almost certainly to do with an inherited germinal variation to which the external influence of the damp bed was merely the liberating stimulus. The damp bed merely pulled the trigger of a gun which had been previously not only loaded but aimed. It is plain that there is no use discussing the transmissibility of characters which are simply *interpreted as* modifications, *e.g.* "the footprints of insects upon flowers," which are not proved to be modifications. It is easy to say that the blackness of the negro's skin was produced by the influence of the tropical sun, and that it is now part of the inheritance. But the major premise is a pure assumption. Nor is there relevancy in cases culled from experiments on unicellular organisms, for in regard to these we cannot draw the distinction between somatic and germinal material on which the definition of an acquired character depends.

(2) There is little relevancy in citing cases where a particular modification reappears generation after generation, unless it can be shown that it reappears *in virtue of inheritance*, and not simply because the conditions which first evoked the change are still persisting. When Professor Nägeli brought Alpine plants to the botanical garden at München many became so much modified that they were hardly recognisable as the same species, and their descendants in the garden were of the same type. But that this reappearance was due to the persistence of the new conditions and to their direct influence on each successive crop seems to be proved by the fact that when the plants

were removed to poor, gravelly soil the acquired characters disappeared, and the plants were retransformed into their original Alpine state. "The retransformation was always complete, even when the species had been cultivated in rich garden soil for several generations." The changes were the veneer of *nurture*, they had not gripped the heritable *nature*, to wit, the germ-plasm.

(3) It is necessary to distinguish between the transmission of a particular modification in any degree and the transmission of indirect results of that modification. The blacksmith's boy may be more vigorous than the clerk's, but it is difficult to prove that this mainly depends on the difference of occupation, and even if it were proved, it is not quite to the point. What would be relevant is evidence that the skeletal and muscular modifications which the shoemaker often acquires because of his craft are in any degree represented in the offspring. What would be of interest is a case of the inheritance of the miller's thumb, or of the hard-drilled soldier's *Exerzier Knochen* (drill-bone).

(4) Another misunderstanding is apt to be implied in any argument which relies on data from only two generations. If sheep taken to a new country show an increase in the length of their fleece, if their offspring have still longer fleece, these two facts in themselves prove nothing that is relevant, since it is only natural that the second generation should show the modification in a more marked degree than their parents did, since the offspring were subjected to the modifying influence from birth, whereas the parents were influenced for a shorter period. Evidence of a still greater length of fleece in the third generation would be welcome, but we have not found any.

(5) It should be, though it is not, unnecessary to point out that no argument can be based on organisms which are the subject of careful selection. If we *assume* that "pointing" is a trick acquired by a docile breed of dogs as the direct result of education, and if we find evidence of a remarkable increase in the pointers' skill through several generations of careful training, we cannot find in this an

argument in favour of the transmission of acquired characters, since we know that a process of artificial selection goes on. A naughty, inept, non-docile pup is eliminated—expelled from school. Moreover, the probabilities are strongly in favour of the assumption that a germinal or constitutional variation is at the bottom of the whole business of "pointing."

Readers of the LONDON QUARTERLY are perhaps not greatly interested in trotting-horses, but the case is a very interesting one. The mile record in 1796 was 2 minutes 57 seconds; in 1824 it had fallen to 2·34; in 1848 to 2·30; in 1868 to 2·20; and it has gradually come down to 2·10, or a little less. The whole story is, of course, much more striking than this bald synopsis, but we have stated enough of it for our present purpose. The case has been cited, *e.g.* by Professors Brewer and Cope, as an instance of the inheritance of characters due to the exercise of a particular function; the gain was cumulative for at least three-fourths of a century, and the gain was associated with persistent training. But, as it appears to us, the evidence must be ruled out of court, for the simple reason that careful artificial selection was all the time in progress.

(6) It may seem at first glance pedantic, but it seems to us necessary, to draw a distinction between a change in the germ-cells *along with* the body, and a change in the germ-cells following upon and representative of a change in the body. A poisoning of the parents' system by alcohol, opium, or some toxin may be followed by degeneracy in the offspring. Cases are tragically numerous; but the question is as to their scientific interpretation, and it is a very serious question. (*a*) In some cases the answer may be that what is really transmitted is an innate degeneracy of nature, which led the parent to alcoholism, and which finds the same or often another expression in the child. (*b*) In other cases, the answer may be that what looks like inheritance is due to early infection or poisoning of the child before or after birth. We protest that it is *not* an academic distinction to say that even a "whisky-baby" has not

necessarily a bad inheritance. Its nurture means a sad initial handicap, but it does not follow that its natural inheritance has been greatly affected. (*c*) In a third set of cases the answer may be that the parents' whole system was poisoned—germ-cells ***along with*** somatic cells—and that the developmental vigour of the offspring was impaired from the very start. But these are not cases by which to test the transmissibility or the non-transmissibility of a particular acquired character.

Pros and Cons.

The general argument against the transmissibility of acquired character is based on the idea of germinal genetic continuity, which we have already expounded. If the germ-plasm or the material basis of inheritance be something apart from the general life of the body, and often set apart at a very early stage in development, there is *ipso facto* a presumption against the likelihood of its being readily affected in a specific and representative manner by changes in the nature of the body-cells. We cannot at present conceive of the mechanism whereby this could be effected, but common candour forces us to add that the process may occur for all that. The difficulty is to find other than anecdotal evidence to justify our candid admission.

The general argument for the affirmative is based on the unity of the organism. In many plants the distinction between somatic cells and germ-cells is dim; even if we keep to animals the bonds between the body and the germ-cells are often very close; there is the common medium of the blood and lymph and other body-fluids; there are subtle nervous connexions between body and reproductive organs; there are many correlations which are as real as their physiological nexus is obscure. Not even Weismann believes that the germ-cells live a charmed life uninfluenced by the accidents and incidents in the daily metabolism of the body which bears them; the germ-plasm is certainly affected by bodily changes in nutrition. But the precise

question is this: Can a change in the body, induced by use or disuse or by a change in the surroundings, influence the germ-plasm in such a specific or representative way that the offspring will inherit the same modification which the parent acquired, or even a tendency towards it?

Illustrations of Particular Evidence for the Affirmative.

The general nature of the particular evidence in support of the affirmative may now be indicated by a few representative illustrations. (*a*) The Panjabis of India show certain peculiarities of musculature and skeleton which may be reasonably related to their fondness for the squatting posture; but as evidence showing that these peculiarities are even hinted at in Panjabi babies is wanting, we cannot but conclude that the reappearance of the peculiarities in successive generations of adults is due to the persistence of similar habits. (*b*) It has been stated, verbally at least, that a Chinese baby may have a deformed foot, but unless the precise nature of the deformation shows that it was in some definite way comparable to what had been artificially accomplished in the case of the mother, the case is not of any value. Congenital deformities of the feet are common in other countries. (*c*) The alleged dwindling of the little toe among ourselves has been hastily referred to tight boots, and babies may be seen now and again with unusually small little toes; but no one has worked out a careful statistical argument, and as a dwindling of the unimportant member has also been reported from among savages who go barefoot, it does not seem likely that our boots have more than an individual effect.

As we said in our previous article, to conclude that the children's teeth are set on edge because the fathers ate sour grapes is a little hasty unless we make sure that the children have not been in the vineyard too. And although some consequences of the father's eating sour grapes are often (though often not) obvious in his children, these are not to

the point unless they are of the same nature as the changes which the father's diet wrought in him. As Romanes said, a case of wry-neck in the child is irrelevant in relation to the precise question at issue,—whether modifications in the body of the parent are as such or in any representative degree transmitted to the child.

(*d*) In 1875 Schmankewitsch made a series of observations and experiments on certain brine-shrimps belonging to the genus *Artemia*, and showed that by lessening the salinity of the water he was able to transform one type, *Artemia salina*, in the course of generations (which follow one another in rapid succession), into another type, *Artemia mühlhausenii*; and also conversely, by increasing the salinity. Although he did not himself make any such claim, Schmankewitsch's work has often been given as an illustration of one species changing into another; but we need not for our present purpose enter upon any discussion of this difficult question. Although the criticism of experts has been somewhat damaging, there seems no doubt that these brine-shrimps are in several respects very plastic, and that form-changes are induced by physico-chemical changes in the medium. It should be noticed that Schmankewitsch experimented with *a progressively changing environment* on a series of generations, and that his results may be interpreted as due to cumulative modifications hammered on each successive generation without there being any inheritance of these modifications. Experiments by Anikin in 1898 seem to bear this out, for he notes that the slight changes observed when the degree of salinity was very gradually changed were *not* transmissible to the progeny, and disappeared when normal conditions were restored.

(*e*) It is well known that negroes and Mongolians are relatively immune to yellow fever, and it is believed by some that a progressive immunity may be detected in process of evolution in other cases. Is not this proof positive of the inheritance of an acquired quality? The sceptical answer is, first of all, that the original immunity may be due to germinal variation, and that the peculiarity becomes dominant

by the elimination of the non-immune. And if it be objected that there are cases where a mother rabbit or guinea-pig has been artificially rendered immune to certain diseases, and has afterwards had young ones born immune, the answer from the negative side is again ready, that this was probably due to a kind of infection before birth, some anti-toxin or other having passed from the mother to the unborn young. It is the opinion of many that the evidence from the inheritance of diseases is strongly in favour of the affirmative position; we cannot here do more than ask those who are thus convinced to read the address by Professor D. J. Hamilton, cited at the beginning of this article.

(*f*) The most difficult cases to account for from the negative position are those of the apparent transmission of artificially acquired "epilepsy" in guinea-pigs (Brown-Séquard and others). As the experiments in question are ugly subjects of discussion, and as Brown-Séquard's results have found no confirmation in a similar research recently (1900) prosecuted by Sommer, we shirk the subject here. We have not shirked it in our volume on "Heredity" to be published by Mr. Murray in 1902.

Indirect Importance of Modifications.

That modifications are common is admitted by all; that they are often useful to the individuals who acquire them, is certain; but the question is whether they are of direct value to the race, seeing that we cannot prove their transmissibility. In this connexion, a suggestion of much interest has recently been made by Professors Mark Baldwin, Lloyd Morgan, and Osborn, namely, that adaptive modifications may serve as the fostering nurses of constitutional or germinal variations in the same direction.

Let us suppose a country in which a change of climate made it year by year of the utmost importance that the inhabitants should become swarthy. Let us suppose that some individuals with a strong natural or constitutional

tendency in this direction did exist; it is evident that on them and on their similarly endowed progeny the permanent success of the race might wholly depend. On the other hand, there might be many individuals in whom the constitutional tendency in the direction of swarthiness was too weak and incipient to be of life-saving moment. But if these made up for their lack of *natural* swarthiness by a great susceptibility to *nurtural* or acquired swarthiness, it is conceivable that the modification, though never taking organic root, might serve as a life-saving screen until coincident constitutional variations in the direction of swarthiness had time to grow strong. It appears to us that we have here a consideration of much importance.

Practical Conclusions with respect to Acquired Characters.

It would be altogether at variance with the scientific mood to sum up at present in the theoretical conclusion that acquired characters (or direct somatic modifications) cannot be transmitted in any degree. Our fathers, with few exceptions, *assumed* the affirmative; to many modern biologists (Herbert Spencer, Professor Ernst Haeckel, Sir William Turner, Professor E. D. Cope, Professor G. H. Th. Eimer, and others) the hypothesis of the affirmative has seemed justified by its value in interpreting the course of events; to many medical men the affirmative is a working hypothesis in their practice; to the majority of breeders —to whom the question means money—the affirmative is a foregone conclusion. Opinion in favour of the affirmative answer is still widespread. Against this, the more critically-minded have simply to urge (1) that in endless cases there is certainly no transmission of the acquired character in any degree; (2) that in no recorded case is there secure evidence of the transmission of an acquired character as technically defined; and (3) that the facts of genetic continuity being as they are, it is difficult to conceive of the

mechanism by which the transmission of a somatic modification could be effected. It *may be* that some modifications saturate so deeply into the organism that the germ-cells are affected in a manner so specific and representative that the offspring exhibit as part of their inheritance some degree of the modification which their parents acquired, but we do not at present know of any such case. Therefore we say that the scientific position at present should be one of *thätige Skepsis* leading on to experiment, that we must at this date give a verdict of non-proven for the affirmative, and admit a strong presumption in favour of the negative answer. After many years of experiment, directed to the precise issue, a more definite position may be maintained, but we must wait with an open mind.

But what, in the meantime, is the practical outlook? If we cannot believe in the affirmative answer, what is our attitude to education, physical culture, amelioration of function, improvement of surroundings, and the like? There can be no hesitation about the answer; these factors should become *increasingly* important in our eyes. *If* the results of nurture are not as such transmitted, it is all the more urgent that we should secure that the influences making for betterment are brought to bear on each successive generation. *If* the results do not take organic grip of the nature, let us at least secure the provisional life-saving veneer.

An American asks quaintly and pathetically: "Is my grandfather's environment not my heredity?" Well, if not, let me secure my grandfather's environment for myself and my children, if it made for progress, and flee from it if it tended elsewhere. The pessimism which is engendered by a consideration of the fact that organic progress must be slow in a slowly reproducing, slowly varying creature like man, has to be corrected by an appreciation of the plasticity of the individual organism under appropriate nurture, and by a remembrance that the non-transmission of acquired characters cuts both ways, obviating what is for evil, if not assisting what is for good. And yet it *may* assist what is for good, for if our simple paragraph on the indirect effect

of modifications be re-read, it will be evident that it is in our hands to hasten the wheels of progress.

We have designedly left out of consideration the fact that man differs from the animals in the great development of an "external heritage" apart from any germ-plasm—which lessens for him the importance of this question of the transmission or non-transmission of acquired characters. A desired result which cannot be achieved for many generations by organic or natural inheritance may be in a sense forestalled by external or social inheritance.

In Conclusion.

If there is little scientific warrant for our being other than sceptical at present as to the transmission of acquired characters, this scepticism lends greater importance than ever, on the one hand, to a good "nature," to secure which is the business of careful mating; and, on the other hand, to a good "nurture," to secure which is one of the most obvious duties, the hopefulness of the task resting upon the fact that, unlike the beasts that perish, man has a lasting external heritage, capable of endless modification for the better, a heritage of ideas and ideals, embodied in prose and verse, in statue and painting, in cathedral and university, in tradition and convention, and above all in society itself.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BURMA.

1. *Burma under British Rule—and Before.* By JOHN NISBET, D.Oec. (Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1901.)
2. *A Handbook to India, Burma, and Ceylon.* Fourth Edition. (London: John Murray. 1901.)
3. *Burma Administration Report, 1899–1900.* (Rangoon: Government Press. 1900.)

THE country of Burma—the land of gold and radiance and of a myriad enchantments—has ever exercised over the Englishman a singular fascination. Unlike Egypt or Borneo, unlike even the Deccan, Burma owes to Britain, and to Britain alone, her contact with the West, her rescue from misrule, her present pre-eminence among the vast satrapies founded by the resolute zeal of Englishmen around the southern coasts of Asia. The story of Burma is one that has long needed to be told, and to be told fully, competently, from the inside. Few Anglo-Burmans could be named whose claims to be heard upon this theme rival those of the experienced Conservator of Forests who for many a long year drank in the spirit of the land, the fragrance of its woodlands, the genius of its streams. The moment, therefore, of the completion of Dr. Nisbet's laborious and encyclopædic work is opportune for passing under review some of the features of the story, and for seeking to estimate the force and direction of the tendencies that are producing a new Burma out of the traditions of an immemorial past.

The title of the work before us is in itself an inspiration. It emphasises the primary fact of Burmese history, a history of two chapters, albeit of scenes innumerable. Since first the Mongol hordes streamed southwards from out the chilly

steppes of Tartary upon the kindlier bosom of the mighty Irawadi, the races of the Golden Chersonese wrought out their several destinies for two thousand years, and the drama—complex, long drawn out though it be—has in the telling the cohesion of an epic. Within less than a century, by stages that were slow, patient, but inevitable, Burma has come under the rule of England. Between Burma before and Burma after the British there are few organic links. The face of the land has been changed, less by an evolution than by a transformation.

The splendours of the Burmese court were made known to Europe centuries ago by the romantic reports of mediæval travellers. While Elizabeth was ambling down to Tilbury to rally her lieges to the defence of the homeland in the fateful Armada time, one Ralph Fitch was dreaming dreams of a wider empire, to be wrested out of the Orient by the peaceful conquests of trade. Standing upon the platform of the Golden Pagoda of Rangoon, he saw around him a vast plain of limitless rice stalks, whose golden tips lay glittering under the opulent warmth of a tropic sun. In little more than a decade—during the closing hours of the sixteenth century—the Honourable East India Company was formed in London; before another decade had been launched into the past its agents were to be met with from end to end of the Irawadi stream.

Age after age the land was racked by the ceaseless strife of its peoples, monarch against monarch, race against race. Mongol fought with Aryan, Shan with Burman, the men of the Arakan hills with those of the plains of Siam, Pegu with Ava, Assam with the Karens. Amid the clash of arms the agents of John Company sought to pursue their peaceful avocations, and had the Alompra kings, the last of the native despots, been as wise in their generation as the rulers of Siam, Burma might be to-day where Siam is. But they ran full tilt against the conquerors of India, and the power which laid the empire of the Moguls in the dust was driven in self-defence to extend its boundaries eastward, until they embraced the eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal, with all

the rich valleys that pour their wealth into its ample bosom.

The causes out of which sprang the three Burmese wars need not here be examined. Elsewhere in the world Britain may have been avid of dominion; in Burma, at any rate, she ever displayed exemplary patience under provocation, and moderation in the hour of victory. Arakan and Tenasserim were acquired by treaty in 1826; Rangoon and the delta were added in 1852; Upper Burma, upon which France had underhand designs, was saved in the nick of time by the occupation of Mandalay in 1885. In swift, absorbing chapters our author traces out the inner history of the century during which the monarchs rather than the peoples of Burma were rushing upon their inevitable doom. Nor need one tell over again the story of Thibaw's unexampled barbarities, his insensate self-absorption, his fatuous ill-will. Goaded on by his termagant queen, the blood-stained Supaya Lat, his crimes against humanity placed him outside the pale of responsible being. It were more profitable to embark upon a brief survey of the main effects of his deposition.

On the day—November 7, 1885—on which the Arbiter of Existence resolved to defy the warnings of the Government of India, he issued a manifesto in these terms:

> Those heretics, the English barbarians, having most harshly made demands likely to impair and destroy our religion, violate our national customs, and degrade our race, are making a display and preparation as if about to wage war against our State.[1]

When, a week after, General Prendergast crossed the frontier between the two Burmas, he carried with him a proclamation containing this promise:

> It is the earnest desire of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India that bloodshed should be avoided, and that the peaceful inhabitants of all classes should be encouraged to pursue their usual callings without fear of molestation. . . . Your private

[1] *Burma under British Rule*, i. 83.

rights, your religion, and national customs will be scrupulously respected.[1]

The promise was kept, and to-day the Burman enjoys the quaint sanctities of his bamboo home, haunts the pagoda shrine on feast days, or sits out a pungent *pwe* in the moonlight, with greater freedom of mind, less peril of body, than ever he did under the despotism which is now overturned for ever.

What causes have conjoined to make the Burman—half Aryan, half Mongol—the man that he is? Whence the radical difference between the sad-eyed races of India, the stolid astute peoples of China, and the laughter-loving women, the ease-loving men, of the country that lies between? They owe much to the opulent environment wherewith they are dowered. The sylvan wealth, the plenitude of fruit and grain, which led Ptolemy to call this fortunate peninsula the land of gold, make labour a superfluity, and effort a wanton trifling with the gifts of nature. The half-century that has elapsed since the occupation of Rangoon has witnessed the creation of limitless sources of wealth in rice cultivation alone, and to-day the province ranks as one of the main rice granaries of the world. Within ten years the rice export has doubled, and the figure for the first ten months of 1900 reached the huge total of 1,906,738 tons, apart from the large quantities that were sent up from the rich delta regions into the drier belt of the upper valley. Not the least of the material benefits conferred upon this happy-go-lucky people by British rule is the conversion of its waste lands into food-producing areas.

For the three years preceding the annexation of Pegu (1849–1852) the average price of "paddy" or unhusked rice was only fifteen rupees per hundred baskets of about nine gallons capacity. On the occupation of Rangoon it rose to thirty-five rupees, and during the following three years it averaged forty rupees per hundred baskets. Now, during most years, the average price

[1] *Burma under British Rule*, i. 84.

per hundred baskets ranges from about 100 to 110 rupees (£6 13*s.* 4*d.* to £7 6*s.* 8*d.*) at Rangoon.[1]

Yet the development of the cereal resources of the land is still in its infancy.

Nor has this agricultural prosperity as yet anything like approached within even distant view of the ultimate limits to which the expansion of cultivation is possible. Although 6,277,678 acres are under rice in Lower Burma, . . . yet there are still enormous tracts of land suitable for permanent cultivation as rice-fields whenever population increases sufficiently, either by immigration or by natural growth, to provide labour for breaking fresh ground, because the total extent of cultivable waste amounts to 24,619,662 acres, or three-fourths of the total area of England.[2]

Another gift of nature to this fortunate land is to be found in its interminable forests. Of teak timber alone there was exported, during the closing year of the century, a quantity of 272,286 tons, of the value of £1,524,797. The best of this went to the Government dockyard in Bombay, and the bulk of the remainder found its way into the shipbuilding yards at home, where it forms the indispensable cuticle of the modern ocean greyhound. It is many a long day since our ships were "hearts of oak," and the timber resources of Burma have been of incalculable utility to the nation whose very being hangs upon the possession of the empire of the sea.

These episodes in the physical environment of the peoples of Burma are cited, not for their own sake, but for the purpose of illustrating the vitality of the land, immense, exhaustless. The English colony is small, and by reason of the climate its numbers can never be great. There is nowadays little scope for large individual fortunes, and many a trader, despite a lifetime of application, returns home with the barest competency to support the enforced leisure of his later years. The aim and secret of British rule are enshrined

[1] *Burma under British Rule*, i. 431. [2] *Ibid.*, ii. 433.

in the motto "Burma for the Burmans," and the successful attainment of this ideal is written large upon the face of the land.

It is a trite epigram in the East that calls the city of Rangoon a suburb of Madras. The saying is, literally, a half-truth, for the census of 1891 revealed the presence of 86,714 Hindus, Mahometans, and Parsis, whereas the true Burmese were but a part of the 79,857 classed as Buddhists and Jains. These include the large Chinese influx, which competes with the Indian immigrants for the trade of the capital. The Burman is not a town dweller, and is incapable of the qualities of obedience, punctuality, and self-restraint, which are of the essence of urban life. He will never make a factory hand, a postman, or a policeman, for the drudgery of regular employment is repugnant to his nature. It is in the villages that Jack Burman is at his best, and it is in the unspoiled vastness of the upper valleys, the silences of the woodlands, the expanses of the paddy-fields, that one must seek out the heart and secret of the Burmese mind.

The primary fact of Burmese life is the sovereignty of the woman. Nowhere in all the East does womankind enjoy the freedom that belongs to her sex in this happy-hearted province. It was ever thus, and the inheritance of two thousand years of equality with man has raised her aptitude for freedom to the level of an instinct. Unveiled, free as the air to roam the forest or the village street, mistress of her future, untrammelled by the miseries of child-marriage, the Burmese girl is a fitter mate for the youth of her choice than any of her chastened sisters among the caste peoples of central India could ever be. It is she who directs the sowing of the crops, the winnowing of the grain, the economics of the household. It is she who sets up a stall in the bazaar, not for the profit that it brings—although there is no keener hand at a bargain anywhere in the world. She goes thither for the pleasure of the gossip, and the chaffering, and the laughter that make a village bazaar on a river-bank, in the listless hours of a tropic afternoon, a bower of

delights. And when the paddy-broker comes up from Rangoon, he knows that it is with the peasant's goodwife that he will have to reckon, her good-humoured raillery that he will have to face, as he makes a bid for the crop, a bid which he knows full well he will have to double, before the keen-witted woman will part with the produce of her husband's labour.

A Burmese girl of nineteen or twenty is much smarter at business than a lad of the same age; and she undoubtedly maintains all through life the advantage thus won. Hence she naturally rules the roost, and gives the advice which is usually accepted in business transactions, though often clever enough (and wise enough) not to make this too apparent. It is in the bazaar that the European will have by far the best opportunity of forming his opinion of the Burmese girl; and a high opinion it is bound to be. She has a grace and freedom of manner . . . which cannot fail to charm.[1]

The present writer has seen a Burmese woman, with a babe at the breast, directing the intricate labours of a dozen men, who were engaged upon the task of printing and dyeing lustrous silk kerchiefs. These are an indispensable item of the dress of a fashionable damsel in this land of radiant colours and strange fragrances.

Although, however, the family life of the Burman presents some of the features of a gynarchy, the man has his place to fill. The average tenure throughout the province is a farmstead of fifteen acres,[2] and the farmer and his sons must therefore do the bulk of the work of cultivation with their own hands. Happily for his temperament he is aided by the unfailing energies of the sun and the rain, which are indeed the main sources of his wealth. A gentle scratching of the sodden ground at ploughing-time, an insouciant scattering of the seed, an indolent watching of the jays and herons during the sprouting, a leisurely harvesting, and all is done. If the wife be prudent, she saves enough for the needs of

[1] *Burma under British Rule*, ii. 204.
[2] *Burma Administration Report*, 1899–1900.

the family during the season, sets aside the seed-rice for the next sowing, and the surplus is spent in the silk or cotton bazaar, or in acquiring merit for the next existence by lavish gifts to the village shrine and the village monastery; for the life of the Burman is tinged to the core by the spirit of the Buddhist faith.

While the transformation of Burma on its material side has already been stupendous, its reformation on the ethical side is something yet to be. The cold, passionless tenets of Gaudama were introduced into the Irawadi valley while as yet the lord Buddha was alive, and the barriers of mountain and sea by which the land is hemmed in on every hand have had the result of preserving its religious practice in a purer form than in any other part of the Buddhist East. The sacred books were not brought to its shores until Buddhaghosa, "the voice of Buddha," went to Ceylon for the purpose of transcribing them, in the year 400 A.D., and when he returned he landed them at Thatôn, on the edge of the Gulf of Martaban. Seven hundred years afterwards the city was sacked by a king who carried them off to Pagan, whose ruined pagodas remain to this day the most splendid and imposing shrines of Buddhist art.[1] Thirty-two elephant-loads of scriptures, and a thousand monks, were thus transferred, and while in western Europe the sublimer faith was still in its darker decadence, the renascence of Buddhism in the Golden Chersonese was influencing the thought and practice of southern Asia.

That influence has endured to this day. The monastic life is an integral factor in the story of the race. From prince to peasant, every man must, as a primal necessity of manhood, become a monk. His probation may be of the briefest, but without it his social ostracism is complete and inevitable.

For at least seven days the acolyte must remain in the monastery, at the end of which time he may, with the consent of his parents, return again to the world; but it is considered

[1] *A Handbook to India, Burma, and Ceylon*, p. 431.

much more becoming in a young lad to remain so long as to include at least one Lent. . . . During this period he not unfrequently becomes imbued with the desire for the life religious, or else feels the easy, lazy, and highly respected status of a monk not at all a bad substitute for the harder life of a layman. If the latter have more pleasures, it has also greater hardships and greater temptations to works of demerit ; hence the chance of becoming a dog or a cat, a snake or a worm in the next state of existence is most easily and effectually circumvented by adhering to the placid monotony of life in the monastery.[1]

The strength of the Buddhist position lies in the coaction of these two potent incentives to the monastic life—indolence in this present world, and escape from degrading toil hereafter. There is a sense, indeed, in which, within the narrow limits of pure selfishness, saintliness of this sort is "profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The ideal austerities taught by the holy Gaudama are practised by few, but public opinion compels the observance of the outward form of self-negation, and there are certain moral obliquities which are visited with direr condemnation than in some priesthoods whose ideals are worthier.

Residence in the monastery is no life of mere mock modesty cloaking debauchery and sensuality. It is, even allowing for the relaxation that now exists from the primitive austerities, still a life of self-denial and continence. . . . For the cleanness and purity of a *Pôngyi's* life are very different from the sensuality of the Brahmin priest of India.[2]

The weakness of the disciple of the Buddha lies in this, that he is no preaching friar. It is this that makes of him in many instances little more than a sturdy vagabond, of the type immortalised by M. Jusserand in *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages.*

The *Pôngyi* does not assume the yellow robe for the purpose of visiting and preaching to the sick or ministering to the

[1] *Burma under British Rule*, ii. 149. [2] *Ibid.*, ii. 147.

spiritual wants of those who are saddened with sorrow or suffering from sin. This cold, cynical, atheistic religious philosophy is essentially different from the sympathetic charity of Christianity. . . . The layman becomes a *Póngyi* simply and solely in order to save himself in the next state of existence by the acquisition of religious merit during this life. He neither cares, nor pretends to care, about any other person's hereafter except his own. He has no cure of souls.[1]

The ultimate basis of Burmese Buddhism is the belief that every man and woman maintains with infinity a debit and credit account, the balance-sheet of which is made up at the end of each existence. Repentance, forgiveness, reform, are inconceivable terms. Wrongdoing is counter-balanced by works of merit, and the merit lies, not in the motive of the doer, but in the saintliness of the object. A handful of rice, flung into the begging-bowl of a recluse, counts for more on the credit side than any self-abnegation for the sake of a worthless child, any arduous duty performed for the benefit of the body politic. As the end of life approaches the layman seeks to wipe out the evils of his earlier manhood by building a rest-house, a monastery, or a pagoda, and the noble order of the yellow robe tacitly accepts a situation which ensures to itself freedom from all mundane anxieties. There is no conception of a supreme Being; even the holy Buddha has now attained Nirvâna, and is therefore no longer a personal entity. Hence the pagoda is not a temple, but a relic shrine, and the mutterings of the devout are no prayers, but mere formulæ of aspiration, mere acts of reverence for the memory of the passionless founder of the creed.

Yet even on this side of its story Burma is already in the throes of a veritable transformation. While as yet there lived in Ava and the Mandalay plain a visible head, in the sacred person of the monarch, the integrity of the faith was assured by the force of social sanction. Thibaw himself was venerated as a monk who had attained by study the

[1] *Burma under British Rule*, ii. 144.

highest honours in the divinity examinations conducted by the archbishop. But the unconscious effect of the material prosperity that resulted from the contact with Western energy was a relaxation of the austerer manners, and even while a king sat upon the throne in Upper Burma there had sprung up a Low Church party, whose laxer observance of the Buddhist ritual broke up the nation into two opposing camps. Year by year the leaven of laxity is exerting its disintegrant force within the lump of Buddhist faith and practice, and to-day it is the exception for the mendicant monk to content himself with the simple food thrown by the faithful into his begging-bowl, as he makes his tour of the village in the guise of humility. These alms are more commonly flung to the pariah dogs, and "tit-bits are generally supplied by the supporter of the monastery and by other admirers." Thus the fabric of Buddhism, like that of its glittering shrines, is slowly but surely crumbling away, and the process of decay can never again be arrested.

But the peoples of Burma are not all Burmese. We have already seen that the unrivalled opulence of its soil attracts year by year a ceaseless influx of other Asiatic races. The caste peoples of India still hesitate to incur the odium of crossing the "foreign water," and until the railways of Burma are linked up with those of Assam and Bengal the high-born Kshatriya caste, and the haughtier Brahmin, will be no frequent migrant into the Irawadi plain, which first they entered by the land route centuries before the birth of Christ. They are to be found in the coast ports, striving with the immense Moslem population for the rewards of trade. But the bulk of the Hindu settlements are of little social account, although they hold with unfaltering tenacity to the customs of their race.

The Chinese, too, swarm up the coast from Singapore, and there are indications that, in the new ethnic struggles which this contact of race with race engenders, the pure Burmese are destined to be absorbed. Out of this commingling of human elements a new race will one day spring into being. For—as may be seen also in the West—the

capable Burmese woman has come to learn that the astute Chinaman is a better mate, because a more masterful, than the easy-going, listless youths whom she has watched from childhood. And their offspring, inheriting the strength of both parents, may one day prove to be the arbiters of the future of the land.

Beside the half-million of migrants from afar, the population of the province includes also a million and more who pertain to tributary races, each with its own place in the cosmopolis. The Shans, who occuy the tablelands between the river valley and the mountain barrier of western China; the Karens, whose home lies southwards, over towards Siam; the Chins, who live upon the hilly ridges by which Chittagong and Manipur are cut off on the west; the Kachins, wild caterans of the mountainous labyrinth through which the upper Irawadi cuts its way to the sea,—all enjoy at the hands of the present administrators a wealth of care and well intentioned government which are devised to bring them within the pale of British law and justice. In the older time their lives were made up of feuds and forays, kidnapping was a normal incident of the day's routine, tribal conflicts were persistent, vengeful, implacable, and human sacrifice was a social virtue.

The task of reducing these turbulent elements to order has been long and arduous, and many a bright English lad has laid down his life willingly on behalf of civilisation among these intractable peoples, who were a perpetual menace to the well-being of the peninsula. But the task was pursued doggedly, tirelessly, and to-day, as the last *Burma Administration Report* records, in terms that are almost commonplace in their calm restraint, dacoity or gang-robbery is unknown, peace reigns through all the frontier territories, rough caterans are being induced to engage in the peaceful arts, agriculture is spreading, slavery is suppressed, kidnapping is abolished, and tribal feuds are settled by the just mediation of the commissioners and superintendents. Moreover, Government schools have been opened, not only for the sons of chieftains, but for the girls

and boys of every rank. The incidents of the civilisation of the frontier races of Burma make one of the most romantic, one of the most arresting chapters in the recent story of imperial rule.

The ethical problems presented by this fringe of non-Burmese races are of moment not only in themselves, but also by reason of their bearing upon the manners of central Burma. For the most part they have been untouched by the Buddhist cult, and where the tenets of the Aryan apostle have exercised any sway at all they have formed but a thin veneer upon the primary thoughts and spiritual aims of the lowlier peoples. For while the Burman venerates the memory of a teacher who now enjoys the bliss of non-existence, the Shan and the Karen, the Kachin and the Chin, are worshippers, eager, sincere, albeit worshippers of unseen spirits. One and all, these people are suffused through and through with an unfaltering faith in the potency of nature. Their religion is pure animism. No act of life may be approached without a sacrifice, no journey may be begun, no hut erected, no foray planned, unless it be sanctified and made secure by propitiation of the guardian "nats," who are ever at hand to wreak their impish vengeance upon the impious and the faithless. At the entry of every mountain fastness, upon the prow of every canoe, in the yoke of every buffalo, you may see the twig, the rag of cloth, the amulet of stone, whereby the spirit-worshipper proclaims his piety, his recognition of the personality that pervades all nature.

This is the Mongol inheritance, and it colours the daily life even of the sincere votary of the lord Buddha. To him no sacrifice is made, for the candle and the lotus lily that are placed upon his shrine are an offering, not of propitiation, but of veneration. But behind the intellectual cynicism of the Burman there lies a half-conscious suspicion that, after all, there may exist in the universe of the unseen potent beings whose anger it were well to appease. Out of this lingering superstition, born in the blood, inherited from a forgotten past, arose some of the more loathsome scenes

in the career of the later monarchs. When Mindôn Min,—Thibaw's reputed father,—sound Buddhist though he was, resolved to build a new city upon the Mandalay plain, the first foundations were raised upon the body of a pregnant woman. Thibaw himself slew three hundred men and women as a sacrifice when his first-born son was stricken by disease. And all round the Centre of the Universe may be seen to this day the dovecot minarets that were builded for the comfort of the guardian spirits of the city of Mandalay.[1]

It is among the animistic races that the Christian evangel has hitherto won its larger triumphs. In the early years of the century Marsden, Chater, and the Careys crossed from Serampur, and were followed by Judson and Rice, who toiled for a dozen years among the Buddhist peoples near the coast, buoyed up by their unflinching faith in the certainty of a harvest. Thrown into prison at Ava, these intrepid pioneers of civilisation found release at the close of the first war with Britain, and thereafter spent the remainder of their days in devotion to the more responsive temperament of the Karens. At this day there are hundreds of Karen villages which are more truly Christian in faith and conduct than many a European hamlet, and the converts support their own pastors and schools.

The survey which Dr. Nisbet makes of the missionary attack upon the Buddhist stronghold is presented in no optimist vein. "It is impossible," he avers, "to say in what direction the religious belief of the Burmese will tend—if they should happen to remain as a distinct nationality, which seems extremely doubtful." Yet, he adds,

> the fact is clear that missionary enterprise is already making itself felt in the towns which form the centres of mission work; and year by year this influence is gradually, along with other causes, producing vast changes in the whole social system of the country. . . . The missionary movement is a powerful influence by which the present social system is bound sooner or later to

[1] *Burma under British Rule*, i. 196.

be affected in one direction or another. This new subversive force is the direct antithesis of Buddhism.[1]

For our own part we cannot affect to be doubtful of the issue. In the early days of the new century it was the lot of the present writer to hold some conversation upon this topic with Maung Ohn Ghine, C.I.E., one of the most respected and intelligent of lay Burmans now living. Loyal as he is to the faith of his fathers, he is not blind to its essential weakness. "You cannot deny," said he, "that Buddhism is at least a logical system, and logic is what Christianity lacks." "But," was the answer, "you owe to this creed of ours the care of your lepers, the cure of your sick." To which he added, "Yes, I admit that in works of mercy your religion is superior to ours, and I look for the coming of a new Buddhism, which is after all the old Buddhism, under which my fellow-countrymen will practise works of mercy, and think of others as well as of themselves." To such an aspiration there could be but one reply, "When that new Buddhism comes its name will be Christianity."

The strength of the native faith lies in the schools. From of old the boyhood of the land has drunk in its knowledge of life in the monasteries, sitting at the feet of the monks. By means of grants-in-aid, the Government has sought to utilise this tremendous force as a medium for the dissemination of Western science. It encourages the establishment of lay and missionary schools in the same way, and is content to see both systems grow up side by side. It is due wholly to the English *raj* that there are to-day 341 schools wherein 32,468 girls, for the first time in the history of their race, receive instruction. The sum expended by the local government upon education has already reached the sum of Rs. 1,607,948, with the result that there are no less than 17,050 schools throughout the province, with 287,987 scholars upon the rolls.[2] Herein is the true

[1] *Burma under British Rule*, ii. 256.

[2] *Burma Administration Report*, 1899–1900.

solvent for the ingrained customs of the Orient. In some of their aspects the effects may seem to be superficial to a degree, but the leaven is there. Your Burmese clerk, who discards the dress of his fellows for a tweed jacket and a felt hat, who clothes his feet in scarlet hosiery and patent leather shoes, who declines to admit that a well tattooed thigh is the supreme test of manhood, may seem to have assumed but the accidentals of Western thought. But the ambition to rise in the social scale is symptomatic of deeper changes still. Let it be conceded, with our author, that the power-loom fabrics of Manchester miss the artistic charm of the silks that are woven in the hand-looms of Mandalay, and that the impact of the West is destroying the romance of past ages. These are changes that no power can arrest; they are the price paid by the æsthetic side of life for the solid benefits of universal prosperity.

The record of work done, enshrined year by year in the reports of the provincial administration, is a lesson in empire. Compared with this, the achievements of the neighbour-colony of French Indo-China are sorry enough. Nor is the influence of the British domination limited by the boundaries of Burma, for the rejuvenescence of Siam owes an incalculable debt to trained Anglo-Burman officials. These have been lent by the Imperial Government to King Chulalongkorn, for the organisation of his finances, the creation of his police, the exploitation of his forests, the formation of his courts of justice. In every department of life and effort the transforming power of the greatest colonists in Asia is made manifest. During the year under review 818,039 patients were treated in the one hundred and ten dispensaries established by the Government of Burma; 148,384 doses of quinine were sold at its post offices. There are 1,000 miles of railway, 13,000 miles of telegraphs, 6,000 miles of river mails, 6,000 miles of roads. Letters and parcels to the number of fourteen and a half millions were conveyed with regularity and safety, and of these a fourth were addressed in vernacular characters. And the thriftlessness of the race, which at one time seemed to be incurable, has

been so vigorously assailed that 52,000 accounts were opened at the post-office savings banks, with an average amount on deposit of £10.[1]

This is the New Burma, happier, securer, more vital, than the Burma of the old régime. It has involved many a heartache, many a shattered frame, for the men who have brought it into being. There are still evils to be redressed, and the aims of the dominant race are not all worthy. But out of the present transitions, which result from the breaking up of the social and intellectual bases of Burmese life and manners, there will emerge a stronger race, possessing ampler ambitions, more enduring ideals.

No more striking witness to the result of British rule could be desired than the new edition of Mr. Murray's Handbook. The compact section allotted to Burma is a *coup d'œuil* of progress. It is with ever-growing astonishment that one peruses the pages in which the modern tourist is introduced to this new wonderland of travel, and guided through the mazes of its interminable pagodas, its enchanting villages. The mere index of creature comforts available in the principal cities seems to convert the romantic country traversed by Ralph Fitch three centuries ago into a suburban playground for the traveller who is sated with the sights of Europe. Rangoon has its boarding-houses, its daily band, its tennis ground, its steam tramways; Maulmain its clubs and newspapers; Mandalay its hackney cabs, its hairdressers, its photographers.[2]

On any day in the week you may leave the capital by the evening mail train, dine and breakfast *en route*, sleep in the car, and reach Mandalay soon after noon. The journey may be continued thence along the upper valley of the Irawadi to the frontier of China, and the return journey, from Bhamo to the coast, may be made, through nine hundred miles of entrancing scenery, upon some of the most luxurious river steamers in the world. Twenty

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[1] *Burma Administration Report*, 1899–1900.

[2] *A Handbook to India, Burma, and Ceylon*, p. 477. *et seq.*

years ago such a journey was a serious expedition, demanding diplomatic intervention, the formation of a caravan, the escort of the royal officials. To-day it is a mere holiday incident, involving the expenditure upon the tourist ticket of little more than a ten pound note. Even to the armchair traveller the perusal of this Handbook would of itself suffice to attest the reality of the transformation of the greatest province within the Indian dominions of the King.

ERNEST G. HARMER.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

THE Alfred Commemoration has come and gone. It has called forth a very wide-spread interest, and has brought one of the greatest of Englishmen prominently before the minds of English-speaking peoples all over the world. Perhaps it may also have done something towards giving people at large a fuller and more accurate presentation of his life, and above all of his historical environment, than they had previously possessed. If it may seem somewhat late in the day[1] to deal with the subject *de novo*, there are on the other hand certain advantages in so doing. An attempt, at any rate, may now be made towards checking the estimate which we have formed of the hero king. It is now possible to point out, tentatively and diffidently though it be, certain ways in which that estimate seems to be inadequate or misleading. Above all, it is possible to indicate the directions in which a fuller or clearer light may yet be hoped for.

But before we pass on to deal with Ælfred[2] himself, something must be said with regard to the recent literature of the subject. The Commemoration year has produced a considerable harvest of literature, of greater or less value,

[1] Perhaps I may be allowed to say that I had undertaken to write an article for the October number, 1901, but was prevented by serious illness. When, therefore, the Editor kindly suggested that it should be written for the following number, I gladly availed myself of his courtesy.

[2] Alfred is, of course, the accepted form of the name in modern English; in the Middle Ages he is frequently called Aluredus. On his own coins the name appears as Ælfred, Elfered, and Elfred, the first being by far the most common; in one MS. of the Chronicle (F) he is called Alured in one place (C. Plummer, *Two of the Saxon Chronicles Parallel*, Vol. I., p. 67). It is worth bearing in mind that the pronunciation must in any case have been practically the same as that of the modern form.

dealing with the king and his times. We hold indeed that this literature (with the exception of critical editions of the original documents, only indirectly connected with the Commemoration, of which we shall speak later on) adds little to our knowledge, and in fact that the student will still do well to have recourse to older books on the subject. But if the literature of the Commemoration contains little that can be called new, at any rate it consists of works which are eminently creditable, and which are in most cases the result of serious study. The chief exception that I have noticed is a curious book written, apparently, in the interests of some form of Anglo-Israelism, *Was Alfred King of England?*[1] by a writer who describes himself as "A Saxon." A reconstruction of history so novel and so startling deserves a word of description. It appears that the wars of Troy really represent "a struggle for supremacy between the Semitic Israelites and the Hamitic Hebrews": the Romans were probably "Hamitic Hebrews," at any rate "Asiatic interlopers" into Europe; and their so-called conquests were a series of efforts to throw off the control of their Asiatic over-lords. "The so-called Pompey, that is, the pompous one," was really, it appears, "none other than Arsaces XIV., the Orodes, the Asiatic Great King of Kings"; and although Julius Caesar achieved a temporary success against him, "his generals Brutus and Cassius" soon "crushed the Roman rebellion"; and not long afterwards "he marries the Egyptian Great Queen, the Cleopatra," and so united "the Asiatic, Egyptian, and Roman empires, that is, the Hamitic and Semitic rival races." All this, we are not surprised to learn, "has been carefully obscured by the Roman writers," who have also succeeded in concealing the great "Teutonic or Saxon race," otherwise the Japhetic race, "under a cloud of tribal names." But by the light of it we are able to follow out the later history. All the races which have inhabited Britain belong to one of two classes; they are "either Hamitic Romans or Japhetic Saxons"; in

[1] Harrison, 1901.

other words, either Anglo-Romans or Anglo-Saxons. Ælfred, according to our writer, became the leader of the former party: he was crowned by the Roman pontiff as such; he was nothing but an Anglo-Roman pretender. He spent most of his life fighting against the Japhetic Anglo-Danes or Danish-Saxons, but he never succeeded in overcoming them. "Alfred was no doubt, like Prince Charlie, a Roman pretender to the throne, but he was never King of England." With his son Edward, however, things went differently:

> Records are wanting to explain how he secured the sceptre his father failed to reach; but as we find a Danish Saxon princess at his side as queen, we may reasonably conclude that her gracious influence led to a reconciliation, and Edward was welcomed into the Saxon fold as a national king.

Three other books which have appeared on account of the Commemoration call for special mention. The volume of essays by various eminent writers which was edited by Mr. Alfred Bowker, the Mayor of Winchester,[1] suffers from all the inconveniences of such a mode of composition, in the way of repetition and loss of directness and precision; but it contains a great deal that is very useful, and well repays study. Mr. Edward Conybeare's *Alfred in the Chroniclers*[2] is wholly uncritical in method, and contains many serious mistakes; but it gives in a useful form translations of the chief early writers on the period, and thus supplies readers of average carefulness with the means of checking the statements of the writer. Most important of all, and the only book which really adds to our knowledge, is the excellent essay on *The Alfred Jewel* by Dr. John Earle, the venerable Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford.[3] Professor Earle has given long and careful study to this relic; and although his theories on some particular points

[1] *Alfred the Great; containing Chapters on his Life and Times* (A. & C. Black, 1899). The writers are the Bishop of Bristol, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Professor Earle, Professor Oman, Sir F. Pollock, and Mr. Loftie; and there is an introduction by the late Sir Walter Besant.

[2] Elliot Stock, 1900. [3] Clarendon Press, 1901.

are, to say the least of it, highly questionable,[1] his conclusion as to the use of the jewel itself is so satisfactory that it will probably win general acceptance. He gives it as follows:

I imagine then that a hollow bead ran round the king's helmet, along the rim next the forehead, and that over the very centre of the brow there was a round orifice in the upper slope of the bead, fitted to receive the ivory stem of the jewel, and that when fixed in this position it would have minor jewels similarly fixed on either side,[2] but that this one would be the central piece and the richest jewel in the crown or coronet. For this magnificent jewel would have the effect of converting the helmet into a crown,[3] transforming the most vital piece of defensive armour into the chief of royal insignia for public occasions of state.[4]

So much, then, for the literature of the Commemoration: we pass on now to Ælfred himself. The first thing that strikes the student of his life is the unanimous praise which he has at all times received, from writers who have regarded his career from every conceivable standpoint. Not a single

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[1] *e.g.* The identification of the head at the base of the jewel as a boar's head (p. 51 f.); the symbolism of design on the back (p. 81); above all, the explanation of the figure on the enamel as having any reference to the pope (p. 74 f.). It is hardly accurate to say that "in the ninth century the thought of Christ was easily blended with that of His vice-regent upon earth." The figure does not in any way suggest the representations of the pope of that date. Moreover, the two sceptres, which are natural enough in the hands of the Lord, as in the figure which Professor Earle gives from the *Book of Kells*, would be an anachronism in connexion with the papacy at this period. The claim that the spiritual power is above the temporal is a different thing from the claim to a twofold jurisdiction: the one belongs to the ninth century, the other to a later age.

[2] One such would probably be the Minster Lovel Jewel, of which Professor Earle gives a coloured representation, facing page 47.

[3] "That the rudiment of the crown was derived from the helmet, at least among our people, seems to be indicated by the Anglo-Saxon word that preceded 'crown,' namely CYNE-HELM, which means Regal Helmet" (p. 46).

[4] *Op. cit.*, p. 45. Dr. Earle's identification of the jewel has received the high support of Sir George Birdwood, given in a series of letters to the *Times*, and based upon the analogy of Indian crown jewels, etc.

thing is recorded which casts any slur upon his character[1]; every word that tells us anything about him is entirely in his favour. It is not merely that he receives enthusiastic praise from contemporary writers. That by itself would be no unique thing, and it is generally possible to read between the lines, so to speak, in dealing with the honour which is given to a king by his own subjects. Nor did he win this honour by his separateness from other men, like Edward the Confessor, to whom, weak king as he was, his contemporaries rendered a reverence far more discriminating than the depreciation which has been doled out to him in our own day, simply because they felt that his ideals and motives were purer than their own.[2] Ælfred lived in the full light of day; he was a fugitive, a warrior, a conqueror, as well as a student and a ruler; he endured adversity without flinching and prosperity without deteriorating; he passed through the deep waters of despondency and isolation; perhaps he bore up against the assaults of a lifelong disease.

Once more, even when a man is the idol of his contemporaries it does not follow that he will win the verdict of posterity. The praise of one age usually opens the way to the criticism of the next, and the very fact that a man satisfies the ideals of one age usually means that he will be found wanting according to those of another. But Ælfred has never lost his fame. From the first he is spoken of with reverence and love such as is given to no other, king or subject: not long after his own day he is spoken of as "Ælfred the Truth-teller, ever the most strenuous in war, noblest of West Saxon kings, prudent and religious and wise above all men":[3] to the Middle Ages he is "England's

[1] Unless indeed it be the statement, interpolated in Asser from the *Chronicle of St. Neot's*, that the saint caused him to govern better than he had previously done. This is an obvious fabrication in honour of St. Neot.

[2] See an interesting sermon on Edward the Confessor, preached by Dr. J. Armitage Robinson, in Westminster Abbey, on St. Edward's Day. (Macmillan, 1901.)

[3] From the early though spurious *Chronicle of St. Neot's*, sometimes called the *Annals of Asser* (*Monumenta Historica Britannica*, p. 498). Asser calls him *rex veridicus* (*ibid.*, p. 471).

Darling," "England's Joy," or the like:[1] according to Henry VI., who endeavoured to obtain his canonisation, miracles were worked by him, both during his life and after death:[2] since the seventeenth century he has been universally known as Alfred the Great.[3] The Alfred Commemoration has called forth a chorus of enthusiastic praise, and yet it may safely be said that every note in that chorus may claim to be no more than an echo of what has been said by earlier writers. Even Mr. Frederick Harrison's extravagant utterance,—

> In each of these characters [*i.e.* "the man, the warrior, the statesman, the hero, the saint"] he was perfect,—the purest, grandest, most heroic soul that ever sprang from our race,[4]—

is only what our American cousins would call "tall talk," if we may think that the documents present us with an adequate as well as with an accurate view of the facts.

In a word, it may be said (and the fact is surely one which calls for some notice) that both the records of Ælfred's life and the estimates which have been formed subsequently of his character stand unrivalled in this respect, that the picture which they present to us is one of unalloyed brightness. How, then, is this to be explained? It may of course be said that the answer is to be found in the facts themselves: on the other hand, it may be found in the nature of the records. And here let us make clear what we mean. We do not of course in any way question the fact

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[1] Florence of Worcester and William of Malmesbury call him *suas genti charissimus*: in the *Proverbs of Alfred*, a poem (in its present form) of the thirteenth century, he is called *Englene hurde* (=herd, *pastor*), *Englene derling*, *Englene frowere* (comfort).—See R. Morris, *Old English Miscellany*, p. 102 f.

[2] The letter of Henry VI. to Eugenius IV., dated March 20, 1441, is given in the *Official Correspondence of Thomas Bekynton*, Vol. I., p. 118 (Rolls Series, ed G. Williams, 1872).

[3] Apparently the title is no older (E. A. Freeman, in *Dict. Nat. Biogr.* I. 153).

[4] *The Writings of King Alfred*, an address delivered at Harvard College, p. 3. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

of Ælfred's true and indeed surpassing greatness and nobility. His own writings, his deeds, the very records of his life (whatever we may think of them) are enough to prove this. Freeman's words on the subject are justifiable in every particular:

> No man recorded in history seems ever to have united so many great and good qualities. At once captain, lawgiver, saint, and scholar, he devoted himself with a single mind to the welfare of his people in every way. He showed himself alike their deliverer, their ruler, and their teacher. . . . Ælfred is great, not by the special development of some one or two powers or virtues, but by the equal balance of all. Appearing in many characters, he avoids the special vices and temptations of each. In a reign of singular alternations of overthrow and success, he is never cast down by ill-luck or puffed up by good. In any case of war or peace, of good luck or of bad, he is ready to act with a single mind, as the needs of the moment most call upon him to it.[1]

But, as we have seen, there are others who use language more hyperbolical than this. And the question still remains, how comes it that the life of Ælfred stands out in such undimmed brightness, as though he were a being from another world? How is it possible for him to be spoken of to-day in language which hardly seems fitted for one who was no more than one of the sons of men? The answer is to be found, we believe, as indeed we have already intimated, in the nature of the records in which he is presented to us, or rather in that which, as a currently received source for the delineation of Ælfred's character, is the chief of them.

The accepted authorities for the life of Ælfred are the English Chronicle (*i.e.* the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* of earlier writers) and the so-called Life by Asser, other details being supplied by later chroniclers, by charters, and by Ælfred's own works. To the Chronicle we owe, speaking generally, the main facts of the history and their relation to one another, which a chronicler supplies better than anybody

[1] E. A. Freeman, *ubi supr.*

else: from Asser have been derived the details of Ælfred's own life and actions, and in fact that presentment of his personality as a whole which a biographer alone can give. It is "Asser" then, more than any other, who is responsible for the current presentment of the great king; and the validity of that presentment is in a measure dependent upon the genuineness of the *De Rebus Gestis Ælfredi* of Asser. This work covers the life of Ælfred down to his forty-fifth year, *i.e.* 893 or 894, when it breaks off abruptly. It professes to have been written by Asser, *omnium servorum Dei ultimus*, who had been invited by Ælfred to his kingdom, from his monastery at St. David's, in order to teach the English people; and who ultimately took up his abode amongst them. From other sources we know that Asser was a bishop in Ælfred's lifetime,[1] and that he died Bishop of Sherborne in 908 or 909.[2] Plainly therefore, if it be genuine, it is an authority of the highest possible value; for the writer claims to have lived in the closest intimacy with the king, to have been his teacher, and to know all his plans and aspirations. But can it be considered genuine?

An initial difficulty lies in the fact that the text of the work, as we have it, is very corrupt. The current text contains lengthy passages, including some of the best known and most picturesque incidents, which are undoubtedly interpolated from the spurious *Chronicle of St. Neot's*. These, however, were absent from an ancient manuscript, once in the Cotton Library but now destroyed by fire, "which seems to have been at least as old as the early part of the eleventh century";[3] and the text of this manuscript is fortunately preserved for us in an edition of Asser by Francis Wise, published at Oxford in 1722.[4] But even

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[1] Preface to Ælfred's translation of Gregory's *Pastoralia* (ed. Sweet, Early English Text Society, p. 7).

[2] The former date is that of the *Annales Cambriae*, the latter that of the English Chronicle, according to its true dating.

[3] *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, preface, p. 80. This opinion, which is that of Dr. Petrie, is based upon the facsimile given by Wise.

[4] This edition is followed in the *Monumenta*.

allowing for and rejecting these later additions, can the work be considered genuine?

The first thing that strikes the reader is that it consists of two sharply defined portions, which are interwoven with one another: (*a*) the general history of the period between 849, when Ælfred was born,[1] and 887, written in the characteristic form of a chronicle of the period, in crisp narrative style; (*b*) an account of Ælfred himself, his personal characteristics and his family life, down to his forty-fifth year (*i.e.* according to the correct date, 893 or 894), in which the language is more inflated and the style more involved. Now the relation between these two portions is quite plain.[2] The former is simply a translation of the English Chronicle, not however in the exact form of any of our existing manuscripts.[3] The writer of the Life has merely taken and translated it, and interwoven it with his story; and since he has not used it subsequently to the year 887 we can hardly doubt that the copy of which he made use ended with that year.

Now this itself is a strange thing, if the Life was written by Asser. Summarising very shortly a difficult and involved subject, it may be said that scientific investigation into the origin of the Chronicle shows conclusively that all our MSS. are derived from a common ancestor, an English Chronicle which came down to 892.[4] No doubt this was based upon pre-existing materials, Latin and English, including certain English annals which came from Canterbury;[5] but it was an organic whole. We do not know by whose hand this archetypal English Chronicle was written. Its author may possibly have been Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, 890–914; at any rate it was one or other of

[1] *i.e.* according to Asser. The point is discussed subsequently.

[2] T. D. HARDY: *Descriptive Catalogue of Materials Relating to English History*, I., p. 549 f.

[3] C. PLUMMER: *Two of the Saxon Chronicles Parallel, on the basis of an edition by Professor Earle*, II., p. lxxxiii. f.

[4] PLUMMER: *op. cit.*, p. cii. f.

[5] As has been conclusively proved by Ernst Grubitz, *Kritische Untersuchung über die angelsächsischen Annalen.* (Göttingen, 1868.)

the circle of scholars about Ælfred, and (so we cannot doubt when we remember what he himself has told us of his relation to the learning of his day) it was written under Ælfred's own supervision. Moreover, there is no doubt at all that the form of the Chronicle which "Asser" used is derived from this archetype, with variations which are the result of more than one transcription. This fact ought to bid us pause. It is of course possible that one of a small circle of scholars about a great king, writing a life of that king and *addressing it to the king himself*,[1] might incorporate the whole contemporary part of a chronicle written by another member of the same circle only a few years before at most,[2] and without acknowledgment, but it is highly improbable. It is possible that he might use a form of this Chronicle which stops at the year 887, and yet which, by its very wording, points to its being derived, at some distance, from the archetype which ends in 892; but it is not likely. It is *prima facie* far more probable that we ought to attribute the Life to some writer of a later date, who possessed a copy of the Chronicle of later derivation, and mutilated at the end.

When the Life is examined from another point of view, there is much that leads clearly to the same conclusion. It is diffuse when speaking of things which must have been known to everybody in the last ten years of Ælfred's reign, and it is obscure and apparently ill-informed just where an intimate friend should have told us more. It tells us much of Ælfred's literary work, nothing almost of his literary works; nothing, above all, of his *Pastoralia*, in the preface to which the king mentions Asser by name. The narrative is not free from inconsistencies;[3] there are occasional passages which seem to point to the circumstances of a day

[1] The dedication to King Ælfred is found in the oldest MS, and the book plainly requires something of the sort.

[2] As we have seen, he incorporates the Chronicle for 887; and he professes to be writing in the king's forty-fifth year, *i.e.* 894 at the latest.

[3] *e.g.* In what is said with regard to Ælfred's illness (*Monumenta Historica Britannica*, pp. 484, 485).

later than that of Ælfred.[1] All signs of consecutiveness depart directly we pass the year 887; the writer omits events of the years 887–893 which he must have known well, and cannot have deemed unimportant, if he were really Asser the king's friend.[2] Above all, it does not read like the life of a living man by his intimate friend, but rather like a collection of reminiscences and traditions of one who has been long dead. To see that this is so we have only to compare it with documents which really possess the character which it claims: with Eddi's *Life of Wilfrid*, or better still Einhard's *Life of Karl the Great*, or even with the metrical French *Life of Edward the Confessor*. The difference between them is most significant; and it is no mere difference of the quality of the acts attributed to them. Wilfrid and Karl and Edward are living human beings, who breathe and palpitate before us; whereas the Ælfred of "Asser" would possess very little verisimilitude but for the passages from the *Chronicle*. In "Asser's" own pages, the king is an ideal personage rather than an actual one, an Ælfred of tradition rather than of history, a blameless king who suggests to our minds the mystic King Arthur of the *Idylls* rather than a strictly historical figure.[3] It is hagiology rather than biography.

Considerations of this kind have more than once given rise to doubts as to the genuineness of the Life: in particular, they were strongly urged by Mr. Thomas Wright,[4] and subsequently by Sir Henry Howorth.[5] Since then, how-

[1] *e.g.* Where it is said that the king gave Asser "Exanceastre, cum omni parochia quae ad se pertinebat in Saxonia et in Cornubia" (*Monumenta Historica Britannica*, p. 489). *Parochia* in this connexion must mean diocese.

[2] See the Chronicle for the years 888 and 893.

[3] Dr. Lingard's dictum as to the connexion between the *De Rebus Gestis Ælfredi* and the king himself, "Destroy *its* credit, and *his* fame is gone," is surely absurd (*History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* II., p. 425, ed. 1845).

[4] *Archaeologia* XXXIX., 192 f.; and *Biographia Britannica Litteraria* I., 405 f.

[5] Various letters in the *Athenaeum* in 1876. He ascribed it to the early part of the eleventh century.

ever, the tendency has been very decidedly the other way, and "Asser" has been generally, though not universally,[1] accepted as a genuine work. Most modern writers of eminence who have dealt with the period are disposed to accept it as trustworthy; and lesser writers, as is often the case, seem to re-echo their opinion with a definiteness which is in inverse ratio to the amount of attention which they have given to the subject. This is hardly the place to enter into the question more fully than we have already done, nor can the present writer claim to have brought to it the accurate scholarship, or to have given to it the exhaustive study, which would be necessary for the entire solution of the problem.[2] But he records it as his deliberately formed and unhesitating conviction that the work is undoubtedly spurious, and that as a primary authority for the life of Ælfred it must be given up. And he believes that in the long run our views of the king will be truer and clearer in consequence, even though they be less completely filled in.

Indeed, some of the arguments which have been brought forward to prove the genuineness of Asser may in reality point the other way, and supply an indication of the actual origin of the work. Freeman has urged, following Pauli,[3] that Asser's use of phraseology which could only come from a British writer "is a strong proof of the genuineness of his work."[4] It is true that indications conclusively show that

[1] We note, for instance, that Dr. Earle, who formerly regarded the work as genuine (Earle, *Two of the Saxon Chronicles Parallel*, Oxford, 1865, p. lvi.), now speaks of "the author of 'Asser's Life,'" and suggests that perhaps he "was induced to make his hero a prodigy" (Bowker, *Alfred the Great*, p. 172). Mr. Plummer too rejoices that in his edition of the *Chronicle* he is not bound to enter into the discussion of "the date and character of the so-called Asser" (*op. cit.*, II. lxxxiv.).

[2] We are likely to receive more light upon the subject from the edition of Asser which Mr. W. H. Stevenson is preparing for the Clarendon Press. It has been stated, moreover, that Mr. C. Plummer intends to take Alfred the Great as the subject for his Ford Lectures at Oxford.

[3] *Life of Alfred the Great*, tr. Thorpe, p. 10 f.

[4] *Norman Conquest*, I., p. 600; *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, I., p. 161. He mentions in particular the use of the word "Saxon," where Ælfred would say "English."

the writer was a Welshman, but not that he was Asser the Welshman. On the contrary, his habit of giving the British equivalent of English names, as Ruim or Thanet, Wilton near Guilou, Durngueis or Thornsætan, Cair Wisc or Exanceastre,[1] or of giving descriptions of places in England, as York and Æscesdune,[2] would rather point to his writing for Welsh readers,[3] and in Wales rather than England. And indeed in all probability this was the case; the most likely place of origin for the so-called Asser is the monastery of St. David's, either about or before the middle of the eleventh century.[4] That St. David's was a great centre for the fabrication of spurious documents about a hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Henry II. of England, is well known. Giraldus Cambrensis produced many such at Rome in support of his appeal on behalf of the shadowy or imaginary archbishopric of St. David's. That South Wales was very prolific in documentary compilations, half legend and half history, and very likely collected and written out by their authors without any deliberate consciousness of fraud in the modern sense of the word, is equally well known. Such a state of things does not grow up in a day.

[1] *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, pp. 470, 477, 478, 479.

[2] *Ibid.*, 474, 477.

[3] Pauli suggests that Asser wrote "for his own countrymen" (*op. cit.*, p. 11); and Hardy quotes "an acute writer" as observing that "his language throughout is that of one writing in the character of a Welshman, *and for the use of* Welshmen" (*Descriptive Catalogue*, I., p. 552; the *italics* are ours).

[4] The facsimile of the burnt Cottonian manuscript given by Wise (*Annales rerum gestarum Ælfredi Magni, auctore Asseris*, Oxford, 1722, facing p. 137) suggests a somewhat earlier date; but this would be accounted for if the MS. were of Welsh origin, since the Welsh script appears to have preserved its archaic character later than elsewhere. On the other hand, the evident reference to the See of Exeter (see *ante*, p. 81, note 1) suggests the later date, since Leofric removed his see from Crediton to Exeter in 1050. It is possible, however, that "Asser" may have been under the impression that the famous city of Exanceastre or Cair Wisc was the seat of the bishop even if he wrote at an earlier date. Crediton was after all a very insignificant place. The traditional birthplace of St. Boniface is only *villa domumque patrisfamilias* to his first biographer (Willibald *Vit. S. Bonif.*, i., § 3).

The evidence is scanty, and the subject has hardly been studied satisfactorily as yet; but it is at least probable that this process of blending history and legend had been proceeding for some time at St. David's, in the days of Ervin and Joseph, of Bleiddud and Sulien the Wise. And if this be so, it seems most likely that the so-called Asser was compiled there, partly from a mutilated copy of the English Chronicle, partly from the legends of Ælfred which grew up and spread after his death; partly also, it may be, from genuine letters or memorials of Asser or some other of his age.

We have left ourselves comparatively little space for what would have been in some ways the more congenial task of sketching the story of Ælfred's life, partly because that has been done so often already,[1] but mainly because a determination of the real character of the *De Rebus Gestis Ælfredi* must precede and underlie any real attempt to do so. It is not indeed true, *pace* Dr. Lingard,[2] that Asser and Ælfred stand or fall together: to our mind Ælfred grows in reality, and therefore in attractiveness, when the legends of Asser are set on one side. But the fact that they are untrustworthy, once observed, can neither be ignored nor neglected. Asser's stories must be weighed and tested by their agreement or disagreement with the known facts of Ælfred's life; much of his detail must be frankly rejected as merely the work of a vivid imagination; what is far more important, his whole mental atmosphere must be discarded. This is naturally a difficult task, and one not to be accom-

[1] The best modern accounts of Ælfred are probably the following: R. Pauli, *Life of Alfred* (tr. by B. Thorpe), London, 1853; J. M. Lappenberg, *England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings* (tr. by B. Thorpe), London, 1845, Vol. II., pp. 43–85; E. A. Freeman in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, Vol. I., and *Old English History*, chap. viii., § 5 (in some ways much superior to his later treatment). J. R. Green, *Conquest of England*, chap. iv., is excellent for the social life; and Sir James H. Ramsay, *Foundations of England*, Vol. I., chap. xv., for all that concerns topography.

[2] See *ante*, p. 81, note 3.

plished in a moment: the change of outlook is too subtle for that. And all that we can attempt here is to deal with certain particular points in Ælfred's life-history, by the light of the older positive, and of this newer negative evidence.

(1) To begin with a thing which does not really depend upon Asser at all, the dates of Ælfred's birth and death. As to the former there cannot be much doubt, although the matter has been greatly complicated by the blunders of Asser.[1] The genealogical preface to the Parker MS. of the Chronicle tells us that Ælfred was already twenty-three years old when he ascended the throne,[2] *i.e.* after Easter in 871;[3] and as this is a strictly contemporary document, drawn up in the lifetime of Ælfred himself and practically under his supervision, we cannot doubt that it is substantially correct. He was born, then, in 848. Nor is the year of his death free from dispute. We know from the Chronicle that he died six nights before Allhallowmas Day,[4] *i.e.* on October 26; but beyond this we are in doubt, not so much because of the paucity as because of the diversity of the evidence. All that we can say for certain is that 901, the year commonly given, is wrong, and therefore that the Commemoration year, 1901, was not the one thousandth anniversary of that of his death. The error has arisen through the shifting of the dates, by a blunder which we are able to

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Asser gives 849 as the date of Ælfred's birth, but nevertheless he appears to be in considerable doubt on the subject. He says that Ælfred's [first] visit to Rome, which took place in 853, was made in his eleventh year (*Monumenta Historica Britannica*, p. 469). If so, he would have been born in or about 842. And, curiously enough, if that were so, his forty-fifth year would fall about 887; which, as we have seen, is the latest date that Asser gives. On the other hand, elsewhere he calls the year 866 Ælfred's eighteenth year (*Monumenta Historica Britannica*, p. 473).

[2] Plummer, *Two of the Saxon Chronicles Parallel*, I., p. 4; cf. I., 79. A later text of this genealogical preface reads "twenty-two" instead of "twenty-three."

[3] *Ibid.*, I., p. 72.

[4] "Syx nihtu (m) ær ealra haligra mæssan" (Plummer, *op. cit.*, I., 91).

explain,[1] in the MSS. of the Chronicle; and we are able to check this by the citation of the original dates in the ancient though spurious *Chronicle of St. Neot's*. When this correction is made it still remains a little uncertain whether the year was 899 or 900; but on the whole the former date, as Mr. W. H. Stevenson has shown, is decidedly the more probable.[2] In that case Ælfred was not much over fifty years of age at the time of his death.

(2) Passing on to Ælfred's childhood, we come to his alleged journeys to Rome. Of these the spurious Asser records two; one made in 853, without his father but with "a great company both of nobles and common folk," and the other, in company with his father Æthelwulf, in 855.[3] Now this is just one of the cases where we might have expected to have a difficulty cleared away; for it seems so absurd, to our ideas, to think of a young prince of five years of age being sent on such a journey without his parents. But it was by no means so strange, according to the ideas of the ninth century, for a child to be sent on pilgrimage as the representative of his father, when the father was himself unable to go;[4] and the evidence of the Chronicle makes it quite clear that Ælfred did go to Rome in this year. Indeed, if that were not enough, the fact is mentioned in a letter of Pope Leo IV. to Æthelwulf, written whilst Ælfred was there.[5] The child was brought to Rome

[1] See W. H. Stevenson, *The Date of King Alfred's Death*, p. 3 f. (London: 1898. Reprinted from the *English Historical Review* for January, 1898); and more fully in the Preface to Mr. C. Plummer's excellent edition of the Chronicle already more than once referred to.

[2] W. H. Stevenson, *ubi supra*. Ramsay, *Foundations of England*, I., p. 267, holds to the year 900 as the true date; but his reasons are far from conclusive.

[3] *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, p. 470.

[4] As was the case on this occasion: Æthelwulf was on a campaign against the North Welsh, with Burhred, King of the Mercians.

[5] It is cited by Dr. Stubbs, from a MS. in the British Museum, in his preface to *William of Malmesbury* (*Gesta Regum*, II. xlii.). In the *Regesta* it is dated December, 853 (Jaffé-Ewald, No. 2645). The letter, with the whole collection of which it forms part, is described by P. Ewald in the *Neues Archiv*, Vol. V., p. 384.

then, and no doubt made the splendid offerings, on behalf of his father, which were customary from pilgrim kings. Leo received him graciously, "took him as his bishop-son,"[1] *i.e.* confirmed him,[2] and, in accordance with a not uncommon custom of the popes towards those whom they delighted to honour,[3] arrayed him in the insignia once proper to a Roman consul, but now far more generally bestowed.[4] But however well this might be understood in Rome, it was not so clear to English ideas. The only idea of that kind which was familiar to them was coronation. Accordingly, the Chronicle records that Leo "hallowed him king"; and it is quite possible, as Freeman has suggested, that this act may have had much to do with the revolt of Æthelwulf's elder sons against him, which saddened that king's latter years.

So much with regard to Ælfred's visit to Rome in 853. The alleged visit in 855 must be considered very doubtful. It is true that his father visited Rome in that year, but there is no mention of the child Ælfred either in the Chronicle or in the account which Anastasius the Librarian gives of the visit of Æthelwulf in his Life of Benedict III.;[5] neither is it very probable in itself. It is mentioned indeed in a charter professing to be granted by Æthelwulf; but even

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[1] "Hiene him to biscep sunu nam" (Plummer, *op. cit.*, I., 64). Confirmation is still known as "bishopping" in Wales.

[2] In ancient days confirmation was given by the bishop directly the neophite arose from the font where he had been baptized by the presbyters (Mason, *Relation of Confirmation to Baptism*). This was no longer the custom in the ninth century, but it was still, and long afterwards, conferred upon very young children. When confirmation is represented, as it sometimes is, on one of the sides of a sculptured mediæval font, the candidates are always very young children, either infants in arms or else little children holding to their mother's dress.

[3] It must be remembered that Æthelwulf, though not a strong king, was a very devout man, and highly thought of at Rome.

[4] "Filium vestrum Erfred . . . quasi spiritualem filium consulatus singulo, honore vestimentisque, ut mos est Romanis consulibus, decoravimus, eo quod in nostris se tradidit manibus" (from the letter of Leo above referred to).

[5] Migne *Patr. Lat.*, CXXVIII., col. 1355.

so the facts are certainly inaccurate,[1] and the charter is undoubtedly spurious.[2] On the whole, then, the alleged second journey to Rome may safely be rejected. In any case, Ælfred can have had little detailed recollection of the centre of Western Christendom; but there was doubtless enough to quicken a very devout imagination. There is not much to tell us of his actual relations with the papacy in later life, but he certainly shared both that personal reverence which the early English Church felt towards the great bishop who had "brought them Christendom," and also that ever-increasing tendency to magnify the office of the lord pope, which showed so remarkable an augmentation in the course of the ninth century.[3] When he made his translation of Gregory's *Pastoralia* into English, Ælfred set forth in the preface that

> This epistle[4] (*ærendgewrit*, errand-writing) Augustine over the salt sea brought from the south to the islanders, as the Lord's champion had formerly decreed it, the pope of Rome. The wise Gregorius was versed in many true doctrines through the wisdom of his mind, his hoard of cunning thoughts. For he gained over most of mankind to the Guardian of heaven, best of Romans, wisest of men, most gloriously famous.[5]

And although Ælfred seems never to have visited Rome again, we know from the Chronicle that he had no little intercourse with it. Pope Marinus, who died in 884, sent him thence "great gifts, and part of the rood on which Christ suffered," and at his request freed the English school at Rome from taxation;[6] whilst Ælfred sent alms to the

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[1] Leo is represented to have hallowed Ælfred on this second journey.

[2] Kemble, *Codex Diplomaticus*, No. 1057.

[3] See, for example, Milman, *Latin Christianity*, Book V., chap. 4.

[4] The book has a dedication in the form of an epistle to John, Bishop of Ravenna.

[5] *King Alfred's West Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care*, ed. H. Sweet, Early English Text Society, 1871, p. 8.

[6] *Chron.*, ad ann. 883, 885. For the English school, see Anastasius the Librarian, *Vit. Pontiff.*, ap. Migne, *Patr. Lat.*, Vol. CXXVIII., cols. 1215, 1262, 1310, 1355.

pope by the ealdorman Beocca in 888, and his sister Æthelswith, the widow of King Burhred of Mercia, died on a pilgrimage to Rome in the same year, and was buried at Pavia.[1] Moreover, in the following year it is mentioned, evidently as a remarkable thing, that there was no journey (*i.e.* pilgrimage) to Rome, except that Ælfred sent two couriers with letters; whilst in 890 the king's alms were carried by the abbot Beornhelm.[2] After this, however, comes a significant break; there is no mention of the papacy in the years that follow; and whereas Æthelwulf had left considerable sums to churches in Rome and to the pope, Ælfred's will[3] contains no such donation. The Bishop of Bristol has very acutely pointed out what was the undoubted reason:

> It is enough, for anyone who knows the meaning of the references, to glance at the table of contents of a Church history for the years 896 and 897: "Death of Pope Formosus; Pope Boniface VII.; trial and condemnation of the body of Formosus by Pope Stephen VI.; Pope Stephen strangled; Pope Romanus; Pope Theodorus II.; Pope John IX.; Pope Sergius IV.; Marquisate of Tusculum; Theodora and Marozia." We can well understand that not all Alfred's reverence for the place where lay the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul could overcome the effect of a record so grievous as that.[4]

This however was but a temporary incident; and as soon as it was over, with that patient hopefulness which is one of the most striking as well as one of the most pathetic features of the Middle Ages, the relations between the English Church and the papacy resumed their normal course.

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[1] *Chron.*, ad ann. 888.

[2] Beornhelm was abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury (Thomas of Elmham, *Hist. Monast. S. Aug. Cant.*, Rolls Series, p. 20; Thorn, *Chron.* ap. Twysden *Scriptores*, col. 1777).

[3] The English text is given in Kemble, *Codex Diplomaticus*, ii. 112; the Latin at v. 127.

[4] *Ap.* Bowker, *op. cit.*, 111. Readers of Browning will remember the very striking account of some of the events of the period referred to in *The Ring and the Book*.

(3) Other stories which are to be found in the pages of Asser and elsewhere must be tested in the same way. Of the extraordinary passage about Grimbald at Oxford,[1] which is intended to prove that Ælfred restored an already-existing university there, we need not speak in detail: it does not form part of the earliest text of Asser, and is a palpable forgery with a purpose. Nor is it necessary to speak of the strange legends of St. Neot;[2] they also, in their fullest form, are interpolations, although it is clear that "Asser" was at any rate aware of the existence of one or other of the spurious "Lives of St. Neot."[3] Nor need we speak at length of the equally strange story of Ælfred's vision of St. Cuthbert, and his subsequent visit to the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. But something more than this must be said of two stories, which are perhaps more widely known than anything else that has been said about the great king: the one of his learning to read, the other of his minding, or rather forgetting to mind, the cakes. What is to be said with regard to them?

The answer must be that the former is almost certainly spurious, the latter probably genuine. (*a*) The story of Ælfred's learning to read is too well known to bear repetition: let it suffice to say that the boy had not learned to read (or, perhaps, did not know his letters) down to his twelfth year or more;[4] and that then he learned in order to win a book which was offered to him and his brothers by their mother. The story bristles with difficulties. To begin with, it is hard to reconcile it with the rest of Asser's account of the great king's literary work, which is indeed altogether confused and contradictory. Then again, Ælfred's own mother, Osburh, must have died when he was less than

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[1] *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, pp. 489 f.

[2] *Ibid.*, 480, 481.

[3] He mentions him in one passage which is found in the oldest MS. (*Ibid.*, p. 484).

[4] "Usque ad duodecimum aetatis annum, aut eo amplius, illiteratus permansit" (*Monumenta Historica Britannica*, p. 473).

seven years old ;[1] for in 855 his father married again, taking to wife Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bald, who was then about twelve years old. Now even if it were possible in other ways, it would be incredible that this girl, younger than some of Ælfred's own brothers, could be the "mother" spoken of ; but in point of fact, before 861 Æthelwulf was dead, she had been incestuously united to his son Æthelbald,[2] now also dead, and "was about in her widowhood, at the mature age of eighteen, to elope with Baldwin the Forester."[3] On the other hand, the whole story loses its point if we suppose that it applies to some period before the year 855, not to say that it is very hard to find room for it. Besides, Æthelwulf was a man of cultured tastes, and the friend of St. Swithun ; and even supposing that the story referred to a very early period of Ælfred's life, his brothers were very considerably older than he, and the story predicates a state of things which can hardly have existed in fact. On the whole, then, it must be rejected without hesitation. (*b*) The story of the cakes is of quite a different kind. True, it comes to us from the spurious *Chronicle of St. Neot's*, and it is otherwise uncorroborated ; but in itself the story is highly probable, and it is just the kind of thing that popular tradition would take hold of. Above all, the story had come to the writer, apparently, in the form of

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[1] It has been suggested by Wright (*Biog. Brit. Lit.*, I., p. 385) and Freeman (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, I., p. 154) that Æthelwulf had put away his wife to make room for Judith. But the suggestion cannot be accepted : it is true that such an action would not have scandalised many Frankish kings, but Æthelwulf was too religious a man to have suggested it, and Charles the Bald would not have acquiesced in such a doubtful position for his daughter. And it is incredible that such a repudiation should have been passed over by all the chroniclers.

[2] This does not rest on Asser alone : the scandal is indeed passed over by the Chronicle, but foreign chronicles mention it (Plummer, *op. cit.*, II. 80 f.).

[3] Bishop Stubbs, in his preface to *William of Malmesbury*, II. xliii. For the subsequent history, see Plummer, *ubi supra*, and the authorities there referred to.

verse,[1] and probably of a ballad.[2] Now a ballad or saga, as we know, is the surest of all the forms in which genuine tradition is conveyed, so far as bare facts are concerned, though its information is frequently defective or misleading as regards vital questions of time and the relative importance of events. Here, however, nothing of the kind is involved; and on the whole we need not hesitate to accept this tradition as conveying true history.

(4) It is not necessary to speak in detail here of Ælfred's wars. The facts are mainly derived from the Chronicle, with one important exception, and the subject has been dealt with in detail by most modern writers on the subject.[3] We will therefore only refer in passing to the one battle of which our best description comes from Asser, and then deal shortly with the war as a whole. (*a*) The battle in question is that of Æscesdune,[4] fought on some part of the Berkshire Downs, but probably, as Mr. James Parker has shown, not at Ashdown.[5] Asser's account is so vivid that it is hardly possible to doubt that the writer derived it from the evidence of contemporaries in some form or other, probably from a saga of the battle similar to that of Brunanburh, which is incorporated in the Chronicle under a later year.[6] (*b*) As to the war as a whole, the most striking thing at first sight is the ineffectiveness of the resistance which the English offered. This, however, is easily to be accounted for. First, as regards the invaders. The Danes were born soldiers (our very word "soldier" is derived from the title *solidarius* given to the Danish standing forces

[1] At any rate the woman's complaint to Ælfred is given by Asser in the form of two Latin verses:

"Urere quos cernis panes gyrare moraris,
Quum nimium gaudes hos manducare calentes."

[2] So Freeman, *Old English History*, p. 122.

[3] *e.g.* by Freeman, Green, and Ramsay; above all by Mr. Oman in his essay on *Alfred as a Warrior* (Bowker, *op. cit.*, 115 f.).

[4] *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, p. 477.

[5] In a paper on the subject read before the Oxford Antiquarian Society in 1871.

[6] *Ad ann.* 937.

which had "taken the shilling") with an organisation which, if loose, was very effective against those whose organisation was looser still. It was the period when their vigour, and that strange "expansive power" which is only to be seen at certain times in a people's history, was at its greatest. They had established themselves, or at any rate planted outposts, all over northern Europe: in Ireland, at the mouths of the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Seine, the Loire; so that the command of the seas was theirs wherever they went.[1] Their method was all in their favour: they landed at some suitable spot, leaving their ships in the hands of portions of the crews, and at once scoured the country in search of horses; and with these they made their way inland, wheresoever they would. They needed no commissariat, they had neither baggage nor camp-followers; if they were killed they did but die, and there were plenty more to take their place; whereas if they conquered they destroyed homesteads, broke up families, and thus cut off their adversaries, so to speak, at the root. On the other hand, the English were bad soldiers though good fighters, a host rather than an army. They had brought with them from the mainland a contempt for fortifications; and although they had ships (of a kind) and armed men, they had organisation neither by land nor by sea. Above all, they had everything to lose if they were defeated, nothing really to gain if they won. They fought valiantly, as men who fight for hearth and home; they rushed to the fray "like wild boars"; but every battle, whether they won it or not, drained away the life-blood of the nation. By degrees the *gesiths*, the well armed landed classes, were worn out, and a general levy torn from the plough, and armed with whatever weapons came to hand, could be no match for these professional fighters. If the Danish reinforcements held out, the conquest of England could only be a question of time.

[1] On the whole subject, see C. F. Keary, *The Vikings in Western Christendom.*

Nothing but a hero could have sustained them. The other kingdoms had no heroes: Wessex had. And thus, whilst Northumbria and Mercia were gradually submerged, Wessex still held out. But even a hero could not have saved Wessex, unless he had been also a statesman and an administrative genius. Ælfred was both. He led his people out against the foe time after time, learning gradually by experience to avoid the pitfalls which befell him at first,[1] adopting new methods in the face of new difficulties,[2] and meanwhile gradually building up both a strong army and a powerful navy. The ultimate defeat of the Danes was inevitable, simply because Ælfred, who found his people overcome by the superior organisation of the Danes, created against them an organisation stronger still, because it was of an altogether higher order.

(5) This brings us to another side of Ælfred's work; that which has to do with the social and political life of Englishmen. Later days have loved to see in him the father of English life and the author of all our institutions. William of Malmesbury, for instance, tells us that he divided England into hundreds and tithings, and created the system of sureties for the keeping of the peace.[3] Later writers have added to the list: and Hume sums it up by telling us that "he divided England into counties"; that his judicial order "deserves to be noted as the origin of juries"; that he framed a body of laws which "is generally esteemed the origin of what is denominated the Common Law"; that he "hung up by way of bravado golden bracelets near the highways and no man dared to touch them";[4] that he

[1] *e.g.* at Wilton, where the English threw away their victory by issuing from a strong position on a hill, in pursuit of the enemy.

[2] *e.g.* in the critical year 878, when Ælfred retired before the Danish invaders, and built his famous stronghold at Assandun, in the Somerset marshes, as an impregnable basis of operations.

[3] William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Regum*, § 122 (ed. Stubbs, Vol. I., p. 129).

[4] This very widespread and very pathetic way of describing a past "golden age" is ascribed to Ælfred's day by William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Regum*, I., p. 130, ed. Stubbs.

"established schools everywhere for the instruction of his people"; that he "founded, or at least repaired, the University of Oxford, and endowed it with many privileges, revenues, and immunities."[1] We need not say that most of this is pure fable, and that the institutions referred to are in most cases the result of a very slow and gradual growth, the beginnings of which were many centuries anterior to Ælfred. It is only an instance of a tendency, found universally, to ascribe to great men the making of institutions (and, it may be added, writings) which are already held in high honour. In this case, indeed, it is a true instinct which has led men to ascribe everything that they could to Ælfred; for if ever man deserved to be called the father of the English people it is he.

Nevertheless, his method was not what we might have expected; and oddly enough, there is a sense, and that the most literally accurate of all, in which it is quite true to say with "A Saxon," that Ælfred was never king of the English at all. Others before him had claimed to be kings of the English, and had endeavoured to draw the English peoples together into what was really a loose confederation rather than a united kingdom. Ælfred realised better than they wherein lay the true line of progress for England; he was King of Wessex, and a king of Wessex he would be. True, he realised clearly that his own people were "English," not Saxon; he thought on English lines and made the first English Chronicle; we cannot doubt that he looked forward to one England. But he saw that this must come from a strong centre, and he reigned as King of Wessex.[2] He extended his own realm till it included not only Kent and Sussex, as in his father's day, but Essex and the Mercian borders and the confines of Wales and West Wales. He recovered and restored London, the future capital; he made himself the head of the English peoples against the

[1] Hume, *History of England*, first edition (London, 1762), Vol. I., pp. 64–67.

[2] It is of course true that his usual style is a loftier one than this; but the same thing might be said of other kings of Wessex.

Danish invader; and yet he did not jeopardise the future by hasty action or self-aggrandisement in the present. It was Wessex that Ælfred ruled as the pattern of kings; and it was from Wessex that the work was done which helped to make England what it is.[1]

(6) We turn now to Ælfred's literary work. In this respect also there can be no doubt at all as to his real greatness. No man recorded in history can be more truly said to have restored[2] a nation's literature than he, both by what he did himself and by what he encouraged others to do; and this at a time when almost every vestige of learning had died out.[3] Many kings are famous as having collected about their court the learned scholars of other lands, in order to re-kindle the light of learning amongst their people. Some have been greater scholars than he; and some few have left original writings to the world which have not been relegated to obscurity. But of no other can it be said that he did what Ælfred did: that he gave his people a collection of their own laws in their own tongue, and set them in the way of recording their own history in the form of a national chronicle. Of no other king can it be said that he gave his people a translation of the best known "Pastor's Book" of the day, that of Gregory; a translation of the history of the world then held in highest esteem, that of Orosius; of the favourite philosophical manual of the day, the *De Consolatione* of Boethius; of their own ever-famous ecclesiastical history, that of Bæda; not to speak of other works which were undoubtedly the direct or indirect outcome of his activity.[4]

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[1] It appears to me that the title which Asser gives to Ælfred, *omnium Britanniae insulae Christianorum rector*, is a sign of his late date. No doubt there are titles to be found earlier of a *somewhat* similar kind, but with very significant differences.

[2] The word *restored* is not strong enough in one way; for it may be said without exaggeration that he was the father of English prose.

[3] See the oft-quoted Preface to his translation of Gregory's *Pastoralia* (*ubi supra*).

[4] Including a translation of the *Dialogues* of Gregory, ascribed to the king, which has never yet been edited (Dr. Earle, *ap.* Bowker, *op. cit.*, p. 180).

Nor did any other set to work after Ælfred's fashion. One by one these works of his have been edited and published in critical texts: the *Laws* by F. Liebermann[1] and M. H. Turk;[2] the *Pastoralia*, as we have already said, by H. Sweet;[3] the *Orosius*, also by Sweet;[4] the *Bœda* by T. Miller;[5] and the *Boethius* by W. J. Sedgefield.[6] And as these critical texts appear, they are being subjected to a microscopical examination, both in Germany and here, which is gradually showing us more and more of the method of their composition. (*a*) To begin with, it becomes clear that Ælfred's method was not that of literal reproduction: the translation contains long passages which are not in the original, whilst passages in the original are omitted if they seem to contain nothing of value to English readers.[7] Nowhere is this more noteworthy than in the *Boethius* and the *Orosius*. With the former this is especially the case; and the passages in Ælfred's translation which are not in the original, often of very striking beauty, have hitherto been taken as the best representation that we have of Ælfred's own thought. But it appears that we must not lay too much stress upon them from this point of view; for there already existed in Ælfred's time a considerable body of Latin *scholia* upon the *De Consolatione*, of which in all probability he has made use.[8] (*b*) And once more, the exact study of the versions has revealed the fact that the language of them all is not of one type. The *Pastoralia* is rendered in a typical Wessex dialect; the *Bœda* apparently in that of the northern part

[1] *Gesetze der Angelsachsen*, Halle, 1899, etc. Ælfred has simply taken the older law and codified it, making it uniform and supplementing it where necessary.

[2] *The Legal Code of Ælfred the Great*, Halle, 1893. We may mention here one interesting fact which Dr. Turk points out. Ælfred renders the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother, whom the Lord thy God hath given thee, that thy days may be long in the land." It may be the result of the ambiguity of the word *terra*, which he took to mean not *land*, but *the earth*.

[3] Early English Text Society, 1871. [4] *Ibid.*, 1883. [5] *Ibid.*, 1890, etc.

[6] Clarendon Press: the original in 1899, the translation in 1900.

[7] The parts which are not in the original, or *vice versâ*, are in all cases denoted in these editions by a difference of type.

[8] Dr. Earle, *ap.* Bowker, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

of Mercia, and so on.[1] Consequently it is impossible to assign them so confidently to the king's own hand as has been hitherto done. There is nothing in all this to surprise us, or to derogate from Ælfred's fame. If he has not given the rein to his own powers so largely as had been thought, it is but of a piece with his self-abnegation in other matters. His glory is not that of the original writer, but of the teacher: his aim is not self-expression, but the good of his people, and he gives them just that groundwork of standard knowledge of which he sees them to be in need. Nor ought it to surprise us if we learn, and learn still more in course of time, that Ælfred's pen was not so largely concerned in these works as we had imagined. It could hardly have been otherwise: the wise king prepares his scholars and gives them their work; he takes indeed his own share, but if he can find others who are fitted to work with him, the happier is he, in that he can turn his attention to other works.

(7) Many other points might well be dealt with, without even attempting to sketch the later events of his reign. We might speak of his great ingenuity, as shown for instance, far more than in the horn lantern of which Asser credits him with the invention (it must have been in existence long before), in the church which he built at Assandun.[2] Or we might deal with the wisdom which dictated his division of the land with the Danes, and his choice of boundaries. Or again, to turn to other things, we might speak of the irreverent and indecent vandalism which scattered his ashes to the wind in 1788.[3] But the longest essay must come to a close; and this may well end here.

W. E. COLLINS.

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[1] Dr. Earle, p. 193.

[2] It is described by William of Malmesbury, who had probably seen it. As the ground was too insecure for the laying of ordinary foundations, he drove four great piles into the ground in the form of a square. Four semicircular apses of wood were built, having the sides of the square as their diameters. The altar was placed on the easternmost diameter, and the whole roofed in with shingles (*Gesta Regum*, § 122).

[3] See *Archaeologia*, xiii., p. 309; *Liber de Hyda*, pp. xlv. f., lxxv. f.; and Plummer, *op. cit.*, II., p. 114.

THE OXFORD PESHITO.

Tetraevangelium Sanctum, juxta simplicem Syrorum versionem ad fidem codicum, massoræ, editionum denuo recognitum, lectionum supellectilem quam conquisiverat Philippus Edwardus Pusey, A.M, olim ex Ædе Christi, auxit, digessit, Edidit GEORGIUS HENRICUS GWILLIAM, S.T.B., *Collegii Hertfordiensis Socius*, etc. (Oxonii, e typographico Clarendoniano. MDCCCCI.)

THIS volume contains the first instalment (*viz.* the Four Gospels) of the long expected Oxford edition of the Peshito Syriac Version of the New Testament. By its publication the University of Oxford has now brought the text of the Syriac Vulgate to the same stage as their other great enterprise, *viz.* the Latin Vulgate of Jerome, and it is no small honour to the famous Clarendon Press to have in hand two such monumental works, and to have brought them both half-way to their destined completion. The parallelism between the two enterprises is one which will bear examining, and the non-parallelism is also extremely instructive. For example, the moment we write down the word Vulgate and equate it with Peshito, we are plunged into controversy of an acute character between opposing schools of New Testament criticism; one school holds that the very name Peshito (commonly rendered "Simple") is the equivalent of the Latin "Vulgate," and that in any case an actual revision of the Syriac New Testament is implied in its title as definitely as the revision of the Latin New Testament is involved in the title commonly given to Jerome's work. The opposite school holds that the Peshito is not a revision of the Syriac text at all, but the archaic and unrevised rendering. The former will have it that the Peshito is a relatively late product (say of the fourth cen-

tury), emanating from the theological school of Edessa; the latter insists on the version being a product of the second century, and in all probability the first historical version of the New Testament, and of almost apostolical authority: it is thus not a Syriac Vulgate, as Dr. Hort affirmed, but the original Syriac translation, which has only to be edited in order to furnish us with testimony that can hardly be exceeded for weight and antiquity amongst the contributing factors to the New Testament text. What are we then to say on this question? Is the parallel adduced by Dr. Hort a valid one, to be pressed so far as to require the admission of a fourth-century revision of previously existing and probably inconsistent Syriac translations? And although no historical record of such a revision has been clearly traced, nor the name of any great scholar been found attached to the version (and it certainly must have been the work of a very great scholar, for how else would it obtain the name, which it rightly deserves, of "Queen of the Versions"?) are we to concede that, name or no name, with a record or without one, the internal and external critical evidence is sufficient to show that Dr. Hort was right in the parallelism which he suggested? And if it should turn out that he was wrong, and that the parallel was invalid, what becomes of his theory of the New Testament text which has placed the Peshito last when it should have been first, and resolved into separate constituents a text which must, on the hypothesis of the antiquity of the Peshito, have been a "Simple" text, in a sense quite different from the conventional one? Mr. Gwilliam, who is the editor of the new Oxford edition, wears, as is well known, the discarded mantle of Dr. Burgon, and has been, in the matter of the criticism of the Peshito, the protagonist of the school which stands or falls by the antiquity of that version (as indeed either school to which we have referred stands or falls according to the solution of the problem). We even venture to doubt whether Mr. Gwilliam would have spent these laborious years over the restoration of the great version to its first form if he had not been so deeply

involved in the struggle to which we refer, and if he had not hoped to build Dr. Burgon's sepulchre with the shattered remains of Dr. Hort's edifice.

But that we may state the case fairly, let us make a few quotations which will explain Mr. Gwilliam's position. If we turn to the third edition of Scrivener's *Introduction to the New Testament*, p. 312, we shall find the following statement concerning the diffusion of the New Testament in North-eastern Syria:

> We are sure that Christianity flourished in these regions at a very early period; it is even possible that the Syriac Scriptures were seen by Hegesippus in the second century: they were familiarly used and claimed as his national version by Ephraem of Edessa in the fourth. Thus the universal belief of later ages, and the very nature of the case, seems to render it unquestionable that the Syrian Church was possessed of a translation both of the Old and New Testaments, which it used habitually, and for public worship exclusively, from the second century of our era downwards. . . . And the sad history of that distracted Church can leave no room to doubt what that version was. . . . Literary history can hardly afford a more powerful case than has been established for the identity of the version of the Syriac now called the Peshito with that used by the Eastern Church long before the great schism had its beginning in the native land of the blessed gospel.

There is certainly no want of precision, nor of confidence, about these statements. They were made in full view of the fact that another early version of the Gospels, known after its discoverer, Canon Cureton, as the Curetonian Version, had come to light: and that this version, though evidently widely variant from the Peshito, was from a common origin with it. Apparently it was thought sufficient to state the two irreconcilable propositions, (*a*) that the Curetonian Version is a corruption of the Peshito; (*b*) that a study of Peshito MSS. shows that the version has never been seriously altered in the process of transmission from the earliest times.

After Dr. Scrivener's death, a fourth and revised edition

of his work was published under the auspices of another distinguished follower of Burgon, the Rev. Edward Miller, recently deceased. He informs us in the revised article on the Syriac versions that he "has received the most valuable help from the Rev. G. H. Gwilliam, B.D., Fellow of Hertford College, who is editing the Peshito Gospels for the University of Oxford." It is, therefore, the more interesting to watch whether the influence which was thus brought into the text of Scrivener's *Introduction* was such as to confirm the old-fashioned view of the antiquity of the Peshito, or to suggest some suspense of judgment. The latter might at least have been invited by the discovery on Mount Sinai, by Mrs. Lewis, of another and even more remarkable Syriac text of the Gospels, which, like the Curetonian, varied widely from the traditional Syriac New Testament, and yet was clearly in genealogical affinity to them both. It is interesting, therefore, to note (and I suppose we may call Mr. Gwilliam the author of the statements) that

there are good grounds for the suspicion which has been entertained that the Curetonian (at least as exhibited by the editor from his MS.) is itself the later version. . . . We must face the question whether the MS. of an ancient version, which exhibits such singular phenomena on its first page, is worthy to be set above that version which is the common heritage of the whole Syriac Church, and which appears to be the basis of the Curetonian itself.

And we are further told, with reference to quotations from the New Testament by Syriac fathers, that

a large number in St. Ephraem are certainly from the Peshito. . . . The question of the source of St. Ephraem's quotations has been fully discussed in *Studia Biblica* III., paper iv., by Rev. F. H. Woods. . . . His conclusion is that it is quite clear that Ephraem, in the main, used the Peshito.

Probably these statements are sufficient to show the emphasis that was being laid on the antiquity of the Peshito, the fixity of its text, its superiority to the Curetonian and Lewis versions, and its use by St. Ephraem. To all of these views Mr. Gwilliam appears to have committed himself.

But the Oxford school were not satisfied with these assertions. It will be in the recollection of students of the New Testament text that at the instance of the Rev. Edward Miller a debate was held amongst the leading critics in Oxford, with a view to publicly overthrow the positions of the more advanced and least Burgonised writers upon the textual history of the New Testament. What took place at that debate passed into print: and amongst the matters of interest that were brought forward the question of the antiquity, fixity, and quotation of the Peshito Version was one of the chief. If the debate did not add much to our knowledge of the problem, and it was indeed singularly sterile in that regard, it brought into real prominence the fact that the Peshito was the corner-stone of the whole controversy. It was the sheet-anchor, as Dr. Sanday stated, of the opponents of Dr. Hort. If it was as ancient and as widespread and as universally received as the older school held, there was no room for Hort's theory of conflated early texts, in which the Peshito was one of the most complex and one of the least simple.

But it was conceded on both sides of the argument that it was clear from an examination of the earliest known MSS. of the Peshito (and there are many which go back even to the fifth century) that there was little or no variation amongst them. And this point upon which all were agreed will be sufficiently lucid to anyone who knows enough Syriac to examine the footnotes to Mr. Gwilliam's new edition. The apparatus criticus tells us plainly that *there are no variants to the Peshito.* We have verified the same conclusion ourselves by means of two fifth-century MSS. not included in Mr. Gwilliam's list. They are as old or almost as old as the Cureton and Lewis MSS., but the harvest of various readings is not worth collecting. How is this extraordinary fixity of text to be explained, in view of the actual existence of such copies as those of Canon Cureton and Mrs. Lewis? Why are these so aberrant and those so fixed? Why is there a great gulf between the two classes? We may remark in passing that such an observa-

tion should at least teach us the fallacy of reasoning in textual matters from analogy. We do not find such a fixity in the Latin translations nor in the tradition of the Vulgate. If the parallelism between East and West is to be pushed, as Dr. Hort pushes it, in order to introduce into the argument a number of pre-Vulgate Syriac texts, of a mutually discordant type, the same parallelism might easily be invoked in order to prove that after Jerome's revision of the Latin we had a fixed and permanent type of text, which everyone knows is not the case. The argument from analogy is clearly not to be relied on in such matters, except where it is reinforced by the discovery of fresh evidence.

But what of the observed fact of the fixity of the Syriac tradition? It was pointed out by Mr. Headlam, in the Oxford debate, that this agreement in his view pointed to the derivation of the consentient MSS. from a common source, "which could not have been very remote." The remark was an acute one, and probably in the main an exact one; but it was weakened by the further statement that "no body of MSS. can have a long history without mixture." This remark was made in view of the admitted fact that the Peshito is known to have had a long history without mixture! And surely, if Mr. Headlam's case were correctly stated, it would follow that throughout the centuries at any given point the origin of the Peshito Version could not have been very remote! For at that point there is no variation in the MSS. of the version. The absurdity could only be avoided by a further hypothesis that the Peshito was due to predominant ecclesiastical authority which had maintained itself, as regards the text, throughout the ages. And to this there would at once be the reply that this predominant authority may just as well have been exercised in the second century as in the fourth, and if it maintained its own official text, say from the fourth century to the fourteenth, there is no *a priori* reason why it may not have existed two centuries earlier. It is a conflict of opinions, and could only be settled by the introduction of some fresh facts.

Meanwhile, let it be noted in passing that we have gained nothing (or next to nothing) by re-editing the Syriac text, except the proof that the text did not need (except for typographical errors, etc.) to be re-edited at all. The *editio princeps* which Moses of Mardin printed at Vienna in 1555 will hardly be found to vary from the Oxford text of 1901. There is probably no such example of an *editio princeps* holding its own in literature to be found elsewhere.

Returning, then, to the matters in debate, we find that the fresh facts which were desiderated had been already putting in an appearance. To pass over the phenomena furnished by the recovered fragments of the Tatian Harmony which had been coming to light from various quarters and which certainly did not betray kinship with the Peshito, the study of the early Syriac Fathers began to give grave cause for disquietude to those who held by Dr. Sanday's "sheet-anchor." In the first place, a string of Fathers, including Ephraem himself, were constantly convicted of the use of the Diatessaron.[1] In the case of Ephraem the thing was evident, for an actual commentary of his upon the Diatessaron was in evidence; but the same thing was true of many of his disciples and followers, such as Mar Abba, Isho-dad, and Moses bar Kepha; and even Aphraates, who is our earliest authority in the line of Syriac Patristic, was in agreement with either the Cureton or Lewis texts or with the Diatessaron, and not with the Peshito. Thus the conflict gradually narrowed itself to the ground which the Oxford school had themselves chosen for the battle, *viz.* the acquaintance and use of the Peshito as the primitive national version betrayed by the great Syrian father, St. Ephraem, in the fourth century. We have alluded above to the arguments of Mr. Woods in *Studia Biblica* under this head. One would have thought that some hesitation would have been felt as to the accuracy of his investigation. For

[1] In which connexion its exclusive use for public worship in certain regions should be remarked; in view of which the Scrivener statement, which we quoted above, as to the use of the Peshito for public worship exclusively from the second century, is interesting.

not only was it the case that Ephraem was so strongly allied to the Diatessaron, which of itself showed that this and not the Peshito was the Church reading-book of his day, but there was further evidence of a disturbing character. Rendel Harris's restoration of portions of the actual Syriac of Ephraem's commentary upon the Diatessaron[1] was followed by a proof of the existence of a commentary of Ephraem on the Acts,[2] which had for its text a Western type, coinciding closely with the Codex Bezæ, and not with the Peshito. Now it was clear that this went far to put out of court those who might argue that the use of the Diatessaron by Ephraem was merely a matter of the selection of one out of two existing Gospel types, and that the use of the Diatessaron did not imply the non-use of the Peshito. The case of the Acts of the Apostles, however, is not complicated by the intrusion of Tatian. Why should Ephraem use an aberrant form of the text of the Acts of the Apostles, when he and his Church had been always in possession of the pure and undefiled primitive translation? And could the translation have existed in its assumed fixity and purity, when an aberrant Western text of the Acts is the one which the greatest Syrian Father selects for the purposes of commentary? As we have said, suspicions ought to have been raised that something was wrong. What was it, then, that had misled the reactionary critics into believing that they had really got hold of a sheet-anchor? Mr. Burkitt has just published,[3] coincidently with the Oxford Peshito Gospels, an analysis of the actual quotations of Ephraem, over which there have been so many words. He follows Mr. Woods' footsteps, but goes a little farther afield. Instead of transcribing passages from the printed works of St. Ephraem, he goes to the actual MSS. upon which those works were based, and finds (*horresco referens*) that the editors of the printed text have (*a*) assimilated Ephraem's text to the Peshito

[1] Ephraem on the Gospel.
[2] Four Lectures on the Western text.
[3] *Texts and Studies*, Vol. VII., Part 2.

against the authority of the MSS.; (*b*) that they have frequently published as Ephraem's what does not pretend or which cannot be proved to be his. And with this destructive examination he comes to the conclusion that Ephraem did not use the Peshito at all, but that the version is probably the work of Rabbula, the Bishop of Edessa, in the following century. The sarcastic "ad Cæsarem appellasti, ad Cæsarem ibis" of his preface is peculiarly refreshing.

We may fairly conclude that the criticism of the Syriac versions has now moved into a new stage. The "sheet-anchor" can be sold for old iron. Dr. Burgon's castle is down. Whether Mr. Gwilliam and his allies will attempt to rebuild it remains to be seen. Time will show whether Dr. Hort's theories will also stand the strain of a similar steady increment of facts. But at least it may be allowed that he was right in his contention that Old Syriac texts of the New Testament did exist, and that out of these Old Syriac texts the noble Vulgate of the Eastern Church was editorially evolved.

J. Rendel Harris.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By GRAHAM BALFOUR. In Two Volumes. (London : Methuen & Co. 1901.)

MR. GRAHAM BALFOUR'S book does not add much that is of importance to what was already known of R. L. Stevenson. In truth, there was not much left to disclose, for Stevenson, like all imaginative writers, and in a fuller measure than most, had revealed himself in his work. His books are full of reminiscence,—etherealised, no doubt, as one has said, "by the beauty of his mind and the wonder of his style, transfigured and illumined, raised, as it were, to the power of poetry," but none the less a real discovery of himself. And in the posthumous volumes of his letters we are shown the man in the making, in the progressive stages of his development, clearly, if undesignedly, portrayed by his own hand, in the midst of the scenes and events, the influences and labours, that wrought to rare attractiveness his fine character. But Mr. Balfour's biography of Stevenson fulfils the intention of its author in that it supplements the essays and the letters. It contains many interesting details concerning his forebears, his earlier years, with the pranks and follies of his adolescence, his environment during those perilous formative years; and we are told of the friends who had insight enough to see the genius, the gold that lay in solid masses, beneath his youthful crudities, and who were kind enough to lend him a hand. It throws some fresh light upon the struggles by which he fought his way to fame; and it gives a graphic account of Stevenson at Vailima, particularly during the time which Mr. Balfour spent there as guest,—the closing two and a half years of Stevenson's career, strenuous years crowded with work, and marked by his rapid maturing. But the principal service

rendered by this biography is that it brings together the autobiographic portions of Stevenson's writings, and, from these and other and new sources—such as hitherto unpublished note-books and unfinished manuscripts—constructs for the multitude of Stevenson's readers, rather than for his intimate friends and the students of his work, a concise and fairly complete presentation of the man, in his singularly rich and fascinating personality. Taking into account the difficulty of writing the life of one who was already so well known, and considering the paucity of the fresh material available, we judge that Mr. Balfour has succeeded well in his task, and has placed the reading public under a debt, which the more intimate admirers of Stevenson who long ago fell under his charm, and estimated his gifts as being amongst the highest, will be the first to acknowledge.

Stevenson came of a cultured ancestry on his mother's side,—of the stock of advocates, clergymen, and merchants. From these, the Balfours, came his "intensity, his ethical pre-occupations, his love of preaching." And it cannot be doubted that the lad was powerfully influenced by the long days he spent at the manse of Colinton in the society of his maternal grandfather, a beautiful, silver-haired cleric of solemn face, that gleamed with the light of higher worlds, but silent, restrained, almost cold, known only once, in unwonted tenderness, to kiss the light-hearted boy. On his father's side, his ancestors were more sturdy than refined. Starting as farmers, they became rovers, developing in contact with men of other countries vigorous brain force, which they eventually put to use in the practice of mechanics, and grew into famous engineers and lighthouse-builders. His grandfather, whom he was never weary of extolling, erected the Bell Rock Lighthouse in 1807, and this was the first of about twenty "stars for seamen" which he constructed. This able man was a lover of adventure, of the vicissitude of outdoor life in savage places; and it is not improbable that the strong spice of romance in his grandson was due to this brave and capable engineer, who delighted to toss in boats amongst the surf-beaten islands of

Scotland, to ride by dubious bridle-tracks through sparsely peopled wildernesses, and to defy the wreckers in whose very camps he planted his lighthouses. Withal, this picturesque ancestor was a man of zealous industry, greedy of knowledge, unflagging in the task of self-improvement. He was a strong, kindly man, exercising, as sole engineer of the Board of Northern Lights, an almost patriarchal sway over the light-keepers and their families, caring for the sick, arranging for the education of the children, and turning the lighthouse into a sanctuary, where he conducted divine worship when he chanced to be weather-bound in one of them for a Sunday.

Stevenson was not less fortunate in his parents, whom he greatly reverenced, though for a time, as he confesses, he made them carry the burden of his "sins, sorrows, and physical infirmities." His father, like his paternal grandfather, an eminent engineer, was a man of striking individuality, full of apparent inconsistencies, singularly blending the melancholy of the Celt and the sternness of the dour Calvinist with humour, geniality and wise tenderness, shrewd and childish, passionately attached and passionately prejudiced, charged with poetic and artistic elements, loving pictures and his few favourite books. He was profoundly religious with a morbid sense of his own unworthiness, a student with strange relapses into idleness. Eloquent and imaginative, he was wont to put himself to sleep after his toil, and to soothe his son's troubled nights in childhood, by inventing stories of "ships, robbers, roadside inns, and old sailors." A man at once romantic and freakish, shrewd and practical—his qualities passed directly to the subject of this biography.

The atmosphere of Robert Louis Stevenson's childhood and youth was conducive to the evolution of an original character. There was much freedom in the home. The child was delicate, and the father did not bind him down to conventional ways of learning, but fostered the growth of the imagination rather than the acquirement of knowledge. His boyhood was ideal and beautiful, full of sunshine and

play. Nature, too, had her part in his development. The grey stone house in Edinburgh looked out on gardens where the lilac bloomed in spring, and the pipe of the blackbird might be heard, while in the distance could be seen the hills of the kingdom of Fife. The boy's summer resorts were among the mountains, or on the moors charged with stirring traditions of faith and liberty, or by the rivers where the spirit of beauty dwelt. This was his "golden age," he says.

A word must be said about his nurse, Alison Cunningham, to whom, in the days of his fame, he dedicated *The Child's Garden of Verse*. She was a woman with a streak of genius, a lover of poetry and ancient story. She watched over him with a care "more patient," he tells us, "than that of an angel." She regaled him with the lore of the Covenant—its battlefields, its shining heroes, its pallid sufferers, its reckless adventurers, its sordid traitors; and she sought to instil into him the spirit of the Covenant. "I please myself often," he avers, "by saying that I had a Covenanting childhood." Her chief service to Stevenson was not that she warned him against "the devil's books," the playhouse, and novels,—all which she anathematised; but that she introduced him to the writings of Wodrow, Peden, and others, who not only helped to form his style as a writer, as he himself testifies, but left an indelible mark on his ethical consciousness. The fidelity to high moral ideals, the note of righteousness that characterises his work, and the radiance or the shadow of eternity that broods at times over his pages, may be largely the result of his training by Alison Cunningham. To this, too, we attribute the sound manly fibre and unfailing sanity of his brilliant genius, and the magic that is not a malign but a benign influence.

To Stevenson's formal education little importance attaches. He had, as a boy, many teachers, but his progress was slow, his health being unequal to continuous school work. During these years (1859–1867) play, travel on the Continent with his parents, occasional visits to lighthouses on wild shores, and intermittent studies filled up the time of this

long-limbed youth of full oval brow, and soft-brown eyes in which shone mirthful, mocking light. He had commenced to read. He had found out Shakespeare; and on one disastrous day of storm, as his mother read aloud to him, *Macbeth* caught him in its toils.

"It was something new and shocking," he says, "to be thus ravished by a giant, and I shrank under the brutal grasp. But the spot in memory is still sensitive, nor do I ever read that tragedy but I hear the gale howling up the valley of the Leith."

He read Dumas, Scott, Bunyan, and, among many others, some volumes of *Punch*; he began to manifest a taste for letters, and to produce, at the age of fifteen, school magazines in manuscript, profusely illustrated in colour! A few numbers of these survive, and contain his earliest tales of adventure, spiced with shuddering horrors. In 1866 was published anonymously his first venture—*The Pentland Rising*, the pages of which are studded with quotations from Wodrow, Kirkton, and other chroniclers of the Covenant.

His father, however, had selected not literature but engineering as a calling for the lad, and the next three years and a half were devoted to preparation for this profession, capacity for which appears to have been a family inheritance. But Louis was caught in quite another current, and after working some time, without any heart, for a science degree at the University of Edinburgh, where he "acted upon an extensive and highly rational system of truancy," setting more store "by the odds and ends that were come by in the open street" than by science; and after spending his summers on the coast among tall pharoses, and in boats in the wash of roaring skerries and barren granite-snouted nesses, and plunging in Atlantic rollers—when he was supposed to be seriously learning, in practice, his vocation—and finding adventurous leisure much more to his taste than working in solid stone and brute iron, or the tedium of close study,—he abandoned the engineering profession for ever. The scientific investigation of nature, with a view to

utilising its forces, delightful to an expert in mechanics, in which his father endeavoured to interest him, was to Louis unspeakably wearisome, evoking in him only an "invincible triviality," which to the elder Stevenson was mortifying in the extreme. Fortunately the father did not force the youth into this profession, but sorrowfully acquiesced in his resolve to follow literature. It was thought desirable, in order to give Stevenson the better social standing, that he should study law, and fit himself for the Scottish Bar. This he did after a fashion.

Stevenson's student days bring him no credit. For a time he knew little restraint, was idle, and regarded as a scapegrace. He was in revolt against Calvinism, designated himself an atheist and a red-hot socialist, and was "filled with the trumpeting anger with which young men regard injustices." "I was the companion," he tells us, "of seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves; my circle was being continually changed by the action of the police magistrates. I see now the little sanded kitchen where Velvet Coat (for such was the name I went by) has spent days together, generally in silence and making sonnets in a penny version book; and rough as the material may appear I do not believe these days were among the least happy I have spent." But he was far from self-complacency. "The days," says Mr. Balfour, "were days of green-sickness, and they were often miserable." Often he haunted the railway-station envying the passengers, and wishing he could escape; and again "in hot fits of youth" he went to the Carlton burying-ground "to be unhappy." "Poor soul," he says of himself, "I remember he was cast down at times, and how life (which had not yet begun) seemed already at an end, and hope quite dead, and misfortune and dishonour, like physical presences, dogging him as he went." Perhaps it may have been the influence and associations of his father's house, recently occupied, among the scenery of the Pentlands, that held him back from deeper sorrows. To this place he was wont to retreat at intervals from the seductions of city life, "to write bad verses," or to read during long, silent, lamplit

evenings, or longer summer days. It was here such new, sobering friendships as those with Charles Baxter, Sir Walter Simpson, and Fleming Jenkin were formed. Above all he had an imperious and wakeful conscience. He does not appear to have been guilty of any grave moral lapse, though he travelled for a season at a fiery pace in a region of perilous pitfalls. When the happy change came, he himself ascribed what he calls his "new departure" to three causes—natural growth, the coming of friends, and the study of Walt Whitman.

In regard to the coming of friends, the return of his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson to Edinburgh was of unspeakable advantage to Louis:

> The mere return of Bob changed at once and for ever the course of my life; I can give you an idea of my relief only by saying that I was at last able to breathe; . . . my heart was like a bird's; I was done with the sullens for good. There was an end of green-sickness for my life as soon as I had got a friend to laugh with.

The unprinted manuscript—a fragment of autobiography—from which the foregoing passage is taken breaks off suddenly at the end of his eulogy of R. A. M. Stevenson; but some notes written on an earlier page, showing the line he purposed to take in describing the gradual amelioration of his position, close as follows:

> I take to the New Testament: change startling: growing desire for truth: Spencer: should have done better with the New Testament.

Earlier in the same manuscript he had said, after speaking of the influence of Goethe and other writers on him:

> I dare say I could trace some other influences in the change. All I mean is, I was never conscious of a struggle, nor a registered vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown Steersman whom we call God.

With the ennobling of his character came increased devotion to literature. He read widely "books of vivid human import," "books of smiling or heroic temper," "books of a large design shadowing the complexity of life"—Shakespeare, Montaigne, Hazlitt, Heine, etc., in rapid sequence. Setting himself to produce literature, his earliest efforts did not find favour with editors. The effect on Stevenson was altogether wholesome. He was under no delusion as to the value of his work. After a lost engagement, he tells us, he cleared his decks. He gave himself up to learning to write. How incessantly he toiled, what infinite pains he took, during long years of ill-rewarded endeavour, to master "the lower and less important elements of the art, the choice of the essential note and the right word," he has told us. He will forge his own instrument of style. He will compel language to communicate the reason, the imagination, the soul that is in him. He literally "lived with words," playing upon them as upon the keys of a musical instrument—describing the scenes around, fitting natural shows and glories to appropriate picture-words, accompanying his walks with dramatic dialogues, imitating passages of distinction from his favourite authors. He followed many masters, shifting his allegiance from one to another according to his mood, and, at length, by versatile acts of impersonation, and "purely ventriloquial effects," achieved his purpose. But it was because Stevenson, with his ancestry, the experiences of his boyhood, his acquaintance with life and with books, his superb genius, was behind these efforts that he succeeded in becoming one of the first of English stylists. Of his style, it may be said that it is picturesque, lucid, answering mirror-like to the thought or the natural fact, flexible as a willow bough, living, thrilling as if the vocables were charged with electricity. It is often delicate, exquisite as skilled carving in ivory or precious stones, and it can be strong, emphatic, effective as the stroke of a steam-hammer. It is capable of being adapted to whatever kind of work the author has in hand. No doubt there are masters of style that stand above him. He is not

equal to Richard Jefferies at his best. There is not, to the same extent, the elevation, the radiance, the rhythmic swing, and the poetic fervour that characterise Jefferies. And he cannot compare with Hawthorne in some respects. The tranquillity—as of sun-steeped lochs suggesting infinite depths,—the tenderness and pathos that brood as shadows over the page, the singular mystic quality, elusive, indefinable that is seldom absent from Hawthorne's work—these have no parallel in Stevenson. Still, the author of *Memories and Portraits, Catriona, Weir of Hermiston,* and *Underwoods* has an irresistible charm of his own, and, as Mr. Gosse has said, is

Clearest voice in Britain's chorus.

It was a happy circumstance that Stevenson met, during those early formative years, with keen-sighted, faithful, helpful friends, like Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Andrew Lang, who encouraged him to persist in a literary career, and who discovered under a boyish presence and a somewhat fantastic bearing, a man of magnetic social qualities and of brilliant talents.

Stevenson's health was precarious, as in fact it was until the last few years of his life, and the winter of 1874 was spent in the Riviera. Here he passed his time sitting in the sun in the oliveyards, or basking in an old boat on the beach, wooing the spirit of health, and reading such authors as George Sand ; and here, despite weakness and depression, he completed *Ordered South,* a delightful paper, over which he spent three months, revealing unsuspected spiritual development. He has cast off, not yet his youthful eccentricities, but his moral impedimenta, and is free to move forward. His father, whose relations with him are throughout honourable in the highest degree, notwithstanding temporary alienation, mainly due to difference in matters of faith, is fortunately able to render him some financial assistance ; otherwise, like many another literary genius, he might have pined and died prematurely.

But with such assistance in his poverty as the elder

Stevenson gave, Louis was able to retreat south from the rigour of the northern climate, and with the exception of occasional visits to Scotland, he now for a time resided chiefly in Paris, at Fontainebleau in the midst of the colony of artists, at Barbizon the home of Millet, in the fields of the Angelos, and in London ; later, he voyaged on Continental rivers, and travelled in the Cevennes.

His Edinburgh friends find him, when he shows himself among them, disconcertingly brilliant and audacious in conversation, shy of society, intolerant of the conventions so dear to them. His dilapidated clothing and long lank hair, and his unaccountable ways shock sober citizens, and bring upon him the ridicule of former companions. They can perhaps better understand the manly kindness that mingles with the madcap strain that is in him, when they see the frail young fellow carrying over half Edinburgh, wrapped in the coat which he has taken from his own back, a lost child whom he had found crying in the street in the bitter night ; while he vainly seeks for its mother. In an interval of yachting and visiting historic spots and familiarising himself with scenery which in after-years is to colour his Scottish novels, he went with Mr. Leslie Stephen to the hospital to find a patient who sat up in bed "with his hair and beard tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in the great king's palace of the blue air." This was Mr. W. E. Henley, a poet of distinction, who had come to Edinburgh to be under the care of Lister. These men of kindred spirit, of common tastes, fell in love with each other, and an ardent friendship was formed—by no means a blind friendship so far as Mr. Henley is concerned. Alas ! that it should have been followed by unhappy estrangement in later years. Our readers will call to mind Mr. Henley's fine sonnet entitled "Apparition," in his poems *In Hospital* in which he photographs Stevenson as he then appeared, warts and all. We must not give the lines here, but Mr. Henley saw in him not only a man

Thin legged, thin cheeked, slight unspeakably,

but

> A spirit intense and rare . . .
> . . . . . .
> A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
> Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
> And something of the Shorter Catechist.

He was also "light in his ragged luck," and little wonder, for the £7 a month bestowed by his father often left him in desperate straits. Until he was twenty-eight he was able to earn no more than £50 a year by his pen. This seems incredible in the case of the man who had already written *Ordered South*, and the first part of *Virginibus Puerisque* and *Will o' the Mill*. He was in later days fond of telling the following story:

He was staying in London, and had protracted his visit to the extreme limit of his resources. On his way back to the north he arrived at the station with a sum barely sufficient for the cheapest ticket, available only by a night journey, and a newly bought copy of Swinburne's *Queen Mother and Rosamund*. On learning his deficiency, he tried his best powers of persuasion on the booking clerk, but in vain. The man refused to accept the book as any part of payment, and Stevenson passed the day in the station without food, and reached home next morning in a famished condition.

During this nomadic period his literary output was small, when we consider his gifts and his vivid interest in life. He had not yet attained settled habits of work. His health was still uncertain, and he was desultory in his methods, loving to browse among books and to visit fresh scenes. He is still "a bit of a vagabond," he tells his mother. Picture him in Paris, doing his own marketing and cooking his food, spending much time in the picture galleries, burrowing in old book-stalls for treasures till his purse runs out, and he writes:

I have spent nearly all my money. . . . I believe I shall have to lay my head on a pillow with a beggar to-night. Please advance me £10. Heaps of articles growing. Hurray!

The experience of these six years (1873–79) tended doubtless to his ultimate success, contributing to the enrichment of his mind, and adding to the accumulating capital on which he was to draw in later days. We cannot but think, however, that more diligent application on his part would have brought him earlier that public notice for which he had to wait so long. He did not find the door to popularity easy to open, and he did not attempt to force it. He worked slowly and with fastidious care. He was a merciless critic of his own productions; and, with few exceptions, his literary friends inclined to under-estimate, rather than overrate, the worth of his work. Many of his articles were declined by the editors. Some of the best of his efforts only found the light of day after long voyaging under unpropitious skies. The critics were cautious, sometimes cold; and if seldom severe were less frequently enthusiastic. Only a small circle—Colvin, Henley, Gosse—were full of appreciation and praise. It has been said that Stevenson was discovered in America, and this is true to the extent that there was in this country no great outburst of popular favour until his work was already bringing him fabulously large sums in the United States.

In 1879 Stevenson went to California. He had in view the twofold purpose of marrying Mrs. Osbourne and earning his livelihood. His relations with his father were now not of the happiest character, and he chafed under his dependence on him. He hoped to make a new beginning with better prospects. In the enchanting climate of California, and amidst romantic surroundings, Stevenson's spirits rose. Everything was of the new and unaccustomed order. The finely caparisoned horses, the daredevil riding, the serenaders breaking the stillness of the night with old heart-melting love songs, the gay, pleasure-loving people, the strangely mixed society,—all this had a wonderful fascination for the man of genius. He was soon busy with his pen, doing hack work for insignificant journals for bread, while he was writing stories like the *Pavilion of the Links*; but he felt the pinch of poverty;

the strain of exertion and anxiety was more than he could bear, and his health again broke down. It was at this time that he chanced to read Herman Melville's delightful books—*Typee, Omoo,* and *South Sea Idylls,* little thinking that from these he was to receive the impulse which in the end was to "cast him out as by a freshet" on those "ultimate islands," where he was to finish his career. In May, 1880, he was married to Mrs. Osbourne, a woman in every way fitted to be his wife,

an inseparable sharer of all his thoughts, and staunch companion of all his adventures; the most open hearted to all who loved him; the most shrewd and stimulating critic of his work, and in sickness, despite her own precarious health, the most devoted and efficient of nurses.

They returned to England in the autumn of the same year on account of Stevenson's wretched health.

The years immediately following were passed almost wholly in search of health. The winters of 1880 and 1881 found him residing in the High Alps amid snows and sunshine. The brightness, "the levity and quiet of the air, the odd, stirring silence—more stirring than a tumult," and the grandeur of the landscape, combined to confer on Stevenson a great exhilaration of mind and body. A characteristic story belongs to this period. When they were leaving for Davos, the elder Stevenson, to whom Louis was again reconciled, warned by the experiences of his son in California, made Mrs. Stevenson promise that she would let him know if they ran short of money.

"The time came," says Mrs. Stevenson, "when Louis had influenza and did need more money, but he would not let me tell his father. I used every argument. At last I said, 'What do you think should be done with the money your father has so carefully laid by for the use of his family?' 'It should be given,' said Louis, 'to some young man of talent who is in poor health, and could not otherwise afford to get a necessary change of climate.' 'Oh, very well,' said I, 'I shall appeal to your father at once in the case of a young man named Stevenson,

who is just in that position!' At this Louis could only laugh—and I wrote the story to his father, who was much amused by it, and of course sent the necessary supplies."

Despite his ill-health his pen was fruitful. "Between fits of conscience and indigestion," amongst other works he prepared for the press *Virginibus Puerisque*—a flask of pure nectar. He complains, "I work, work, work away, and get nothing or but little done. It is slow, slow, slow, but I sit from four to five hours at it"; and yet before April he can say, "I have written something like 35,000 words."

We must pass over his summer visit to Scotland in 1880, which is memorable in that it saw the birth of two of his finest short stories—*The Merry Men*, full of the passion of the sea, and *Thrawn Janet*, in which he first formed his hand in the use of Scottish dialect.

The succeeding period spent in the Riviera was full of interest, and was amazingly crowded with work, though Stevenson was still dogged by illness. Indeed, he was brought to the brink of the grave, first by congestion of the lungs and then by violent hæmorrhage. He was no sooner somewhat better when ophthalmia and sciatica attacked him. But his courage never failed. Almost blind, and with his right hand in a sling, he played patience, and wrote with his left hand new verses for the *Child's Garden of Verse*; and in an hour of divine inspiration created the finest of all his poems, *The Requiem*—beginning "Under the wide and starry sky"—which ten years later was to be graven on his lonely tomb in Samoa. So far from bringing to him moderate health, the close of the Riviera period leaves him an utter invalid. The doctors prescribe restricted eating and drinking—that were easy for Stevenson; restricted writing—that were not so easy; restricted walking—well, he could go about in a bath-chair; restricted laughter—that were impossible. He will laugh as long as there is a star in his sky, and would laugh if there were none.

He comes to England, and for the next three years resided

at Bournemouth in the house he named Skerryvore, leading the most secluded of lives—"a pallid brute," he said, "living like a weevil in a biscuit"—enjoying, when he was well enough, the visits of old and tried friends like Mr. Charles Baxter, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and Professor Jenkin, and forming a few new friendships with men like Mr. William Archer, Mr. Henry James, and Sir Henry Taylor. Nothing could rob him of his gaiety of spirit, nor dull the restless intellect that was ever forming fresh schemes. Lying on his bed, without speaking for weeks together, entirely incapable of work, he would build card-houses or model small figures in wax. He declared that he was never bored in his life. He was never idle; and the most remarkable perhaps of all his productions, the result of a dream —*The Strange Story of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*— was written during this period, and the first draft was thrown off red-hot in three days. But we cannot stop to give a list of his writings during this and the preceding period.

After the death of his father, in 1887, Stevenson was driven by continued ill-health to take his departure for the second time to America. There was no longer any hope of his being able to live in our unkindly climate. After a brief residence in the Adirondack Mountains, not far from the shores of Lake Saranac, he turned his face westward.

Already in the heart of the mountains, he had been laying plans of travel, which were to lead him far and wide across the seas, and to end in a continued exile of which at this time he had never dreamed.

The passion for the sea ran in his blood. At San Francisco he chartered a schooner named the *Casco*—a comfortable craft of graceful yacht-like lines and lofty masts, but unfitted for the hurricane weather of the Pacific. And now began his "Odyssey in the South Seas," to use Mr. Colvin's phrase—his romantic voyaging in search of the golden fleece of health. He counted on the warm sea air to effect his cure, if cure there was to be. In the *Casco*, and

later in the seventy-ton trading schooner *Equator* (a vessel which was devoid of the comparative luxuries of the *Casco*), he sailed from one group to another of those islands of surpassing loveliness,—islands that hold those who land on their shores with a strange attraction, so that they seldom leave them, but grow grey where they alighted in the palm's shade—the trade winds fanning them till they die. He wandered up and down the face of the Pacific, and like others fell under the seduction of these oceanic paradises. He found a competency of strength, made friends, involved himself in new interests, the time of the voyages passing like days in fairyland. He gained the goodwill of the white traders, encouraged the missionaries, won the confidence of semi-savage chiefs like Tembinok of the Gilbert Islands, and of Polynesians everywhere. He found in his heart a warm place for these simple peoples—"frank, fond of notice, greedy of the least affection, like amiable fawning dogs."

"The climate," he says, "these voyagings; these landfalls at dawn; new islands peaking from the morning bank; new forested harbours; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interest of gentle natives—the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem."

It is impossible to give in a few words any just conception of the effect of these years on Stevenson. His nature as well as his outlook was widened; and the seeds of future works were sown in his fertile mind. It is equally impossible to transfer to the pages of this REVIEW his glowing pictures of the scenery of these summer isles. Let one passage suffice:

The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea island are memories apart, and touched a virginity of sense. On July 28, 1888, the moon was down by four in the morning, and it was half-past five before we could distinguish our expected islands from the clouds on the horizon. Slowly they took shape in the attenuating darkness. Uahuna, piling up to a truncated summit, appeared the first on the starboard bow; almost abeam arose our des-

tination, Nukahiva, whelmed in cloud; and betwixt, and to the southward, the first rays of the sun displayed the needles of Uapu. These pricked about the line of the horizon, like the pinnacles of some ornate and monstrous church; they stood there in the sparkling brightness of the morning the fit signboard of a world of wonders. The land heaved up in peaks and rising vales; it fell in cliffs and buttresses; its colour ran through fifty modulations in a scale of pearl and rose and olive; and it was crowned above by opalescent clouds. The suffusion of vague hues deceived the eye; the shadows of clouds were confounded with the articulations of the mountains; and the isle and its unsubstantial canopy rose and shimmered before us like a single mass. There was no beacon, no smoke of towns, no plying pilot.

In 1891 he ended his wanderings, and settled in the beautiful, wooded island of Upola, one of the Samoan group. Here he built his own spacious house of Vailima. His health was practically restored. His gratitude and joy at finding the home where he was to spend the three and a half closing years of his life is well voiced in one of his tender prayers—never intended for the ears of the world—given in Appendix C. of Vol. II.:

We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded to us this day, for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. . . . Give us courage, gaiety, and the quiet mind. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us strength to encounter what is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.

His life was full of activity and full of beneficence. We see him up with the sun to appoint the tasks of his dusky labourers, who loved him as a father; we see the well ordered household where prayer consecrates toil; we see his

enjoyment of outdoor life; we see at work, amid silence broken only by the beat of the island surf, or the note of the bird, "the creative artist whose invention was as fertile as his standard was high, and his industry unflinching." He is at once father, chieftain, judge, employer. His relations with the missionaries were altogether happy; for men like Chalmers of New Guinea he felt a kind of hero worship, and he cherished a laudable purpose of being able to bring about a good understanding between the messengers of salvation and the white traders.

We have no space to deal with the unhappy strife in Samoa, in which, without undue interference, he did his best to vindicate the right and to check misgovernment. The Samoans whom he sought to succour—the Mataafa chiefs and their followers—appreciating his efforts built, as a memorial of his interest in them and their affairs, the new road from Vailima to the coast, which they called "The Road of the Loving Heart"—a road long familiar to Stevenson's feet. His final years were marked by the production of much matchless work; and he was full of more ambitious projects, doomed alas! never to be launched.

The end came with startling suddenness in 1894. When occupied on *Weir of Hermiston*, "his insight at its clearest, his touch most sure, his style at its simplest and best," the Master of life said, It is enough, and, as he had prayed to be, he was "dismissed with honour." He was carried in state to his grave on the summit of Vaea by his beloved Samoans, whose grief for their Tusitala, their white chief, knew no bounds.

Stevenson had grown richer, maturer, mellower year by year. He had shaken off the follies of his early manhood. His moral nature as well as his intellect had attained serene heights,

> **And where far isles the languid ocean fleck,**

this rare spirit,

> **Flying the cold kiss of our northern wind,**

had shown himself master of his craft, wielding with splendid facility the weapon he had, with endless toil, perfected for the service of men. What further advance may have been possible to him we can only surmise as we read his last unfinished volume. But it would not have been for lack of toil if he had not become a still greater name in our literature. His faith was that great books could not be easily written—"neither clearness, compression, nor beauty of language, come to any living creature till after a busy and prolonged acquaintance with the subject in hand." This he had said in an early essay, and he acted up to his convictions, and was the most industrious of men. That he should have accomplished so much and done it so well, taking into account his ill-health, is little short of marvellous.

"He wrote," to quote Mr. Balfour's summary, "the novel of adventure, of character, of incident. He wrote short stories and essays of all kinds—their variety it is even impossible to characterise. He wrote history, biography, fables, moralities, and treatises on ethics. He wrote poems—blank verse, lyrics, ballads, and songs for children. He wrote plays ranging from melodrama to gentle comedy; books of travel, reflective and descriptive; he composed prayers and lay sermons, and even ventured on political speculation."

But, great as he was as a writer, it was as a lovable man that he shone most brightly. He loved books; he loved nature; but he loved his fellow-creatures most. He was, to use his own words, full of "the magnanimous courage of love." He idealised his friends. He loved them not only for what they were, but for what they seemed to be in the light of his lofty spirit, his sunny imagination. And he enfolded all sorts and conditions of men in his affections. His was a nature full of wide spaces, where love believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things. His winsomeness captivated the most unlikely, and he was the idol of his associates. The weak and the poor had in him a friend, and he championed the very dogs.

We could wish that Mr. Balfour had thrown fuller light

on Stevenson's attitude to the deeper spiritual verities, and to the life beyond. Probably there is little to reveal, for though he was much given to self-portrayal, prying into his own nature, and making his readers sharers to some extent of the secrets of his moral history, yet he suffered no intrusion into the inner sanctuary of his life. He seldom lifts the veil that hides the most sacred things, except in his prayers. And the man who could pray the prayer with which we close this article had been inducted into the mysteries of Christian faith and experience :

Help us to look back on the long way that Thou hast brought us on, on the long days in which we have been served not according to our deserts, but our desires; on the pit and the miry clay, the blackness of despair, the horror of misconduct from which our feet have been plucked out. For our sins forgiven or prevented, for our shame unpublished, we bless and thank Thee, O God. Help us yet ever and again. So order our wants, so corroborate our frailty, so that day by day we shall come before Thee with the song of gratitude, and in the end be dismissed with honour.

Since writing the above we have read Mr. W. E. Henley's astonishing depreciation of Stevenson in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for December. Mr. Henley, as he confesses, is "a man with a grievance," and is afflicted with moral myopia. The Stevenson he knew in the days before the estrangement so completely fills the field of vision that he has no power to see the Stevenson of the later period. To him Stevenson is simply "the *charmeur*," a magnificent talker, with "a right gift of foolery," a man with a superb talent of make-believe, an egotist through and through. Any development of Stevenson on the spiritual side he cannot conceive of. He sneers at the Shorter Catechist in the Samoan Stevenson : "he is too selfish and too self-righteous a beast for me." He will not give his old friend credit for sincerity when his moral teaching grows strenuous. Stevenson is ever but "an artist in morals." Mr. Henley goes behind his beneficences and finds the secret of them in an essentially ignoble nature. As to the work of this great artist,

it is not for his critic (except the part of it, indeed, in which Henley had a hand): "his books are none of mine." "I am not interested in remarks about morals." If he wants "the enchantment of romance" he goes to bigger men than Robert Louis Stevenson.

Well, on the whole, we think we find in Mr. Henley's depreciation its own answer. He is sore; his old love is infected with gall. In lieu of personal knowledge of the Vailima period, he puts his own ought-to-have-beens. He does not believe in the development of Stevenson along the lines indicated in the biography, because he is out of sympathy with any such development. When high character is evolved, its possessor is but "a seraph in chocolate," a "faultless monster." To write on duty is an impertinence, on morals the mark of hypocrisy. To praise a noble life so much "crawling astonishment," and "an outrage on the unstoried martyrs of humanity"! This perverse criticism is its own indictment. Mr. Henley is welcome to *his* Stevenson; but we do not think he is at all like the true Stevenson.

ROBERT MCLEOD.

THE BIOGRAPHERS OF WESLEY.

1. *Memoirs of the late Rev. John Wesley, A.M., with a Review of his Life and Writings, and a History of Methodism, from its Commencement in 1729, to the Present Time.* By JOHN HAMPSON, A.B. Three Volumes. (Sunderland. 1791.)

2. *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., including an Account of the Great Revival of Religion in Europe and America, in which he was the first and chief instrument.* By Dr. COKE and Mr. MOORE. (London. 1792.)

3. *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.* Collected from his Private Papers and Printed Works; and written at the request of his Executors. With the Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A., collected from his Private Journals, and never before published. By JOHN WHITEHEAD, M.D., Author of the Discourse delivered at Mr. Wesley's Funeral. Two Volumes. (London. 1793–1796.)

4. *The Life of Wesley; and the Rise and Progress of Methodism.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., Poet Laureate. (London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. 1820.)

5. *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; in which are included the Life of his Brother, the Rev. Charles Wesley, A.M., Student of Christ Church, and Memoirs of their Family, comprehending an Account of the Great Revival of Religion, in which they were the first and chief instruments.* By the Rev. HENRY MOORE, only surviving Trustee of Mr. Wesley's MSS. In Two Volumes. (London:

Printed for John Kershaw, 14, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row. 1824.)

6. *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Founder of the Methodist Societies.* By RICHARD WATSON. (London: Published by John Mason, 14, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row. 1831.)

7. *The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists.* By the Rev. L. TYERMAN, Author of "The Life and Times of the Rev. S. Wesley, M.A." Three Volumes. (London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row. 1870.)

OF men of renown in the eighteenth century, John Wesley, in the influence for good which he exerted, stands second to none. His life-story should have commanded the most competent pens. His earlier biographers, while possessing the religious qualifications, were deficient in literary style and biographical skill. The one writer who captivated and enchained attention was lacking in spiritual insight and in accurate perception of the motives and aims of that devoted life. From the rise of English literature to the nineteenth century, while the cognate arts of history and narrative fiction made considerable advances, biography continued dull and unimproved. Boswell's *Johnson* was a unique exception, the charm of which consisted chiefly in the *obiter dicta*, wise saws, and striking utterances of Johnson himself. The Memoir of Dr. Watts by Dr. Gibbons, a learned Independent minister, is a specimen of much of the religious biography of the eighteenth century. The writer fills dreary pages with pedantic criticisms on Watts's rhetorical figures in poetry and prose, while he makes little reference to the state of the nation and the Church; the Evangelical Revival was in full vigour, yet no mention is made of that greatest glory of the eighteenth century. In his Life of the great hymn-writer, Gibbons never even

names his compeers, John and Charles Wesley, who delighted to honour Watts, and who included several of his compositions in some of their own hymn-books.

The Lives of Wesley published during the eighty years which followed his death include those of Hampson, Coke and Moore, Whitehead, Southey, Moore, Watson, and Tyerman. The earliest of these writers, John Hampson, was the son of John Hampson senior, an itinerant Methodist preacher, which the son also became in 1777. In 1784 Wesley executed the Deed of Declaration constituting one hundred preachers, whose names were given, "the Conference of the people called Methodists." The Hampsons were hugely offended that their names were not in the Deed, and after prolonged efforts to pacify them they severed their connexion with Methodism. The father became an Independent minister with a poor stipend, which the Conference supplemented by a small annuity. Hampson junior graduated at Oxford, was ordained, and became curate of Sunderland. The vicar of that place held also the livings of Witton-le-Weir and Stanwix. In July, 1788, Wesley visited Sunderland; and Hampson, as curate-in-charge, offered him the pulpit of the large parish church. After preaching, Wesley, then eighty-five years old, remarked, "I suppose the church was hardly ever so filled before, and the power of the Lord was present to heal." On the death of Farrar, the vicar, in 1795, Hampson was presented to the living of Sunderland. Very soon after the decease of Wesley, he published his Memoir, evidently written in anticipation of that event. It did not satisfy the Methodists; and as when he left them he was a man with a grievance, he denounces the Deed of Declaration as "both an iniquitous and mortifying measure," and declares that the chief qualifications of some of those selected for the Hundred "were ignorance, fanaticism, and ductility." Of this Life Thomas Jackson says: "His book is a sort of quiver from which the detractors of Wesley generally select their arrows."

A year after his death a Life of Wesley by Dr. Coke and Mr. Moore appeared, meagre and imperfect, but

authorised. In Wesley's will was the following: "I give all my manuscripts to Thomas Coke, Dr. Whitehead, and Henry Moore, to be burned or published as they see fit." At the time of the testator's decease Coke was in America, and Moore stationed at Bristol. The executors delivered up the manuscripts to Whitehead, and asked him to write Wesley's Life. The Book-Room entered into negotiations with him; but acting on the advice of his friends, he rejected the offer made him, and published on his own account, expecting to realise for himself at least two thousand pounds. When Coke and Moore arrived, he refused them access to the documents, bequeathed alike to the three, until he had finished with them. The London preachers advised that Coke and Moore should prepare and publish a biography before Whitehead's could get into circulation. They did so; but without the private papers they had to apply scissors and paste too abundantly to the printed journals. What part Coke took in the joint production is not apparent. Although a voluminous pamphleteer, yet as Transatlantic as well as his Cisatlantic affairs now claimed his time, travel, thought, and toil, it is questionable whether his part of the joint production much exceeded that of supervision and approval. Indeed, Moore's egotism is in evidence throughout the volume. With all its shortcomings, Moore boasted in after-years that it had "a success beyond their most sanguine expectations."

When Thomas Coke—a native of Brecon, a graduate of Oxford, a curate at South Petherton—offered his services to Wesley in 1777, he soon became remarkably helpful in extending Wesley's great work. When the revolted colonies in America achieved their independence, and the colonial bishops returned to England, Coke was employed by Wesley in organising the Methodist Societies as the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. He crossed the Atlantic several times, and visited British North America and the West Indies on missionary business. He was twice elected president of the Conference, seventeen times secretary, and occupied the chair of the Irish Confer-

ence about twenty times. As a great gospel propagandist he was as cosmopolitan in his sympathies and aims as his leader, whose parish was the world. In his last grand enterprise, in sailing with six young missionaries to establish Methodist missions in Ceylon and India, he was found dead in his cabin, and was buried at sea. Were these men visionaries? "If our brethren be inquired of, they were the messengers of the Churches and the glory of Christ."

In 1793 the first volume of the Life of Wesley by John Whitehead, M.D., appeared. Volume II. was published in 1796. Whitehead, who had been five years an itinerant preacher, retired in 1769, and set up a school at Wandsworth. Under a Dr. Lettsom, the father of two of his pupils, he studied medicine, and joined the Society of Friends. Barclay, a wealthy Quaker, sent his son in charge of Whitehead to the University of Leyden. There Whitehead completed his medical studies, and returned to London with the diploma of M.D. He published in 1775 an *Essay on Liberty and Necessity, in which Mr. Wesley's "Thoughts on Necessity" are examined and defended*; and in 1778, *Materialism*, an answer to Priestley's *Matter and Spirit*. After attending Wesley, his patient wrote: "I expect he will become one of the most eminent physicians in Europe." By Quaker influence he was placed on the staff of the London Infirmary, and three years before Wesley died he was admitted to membership at City Road Chapel, and to the position of local preacher. At Wesley's death he was chosen by the trustees to preach his funeral sermon.

The preachers and leaders deprived him of his membership, incensed by his continued injustice in withholding the Wesley manuscripts from Coke and Moore. The trustees, enraged at his degradation, took reprisals, as their relations with James Rogers, the superintendent, were already strained, he having refused to deliver up to them the key of the safe. They placed a rent on Wesley's house, in which Rogers lived, and on the residence of Whitfield, the book steward, and served both with notices of ejectment. Prolonged litigation followed. An account of these proceedings,

written by Rogers and possessed by his descendant Mrs. Ingoldby, was shown to the present writer in 1861 by her husband, Frederick Ingoldby, F.R.C.S. Rogers writes: "A few persons of opulence in London and Bristol, friends of Mr. Wesley, hoped after his death to govern the Connexion." The Chancery suit remained unsettled more than three years. "When all were sick of it," writes Rogers, "the matter was compromised." As John Pawson, superintendent, had much to do with the compromise, he tried further to settle the Whitehead grievance. He readmitted the doctor to membership, restored him to the office of local preacher, and, to please the trustees, appointed him to preach at the chapel. Whitehead died in 1804, and was buried in Wesley's grave.

Whitehead's Life of Wesley was not favourably received by the preachers. They were displeased at his unfair objections to Wesley's measures in the settlement of chapels, the Deed of Declaration, and his acts of ordination. It contained some blunders and inaccuracies, which subsequent researches have exposed, on subjects of which others were as uninformed as he. With all its faults his Life of Wesley was much superior to that of Coke and Moore. For that he is not to be praised, nor they blamed. The difference was due to his keeping to himself Wesley's private journals and papers bequeathed jointly to the three.

In 1820 was published the Life of Wesley by Robert Southey, poet laureate, who was born at Bristol seventeen years before Wesley died. He was sent by his uncle, a clergyman, to Westminster School and Balliol College, Oxford, "then," says Southey, "in a flagitious state of morals." He writes: "I left Westminster with a heart full of feeling and poetry, a head full of Rousseau and Werther, and my religious principles shaken by Gibbon." He entered Oxford at the time of the French Revolution, and, influenced by its spirit, became a democrat of the visionary type. He refused to take orders in the Church, as his uncle wished, and influenced by his brother-in-law, Coleridge, he leaned towards Unitarianism. In process of time he developed

into a high Tory and an orthodox Churchman. When twitted with his changes of views, he replied that he was no more ashamed of his early opinions than of having been a boy. Later on, as he wrote more and more on Church matters and religious subjects, Jeremy Bentham referred to him as "Saint Southey." The saint did not turn the other cheek to the smiter, but gave him sarcasm for sarcasm, as "the metaphysico-critico-politico-patriotico-phoolo philosopher."

Wesley was not the only religious man whose Life Southey wrote. He produced briefer biographies of Henry Kirke White, John Bunyan, and William Cowper. His attention was turned to Methodist subjects in 1803, when he wrote a review of Myles's *Chronological History of the Methodists.* In 1807 he inquired of his publisher: "Is there not a new edition of Whitehead's Life of Wesley? If you will send me it, and with it the Life published by Dr. Coke for the Conference, I will either review it for you or make a Life myself for the *Athenæum.*" Thirteen years after this he published that Life of Wesley which for literary merits added to the fame he had already acquired by his Life of Nelson. A modern living critic (Canon Overton) says of it:

> While some give far truer estimates of the aims and personal character of the great reformer, Southey's Life of Wesley has never yet been superseded. In point of literary finish the only biographical work of our period that can be compared with it is Bishop Van Mildert's Life of Daniel Waterland.

Southey's defect was lack of sympathy with Wesley's evangelical theology, and inability to understand the spiritual change he underwent when he found peace with God through faith in Christ, and was born again of the Spirit. He had, however, the fairness to give Wesley's own account of this change. Of May 24, 1738, he says: "A remarkable day in the history of Methodism, for upon that day he dates his conversion, a point, say his official biographers, of the utmost magnitude, not only with respect to himself

but to others." The intense religious earnestness which followed this change was called "enthusiasm" by Southey as by others. This was the missile thrown at him in lordly dignity by croziered hands; showered on him unsparingly by "cold-hearted, frozen formalists"; shot at him scientifically by the literati; and "shied" at him, instead of a modern "'arf-a-brick," by the roughs of the eighteenth century. The intrepid preacher took up the ugly missile, carried it into the pulpit, analysed it, exhibited it to the congregation, and printed the result as Sermon XXXVII., on "The Nature of Enthusiasm."

Southey's chief misunderstandings of Wesley (for such they were, and not conscious misrepresentations) consist in his imputation to him of ambition; and his alleged predetermination to become the head of a sect, and the arrangement of his plans accordingly. The vindication of Wesley from these charges has been complete and triumphant. It is pleasing to know that Southey before he died was convinced that he was in error in these imputations, and promised to correct them in the next edition of the Life, which, alas! he did not live to accomplish. The friend who convinced Southey of his mistake was Alexander Knox of Dublin, a loving friend of Wesley, and afterwards the private secretary of Lord Castlereagh at the passing of the Act of Union. Painful imputations on Wesley are also made by Southey in chapter vii. of the Life under the heading "Wesley in Bristol," and in chapter viii. on "Methodist Extravagances." These were the cases of physical prostrations and contortions which took place under Wesley's preaching during a comparatively short period of his very prolonged ministry. Southey did not know that the like mysterious phenomena characterised revivals in New England, under the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, and in Presbyterian Scotland at Cambuslang and Kilsyth. The "stricken cases" in more modern times in the Ulster revival were chiefly amongst the hard-headed Presbyterians of the north of Ireland.

Southey shows a clearer perception of the intrinsic and

relative importance of several passages in Wesley's Life than do the "official biographers," as he not improperly styles Coke, Moore, and Whitehead. This is notably the case with his treatment of Wesley's visit to Germany and his relations to Zinzendorf and the Moravians. The treatment of these subjects by the official biographers is miserably inadequate. So with respect to Wesley's resort to "bibliomancy," as Southey calls ascertaining the divine will by opening the Bible at haphazard, and taking the verse which first meets the eye as a direction from God on occasions of perplexity. On this custom, which Southey censures, the Methodist biographers are silent. Even Watson, in his *Observations on Southey*, says nothing in the way of defence, extenuation, or regret. Why this reticence? Was not this one of the bad habits Wesley learned from the Moravians? He was not taught it by his parents; he did not practise it in the days of the Oxford Methodists: he learned it in a school which united scriptural truth with inventions of its own. Afterwards he reverted to his earlier and more excellent way.

Some errors in matters of fact in Southey's *Wesley* are due to "the official biographers." They send, for instance, Samuel Wesley direct from his London curacy to Epworth, as his first benefice, utterly ignorant that for some years he was rector of South Ormsby, where several of his children were born, and his principal poems were written. Southey, who states he had "no private sources of information," follows into the ditch these blind guides. Whitehead also records that Samuel Wesley refused to read the unconstitutional Declaration of James II. in a London church, and preached a defiant sermon from, "Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image thou hast set up." Southey reproduced the story; from Southey Macaulay copied it into his History, and unborn historians will probably do the same. It was, as Adam Clarke has shown, a clergyman named Berry, the father-in-law, and not the father, of Samuel Wesley junior, who took the defiant text, preached

the intrepid sermon, and whose name is now deprived of the halo with which misled fame has encircled the name of the unheroic rector of Epworth.

That Southey's biography has raised higher than before the general estimate of John Wesley is seen in recent histories by Green and Lecky. Macaulay's History did not reach down to the time of Wesley; but we have his estimate in his review-essay of Southey's *Colloquies*, in which he speaks of Southey's Life of Wesley as "the only popular account of a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have made him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and who . . . devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered as the highest good of his species." Southey's estimate of Wesley's character and work, as given in the closing pages of the Life, is very high, although qualified by his own ecclesiastical prejudices. Two years before the publication of the Life, in a private letter to Wilberforce, Southey writes: "I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century, the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, perhaps millenniums, hence."

Another Life of Wesley appeared in 1824, "by the Rev. Henry Moore, only surviving trustee of Mr. Wesley's MSS." Here is a blunder to begin with. A trustee he was not. The manuscripts were a bequest to Coke, Whitehead, and Moore, which they were at full liberty to publish or destroy as they might see fit. The "Rev. Henry Moore" of 1824 was the "Mr. Moore" of 1792, the co-biographer of Coke. As Whitehead delivered up the Wesley manuscripts in 1796, the wonder is that Moore should allow twenty years to elapse before bringing out a fuller Life of Wesley than the one of 1792. Although he gives as his reason for his second publication the appearance of Southey's work, yet his strictures are more frequent and severe upon Whitehead than upon the poet laureate. If he thought he did well to be angry with Whitehead, he is strangely servile in his imitation of Whitehead's biographical arrangements and plan, and

here and there appropriates whole passages without acknowledgment. We are, however, indebted to Moore for giving more fully than Whitehead two of Wesley's important papers.

One of these is an account of Wesley's interview in 1739 with the then Bishop of Bristol. This prelate, in the interview, objected to Whitefield's "pretending to extraordinary revelations and gifts of the Holy Ghost," as "a very horrid thing"; to Wesley's views of justification by faith; to praying over people who fall down in fits; to administering the Sacrament in the "religious societies," which Wesley denied he did. "You have no business here," continued the bishop; "you are not commissioned to preach in this diocese; therefore I advise you to go hence." To this objection Wesley gave this remarkable reply: "Being ordained fellow of a college, I was not limited to any particular cure, but have an indeterminate commission to preach the word of God in any part of the Church of England. I do not therefore conceive that in preaching here by this commission I break any human law."

Who was this prelate? Not one of Wesley's biographers apparently knew or inquired. I searched for myself, and great was my surprise to find that he was Joseph Butler, the author of the *Analogy*! He and the apologists of that period, while defending the outworks of Christianity against the deistical writers, were too prone to overlook the inner life and spiritual state of the Church and nation. Butler wrote his renowned *Analogy* in rural retirement at Stanhope, Weardale; but he began his ministry to the learned and fashionable as preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and as chaplain to Queen Caroline. That clever consort of George II. greatly enjoyed Butler's society, and it was at her dying request that the king conferred upon him in 1738 the see of Bristol. Only three miles from the city was Kingswood, with a population of colliers whose semi-savagery was a proverb. Kingswood was then without any place of worship, its parish church being, as Southey tells, in Bristol. By the open-air preaching of Whitefield and Wesley many of the

colliers were turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, and thus through the canonical irregularities of these preachers a moral and spiritual reformation was wrought on a degraded class who were neglected by the parochial clergy under the bishop's own eye.

The other document given by Moore contains the complete correspondence on both sides between John Smith and John Wesley. It was begun by "John Smith" (a pseudonym), who criticised with remarkable ability, courtesy, good temper, and moderation some of Wesley's doctrines, measures, and methods in carrying on his great work. The same qualities were shown by Wesley, who evidently felt that in his unknown correspondent he had a foeman worthy of his steel. There is evidence to show that "John Smith" was Thomas Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Secker and Butler had been fellow-students in a Dissenting academy, and were designed for the Dissenting ministry. Both conformed, and as clergymen and prelates continued their early friendship. Secker was less hostile and more indulgent to the Methodist movement than Butler. When Whitefield visited Bristol in 1737 the churches were freely opened to him, Secker being then Bishop of Bristol. When he visited that city in 1739 the clergy were forbidden by his successor to give him their pulpits, Butler being that successor. Whether Wesley ever discovered who "John Smith" really was does not appear; but in a letter to the *Dublin Chronicle*, written many years after, he says, in vindication of his own Churchmanship: "Archbishop Secker was thoroughly acquainted with every step we took."

Before Moore's work was published Dr. Adam Clarke was requested by the Conference to write a Life of Wesley, and Moore was asked to assist him. The result was that Clarke wrote an account of his ancestors and kindred, and presented the *Memoirs of the Wesley Family* to the Conference; but the project of a biography of Wesley himself, through pressing claims on his time and pen, the busy

commentator had to abandon. It was then that Moore wrote the Life that did not very long survive him. He had been an undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and was one of Wesley's favourites. While Moore was yet young Wesley placed him in the original Hundred. Wesley named him in his will as one of eight preachers authorised to minister in City Road Chapel, which a clause in the luckless trust-deed empowered Wesley to do. Although all the nominees had surrendered to the Conference their right under the will, yet when Moore was made a supernumerary in 1826 he refused for some time to vacate Wesley's house, and threatened the trustees with a Chancery suit to enforce his claims upon the pulpit. Forbearance was shown to the grand but sometimes obstinate old minister. He died in 1841, greatly venerated, at the patriarchal age of ninety-three years.

In 1830 the Conference requested Richard Watson to write "a concise Life of Mr. Wesley, adapted to general circulation"; and in 1831, in thanking him for the copyright, asked him "to enlarge that work, so that it may be the standard and authorised Life of our venerable founder," a request that he did not live to fulfil. Watson's *Wesley* has several errors, copied from preceding biographers; but to compress so much as he did into the space allowed him, deserves praise.

Chapter ix. deals with the theology of Wesley, as contained in the "doctrinal" Minutes of the first few Conferences. The seven clergymen and four laymen who constituted the first Conference (1744), in considering "(1) What to teach, (2) How to teach," did not formulate a creed. This they already had in the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England, of which they were clergymen and preachers, as the societies they had formed were members. When Watson wrote Wesley's biography he was the foremost theologian in the Connexion; accordingly he considered the doctrines of the Minutes in their relation to the standards of the English Church, and examined both in the light of Holy Scripture. Of "the definition of justifying

faith in the Homily on Salvation," which included a sense of pardon, Watson makes remarks on "the incorrectness of the wording," while admitting that "in substance it is sound and scriptural." He says, further, that Wesley, by quoting from the homily, "involved the subject in an obscurity which sometime afterwards he detected and acknowledged." That detection and acknowledgment Watson found, or thought he found, in a letter of Wesley to his brother, from which he gives quotations. As the words from the homily ("a sure trust and confidence which a man hath in God, that through the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God") are inserted in Wesley's Journal (April 22, 1738) in order to show that the views of faith which he learned from Böhler are those of the Church of England; and as he also quoted the words in his sermon ("The Almost Christian") before the Oxford University (July 25, 1741), the criticisms of Watson become important. If the words of the homily be a definition of justifying faith, his remarks are just; not otherwise. I have again read the homily, and feel certain that the words in question do not refer to justifying faith, but to the habitual faith of those who are justified. This is how it is put: "How can a man have this true faith, this sure trust and confidence in God, that by the merits of Christ his sins be forgiven, and he restored to the favour of God, and to be partaker of the kingdom of heaven by Christ, when he liveth ungodly?" As to Wesley's letter to his brother Charles (*Works*, Vol. XII., Letter li.), he writes: "I was thinking on a *desideratum* amongst us, a *genesis problematica* on justifying faith." He drew up a rough sketch, from which it appeared that some thought justifying faith included a sense of pardon, which he denied. He showed the necessity of preachers being clear on this point, lest they "either made them sad whom God hath not made sad, or encourage them to say, Peace, where there was no peace." This was the object of the letter, and not the acknowledgment of a personal error, or the correcting of his own mistake, as supposed by Watson.

Of the ignoring of Wesley by certain writers of the Evangelical school, Watson remarks :

> It will provoke a smile to observe what effort often discovers itself in writers of this party, when referring to the religious state of the nation in the last and present century, to keep this apostolic man wholly out of sight, as though he had never existed.

He mentions as an exception Bishop Coplestone, who bore high testimony to Wesley and his work. Although born in the eighteenth century, Coplestone was not made Bishop of Llandaff until 1827. Previously he was Provost of Oriel, and exerted a beneficial influence on Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and other members of that college. His theology was a mixture of the Evangelical and the moderate Broad.

Regret has been expressed by many that Watson was unable to enlarge his Life of Wesley to twice or thrice the size. Yet had he lived to do this, it is questionable whether it would have been a great success. For one thing, Watson was too much of a rhetorician—judging by his sermons and addresses—for the kind of composition best suited to biography. The style which makes the narrative of a human life popular must have in it a mixture of the colloquial, incidents minutely described, animated dialogue, clever repartee, an occasional glimmer of appropriate humour, a picturesque grouping of facts, and a masterly word-painting of physical scenery and social environments, coloured with the hues of a vivid imagination. The heroes of real life that can be treated thus may be very few when compared with the heroes of fiction ; so that the biographer, with his limitations to truth and fact, can but rarely compete with the novelist, who is limited only by the conceptions of his own imagination. Surely, however, the eventful life of Wesley is capable of such treatment. His rescue when a child from the burning parsonage; his four-months' voyage across the Atlantic, with his activities on board in calm and in storm ; his strange experiences in Georgia amongst Indians and Moravians, Saltzburghers and Scotch

Highlanders, and even amongst "spies and ruffians"; his *state*-trial by a pretentious and ignorant court; his submersion in his sleep, and wanderings through great dismal swamps; his homeward-bound voyage, when his self-reproachful moanings, in unison with those of the melancholy main, found vent in, "I went to America to convert the Indians; but, O! who shall convert me?" or as the moanings might be rendered: "O, the folly of running my head against the wall, and wielding so persistently my rubrical staff"! All this is surely more romantic than romance, whilst yet true. Even in the matters of love, courtship, and marriage, in which the novelist competes with the biographer, the biographer of Wesley might make a fair show. There were the correspondence of "Cyrus" (John Wesley) with "Aspasia" (Mrs. Pendarves, afterwards Delaney); the affair of Sophie Hopkey, in which the course of true love ran anything but smooth; the Grace Murray disappointment; and the marriage to Mrs. Vizelle. This lady Southey brackets with Job's wife and Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, with perhaps an excess of severity towards the three. All the remarkable occurrences I have named, except the Grace Murray incident and his marriage, were anterior to his conversion. After the great spiritual change of 1738 the wonderful events which marked his course were numerous throughout England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, of which the time would fail to tell.

The largest Life of Wesley is Luke Tyerman's, published in 1870, in three bulky volumes. He heralded its advent by the *Life of Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, and his Times*. Of him—the first hero on whom Tyerman tried his 'prentice hand in limning—he was an abject hero-worshipper. Hence "Rector of Epworth and *his* Times"; placing the poor country parson in the centre of a system around which were revolving parliaments and statesmen, armies and navies, churches and hierarchies. I wish, for old acquaintance' sake, that I could speak of the literary and biographical style and skill of this work with even a modicum of the praise which the author lavishes on his hero. It is more

pleasing to observe that Tyerman's *magnum opus*, the Life of John Wesley, shows a great improvement upon his first work. After publishing the three large volumes the writer did not allow his pen to rest. He wrote a Life of Fletcher, with the clumsy title *Wesley's Designated Successor*; also *The Life of George Whitefield*, and *The Oxford Methodists*. The last mentioned was designed as a supplement to his Life of Wesley, and, as such, may be referred to in the present notice. In it he makes the extraordinary blunder of confounding "Mr. Hutchins of Pembroke College"—several times referred to by the Wesleys—with Richard Hutchins, D.D., of Lincoln College, who is not once mentioned in the journals, letters, etc., of John or Charles. Richard Hutchins was elected Fellow of Lincoln College in 1720 (six years before Wesley), sub-rector in 1739, and rector in 1755. That so influential a fellow of his own college should be one of Wesley's religious and derided associates at Oxford, and yet be unmentioned by him and Charles, passes all credibility Charles refers to Hutchins of Pembroke College at least half a dozen times in his journal (more circumstantial than John's), and John names him as being present at the wonderful all-night love-feast (January 1, 1739) at Fetter Lane. The last mention of him is made by John in a letter to Charles (April 21, 1741), at an interval when Charles had been won over by the Moravians. John writes:

> O, my brother, I am grieved for you; the poison is in you; fair words have stolen away your heart. "No English man or woman is like the Moravians!" So the matter is come to a fair issue. Five of us did still stand together a few months hence; but two have gone to the right hand, Hutchins and Cennick, and two to the left hand, Mr. Hall and you. Lord, if it be Thy gospel which I preach, arise and maintain Thine own cause!

Cennick's first change after leaving Wesley was to Calvinism, so that was "the right hand" to which Hutchins (who belonged to Whitefield's College, Pembroke) went too. In a letter to Wesley, when leaving for Georgia, Charles Morgan, his pupil, whom he left behind him at Lincoln College (and

who evidently was then placed under Richard Hutchins), writes: "If I would go into the hall on fast-days, I should put it out of the rector's or Mr. Hutchins' power to make any complaints to my father." This is the man, ready to complain of fasting, who, according to Tyerman, was one of those Oxford Methodists that made fasting a part of their religion!

Tyerman's greatest mistake in his Life of Wesley was that of representing the Fetter Lane Society as a Moravian Society or Church which the Wesleys were induced to join. Of Wesley on his return from Georgia, he writes: "He was induced to become a member of the first Moravian society founded at Fetter Lane."[1] Wesley's anonymous Hymn-Book (1738) he thought was "probably intended for the use of the Moravian bands."[2] The love-feast at Fetter Lane at which Wesley was present on January 1, 1739, "consisted," says his biographer, "of himself, his brother, his clerical friends Whitefield, Ingham, Hall, Kinchin, Hutchins, and about sixty Moravians." The true genesis of this Society is that it was created when there was neither Moravian Society nor Methodist Society in existence in London. It was really a new "religious society," of which there were many then, the members of which were in communion with the Church of England. To several of these societies Wesley introduced Böhler, and it was by his advice that, in imitation of the Moravians, bands and love-feasts were included in "the little society" founded May 1, 1738, at James Hutton's, Little Wild Street, by Wesley, Hutton, Bray, and others, all apparently members of the old religious societies and of the Church of England. The bands and love-feasts no more made "our little Society which afterwards met at Fetter Lane," as Wesley calls it, Moravian, than the bands and love-feasts of the "United" or Methodist Societies made them Moravian institutions. How Whitefield and the Wesleys regarded it is not difficult to learn. At the all-night love-feast at Fetter Lane, when the *Te Deum* broke forth with

[1] *Life*, Vol. I. 175. [2] *Ibid.*, Vol. I. 211.

rapturous spontaneity from the lips of those assembled, there were present seven clergymen, but not one Moravian minister. As to Tyerman's "sixty Moravians," Whitefield gives this account in his journal, May 20, 1739: "Went with our brethren of the Fetter Lane Society to St. Paul's, and received the holy Sacrament as a testimony that we adhered to the Church of England." On June 13 Charles Wesley records the exclusion of Shaw and Wolff at a meeting of the Society; "we consenting *nem. con.*," he writes, "that their names should be erased out of the Society book, because they disowned themselves members of the Church of England."

From August 16, 1739, to April 3, 1740, Charles Wesley was absent from London, and John could make only a few hurried visits to it. In this interval Hutton, the dominating lay mind of the Society, entered into a secret correspondence with Zinzendorf, asking that a Moravian minister might be appointed to London. Philip Henry Molther, tutor to Zinzendorf's son, arrived in the English capital, October 18, 1738, on his way to Philadelphia as a Moravian missionary. Finding that no ship was likely to sail for some considerable time, Hutton introduced him to the Fetter Lane Society, interpreting his Latin addresses to the members; Viney, a tailor lately returned from Germany, did the same for his German addresses. Molther taught a kind of quietism called "stillness"; persuaded many of the members that they were never converted, and that those who were seeking salvation in the so-called means of grace, and especially in the Lord's Supper, could not find it; that it could only be received by being "still." He also so exaggerated justification by faith, that his teaching must and did lead to practical antinomianism. When Charles Wesley returned to London in April, 1740, he found the Society, including the clerical members, in a deplorable state; the Rev. W. Hall, "cold and unconcerned"; Simpson, another clergyman, "perverted," declaring there were "no means of grace"; and Charles's own convert, Stonehouse, vicar of Islington, denying his conversion, and

he and his wife resolved to leave the parish and live in Germany. On April 13 Charles wrote:

I received the Sacrament at St. Paul's. The last time I communicated there was in company with our whole Society. Who hath bewitched them that they should not obey their Saviour? A Moravian, by declaring some months ago he had long sought Christ in the ordinances in vain, but on his leaving them off, immediately found Him. Nature caught the word, and our brethren cast off all the means of grace.

The strenuous struggles of the Wesleys against these doctrinal and practical errors were in vain. On July 20, 1740, at a Fetter Lane love-feast (one of the ironies of events), Wesley said: "I have borne with you long, hoping you would turn; but as I find you more and more confirmed in the error of your ways, nothing now remains but that I should give you up to God. You that are of the same judgment, follow me." To this he adds, "I then withdrew, without saying anything more, as did eighteen or nineteen of the Society." Driven from the Society of which he was himself the principal founder, he took his adherents to the Foundery, which he had acquired as a preaching-place the preceding winter. There, too, were the "eight or ten persons" which he formed near the close of 1739 into the first of the "United Societies." The pro-Moravian members left behind gradually became a Moravian Society, but ten months elapsed before stewards and other officers were elected. On October 30, 1742, this Society was constituted a "Church," or congregation of the United Brethren.

This brief sketch of the Fetter Lane Society may be too long as a mere illustration of one of Tyerman's mistakes, an error in which he was not quite alone amongst Wesley's biographers. The real facts, it is hoped, are worth stating. Wesley's friendships with the Moravians in Georgia and Germany, and casually in London, were before long changed into coolness, and then into positive hostility on both sides, the reasons for which may be gathered from his Journals, which on these and other matters he plainly intended as an *apologia pro vita sua*. Have the biographers of the Wesleys

adequately discussed these matters? Have they accounted for the humiliating fact that some of the choicest friends and converts of the Wesleys abandoned them for these German strangers? I think not. Amongst their losses in this way were four clergymen, three of them—Ingham, Hall, and Gambold—Oxford Methodists; the last-named resigning the living of Stanton Harcourt to enter their ministry. The fourth was Stonehouse, vicar of Islington, a much-loved convert of Charles Wesley. He sold the advowson of his living, and became a Moravian. Two of the co-founders with Wesley of the Fetter Lane Society who forsook him, Hutton and Bray, had their names on the title-page of the Wesleys' first hymn-book (*Hymns and Sacred Poems, 1739*), thus: "Sold by James Hutton, Bookseller, at the Bible and Sun, without Temple Bar, and at Mr. Bray's, a Brazier, Little Britain." James, the son of the Rev. John Hutton, a worthy nonjuror, was led to the Saviour by the Wesleys, and at Bray's house Charles found rest to his soul. Holland was another member of the Fetter Lane Society at its origin. He it was, I am convinced, who was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans at the little meeting in Aldersgate when John Wesley's heart "was strangely warmed," and he said, "I believe!" Holland, raised to high office amongst the Moravians, wrote an account of the Fetter Lane Society, the manuscript of which was read by the present writer in 1861, through the kindness of the Rev. J. B. Eberle, then minister of Fetter Lane Chapel. The Delamotte family—the son who had accompanied the Wesleys to Georgia, his brother, an undergraduate of Cambridge, Mrs. Delamotte, and her daughters—were all alienated from them by the same influences. Charles had been the means of leading most of them to Christ, and when they turned from him he recorded their ingratitude in heart-broken words. So with Mrs. Claggett, of Broad Oaks, and her daughters,—Mrs. Kinchin, the widow of their friend of Corpus Christi College, Miss Raymond, and Mrs. Stonehouse, wife of the ex-vicar and the wealthy daughter of Sir John Crispe, Bart. She and Mrs. Larisch

(*née* Raymond) bequeathed their large fortunes to the Moravian executive, and thus saved Zinzendorf and others from utter ruin through the enormous debts incurred at Chelsea by their reckless expenditure on Lindsey House and its adjuncts for the "Pilgrim Congregation."

Why all this defection from the teaching and leadership of the Wesleys in favour of the United Brethren? One cause was Zinzendorf's policy of capture, also adopted by the ministers under his rule. He captured the Lutheran Consistory of Würtemburg, when they recognised the Herrnhuters as a sister Church, and the Tübingen Theological Faculty, when they gave him ordination. He tried to capture Bengel, the eminent Lutheran Pietist, who treated him with courtesy, yet published a *Sketch of the Church of the United Brethren*, containing strictures on their exaggerations of the doctrine of justification by faith, and on their practical anti-Trinitarianism by addressing in their hymns and sermons the Incarnate Son, with little or no reference to the Father and the Holy Spirit. Zinzendorf captured Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his acknowledging the genuine apostolic succession of the Count as a bishop of the Brethren's Church. Molther found it easy work to capture the clergymen and other persons already named. Even after the disruption of the Fetter Lane Society, Charles Wesley was reported to be "still" for a few weeks, but was delivered from his captivity by the then closely attached friend of the Wesleys, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. There was one man the Count Bishop failed to capture, John Wesley, although he tried to do it, in the Latin conversation which they had in Gray's Inn Walks, where, as Southey remarks, "Zinzendorf assumed throughout the scene that superiority to which his birth and rank had habituated him."

But the principal cause of their success in drawing to themselves the friends and converts of the Wesleys may be found in John Wesley himself. Molther and his brethren did not attempt to go out into the streets, the lanes, the highways and hedges. Their excellences as teachers had

been trumpeted amongst his friends by Wesley himself, which brought to their feet some of his own converts. He told his friends how Spangenberg at Savannah had searched him and proved him; how Peter Böhler gave him the right views of saving faith; how Böhler's coming to England was an epoch-making event in relation to the work of God; how he himself had made a pilgrimage to Marienborn and Herrnhut "to see where the Christians live," and how he took with him Ingham and others. What was the result? Hutton and several more made the same pilgrimage to consult the same oracles. Can it be wondered at that his own friends, hearing and seeing all this, should conclude that Moravian ministers were better guides than others, than even Wesley himself? Friends and converts took him at his word, and sat down at the feet of teachers whom he for three years kept extolling to the skies. Zinzendorf, Spangenberg, Böhler, Molther, and Töltschig found Wesley's praises facilitated their efforts at capturing ready-made Christians, and saved them from calling sinners to repentance at Moorfields or Kennington Common. When Wesley's own disillusionment came, his notes of warning were too late for some.

Tyerman's Life of Wesley, although containing many surprising instances of mistaken judgments and conclusions, is not without considerable merits of its own. The style is free from verbosity, is marked by clearness and vigour, although disfigured by an occasional violation of good taste. He was a most industrious writer, and was at the pains to tell who was who, as to persons named in the extracts and quotations which he made. His character sketches are much inferior to Southey's, but he gratifies the reader more than the biographers who, in this line of remark, give no information at all. The great merit of Tyerman's *Wesley* is its fulness and approach to comprehensiveness. In these respects it far excels all other Lives of Wesley, and leaves the Methodist Connexion much indebted to his painstaking and persevering researches. That indeed was his speciality as a writer of Lives. Upon

the whole, he was more successful as a collector of materials for a biography than as the builder of them into an edifice shapely in its structure and harmonious in its parts. The abundance and value of the information, gathered from all sources, ancient and modern, printed and manuscript, public and private, doubtless at a large expenditure of time and money, crowded into his three bulky volumes, lays all Tyerman's readers, and especially the biographers of Wesley who come after him, under very great obligations.

Biographies of Wesley, narrative and critical, by writers contemporary with and subsequent to Tyerman, some of them by eminent ministers (Rigg, Telford, Lelièvre), would have been included in this article had it been practicable. Until these are noticed, should a sequel to the present article be written, it would be premature to suggest what is yet desirable in the way of additional subjects, or mode of treatment, or to speculate on what may be expected in the future. Of one thing we may be certain, that the life which began at Epworth in 1703 and ended in London in 1791, will not, must not, cannot be forgotten.

THOMAS M'CULLAGH.

The World of Books.

I. THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Life of the Master. By John Watson, D.D. With Sixteen Illustrations by Corwin Knapp Linson. (London : Hodder & Stoughton. 25*s.* net.)

THIS volume is the crown of Dr. Watson's work. He makes no attempt to compete with other Lives of Christ. There is not a reference or a footnote in the volume. No reader will be wiser as to sites or dates, but "all who love Him in sincerity," to whom the book is dedicated, will feel a new thrill of devotion to their Master: new confidence, new courage, new consecration. *The Upper Room*, though a tiny book on a fragment of evangelic history, showed that Dr. Watson was marked out for such a task as this. His Life of the Master is written with a stately eloquence steeped in tenderness and quivering with love and trust. It has no weak pages, no halting periods. It interprets the story with the sure discernment of a Christian seer. Controversy is excluded. The believer is in the presence of his Lord. We see how Jew, Roman, Greek were all unconsciously in alliance to prepare for the advent of the Messiah. Dr. Watson fastens on certain main features of our Lord's life and ministry, and uses them to light up the whole record. We get an exquisite picture of "the party of goodness" that waited for the kingdom of God. The chapter entitled "With the Children" is a true gospel idyll. The story of the Nativity is beautifully painted, as an influence which is "daily working spiritual miracles." We seem to see Jesus gazing out from the hills round Nazareth and gathering the harvest of imagery which afterwards lighted up His teaching. The sketch of His ministry as a "A Reasonable Method" is very happy, and the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman, who plucked her laurels from the heart of Jesus, has never been more beautifully told. There are points on which we have not been able to follow Dr. Watson's interpretation of the

history, but his book is a school for faith where preachers will learn new confidence in their message and in their Master. Mr. Linson's coloured plates are the outcome of long study amid the gospel scenes, and are masterpieces of Christian art, not always equally happy, but always impressive and full of thought. The volume itself is one of the handsomest ever issued by its enterprising publishers.

Regnum Dei. Eight Lectures on the Kingdom of God in Christian Thought. By Archibald Robertson, D.D., Principal of King's College, London. (London: Methuen & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

The Bampton Lectures for 1901 deserve the close study of Christian thinkers and teachers. They are the result of "the writer's reflection with a view to his own guidance in life," and many will find inspiration in his pages. He regards the kingdom of God as the Christian answer to the question of the purpose of man's being. Our Lord's teaching on the subject was closely connected with the hopes and convictions of the Jewish race at the time of His Advent. The experiences of the nation had led them to look for a time when a righteous people should be ruled over by the God of all the universe. The realisation of that perfect kingdom hung upon the coming of a king in whose person the reign of God should find its final and absolute expression. In the first three lectures, Dr. Robertson brings out the teaching of the Old Testament and the New in a way that is singularly fresh and suggestive. Then he traces the idea of the kingdom in the first four Christian centuries. St. Augustine inherited a refined and spiritualised millenarianism, but later reflection led him deliberately to abandon it. He regarded the first resurrection as that of the soul under grace from the death of sin; the second resurrection is that of the body at the general judgment; the "thousand years" were the interval between the first and second advent. The lecture on Augustine's teaching is a masterly exposition of his greatest work, the *De Civitate Dei.* It was only necessary to materialise Augustine's doctrine of the Church as the kingdom of Christ in order to find a foundation for the ecclesiastical superstructure reared by Gregory VII. and Innocent III. The mediæval papacy claimed to be the kingdom of God on earth, the kingdom in which Christ reigned through His vicar. Dr. Robertson traces the development of this con-

ception in the papacy, and gives a brief sketch of its chief opponents. The lecture on "The Kingdom of God in Modern Thought, Life, and Work" contains a luminous study of Ritschl's position as to the Church, which approximates more nearly to that of St. Augustine than he himself realised. Dr. Robertson's words on Christian Socialism and his paragraphs on the Christian ideal and the world to come, make a noble summing up of an exposition that is rich in hope and comfort for all who are seeking to promote the kingdom of God in the Church and in the world. It is a golden book, strong in thought, and full of insight.

The Catholic Church from Within. By Lady Lovat. With Preface by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This exposition of the arcana of Roman Catholic doctrine and life is intended to reproduce for Protestants the very atmosphere of Catholic Christianity, and undoubtedly succeeds in doing so to a remarkable extent. The separation between the two Churches is so complete, intercourse is so rare, that only the outside life of either Church is known to the other. The thousand modifying features which mean so much are known only to Catholic and Protestant respectively. This distinctive life on one side is unveiled here with little or no reserve. We learn as much of the life described as if we had lived for years in a Roman Catholic country or sedulously attended Roman Catholic services. So far we must congratulate the authoress. The result certainly is not to lessen the distance between the two communions, but rather to emphasise it. The difference in all that belongs to practical religious life is even greater than in formal creed and faith. If we were to judge by the present volume, we should conclude that the amount of common truth is very small. We know of course that this is not the case. But the difference in the practical working out of the two interpretations of Scripture is made to appear very great. Nor will the result be, as is perhaps desired, to attract and win Protestant readers. Without wishing to use harsh words, we can only say that the Christian life presented to us here is one of routine and rule and detail, not of spirit and life. If applied Christianity is truly represented here, it is more formal and ceremonial than the Mosaic system. Such an interpretation is self-condemned. We have a curious instance of the

mutual ignorance of the two Churches in the present volume. On page 316 we read: "Protestants start with the outward form, and trust to the outward observance working inwardly and producing, in the minds of children, faith and other virtues due to the great truths of religion. Catholics (whether rightly or wrongly) habitually do the reverse. . . . The Catholic is never taught to see any special merit in an appearance of reverence or piety apart from his own feelings on the subject." A strange misunderstanding. The chief Protestant defect is the lack of outward forms and expressions of reverence. As to the Catholic, what is the meaning of the complex details in the present work about the ritual of the Mass, colours and vestments, feasts and forms? Above a hundred pages are devoted to the Liturgy of the Mass. And yet it is Protestants who "start with the outward form"! The chapters on Prayer show that even this most spiritual of all religious acts is largely mechanised. To fetter the spirit of prayer is to kill it. Freedom is essential to its life. One of the illusions which the present volume will help to dispel is that the Roman Church gives great latitude to her children. All that is binding, it is often said, is doctrine officially defined; all else is free. The chapter "On the Cultivation of Catholic Instincts" utterly disproves this. A Pastoral Letter of the English Cardinal-Archbishop warns against "the risks to faith in minimising the teaching power of the Church and restricting it to dogmas which have been defined as of faith." "Filial submission to authority," believing everything not because it is true, but because it is decreed, is the one cardinal virtue. The pastoral letter says: "All the articles of Catholic faith, all the verities of religion must be accepted on the authority and claim of the teacher, not on the tastes, will, or judgment of the individual." The voice of the Church is the voice of Christ; and if the refusal to restrict the voice of the Church to defined doctrine is accepted, Christ speaks with the same authority through popes and councils and through priestly teaching and popular devotions. J. S. B.

Theology Old and New. By W. F. Cobb, D.D., Rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. (London: Elliot Stock. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Church meant is the Anglican Church, and the series is intended to discuss such questions as "Our Attitude towards Rome," Church Government, National Christianity, the Church

and Nonconformity, Parochial Organisation, the Enrichment of the Prayer-Book. As each writer is independent of the rest, the present work, which is the first to appear, cannot be held to represent the series. The "theology" advocated is very new and very broad. We may well agree with the two positions that the Church cannot dispense with theology and that the theology of a particular age cannot be final, without committing ourselves to the revolutionary changes to which we are invited. The chapters which briefly discuss the particular Christian doctrines quite destroy the identity with the old. Not merely the form, but the substance is changed. Thus, the idea of the Incarnation is made out to be that the only divinity is moral goodness, and that therefore man is or may be divine. Matthew Arnold and Auguste Sabatier are quoted as considerable doctrinal authorities. The influence of the evolution theory is strongly emphasised. The author thinks and writes vigorously enough, but the teaching is very far from contributing to lucidity or settlement. J. S. B.

The Bible and its Theology. By G. Vance Smith, B.A. Fifth Edition. (London: Longmans. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This well known work goes over the whole ground in dispute between Unitarianism and the orthodox Church. It states the Unitarian case as forcibly as it can be stated. We need give only one example of its exegesis. In trying to show that the early Christians did not offer worship to Christ, the author has to explain the case of Stephen. In doing so he says, "The apostle (!), when he thus called upon the Lord Jesus, actually beheld Him, as we are told in a preceding verse. Jesus was present to him in his dying ecstasy; and was it not therefore natural that the martyr should invoke his risen Master, then standing before him, should call upon Him to receive his spirit, and thus deliver him from his persecutors?" This is exegesis in desperation. A case which requires able men to resort to such exposition is in a bad way. The volume is full of similar instances of explaining away. J. S. B.

The Atonement and Intercession of Christ. By the late Principal D. C. Davies, M.A., Trevecca. Edited by D. E. Jenkins, Portmadoc. (Edinburgh: Clark. 4*s.*)

Principal Davies spent most of his life as pastor of a London Welsh congregation; the last three years he was Principal at

Trevecca. He had the Welsh passion for theology and the pulpit, and this volume gives the fruit of his thinking on his favourite themes. Needless to say, he holds by the old scriptural interpretations of the doctrines discussed. There is much that is edifying and suggestive in his expositions of "The Propitiation, Propitiation for, the Atonement and the Priestly Office, the Atonement and the Mediatorial Office, the Atonement and the Intercession." The subjects lie near the Christian heart, and the exposition brings them nearer. On one point in the opening chapter we should differ from the author. There he tries to maintain universal atonement on Calvinistic lines, distinguishing between two senses of the atonement, one for the whole world, another for the elect. J. S. B.

Johannine Problems and Modern Needs. By H. T. Purchas, M.A. (London: Macmillan & Co. 3*s.* net.)

As is well known, Bishop Lightfoot in his celebrated essay, after tracing the development of monarchical episcopacy to the first part of the second century, expresses the opinion that it cannot have been without the approval of the apostle John. This is the nearest approach to apostolical succession he can find. The present volume makes this the starting-point of an argument against the Bishop's conclusion. It is a strong point that Ignatius, the champion of episcopacy, never connects it with the apostle. Polycarp also never calls himself or Ignatius by the title. The writer works out an ingenious argument, made up of many threads, against the supposed apostolic approval. Both John and Peter call themselves simply elders. John does not even style himself "apostle." Mr. Purchas thinks even this title had come into some discredit, which is the reason why St. John avoids it. There is force in some of the arguments, but others appear strained. The author thinks that the omission of all reference to the institution of the Supper in the Fourth Gospel is due to hierarchical tendencies that had shown themselves in connexion with it. The spiritual character of the gospel is also regarded as a tacit protest against similar tendencies. The essay deserves consideration, but some of the arguments used are far-fetched. J. S. B.

Did Moses Write the Pentateuch after All? By F. E Spencer, M.A. (London: Elliot Stock. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The author shows cause against the new critical theories. In

three chapters he discusses the History, the Legislation, and certain conditions of Historical Narrative, and supplements these by lengthy Notes. It is a merit in his work that he argues instead of merely denouncing, and argues temperately and with force. His objections to critical methods are well marshalled and clearly stated. The work is pleasant reading and worth careful pondering. J. S. B.

Apostolic Optimism, and other Sermons. By J. H. Jowett, M.A. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

Mr. Jowett is an expository preacher of a noble order. His method is to announce his theme usually in some ringing notes of the text, so as at once to rivet the attention of his hearers. He then elaborates his theme in a succession of delightful variations so arranged as to keep the central truth vividly before the mind. Through all these discourses there runs the strain of evangelical passion and appeal. The preacher has a gift of charming, yet powerful expression, which enables him to state accepted spiritual truths with freshness, and also to re-invest with meaning some which are falling into undeserved neglect. We are reminded that he belongs to all the Nonconformist Churches by the fact that many of these sermons were preached to Wesleyan Methodist audiences. It is noteworthy that like his great predecessor Dr. Dale, he is in close sympathy with the spirit and theology of John Wesley. One of the sermons in this volume, "The Power of the Cross," throbs with the thrilling tenderness which (to quote one of Mr. Jowett's illustrations) so melted the godless Newcastle mob that they clung to John Wesley's clothes and hands. We welcome this volume as likely still further to extend an influence already great.

Memoranda Paulina. By George Jackson, B.A. (London: Isbister & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Jackson gives us in his latest volume a series of fifty-two readings in St. Paul's epistles, the number corresponding to the Sundays of the year. The style is simple and devout. Even though the form of these studies necessitates but a slight treatment of the themes, Mr. Jackson never sinks into the commonplace. He is invariably bright. Perhaps he is in danger of relying too much on quotations for purposes of illustration. Doubtless the majority of these are relevant and felicitous. At the same time, they are apt to become distracting. Take the

reading on "The Greatness of the Christian Gospel." First we get Pascal, then Butler, then a quotation about Butler from Dean Church. Further on we find a characterisation by a "well qualified judge" of Dean Church's sermons, and lastly a quotation from John Howe. All this is interesting, but we should have liked more of Mr. Jackson.

Neglected People of the Bible. By Dinsdale T. Young. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Flood-Tide. Sunday Evenings in a City Pulpit. By Rev. G. H. Morrison, M.A., Dundee. 5*s.*

(London: Hodder & Stoughton.)

These are two volumes that will stimulate preachers to new effort, and will cheer and strengthen all who read them. Mr. Young is more direct and practical, as befits one who is dealing with Bible characters; Mr. Morrison's sermons are enriched by a vein of poetry and philosophy. *The Neglected People of the Bible*—Mr. Young gathers them into his picture gallery, and takes us round to scan life after life. He knows how to read character; knows how to bring out its moral and spiritual teaching for our own times, and much fresh light is poured on many of these saints and sinners of the past. The sketches are homely, but none the less effective for their simplicity. The book will add to a growing reputation. Mr. Morrison's sermons are full of gems that we are tempted to quote, but we must content ourselves with one. "Most of us think far too much of our abilities, and far too little of our influence. We are so interwoven in the web of life that we are making and moulding each other every day. In ways mysterious, out of the depths of this mysterious self, we touch and turn each other. And perhaps the men who influence us most are the men who never tried to influence us at all." One wishes to sit at the feet of such a teacher.

The Journal of Theological Studies, October, 1891. (London: Macmillan & Co. Annual Subscription, post free, 10*s.*)

The three leading articles in this number are of great interest and value to students of Church history and theology. Dr. Sandav reviews some recent works on the history of the Creed, lamenting that England has so little to set beside the exhaustive works of Zahn, Kattenbusch, Harnack, Schürer, Kunze, Loofs.

The spirit of these writers is as fine as their works are solid. Mr. Strong contributes the second of three articles on the theological term "Substance." When completed, the articles will be of great value. Already it is intimated that the predominant influence ascribed to Greek philosophy in the formation of early theology is a mistake. Mr. Headlam's account of the early Clementine literature casts much light on an obscure field. The literature supplies another instance of the neglect of Paul in early days. The author knew Paul's epistles, but he does not use them. "St. Paul's particular teaching has had absolutely no influence on the writer." "Our writer, like the gnostics, is fond of speculation, but he is untouched by the idea of Redemption. Christ is a prophet, and only a prophet." The other articles are of the usual learned cast and contents. B.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are issuing a set of *Christian Study Manuals* which will be of great service. They are a convenient size, and have about 140 pages. The matter is arranged in brief sections, and the price—one shilling net—brings them well within the reach of young people and lay preachers. Dr. D'Arcy's *Ruling Ideas of our Lord* is a golden book, full of insight and rich in thought. Professor Orr's *The Early Church* is a wonderful view of the history down to the conversion of Constantine. It is packed with matter, and gives a bird's-eye view of the preparation for Christianity and its early struggles which is profoundly interesting. Dr. Monro Gibson's *Protestant Principles* is a timely manual, and is both acute and tolerant in spirit. It will be of real service to those who have to deal with sacerdotalism in any form.

The continued sale of Dr. George Adam Smith's *Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6*s*.), of which an eighth edition has just appeared, shows how eager students of the Old Testament are for what some will regard as an authoritative statement of the way in which the preacher must modify or readjust his teaching of the Old Testament in view of the results reached by the Higher Critics. It is, as this journal showed in an earlier notice, a very grave readjustment which Dr. Smith suggests, and we are not by any means prepared to accept all his positions; but the book is full of food for thought, and those who differ most from it will not learn the least.

Studies and Speculations in Natural Theology. By Rev. W. L. Blamires. (London: S. W. Partridge & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

There are three essays in this little book. The first is a defence of primary religious truths on the ground that mystery is an element common to all the sciences. The second is an attempt to construct an argument for design in nature, and the third to exhibit the evidential value of miracles. For the pleas of two of the essays the writer fairly claims a certain degree of novelty. Although slight, we think his book to many will prove interesting and suggestive.

The Heart's Desire. A Book of Family Prayers. Edited by Rev. R. Lovett, M.A. (London: Religious Tract Society. 6*s.*)

These prayers cover the mornings and evenings of thirteen weeks, with special forms for New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Whit Sunday, and Christmas Day. They have been prepared by Dr. G. S. Barrett and three other ministers, and edited with great care by Mr. Lovett. Appropriate passages of Scripture are suggested at the head of each prayer, but it is hoped that those who use the book will generally make their own choice of verses to be read. The prayers are simple in phrase, rich in thought and feeling, comprehensive, and evangelical. They are not too long; there is nothing to jar on the most refined ear, and the book is very well printed and neatly got up.

The first volumes of *The Temple Bible* well sustain the reputation of Messrs. Dent & Co. for dainty editions. They are very light, and will go easily into a pocket or bag. The type is bold, and the notes and introductions to Genesis and Exodus, by Professor Sayce and Professor A. R. S. Kennedy, are scholarly but simple, just what a reader needs to help him to enter into the spirit of these masterpieces of literature. Tables of weights and measures, maps, and a synchronism of ancient history are added. The price is only one shilling net, or eighteenpence bound in limp leather. They are delightful little volumes which are sure to promote the study of the Bible, and the editor of each volume is an expert.

The last volume on the Book of Psalms in the *Cambridge Bible* (2*s.* net) supplies notes and introductions to Psalms 90–150.

Nothing better could be desired by a student or preacher than these lucid notes, which grapple honestly with every difficulty, and bring out shades of meaning in a way that is eminently suggestive and helpful. No cheap commentary on the Psalms is to be compared with this, and the three volumes will be a treasure in every minister's library.

The Twentieth Century New Testament. (London : Horace Marshall & Son. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This translation is an attempt to put the New Testament into modern English which may be understood by the simple and unlettered folk. The portions of the work already published have aroused much interest, and now that the task of the anonymous company is complete it is possible to form a clearer estimate of the value of their work. Its main defect in our eyes is its unfamiliarity and its somewhat forced simplicity. Its changes are sometimes quite unnecessary, and its renderings much inferior to the Authorised Version ; but it is often very suggestive for those who do not read Greek, and the arrangement of the books is good, though we cannot see why Galatians is not put before Romans. The translators have been moved by a pure desire to make the New Testament better understood, and their version will be prized by scholars as well as by homely readers.

The Church Epistles. Romans to 2 Thessalonians. By E. W. Bullinger, D.D. (London : Eyre & Spottiswoode. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Bullinger thinks that much of the confusion and unrest around us is due to the fact that Christians know so little of St. Paul's letters. He regards the Thessalonian Church as the model Church of the Gentile world, and the epistles written to it as the crown of Christian teaching. His analysis and exposition are very full ; and though we cannot accept all his views, we feel that no one will study his books without an increase of faith and of knowledge. They represent much devout and earnest study of St. Paul's teaching.

The Letters of St. Paul to Seven Churches and Three Friends. Translated by Arthur S. Way, M.A. (London : Macmillan & Co. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. Way wishes to help English readers to enter more clearly

into the spirit and meaning of St. Paul's writings than any merely literal translation would allow them to do. He has ventured in some cases to expand the sense and to bring out its full and real meaning. Many passages which break the even flow of the argument or leap above the colloquial style of their context are printed as hymns, and this gives emphasis and variety. The modern phrasing of his translation somewhat spoils it, but we have found the sense admirably brought out and many difficult passages lighted up. Mr. Way seems to us to have done a good thing and done it well.

The Century Bible. The General Epistles. Edited by W. H. Bennett, M.A. (Edinburgh: Jack. 2*s.* net.)

This is a workmanlike little book, packed with matter. No difficulties are shirked, and the treatment of such a passage as 1 Peter iii. 19 is enough to show the value of the notes. Professor Bennett has done great service by the production of such a commentary. We know no small volume on the General Epistles of the New Testament which is equal to it.

The Pastoral Epistles, by J. P. Lilley (2*s.* 6*d.*), is a volume of Messrs. T. & T. Clark's "Handbooks for Bible-Classes," with a new translation and a consecutive commentary, intended to meet the needs of students of theology and Christian workers. Mr. Lilley has faced the difficult problems of authorship, and holds to the generally accepted view that the Epistles are the work of St. Paul. The book is full of food for mind and heart.

Times of Retirement is a set of brief devotional meditations by Dr. George Matheson (Nisbet & Co., 3*s.* 6*d.*), which have much grace of phrase and suggestiveness. They are perhaps a little too eloquent, and the exposition does not always commend itself to our judgment, but they are always stimulating and often very helpful. The biographical sketch of Scotland's blind preacher prefixed to the volume will be welcomed by many readers south of the Tweed. Dr. Matheson lost his sight through internal inflammation soon after he was twenty, but he has never relaxed his labours, and has built up a reputation as a Christian thinker and orator, which he has used for the noblest ends. He is now fifty-nine, and has retired from his pastorate in order that he may devote all his strength to literature.

II. FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

The Earliest Gospel: a Historical Study of the Gospel according to Mark. With a Text and English Version. By Allan Menzies, M.A., D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of St. Andrews. (London: Macmillan & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

THIS is a useful addition to the available commentaries in English on the Second Gospel. It does not compete with, still less supersede, either Swete or Gould, to each of which, though for different qualities, a position in the front rank must be given. Dr. Swete's book must still be consulted on textual and philological questions, whilst Professor Gould is rich in suggestiveness and a preacher's friend. Dr. Menzies, recognising the good work done by his predecessors, writes under the pressure of two chief purposes. He aims to approach as nearly as possible to the original facts handed down by tradition and forming the material of the earliest Life of Christ, and at the same time to discover and represent the special interests that were felt by the society in which the tradition was preserved, and that must of necessity have determined in some measure both the contents and the form of the gospel. The book in consequence does not contain all the apparatus a student needs; but what it does contain is complete in itself, and shows evidence everywhere of adequate scholarship, of sanity, and of exegetical and historical skill.

In a careful introduction, Dr. Menzies discusses the priority of the New Testament writings, the comparative absence from the Second Gospel of records of the teaching of Jesus, the motives that led to a demand for an accredited collection of traditions concerning Him, the theological sufficiency of the Epistles, and many other matters of prime interest. He believes with good reason that the Epistles preceded the Gospels in date, and that Mark wrote about A.D. 70, or at least not long after that year. Ætiological, apologetic, and devotional motives in his opinion combined to strengthen the desire for a written gospel; but its

exact form and its limitations may have been and probably were due to some immediate and pressing need, which in the present state of our knowledge it is almost idle to conjecture.

The body of the book exhibits on opposite pages the Greek text adopted by Dr. Menzies, and a translation of his own, not always so elegant as it is accurate. At the bottom of the pages runs a continuous commentary, or kind of targum, serviceable to a reader though he is not familiar with Greek, and weaving into a single and consistent story the particulars and hints of the narrative. This annotation is on the whole admirable both in design and in execution, but bears infrequent traces of two faults. The writer has either himself a defective conception of the personality of Christ, or he does not allow sufficiently for the interdependence of, and mutual exchange of influence between, the two natures. A gospel, especially if it was preceded by the theology of the epistles, would not be to the earliest readers a collection of traditions concerning one who, to his own consciousness or to theirs, was merely a man. Theories of order and of the development of teaching are moreover open to suspicion, if too often a passage has to be interpreted in a non-natural sense or relegated to another position in the narrative. Amongst other notes that might with advantage be reconsidered are those on iii. 6, iii. 12, on the healing of the paralytic, and on the difficult reference in ix. 1 to the coming of the kingdom. Least satisfactory of all is probably the suggestion that Jesus Himself might not have repeated the words in iii. 28 (and 29 ?) "at a calmer moment." But notwithstanding these drawbacks the book will be highly esteemed by any genuine biblical student. It is amply provided with indexes of subjects and of scriptural passages. And its methods, whilst in this country comparatively untried, and imposing rather serious restrictions upon the writer, enable the reader to see Jesus, if not in the actual conditions of His life and work, at least in the guise in which He appeared to the reverent memories of the second generation of Christians. R. W. M.

Handbook to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. By Frederick G. Kenyon. With Sixteen Facsimiles. (London : Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.)

Dr. Kenyon's work as Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Museum has given him special facilities for writing such

a book as this. He lays no claim to rival the standard works of Gregory and Scrivener, though in certain details he has been able to supplement them and bring them up to date. His account of the various MSS., of the textual problem in its latest form, and his chapter on The Function of Textual Criticism may be pointed out as special features of a book which is so clear, so reliable, and so readable that young students will feel themselves under a great debt to the writer. It is the book we should put into the hands of anyone that we wished to allure into the most pleasant paths of biblical learning. Its handsome facsimiles add much to its interest and value.

The Historical New Testament. By James Moffatt, B.D. Second and Revised Edition. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 16*s.*)

In this edition some misprints have been corrected, an expression modified here and there for the sake of clearness, and a slight amount of fresh material incorporated. Mr. Moffatt has removed some harsh criticisms of other workers from this edition, but we cannot regard his attempt "to naturalise the results of negative New Testament criticism in this country" with favour. In his new preface he maintains, however, that he has indicated "a critical basis upon which the essentials of the evangelic faith can be held, and held triumphantly as well as reasonably, in face of the severest literary investigation prosecuted by historical acumen." He has no manner of doubt that such investigation of the Origins of Christianity will show that "the spiritual and historical are but complementary aspects of that real and absolute revelation which has been vouchsafed by God in Christ to human thought and trust." The spirit of the preface is excellent, but we are not persuaded either of the wisdom or soundness of the criticism adopted in the volume.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude. By Rev. Charles Bigg, D.D. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Many critical questions have to be discussed by a commentator who ventures to deal with the letters of St. Peter and St. Jude, and we may congratulate ourselves that this task has been allotted to such a scholar as Dr. Bigg. His labour, as every page of this volume shows, must have been immense, and he

does not forget that the Antinomians with whom we meet in 2 Peter and Jude cannot be understood merely from the New Testament, but that we must turn to "the lives of Luther and Wesley, to the times of Eckhart, Tauler, and Ruysbroek, or to such books as Barclay's *Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth*. Every great religious upheaval produces the same phenomena." Dr. Bigg is convinced that the *Didache* belongs to the fourth century. As to the incident at Antioch, he thinks that much more is to be said in Peter's defence than is allowed even by Bishop Lightfoot (*Galatians*, "St. Paul and the Three"). In 1 Peter v. 13 he sees an allusion to the sister-wife whom Peter led about with him as his companion and active helper. "My wife and my son Marcus, two persons who are very near and dear to me, join in my greeting to you." Dr. Bigg sometimes departs from the sobriety of language that one expects in a critical commentary. What a strange note this is on 1 Peter iv. 15: "A Christian might quite well be guilty of murder. The times were wild, and conversions must often have been imperfect." The difficult passage about the spirits in prison is taken as an indication that there can be no salvation without repentance, and no fair chance of repentance without the hearing of the gospel. The Commentary is a very fine piece of work, and is full of suggestions for the preacher as well as the student of text and language.

The critical edition of the Book of Proverbs in the *Polychrome Bible* (D. Nutt) has been prepared by the late Professor Müller and Professor Kautzsch. Such a book appeals only to Hebrew scholars, but they will find it of the greatest service. The two professors have lavished their learning upon it, and the notes throw much light on the text and on the meaning of the Proverbs.

III. HISTORY.

The Ministry of Grace: Studies in Early Church History with Reference to Present Problems. By John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury. (London: Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S Studies were delivered as addresses to the clergy and churchwardens of his diocese in the summer of 1900, and they have been allowed to retain some of the livelier personal element which relieves and brightens these learned discussions. Their learning, profound as it is, is not more conspicuous than their candour and tolerance. The book is an attempt to give a reasonable account of the institutions and customs of the Church, to show their origin, and the principles underlying them. Dr. Wordsworth's discussion of Episcopacy leads to the practical conclusion that while some form of regular ministry is always necessary, it need not exclude a charismatic ministry; and that while Episcopacy must be a marked feature of the Church of the future, it need not everywhere have exactly the same relation to the Presbyterate. "Episcopacy is perhaps the highest instance of a Church institution in regard to which history teaches us that variation is tolerable." The first quarter of the volume gives an insight into the character of the books on which the student must rely for his facts, and is like a walk through a library in company with a great scholar who has mastered all its contents. Then we begin the detailed study.

Rome has always shown more interest in the department of order than in that of rites. Its sense of orderliness has often been of great service, but "sometimes, as in the imposition of asceticism upon the clergy, begun by Siricius and continued by Gregory VII. and his successors, it has led to a breach with human nature which has been a very serious impediment to holiness and to stability." Dr. Wordsworth thinks that Dr. Hatch, "with the ardour of a discoverer proclaiming a neglected truth, and (I must add) with some anti-sacerdotal bias," has somewhat exaggerated the bishop's oversight of finance. He holds,

however, that the idea of the priestly character in the bishop emerged later than the other factors, and adds, "clearly it ought not to be permitted to obscure either the unique high-priesthood and mediatorship of our Saviour or the priestly character of the whole congregation, and where it has done so it has done evident mischief." The development of the monarchical episcopacy at Rome is brought out in quite a new light, and the questions of celibacy, of sisterhoods, vows, services and sacraments, and the reform of the Calendar are discussed with massive learning and in the finest Christian temper. The Church of England has reason to be proud of such a scholar, and members of all Churches will find much in his volume which throws a flood of light on the discipline and organisation of the first centuries. The bishop has his own views, but he will offend no one by his manner of stating them.

Travel in the First Century after Christ. By Caroline A. J. Skeel. (Cambridge University Press.)

Miss Skeel has gathered together a mass of information about travel in the first century. Her opening chapter on Objects of Travel shows how the facility for intercourse in all parts of the Roman Empire furthered the spread of Christianity. A frequented Roman road presented an animated appearance with all kinds of travellers from the prince to the beggar, the rich merchant to the strolling player. The mechanism of travel had been gradually perfected, the roads were monuments of skill and industry, and they extended from the borders of Ethiopia to the northern frontier of Britain. The highest speed recorded is two hundred miles, which Tiberius covered in twenty-four hours when on his way to his brother's death-bed. Julius Cæsar, who was famed for his rapid journeys, travelled one hundred miles a day in a hired coach. Miss Skeel's book is packed with facts that throw a flood of light on the century which saw the birth of Christianity, and she tells her story so pleasantly that one is sorry the book is not longer.

Life and Letters in the Fourth Century. By Terrot R. Glover, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 10*s.* net.)

The fourth century is neglected by most scholars, though it can boast an Augustine and a Synesius in prose, a Claudian and a

Prudentius in poetry. Its literature is extensive, but it is hardly read. Mr. Glover has steeped himself in it, and has given us a set of portraits of its chief figures, treating them sympathetically, and seeking through the men to throw light on the age in which they lived. The Church of that day had absorbed all that was vital in the civilised world, and though she had her weaknesses there was in her a promise and potency of life that was in strange contrast with the world around her. The study of Ammianus Marcellinus brings us into touch with the chief men of the time, and his verdicts on his contemporaries have been accepted with some reservation as substantially our own. Julian "was a failure, and for this his religion is to blame. He had not a strong nature, and his religion made him weaker in the same measure as it inflamed his conceit by teaching him to fancy himself a god. But even this is of minor importance. He took the wrong way, and turning back to a creed and a philosophy outworn he suffered the fate of all who, from whatever cause, prefer a lower to a higher truth." Each of the studies has its own charm and interest, and the great century which witnessed the triumph of Christianity over paganism will stand out more clearly than it has ever done before for readers of this delightful volume.

1. *Origen and Greek Patristic Theology.* By Rev. W. Fairweather, M.A.
2. *Muhammad and his Power.* By P. De Lacy Johnstone, M.A.

(Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 3s. each.)

1. Origen was one of the most prolific writers that the Church has known, and his works have never ceased to challenge thought and provoke controversy. The man himself is altogether admirable. From his earliest childhood the passion for truth and loyalty to conviction which marked his whole career are beautifully manifest. "He was at once a great man and a good. His was a rich and well balanced nature, in which the intellectual did not dwarf the moral, nor the speculative the emotional. . . . He was the founder of scientific theology, the pioneer of a reverent criticism, the champion of free and unrestricted investigation, and a bold speculative thinker; but he was also at the same time a great Christian preacher, a believing expositor, a devotional writer, and an orthodox traditionalist." Mr. Fairweather's book is a study of the man, his teaching, and his times,

which one is thankful to have in such a cheap and compact form.

2. Mr. Johnstone's picture of Muhammad is unvarnished, and its material has been drawn from the testimony of his own devoted adherents. His debt to the Jews and their Scriptures is manifest on every page of the Koran; and though the sincerity of his crusade against idolatry can scarcely be doubted, he took the fatal step of proclaiming himself the apostle of God, and tried to justify his ambition and sensual indulgence by pretence of divine commands. "As his power grew, his character suffered. The lust of rule ate like a canker into his soul; he shrank from no cruelty or treachery to compass his ends, though he was never cruel when unreserved submission was made." This book is an admirable summary of the history, and is very brightly written.

A History of the Plymouth Brethren. By William Blair Neatby, M.A. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

Mr. Neatby's father played a conspicuous part in the great schism among the Brethren in 1881, and he has had access to many documents which give the highest authority to this history. It is a pitiful story of the most unedifying squabbles, and of bigotry and intolerance that would have disgraced the Middle Ages. The great powers of G. N. Darby are frankly recognised, but his passion for undivided authority made him at critical moments forget "kindliness, pity, old familiar friendship, and the very magnanimity that seemed to be woven with the warp and woof of his nature." He was regarded as infallible for many years, and grievous moral deterioration followed almost inevitably. The book is chiefly concerned with Darbyism, which is handled with due severity as a great ecclesiastical tyranny. The Open Brethren are treated in a very different style, but no one can fail to see what intolerance and bitterness exclusive Brethrenism has developed. Mr. Neatby says, "If I were the enemy of the Darbyites, I should consider that their unvarnished story was a satire to which the genius of a Swift could hardly add points." We have studied the book with profound interest; and though it somewhat lacks arrangement and deals with some intricate points of theology, and with many unedifying controversies, it is a volume that a student of religious life and of human nature finds it hard to put down.

Mediæval London. By W. Benham, D.D., and Charles Welch. (Seeley & Co. 5*s.*)

This volume will give real pleasure to all lovers of London. The coloured illustrations, taken from illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum, are superbly reproduced, and there are some drawings, made fifty years ago by J. W. Archer, which are of great interest. The text is an attempt to recall the general aspect of the city, to describe its civic and religious life, and to show its palaces and famous buildings; and Canon Benham and Mr. Welch know how to handle such a subject in a way that is delightfully instructive. We regard the book as a real treasure.

The Story of Some English Shires. By the late Mandell Creighton, D.D. (London: Religious Tract Society. 6*s.* net.)

The Religious Tract Society has been well advised in publishing a cheap edition of Bishop Creighton's book on English shires. The edition of 1897 was sold out immediately, and we have no doubt that in this cheaper form the work will be in great demand. A chapter on "Cambridgeshire" has been added to the earlier set of studies, which shows how the history of the county in the Middle Ages centred round the Shrine at Ely, the University at Cambridge, and the wild Fenland, stretching almost from Lincoln to Cambridge. The chapter is marked by that admirable clearness and precision which give such value and interest to the earlier sketches. Every Englishman may well be proud of this book, and there is no better way to learn the history of our country than to follow the bishop from county to county. He only lived to write eighteen sketches, but the northern counties were all dealt with and a great section of mid-England. The book is printed in bold type and on rough paper, and is exceedingly low priced.

The Tale of the Great Mutiny. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A. With Portraits and Maps. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6*s.*)

Mr. Fitchett has found another good subject, and has handled it with all his old sparkle and fire. The heart of every Englishman will leap up as he reads of the heroism of the soldiers who

saved our Indian empire, and many a little touch causes the lurid scenes of the Mutiny to live again before one's eyes. Mr. Fitchett has to be content with the general aspects of the great struggle; but he has an eye for a situation, and the descriptions of the leap on Delhi and the storming of Lucknow stamp themselves on one's memory. The book is a school for patriotism, and it is so vivid and so heart-stirring that boys will read it with eager delight and enthusiasm.

The Beginnings of the Brethren's Church ("Moravians") in England. A Chapter of the Commerce of Thought between Germany and England. An Inaugural Dissertation delivered by Gerhard A. Wauer (Cand. Theol.) before the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Leipzig, on the occasion of his taking his Doctor's Degree. Translated by John Elliott. (1901.)

Dr. Wauer has carefully searched the available works, both English and German, that treat on his subject, and has worked up the result of his researches into a clear, continuous, and instructive story; a story which has not hitherto been told with the same due regard for the various and differing opinions of the Churches specially concerned—the Moravian and the Methodist.

A glance at the history of the "Ancient Unitas Fratrum," and a brief statement of the general ecclesiastical condition of England in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, prepare the way for those portions of Dr. Wauer's dissertation which will be most interesting to Methodist readers. The spirit of toleration subsisting at the time, the Religious Societies founded by Smithies and Harneck, and the writings of William Law favoured the development of that religious awakening of the inert Church-life of the time with which the names of Moravianism and Methodism are specially associated.

The influence of Zinzendorf upon the Renewed Church of the Brethren, known as the Moravians, modified as it was by the traditions of the Ancient Brethren; the initial stages of the contact of the Moravians with England; the formation of the Fetter Lane Society, originally founded by Böhler in Hutton's house, and consisting of ten young men, including Wesley and James Hutton; Wesley's gradual disapprobation of the Moravians and his final separation from them, are topics embraced by

Dr. Wauer in his interesting and well written brochure, the closing chapter of which gives the history of the recognition of the Brethren's Church as a Protestant and Episcopal Church by Act of Parliament, in 1749, twenty-five years after its founding in Herrnhut.

The work suffers nothing by translation; for it is rendered in good, clear, idiomatic English. We are not disposed to speak critically of the one or two instances in which we do not exactly agree with Dr. Wauer's views, bearing in mind the different points of view from which he and we regard the same object. A few slight printer's errors may be corrected in what we hope will be called for—a second edition of this estimable work, which we most cordially recommend to our readers.

IV. BIOGRAPHY.

Fénelon. His Friends and his Enemies. 1651–1715. By E. K. Sanders. (Longmans. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Francois de Fénelon. By Viscount St. Cyres. (Methuen & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

THESE books are of the first importance for students of Fénelon's life and character. Both represent years of patient research, both throw new light on the disappointments of a great ecclesiastic who was made for courts and council chambers, and seemed on the threshold of the highest honours when the disfavour of Louis XIV. cut short his career of advancement. Fénelon was an aristocrat by birth, and his gifts and training marked him out for the highest distinction. He became tutor to the grandson of Louis XIV., and soon won commanding influence over the passionate little prince, who never ceased to love and trust his old master. Madame Guyon was Fénelon's evil genius. He was not blind to her extravagances, but he knew how to appreciate her piety and the truth that lay beneath her rhapsodies. His own book, the famous *Maxims of the Saints*, was condemned by Rome after a long and protracted struggle, in which Bossuet and his agent stooped to every kind of trickery to win a verdict. Bossuet emerged triumphant from the duel with his former friend, but his own reputation as a man of honour was irreparably shattered. Fénelon was henceforth an exile at Cambrai. His royal pupil was forbidden to hold intercourse with him; Madame de Maintenon, who at heart held with him and Madame Guyon, was afraid to give him any support; his friends had to conceal their correspondence with him from the jealous eyes of the king. Meanwhile, Fénelon was eating out his heart at Cambrai. He saw the storms that were gathering over France; he had that enlightened love of peace and that desire for the weal of the people which were so greatly needed in the council chamber, yet he was condemned to comparative seclusion in an uncongenial district. The death

of the Dauphin brought all his hopes of regaining his position to an end. Fénelon was one of the greatest artists in prose that France has produced, and despite his ambition and his harshness to the Jansenists he was a saint as well as a courtier. His *Spiritual Letters*, written to guide his friends in religious perplexities, never lose their charm. Their insight and sympathy are extraordinary, and so also are their sound judgment and good feeling. The picture of his life at Cambrai is very beautiful, and it is easy to see that he was refined and ennobled by disappointment and trouble. Miss Sander's book has caught the fascination of the subject, and its sketches of the archbishop's friends and foes form a portrait gallery for the men and women that are best worth studying in the latter half of the Grand Monarch's reign. Viscount St. Cyres' study of the man and his chapters on Mysticism and Jansenism are marked by real insight as well as sober judgment. The portraits with which his volume is enriched are of surpassing interest for the student of Fénelon and his times.

Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. By Ethelred L. Taunton. (London: John Lane. 15*s.* net.)

Mr. Taunton is a Roman Catholic priest who has made a special study of Wolsey's religious life. He holds that "his work as a Churchman has been lost sight of in the secular triumphs he achieved; and yet Wolsey was, before everything, a Churchman, and one with a keen sense of the realities of religion." That is in direct conflict with Bishop Creighton's verdict that "the spiritual world was to him thin and insubstantial to the last." But Mr. Taunton weaves a strong argument, and his book is singularly fresh and interesting. He brings out Wolsey's zeal for learning and Church reform in a striking way, and we have seen no discussion of the questions of canon law raised by "the divorce" that is so illuminating. Mr. Taunton is very frank in his condemnation of Papal abuses. He says Wolsey's earliest impressions as an ecclesiastic were received during the reign of Alexander VI. "By the fate of the heroic Savonarola, the last of the prophets, the young priest could hear the answer made to the cries for reformation which, for nearly two hundred years, had gone up from a long-suffering and distracted Christendom." Wolsey's relation with Archbishop Warham and with Bishop Fox of Winchester are shown

to have been singularly cordial, and the reader is prepared for Mr. Taunton's conclusion that "the more Wolsey is studied in the setting of his own times, the greater every way does he appear. He stands head and shoulders above all his ecclesiastical contemporaries." The work is full of interest, not only for students of the great cardinal, but for all who wish to understand what verdict a cultivated Romanist passes on the chief factors in the great divorce struggle. The illustrations are very fine, and add much to the value of the book.

The Epistles of Erasmus. From his Earliest Letters to his Fifty-first Year. Arranged in Order of Time. By Francis Morgan Nichols. (London : Longmans. 18*s.* net.)

Mr. Lilly regards Erasmus as the Renaissance type of the Man of Letters, and this portly volume gives us a passport to the circle of his intimate friends, the chief scholars and thinkers of Europe. Mr. Nichols has translated the letters, supplying a commentary and illustrative matter which enable us to follow the great scholar from step to step through the most important period of his life. Immense pains have been taken to fix the chronological order of the letters, and all students of Erasmus who follow Mr. Nichols will be his debtors. It has not been possible to include all the epistles in the compass of a single volume, but the selection made brings out the personal interest of the correspondence, and sets us at the fountain-head of the religious and literary movements of the time. Erasmus was made for friendship. He had neither the nerve nor the conviction necessary to equip a reformer ; but as satirist and thinker, as a student of the times, as a humorist and humanist of the first order, he is unrivalled. Mr. Nichols' running commentary is of the greatest interest, and his book is a monument of patient erudition and research.

Memoir of Sir George Grey, Bart., G.C.B. By M. Creighton, D.D. (London : Longmans, Green, & Co. 6*s.* net.)

The late Bishop of London wrote this Memoir when Vicar of Embleton, and it was privately printed in 1884, the year that he left Northumberland. It was hoped that it might be published at some later date, but the great and increasing burden of work which came to Dr. Creighton made Sir George Grey's family unwilling to ask him to revise it. It would perhaps have gained

here and there by some slight revision, but it is better that it should have been left untouched. It is a singularly unaffected and manly record of a statesman who had more to do with the shaping of our domestic politics than almost any other man of his day. He was for twenty years, with brief intervals, in charge of the Home Office, and did much to save London from disaster at the time of the Chartist disturbances of 1848. He was the incarnation of sound sense and calm judgment, and he showed such perfect courtesy and candour that he never made an enemy. At one time he was "the most popular man in the House of Commons, and the most popular man in England." But he never lived for popularity. He devoted himself to a quiet, unassuming career of public usefulness. Religion moulded his whole life. During his busiest years he always set apart a time for devotion, reading the Scriptures, and quiet meditation. "The sense of sin was ever present with him, and he found in the cross of Christ the sense of forgiveness and reconciliation with God." His retirement at Fallodon was a worthy close to his well-spent life. He had no jealousies, no one ever heard him boast of his own achievements. "The cultivation, the experience, the piety, the kindliness, the sympathy of a long life were summed up and mellowed in his character, and were expressed in his most trivial words and deeds." The book is a gem of biography which does equal honour both to the statesman and the young clergyman whom he so greatly esteemed and trusted.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone, by Herbert W. Paul (Smith, Elder, & Co., 7*s.* 6*d.*), was prepared for the *Dictionary of National Biography*, but had to be cut down to one-third of its size. It is here given in full as a work of reference for politicians and students of history. Mr. Paul has sought to tell the story from Mr. Gladstone's own point of view. His book is a record of facts which all parties may consult, and from which they are largely left to draw their own conclusions. To turn over these pages will give many quite a new conception of Mr. Gladstone's intellectual force and untiring devotion to public duty. Opinions as to his influence on English life will vary, but Lord Salisbury's verdict that his was "the most brilliant intellect ever devoted to the service of the state since Parliament began," and that he was a great Christian man, is well sustained by Mr. Paul's volume.

Henry Drummond, by James J. Simpson (Oliphant, Anderson, & Co., 1*s.* 6*d.*), gives in some respects a better view of the evangelist and poet-scientist of Scotland than even Dr. George Smith's larger biography. Its chapters on Drummond's teaching as to science and religion are well done, and the sketch of his life and work is very bright and vivid.

Lord Roberts. A Life for Boys. By Violet Brooke-Hunt (London : Nisbet & Co. 6*s.*)

Nothing could be better in taste or temper than this story of Lord Roberts. Boys will delight in it, and will see what true heroism is. They will learn much about India and South Africa, and will see that in peace as well as in war Lord Roberts has been the soldier's truest friend and helper. The pictures are very good, and Miss Brooke-Hunt knows her subject well.

Lives and Legends of the Evangelists, Apostles, and other Early Saints. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. (London : G. Bell & Sons, 14*s.* net.)

Mrs. Bell has chosen a fascinating subject, and has lavished research and industry upon it. She has availed herself freely of the labour of other workers in the same field, and has profited by that scientific sifting of symbolism which has been so vigorously carried on of late, especially in France. She gives the history of each saint, then refers to the legends that have gathered round each name, and the general characteristics or symbols by which various saints may be recognised in art. The book is written in a graceful style, controversial questions are avoided, and as we turn from life to legend many a glimpse of the early ages of the Church opens before us. It will surprise many to read that in art the nimbus is not confined to saints. Giotto gives it to Judas Iscariot ; in some mediæval French and German miniatures Satan himself is invested with it. Mrs. Bell's book has no dull pages, and the full-page illustrations are exquisite reproductions of great masterpieces. Such a book was really needed, and the preparation of it could scarcely have fallen into better hands. On page 91 for Jerusalem read Samaria ; on page 101 the Epistles should be added as authorities for Paul's life.

The new volume of Messrs. Bell's excellent Cathedral Series, *Manchester*, by Rev. Thomas Perkins (1*s.* 6*d.*), gives a clear

account of the fabric and its modern additions and restorations, with a description of Cheetham's Hospital. The illustrations are very good, and the text is both interesting and reliable.

Bell's "Miniature Series of Painters" is a set of tempting little volumes which provide for one shilling net a brief biography of the world's chief painters, with a critical study and a list of each painter's works with descriptive notes. Nothing better could be found to put into the hands of a young student, or indeed of anyone who wishes to know something about the great painters. *Velasquez*, *Fra Angelico*, and *Burne-Jones* are the three first volumes, and Dr. George Williamson is to be warmly congratulated on the success of his new series, which is a real boon for all who love true art. The *Watts* and *Romney*, of the same series, are vivacious and enthusiastic studies of those great masters. The specimens of their work are admirably chosen and reproduced.

V. TRAVEL AND NATURAL HISTORY.

Glories of Spain. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. With Eighty-five Illustrations. (London : Macmillan & Co. 10*s.* net.)

MR. WOOD'S new volume has all the charm of his earlier books, though it is somewhat more sentimental, and our sympathy scarcely extends to the score of imaginary love tales which are sandwiched in the record. But it is a world of enchantment into which we wander, and Mr. Wood knows how to excite our interest in the quaint houses, the gorgeous cathedrals, and the warm-hearted people of the north-eastern corner of Spain. Gerona was his first discovery Its narrow, tortuous streets, in which stood houses with gabled ends, tiled roofs, and windows ornamented with magnificent wrought ironwork, had the true tone of antiquity, unspoilt by modern innovations. The streets were "a pilgrimage of rough, uneven, picturesque steps." Barcelona enjoys great prosperity, and the scene from its harbour is enchanting, whilst its cathedral is unrivalled. The region round Manresa, where Ignatius Loyola prepared himself for his mission, is "a revelation of what nature sometimes accomplishes"; the town itself is wonderfully picturesque and pathetic. The first impression of Zaragoza is somewhat spoiled by its new buildings, but the older portions of the city inspire a feeling of delight and amazement. Its ancient palaces, with their imposing gateways and yet more imposing courtyards, are especially beautiful; its cathedral is like a dream of architecture, and its interior is rich in every kind of ornament. Tarragona has also a glorious cathedral. The square in which it stands is itself a poem. Both within and without the great church is singularly lovely and diversified. Mr. Wood is an enthusiast, and his readers will quickly share his enthusiasm. His pictures are works of art, steeped in poetry and sunshine.

The Morning Lands of History. By Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A. (London : H. Marshall & Son. 6*s*.)

Mr. Hughes tells his story so naturally that his readers seem to be making a personally conducted tour to Greece, Palestine, and Egypt. He is steeped in the literature and associations of these ***Morning Lands of History***, and Mrs. Hughes's note-books supply those little details which give life and colour to a book of travels. Greece was full of inspiration to the travellers, and preachers will do well to consult these pages when they wish to realise the sight before St. Paul's eyes when he stood on Mars Hill. Constantinople made a profound impression on the visitors, and the pages devoted to that city are crowded with interesting facts. Jerusalem has streets like Clovelly, but the steps are even steeper than those of the Devonshire village. Mr. Hughes accepts General Gordon's view as to the site of the Holy Sepulchre. The true Calvary he places at a rocky knoll just outside the Damascus Gate. There is something to learn from every page of this book, and those who cannot hope to make such a pilgrimage may be thankful to see the East through the keen eyes and still keener brain of such a student and preacher as Mr. Hughes. The photographs, taken by Miss L. Owen, are excellent. There is a good map, and the book is dressed in bright covers, and printed in good type.

1. ***Russian Life in Town and Country.*** By Francis H. E. Palmer.
2. ***Dutch Life in Town and Country.*** By P. M. Hough, B.A.

(London : Newnes. 3*s*. 6*d*. each.)

1. This book well maintains the standard set by the volumes on French and German life which preceded it. The writer has lived much in the country, and we know no work which in small compass gives so vivid and so reliable a sketch of the present state of Russsia and its people. It will surprise many to find how much freedom of discussion is allowed in Russia in private circles. Notwithstanding the strict control of the press, public opinion is a growing force. The priest is regarded by all classes with great prejudice. The Jewish money-lender is deservedly detested, and much of the trade of the country is in the hands of Jews. Wages in the iron and steel foundries, and

in other trades which require technical skill, range from £24 to £30 a year. The average earnings of industrial workmen are about £19 10s. per annum. The total expense for rent, firing, and food in a village may be set down at £7 4s. per year. Every side of Russian life is touched upon in this admirable study.

2. Mr. Hough's volume gives a vivid sketch of the Dutchman at home. His methods of agriculture are very old-fashioned, and the peasant has no desire to mix with the townsfolk. The people are proverbial for cleanliness, but they stop short of washing themselves; the bath among the poorer classes is practically unknown. The clergy and their wives are looked down upon by the upper classes, and the Sunday services are very dreary. The bicycle has done much to emancipate Dutch girls from the stiffness and espionage in which their mothers were brought up. The illustrations add greatly to the pleasure with which one studies this informing book.

Highways and Byways in the Lake District. By A. G. Bradley. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

This is one of the best volumes of an attractive series. Mr. Bradley is thoroughly at home in the Lake country, and his readers seem almost to see its wild passes, its lovely lakes, and its stately mountains with their own eyes. The book shows a keen appreciation of life and character on the Cumbrian fells. The Dale farmers are great huntsmen, for the fox is a terror to their flocks, and one large sheep-farmer estimates that his annual loss of lambs is not less than thirty. Such a fact helps one to understand John Peel's glory. As to scenery, many regard the southern end of Ullswater, where the mountains crowd in in grand and dominating fashion, "as Nature's greatest masterpiece in all Lakeland"; but Mr. Bradley thinks that the lower end of Keswick's enchanting lake is not easily surpassed, whilst the situation of the town may justly be claimed as the most beautiful in England. We have read every word of this book with delighted interest.

Black's *Touraine and Brittany* (2s. 6d.) has reached a twelfth edition, and no one who uses the guide will be at any loss to understand why it has been so popular. It deals with the famous chateaux of the Loire, and with towns and cathedrals that

are closely connected with English history. Mr. C. B. Black has gathered together into this compact and cheap volume everything that the tourist needs on his travels through this historic region. There are twelve coloured maps and fourteen plans, with information as to routes and resting-places, and all facts as to famous places and people. No guide could be better arranged or more reliable.

An Artist's Walks in Bible Lands (Religious Tract Society, 6*s.*) is a collection of pictures by the late Henry A. Harper, with descriptions from his own pen. The spirit of the scenes has been caught with rare skill, and many a sacred spot seems to live before one's eyes. Every lover of the Bible will be interested in the view from Bethany towards the long line of the mountains of Moab "in all the loveliest tints an artist could ever dream of —pink, vermilion, amber, all tender with shadows sharp and clear, showing, as it were, the very anatomy of the range, and yet so delicate that colour failed to represent it." Both letter-press and pictures are produced in the most attractive style, and the book helps to make the Bible live before our eyes.

The Animals of the Bible, by Gambier Bolton (Newnes, 1*s.* 6*d.*), with its illustrations from life, is a valuable text-book, and young people will enjoy it thoroughly. The pictures are very effective.

The Subjects of the Shah, by the Rev. C. H. Stileman, M.A. (London: Church Missionary Society), is a very instructive little book, full of facts, and brightened by many pictures. Young people will be greatly interested in the cats and carpets of Persia, and some beautiful stories are told of missionary work and its fruits. It is a charming little volume.

Woodland, Field, and Shore, by Oliver G. Pike (Religious Tract Society, 5*s.* net), is a series of studies of bird life with pen and camera. Mr. Pike has given days to the production of a picture, and has learnt many lessons in his quiet hours with nature. He writes gracefully, and his photographs are wonderful. There is a great deal to learn from this volume, and the lessons are delightfully given.

Use-Inheritance, by Walter Kidd, M.D., F.Z.S. (A. & C. Black, 2*s.* 6*d.* net), deals with the whorls or groups of hair on the coats of horses and other mammals. Dr. Kidd has bestowed much labour on this byway of science. He thinks that the hair on living animals must be regarded as a stream disposed in the

line of least resistance. It can be modified during the life of an individual, though selection could not produce its peculiarities. If they were not originally created with the forms of life which present them, they must have been produced in ancestors by use or habit. We have been greatly interested in the doctor's researches.

An Idler's Calendar, by G. L. Apperson (George Allen, 3*s.* 6*d.* net), is a set of open-air sketches and studies full of insight into nature's moods, and lighted up by scraps of folklore and snatches of poetry. Much knowledge may be gleaned from the brief papers, and it is a book that one would like to read both in the open air and by the fireside.

They will be happy children who get Miss Whitby's *Bird Pictures*, with full-page illustrations by Sara Fallon (George Allen, 3*s.* 6*d.*). The brief sketches are instinct with humour and full of matter. The pictures are works of art, and each has a dainty individuality of its own.

The Children's Pictorial Natural History (S.P.C.K., 1*s.*). The first part, with twelve large drawings by Carton M. Park, is very effective. The pictures will not only interest but amuse young folk, and the text is as entertaining as the pictures.

VI. BELLES LETTRES.

Count Hannibal (Smith, Elder, & Co., 6s.) is a piece of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's finest work. The story opens amid the horrors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when a Huguenot heiress saves the life of her lover and her retinue by marrying Count Hannibal, whom she both hates and fears. Her lover is a worthless fellow, whilst Tavannes is a real man and a brave soldier. This gradually becomes clear to the countess, and after many a bitter hour of misunderstanding her husband wins her entire devotion. As a picture of the times and a study of a woman's heart this book is a masterpiece. It is full of exciting scenes, and the reader's interest grows and deepens to the end.

Marietta, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan & Co., 6s), is a tale of Venice and its famous glass-blowers. A Dalmatian waif becomes the helper of old Beroviero, the most skilled and richest of the guild. Zorzi loves his master's daughter, and though she is betrothed to a Venetian noble he wins her heart and hand. Mr. Crawford's description of Venice and its gay aristocrats, of the Council of the Ten, of the glass-blowers' craft add charm to a delightful love story. Zorzi is as true and brave a man as even Mr. Crawford has ever painted, and Marietta herself has the soul of an artist, as well as the courage of a true woman. *Katharine Lauderdale* (Macmillan & Co., 3s. 6d.). This cheap edition of a very powerful story is neatly and well printed. It is full of touches which reveal the writer's mastery of the technique of art.

The chief figure in *The World and Winslow*, by Edith H. Fowler (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is a brilliant lad of humble stock, who goes to Oxford and becomes private secretary to a Cabinet Minister. He throws away the true gold of Ursula Grey's love, and becomes engaged to his chief's daughter; but that blessedness is brief, and it costs him dear. Miss Fowler knows how to paint a snob, and her picture of the vulgar Wainwright girls is very just and very clever. The Mandeville drawing-room and its society talk are done to the life. Victoria Mandeville is a true picture of the woman of the world.

New Canterbury Tales, by Maurice Hewlett (Constable & Co., 6*s*.), have the force and distinction of all the writer's work. The tales are told by the Prioress of Ambresbury and her companions to brighten their journey to Canterbury, along the ancient road from Winchester by Guildford and Reigate, to Becket's shrine. The very spirit of the fifteenth century has been caught, and much love, much craft, much fighting, much old-world superstition is woven into the narratives. "Saint Gervase of Plessy," which deals with the Jewry of an old city, is perhaps the most powerful of the set; but each story has its own charm, and the book will add to its writer's reputation.

The Velvet Glove (Smith, Elder, & Co., 6*s*.) is a piece of Mr. Merriman s best work, though that is saying a great deal. The scene is laid near Pampeluna at the time of the Carlist rising of 1871, and there are some sketches of Spanish character which linger in the memory. The story is strong yet tender; its local colour is well put in, and the book shows a rare knowledge of life and character. *The Shoes of a Fortune*, by Neil Munro (Isbister & Co., 6*s*.), is a tale of the young Pretender, and is bright and full of adventure.

The Apostles of the South-East, by Frank T. Bullen (Hodder & Stoughton, 6*s*.), is the story of a little band of Christian workers in Bermondsey, told with much sympathy and abounding detail. Mr. Bullen knows the heart of a sailor, but his love-story does not grip.

Cardigan, by R. W. Chambers (Constable & Co., 6*s*.), describes the outbreak of the American War of Independence and the fight at Lexington. The life of the forest and of the Indian tribes is painted with rare skill, but the charm of the book centres round two young lovers. Cardigan and Silver Heels are scarcely out of the schoolroom, and their wooing is very unconventional; but it is pleasant to read about, and Mr. Chambers knows how to tell his story. There is a full crop of adventures which make one's pulse beat more quickly.

The Benefactress (Macmillan & Co., 6*s*.) comes from the same pen as *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, and it is the best thing that has come from it. German character and German legal methods are far from attractive as we study them here, but the book has a wholesome cynicism and a dry humour which make it very entertaining. Anna's rôle as earthly provi-

dence to distressed ladies of good family proves a pitiful fiasco, but she finds a true friend and a worthy husband in Herr von Lohm. The story throws much light on the position of the German clergy, and it is not a pleasant study. The writer is impartial, and no German lady on her canvass is quite as vulgar or as heartless as Anna's English sister-in-law.

Stephen Calinari, by Julian Sturgis (Constable & Co., 6s.), is almost too great a trial for one's patience when he makes his bow at Oxford wrapped around in his mantle of conceit, but life proves a great master, and Stephen is not slow to learn. He is humbled and disillusionised until he becomes a really fine fellow, and though we almost regret that he does not marry Daria Fane he makes a wise choice, and is evidently going to be a real success in the world. The book is wholesome, and its young people as well as their elders are unconventional.

The Giant's Gate, by Max Pemberton (Cassell & Co., 6s.), has not a very happy title. General Davignon, the idol of Paris and of the army, rescues an English earl and his daughter from a French mob, and forms a friendship with the lady which soon blossoms into love. Davignon is a fine fellow, and his troubles and disappointments only bring out his sterling strength and goodness. The political plot fails, and he is sentenced to a year's imprisonment at Belfort; but that is a small price to pay for the happiness that awaits him. Kathleen comes very near the perfect woman, and her French hero is worthy of her.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have published James Lane Allen's *Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath* in one volume (6s.), with richly gilded covers. The two stories are really one, and Mr. Allen has written nothing more tender and touching.

The Coming of the Preachers, by John Ackworth (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is a tale of the rise of Methodism. The hatter's apprentice and his young mistress are brightly sketched, and the book gives a good idea of the way in which Methodism took root in English towns and villages. The writer is evidently at home with his subject, and his story is full of life and incident.

Three Men of Mark, by Sarah Tytler (Chatto & Windus, 6s.), has the quiet charm of Miss Tytler's work. The three Scotchmen who come back to the family home are a trio worth studying. The youngest brother and his old sweetheart are long in reaching their paradise, but it promises to be the sweeter for the

delay. Jackie Gair is a noble woman, who well deserves her happiness.

A Sower of Wheat, by Harold Bindloss (Chatto & Windus, 6*s*.), is a description of prairie life and farming in Canada so fresh and full of local colour that it is a pleasure to read it. Strong men battling with difficulties, and true women helping them, make good company. The struggles with the robbers and the exciting fight with the fierce waters of a rapid, supply an element of excitement to a really good and strong story.

Mark Strathmore's Renunciation, by Fannie Eden (Hodder & Stoughton, 6*s*.), is somewhat too exuberant and emotional, but its love story is a good one and the book is full of evangelical teaching. Mark gives up the girl he loved to become a missionary when he finds that young Dr. Gustave has won her heart.

Herb of Grace (Macmillan, 6*s*.) is one of Rosa N. Carey's brightest stories. It is beautifully written, and Elizabeth Templeton is so fine a woman that we rejoice in her long-delayed happiness and in Malcom Herrick's constancy. The book is an ideal one for family reading.

A Stumble by the Way, by L. T. Meade (Chatto & Windus, 6*s*.), is a somewhat sombre tale of a secret marriage which ends disastrously. Sister Antonia deserved better things, and one feels vexed that she was not allowed to live and be happy. But there was insanity on her mother's side of the house, and she preferred to sacrifice herself rather than face the consequences for her children. The men of the book are true and tender-hearted, and no doubt Florence Eardley will make a charming wife for Philip Wingate, though we cannot help feeling that Sister Antonia deserved better things.

O'er Moor and Fen, by Joseph Hocking (Hodder & Stoughton, 3*s*. 6*d*.), is a story of Methodism in Lancashire, the interest of which centres in a young minister who loves two women, and at last finds them one. Mr. Hocking puzzles his readers almost to the last. The revival at Lynford is very powerfully described, and Bernard Hawthorne's mental struggles awake keen sympathy.

The Laird's Luck, and Other Fireside Tales, by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Cassell & Co., 6*s*.), is a volume of short stories told by a master of the craft in his best style. The brownie of the first

story is really too impossible, but it is a pleasure to read a book so full of varied interest and so well written.

The Wesleyan Book-Room send us *The Romance and Heroism of Early Methodism*, by J. A. Clapperton, M.A. (1s.). It retells some old Methodist stories in a way that is so fresh and so racy, as well as so stimulating to Christian workers, that it ought to have a wide circulation. The illustrations catch the spirit of the narrative. Such attempts to make the triumphs of early Methodism better known ought to be well supported. *Our Breakfast Table*, written and illustrated by T. C. Heath (1s.), will open young people's eyes to the wonders of God's providence, the marvels of nature, and the triumphs of commerce. It is a very instructive little book, and the illustrations are attractive. *A New Affection*, by Mary B. Nicolls (1s.), is a story of work among rough girls at Plymouth. Madge's self-sacrifice makes a man of Donald Graham, and the two "live to bless the world together." The pictures are a special feature of the book. *Christine's Sacrifice*, by Kate T. Sizer, is another tale that will encourage thoughtfulness and self-sacrifice, and teach children to live for others. It is a pretty family picture.

Old Blackfriars, by Beatrice Marshall (Seeley & Co., 5s.), is a story of the days of Sir Anthony Van Dyck, which gives many pleasing glimpses of the painter and his royal sitters. Boys and girls will learn a good deal from it, and will take to their hearts the young people of these old times. A very enjoyable book it is.

Widow Wiley (Seeley & Co., 5s.) won the heart of her bachelor neighbour by feeding his four motherless pigs from a feeding-bottle. All the old man's prejudice against the sex melted, and the old couple were happily married. The aged people about whom these short stories revolve were a strong-minded set, and the book is full of humour and sparkling talk.

Messrs. Virtue & Co. send us the first three volumes of their "Turner House Classics," Thackeray's *Esmond*, Bret Harte's *Tales and Verse*, and *An Anthology of Humorous Verse*, edited by Theodore A. Cook. The price is astonishing—two shillings net for the most dainty volumes, with beautiful covers designed by such artists as Mr. Vanderlyn, one or more illustrations, and critical introductions by recognised experts. The volumes have from 400 to 500 pages, and are pocket duodecimos, 6¼ by

4 inches. The first volumes are in every respect a success. The Bret Harte selection forms a series of pictures of life among the Californian goldseekers of 1848, and it includes nothing that is not first-rate; some of the pieces are exquisitely tender. The introductions are just what a reader needs to catch the spirit of the stories. The *Anthology* will supply food for laughter, sweet and wholesome, in abundance. The verses are culled from all our poets, beginning with Chaucer. Mr. Cook has shown taste and skill in his selection, and we hope he will give us another volume on American humorous poetry. Messrs. Virtue are sparing neither pains nor money to make "The Turner House Classics" attractive to all who can appreciate a really dainty volume.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. are publishing a series of "Great Novels" in eighteenpenny volumes. The type is bold and clear, the binding neat, and the selection of volumes is well made. The first is *Old Mortality*, which runs to 410 pages. There is no series of standard works of fiction better suited to modest purses than this.

Deborah, by James M. Ludlow (Nisbet & Co., 6*s*.), is a spirited tale of the times of the Maccabees. Dion, a soldier in the Greek army, loves the daughter of the Jewish high-priest and wins her after many trying days. The struggles of the Jewish patriots are told in a way that will stir the martial spirit of every boy. Mr. Ludlow writes well, and has chosen a fine subject.

The Man from Glengarry (Hodder & Stoughton, 6*s*.), by Ralph Connor, is another tale of life in the backwoods of Canada as good as *Black Rock*. Ronald Macdonald is made a man of by the brave parson's wife, and he is as fine a fellow as one could wish to meet. Boys will prize this book, and will be the better for it.

The Religious Tract Society send us *Heather's Mistress*, by Amy Le Feuvre (3*s*. 6*d*.). It describes two Quaker maidens, left in the care of an old servant, who chafes sorely when the girls go out to see the world. They have a gay twelve months before Heather begins to pine for her old home. Miss Le Feuvre has a dainty style, and her book is charming. *The Gold that Perisheth*, by David Lyall (3*s*. 6*d*.), is a story of city life. Mr. Barratt, the millionaire, who has made his fortune by company-promoting, comes to grief at last, but not before his friendship with the Havilands has awakened him to better things. The young people of the book soon win one's heart, and the old folk are not

a whit less attractive. It is a book that ought to strengthen moral fibre. *The Awakening of Anthony Weir*, by Silas K. Hocking (3*s.* 6*d.*), shows how an ambitious and self-seeking young minister was humbled and brought to a better mind. The story is told with much force, and teaches many a good lesson.

Arrowsmith's Annual, "Patricia at the Inn," by H. Smith (1*s.*), is a story of the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. It is full of surprises, and the way in which the pursuing soldiers are outwitted is ingenious, but there is an air of unreality about the tale, and the innkeeper has very hard treatment meted out to him.

Letters on Life. By Claudius Clear. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

These are racy and stimulating letters. They cover a wide range of subjects, and reveal at every turn the wide and various reading of the editor of *The British Weekly*. Young people will find a great deal to help them in the book, and all is so pleasantly put that they will relish their lesson in the art of living. We are glad to find from the paper headed "Samuel" that Dr. Nicoll knows how to appreciate a cat.

Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd and *Companions of my Solitude.* By Sir Arthur Helps. Edited by A. R. Waller. (J. M. Dent & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Sir Arthur Helps would have been delighted with this edition, which is the first volume of "The Cloister Library." He had a clear vision and a kindly humour, and his book is so rich and mellow that to read it is no small step towards a liberal education. It is very daintily dressed.

The Poems of Milton, in Newnes' thin paper edition (3*s.* net), with limp leather covers and bold type, ought to find much favour with lovers of our great Puritan poet. Mr. Sullivan's frontispiece is a striking bit of work, full of rugged force. For a complete Milton this is a very compact little volume.

The Bride's Book, by Mrs. E. T. Cook (Hodder & Stoughton, 6*s.*), has much wisdom served up with graceful persiflage. The titles of its chapters attract one, and it passes from topic to topic in an airy way that is always entertaining, even if it should not prove serious enough for some tastes.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus have published an edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* in pott 8vo, large type and fine paper, at 2*s.* net in cloth; 3*s.* net in leather. Its nine worthies would tax any critic's powers of judgment and discernment, but Mr. Stevenson touched nothing that he did not adorn, and the studies are full of food for reflection. The words as to Burns' relations to women are weighty and well judged. Every paper gleams and sparkles.

Pearson's New Reciter and Reader (Pearson, 2*s.* 6*d.*) is a really useful selection from modern writers in prose and verse. The needs of every kind of entertainment have been kept in view, and old favourites and new are gathered together into this very cheap and very useful volume, which is happily free from bombast and vulgarity. There are some sensible hints as to the reciter's art which are worth keeping in mind.

Twelve Sonnets by Archbishop Trench, with floral borders by Alice J. Romilly (Arrowsmith, 1*s.*), make an attractive gift for a birthday or for the New Year.

In Memoriam Verses for Every Day in the Year (Chatto & Windus, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*) is intended to provide good and choice quotations for memorial cards and tomb-stones. Miss Ridley has done her work with much taste and feeling. The verses are well chosen and strike the right chord. They are often plaintive, but hope and peace breathe through them, and the little book may well be used as a birthday text-book or a memorial of lost friends.

The Methodist Desk Diary for 1902, interleaved with blotting-paper; the *Minister's Pocket-Book*, with its schedules and Methodist information, the smaller Pocket-Book, two beautifully got-up Diaries, and the cheap Kalendar, are as good, as cheap, and as convenient as anything on the market. Ministers will find every want anticipated here.

The Winter number of *The Methodist Recorder* strikes us as the best that Mr. Curnock has issued. His own papers on "Loves and Friendships of John Wesley"; the Rev. H. J. Foster's valuable article on "John Wesley's Bristol," and the delightful account of "Old Church Psalmody" appeal to every lover of old Methodism, and the whole number is packed with pictures. Fact is, after all, better than fiction.

VII. BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

1. *Grimm's Household Tales.* Edited and partly Translated anew by Marian Edwardes. With Illustrations by R. Anning Bell. 5*s.* net.

2. *The True Annals of Fairyland.* Old King Cole. Edited by J. M. Gibbon. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

(London : J. M. Dent & Co.)

1. GRIMM'S tales could not be more attractively brought into the nursery than they are in this charming edition. The covers waft us into fairlyland : the pictures, even the head-pieces and tail-pieces are steeped in magic and mystery. The stories themselves are printed in a style that adds new interest to familiar friends. This is one of the most attractive books of the season.

2. *The True Annals of Fairyland* is a set of favourite tales culled not only from the brothers Grimm, but from the Arabian Nights, Dean Swift, and Charles Lamb. More amusing pictures we have not seen in any child's book. Mr. Robinson has a wealth of fancy, and he lavishes it on these illustrations. The child who gets this book will have a treasure.

Mr. George Allen is giving boys a treat in his "Young England Library," a beautifully illustrated series of six shilling books. *The Open Air Boy* (6*s.*), by G. M. A. Hewett, has a world of information on angling, birds'-nesting, butterfly and moth-hunting, on pets, ratting, cooking, etc. A Winchester master, who has lived among schoolboys and enjoyed their fun, has much to tell, and Mr. Hewett tells it with evident gusto. It is a book of extraordinary interest. Boys will feel that this is reading that they love. Nor will they have less delight in *Sea Fights and Adventures* (6*s.*) as told by that expert Mr. Knox Laughton. He knows everything worth knowing on his subject. Treasure-ships, pirates, buccaneers sail across the seas, and great naval battles are fought before our eyes. The book will please

fathers as much as boys and girls. The illustrations are mostly from contemporary prints.

The Wesleyan Sunday-School Union has never issued a more attractive set of books for the young. They are very cheap, very tastefully got up, and the stories are exactly suited to the needs of families and Sunday schools. In *Bernard's Holiday*, Mr. W. J. Forster conducts young folk to London, Paris, and Rome, lingering with them over the sights, and finding pleasant instruction everywhere. *Conquering* is a stirring temperance tale, by Jeanie Ferry; and there are stories for boys and girls, the smallest and the biggest, which are so bright and so wholesome that one wants all one's little friends to read them. *The Twentieth Century Book of Dialogues*, in prose and poetry, is full of lively things. It is a cheap shillingsworth. Mr. Culley has been fortunate enough to get a little volume on *The Story of the Sunday School* from Mr. J. H. Harris, which is packed with facts and full of suggestion for our own Sunday-school workers. *Sunday-School Reform* also deserves a careful reading. It contains many wise hints as to methods for increasing the interest and efficiency of Sunday schools. *The Father of the English Bible* is a capital sketch of Tyndale, with the true Protestant ring. *Our Boys and Girls* is as attractive as it can be made with pictures, short stories, and bright little papers. Small children will delight in it. It is a great advantage to have the papers read at the London Sunday-School Convention last October published in a cheap volume. They are written by enthusiasts, but wise and experienced enthusiasts, and they cannot fail to help and guide teachers in their work.

The Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge takes great pains to provide healthy stories for its young readers, and the bindings and pictures of its volumes for this season are very attractive. Miss Farmiloe's *Little Citizens* (4*s*.) is a set of tales about little folk, with the most attractive pictures. It will touch the hearts of the young, and will please their elders also. *Ching the Chinaman and his Middy Friends*, by G. Manville Fenn (5*s*.), describes the life of two merry lads on a man-of-war, and their adventures in a Chinese prison. It is a story of recent events which boys will rejoice in. *Out on the Llanos* (3*s*. 6*d*.) deals with ranch life in South America, and its two heroes shoot jaguars, tigers, alligators, and snakes in a style that is nothing short of marvellous. They are fine boys, full of life and pluck. The

book is based on real experiences. *Like Cures Like* (3*s.* 6*d.*) is a girl's tale. Marjorie has a rough time with her crabbed old uncle, but she comes well out of the testing, and one learns many a lesson of courage and loyalty to duty from her story. *Sir Phelim's Treasure* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is hidden on a rocky island and found by a brave boy, who becomes a Robinson Crusoe, and has endless adventures of the kind boys love. *Robin* (2*s.*) shows how a girl reaches content and happiness by doing her duty. *Mafeking Day* touches a sad chord in its descriptions of happy lives spoiled by war, but it does one good to know its heroine Ruth Tring. Perhaps the best story of all is *Her only Son Isaac* (2*s.*). The brother and sister, who wipe off the disgrace brought on their name by a worthless father, are worth knowing, and every village library will be the better for having this story. Washington Irving's *Dolph Heyliger* (6*d.*), with its notes and pictures, is quite a treasure.

Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons send us some story books got up in their most attractive style. *Held to Ransom* (5*s.*) is full of Spanish brigands and a shipwreck, and a spirited boy will find the adventures of the English youth very exciting. Miss E. Everett-Green's *For the Faith* (3*s.* 6*d.*) is a story of English youth in the days of Wolsey. Love and loyalty to conviction make up a very pleasant tale, and one that will make its readers admire real heroism. *Jim's Sweethearts* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a dainty tale of a charming little fellow who is always getting into mischief. His poor father and mother have their hands full, but he is worth all the trouble they take. *Three Sailor Boys* (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a story of coral islands and cannibals, and it is as enthralling as it can be made. *The Queen's Shilling* (1*s.* 6*d.*) describes life in barracks and on the battle-field. Martin Parke is not able to go to Sandhurst as he hoped, but he enlists in a cavalry regiment and works his way up to a commission. It is a really good story of soldier life.

The Story of Alfred and his Times, by M. Douglas (1*s.* 6*d.*), is so brightly told and well illustrated that it ought to be popular and useful.

Messrs. W. & R. Chambers send us *A Popular Girl* (3*s.* 6*d.*), a story of school life in Germany. The English girl is full of life and spirit, and she sees a great deal of German society, and has a pleasant time. *Jerry Dodds, Millionaire* (3*s.* 6*d.*), is a plucky schoolboy whose wealth is coveted by a set of villains who kidnap Jerry, and form all kinds of plans for his ruin. But the

boy emerges safe and sound, the hero of his school friends, who form a body-guard for his protection. A really lively story. *The Argonauts of the Amazon* (3*s.* 6*d.*) are three school chums who go to South America treasure-hunting, and have endless adventures. They get the Inca's treasure, and have their fill of excitement of every sort. They are fine fellows, and boys will find them good company. *More Animal Stories*, selected and edited by Robert Cochrane (2*s.* 6*d.*), will be as popular as Mr. Cochrane's *Four Hundred Animal Stories*. The stories are well arranged, and are told in a style that cannot fail to please youngsters. Tales new and old are included, and the details and pictures given in *Rab and his Friends* will be very welcome. All the books have attractive illustrations.

The Blue Baby, and other Stories, by Mrs. Molesworth (T. F. Unwin, 2*s.* 6*d.*), will rejoice the hearts of little people. The tales are exquisitely simple, and they are told in a charming style. One falls in love with the little people of these pages, and feels that the book is quite an education in good feeling and good manners. The pictures add to the attractions of the blue-covered volume.

The Story of Little Black Mingo (Nisbet & Co.), with her enemy the Mugger and her friend the Mangoose, is so funny and its pictures are so delightfully uncommon that tiny children will revel in the little volume.

The Rainbow Garden, by Gratiana Chanter (R. B. Johnson, 5*s.* net), is a dainty book of children's stories written and illustrated by the same hand. They have a touch of pathos and mystery which will appeal to little folk, and are fresh and full of good feeling. The pictures are as pleasing as the tales.

The Church Missionary Society publish a delightful *Missionary Painting Book*, with notes by Eleanor F. Fox (1*s.*). The pictures are very attractive, and the brief notes are just the thing to awaken interest in the missionary scenes. The book will be welcomed by boys and girls.

The Youngest Girl in the School, by Evelyn Sharp (Macmillan & Co., 6*s.*), is the best girl's story we know. "The Babe" is so oddly charming, and her brothers and school friends are so very much alive, that one grows young again in turning these pages, and it is hard to come back from Bab's fairyland to a prosaic world. Here is fun and frolic of the brightest and sweetest.

The Story of the Months, by W. J. Forster (Kelly, *2s. 6d.*), is a delightful chronicle not only of the seasons but of the historic events of each month of the year. Mr. Forster has not written anything more likely to interest and instruct young readers, and the pictures are very attractive. The boy who reads this volume will gather a store of knowledge in the most pleasant way.

Every nursery will welcome the annual volume of *Early Days* for 1901 (Kelly, *1s. 6d.*). Its illustrations are so taking and its papers so readable, that little folk will find it exactly suited to their tastes, whilst their elders will not be sorry to spend an hour in turning over its pages. "The Children of the Village," by Emily M. Bryant, is just the story for small boys and girls. There are two hundred pictures in the volume, and nearly as many little papers, anecdotes, bits of poetry, and tales, with prize competitions such as children love. *Early Days* was never so attractive or so full of good things as now, and we hope that its readers will recommend it to many new friends.

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

Prosperous British India, a Revelation from Official Records. By William Digby, C.I.E. (London: T. F. Unwin. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

THIS bulky volume is a terrible indictment of British rule in India, the chief allegation being that the mass of the Hindus are sinking lower and lower into a gulf of poverty and starvation. The array of evidence, drawn from many sources—Blue-books, official reports, testimonies of English officers and native cultivators—is formidable. It is alleged that the average income of the people has fallen from 2*d.* per head per day in 1850, and 1½*d.* in 1882, to ¾*d.* at present. The main causes alleged are the great costliness of government through British officials, the non-employment of natives, and the comparative neglect of irrigation. Undoubtedly there is some truth in the author's contention; how much it is most difficult for outsiders to say. The other side of the shield is not presented, but there is another side. The author surely would not contend that the bulk of the people were better off in the old days when the country was regularly devastated by Mahratta and other marauders. Security for life and property is the first condition of decent living, and this exists now, and did not exist in the state of things displaced by British rule. With the author's motives we have the fullest sympathy. Undoubtedly the costliness of our government and the drain of India for the benefit of individuals should be diminished; the employment of natives should advance more rapidly. But the author paints in too dark colours. He fails to do justice to the account on the other side. His good taste is not always perfect. "The present Secretary of State for India has drawn as salary a sum which represents one year's average income of 90,000 Indian people!" There are other personal references of this kind. For the rest the volume is the work of an accomplished writer, who has evidently made Indian life and government a special study. Quite an army of statistics and diagrams is drawn

up in defence of the contention. The work is dedicated "without permission" to Lord George Hamilton, Lord Curzon, Sir Henry Fowler, and to "every man or woman of British birth who is desirous that our rule should become a blessing to the people of India," *i.e.* the entire British nation, who will all join in the author's final prayer, God save India! B.

Religion in Recent Art. By P. T. Forsyth, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 10*s.* net.)

These "expository lectures" were prepared for a mixed audience from a desire to interpret aright the religious significance of contemporary art. Rossetti is taken to represent the religion of natural passion. "His work is the ensoulment of passion, and not its mere portrayal. Rossetti worshipped beauty, and he gave himself up to portraying the most potent kind of beauty he knew, the beauty of living and ensouled flesh." Rossetti "knew the bruise, he hinted at the balm." The power of the cross, Dr. Forsyth thinks, was the chief thing needed to have made him the greatest painter that this country has ever produced. Burne-Jones is the most poetic of our painters. He plucks the heart from the old mythology, and shows it red, warm, and vital like our own. Pagan beauty in his pictures is suffused with modern melancholy. Dr. Forsyth lingers over some of the painter's masterpieces, interpreting their meaning and showing how they quicken and enrich a believer's appreciation of such great subjects as the Resurrection. "Watts; or, The Religion of Supernatural Hope," is another fine subject, and this study has been enriched by personal friendship with the great allegorical painter of our generation. Holman Hunt has two chapters to himself as interpreter of "The Religion of Spiritual Faith." The volume closes with a study of Wagner, whose extraordinary and manifold gifts England is just beginning to understand. Had he not been a musician he would have gained his niche in the Temple of Fame as a dramatist. Dr. Forsyth feels that the effect of his *Parsifal* "must become extraordinary as it becomes more and more known." The book is a noble vindication of Christian art, and its light is thrown over theology in a way that will be profoundly impressive and helpful to many minds. Some finely executed pictures add much to the attractions of a charming volume.

Culture and Restraint. By Hugh Black. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

Mr. Hugh Black, who is, we believe, a new author, has written a judicious and interesting book, every page of which bears marks of wide reading and careful, restrained thinking. The nature of the volume will be best indicated by the titles of some of the chapters: Zion against Greece; Defects of the Æsthetic Ideal; Culture as Religion; The Ascetic Ideal; The Mediæval Conception of Sainthood; The Physical Treatment of the Spiritual Life; and so on. The author decides for "self-culture" which "is really based on a form of optimism," "to make life sweet and sane." Mr. Hugh Black is a very balanced, judicious writer, but as we have read his work we have felt that he did not realise as fully as he should that after all logic plays but a small part in human life. Deeper down than all logic is an imperious desire for immolation, which may not be religion, or even logical, but which, nevertheless, has been the historical basis upon which all that is best in the history of the Church has been founded. Mr. Black has little sympathy with mysticism; but no one, we think, will understand religion or life who estimates either mysticism or asceticism by rules of logic. They have a logic of their own, not the less true because informal. We have singled out one instance (p. 277) which seems to us to contain the whole argument of the book. "Morality comes always with a categorical imperative. It ever comes as 'Thou must, thou shalt,' never as 'thou mayest.' It is not a counsel, but a command: it states a law." If this were so all Mr. Black's deductions would follow. But is this so? Is not the whole history of the Church opposed to such Kantian definiteness?

H. B. W.

The Lore of Cathay, or the Intellect of China. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. Illustrated. (London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Martin's book is an "essential complement" to his *Cycle of Cathay*. That dealt with the active life of the Chinese, this with its intellectual life as shown by its own literature and customs. Dr. Martin has enjoyed almost unique opportunities for such a study, and he treats of China's contribution to art and science; her literature, religion, and philosophy; her educational methods and her history, throwing fresh light on many of these

subjects, and especially on the international law and diplomacy of the ancient Chinese, which he has made his special subject. If China is to become a part of the family of civilised states the principles which form the basis of her history and life must be understood by the West, and few guides into this untravelled realm are more competent than the venerable President of the Chinese Imperial University. He says that "for a long time the giant of the East has been rubbing his eyes." Each collision with foreign powers has helped to make him more conscious of his helplessness; and though the Empress Dowager brought about a counter-revolution, yet the strength and reality of the reform movement have only been increased by her action. Dr. Martin claims the invention of gunpowder, of the mariner's compass, of printing, silk, and porcelain manufacture for China; he introduces his readers to the poets of China, describes their letter-writing, their three religions, their philosophy, and a host of other subjects about which western readers are glad to have information. His book is a cyclopædia which students will be glad to consult.

Foreign Missions. By the Right Rev. E. T. Churton, D.D., late Bishop of Nassau. (London: Longmans. 5*s*.)

The Oxford Library of Practical Theology is intended to supply carefully considered teaching on matters of religion. It represents the views of High Anglicanism, and helps us to watch them worked out amid the pressure of the mission-field. Dr. Churton goes down to first principles, and is serenely confident as to his own position. He says: "The sects cover the ground faster than we do, and, requiring less of their converts, are able to boast of larger numerical gains. Their agents are not wolves to scatter the flock, and our missionaries are often indebted to them for much kindness in the course of their travels. Still, neither courtesy, nor gentle and blameless behaviour can quite undo the mischief of their vague teaching on faith and morals to an utterly undisciplined people." The bishop is evidently friendly to Methodism, but he shakes his head over us in an affecting fashion. "It goes without saying that the best of Methodism does not reach the apostolic standard, and that a Society which has so nearly broken its links with the past, and possesses so little authority to teach, must stand in peril of degenerating into laxness. But then, all the more, we ought to keep them up, by the example which we continue to

set." Dr. Churton speaks of the "delegation of the sole true priesthood, which is Jesus Christ's, to an ordained ministry in His Church." This he calls a "most necessary and merciful extension of the Incarnation." "The Sacraments are gracious extensions of the virtue of the cross." His book is fresh and beautifully written, and will often prove suggestive even to those who differ most widely from its teaching.

Travels round our Village. A Berkshire Book. By Eleanor G. Hayden. Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke. (London: Constable & Co. 6*s.*)

Miss Hayden has thrown a halo round her Berkshire village. She has seen deeply into its joys and sorrows from the vicarage windows, and the hopes and fears of the rustics are described with such tender sympathy that the book pulls sharply at a reader's heart-strings. Village courtships furnish some pleasant pages, but the pathos of old age struggling against the workhouse touches one still more deeply. Two old fellows lived together in a thatched cottage; one of them wore for twenty years a smock, which had cost him ten shillings. There was not another smock in the village, and the children called him "Lud-me-dud fur wearin' on't," but he did not mind, "'cause the slop kips 'un warm, an he cassn't year neether." The villagers were at first much opposed to harvest festivals. "Han't us allus had the harvest afoor, wi'out sich foolishniss as a thanksgivin?" Yet, by degrees, the once reprobated service became the favourite of the year. This book may be commended to all who wish for a series of true sketches of village life. They will find much food for thought in the homely yet charming chronicle. The illustrations are unusually attractive and catch the spirit of the volume excellently.

Britannia's Bulwarks. Edited by Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N. (London: Newnes. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This handsome volume is really a school for patriotism. It sets the famous ships of glorious memory side by side with their modern counterparts, and shows at a glance the past and the present. Mr. Charles Dixon, R.I., has drawn a set of water-colour pictures which it is a pleasure to look at, and Mr. C. J. Staniland, R.I., has supplied some charming monochrome pic-

tures. The story of each ship is told by a naval expert who has all the facts at his fingers' ends and knows how to make the history live. He has had a great opportunity, and he has been fully equal to it. The story of the *Powerful* which shared in the bombardment of Acre, and her modern namesake whose guns saved Ladysmith, is told with spirit, and honour is done to the "immortal memory of the *Revenge*," which fought the most famous seafight in all history. The book is one of the most charming of the season.

The Victoria Regina Atlas (W. & A. K. Johnston, 21*s.*) was first published in the Diamond Jubilee year, and was dedicated by permission to Queen Victoria. It has won its way to favour as a most complete and reliable work, and a second edition is now called for. It is a royal quarto volume, both light and easy to handle. With two hundred coloured plates, including a set of star maps, with a novel frontispiece showing the times of all nations, arms and flags of Great Britain and other countries, charts of mountains, ocean currents, climate, etc. Sectional maps are given of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States, with plans of the great cities of the world. For beauty of colour and skill in execution these maps leave nothing to be desired. The type is sometimes small, but it is always clear. Some idea of the extent of the work may be gained from the index, which has 150 pages, each with six closely printed colums. The publishers of such an atlas are benefactors of the world.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to himself. In English. By Gerald H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D. (London: Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Head Master of Charterhouse has given us a translation of Marcus Aurelius so simple, so limpid, and so true to the original that we can almost sit at the feet of the noble Roman Emperor to learn the lessons of patience and lowliness by which he schooled his own heart. No one who reads this little classic will deny his claim to be regarded as one of the spiritual forefathers of our race. Dr. Rendall tells the story of the man and the book in a charming introduction. Those who wish to study the "De Imitatione of Paganism" will find no pocket edition to compare with this. What a pregnant saying is this: "All the good the things to which you pray sooner or later to attain may be yours at once, if only you will not stand in your own way."

Love, Courtship, and Marriage (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.) is a subject that never loses its charm, and the Rev. E. J. Hardy knows more about it than most of us. This book has the excellences of his *How to be Happy though Married*, and is full of racy things racily told. A very pleasant hour can be spent over these pages, and married people have almost as much to learn from it as the unmarried.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. send us the new edition of Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management* (7s. 6d.) and of the *Cookery Book* (1s.). They are far beyond praise. For thirty years they have blessed English households, and they will now prove a greater boon than ever. The *Household Management* has been growing stouter with every edition, and it now contains everything that cook or housewife can desire to know and that families can desire to taste. The paths of life are made more delightful for all by our old friend Mrs. Beeton, and her latest editors have supplied new menus and the most approved information as to foreign cookery, with hundreds of fresh recipes. For more modest purposes, the *Cookery Book* is a splendid compendium of the essentials of wholesome and pleasant living.

The Illustrative Lesson Notes for 1902 (C. H. Kelly, 5s.) are prepared by two American experts, and teachers who can only secure one book on the lessons of the year will find nothing to equal this. Its notes explain all difficulties; its suggestions for teaching, its homily and key illustration are exactly what a teacher wants. The work has become a standard work for the Sunday school, and this year it is better than ever. No teacher who uses it well can be ignorant or dull.

The Training of Teachers and Methods of Instruction. By S. S. Laurie. (Cambridge University Press.)

These papers by the Professor of Education in the University of Edinburgh will be eagerly read by teachers. They deal with many sides of a great subject, and are marked by ripe experience and well balanced judgment. The paper on "The Religious Training of the Young" is full of wise hints as to truthfulness, reverence, orderliness. Every Sunday-school teacher ought to read it. Professor Laurie pays tribute to the good work done in training colleges, and his discussions of methods of instruction will be of real service to teachers. The book is pleasant to read and brightened by many apt quotations.

The Mighty Deep, by Agnes Giberne (Pearson, 5*s.*), is a study of the sea and its wonders, written out of such full knowledge and told with such vivacity that it will be a treasure indeed for lovers of nature. The physical conditions of the ocean and the life of its inhabitants—its fishes, crabs, and monsters—are described with much skill, and the illustrations are attractive. No book on the sea will please young people more, and their elders may learn much from it.

British Gothenburg Experiments and Public-house Trusts, by Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell (Hodder & Stoughton, 2*s.* 6*d.*), gives particulars of various attempts to solve the public-house problem, with a general conclusion drawn from them. It is a fundamental defect of many of these schemes that their promoters look to the maintenance of the present normal consumption of alcohol rather than to its diminution. Nor can any scheme of temperance reform be satisfactory which does not include a full recognition of the social and recreative instincts of the people. The aim should be to draw people away from the public-house rather than attract them to it. The hour is ripe for some real reform, and this timely book will guide temperance workers to wise action.

Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary of the English Language (3*s.* 6*d.*) has been edited by the Rev. Thomas Davidson, whose large experience in such work has enabled him to produce a dictionary that it will be hard to rival. The range of words is very wide, the definitions are clear, the type excellent, and the supplementary lists explanatory of prefixes, suffixes, names of places, etc., are of great value. Christian names, with their origin and meaning, is a section that we have often wanted. To get twelve hundred pages for three shillings and sixpence is a marvel, and the dictionary is as serviceable and reliable as it is cheap.

The Irish Land Problem and How to Solve It, by Dudley S. A. Cosby (R. B. Johnson, 1*s.*), is a defence of Irish landlords and a critique of Mr. T. W. Russell's compulsory expropriation scheme which no student of the Irish problem can afford to neglect. Mr. Cosby keeps his head and his temper, and his little book is a real contribution to the solution of the question.

In the Days of the Dragons, by E. C. Dawson, M.A. (Seeley, 1*s.* 6*d.*), is a racy set of talks with boys, enriched by many good stories and full of wise hints for conduct. It is a book that boys will relish and be the better for reading.

IX. SUMMARY OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

METHODIST REVIEW (September-October).—In October 1900 the Methodist Episcopal Churches of Europe held a series of Conventions intended to stir up ministers and laymen to talk on matters affecting Church life, doctrine, and policy. Bishop Vincent gives an account of "the month-long Seminar" on the class-meeting, which "if not effete, is at least the exceptional form of Church activity in American Methodism." The advantages of the class are brought out in a way that ought to stir the hearts of American Methodists, and many helpful hints are given as to useful books for class-leaders and methods of making a class really profitable to its members. Dr. R. W. Gilder's tribute to "Lincoln's Power of Expression" will repay study. Bishop Thoburn deals with "Our Missionary Policy." He says, English Methodists give 1 dollar 73 cents per member for Home and Foreign Missions; Canadians 81 cents, Episcopal Methodists 45 cents per member. He pleads for permanent annual subscriptions from the whole membership of the Church.

METHODIST REVIEW, SOUTH (September-October).—This number opens with a valuable article on "Alfred the Great—Hero and Saint," by Dr. Mudge, which will be read with much interest. Dr. Tigert thinks that Joseph Cook will be "accorded an unshared position and fame among the masters of assemblies," despite the decay of his influence in his own life time. Dr. Jenkins' recent article on William Arthur in this journal is quoted to show "The Qualifications of a Missionary Secretary," and tribute is paid to our President as "a ripe scholar, an able preacher, and an author of influence."

(November-December).—The first paper is a very good sketch of Maurice Thompson, the poet and novelist, whose *Alice of Old Vincennes* we recently noticed. His early death is a great loss to American literature. The article on "The Conquest of Georgia by the Methodists and Baptists" shows that one-sixth of the white population are Methodists, to say nothing of the negroes. "The densest block of Methodism in the world is found in Georgia." There is a somewhat unappreciative notice of President Roosevelt's *Cromwell*, which is a book of great interest.

THE LITERARY DIGEST (New York, December 30) is "A weekly compendium of the contemporaneous thought of the world." We have been specially interested in the first article on the "Spirit and Method of President Roosevelt's Appointments," which shows that the American newspapers are almost unanimous in their approval of the brave stand he is making for efficiency in public offices.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS says: "President Roosevelt has developed a distinct, clearly marked, and individual policy with reference to his appointments. He has neither overlooked the just claims of party nor forgotten his past efforts for reform. He has refused to be led into any such breach with the recognised organisation in each State as has crippled the usefulness and influence of some of his predecessors, and he has insisted upon such a level of selection as justifies every plea he has made in the past for the reform of the public service and every effort for its improvement. He has left by this course the impression on the whole country that his first purpose and desire in every selection is to do right and deal justly by the circumstances surrounding each selection, and, doing this, he is careless of consequences."