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LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

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MR. GLADSTONE AS CHURCHMAN AND THEOLOGIAN

1. *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone.* By JOHN MORLEY. In Three Vols. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1903.)
2. *Gleanings of Past Years.* In Seven Vols. (London: Murray. 1879.)
3. *Later Gleanings—Theological and Ecclesiastical.* (London: Murray. 1897.)

IN Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone* an unusually difficult task has been accomplished with unusual success. This has been acknowledged in the multitudinous reviews of the book which have appeared during the last few weeks, written from almost every conceivable point of view—Liberal and Conservative, Home Rule and Unionist, High Church and Nonconformist; and to have approximately satisfied so eager and diversified a crowd of critics is no small achievement. No one can estimate the difficulty of such a task so

well as the biographer, and Mr. Morley must be gratified in these months of comparative leisure that his 'stroke of temerity,' as he terms it, pursued and protracted through five long, laborious years, has justified itself in the production of what will probably prove to be one of the few standard biographies in the English language.

For the toil has not been simply that of poring over and working through 'two or three hundred thousand papers of one sort and another,' appraising and apportioning, selecting or rejecting—often in cases of the utmost possible delicacy—documents ranging from holographs of Queen Victoria to records of interviews with Mr. Parnell, and of justly determining the relative importance of a thousand different departments of a many-sided life. Simply to survey the history of a statesman who was a member of the House of Commons for more than sixty years, and for half that period the foremost man in it, and whose influence was so potent outside his own country that at his death it was said by one who was not an Englishman, 'On the day that Mr. Gladstone died the world lost its greatest citizen'—was in itself a vast undertaking. But Mr. Morley felt very keenly, what all were more or less dimly conscious of, in trying to judge of Mr. Gladstone's career, that he was not one man, but at least a score of different men. Madame de Staël said of Napoleon that he was not a man but a system; and Gladstone —as those would admit who vehemently differed from him in opinion—was not one star but a constellation. An orb which darts, in succession, rays blue, red, and white, with an electric brilliance peculiarly its own, dazzles even a trained observer. In Mr. Gladstone's lifetime the multitude were more or less perplexed, while they admired his 'brilliancy, charm, and power; the endless surprises; his dualism, or more than dualism; his vicissitudes of opinion; his subtleties of mental progress; his strange union of qualities never elsewhere found together; his striking unlikeness to other men in whom great and free nations have for long periods placed their trust.' But the close student of character is more bewildered still. Mrs. Gladstone said in 1891, that

whoever wrote her husband's life must remember that he had two sides—the one impetuous and irrestrainable, the other all self-control—'an ardent Italian in the custody of a Scotsman,' or 'a Highlander in the custody of a Lowlander.' These contrasted characteristics are admirably illustrated in the two portraits by Millais, reproduced in vol. ii., which, though taken within a few years of one another, can with difficulty be recognized as representing the same man.

Mr. Gladstone's biographer knew well that he had a hundred sides, and the relation between them it must have been almost impossible adequately to grasp. No wonder that his opponents took the most unfavourable view of what in any case seemed inexplicable inconsistencies. A statesman, of all men, must not be a chameleon, and for a statesman of the first rank it is fatal to be branded as an opportunist. We can hardly blame the ordinary observer if he gives up the attempt to understand one who utterly refuses to be classified in any of the ordinary categories of opinion and character, a figure 'without any near or distant parallel, and composed of so many curious dualisms and unforeseen affinities.' To what order of architecture does a building belong which may be described as 'a partially Rousseauite structure on the foundations laid by Burke,' while to Burke 'Rousseau was, of all writers on the nature of man and the ordering of states, the most odious and contemptible'? It may well be that, in ordinary characters, inconsistencies apparently irreconcilable are more commonly blended than is usually supposed; and only when the figure is vastly magnified, and thrown on to a large screen for all the world to gaze at, does it appear to be a prodigy or a monster. None the less, it was in the harmonizing of these apparently discordant colours and features that Mr. Morley's chief difficulty lay; and only after a lapse of time, when the contents of these two thousand carefully ordered pages have been inwardly digested and fairly assimilated, can the extent of his victory over apparently insuperable obstacles be appreciated.

The object of this article is much more simple. One

aspect of Mr. Gladstone's life can be presented with comparative ease. As a religious man, as a Churchman, as one deeply interested in theology, in the bearing of all questions upon theology and of theology upon all questions, he can be portrayed without much difficulty. Not that even in this department changes and complexities are absent, especially if the relation between the statesman's religion and Churchmanship on the one hand, and his politics on the other, is to be rightly understood. But the clue to the labyrinth is not hard to find, especially with Mr. Morley's help. It is necessary to combine two features which are thus expressed: 'The fundamentals of Christian dogma, so far as I know and am entitled to speak, are the only region in which Mr. Gladstone's opinions have no history. Everywhere else we look upon incessant movement: in views about Church and State tests, national schools; in questions of economics and fiscal policy; in relations with party; in the questions of popular government—in every one of these wide spheres of public interest he passes from crisis to crisis.' And though within the compass of a single article nothing but a sketch in barest outline is possible of the theological and ecclesiastical views of so versatile a speaker and writer, such an outline should be not without interest and value to every student of contemporary religious thought and activities.

It is important to note that Mr. Gladstone was brought up under strong evangelical influences. The statement that he was an ingrained Scottish Episcopalian is not borne out by facts. Of his two godfathers, one was an Episcopalian, the other a Presbyterian. His father was originally a Presbyterian, but he became an Anglican, and built and endowed many churches out of his ample fortune. In the appointment of clergymen to minister in these, Charles Simeon of Cambridge, the great evangelical leader, was chiefly consulted, apparently through the influence of Mrs. Gladstone, a woman of deeply religious feeling. Gladstone himself says, 'My environment in my childhood was strictly evangelical. . . . I was brought up to believe that Doyly and

Mant's Bible was heretical, and that every Unitarian must, as a matter of course, be lost for ever.' He says that he was 'not a devotional child'; but while he was at Eton, and still more during his residence at Oxford, true and deep religious feeling, always couched in the characteristic 'evangelical' phraseology of the time, is manifested in the extracts given from his diaries. When he was twenty-one, religion had become, what it never ceased to be, the ruling principle of his life and character. Mr. Morley says that his letters during this period are 'copiously streaked with a vein that, to eyes not trained to evangelical light, . . . may seem unpleasantly strained and excessive.' But these were the forms or fashions of the period; and the biographer, who does not sympathize with them, shows true religious feeling when he says that these, 'even the crudest, deserve much tenderness.' Young Gladstone held prayer-meetings in his rooms, taught regularly in the Sunday school, heard and read sermons diligently (largely of the Calvinistic type), and 'the student's attention to all religious observances was close and unbroken, the most living part of his existence.'

Oxford did not make him a High Churchman. Pusey exercised no influence over him; he was hardly brought into contact with Newman at all; and though he heard in St. Mary's some of those sermons which thrilled other hearers to the inmost soul, he simply comments, 'Newman's sermon was good,' or questions whether University sermons 'can ever convert a single person.' One of the most striking proofs of the character of his religious life at this time is the letter written to his father in 1830, expressing his strong desire to become a clergyman. It is quoted *in extenso* in the first volume, and, though somewhat stilted in style, is pervaded by very deep and earnest religious feeling of the most marked evangelical type. He is penetrated with 'the sad and solemn conviction that "a fearfully great portion of the world around me is dying in sin."' He feels 'as a being for whom, in common with all men, the precious blood of Christ has been given'—that no duty is so imperative as 'the proclaiming that one instance of God's unfathomable love

which alone so transcends as almost to swallow up all others.' The all-important truths to him are 'the apostasy of man on the one hand, the love of God on the other,' and he writes most earnestly, as one persuaded that it is his life's duty to proclaim the divine love, that man may be saved from the doom which awaits all sinners. His desire was not carried out, but 'the impulse in essence never faded.' The pages of these volumes teem with proofs of the religious devotion which animated the statesman, surely as true and deep as any which could have been displayed in the life of a clergyman. The sphere of activity in which William Ewart Gladstone's religion was manifested was indeed far wider, busier, and more important than any parish or diocese, but the complexity of his engagements does not appear to have marred the simplicity of his aim. To the end of a long life, and amidst innumerable duties and claims, he never entirely lost the animating principle, hardly even the fervour of purpose, with which at one-and-twenty he proposed to devote all his powers to the work of preaching the gospel to sinful men. His diary this year records his earnest desire, in the fear of God, to 'work an energetic work in this world'; and this desire was certainly realized to a degree that neither he nor his friends had ever imagined.

It was when he was twenty-three years of age, during a tour on the Continent, that what Mr. Morley calls 'a great mutation,' overtook him. When in St. Peter's at Rome he experienced his 'first conception of unity in the Church'; and in Naples, whilst examining the offices of the Church in the Prayer-Book, an impression was produced which he styles his 'first introduction to the august conception of the Church of Christ.'

It presented to me Christianity under an aspect in which I had not yet known it—its ministry of symbols, its channels of grace, its unending line of teachers joining from the Head; a sublime construction, based throughout upon historic fact, uplifting the idea of the community in which we live, and of the access which it enjoys through the new and living way to the presence of the Most High. From this time I began to feel my way by degrees into or towards

a true notion of the Church. It became a definite and organized idea when, at the suggestion of James Hope, I read the just published and remarkable work of Palmer. But the charm of freshness lay upon that first disclosure of 1832.

The Oxford Movement, which may be said to have begun in 1833, did not directly affect him. He records his indignation against Hurrell Froude and his attacks upon the Reformation. But the influences which produced the Tractarian Movement were in the air. His friend Manning about this time changed from a strong Evangelical to a strong Anglican, and both he and Hope helped to carry Gladstone forward and to give a high ecclesiastical bias to his mind. It was William Palmer, however, who imparted to him that 'clear, definite, and strong conception of the Church, which, through all the storm and strain of a most critical period, has proved for me entirely adequate to every emergency and saved me from all vacillation.' He claims that, in becoming a High Churchman, he dropped none of his evangelical beliefs, except the 'damnatory part of the opinions,' which he seems to have thought peculiarly characteristic of the Low Church school, only that he added to his former creed 'sound' views of the 'true' Church. Whether as regards the 'damnatory' element Mr. Gladstone became broader and more tolerant from an ecclesiastical point of view, may be questioned. Evidence on that head will meet us shortly; all that he records at this stage is, 'Nonconformists and Presbyterians I think that I always let off pretty easily'—truly a large and gracious concession for the son of a Presbyterian to make! It is characteristic, however, of the high ecclesiastic to plume himself on being commendably lenient, if he vouchsafes a rag of uncovenanted mercy to those who do not belong to his own particular communion.

The change from Evangelical to High Anglican is in itself nothing remarkable, and it was common enough in the decade 1830–1840. Newman, Manning, and many another earnest religious soul passed through it; but while some allowed the current, in its due logical course, to carry them

into the Church of Rome, Gladstone, together with such men as Pusey and R. W. Church, never showed the slightest inclination to leave the Church of England. He speaks of the temptation towards the Church of Rome as never having been before his mind 'in any other sense than as other plain and flagrant sins have been before it.' His ecclesiastical, like his religious views, after he was thirty years of age, had no history. The special interest of Mr. Gladstone's career as a Churchman arises from the way in which he combined a tenacious ecclesiastical conservatism with political views of a directly opposite character, so that 'with a steadfast tread he marched along the High Anglican road to the summits of that Liberalism which it was the original object of the new Anglicans to resist and overthrow.'

Every one knows the character of his first book, published in 1838—*The Church in its Relations with the State*—though only one in a thousand has read more than Macaulay's review of it. His first election address sets forward the 'union of Church and State, and the defence, in particular, of our Irish Establishment,' as what would now be called a main plank in his platform. Another was, 'No emancipation of the slaves till Christian instruction has fitted them for freedom'! The history of a mind which travelled from such a starting-point to that strenuous and eager defence of civil and religious liberties with which Mr. Gladstone's name is chiefly associated, deserves to be carefully traced out, as Mr. Morley enables his readers to trace it. By putting together a number of passages scattered throughout these three volumes, we may mark the following constituent elements in a complex, yet perfectly intelligible, process.

On leaving Oxford, Gladstone was 'the hope of the stern and unbending Tories.' He tells us himself in 1894, that, sixty years before, 'Oxford had not taught me, nor had any other place or person, the value of liberty as an essential condition of excellence in human things.' Still he had learned the love of truth as a supreme and dominant principle of life, so that, though he left Oxford 'swathed in clouds of prejudice,' his mind was prepared in due course to pierce

through these and discern the blue sky above and beyond them. Of his political life, he said to Mr. Morley in 1891, 'I think I can truly put up all the change that has come into my politics into a sentence: I was brought up to distrust and dislike liberty, I learned to believe in it. That is the key to all my changes.' A pregnant sentence indeed. It furnishes the touchstone by which we may try politicians and ecclesiastics of all kinds. Do they, or do they not, trust God and man sufficiently to believe in liberty and await with confidence the changes which the granting it will bring? By his answer to that question the real trend of a man's character, as well as his opinions, may be shown.

Gladstone's personal ecclesiastical views did not change with his political opinions, but his ecclesiastical *policy* underwent similar alteration. Scarcely had his book on Church and State been published than he found that he stood almost alone, 'the last man on a sinking ship.' The Catholic view of a State essentially Christian which he had taken as a postulate, the very groundwork of all his argument, was at that time held by very few; and every year made it less and less possible to maintain, even in theory, what had long ceased to obtain in practice. So long as Gladstone could believe that the State 'had a conscience,' he clung to his earlier views; but he was soon brought to confess that his book was written 'in total disregard, or rather ignorance, of the conditions under which alone political action was possible in matters of religion.' Not five years after its publication he wrote, 'Every year shows me more and more that the idea of Christian politics cannot be realized in the State according to its present conditions of existence.' He found that his Churchmanship might be heightened, in proportion as his 'Church-and-Statesmanship' was depressed. While he never faltered in his whole-hearted devotion to the Church of England, he became more and more convinced that her best interests were not to be served by drawing more closely the bands which united her to the State, and he felt assured that he was benefiting the Irish Church by promoting her disestablishment.

From time to time, during the period which separated his pronounced Conservatism from his openly avowed Liberalism, he startled both friends and foes by declarations which showed whither he was tending—principles with springing and germinant significance which could not be long in bearing important fruit. In 1851 he stood almost alone in his protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, over which the House of Commons grew so excited. He pleaded that the progress of Roman Catholicism was not to be arrested by such reactionary legislation as was then proposed.

> You must meet the progress of that spiritual system by the progress of another; you can never do it by penal enactments. Here, once for all, I enter my most solemn, earnest, and deliberate protest against all attempts to meet the spiritual dangers of our Church by temporal legislation of a penal character. . . . We cannot change the profound and resistless tendencies of the age towards religious liberty. It is our business to guide and to control their application: do this you may, but to endeavour to turn them backwards is the sport of children, done by the hands of men, and every effort you may make in that direction will recoil upon you in disaster and disgrace.

So, in writing to his son respecting the abolition of Church rates, he says that by waiving this claim 'we not only do an act which the understood principles of modern liberty tend to favour and almost require, but we strengthen the case and claim of the Church to be respected as a religious body.' The progress of his thought was, however, so gradual that he was nearly fifty years of age, and had been twenty-five years in the House of Commons, before it became clear whether he was to be Conservative or Liberal, or whether he would develop into a politician of an original type, who combined Conservatism and Liberalism in a fashion of his own. Later generations, accustomed to think of the Radical leader in the van of a party of progress, hardly recognize this remarkable fact. The usual process by which the man who has been an ardent Liberal all his life, finds, at the age of fifty, moderating influences steal over him which make him a good Conservative before he is seventy,

was, in Gladstone, strangely reversed. The real reasons for that change—as they must appear to all except those violent opponents who believe that ambition and love of power form the one key to his whole career—constitute one chief interest of this fascinating biography.

Mr. Gladstone's relations with English Nonconformists cannot be described in a sentence, nor will any description fully explain them. They were complicated from first to last, because the leaders of Nonconformity were never sure whether they had to deal with Gladstone the statesman, or Gladstone the ecclesiastic, or Gladstone the reverent and earnest Christian—three very different personages. All who cared for the true interests of religion were impressed by the fact that his personal religious life was deep and fervent, and that he conscientiously laboured to rule his political action by religious principles. In the former half of his life, as Tory and Peelite, he held little, if any, relations with Dissenters; he neither consulted nor was trusted by them. In the latter and more influential period of his life his name as a statesman stood for religious as well as civil freedom; he had learned to trust the people, and he toiled long and earnestly to remove grievances, to extend the franchise, and to relieve disabilities, the disestablishment of the Irish Church being a characteristic feature of this side of his work. In these respects he was the natural leader of those who formed the 'backbone' of the Liberal party, and they loyally accepted his leadership, and often proved his stanchest followers. But, as an ecclesiastic, Mr. Gladstone never changed. He was High Anglican in public and in private. He seems to have found it a hardship to have been obliged even once to attend, under stress of weather, a Presbyterian service at Balmoral, and he would walk many miles rather than countenance even the 'Established' Church of Scotland. It is true that, in later days, he attended worship once or twice in the Metropolitan Tabernacle and in the City Temple, but these exceptions did but prove the rule.

The relations between earnest Nonconformists and such

a many-sided statesman could not be simple and easily intelligible. About 1864 he began, as one may say without offence, to 'cultivate' them by meeting some of their leaders in social life. Such men as Binney, Allon, Dale, and Newman Hall were thus brought into contact with the statesman who was beginning to be a Liberal in earnest. Dr. Allon, in 1878, wrote, 'The kind of intercourse that you have kindly permitted with Nonconformists has helped more consciously to identify them with movements of national life,' and 'Their confidence in you has made them amenable to your lead, in respect of methods and movements needing the guidance of political insight and experience.' Gladstone helped to abolish Church rates, and the Dissenters helped him to disestablish the Irish Church. But this was not mere political bargaining. Dr. Dale wrote in 1875, 'Against his Government we felt that we had a great grievance; for himself, the Nonconformists of this country have long cherished a loyalty more fervent, we are inclined to imagine, than that with which he has been regarded by any other section of the community. He, beyond all other modern statesmen, with perhaps here and there a doubtful exception, gave us the impression of a man who regarded politics as a part of Christian duty.' Mr. Spurgeon wrote to him in 1882, 'You are loved by hosts of us as intensely as you are hated by certain of the savage party'; and again, 'You do not know how those of us regard you, who feel it a joy to live when a Premier believes in righteousness. We believe in no man's infallibility, but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity.'

But, while such men as Dale and Spurgeon trusted and honoured the earnest Christian and upright and Liberal statesman, they were constantly made to feel that Mr. Gladstone did not sympathize with them or their aims, and that he did not really understand them, while he was glad to welcome their allegiance and occasionally to patronize them by his presence amongst them. The Education controversy of 1870 brought their fundamental underlying divergence to light. Forster, of course, was the Minister in charge of the

Education Bill, and upon him the wrath of the Dissenters was chiefly poured. But the Prime Minister in the background was probably the chief difficulty in the way of the acceptance at this time of a purely national instead of a largely denominational system of education. Forster had the rough work to do, and very roughly he did much of it. But Gladstone's was the directing hand upon the helm. Forster was bold enough to say that he intended to prevent the State from 'decreeing against religion'; but if the Premier had been as truly liberal in ecclesiastical as he was in civil matters, such an audacious misrepresentation of the real position of Nonconformists concerning religious education would have been impossible. Dale was bitterly disappointed that a Liberal Government should be found 'erecting new difficulties in the way of religious equality,' and one of the few outbursts of personal wrath which Mr. Gladstone indulged in the House of Commons was directed against Mr. Miall and the whole Dissenting interest as represented by him.

Mr. Morley well says on this point:

> At bottom, the battle of the schools was not educational, it was social. It was not religious, but ecclesiastical, and that is often the very contrary of religious. In the conflicts of the old centuries whence Christian creeds emerged, disputes on dogma constantly sprang from rivalries of race and accidents of geography. So now, quarrels about education and catechism and conscience masked the standing jealousy between Church and Chapel—the unwholesome fruit of the historic mishaps of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that separated the nation into two camps, and invested one of them with all the pomp and privilege of social ascendency.

The conflict was not religious, but social and ecclesiastical. Hence Mr. Gladstone was found on the side of social prejudice and ecclesiastical privilege, not on the side of religious freedom. It was said, indeed, in 1870, as it is said to-day, that those who advocate a truly national system of education are against religion, whereas amongst them are perhaps the most truly religious people in the country, who, however, feel themselves bound to struggle with all their

might against ecclesiastical arrogance and denominational narrowness.

Towards the close of his life Mr. Gladstone wrote an article in the *Nineteenth Century*,[1] in which he discusses 'The Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church.' In it he makes what the typical High Churchman of to-day would consider altogether unwarrantable concessions to Dissenters. He admits that 'at periods not wholly beyond my memory, and in appreciably large portions of the country, it has appeared as if the hands principally charged with the training of souls for God were the hands mainly, or only, of Nonconformists.' He even contends that 'the Christian side of political controversies has been largely made over by the members of the English Church to the championship of Nonconformists.' But the argument of the whole article is throughout that of one who believes in Apostolical Succession and what is called the 'Catholic' theory of the Church, who condemns the 'sin of schism,' though he advocates 'an alteration in the mode of dealing with' those who do not accept the creeds and organization of that which is for him the only true Church. Mr. Gladstone remained true — honourably true, as became a conscientious man—to the ecclesiastical views he had held for more than half a century, but his very mode of apologizing for Dissent as on the whole not quite so sinful as it had been in former days, and hence not to be visited with too stern and relentless a condemnation, showed how little he sympathized with some of the fundamental principles of religious liberty such as divide the genuine Protestant from the Roman- or Anglo-Catholic, as well as the 'Dissenter' from the supporter of an 'Established' Church. He who had so long opposed the granting of elementary justice to Nonconformists by the removal of religious tests from the Universities, and only at last took part in the work tardily and with reluctance, never to the close of his long life admitted the fundamental principles contended for by those who advocate perfect religious equality before the law. Mr. Gladstone's Liberal statesman-

[1] Published in *Later Gleanings*, pp. 280–311.

ship was often — for better, for worse, according to the opinions of various judges—overmastered by his ecclesiastical theories and prejudices. But, so far from wondering at this, we should perhaps rather be surprised that the author of *Church Principles* should ever bring himself to write as he did in 1894; that perhaps the Christian Church, which has suffered so grievously through its divisions, may have received 'a suitable, perhaps a preponderating, compensation in the accordant witness of all Christendom,' to the great central truth of the Incarnation; and that 'we must beware of all that looks coldly or proudly upon beliefs proved by experience to be capable of promoting in their several degrees conformity to the divine will, and personal union with the Saviour of the world.'[1] If these principles were but heartily believed and consistently acted on by the High Church clergy to-day, many sore and scandalous religious controversies would be ended to-morrow.

Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the Church of Rome is shown by the biography to have been maintained with complete consistency throughout his life. When in 1874 he burst out in what seemed a fury of indignation against Vaticanism, many were greatly surprised, and those who had called him a Jesuit in disguise were nonplussed. But Mr. Morley enables us to see how completely what appeared to be an episode was the outcome of his whole previous history. As early as 1832, in his first visit to St. Peter's, he records how a new conception of visible unity in the Church dawned upon his mind, and how he felt 'the pain and the shame of the schism which separates us from Rome.' But he adds, that 'the guilt surely rests not upon the venerable fathers of the English Reformed Church, but upon Rome itself.' He remained, as we have seen, not only a faithful but an absolutely unperturbed son of the Church of England, amidst the cataclysms which during his early manhood shook that Church to its foundations. He stood firm with Pusey and Keble and R. W. Church, not only when Newman, Ward, and Oakeley

[1] *Later Gleanings*, pp. 293, 308.

had joined the Church of Rome, but when Manning and Hope went over. These last defections were to him a terrible blow. 'They were my two props,' he wrote in his diary; yet he adds that he has no doubts—'these dismal events have smitten, but not shaken.' He struck out Hope's name as the executor of his will, and sadly noted that friendship could only continue 'as it lives between those who inhabit separate worlds.' His own position was well expressed by himself earlier. 'That one should entertain love for the Church of Rome in respect of her virtues and her glories, is of course right and obligatory; but one is equally bound, under the circumstances of the English Church, in direct antagonism with Rome, to keep clearly in view their very fearful opposites.' And again, a little later: 'With my whole soul I am convinced that, if the Roman system is incapable of being powerfully modified in spirit, it never can be the instrument of the work of God among us: the faults and the virtues of England are alike against it.'

But there can be little question that it was Mr. Gladstone's political Liberalism, combined with that strong anti-Ultramontane impulse which he received from Döllinger, which brought matters to a crisis. All the world knows how during a visit to Italy in 1850 his soul was stirred to the depths by the horrors of the Neapolitan Government of the time, the political condition of the States of the Church, and the outrageous cruelties inflicted upon political offenders in Neapolitan prisons. His letters to Lord Aberdeen on these subjects produced the effect of an explosion of dynamite, and greatly forwarded the cause of Italian liberty. The action which the Conservative member of the English Parliament felt himself compelled by conscientious conviction to take in this matter formed an epoch in his earlier career. His first visit to Döllinger took place in 1845, and he had not been in that great theologian's company more than a few hours when he records, 'I have lost my heart to him.' In 1870 came the Vatican Council, the decree of Papal Infallibility, the evacuation of Rome by the French garrison and its occupation by the Italians. Gladstone could not but

be deeply moved by these events. He held, and privately expressed, very strong views on the injury to religion done by the Vatican decrees, but he did not for some time declare himself openly. Then in 1874 came another visit to Munich, and Gladstone spent much time with Döllinger. He said, 'It makes my blood run cold to think of *his* being excommunicated in his venerable, but, thank God, hale and strong old age. I know no one with whose mode of viewing and handling religious matters I more cordially agree.' Döllinger was equally struck and delighted with his guest. He speaks of one conversation on theological and political subjects which lasted from six o'clock in the evening to two in the morning; and when he at that hour left the room for a few minutes to fetch a book for reference, he found Mr. Gladstone, on his return, deep in a volume which he had drawn from his pocket—true to his principle of never wasting time!

It was in November 1874 that the pamphlet entitled *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance: A Political Expostulation*, appeared. One hundred and forty-five thousand copies were sold in a few weeks. The correspondence occasioned by this occupied him for months, as may be understood from the fact that for a long time he received by post forty covers a day, on an average, on this subject alone. At the end of four months he is reading the twentieth reply which had been written to his arguments, all of them together numbering more than a thousand pages. Newman replied with mildness and courtesy, Manning with some asperity, neither of them with much effect. His second tract brought a letter of thanks from Bismarck, who was then engaged in his own quarrel with the Papacy; and the commotion caused by these two characteristic ebullitions of the vehement English statesman was felt over a great part of Europe.

The drift of the argument of these pamphlets may be briefly described. It was not directed against the Church of Rome, but against the Ultramontane element in that Church, flushed with recent victory. It protested, not against 'Popery'

as such, but against the decree of Infallibility as marking a new and dangerous advance on the part of the advocates of complete centralization in the Church of Rome, and leading to the degradation of the Episcopal order. Such a policy, it was contended, would prove as fatal to all healthy and vigorous life in the present, as it was opposed to the lessons of history in the past; it virtually overthrew the authority of general councils, and would prostrate the whole Church at the feet of the Pope. In July 1870 the first pamphlet said, 'The Constitutional party had seen its death warrant signed and sealed.' A great victory had been won by the 'myrmidons of the apostolic chamber'—a victory ominous for the cause of reasonable liberty within the Church of Rome, and dangerous to civil governments outside it. The excitement caused in this country was chiefly caused by Mr. Gladstone's questioning the reality and thoroughness of the civil allegiance of English Romanists. Since the convert to Rome in this country was usually 'a Catholic first, an Englishman afterwards, the Vatican decrees constituted a new Papal aggression, of which it behoved Englishmen to beware.' Though Mr. Gladstone announced his intention of not departing from his own principles in the maintenance of equal civil rights irrespective of religious differences, he felt himself bound to warn his countrymen against 'the baneful power expressed by the phrase *Curia Romana*,' and the danger of its organizing in this as in other countries a party devoted to the support of its sinister policy.

The excitement aroused was short-lived. The pamphlets appealed too much to the passions of the hour and the prejudices of the multitude, and did not sufficiently grapple with the deep underlying principles of Ultramontanism. But Mr. Gladstone was not, for several reasons, prepared to deal with the roots of the evils he complained of, in the thorough way that was necessary to make a permanent impression. For the author of *Vaticanism* was himself a 'Catholic,' though not a Romanist. He was attacking what appeared to him to be an illegitimate development of Catholicism, but in doing so he was content to appeal to the easily roused passions of the

superficial Protestant. Gladstone was virtually a Bossuet, yet he harangued like an Orangeman. He was a Gallican, in the last analysis of his argument; but it would perhaps be fairer, as well as more charitable, to suppose that the eloquent pamphleteer did not trouble himself with deep underlying principles when he had an immediate object in view, of the importance of which he was fully convinced. This is apparently Mr. Morley's opinion when he says, 'Here, as always, he was man of action, and wrote for a specific, though perhaps a fugitive, purpose.'

Mr. Gladstone was always at heart a theologian. He admired and quoted Mrs. Grote's saying, that politics and theology are 'the only two great subjects.' Whilst politics, in the large Aristotelian sense of the term, constantly occupied the foreground of his mind, theology as constantly constituted its background. Not that the objects in the background were to him of secondary importance, they were fundamental and all-pervading. The sublime and sacred themes of religion were dominant in all his political life; they gave to it its more abiding significance, and furnished for it guiding principles of permanent value. In his earlier life he held that 'a political position is mainly valuable for the good of the Church,' and he used to say, 'I contemplate secular affairs chiefly as a means of being useful in Church affairs.' But he came to see 'that the idea of Christian politics cannot be realized in the State according to its present conditions of existence,' and in later years his political and theological interests were not only distinct and separate from one another, but not seldom there appeared to be direct opposition between them.

We have said that his heart was in theology; but he was not, and did not profess to be, a theologian. Though he lived through the greater part of the nineteenth century, during which changes of momentous significance were passing over religious thought, he had no theological history. For better, for worse, he stood at the end just where he stood at the beginning of his career. He said that he was little indebted to living teachers, but 'enormously to four

dead ones.' These were Aristotle, Augustine, Dante, and Butler, whom he called his 'four doctors.' Few greater intellectual and spiritual teachers could be found to shape so noble and fertile a mind as Gladstone's, but from none of them could he draw inspiration which would bear directly on many theological problems of to-day. In modern science he took little interest. 'From any full or serious examination of the details of the scientific movement he stood aside, safe and steadfast within the citadel of Tradition.' He was an omnivorous reader, whose tastes and interests were predominantly theological, who himself held fast by the traditions of his Church, but whose impetuous spirit led him to make frequent sallies in defence of the faith once delivered to the saints. When he wrote on such subjects as 'Ecce Homo,' 'Robert Elsmere,' and Old Testament criticism, he could not but write ably, powerfully, and persuasively. He had a wide audience, secured for him by his personal eminence and his intellectual reputation. But, in spite of his wide reading and the mastery with which he made use of it, he was ineffective as a reasoner in theology. He seldom grappled with his adversary at close quarters. His essays were like eloquent public speeches. His style was not a good one for that purpose; some would say that his literary style was not a good one for any purpose. His language was copious, often verbose. He was subtle and adroit, and in written controversy, as in debate, he always had an answer which was sufficient for the moment. He gratified and encouraged those who were on his own side, but seldom convinced, and often failed even to impress, his opponents. The *Gleanings* contain a number of essays which are as excellent as they are essentially ephemeral.

One of the best, on 'The Courses of Religious Thought,' appeared in 1876, and may still be read with advantage as a survey of contemporary religious history.[1] Another, on 'The Evangelical Movement: its Parentage, Progress, and Issues,' possesses similar value, as well as much autobiographical in-

[1] *Gleanings*, vol. iii. pp. 95–136.

terest. Other articles, on 'The Atonement' and 'The Lord's Day,' as well as his little volume entitled *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, were interesting when they appeared, but contain little to which writers on such subjects would refer, except for the sake of quoting the opinion of such a man as Gladstone. His controversial essays, 'The Proem to Genesis,' 'The Dawn of Creation and Worship,' together with those which contain his passage of arms with Huxley on the swine-miracle, are of little use to the apologist, whilst they illustrate the versatility, intellectual and religious eagerness, and the dialectical skill so characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's mind.

Similar excellences and defects are observable in the essays which touch upon still more fundamental topics of Christian faith, though in these are some elements of more permanent value. Such subjects as 'Ecce Homo,' 'Robert Elsmere,' and 'Ingersoll on Christianity,' drew out some of his best powers.[1] He feared the advance of Rationalism so much that, whilst rejoicing at the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, he asks, 'Ten, twenty, fifty years hence, will there be any other body in Western Christendom witnessing for fixed dogmatic truth?' He thought that such judgements as those of Lord Westbury in the case of *Essays and Reviews* were most dangerous. 'The spirit of this judgement has but to be consistently and cautiously followed up, in order to establish, as far as the Court can establish it, a complete indifference between the Christian faith and the denial of it.' He felt that vital interests were at stake, and that 'the general tendency and effect of the judgements has been, and is likely to be, hostile to definite teaching,' and even to the moral tone and truthfulness of the clergy.

Here spoke the convinced upholder of dogma. Mr. Gladstone was, in matters theological and ecclesiastical, essentially a dogmatist. He never really understood the unbelief—or, as we should prefer to say, the critical and inquiring spirit—of the age, even in its better types, chiefly

[1] Most of these essays are found in the volume, *Later Gleanings*.

on account of an entire lack of sympathy with its temper and methods, and the habits of thought which gave rise to it. As a Liberal politician he displayed remarkable openness of mind, and he was receptive of new ideas up to the last. But, as a theologian, the fixity of his own personal creed and mental habitudes made it almost impossible for him to enter into the point of view of those who differed from him. When *Robert Elsmere* appeared, he said very truly that the idea of the book was 'a movement of retreat from Christianity upon Theism with a Christ glorified'; and, he added, 'I am always inclined to consider this Theism as among the least defensible of the positions alternative to Christianity.' He perceived at once the weakness of a book which makes its hero-clergyman capitulate without a protest to the sceptical squire, who convinces him that 'miracles do not happen.' But Mr. Gladstone, in his able and interesting review, never entered upon the real difficulties which prevent Mrs. Humphry Ward and those who sympathize with her from accepting Christian orthodoxy.

It is curious in this connexion to note how much more completely Lord Acton, Roman Catholic though he was, understood the position and the line of reply open for an effective defence of the faith. Some letters from Mr. Gladstone to this trusted friend are quoted in the biography, and it is a little tantalizing that Acton's answers are only hinted at. Mr. Morley tells us that one day his letters will see the light, and meanwhile the apologist may learn much from the difference manifest between the method of the traditional theologian and that of the broad-minded student of history. Lord Acton admonishes his friend as to 'the risk of sending modern questions to ancient answers,' adding, that 'if you go to St. Thomas or Leibnitz or Paley for rescue from Hegel or Haeckel your apologetics will be a record of disaster.' It is the Roman Catholic who bids his correspondent remember 'the anti-liberal and anti-social action of later Christianity,' and who remonstrates with him by saying, 'You do not work really from the principle of Liberalism,' and pleads that the doctrine of Torquemada

must not make us condone his morality. We refer to this very suggestive correspondence, only to emphasize again the same characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's mind which appeared in the pamphlets on *Vaticanism*, and the additional illustration afforded of the fact that the statesman who had learned to trust to liberty in the field of politics failed to apprehend the significance of the same principles in the field of theology. It is suggestive to notice that, in the very close intercourse which took place in the later years of his life between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, the subject of religion was not only never discussed, but was never even approached in conversation. Mere difference of opinion would not necessitate such silence. The members of the Metaphysical Society could discuss the most serious subjects with freedom, even though they differed as completely as Huxley and W. G. Ward, Dr. Martineau and Father Dalgairns. But Mr. Gladstone differed from his future biographer not in creed only, but in temper, method, and habit of mind, and reticence upon the deepest themes was, in all probability, absolutely required by the claims of friendship and the conditions of intercourse.

It is time to close this sketch of one side or aspect of a great man's life, though the picture, so far from being finished, is hardly begun. Ample material is to be found in these volumes for a more satisfactory portraiture—material which will certainly be used in the building up of many a book dealing with English history in the nineteenth century. But we must not omit to point out that Mr. Gladstone was far greater as a religious man than as theologian or ecclesiastic. No passages amongst the many in this monumental biography which impress the reader are more impressive than those which describe Mr. Gladstone's personal religion.

He was a man of prayer. His wife said that it was only through 'incessant wrestling in prayer' that he gained the measure of mastery he achieved over a naturally impetuous —and, we may add, imperious—temper. He himself says that the periods of waiting for others in the midst of engagements, which are usually spent in murmurs and petulant

desire for their termination, 'in reality supply excellent opportunities for brief or ejaculatory prayer.' It was from amidst a turmoil of political strife that he found opportunity to publish a book of prayers for family use, which sold by thousands at once, and has passed through many editions.

He read and studied the Scriptures daily, minutely, earnestly. We had marked some half-dozen references to the 'Psalms for the day,' which from time to time illumined for him some great political crisis, or pointed out to him the path of duty amidst difficulties, or furnished encouragement and spiritual help, as if they had been given by Heaven for the purpose. He was most generous in his charities, as many other exceedingly methodical and thrifty men of business have been. In little more than sixty years he gave away over a hundred thousand pounds, of which careful record is kept; how much besides, no one knows. The busy statesman, who lived in a whirl of public duties, not only found time for a score of literary occupations, but sought for himself as a Christian man 'a missionary field at home, and found it among the unfortunate ministers to the sin of great cities.' In this, as in many other matters, thin-lipped prudence was not his guide. 'There was no worldly wisdom in it, we all know. But then,' as Mr. Morley so pointedly asks, 'what are people Christians for?'

As it has been our duty to point out some marks of narrowness, or at least the absence of true breadth and catholicity, in Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical creed, we feel the more bound to emphasize the nobility and magnanimity of his character. Length, breadth, and height here are equal; in all dimensions he was great. Mr. Morley notes in his own record of intercourse with Gladstone at Biarritz: 'Am always feeling how strong is his aversion to seeing more than he can help of what is sordid, mean, ignoble. . . . He won't linger a minute longer than he must in the dingy places of life and character.' His article on Tennyson's second 'Locksley Hall' displays a magnificently buoyant optimism, born of invincible faith in God and unquenchable hope for man. 'Nobody was less of the cynic. As for

Weltschmerz, world-weariness, ennui, *tedium vitae*—that enervating family were no acquaintances of his, now nor at any time.' His own exuberant vitality kept him from despondency, not only for himself but for mankind at large. Hence the sovereign quality of Courage distinguished him, never more notably than in those terrible days of the Irish controversy, when so many of his best friends were convinced that he was wrong. Again and yet again the old man sprang alone into a breach, and alone faced a withering fire which might have daunted a political hero of half his years. Foes as well as friends were compelled to recognize in him 'a man of a lion heart.'

Such a man was sure to arouse vehement opposition as well as to command enthusiastic loyalty. Perhaps few men knew him as well as Dean Church; and that discriminating, almost infallible, judge of character etched his friend Gladstone's more than once with the point of a needle. 'The heart of all Israel is towards him,' Church wrote in 1865; 'he is very great and very noble. But he is hated as much as, or more than, he is loved. He is fierce sometimes, and wrathful, and easily irritated; he wants knowledge of men, and speaks rashly.' And again, later: 'There never was a man so genuinely admired for the qualities which deserve admiration—his earnestness, his deep popular sympathies, his unflinching courage; and there never was a man more deeply hated, both for his good points and for undeniable defects and failings. But they love him much less in the House than they do out of doors. A strong vein of sentiment is the spring of what is noblest about his impulses; but it is a perilous quality too.'

We have no disposition, had we the power, to try to strike a balance between excellences and defects in so great and many-sided a character as that of Mr. Gladstone. Of the partisan politician, the great popular leader, the brilliant parliamentary debater, the public orator, the eminent statesman, we have not attempted to write. We would fain forget the ecclesiastic, whom we have tried to describe, in the *man*. With all his faults—and they were not few nor obscure,

while they lay mostly upon the surface—with all his excellences—which were great and deep and vital, and many of them are not even yet sufficiently appreciated—he was a man head and shoulders above his contemporaries, such as is not granted to any country more than a few times in the course of its history. Of all the many eulogies passed upon him, it would not be easier to find one which, in certain respects, hits the very centre of the target better than these words which were once addressed to himself: '*You have so lived and wrought that you have kept the soul alive in England.*' Happy the man who, as in this instance, by the grace of God, has a soul great enough and full enough of life-giving energy to win for himself such an encomium; happy the country which has one such son in a century; happier still if in her the succession be preserved of men who, amidst hearsays and hidebound traditions, amidst the conflict of narrow jealousies and the ceaseless striving for place and power, can keep alive their own souls, and help to preserve in life and health the souls of men in their own generation.

> Through such souls alone
> God stooping shows sufficient of His light
> For us i' the dark to rise by.

Let us rise.

W. T. DAVISON.

THE BIBLE IN THE CHURCH AND THE MISSION FIELD: A SKETCH AND AN APOLOGETIC

1. *Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society*, xcvi.–xcviii.
2. *Centenary Pamphlets*, i.–ix. (London: The Bible House. 1903.)
3. *God's Word in God's World.* (London: The Bible House. 1900.)
4. *The Evolution of the English Bible.* By H. W. HOARE. (London: John Murray. 1902.)

THE approaching centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society calls attention to the place and power of the Bible in the evangelization of the world. The series of *Centenary Pamphlets* issued from the Bible House helps to focus the story of the Bible and its conquests, from the commencement of missionary enterprise at Antioch in the early days of Christianity down to its worldwide extension at the present time. The account given by Canon Edmonds of the Syriac and Vulgate Bibles is at once scholarly and popular; and the sketch given by the Rev. Dr. Kean, the Society's learned and energetic agent in St. Petersburg, of the 'Bible in Russia' contains much that is but little known. Perhaps 'The Bible in Uganda' is the story which exhibits most graphically the spiritual potency of the Word which liveth and abideth for ever. The Annual Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as well as of the great American Bible Society and the sister National Bible Society of Scotland, bear ample testimony to the vitality of that Word which is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-

edged sword, showing that it has lost nothing of its power to renew and transform, to quicken and elevate mankind.

The professional student is so largely occupied with critical theories as to the origin of the books of Scripture, with the presentation in systematic form of their doctrinal contents, or with the order and progress of their dogmatic development in the history of the Church, that he is in danger of losing sight of the essential unity of Holy Scripture and of the spiritual power pervading every part of it, authenticating its claim to be divine and the supreme revelation of God to man. There is no better counteractive to this tendency, and consequently no more serviceable apologetic for the Bible as divine revelation, than the study of the history of the Bible in the Church and in the mission field. We may follow it in the *Ancient Versions*, which carried the contents of the sacred record to Greek and Roman and barbarian, to East and West, in the early Christian centuries; in the great *National Versions*, which were among the earliest and most precious fruits of the Reformation; and in the numerous and ever-increasing *Vernacular Translations* of modern days, which have come into being as an essential department of modern mission enterprise, and in which the dwellers by the Ganges, the Yangtse, the Congo, and in the islands of the sea, hear 'every man in his own tongue wherein he was born the wonderful works of God.'

The claim of Christianity to be the true religion, to possess the one full and satisfying revelation of God to man, to set forth the one and only Saviour of mankind, carries with it the obligation to make its Holy Scriptures, containing the message of life eternal, known to all mankind. This obligation may not have been enunciated in formal and express terms, but it pressed closely upon the mind of the early Church. Wherever the first apostles and their successors carried the gospel beyond the bounds of the Greek-speaking world, one of the first necessities they had to meet was the demand for the record of God's revelation of Himself in the vernacular speech of the newly evangelized peoples.

Herein lies a notable difference between the Christian Scriptures and classical writings. Of the latter there have come down to us from antiquity scarcely a single translation. When we mention that Aristotle was translated into Latin and Arabic, and that a work of Ovid was translated into Greek, we have exhausted the list of such translations. Not even the sacred books of the great ancient religions were translated into vernacular tongues. It was sacrilege to translate the Vedas, and a translator of the Koran into the tongue of a Giaour was an apostate. It was no small part of the providential preparation of the world for Christianity, that, when Christ appeared, Greek was so widely diffused throughout the Roman Empire as the language of learning and religion. Christianity, when it presented itself to the world, was clothed in a Greek dress. 'The whole ecclesiastical vocabulary is Greek. Bishops, Priests, Deacons, the Laity, Baptism, the Eucharist, all the terms are Greek in origin. It is the same with literature. From the alien religion out of which Christianity had sprung the Church inherited her sacred books in a Greek translation, and the writings of Christians that after a time were added on to the Canon of Scripture as a new volume: these writings were composed in Greek also. In a word, the Church grew up on Greek soil' (Burkitt, *Early Christianity*, pp. 1, 2). It was due to the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament that Greek rather than Latin was the language of the early Church, and that the New Testament record was given to the world by its Jewish writers in Greek rather than in Hebrew. The Septuagint translation was executed, or at least begun, in Alexandria in the reign of Ptolemy II. Philadelphus, about the first quarter of the third century B.C. It was the first instance of a translation known to the world, although it would seem that, among the literary remains discovered in Nippur, that wonderful focus of ancient Babylonian enlightenment and culture, 4000 or 5000 B.C., documents have been discovered of the nature of translations from one literature into another. But the Septuagint was the first translation known to the classical world, and the motive behind it was

the same which is at work in versions and translations of Scripture still—the desire to communicate God's revealed mind and will to those who knew it not. It was an assertion of the universality of the divine message to Abraham, and it appeared before the spirit of exclusiveness and particularism had fully taken possession of Judaism. Thanks to the impulse communicated by the Septuagint and the New Testament Scriptures, Greek continued for two centuries to be the language of the Church, and to be the Church language even in Rome itself. It was not till the close of the second century that in North Africa and Gaul the Latin of imperial Rome asserted its supremacy in the Church. No doubt, this prevalence of the Greek tongue was favourable to the spread of Christianity. It saved the first preachers of the gospel the necessity of learning vernaculars, and enabled them at once to enter into communication with the people they sought to evangelize. Singularly enough, it was not in the West, but in the East, that Greek, as the language of the Church, found its first competitor. It seems strange, but the tendency of recent research has all been to show that it was in the valley of the Euphrates rather than in the cities of the Roman Empire that the first version of the New Testament Scriptures was made. It is the Syriac version that heads the long roll of translations stretching from the close of the first century to the present day. For convenience, however, let us connect the versions of Holy Scripture, numbering now between four and five hundred, with the periods we have already indicated: (1) The Primitive Period; (2) the Reformation Period; (3) the Modern Missionary Period.

I. THE PRIMITIVE PERIOD.—'Ye shall be My witnesses,' said the ascending Saviour, 'both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.' With Jerusalem as a centre,

> Like circles widening round upon a clear blue river,

the gospel message was carried forth by the first witnesses. Upon those circles we have Samaria, Antioch, Ephesus,

Corinth, Rome, where in the capital of the world it found a new centre before many generations had gone. Antioch, however, was scarcely less distinguished in the annals of early Christianity than Jerusalem and Rome. At Antioch the disciples of Jesus were first called Christians. At Antioch the Holy Ghost, speaking through the brethren, commissioned Barnabas and Saul as the first foreign missionaries. Antioch, as the Eastern capital of the Roman Empire, pointed westward to Rome, but, as the former capital of the great house of Seleucus, it pointed eastward to Babylon and far beyond. From Antioch not only westward but eastward flowed the Water of Life in fertilizing streams—westward by the missionary journeys of St. Paul till he arrived at Rome, and later reached what the Roman Clement calls 'the farthest bound of the West'—eastward by nameless evangelists, unless indeed we accept the traditions which make Thomas the Apostle of India—through the Euphrates valley, the mountains of Kurdistan, and the tablelands of Persia, on to the Malabar coast of India, and, if the Nestorian tablet is to be believed, to the very confines of China itself. And, wherever they went, those Eastern evangelists, finding themselves outside the Roman Empire and beyond the boundary of the Greek-speaking world, carried with them the Scriptures in the tongue of those lands. Antioch had many Christians whose vernacular was Syriac, but it was likely not at Antioch, but at Edessa in Eastern Syria, that the Syriac version was made—a version, as we know it now, so well adapted to popular use that it was called 'the Simple,' and so carefully and successfully executed that it is known as 'the Queen of the Versions.' There is much to tell of this noble translation and its literary history. But it is only of its spiritual influence and its effects that we care to speak. Theodoret, who belongs to the fifth century, says of it: 'Men are acquainted with Matthew and Bartholomew and James, nay, moreover with Moses and David and Josiah, and the rest of the Apostles and Prophets, as familiarly as with the names of their children. And we may see not only the teachers of the Church acquainted with these doctrines,

but even shoemakers and smiths, and workers in wool, and other handicraftsmen, and in like manner women, not only the educated, but also those who work for their living, needlewomen and servant girls. And not only those who live in cities, but those who live in the country, have obtained this knowledge. And you may even find ditchers and herdsmen and gardeners conversing respecting the Divine Trinity and concerning the creation of the universe, and knowing much more of human nature than Aristotle and Plato; and moreover, having a regard for virtue and avoiding vice, and fearing the looked-for punishments, and awaiting, without misgiving, the divine tribunal, . . . and gladly undertaking every kind of labour for the kingdom of heaven's sake.' A most delightful picture of the power of the Word of God to widen the horizon, and to stimulate the intelligence of the common people, to elevate the thoughts and affections of the poorest, and to purify the social life of communities wherever it comes. Of the power of the gospel to evangelize the dwellers in Pontus and the regions around, we have interesting evidence. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop of Neo-Caesarea, in the third century, tells that when he came to his see there were only seventeen Christians in it, but that at a later time, when he wrote another of his works, there were only seventeen heathens—a record, bettered however by that of a modern missionary in the South Seas, of whom a monument tells that when he came to Aneityum in 1848 there were no Christians, and when he left it in 1872 there were no heathens. It is quite possible that some of the New Testament books were translated into Syriac before the end of the first century, and by the end of the second there was side by side with the Greek Bible a Syriac Bible, widely circulated and widely read in the Church and in the home. And for those Eastern lands, before long, there were Armenian, Persian, Georgian, and Arabic versions as well, not to speak of the early Coptic for the people of ancient Egypt. But, remarkable to relate, it was not in the East alone, but also in the West, that the Syriac version formed such an evangelizing force. Between Antioch and Rome,

between Antioch and Italy and Gaul, there was intercourse, commercial and literary, early in the Christian era, and there are relationships still to be traced out between the Syriac and the earliest Latin texts of the New Testament. It is through the heretic Tatian, however, that the Syriac version influenced the West most directly. From the Syriac Bible Tatian compiled his famous Diatessaron, the first Harmony of the Gospels, some time about 170 A.D.; the Diatessaron early found a translator into Latin; and this Latin Harmony, known now as a manuscript of the Gospels, was the Bible employed by Boniface, the Apostle of the Germans, in evangelizing the dwellers on the Rhine in the eighth century. The Word itself was taken from the version produced at Edessa, in Eastern Syria; the evangelist who employed it was trained in a monastery at Exeter, in the remote and untravelled West. The purpose of God brought them together, and the result was the conquest of the Germans for Christ and His Church.

But Antioch did not stand alone in the early history of the Bible in the East. Constantinople is honourably associated with Antioch in this as in other ways. It was from Constantinople that, translating from the Greek, Ulphilas gave the Bible to the Goths in the fourth century, and that Cyril and Methodius, the Apostles of the Slavs, gave the Bible in Slavonic to the barbarian ancestors of the modern Russians, in the ninth century. As has often happened in the story of the evangelization of the heathen world since then, those translators had to invent an alphabet, and create a written language, and make a commencement with a literature. The achievement of Ulphilas is specially memorable. 'At this time,' says Max Müller, 'there existed in Europe but two languages which a Christian bishop would have thought himself justified in employing —Greek and Latin. All other tongues were considered barbarous. It required prophetic foresight, and faith in the destinies of those half-savage tribes, and a conviction also of the effeteness of the Roman and Byzantine Empires, before a bishop could have brought himself to translate the

Bible into the vulgar dialect of his barbarous countrymen.' Although the taint of the Arian heresy was upon the Gothic version, and although Ulphilas suppressed the Books of Kings for fear of inflaming the sanguinary spirit of the Goths, this translation stands at the head of the noble army of German versions, and had in its time a great work to do. The production of the Slavonic version, as Dr. Kean shows in his remarkably interesting sketch of 'The Bible in Russia,' was contemporaneous with the foundation of the Russian State. It was in 862 that Cyril and Methodius heard the call of the Emperor Michael III, who then reigned at Constantinople, and went forth to evangelize the Slavonic tribes along the Lower Danube. And it was in 862 that Rurik, the chief of the tribe of the Russ, took possession of Novgorod and laid the foundation of the Russian nationality, giving the name of his barbarian tribe to the empire which now stretches from the Baltic to the Pacific, and threatens to swallow up the continent of Asia. It is interesting to observe that the Bible lies at the foundation of those two world-empires; and though in the course of centuries the people and their respective versions have undergone a great process of evolution, yet all that is best and most progressive in the German and Russian Empires has come to them from the Bible. Thus far we have traced the influence of the Eastern witness to the vitality and power of Holy Scripture, revolving as it does round those two foci of the Christian empire of the East—Constantinople and Antioch.

There remains to be noticed the Western witness, the Latin Vulgate, which moulded to such an extent the spiritual life of Western Christendom, and quickened and nourished the divine life in Wyclif, Tyndale, Luther, and the other Reformers. As the Septuagint furnished the Church with her ecclesiastical vocabulary, the Vulgate furnished her with her entire theological vocabulary. It was not in Rome, as might have been expected, but rather in North Africa, that the Latin Bible had its origin. No earthly record, it has been said, has preserved the name of the African Wyclif

or Tyndale to whom is due the earliest translation of the Bible into Latin. That there was such a translation current very early in North Africa we know from the voluminous works of Tertullian, the fiery and eloquent presbyter of Carthage, and from those of Cyprian, the famous bishop and martyr, a generation later. It is scarcely likely that all the books of the Bible were translated at one time or by the same person; but, from the middle of the second century, what is now known to scholars as the Old Latin version, and is regarded with special interest because of its antiquity and its other characteristics, was in general use. It was this version that sustained so many faithful Christians through the terrible Diocletian persecution, and cheered those North African martyrs, among whom Perpetua stands forth illustrious. It was this version that was the Bible of the greatest theologian of the Latin Church, the African Augustine, although by his time, pretty well on in the fourth century, complaint was common that there was much confusion caused by the 'infinite variety' of readings. A standard Latin Bible was urgently required, and the time was ripe for its production. The Latin language was becoming more extensively understood, and the Northern nations which were closing in upon Rome were in turn to be captured by her gospel. At this juncture the man capable of providing such a Bible as was wanted appeared. When Ulphilas at Constantinople was working upon his translation for the Goths, Jerome at Bethlehem was labouring upon the version which was to be known to all time as the Vulgate. The purpose of the Vulgate, as conceived by its first promoter, has been obscured by the narrow and bigoted policy pursued by the Church of Rome for the last six centuries. That policy has been to withhold the Bible in its purity from the people; and, in order to prevent them from having direct access to the Word of God, it has formally, by the decree of the Council of Trent in 1546, proclaimed the Vulgate the only version of Scripture to be used by the faithful. Such was not the policy of Damasus, Bishop of Rome, towards the close of the fourth century. It was

his ardent desire to circulate the Word of God, and, being aware of the confusion caused by the textual corruptions and variations in the Old Latin Bible, he commissioned Jerome to prepare a new and authoritative Latin edition of the Scriptures, to be a great missionary agency for the West. No man of that age was more competent for the work than Jerome. He had been born not far from the modern Trieste; he had studied in Rome; he had travelled in Gaul and the West, and in Syria and Cappadocia in the East; and his knowledge of Bible lands fitted him for understanding Scripture scenes and Eastern life. He was a great linguist—*trilinguis* he calls himself—knowing Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, the first Latin Father who could read the Old and New Testaments in their originals. To Bethlehem, the scene of the Nativity, he betook himself, and there, with two noble ladies whom he had won for the religious life, for four-and-thirty years he lived and studied and translated the Scriptures. He found it was enough to subject the Acts and the Epistles of the Old Latin to careful revision, and simply as a revision of the Old Latin they stand in Jerome's Vulgate. The Psalms and the Gospels he not only revised, but to a large extent retranslated, from the Septuagint and the Greek New Testament. The remaining books of the Old Testament saw the most original work that Jerome did upon the Vulgate, for he translated them directly from the Hebrew, which he had mastered during his long stay at Bethlehem. Such was the service rendered by Jerome to the Bible—a service the value of which can scarcely be overestimated. Not that his revision, any more than the Revised Version of our English Bible, met with unquestioning and immediate acceptance, but his conservative treatment of that which had gone before greatly helped it into favour and usefulness. Of the literary character of his work Dean Milman has said: 'There is something singularly rich and (if we may so speak) picturesque in the Latin of the Vulgate; the Orientalism of Scripture is blended up with such curious felicity with the idiom of the Latin that it both delights the ear and fills the mind.'

And so for a whole millennium the Vulgate—*Vulgata editio*—intended for the common people, to instruct them in the truth of God and not to hide it from them, was the bread of spiritual life to Western Europe. It was carried by monks and preachers far and wide. It early penetrated to Britain. In the monasteries of Jarrow and Wearmouth, as in all the monasteries of the Middle Ages, the monks made copies, and the most recent editors of the Vulgate (Bishop John Wordsworth and the Rev. H. J. White) estimate that there are at least eight thousand manuscript portions of it extant in the libraries of Europe. One of the manuscripts copied in the north of England as far back as the beginning of the eighth century was gifted to Pope Gregory II by Ceolfrid, who was abbot both of Jarrow and Wearmouth, and is now preserved, with many other literary treasures of antiquity, in the famous Laurentian Library at Florence, under the title of Codex Amiatinus, excelling all surviving copies in the purity of its text. The Irish monks in those days were also great transcribers, and the Bible which they received and copied they sent back again by their devoted missionaries to Gaul, to Switzerland, and to Germany, and some of the copies are among our most precious manuscript treasures to this day. Useful as the Vulgate was in keeping the light of gospel truth alive during the long night of the Middle Ages, it was felt by earnest souls that something more was needed, if the common people were to have direct and immediate access to the words of eternal life. And so attempts at vernacular translations were made. In 'the evolution of the English Bible,' as Mr. Hoare terms it, there were, to begin with, the Anglo-Saxon paraphrasts, of whom was Cædmon, 'the Amos of English literature,' the earliest of our English singers, then the Venerable Bede, then King Alfred, and then, last and greatest of all translators of the Vulgate, John Wyclif, the Morning Star of the Reformation. But it was from the Vulgate, and the doctrines of grace contained in the Book of Life, that the impulses came which led to the Reformation, and to the

production of great *National Versions* of the Bible which superseded it. Erasmus and Luther, Tyndale and Coverdale, whatever their other aids, were indebted for the light that was in them to the Vulgate. It was a grand day for Luther when, already at the age of twenty, he saw for the first time, in the University Library at Erfurt, a complete Bible in the Vulgate edition. To his studies of the Word of God in the Augustinian convent at Erfurt he owed his acquaintance with those evangelical doctrines which the Reformation was once more to set in their rightful place. In 1546, as we have seen, the Council of Trent passed a decree, prescribing the Vulgate, as the standard text of the Bible, to be used in the services of the Church, and calling for the preparation of an authorized text. We do not here require to enter into the subject of the text prepared by Pope Sixtus V, and declared to be the 'true, legitimate, authoritative, and indubitable' text of Holy Scripture, and promptly recalled and suppressed by his successor, Clement VIII, although the story throws a strange light upon the nature of papal infallibility. It is a satisfaction to know that the authority of the Vatican has at last been given to vernacular translation, and that an Italian version of the Gospels and the Acts, with the imprimatur of the papal authorities, now circulates in Rome itself.

II. THE PERIOD OF THE REFORMATION.—The ages were dark and the times were stormy that intervened between Jerome and the Protestant Reformation. But the sacred fire was not allowed to burn out; the lamp that Jerome kindled was handed on from generation to generation, replenished from time to time, as we have seen, by the pious labours of the monasteries, until at the Reformation it shone forth with a splendour it had never known before. The great South German commentator, Bengel, has well said: 'Scripture supports the Church, and the Church is the custodian of Scripture: when the Church is strong, Scripture shines forth resplendent, and, when the Church is weak, Scripture contracts its sphere.' We see this strikingly exemplified as we pass from the blighting supremacy of the Church of Rome

to the revived life and recovered liberty of the Church of the Reformation. An eminent Scottish divine, lately departed, has called the Reformation 'no mere "return to the Augustinian or the Nicene or the Ante-Nicene Age," but a vast progress beyond any previous age since the death of St. John—a deeper plunge into the meaning of revelation than had been made by Augustine, or Anselm, or St. Bernard, or à Kempis, or Wyclif, or Tauler.' The Reformation, in the providence of God, was conspicuously forwarded by two events or processes, which had a powerful influence upon the recovery for the people's use and renewed diffusion of Holy Scripture. These were, first, the formation of modern languages in which to convey to the common people the divine message of Scripture; and, second, the revival of Greek and Hebrew scholarship, sufficient to give access to the sacred originals. The fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453 drove Greek learning westwards, and largely contributed to the supply of adequate scholarship. Various causes had led to the building up of national sentiment and national languages; and when we add the invention of printing, we see how the channels had been providentially dug in which the Water of Life was once more freely to flow.

Of the blessings secured by the Reformation, the most precious and fundamental was the recovery of man's right of direct communion with God through Christ. Priest and Pope and Church on earth; angels, saints, and the Virgin in heaven, had been thrust between the seeking soul and the One Mediator between God and man, but by the Reformation access into the holiest of all had again been vindicated for men. Inherent in the privilege of direct access to God through the One Mediator was that right of private judgement which Protestantism has taught us to prize—the right of every man to read and interpret Scripture for himself as the ground of his faith in God and in Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent. Not a few eloquent voices had already been lifted up to claim this liberty, but these voices had been silenced by the Papacy—Hus in Bohemia,

Savonarola in Italy, and others elsewhere; and their efforts proved ineffectual, because they had nothing by way of authority over the conscience to put in the place of the Pope. Wyclif, as Mr. Hoare points out, had reached the conviction that the papal claims were incompatible with the moral truth of things, with his conscience, with his sense of patriotism, and, finally, with the paramount authority of the inspired book which was his spiritual Magna Charta. It was Luther's grand service to the cause of the gospel that he set up in place of Church and Pope the supreme authority of the Word of God. 'From the day of the Diet,' says the poet Heine, 'when Luther denied the authority of the Pope, and openly declared that his claims must be refuted by the authority of the Bible, or by the arguments of reason, a new age has begun in Germany. This Martin Luther gave us not only liberty to move, but also the means of moving, for to the spirit he gave also a body. He created the word for the thought, he created the German language. He did this by his translation of the Bible.' This was the lever with which the Reformers overthrew the fabric of papal tyranny and superstition. It was one of the foremost obligations resting upon the Reformers, accordingly, to see that a Bible was placed in every man's hand in his mother tongue, so that the poorest—as Tyndale put it, the 'boy that driveth the plough'—might know more of God's will in the possession of the Bible than either pope or priest. So Luther set to work to translate the Bible. He had to translate it out of a language that was dead into a language that was yet to be born. Luther's Bible, translated from the Vulgate, with some reference to the second edition of the Greek New Testament of Erasmus, is acknowledged to have created the German language in its modern form, and raised it to the rank of a national tongue. From 1517 to 1534 his translation was on his hands. In the Wartburg, overhanging Eisenach, the room is still shown to hundreds of visitors from both sides of the Atlantic where he studied and laboured—even the somewhat apocryphal mark on the wall where he hurled his inkbottle at the devil. His translation of

the New Testament, accomplished during his retirement in the Wartburg, was, as Dr. Schaff says in his *History of the Reformation*, a republication of the gospel. 'He made the Bible the people's book in church, in school, in house. If he had done nothing else, he would be one of the greatest benefactors of the German-speaking race.' Luther's translation became the type of national translations in other lands, and it is in no little measure due to it that the Bible became the book of the people in many lands. Our own martyr translators, Tyndale and Rogers, as well as Coverdale, were indebted to Luther's Bible. It was practically reproduced in the Danish New Testament of 1524, in the Swedish and Dutch of 1526, and in the Icelandic of 1540. It was unquestionably the most widely read book of its time, and it is hardly possible to overestimate its influence and importance. It gave a tremendous impulse to the spread of Reformation principles, and, as far as Germany was concerned, it became one of the strongest bonds of national unity among the German people.

The story of our English Bible is well worthy of being better known; and Mr. Hoare deserves our thanks for his successful attempt to bring the story of the successive versions of our national Bible into relation with the main current of events, so 'as to associate the story of the national Bible with the story of the national life.' From the same Reformation impulse came other *National Versions*. Sweden got the whole Bible in 1541, Denmark in 1550, Iceland in 1584. France had peculiar difficulties to contend against, but could show a translation of the Latin Bible by the middle of the sixteenth century. The Old Slavonic Bible, after seven centuries of manuscript existence, was first printed in 1581, and Hungary received the Bible in 1590. A Spanish version and an Italian are named by the translators of our Authorized Version among those which they consulted. Portugal, as Canon Edmonds notes in his Centenary sketch, was the last of the Western nations to receive the Bible, and, strangely enough, it received it from the Far East. 'It was a missionary version prepared in the East—the New Testa-

ment in 1681; the older Canon, part by part, 1719 to 1751. The New Testament was printed in Amsterdam, the Old Testament at Tranquebar. Thus Dutch and Danish Protestant life wrought this good work for tardy Roman Catholic Portugal.' We have seen the part taken, as it were, directly by the Church, the witness and keeper of Holy Writ, in the production of versions—notably the Syriac and Old Latin; we have seen the part taken by individual men manifestly raised up by God, of whom Jerome and Ulphilas, and Tyndale and Luther, are conspicuous examples; we have seen what great cities and centres of culture like Alexandria with the Septuagint, and Antioch and Carthage and Constantinople with the Christian Scriptures, accomplished in the translation and publication of the Book of Life; and we have seen how national sentiment was drawn upon for the great *National Versions* of which we have spoken. We come now to notice, as Canon Edmonds clearly points out, the operation of yet another instrumentality in the Missionary and Bible Societies, which have given to the Scriptures in the course of the last century a world-wide diffusion.

III. THE MODERN MISSIONARY PERIOD.—We can only take a glance at what has been accomplished, and sample the multitude of versions of Holy Scripture to which this period with its earnest missionary endeavour has given birth. The era from the Reformation to what is called the Evangelical Revival in the latter half of the eighteenth century was an era of creed-making and system-building, ending in widespread religious indifference and unbelief. On the Continent there were indeed Pietism, the Moravian Brethren, and the Waldensians, preserving a warm glow of evangelical enthusiasm, but, alike on the Continent and in Great Britain, Church life had become stagnant and corrupt, and spirituality was rare. Bishop Butler, in the preface to the *Analogy*, goes the length of saying: 'It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious.' Butler and the

Christian apologists of the period did a noble work for their generation, and we may say that they vanquished their opponents in argument all along the line. 'It had been irrefragably proved,' says Canon Overton in his *History*, 'as against its opponents; it was established speculatively on the firmest of firm bases; but speculation was not carried into practice. The doctrine was accepted, but the life was not lived.' In fact, something more than apologetic treatises was required. The salvation of the Church was to be found, not in defence but in aggression. It was the same as once in the history of ancient Rome. For nearly fifteen years, as Livy tells us, Hannibal had pursued his victorious career, vanquishing every army that met him in the field. More than once a Roman army had surrendered to him, and now he had made himself at home in Italy, and was thundering at the gates of Rome. What did the consuls do in that extremity? They resolved to carry the war abroad. They obtained possession of Spain; from Spain they crossed to Africa, and threatened Carthage. Thus they forced the Carthaginian to return to defend his own. And ere long, at Zama, Scipio (known thereafter as Africanus) routed his hosts and scattered them beyond recall. When they left the defensive and became aggressive they were victorious. Napoleon is credited with the saying that the army which remains within its entrenchments is a beaten army. It was carrying the war abroad with the fresh spiritual conviction begotten by the preaching of the Wesleys and their coadjutors that routed the hosts of deists and French encyclopaedists, before whom the Church was trembling, and that saved the Church at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. And, to anticipate for a moment the conclusion of this sketch, it is carrying the war abroad, proving the power of the gospel and the vitality of the Word of God in the mission field, that is even now saving the Church, and giving her courage in face of attacks made upon her citadel by many and varied foes. As the direct fruit of the Evangelical Revival, the Baptist Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the British

and Foreign Bible Society came into being, followed by the Wesleyan Missionary Society and the Churches of Scotland and other bodies in no long time. With the Evangelical Revival went a revived interest in the Word of God, and with the foundation of the missionary societies and the ingathering of the heathen by the missionaries came fresh demands for the Book of Life—for its diffusion at home, and for its translation and circulation among the heathen abroad. As missionary labour bears fruit, the newly gathered converts require instruction in divine truth, and they must be encouraged to drink of the Water of Life at the fountain head. It has been the characteristic weakness of Roman Catholic missions that so little has been done to give their converts the Word of God. What was the after-history of these 500,000 converts whom Francis Xavier is said to have gathered in China and the East? For lack of the fuel of Scripture truth and promise, the fire burnt itself out like a blaze of straw, or the Christian converts, being simply baptized pagans, soon became indistinguishable from the heathen around. Protestant missions, on the other hand, have always laid stress upon scriptural instruction, and have uniformly striven to give the Bible to the native Churches in their own tongue.

There are now between four and five hundred languages in which the Bible has been translated: the British and Foreign Bible Society alone circulates about four hundred versions. The romance attaching to many of these versions proves again that truth is stranger than fiction. One thinks of the Tibetan Scriptures—the chief translator of which is the veteran Moravian missionary, Mr. Heyde, who has spent fifty years on the borders of that fast-closed land without a single break for furlough—which may enter the country though the missionary is shut out, and prepare the way of the Lord among that little-known people. One thinks of the Manipuri translation for the people by whom a British Commissioner and other officers were massacred in 1891, and for whom a missionary, working on the borders of the State, has prepared the Gospels in their own tongue, till the day

comes when missionaries will be allowed by the Government of India to enter. But we may illustrate the power of the Scriptures in heathenism by a brief reference to the Malagasy and Luganda Bibles, the story of which is told in the *Centenary Pamphlets* of the British and Foreign Society—Bibles both sprinkled with the blood of martyrs, and thus linking the Church of the nineteenth century with the Church of the sixteenth and of the third in the tenderest and most touching way.

There is, perhaps, no more complete parallel to the Diocletian persecution than that carried out under Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar in the fourth decade of last century. When the edict of this merciless queen proscribing Christianity was issued in March 1835, the translation of the books of the Bible from Ezekiel to Malachi and a portion of Job still remained to be put in type. No workman would risk his life in the task the missionaries were so eager to complete. They accordingly set up the type and worked off the sheets themselves, and by June the first bound copy of the Malagasy Bible was in their hands. The issue was distributed in all haste and with the utmost secrecy, and when the missionaries finally left the island in July 1836 there remained about seventy copies in stock. These for security were buried, and their hiding-place made known to Malagasy Christians. For a quarter of a century the fires of persecution burned, but Malagasy Christianity, encased in the asbestos of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever, was not consumed. Mr. Ellis of Madagascar tells: 'I brought home no memorials of the persecution more deeply affecting than some of the fragments of Scriptures, worn, rent, fragile, and soiled by the dust of the earth and the smoke of the thatch at times when they had been concealed, yet most carefully mended by drawing the rent pages together with fibres of bark, or having the margin of the leaves covered with strong paper.' But these Bibles kept Christianity alive; they even increased the number of its adherents, the hundreds having become thousands by the time Ranavalona died. Christianity has made great strides in Madagascar since then, and the Paris

Missionary Society, representing the Protestantism of France, along with British Missionary Societies and the Norwegian Society, is reaping a rich harvest in the island. Since the proscription was removed, three-quarters of a million of Scriptures (including 100,000 complete Bibles) have been circulated, and Christianity has had a great triumph. 'Whatever else the people do not understand,' says Bishop King, 'at least the Bible is to them, as to us, the final court of appeal in matters of faith and morals. It is the Bible also that gives unity to the teaching of all English missions, notwithstanding differences in the presentation of the truth.'

The Church of Uganda is associated with the names of Sir H. M. Stanley, Bishop Hannington, and Alexander Mackay, the son of an Aberdeenshire manse. The Swahili and Arabic Scriptures sufficed at first for the Uganda converts, but Mackay felt that the work of the gospel could never be on a proper footing till the Scriptures were given to the people in their vernacular. With the death of Bishop Hannington, who was martyred early in 1886, a fresh persecution of the Christians broke out, and the missionaries were for a time in serious jeopardy of their lives. About that time Mackay wrote: 'The whole of the Sermon on the Mount is now in type. We distribute several copies of every proof-sheet among the people, and have their corrections and emendations before going to press. They take a deep interest in the work in this way, and are proud to have their own Gospel.' Mackay died in 1890, having spent fourteen years in Africa without a break; but when Uganda, it may be centuries hence, takes her place in the van of the Christian nations, and Uganda literature claims the attention of the world, it will be on record that that literature began with the Sermon on the Mount, translated by an illustrious son of Aberdeenshire. God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. As Mackay lay dying, there was on the way to Uganda the man who was to give the Baganda the Word of God. This was Mr. George Laurence Pilkington, a Cambridge First Class Honours man, who had laid himself upon the altar of missionary service, and had gone

to Uganda as a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. On the way up from the coast he had mastered the language; and when he reached Uganda he was able to talk with the people in their own tongue. He soon caught the idiom and the spirit of the language, and set to work to translate the Bible. In seven years he had completed his task, and the entire Bible was in circulation. During that time epochs of spiritual revival came through the reading of the Word of God, and hundreds were gathered into the Church, or led into fuller sanctification and spiritual apprehension of the truth. When Captain (now Colonel) Macdonald went on his famous expedition against Kabarega, king of Bunyoro, Pilkington accompanied the troops as interpreter; and such was the blessing attending this African Henry Martyn, that, even in the course of that campaign, he was the means of giving the gospel to new tribes of Central Africa. Shortly after, he fell fighting against the Mohammedan invaders, dying at the age so fatal to genius — thirty-three — one assuredly who, 'being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.' The Bible-loving Church of Uganda, numbering now nearly forty thousand souls, is his memorial; and this Church, in a country which only thirty years ago was unknown to Europe and shrouded in pagan darkness, is one of the most conspicuous illustrations of the divine power inherent in the Bible.

But we might go the round of pagan countries for which the Scriptures have been translated, and to which the Incarnate and Crucified and Exalted Saviour has been proclaimed, and find that it is everywhere the same.

> He toucheth the sightless eyes, before Him the demons flee;
> To the dead He sayeth, 'Arise'; to the living, 'Follow Me.'
> And that voice still soundeth on from the centuries that are gone,
> To the centuries that shall be.

It remains to make one or two deductions of an apologetic character from the foregoing sketch.

1. The Bible holds a more prominent and influential

place in the religious life of the world than ever. It has conquered new countries and peoples in the manner we have tried to indicate, and it has not lost its hold upon the lands where Christianity has been long planted. It is something to know, when Church censuses profess to have discovered a great decline in religious interest, that at home and abroad, in Christian lands and heathen countries, in our venerable English tongue and in the languages of yesterday, the Bible is more widely circulated, is more universally honoured, and, let us hope, more extensively read than ever. As long as the Bible holds its own as the Word of Divine Revelation and the Book of Life, there cannot be any fear for Christianity and the gospel. The promoters of Bible translation and circulation are all optimists.

2. It is nothing less than providential, that in this twentieth century, when the discoveries of science and the course of critical inquiry have introduced fresh difficulties for belief, there come to us from mission fields and from countries newly opened up to the gospel those fresh and irresistible proofs of the vitality and spiritual power of the Bible. The difficulties from the side of science and criticism have to be dealt with in detail on their own merits, but the conquests made by the Bible entitle us to hold that the presumption is still in favour of its divine claims.

3. In spite of the assaults made by negative criticism upon the Bible, and in spite of what is urged, sometimes not too wisely, in its defence, the Bible goes on its way, proving itself quick and powerful, as it was in its earliest days, casting down and yet building up, rending in pieces and yet making whole, regenerating and rejuvenating, elevating and sanctifying, wherever it comes. A little apologue from one of the Church magazines points the practical inference. A minister sat in his study, and the sweetbrier sent its delicious fragrance in at the open window. A learned man chanced to enter, and the minister called his attention to the perfume. 'Ah,' said the visitor, 'I must investigate this.' He took a cutting, dissected the plant, examined it carefully, and came to the conclusion that there was no scent in it. So the

minister dug it up and threw it into the dustbin. The dustman recognized the rejected plant at once as sweetbrier, and brought it home to his wife, who planted it in her garden. Not long after, when the dustman's wife was dying, her husband placed a sprig of the plant in her bosom, and the minister, calling to see her, exclaimed, 'What a delicious fragrance!' And the dustman said, 'Yes, it is from the sweetbrier thrown out of your garden, which we took and planted in ours.' The sweetbrier still fills the air with its fragrance, though the dissector and the minister both alike are gone.

THOMAS NICOL.

SOCIAL MIXTURE AND OUR BOYS.

1. *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties.* By M. OSTROGORSKI. (London: Macmillan & Co.)

2. *Life of Gladstone.* By the Right Honourable JOHN MORLEY, M.P. (London: Macmillan & Co.)

THE society which calls itself 'smart,' having exhausted existence in the last century, mourns over the ruins of extinct excitement in the present. While one portion of the world is thus lamenting that it cannot waste its money, another with more reason despairingly asks what it is to do with its sons. The complaint and the inquiry are, in rather a remarkable way, connected with each other. The mania for fashionable and therefore costly life has of late years infected a social order which formerly knew nothing of it. The closing years of the Victorian epoch and the opening years of the present reign have seen the completion of a fusing process which has merged an aristocracy in a plutocracy. For all social purposes, the English capital has become the costliest in Europe—with the exception of New York, to which, in view of the latest accounts, one ought perhaps to add Johannesburg, the costliest in the world. Even that section of the community that lies a little outside the boundary of fashion has been influenced by the contagious extravagance of those whose modes it imitates. A representative of the titular nobility, not less estimable and nationally respected than Lord Aberdeen, was recently announced to have apprenticed a son to the occupation of a quarryman. On a rather lower level, that sort of thing has become a common experience.

Well-to-do parents of the professional classes on all hands are heard to declare that the increased cost of living, and the necessity of suitably portioning their daughters, compel

them by a year or two to reduce the liberal education of their sons; the girls must make good marriages in the station, not to which they were born, but to which they have become habituated; consequently the boys must avail themselves of the first opening they can get, irrespectively of the educational antecedents which might seem to point to a more exalted career. The barrister of title who goes brief-hunting among attorneys used to be unknown; he now threatens to grow comparatively common. The scion of a ducal house, who shows great aptitude as a broker, to-day is not less familiar than a baronet on the Stock Exchange. The conventional barrier, separating the highest rank from the middle classes, has thus been broken down at vital points. That healthy process is strictly in keeping with the course and tendencies of our whole history. The House of Commons, after all, in the long-run, still rules the English people. The assembly as it exists to-day largely results from a progressive amalgamation between the territorial and trading elements in our polity.

Under the Plantagenets, the smaller barons had gravitated to the untitled gentry and the commoners generally. That movement was but completed by the popular victories of the seventeenth century. The leaders, however, belonged to the class of squires like Hampden and Pym—men not indeed of vast landed possessions, but still of good position in their respective counties. These had for their colleagues the traders and the professional persons who were now in the van of the parliamentary movement. In that part of his new history of the eighteenth century concerned with the Convention, the French statesman and publicist, M. Jaurés, has circumstantially shown the French Revolution to have been a middle-class movement. In England, indeed, the lawyers, who gave the first impetus towards the overthrow of the French monarchy, never exercised the same organizing influence as in France. Nearly all the foremost men among the parliamentary chiefs may, as M. Jaurés says, have been lawyers by profession, in the sense that they had kept their turns at one of the Inns of Court. Such was pre-eminently

the custom of those times for well-to-do laymen's sons; but the English lawyers, whom under the Plantagenets it was repeatedly attempted to exclude from St. Stephen's, were strictly 'men of business.' Their position, as M. Ostrogorski, in his remarkable work, has pointed out, was that of dependence on the territorial classes, whose affairs formed their first care. To arrange for the transfer and sale of real estate, to prepare deeds, to draw wills—such were the chief employments of the gentlemen of the long robe; their clients, who were also their patrons, both dreaded and despised them. Hence the perpetual edicts ineffectually closing St. Stephen's against them.

Other circumstances, not noticed by the author of the most encyclopaedic specimen of socio-political literature lately published, explained why the lawyer class in England never rose to the position that, secured by its members in France, made them chief instruments in the destruction of the old régime. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had been marked in England by a diffusion of material prosperity through all classes, of which France knew nothing. Men of the humblest origin, and but modestly favoured by fortune in trade, had begun to wear the same superior clothes as the highest classes, and occasionally even, within their dwellings, to replace rushes and whitewash with carpets and woven hangings. The very villains, having cast the slough of serfdom, divested themselves of their livery, and, as free men, engaged successfully in trade. Meanwhile the feudal lords, yielding to the spirit and the employments of the age, had often become merchants. Thus, what is usually spoken of as the modern tendency to substitute the power of wealth for that of birth really has its roots in the social movements of the Middle Ages. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, the serfs, who between 1200 and 1300 had been sold like cattle, were absorbed into a tolerably well-to-do middle class. On the eve of the sixteenth century bricklayers were saluted by those who employed them as artificers, and, when mentioned in state documents, were classed with the gentry. Henry VIII was criticized, even by

courtiers, for interdicting to the gentlemen of the hod and trowel the distinctive dress worn by gentlemen of other callings—the coat decorated with fur, and the peaked boots.

Once the middle class had organized itself, and not till then, the machinery of great national reforms was ready. A Parliament, really representative of the nation, had hitherto been the vision of enlightened statesmen like the two Pitts, or the dream of Utopian Whigs like Sidney. Even thus, no political result, on a large scale, was practicable till the middle classes began to act. The third decade of the nineteenth century deepened the Whig idea that, by enlarging the constituencies so as to make them the real rulers of the State, they might gain effectual satisfaction for the slights repeatedly placed by George III on the whole Whig connexion. The comparatively decorous manner in which the 1830 Revolution had been effected in France reconciled the law-abiding classes of England to the prospect of a great constitutional change. But as M. Ostrogorski, with many interesting illustrations, has pointed out, the motive power which was to force the Grey Reform Bill through Parliament could not be generated till the middle classes, as the natural leaders of the community, co-operated with the lower orders in the great political unions of the time.

The political hegemony of the middle class, and the constant enlargement of that class by the incorporation into it of new elements, are the central facts in the history of the English people. In one way or another they are as much in evidence at the present moment as at any earlier period. There is indeed some truth in a remark, often suggested by a recent series of events, that, even in democratic England, there survives the principle and practice of government by aristocratic connexion. A Salisbury retires; a Balfour who is half a Cecil succeeds, and a second Salisbury enters the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal; while an obscure member of an old 'governing house,' the nephew of a late Premier, of kin with some already in the Administration, is appointed Colonial Secretary. The latest and the crowning socio-political triumph of the middle class is suggested by Mr.

Lyttelton's Downing Street predecessor. Half the secret of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's influence and success is the fact of his belonging to a social order below the highest, never till now officially and imperially prominent. Born of a trading family, the magnate of a capital, marked by the diffusion of moderate prosperity among a numerous class rather than by the pre-eminence of exceedingly wealthy individuals, the late Colonial Minister is a typical specimen of the class now spoken of. To a perplexed Premier of aristocratic connexions it seemed not more of an object to enlist a Cavendish among his colleagues than a Chamberlain. Here, then, is an instance, more crucial and definite than any yet presented, of the elevation of a whole middle-class family to the dignity and importance of the traditional aristocratic 'governing houses.'

The moral pointed by the inner experience of our political system coincides with that deducible from the personal composition of the environments of the court. No doubt, King Edward's *entourage* is sufficiently representative of all material interests and social gradations among his subjects. But the 'king's friends' of whom the newspapers have most to say belong less to the loftiest sections of the peerage than to the untitled pleasure-seekers or suppliers who have been helped to notoriety by success in trade. Such are the Wilson family in Yorkshire and that of James in Sussex. Fashion or, to use the vulgar slang, social smartness thus finding fresh votaries in a portion of the body politic, new to its fascinations, the middle class generally has been in a way influenced by the august experiences even of a few among its members. Its daily expenditure has become more lavish at a time when its resources are least equal to the strain. The goal of its social promotion has been its identification with the courtier class.

At the beginning of these remarks it was seen that persons of quality were finding openings for their sons in industry and trade. Not without effort and some pinching at home, the professional man of the humbler sort has given his boys a liberal education; they have been to, perhaps

done well at, a public school or a university, or both. But the time comes when they must earn their living. What can they do, or where is suitable and remunerative employment to be found? Never did every grade of the educational calling seem more hopelessly overcrowded than at present. A little more than a generation ago, the winner of a First Class in Moderations at Oxford or of a corresponding distinction at Cambridge could count upon a classical undermastership in a good school, worth from two to three hundred a year. To-day all teaching salaries have depreciated by from 20 to 30 per cent. The stipends of the London School Board teachers are fixed on a liberal scale. Generally the supply is much in excess of the demand. It was indeed stated the other day that, as a consequence of the uncertain educational future, qualified applicants were not forthcoming for a vacant situation under the Board. That was the exception proving the rule—and, for the most part, Board School teachers are better off than masters in classical or any secondary schools, except the great establishments of Eton, Harrow, and the like; here indeed the under-master, once admitted to the staff, can be sure not only of a competence for the time, but of a provision for the future. Why? Not because of his high salary *qud* teacher, but because he generally obtains a boarding-house; in other words, he thrives exactly in proportion as he has the chance of making money as a licensed victualler.

But, apart from the historic homes of youthful learning and the extinct Board schools, an entirely novel machinery of the higher culture throughout the country must, it may be said, have created profitable employment for hosts of decently instructed young men of intellectual tastes. Already most large centres of population and of business seem equipped with their own universities. Birmingham, with Mr. Chamberlain as Chancellor, is only the last in an entire series of these educational novelties. It is as yet probably premature to speak of the exact place in the intellectual system of the country which these institutions may fill. At present they are highly organized agencies of

educational specialism. The opening up of posts to which emolument is attached, as well as the right to look down on one's inferiors, were among the advantages ascribed by Dean Gaisford of Christchurch to a classical education. Alas for the unpitying march of modern improvement! Practically, in all these twentieth-century homes of higher enlightenment, the Greek and Latin classics are as little in favour as they are in the House of Commons itself. Few facts stand out with more impressive clearness in Mr. John Morley's monumental biography of his old leader than the fact that W. E. Gladstone owed his success as an administrator and financier, not, as some have thought, to an inherited aptitude for manipulating figures or dealing with business affairs, but to the lasting benefits conferred on him by the same intellectual training to which Canning and Peel, before him, had been subjected. Nine years after entering Parliament, Gladstone, having been previously Under-Colonial Secretary, went as Vice-President to the Board of Trade. That was the only technical training which, a little later, in 1852 qualified him to make his great success as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

All that is changed now. The idea of the new university organizers is less to cultivate the whole man, before developing any special faculty, than, from the very first, exclusively to train the pupil in those particular subjects that seem germane to his future employments, and that seem likely to promote his excellence in the subject-matter of his future life's work. Honours at any of the older universities, in some of their new schools, may recommend to the provincial managers the candidate for employment as a teacher at some one of the recently incorporated homes of learning. The highest excellence in classical scholarship will not be of much more use to him than an Oxford First Class to the stripling who wishes to 'go into the city.' As for the greatest of our public schools, they certainly secure a roughish kind of general training, which is no bad preparation for the ups and downs of life. The fagging system at a place like Eton at least ensures that a boy will not leave the school without knowing how to light a fire, cook a breakfast,

and keep a room tolerably tidy. Even those accomplishments may seem somewhat dearly purchased at an annual cost of £300 for from two to five years. Still that is a sort of practical knowledge sure to find its return some day or other, and to prove specially serviceable in a colonial career.

That last destination in life suggests considerations full of significance to the social order whose development has been already glanced at. Liberal education, in the old acceptance of the term, threatens to prove less and less of a paying investment. 'If,' said the Greek philosophers of old, 'some men are born of an incurably servile temper, there is nothing for it but to act on the hint given by nature, and to degrade them to the rank of slaves; as their character, so must be their status and their occupation.' In something like the same spirit, some may find themselves thinking and saying to-day that boys, who have it not in them to benefit by any sort of higher teaching, should be taught to earn a livelihood by their physical energies. Even already the influx to South Africa of well-born lads, who hope to pick up a living somehow, is said to be dangerously great. On the other hand, experience shows that, in several parts of the world, with a little capital, a young man who is not above any sort of manual exertion, and who will look after everything for himself, can secure a fair livelihood out of the soil by that *petite culture* on which the French peasantry thrives. But the first condition of success still seems to be that the colonist should be able at once to adapt himself to the requirements of any industry which may offer an opening. It may be market-gardening, keeping accounts, helping with a newspaper, acting as usher in a police court or salesman in a shop. In some of our dependencies, especially in parts of the Dominion of Canada, retail trading answers increasingly well.

Lads born in the professional classes, with a little cash in their pocket and the prospect of obtaining a land-grant in some undeveloped region, are shipped across the Atlantic. At first the freedom of the open-air existence abounds in charm for boys fresh from school. Bad seasons, unkindly

soil, or some other adverse circumstance, disillusions the young agriculturist and makes him suspect he was intended for indoor employment. The resources of the family at home have been taxed heavily by him already. It was not on a mere holiday or pleasure trip that he has placed some five thousand miles of ocean between the paternal roof and himself. Sorely put to it, he drifts into the position of assistant at a grocery store. Naturally a sharp lad, our Marlburian or Rugbeian, who was perhaps intended for the Church, and has a dean for his uncle, or who failed in the competition at Woolwich, and is the son of an Anglo-Indian general, sets up for himself, opens his own shop, sends to his surprised relatives at home a flaming poster, in which choice teas, pure coffees, and other honest luxuries are announced as the specialities of this enterprising scion of churchmen and soldiers.

This is no imaginary experience. It is, on the contrary, happening every day of the week with families, either of aristocratic connexion or belonging to the flower of that middle class which, in England, is to-day indistinguishable from the class above it. Presently our young colonial, having done really well, enlarges his premises and takes a wife of the order to which he has become naturalized. He is now a citizen of consideration in his township. Of course he has not inherited any of the prejudices against trade that may still linger with his ecclesiastical or military relatives. On the strength of the dollars accumulated by his humble commerce, he returns to the old country, perhaps to place his boys at his old school. Quite possibly, after a survey of the domestic situation, he comes to the conclusion that the future is not with learning and with liberal callings, but with trade. His children, therefore, if they remain in the fatherland, are not brought up with a view to a Bar at which they will get no briefs, or to a medical practice not likely to yield them a paying patient. That is not all. During his absence our returned colonist perceives a socially levelling-down process extensively to have been going forward at home. Losses of money, of employment, of station, and of relatives, have driven well-to-do acquaintances of former

days into all manner of nondescript and even unennobling occupations. Ladies, whom he recollects as mistresses of pleasant establishments, eke out their abbreviated means by the reception of 'paying guests.' In the last generation, the father, a colonel, superciliously twirling his moustaches, used to speak uncomplimentarily of trade. In the present generation, the warrior's daughters preside over a bazaar for the sale of curiosities in Piccadilly, or quietly practise chiropody and manicure on a second floor in Bond Street.

All this (and it is no fancy picture) amounts to a social transformation of a far-reaching and enduring kind. If we would know the social England of to-morrow, we are repeatedly told to look to the Colonies of to-day. In that part of the world there is no talk of the democracy being veiled or surmounted by a crown as here. There exists no social gulf separating retail from wholesale traders—no cant about the gentility of one employment and the vulgarity of another. In the metropolis of the mother country the social success of the moneyed sons and daughters of the United States has already operated as a challenge to our well-to-do colonial cousins to enter the social competition. Englishmen and Englishwomen, who have never seen the United States, are heard speaking with an American accent in West-end drawing-rooms. The contagion can scarcely be limited to the pronunciation. Already the sons and daughters of the oldest English houses ally themselves in marriage with German and Jewish capitalists. Year after year the aristocracy tends increasingly to become a section of the absorbing plutocratic province. On a humbler level, it is but reasonable to suppose that the analogous process which has already begun will continue. Eton and other homes of liberal culture are themselves doing something to overcome the gentlemanly prejudice against manual industry. The carpentering workshops of the Eton boys are due to the present head master, Dr. Warre; they have proved a great success, and have turned out much really excellent work. Many an Etonian, to-day living on an American prairie or in an African wild, has learned in the school workshops the

art that has enabled him, with his own hands, to make most parts of the structure which he inhabits. He is not likely ever to have been near getting the Newcastle scholarship; to-day he is tolerably qualified to earn his living as a practical builder.

In another direction, fresh proofs are daily visible of the growing completeness in feeling, as well as in fact, of the social fusion that is the feature of our time. Soon after the Crimean War, in the last century's second half, many military officers found themselves back in London with nothing particular to do, and not too much money to live upon: for reasons of their own they were leaving the Service, but were still in the prime of life. Insensibly and irresistibly they gravitated towards trade; their social connexion was of course in their favour; in many cases they were soon doing a brisk business as sellers of wine, tobacco, or coals. One of the most distinguished colonels in a crack cavalry regiment, having won the Victoria Cross at Balaclava, soon crowned his military laurels with the peaceful reputation of being the best manufacturer of iron railings in England. The alliance then struck between the sword and the counter has never since been dissolved.

The most generally approved of Mr. Balfour's recruits to his Administration after the crisis of 1903 was his Indian Under-Secretary: Lord Hardwicke is indeed the descendant of an historic peer, and the son of a nobleman who popularly filled a sporting office in one of the Conservative administrations under Queen Victoria. The son of the Victorian peer, now selected to help Mr. Brodrick in governing India, began life as a diplomatist; he has continued it on the Stock Exchange and in the cigar trade. Mr. John Morley's volumes contain many striking passages which the great subject of his book both spoke and wrote in defence of commerce, as a pursuit worthy of the highest intellect or rank.[1] Even Mr. Gladstone, however, might have heard with surprise, as well as with approval, of his twentieth-

[1] See especially vol. i. p. 7.

century successor appointing an ex-tobacconist to assist in the administration of our Asiatic empire. The circumstance is only recalled now because it suggests the absolute completeness of the disappearance in the highest places of social prejudice against, not only wholesale, but even retail traders. Chief amongst the signatures appended to the loyal reply given by the City to King Edward's proclamation was that of a Rothschild. Amongst those known to stand highest in the Sovereign's personal favour is the tea-selling champion of England's amateur seamanship, Sir Thomas Lipton. Such are some of the personal facts and influences, all sensibly operating in the same direction as that already mentioned.

The head of the new department of Agriculture, Lord Onslow, on the 17th of October 1903, at the North Wales University College, near Bangor, advocated in a noticeable speech the cultivation of English forestry on scientific principles. The existing schools of forestry on the Continent have, for a long time, attracted many boys who, having done not discreditably at Harrow or Winchester, have yet found themselves without any trustworthy means, except their muscles, of earning a livelihood. A generation or two ago we should have been told that the entire genius of English life was hostile to apprenticing lads of gentle birth and breeding to any kind of manual industry or physical employment. It has here been circumstantially shown that such a sentiment no longer has any practical existence. The development of electricity in connexion with various forms of municipal enterprise has opened up a practically new employment for boys in electrical engineering. At the same time, the young Englishmen, for whose gentility a lawyer's office formerly presented itself as the one desirable employment, now bind themselves to accountants, to house agents, or to auctioneers: as for that last calling, it has become the highest ambition of those who have unsuccessfully competed for Trinity or Balliol scholarships, themselves, while still in their first youth, to mount the rostrum and to handle the hammer. Together with all this, it must be

remembered that the growing completeness of the educational ladder, from the Board school to the Woolsack or the Primacy, not only by bringing every career within the reach of all, but by equalizing the chances of all, has already proved tantamount to the removal of the old barriers that separated classes; it has in fact thrown all orders of British boyhood into a single class.

It would therefore seem to be, humanly speaking, certain that the process, which will continue for years in the relations between the upper, the middle, and the lowest classes, will be one of mutual exchange. The moral and mental qualities which command success in life will, in an increasing degree, promote to higher levels the sons of the humblest parents. On the other hand, the absence of what is comprehended in the one word 'conduct' will depress the sons of well-to-do parents to a position below that for which they were born, bred, and taught. Amidst these changes, any remnant of irrational superstition against any sort of honest vocation will finally disappear. Already, as has been more than once pointed out in the course of these remarks, the distinction between the upper classes and the middle classes has become to a great extent an anachronism. On a plane, a little beneath that which was the scene of the earlier changes, an analogous transformation is now being effected. The empire, whereof on every side so much is now said, does not of itself secure prosperity to any of its subjects. The industrial opportunities in which it abounds demand and stimulate for their proper use the resourceful industry which knows no difference between the sons of rich and poor, high and low, and which, if bravely and honestly plied, rewards both impartially. Under such a condition of things, the one difference that men will care to recognize is that, not between the accidents of birth, but between the results that wait upon the use or abuse of chances that are open to all.

Equally in impulsively loyal Canada and in intensely democratic Australasia, loyalty to the Crown goes with an absolute lack of sympathy with the traditions of the polite

world in the mother country or any system of minute class distinctions. Already we have seen the fashionable polity of London appreciably affected by the growing infusion into it of American beauty or wealth. The antipodean element in it may in time become not less pronounced than the transatlantic. The closer the colonial cousins from Sydney or Melbourne are brought into touch with their relatives in the old country, the less the respect likely to be paid in future to the social idols, whose worship in polite England underwent no appreciable decline till the second half of the last century.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE NEED FOR A POSITIVE GOSPEL.

THE following passage arrested my attention in the *Daily News* of August 21, 1903:

'In Bowdoin College, Maine, the class, numbering sixty men, were of all varieties of religious opinion, from radical to conservative. At the end of their course for the B.A. degree, in which science and philosophy are well represented, the President, Dr. Hyde, a liberal Congregational clergyman and a Hegelian thinker, asked each man to write out his religious beliefs. This being done, with great variety in the result, Dr. Hyde invited the class to meet him and discuss the statement to which he had reduced all the credal material they had handed in. In this, while using his own phraseology, he had been careful to preserve the substance or the tendency of the individual writer's thought. At the end of the second hour of the ensuing discussion, the class, by a unanimous vote, adopted the following composite creed:

'"I believe in one God, present in nature as law, in science as truth, in art as beauty, in history as justice, in society as sympathy, in conscience as duty, and supremely in Christ as our highest ideal.

'"I believe in the Bible as the expression of God's will through man, in prayer as the devotion of man's will to God, and in the Church as the fellowship of those who try to do God's will in the world.

'"I believe in worship as the highest inspiration to work, in sacrifice as the price we must pay to make right what is wrong, in salvation as growth out of selfishness into service, in eternal life as the survival of what loves and is lovable in each individual, and in judgement as the obvious fact that the condition of the gentle, the generous, the modest, the pure, and the true is always and everywhere preferable to that of the cruel, the sensual, the mean, the proud, and the false."

'Many will regard this statement as sufficiently felicitous to be copied and remembered. The unanimity which it elicited among those college men reminds one of Emerson's prophecy, that a statement of religious belief would yet be made that would render scepticism rationally impracticable.'

Now the press does us great service in bringing to our notice such symptomatic facts. That before us is significant of much which is calculated to raise concern, when we study current religion from the centre of Christian faith. What is here formulated is not only not New Testament *doctrine*—it lacks the New Testament atmosphere and note. It has nothing to say of sin, faith, or repentance; nothing of salvation, redemption, or reconciliation. Salvation is our 'growth,' not God's act. It is not passing from death to life, but only from life to more life. It is nothing more than Positivism prescribes—the growth from selfishness to service. What it says of judgement can only be described by the literary adjective 'precious.' Its Church is a society, not of believers, confessors, and conquerors, but of endeavourers, 'those who try to do God's will.' It is not at all positive, only tentative. Prayer is not impetration, but only resignation. Eternal life is the survival of the lovable, not God's gift of grace to the unlovely. Sacrifice is not a price paid for us, but the price we must pay to set wrong right. This creed surrenders everything but the one thing God's sacrifice has to destroy—our pride in self-salvation by self-sacrifice.

All this is not positive Christianity, but natural religion of the cheerful, sunny, young, and American type, which has 'never descended into hell,' or found the absolute triumph in the absolute tragedy.

It is a bad case of watering the Christian stock. And it raises a question, which indeed is stirred from many quarters to-day: What is a positive gospel?

I.

Is a positive gospel one that preaches Christ? But all Christianity does that. The question calls for a more

definite answer. Religions, like men, gain their influence through character, specific and positive. And the whole tendency of historic religion has been to pass from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from a diffuse monism to essential difference and feature, from the natural and vague to the specific, supernatural, and positive. The question is not, Do you believe? but, What do you believe? And the answer is not, I believe Christ, nor, I believe in the Cross as the principle of sacrifice; but, I believe in the Cross of Christ as the grace of God and the source of a new life and nature through faith. A positive gospel dwells more on the uniqueness of Christ than on His solidarity with us. It trusts more to His difference from man as Redeemer than on His unity with man as brother; and it treats His uniqueness, not as of degree but of kind.

It is impossible not to feel the fascination of a book like Sabatier's *Esquisse*. Its charm is great as a personal confession. But it is defective as a philosophy of the gospel. It embodies the whole current tendency to minimize the difference between Christ and human nature. 'What we note in the consciousness of Christ we find repeated in the experience of Christians, less luminously, no doubt, but still repeated and verified.' 'We find in Christ that perfection of piety which each Christian to this day finds in himself.' Christ's was only an inaugural experience, in this creed. He was not Saviour, but initiator and spiritual ancestor. He is our crutch, not our rock. He was more, indeed, than example, He was type; but still He was not Redeemer in any but an accommodated sense. We do not believe *in* Him, but *like* Him. We reproduce Him, we are Christs. He is the publication to heaven and earth of the magnificent spiritual resources at the foundation of humanity. We are not so bad at bottom. Our will on the whole is not hostile to God's law. It has been badly directed, and lost its way. But forgiveness puts us on the path we left, and helps us on with divine cheer. It is an important incident in the godly life. It is tacked on to the end of a prayer. It is peripheral, not central and vital. It is not new life, but the rehabilitation

of the old. Original sin has left to us not only a human nature but an original righteousness. In Christ we find not grace, so much as our divine selves. Of course God is holy, but there is nothing in His holiness to make us despair or tremble. We feel the burden, slavery, and misery of sin for man, but not its wound, its wrong and fraud on God, the robbery of His rights, the fear of His condemnation and judgement. He is Love, He is Father; and Christ came to show us in the most impressive of all ways that this is so. 'I cannot feel your stress on the distinction between love and grace,' I have been told, even by a minister. Religion is the greatest kind of poetry. We recognize God's law in its beauty, but we have not strength to fulfil it. So God in Christ gives us, by the Spirit, energy to do so. And His charity makes up for our defect. He knows our weakness, and does not treat us with rigour. He treats us as children, not as sinful men. All this is Humanism really. It is also Pelagian Catholicism. Can we wonder at the spread of Catholicism in a Humanist age?

All this identifies the revealing act of God with man's psychical development, of which Christ was the crowning type. It is psychological mysticism. We cannot hold that view alone, and still speak of redemption in the positive sense which is the whole witness of the Church. For it Christ is not there chiefly to express and realize humanity in advance, nor to be the pioneer of perfection, but to create a new humanity. 'There is a new creation.' He is there to turn the course of humanity, not to give the mightiest impulse on old lines. There is more truth in what Calvin says about the corruption and helplessness of humanity till God redeem it than in all the modern talk about the resources, excellences, and possibilities of human nature when it is helped to fair play. The Calvinist at least felt the greatness of the problem and the gravity of the situation with a sincerity and adequacy of which current thought shows little sign. Much favourite writing about the great perennial themes is no more than the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* on deep waters, or cabin gossip on the vast high seas.

I have heard a preacher say that 'Christ came to renew our faith in the possibilities of human nature.' That means He is our great auxiliary. He is the greatest of those who cheer the rowers from the bank; His voice is the most piercing and rousing of all the veterans that run with us as we toil at our oar. But positive Christianity teaches that, while Christianity was indeed given us to realize the development of all our powers, it was quite as much to combat them and build goodness on their failure. Its first and deepest connexion is with our broken and ruined nature.

Positive Christianity turns upon the supernatural person of Christ as involved in the bearing of human sin and the cleansing of human guilt. Its irreducible core is *Remissio peccatorum propter Christum*, as the Reformers said. It means the faith that we profit nothing if we gain the whole world and lose not our guilt. It starts with the actual moral situation, and declares that—

1. God has forgiven us fully and finally.
2. He has done so for Christ's sake.
3. Every other article of Christian faith flows from this, and is valuable according to its bearing on this.
4. Every energy of the moral life has this source and standard.

The Christian creed has but one article. It is the gospel. And this gospel is its one universal authority. All things centre in the moral world; and the moral world centres here.

Here, especially, we find the true meaning of the Incarnation and the supernatural person of Christ—not in His birth. He was born as was required by His redeeming death. And all theories of the Incarnation which do not start from redemption, but only descend on it, are misleading. Their practical consequence is a programme of social regeneration without evangelical change; which is no more than a sublimated humanism.

The old post-Reformation orthodoxy was equally positive about every doctrine, because all alike were found in Scripture. But Christian Positivism values them as found in the gospel. It moves the doctrinal principle from inspiration to

redemption. It rates and places the various articles according to their necessity for a gospel and their bearing on salvation. It leaves such doctrines as creation, free will, predestination, the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and the like, to speculative developments. And it concentrates on this as the living focus of man's universe—a gracious God in Christ. It fixes on the region of the soul's salvation, and of the mind's satisfaction through that.

II.

A positive Christianity thus enhances the distinction between grace and nature. It offers man first not his ideal but his Saviour, and it sets before him not his own perfection but the glory of God. It provides him not with a career but an obedience, not a spiritual development but a redemption, not a religion but a gospel. It does not crown his hopes but rescues his hopelessness. Apart from this gospel, the greatest thing in man is his misery. It accentuates not what identifies Christ and man, but their difference. It finds the node of salvation in what Christ did in our stead rather than in our name, in what God actually did in Him rather than in what we ideally did through Him. Its Christ is rather the visitation of God than the bloom of man. Its great problem is not in sin's origin but in its end. It does not reveal how it arose, but it does reveal how it ends. It arose in man's shame, but it ends in the praise of God's glory and grace. It is the problem of our sin and not of our weakness, of man's wickedness more than his folly. It deals not with the shyness of ignorant children but with the shame of traitors and rebels, and it can never teach us to trust without also teaching us to repent. It does not spiritualize the natural man but redeems him into a new nature. It does not turn our natural affections on God, but it endows us with a new heart and a new kind of love evoked by unheard of grace. It has to undo the mischief wrought by theories like natural law in the spiritual world, or sentiments like love the greatest thing in the world. Whatever fills the spiritual world with

natural law, tends to empty it of divine grace. And if the greatest thing in the world be love, what becomes of the greatest religion as faith in grace; and indeed of the whole Protestant as distinct from the Catholic idea of life and value? Herein is love, not in benignity but in propitiation. Positive Christianity recalls us from the perils of charity at the cost of justice, forgiveness at the cost of holiness, and breadth at the cost of definite depth. It is neither negative nor apologetic. It is as little statutory as speculative. It is not too concerned about a good understanding either with the scientific, the cultured, or the worldly world. Its gospel is concerned not to harmonize all things with each other, nor to adjust itself to all things, but to reconcile all things to itself. It gathers all things to itself as their true head; their harmony is not in their system but in their centre. It unites all things, not in a vague monistic substance but in a living subject, who from his throne evermore makes all things new. It serves as one whose right it is to reign; it reigns as one that saves to the uttermost, and in so saving acquires absolute property and rights in the soul. And it loves not as the lost love their like but as the holy loves the lost. It owns an immanent God, but only in the interest of His transcendent grace. There is a fullness of all things, but it is a transcendent Christ; and all things have their being in Him who was before all worlds. A positive gospel is neither deist and remote, nor is it pantheist, humanist, and intrinsic to man. And its action on the world is no mere miracle or rupture of a closed universe; nor is it a matter of human course. The burden of its message is not a loving disposition on God's side, nor even a gracious gift, but a deed of redemption, eternal, decisive, and final. It declares that the central state of man upon earth is not a glory, a hope, or even a possibility, but a tragedy. His case is, indeed (so far as we know reality at all), the tragedy of existence. But, assumed by God in Christ, 'the absolute tragedy becomes the absolute triumph,' and to man in this redemption all things are possible.

A positive gospel is thus not merely a gospel of definite

truth but of decisive reality, not of clear belief but of crucial action at an historic point. It stakes all reality, all the future, all spiritual destiny, upon the foregone act of God's forgiving grace in the Cross of Christ. That Cross draws upon the whole resource of God, who gave His only begotten Son; and it determines the whole destiny of man, whom it transfers from death to life eternal. The foundation of our certainty is Eternal Life.

It is not positive enough to say that the gospel comes with Christ, that its faith is a passionate devotion to Him. Nor does it touch the quick nerve to say that it is 'an overwhelming sense of God, an unmeasured appreciation of Christ, and a constant comradeship with the Holy Ghost.' The very word 'comradeship' in this connexion comes upon one with a shock, and reveals a cheery youthfulness and a sanguine humanism, incompatible with the truly abased and worshipful note. It has the note of incorrigible self-respect and coequal affinity, as with a genius. And it has not the note of total redemption, the new birth, and the death of death—the soul's last tragedy, and the Saviour's absolute conquest. In this religion there are no heavens and no hells.

III.

A positive gospel has its substance in the last reality of men and things—namely, in eternal life. But its form must be relevant to the needs and crises of the hour. It must be modern no less than positive. And this modern form it must not accept with reluctance but assume in sympathy, with the alacrity of conscious power. Positive means something much more than merely concessive. We may think modern and come out positive. And that is the positivity we need. The lack of it has made the book of a very able man quite irrelevant and useless. I refer to Dr. Kuyper's work on the Holy Spirit. No gospel is positive for any section of time which does not adjust it to the underlying eternity; but also no gospel can be truly eternal which is foreign to any section of time. It is eternal reality that is

the salvation of every age; but it can be the salvation of no age if it do not speak its tongue and feel its need, and meet it. It does not preach the public thought, but it must speak the public tongue. It is only an eternal gospel that can meet the mood of every age; but if it do not handle that mood, it is less than eternal. It may meet much in the age by resisting or even defying it, but it must treat it with sympathetic intelligence. It may refuse to meet the age's demand, but it must interpret the demand and meet the age's need. To do this, it must not merely listen to the hour, it must translate it. A positive gospel has for its first object not circulation but salvation. And it must often save the age from itself. It must save both Church and world from a self-deception which recurs so inveterately both upon piety and upon prosperity that nothing can cure it but a word or a flash from heaven. It must save the Church as well as the world from itself.

But it can never do that if it set itself to confront the age or the Church in mere indocile antagonism or intractable antipathy. How can any gospel be positive which translates eternity to the economic age of machinery in the same forms as it offered to the military age of feudalism? And how can it fortify us against modern armies with the picturesque old ramparts? The Eternal Spirit is a most flexible Spirit; and nothing is so subtle and versatile as the reality in which all things and times consist and move.

There was an age when the ruling and relevant form of the gospel was actual mainly by being intellectual. There was another when it was political. And we have come to a time when it must be social. And it must not be social with a grudge, or a regret, and a hankering for the days when piety spoke only the language of the staid burgher or the theological schools. Nor can positive faith simply *accept* the language of social love; its direct relation with the love of Christ *inspires* it. The growing freedom of Christian faith releases its too nice tongue for its long forgotten vernacular; it restores its withered hand for common help. A positive gospel forces us anew upon the foundation of our

faith, and sends us out renewed from the contact. That was what the Reformation did. And the Reformation did not do all. It only gave us the principle of all future reform. 'Greater things than these ye shall do.' Living faith is always fresh, always in touch with the Creator's youth, always ready to begin again. A positive gospel goes back with new critical machinery upon the Bible, and with fresh insight upon the first message and its gift. It rediscovers continually the kingdom of God. The power of the Cross is to establish that kingdom, and not to construct systems; and its fate is bound up with no final form of creed or institution. It is bound up with nothing less than historic reality, human destiny, and God's eternal glory. It is the business of a Church charged with a positive gospel to inspire or welcome every impulse of human pity which does not ignore the responsibility of human guilt, to promote every amendment which does not dispense with a foundation of repentance, and to welcome and press public reform so long as the social ideal is the kingdom of God. This much at least seems certain. The popular and traditional forms of evangelizing have lost their effect in some cases. Either their mental forms are the dogmatic shells of a bygone age, or their practical forms are irrelevant to current needs. While, on the other hand, a very large section of those who are preoccupied with social service give little indication of a grasp of positive Christianity, or even of sympathy with it as an act of faith, or more than a frame of mind. If that be so, their service has the sentence of death in itself, and it will become as hollow as they feel the old dogmas to be. And for the same reason: from the ebb of a living faith which renews its strength when the young men have grown weary of their work and of themselves. We cannot go on to believe in man (if we know the world), except by faith in what Christ has securely done for man. And if we do not believe in man we shall not go far out of our way to help him. An American treatise on practical theology starts from the position that the Church is primarily a working Church. It is nothing of the kind. It is first a believing Church, then it

is a worshipping Church, then it is a loving Church, and only then has it anything to work with or anything to give the world. The first test of a Church is not how it serves the age but how it serves the gospel. It is a positive gospel, confronting the age and not merely expressing it. Debasement and doom await any religion when it is reduced to be chiefly a means of human happiness, or a social utility to avert revolutions and ease the politician's way. One of its chief functions, indeed, is to abate the passion for happiness, to create a greater new life, in which man is there for God's glory more than God for man's.

IV.

This is the distinctive element in the Christian consciousness or the Christian experience. Such experience is not merely the baptism of our finest intuitions, nor the ennobling of our best passions, nor the consecration of our natural affections, whether glad or sad. But it is peace with God, through forgiven faith in what Christ has done. And it is peace not as inland calm but as practical confidence. It may not feel quiet, but it knows itself to be reconciled, right, safe, sure, and strong, with God for us, not against us.

The consecration of life's vicissitudes and relations is a real side of Christianity. But it is only a side and not the centre. It is not the positive and distinctive gift of Christianity—which is what I have said. All God's consecration or comfort of our hearts is but one half. It is God with us rather than God for us. It is man glorified by God, and not God glorified by man. So far, we must go back to Calvin.

One of the great mistakes of the ministry has been, not so much preaching to the world as if it were Christian, but preaching to Christians as if they lived on the Bible, and cultivated a positively Christian experience. I mean by such experience the sense of God's holiness as well as His homeliness, of Christ's sorrow over the lost as well as His pity for the suffering. The Christianity of most people is not positive. It is natural religion spiritualized, baptized without

regeneration. It views Christianity as the sanction to human happiness or the consolation of human trouble. God is there to bless the family, the nation, honest industry, and worthy enterprise. In a word, God's chief end is to bless man. Man's chief end is not to glorify God. Christ, it thinks, lived and died for humanity in a far more thorough sense than humanity need live and die for Him. The human needs which Christianity meets are the needs met by philanthropy or sympathy; they are not the abysmal needs of the moral soul, sinful and utterly lost. What we owe Christ, in this view, is generous acknowledgement, but not eternal and unspeakable praise for eternal life itself. We meet the case by worshipful thanksgiving, or by peripheral sacrifices, contributions which are only occasionally felt as sacrifice—only not with our total and central selves. In this view, Christ is the greatest contribution ever made to human hope and happiness, to public peace and family comfort. And that is a creed quite unfit to produce a humanity whose one glory is to glorify Christ, to contribute itself through Him to the glory of God.

A bourgeois Christianity of this kind is incapable of the great insights, decisions, and sacrifices which are the turning-points of Christian history. A Christianity which makes the chief work of Christ to be the production of Christian ethic and sentiment is sure to fail us at the crucial time. The heroisms that fit great junctures can only be reared on a far more positive gospel. We are not our own at all. We have no right to happiness or comfort, only to mercy and Christ. And we have that right only by positive gift of grace, and by no natural claim of sonship.

V.

We can never return to the stiff old orthodoxy which was positive about everything. But there has long been need that we return to its positive gospel. Orthodoxy was a theology; and liberalism was another theology. The one criticized and often resented the other. The tone on both

sides was often scolding and denunciatory. The one was said to be broad to vagueness, the other narrow to bitterness. But it is not a theology we chiefly want, not even a positive one. It is a gospel. It is power. It is authority. It is an absolute owner and an absolute obedience. It is a positive and final gospel, by which alone men had life, and for which they would die a hundred times.

Theological liberalism had one great drawback when it went to the public. Most people became more interested in its negations, which were new, than in its affirmations, which were perennial. They failed to realize that thought and history did not progress from negation to negation, but from affirmation to affirmation. Liberalism ceased to be a positive power like the Reformation, and it became a critical temper like the Illumination—as if the gospel were no more than a charter for free inquiry in a spirit of charity. The end of this must always be a greater interest in what is discovered than in what is *given*, in our correction of the gospel than in its correction of us. But a positive gospel is given, or it is nothing. The genius of it is specific, exclusive, and even monopolist. It is not at its core eclectic, compromising, broad in the vague sense. I am speaking, be it remembered, not of a theology but of a gospel, of God's gift, rescue, and claim. It is intense, narrow, jealous, and strait in the gate, as the Cross was strait. It is a simple gospel, certainly. The bane of the Church has been that it has not made its gospel simple enough, lay enough, popular enough. But when we have made it as simple as the New Testament, is it as simple as the broad air which we breathe and know it not, and cleave but perceive it not? Is the simplicity of the gospel the simplicity of effortless apprehension? Is it not rather the simplicity of directness more than lucidity, of immediate relation with God instead of much mediation, and of intense concentration on the single issue of grace instead of an assent dispersed over a whole theological system? When we concentrate with this direct simplicity upon the solemn centre of grace, do we find it a still and limpid lagoon? Are we not rather shut up in

the greatest mystery of the soul, the greatest paradox, shock, and conflict that humanity ever faced? The Cross is the most incredible of realities, and the greatest blow that human nature and human ease ever got. It shakes us to the foundations, that it may rebuild us deeper on live rock, and do this once for all. 'Father—child' is a simple gospel, but it is not searching enough to reach the soul in its lowest hell. And a positive gospel must do this. It is not tentative, like a programme of reform. Nor is it merely palliative. It is redemptive. And when religion ceases to be redemptive, it ceases at last to be religion. It is not vague and formless, like a religion of humanity. It is not universal in merely expressing fully what underlies all religions. It is not the inductive result of comparative religion. A merely universal religion views God from the standpoint of the wide world, and reaches Him by its methods. But a positive religion views the whole world from the standpoint of God. And God's standpoint is Christ's Cross, which gives the whole revelation of God's will and purpose implicit in an historic fact—a positive utterance of Himself, actual for men and universal for the world. There is no true universality in religion except by way of positive, specific, concentrated religion. Religions, like men, grow in universality, in their range of influence, in proportion as they possess some sure rendezvous. They radiate from a point, they do not lap us in a cloud. They make an *étoile* and not a labyrinth, if they bring us help at all. The principle of the historic Cross is this positivity, this concentration, this straitened way of perfect freedom, and condensed incoming of universal God. Incoming! For a positive gospel is an incursion into human life, and not merely an evolution.

A positive gospel is a gospel of concentration. It does not print every truth in the same italics, and say everything staccato like the old orthodoxy. Nor does it smudge everything and blur truth in a luminous haze and a tender tone. It concentrates the emphasis; and it organizes the accent from one central and creative source. Its creed has but one article, which contains, issues, and distributes and places all the rest.

No man has given the gospel its intellectual place who is not organizing all faith's knowledge from the central and creative point of grace. I do not say systematizing, because it is a living order that is in question, and not a dead; and its mark is not logical concinnity but spiritual consistency. A positive theology radiates in moral sequacity from the central principle of grace; and having there its perpetual rendezvous, it has the freedom of a vast realm, the variety of an infinite world, and the breadth of the whole heaven for its scope.

What the public needs from a Church is message and guidance. It needs a lead. But a Church whose one idea is to be broad and comprehensive gives no lead. Let it seek first the kingdom, and the kingdom will shape its comprehension. A positive gospel will always do its own sifting. But it is no lead to point to plain and ocean with an airy and genial sweep. It has been a mistake of many young ministers to think that what the public really wanted was a broad Christianity. Such a craving, in so far as it existed, was but a mood of reaction or the echo of a cultured minority. The real need, and now the demand, is for something express and positive, something given, something claimed, by God. People do not object to a preacher who says 'Thus saith the Lord.' They only want appropriate evidence for the claim. They want a positive content behind the dogmatic tone. The greatest loss of the pulpit is the loss of *Thus saith the Lord.* We must not shrivel, but we must concentrate. To believe at all is just to concentrate. It is to fix attention upon one thing out of a versatile world, and compel the will to settle with it. The lack of belief usually means weakness of will, and not poverty of wit. It is inability to decide and choose. It is lack of moral positivity. The man who chooses must do some violence to himself. Indifference is really hostility. It is not neutrality. Our bane is distraction, diversion in all senses, religious dilettantism, multitudinous middlingness, lack of total devotion to central things. Renan said it was the mark of a distinguished person to smile down on his

work. The superior being, he said, is never obsessed by anything. This was his reading of Christ. And Paul, he said, was so much inferior to Christ, because so much otherwise. Paul believed clumsily and pedantically (*lourdement*), because he was obsessed by Christ. But we must be obsessed by a positive gospel. A decided grasp is more needed than a genial spirit. We ought to know where we are. We ought to know the true north. I do not mean that truth is measured by lucidity. To see things in sharp outline and see all round is a useful gift. But it is possessed by many who do not know the true pole, and whose souls have no sure centre and fixed home.

A merely liberal Christianity is still one which is measured by its creed. It has not escaped from the region of beliefs —only it claims that its beliefs are broad instead of narrow. But a positive gospel takes us out of the region of beliefs, broad or narrow, into that of faith, and puts broad and narrow alike at the mercy of decisive miraculous grace, revealed once for all, and calling for response once for all.

VI.

In selecting and concentrating, we detach the gospel from much that can be inferred from the gospel. Inference is one thing, inspiration another. We cannot indeed put theology on one side and religion on the other. The core of our message cannot be stated except in theological terms. The forgiveness of sins for Christ's sake is the gospel; and such a gospel is theological, or meaningless. But we can part between a statement and a message, a truth and a power. The truth as it is in Jesus may mean the truth we gather from Jesus, but it is rather the truth which is Jesus. A positive gospel does not oppose narrow truth with broad truth, as liberalism does. It selects from the truths it inherits those that directly concern the soul's state and fate, and can be verified in spiritual experience. And in these truths it subordinates the element of knowledge to the element of life and power. It has its doctrines, but it is not *doctrinaire*. It

is not scholastic. It is not at the mercy of the professional theologian. In the same way it has rites and customs, but it is not in its essence statutory. Its worship is not at the mercy of the liturgiologist.

I may illustrate by reference to the conversion of one who, by theology, fought his way above theology and came out clear—positive, yet theological all the same: I mean Bunyan. For long after his conversion had begun, his scrupulous mind was the victim of a severe form of orthodoxy in regard to the equal and atomistic inspiration of Scripture, the equal truth and value of each several text. For him the Bible was one vast congeries of truths, without the perspective or proportion of faith. His days were easy or miserable according as his ruling text was one of comfort or doom. He was nearly driven mad by passages, like that in Hebrews, about the unforgivableness of sin against light; while anon the gloom was shot with gleams from more comfortable words. So he was the sport of texts, and the prey of a book. And had he continued on this textual level the dismal battle might have gone on to make an end of his reason and his faith together. It was no text that brought him deliverance at last, but the gospel, upon which all texts crystallize and fall into their graded place. Of a sudden it came home to him in the fields that his efforts at goodness were as misplaced as futile, and that 'his righteousness was with Christ in heaven.' That broke the Bible's yoke upon him as an orthodoxy, and gave it him as a gospel. He could at first find no text which expressly said so. But his peace did not wait for that. He found a text ultimately; but it was his Bible's gospel that gave life to the Bible words. Before, the Bible as a book had been his master; now, through the Bible as a gospel, he became its master. It was in a piece of positive theology that he found his true Saviour and his true soul. And with this lamp in his hand he went back, in the most thorough and courageous way, upon all the texts that had terrified him most, and then they fell into their true place and did their true work. When he struggled for comfort, no comfort came; but when he

ceased craving for comfort and found his stay, it brought comfort with it. And this stay he found in the gospel, which is the theological soul of the Bible. There he found the critical principle which organized every text.

The cure for hard orthodoxy is not a free theology but a theology of freedom. A positive theology is not one, for instance, which denies miracles, but it is one which reduces the question to its true place and relation with the miracle of forgiveness, which is repeated and verified in every redeemed experience. A positive gospel is one that has a *direct* bearing on the actual moral situation, the crux of which is the Holy One's treatment of my sin and the sin of the world. A free theology is not a theology of free thought, but of the freedom that passes knowledge.

VII.

There is one note indispensable to a positive gospel, and indeed supreme; it is the note of authority. No gospel can dispense with the note of sympathy, but the first requisite of a religion is an objective and a superior; whereas sympathy is subjective and fraternal. Religion is not a temperament but an obedience. Its object is not to impress but to capture and to rule. An impressive gospel may be a very weak one. The more we strive after impressiveness the more we lose in influence. And we might have a body of Christians whose preachers were most popular and effective, but whose public influence was slight, simply because the thing preached had more power to move than to command. It had the note of sympathy more than of competency or authority, and it was more at home in love's lenitives than in the faith that overcometh the world. It is too often forgotten that no voice can say 'Comfort ye' with distinct effect unless it can say with equal effect 'Woe unto you.'

A positive religion is one with authority. Its opening word and ruling note is always 'Thus saith the Lord.' This carries us indeed farther than mere authority, it carries us to an absolute authority. A positive religion is one with

the word of an absolute authority, both in its material content and in its habitual manner. The manner need not be dogmatic, the style need not be pronounced. The dogmatic manner indeed can quench the positive note. The positiveness need not obtrude itself, but it must make itself felt. Even when the matter for the moment is secondary, the primary atmosphere of authority still invests it. The true preacher of a positive gospel cannot speak even of the minor moralities as do the scribes.

An absolute authority is that which is set up by the vital contact with the ultimate reality of life. The thing most real is the thing most ruling. And reality is a practical matter; it is a moral matter. It is not the metaphysician that touches it duly, but the active conscience. It is a matter of the conscience in its actual condition and its actual destiny. And the actual condition of the conscience is one of sin and enslavement; while its most actual need and destiny is deliverance—and deliverance, not from penalty but from its false self to its true. The absolute authority in life resides with the power to forgive sin.

That is a power, however, which belongs only to the object of offence. It belongs only to the wounded God, and the exercise of it is His supreme if not sole revelation. The absolute authority resides in the revelation which forgives. It resides in the gospel, in the act of deliverance, in the person of the Redeemer. I say the *person* with some stress, in contrast with the character. It is not the character of Christ that is the revelation of God; that is too aesthetic a position for the final and requisite religion; but it is the *person*, in so far as it expresses and exhausts itself in a decisive act. God belongs to the category of those who 'do things.' Christ came not as a spectacle, ethical or spiritual, but as an agent and a power. A gospel is not a novel but a drama; it is not an exhibition of divine character or psychology, but the achievement of an act final for human destiny, central for human history, relevant to all thought, and exhaustive for God's heart and will. All that has to be done has been done. All has been done that it is in God to

do. All the deepest that we need, or the best we shall yet do, is but some phase or function of that which God in the gospel of Christ has done for our redemption. By the gospel —let us mark particularly—is not meant a message about Christ's act, but that act itself as a message, and still more as a deed, a work. And by Christ is meant the dying Christ. That Christ—not the teaching Christ, but the Christ of redemption—is the eternal Christ, the presence and revelation of the absolute Spirit, the head over all things for the soul. The teaching, prophetic Christ was, like prophetism itself, a failure. All Christ's teaching from His own lips failed to divert His public from their perdition in bringing Him to the Cross; how ineffectual it must be for the same object, from the lips of others. The gospel of the Cross as an eternal act in an eternal Spirit, as a spiritual *fait accompli*, is the final authority; and its principle is the test of all truth at last, as well as the judge of all action. Such is the message of a positive gospel.

It is an authority witnessed by a Church, but not residing in a Church. A Church can claim absolute authority only if religion be a doctrine and faith be assent. It is then a *doctrinaire* authority. But religion is nothing so external, and faith is a soul's self-disposal; which is self-destruction if the soul be assigned to an institution instead of a Soul divine and redemptive. The positive element in a gospel is not the dogma but the deed, not the aged dogma but the eternal deed, fresh, strong, intimate, and eternal for each soul. A positive gospel is a message and not a poem; and it is a message which is nothing less than *the* very act of God, which turns the whole course of human history and settles the whole future of human destiny so that the redeeming God is all in all. The gospel, as God's message in His own redemptive act, is prior to any gospel as man's message of that act. The gospel is not a revelation about the Cross; it is the Cross as revelation. God's message is the gift of Himself, and not of anything about Himself. It is God Himself in Christ, reconciling; it is not a report that reconciliation has been made. We do not carry home the gospel

till we carry home Christ. A gospel so positive cannot be stated, it must be preached; and preached in such fashion that every sermon is an act and not a production, which demands from us neither attention nor assent alone, but welcome, honour, and obedience.

VIII.

This implies, further, that a positive gospel is essentially *historical*. Christianity has a point of origin in time, an historical development, and a Church. It is final; and its finality is given with its origin, not reached in its growth. It is the finality, however, of a living principle, and not a fixed system. Because it is positive, it is not therefore statutory. It concentrates the vagueness of natural religion into a divine act which natural religion could never attain. It rests on no mystic intuitions, but on a moral deed which God has done once for all. Since its coming we get no new revelation. We get new apprehensions of the old, new vistas, horizons, relations, and visitations. But God said His *last* word in the Cross of His *only* Son.

Its very genius is thus *objective* and not subjective. The Bible, amid all its perversions by men, has secured this essential feature of the faith. It provides us with an objective and historical standard both for faith and thought, which is of perpetual effect. It is external as authority, and must always be so; but it is not alien, not heteronomous, to our spiritual nature. The essential difference between a natural Christianity and a positive is just this: the latter has an external source of power and object of faith, though not an external voucher of truth. We fall back not on our hours of vision but on our Saviour God. The Christian religion of grace finds the transcendence of God more essential than His immanence for the soul. (For science, of course, it is the other way.) Our most precious thing descends on us, and does not arise from us. It does not even emerge from our subliminal self.

To surrender this is to surrender the whole Protestant

position. And this is true, not for the theologian only, or chiefly, but for every Christian. To outgrow (as we do) the private use of the Bible as a means of grace, superfluous and inferior to mystic illuminations, is to leave positive Christianity behind, and to surrender the historic and objective quality of it for which Protestantism stands. Mysticism means in the long-run some form of Catholicism, and the setting up of a spurious historicity and objectivity later than our Christian source. A positive Christianity has much, of course, to say about faith, hope, love, and divine communion, but it has more to say of Christ—the historic, personal, and active Christ. It is only the historic Christ that we experience in any Christian communion. A positive Christianity has plenty to say of ideals afar, and of powers within, but it has more to say of the one divine gift and the corresponding divine demand. Its nature is moral and not ecstatic, ascetic, or sociological. It is rooted in the central moral transaction of the Cross between man's conscience and God's, between history and eternity. It is moral, but more than ethical, because its foundation is not simply righteousness but holiness, not rectification but the forgiveness of sin, and of *my* sin in particular. And it is rational, because the act of the new creation organizes into itself every relation of life and thought. It is spiritual in the sense of intellectual. It carries with it a science of itself. Science is not salvation, but there is a science of salvation none the less, and one that constantly enlarges with the godly life of the godly society. When we discard theology we do not escape from the ologies. We only fall into sociology, if we seek to escape beyond sentiment at all. This side of a positive Christianity does much also to protect us from material views of the sacraments, as well as impressional forms of piety. It is especially notable that these views increase to-day when the religious intelligence is discredited or neglected. And it should never be forgotten that the Reformation would have died out, in all probability, but for the magnificent provision made, by its Calvinistic side especially, for the education of the people in the positive principles of their faith. It is doubtful if

Lutheranism alone could have maintained the deliverance from Rome. It is only partially free to this day. And it soon fell a victim to the nationalist principle which is throttling Christianity both in Germany and in England. The association with the national idea was the greatest outward error the Reformation made. It was Calvinism, international, democratic, and free, that gave the Reformation its historic future, and repeated for modern times the deliverance from Jewish particularism which was wrought by Paul himself, the intellectual, the super-national, and the free. It is a positive religion that is at the root of social freedom. It is the most positive side of the Reformation that has had the emancipating effect on public liberty. It is the soul of a positive gospel—the sovereignty of God's fatherly grace—that has been the nurse of the very will it seemed to suppress, and the guarantee of the freedom it seemed to destroy. The fact is indubitable, however we explain it; and some due attention to it would give us back much of the positive Christianity we have lost, as well as much of our public spirit and influence. It was the Calvinists that bearded human kings, and saved us for ever from them in the Commonwealth days. And the great issue of spiritual liberty is being presented by their immortal influence to test us at the present moment. During the last fifty years popular Christianity, construing the New Testament by Whittier, MacDonald, Tennyson, and Browning, and led by literature rather than faith, and by writers more than students, has deified private and domestic fatherhood, and imported it into both the Bible and heaven. And this same time has been marked, at its close especially, by the growth of youthful insubordination, the neglect of parental authority, the loss of public liberty, and the decay of political justice. But the fatherhood of revelation is a fatherly sovereignty. Christ's ideal was the sovereignty (not the kingdom—as Dalmann proves) of God. If the two could be separated and a choice forced, it was for the kingship, the sovereignty of God, that Christ died rather than for the fatherhood alone. And it is this more positive gospel of fatherly sovereignty

that is the true foundation among men of mutual respect, kindly justice, and civic freedom. Man's chief end and perfection (I repeat) is to glorify God; it is not to use God for his own glory, comfort, and progress.

IX.

As the Church is a society on a totally different footing from other societies, so its positive truth is held on a different tenure from that other interest concerned with truth, namely, science. The Church's law has another source and standard than the State's; and its truth has another origin and method than that of science, or indeed culture of any kind, scientific or imaginative. It is positive in the sense of being original and autonomous, no less than determinate and 'jealous.' Its intellectual development rises from its own data. It must always, of course, be capable of growing adjustment to scientific conclusions, and it must often retract claims it had made to areas where it had no right. But its shaping spirit is its own. Its positive development issues from its own positive principle. And that principle is deduced from nothing. It is a new departure, a new creation, variously mediated in history and psychology, but always immediate and direct none the less. It is faith, which in its nature is as miraculous as the grace which is its object, and as inexplicable as the first impulse to create a world for thought to explore.

A positive gospel has its own science, as it posits its own distinctive premises; but this is not the same as what is often called a scientific theology, meaning a theology based on purely philosophic and rational principles and tested by them. The reality which we touch in Christ's gospel and its eternal life is at least as real as we touch (or grope for) in metaphysics. At any rate, we touch them with different hands. The message of each hand reaches the unitary self, and they darkly join deep in our mystic frame. But the right hand and the acting hand for a moral soul is faith. Science seeks; the gospel has. A scientific theology may criticize

the gospel; but a positive gospel judges all things, and is judged of none. It does not start from the universal data of religious experience or rational principle, but from a fixed point with a specific datum. It is a datum which is not merely a push but a source, a new life with an idiosyncrasy of its own, and with a reality not less real than any experience on which science may build. It is the historic fact, act, and gift of God in Christ and His Cross. This makes Christianity as historic as it is spiritual, and therefore continuous not merely in a sympathy but in a society, not in an intuition but in a Church. A positive theology must therefore be a Church theology—not necessarily *the* Church theology, but still a theology held in a corporate consciousness, and inspired and developed by the same faith as takes social form in a Church. It must be plied by believing men, and not by mere thinkers and scholars. It is not reason vivisecting faith, but faith stating and accounting for itself. Its object is not to make divines, but better, larger, richer Christians. It does not produce individual faith, perhaps (and it is certain that a philosophical theology does not), but it edifies faith. It is like great music in the sphere of culture, and it permeates faith as music lives by acoustic laws. And it arms faith for the great public conflicts which involve its life. The decisive battles of the world, says a French positivist, have been those of its creeds.

A positive gospel, therefore, is not simply one which is scientifically clear and knows its own mind, but it is clear and convinced as to a certain gift or power charged on that mind. It has not simply the temper of Christ, but the mind and content of Christ—not the Christian spirit, but the Holy Ghost. It is clear, therefore, that it is not every theology that can be tolerated in a Christian Church, but only one which duly construes the positive gospel that made the Church. It is not one to which the Christian revelation furnishes only the occasion, with free inquiry as its perpetual form. The inquiry must be such as postulates and conserves the specific features of a religion which was no mere advance but a decisive and final act of the Eternal Will. Whatever may be done in academic circles outside the

Church, the Church can only tolerate within her own sphere a theology which is in its nature evangelical. She may and should be friendly, and even more, to theologies of a more scholastic kind. But, for the purposes of her own existence in the world, she must exclude every system which blunts the incisive gospel that is her own reason for existing. It must be a Christian theology, not only in temper and atmosphere, but in its formative principle and evangelical norm.

It is thus a part of our positive gospel that we come with our own material and our own method, and that we do not wait upon the opinions or permissions of thinkers or investigators of any kind, however respectfully, and even hospitably, we treat their case. Our main object with a theology is not to vindicate its place in the circle of the sciences, nor to obtain for it citizenship in the republic of culture. We cannot sacrifice everything to securing for it university place, offering it as another means of intellectual discipline, or honouring it as another branch of the higher culture. To do this is to sacrifice Christianity itself in advance. It is of great value to include such things in our ministerial education. It is even indispensable. But it is a snare if it define our whole position or exhaust our whole function. It is easy to talk in a high-flown but ill-informed way about the value of a university degree. Its value is very great, and we lose unspeakably by its loss; but by itself it is a poor equipment for the service of a Church with a positive gospel. It is of great value to appreciate what Mr. William James or Sir Oliver Lodge says about the psychology of religion, but for us it is only of interest; it is not of moment, and not of authority. An apologetic anxiety has often impaired the positive note. And it is not always conciliatory to science itself. No man likes a subpoena. And when we compel a savant to be a witness for positions beyond his own convictions or interests, we do not prejudice him or his in our favour. His testimony may be of great use on the scientific frontier of our creed, and in the adjustment of our thought, but it is of far less value in the basing of it—especially before a popular jury. We build on

other foundations. The very essence of an evangelical theology, as distinct from a mere entail of orthodoxy, is to have our experimental foundation as sure and objective as any experience of the outer world. It must rest on the historic act of God and the faith it stirs. Our first and pressing business is neither to analyse the psychology of faith as a contribution to that order of science, nor to secure the adjustment of our view of life with that of a science strange to Christian experience. If we are preoccupied with such interests, our theology becomes as academic as university theology tends to be; we are then to evangelical theology as Athens was to St. Paul. We put the quality of our faith, if not its existence, at the mercy of research, culture, and excellent form. We show forth the finest charm of the natural man, but we have no gospel.

The theology of a positive gospel is not scientific, in the sense of other sciences. It no more takes its place among them than Christianity does among the religions, or the Church among the societies, of the world. The pulpit must not succumb to the chair, as in the churches of culture it does. The end of that would be a scribal priesthood, a social clergy, and a conventional piety issuing in an exaggerated estimate of orders and sacraments. It was the scribes more than the priests that slew Christ. It was the law and not the ritual, the formal conscience more than the vital, the State even more than the Church. Good Hillel, like many a clergyman, had every Christian grace and virtue except an eye for the gospel.

These considerations receive some practical relevancy for the Free Churches, owing to their recent position in the theological faculties of the new universities. It is perfectly certain that if this meant that our colleges, in the training of their students, should substitute for a positive evangelical theology a theology merely 'scientific,' philosophical, scholarly, or academic, they would cease to serve the Churches or be served by them. Such a theology might concur with the gospel, but it would not have its origin or its foundation in it, and therefore it would not have its power. And as our colleges exist to make ministers first

and scholars after, the loss of power would for us mean the loss of all. Even the Established Church, which can only remain such for lack of this power, and is positive chiefly in the matter of form, yet found it necessary, in its own interests, to establish training colleges when the abolition of tests deprived it of the monopoly of the old universities as clerical schools. We can make very great use of the new universities for our training, especially in connexion with the history of Church or doctrine; but that only lays upon us a greater burden than ever. For when we have educated our men to university pitch in these matters of history, we have still to find time and strength to instruct them in the merits of the case, and to print upon them, in a decisive way, the large and positive content of the gospel as well as its career. This is the element which bears more directly on their conviction and work as preachers of the gospel. And it is something that the colleges cannot possibly do, if the churches keep sending them chiefly men who have spent their most plastic years in business,[1] and then have to be drudged through the elements of a liberal education before they can begin on the history of theology and the interpretation of Scripture. Where is the time to be found after that for the more advanced course, for the study of theology itself on its merits? This cannot be effectually given without the university prolegomena; but it is the chief end of the colleges to provide it in the interests of a positive gospel, and of a Christianity that must know its own mind before it offers to guide the mind of the world.

X.

This positive quality in Christianity is often discouraged, and its distinction from the natural and rational standards is

[1] During those previous plastic years in business their mind has taken a set which makes serious study an impertinent drudgery, coming between the enthusiast and his pulpit. And the silly or vindictive things we hear ministers say about theology in later life are due to the fact that they were introduced to it in a state of mind so raw, stiff, and impatient that it was but a toil, an obstacle, and a nuisance.

often erased by a plausible pretext. We are confronted with the 'laicity,' the universality, the simplicity, the non-esoteric nature of Christianity. And we are told that if we rest it on a remote fact or a peculiar experience instead of the great intuitions, human and present, we make it sectional, and fit only for those who are experts. As if the soul were a sectional interest for mankind, and those who lived for it a class, like the amateurs of art! This is a special temptation to a democratic order of Church, which cannot bear the suggestion of a clergy, and which thinks that any essential difference set up between Christianity and natural goodness delivers it into the hands of a theological class. But the democracy, even the Christian democracy, must become less suspicious of a mental and spiritual *élite*. The whole Church, of course, is essentially a laity, with but One Priest; but it is not a level democracy, which could only end in sacred dullness. Whoever is truly Christian is among the *élite* of mankind. Our union with Christ places us in a world within the world, and severs us by a great breadth and height from the natural race. It is part of the positive nature of Christianity to work by an election. And such a preferential system so marks the spiritual life, that if public choice be not directed upon real spiritual eminency it will fix on the popular pulpit, and be led by such genius at the cost sometimes of the gospel secret. There is a permanent sense in which Christianity and its theology are essentially esoteric; and it cannot be a positive religion otherwise. We need not be narrow, but we must concentrate to gain a perspective of moral and spiritual values. We must have some central position, to enable us to measure anything. The positive note is no more the dogmatic manner than it is the apologetic tone. To concentrate is not to exclude. Our truth will do the exclusion, if we are faithful (as I have said), and save us from invidious exclusions by men who think they can do more for the gospel than the gospel does for them. When we really grasp what the gospel means, we realize that numbers or culture are too dearly bought at the price of a half-gospel. Nay, it is not a half-gospel that the world itself

in its heart respects. And to no such gospel in the end will it yield. It may resent rebuke, but it resents still more those who rebuke it on its own principles. A democracy which rolls out the mountains may extend the area of manageable soil; but it is little gained to make the world a great prairie, even if it is covered with wheat. And the great human soul which the gospel has in view will never be achieved by a Church which becomes a society for the promotion of Christian mediocrity. Such a desire may be a democratic instinct; but it is not the principle or the inspiration of a positive gospel, with its fixed points of historic revelation outstanding among the ages, and of spiritual insight among souls.

It is easy to absorb a certain amount of the scientific tendency, and stop in a chronic dualism of mind which divides and lames the soul. But one is our master. We must choose. We must escape the mawkish or indolent spirit, which genially avows that there is much truth on both sides, and good people in all the Churches. There were good people among the Jews, who were neither pained nor shocked by Christ's death. We must have a positive gospel, even at the cost of losing for the time some we would give almost anything but that to gain. For individuals, it may matter less that their philosophy should be monistic and evolutionary while their faith is dualist and redemptive. But if this half-and-half position became general, if the unstable elements are mixed on the scale of a whole community, there could be nothing but an explosion. There would be an end at least, if the community be a Christian Church, of its conviction, its power, its efficiency, and, at the last, of its activity. An eclectic philosophy may have its place and work, but an eclectic faith is a contradiction, even in terms.

And the danger of the hour, within the Church at least, is not hasty negation, but impatient comprehension, and a passion for mediation which would compromise everything to include everybody. It is the genius of the English Church. And it drove out of it, among many others, the

latest spiritual genius of its recent history. It was the *via media* of the Anglican Church that drove Newman into the arms of a Catholicism that, with all its faults, makes no such mistake. For its principle, so far, is sound. Its Catholicity it finds only in Catholicism—not in the Christian average of all the Churches, but in a very positive, though very flexible, Christian monopoly. The central secret of the Roman Church is that it demands not simply the believing mind, but provides it in itself with a single, supreme, and positive object of belief.

XI.

Within Christianity itself the same principle applies as distinguishes it from other religions—the positive or selective (not to say the dogmatic) principle. The ideal Christian is not equally at home in all the Churches—even in all the Protestant Churches. Universal tolerance is general vapidity. True tolerance is the product of positive conviction, selection, and preference. And it is impossible at the present time not to touch in this connexion the question which is raised by the plea for a religious education, undenominational or unsectarian. Is such an education compatible with the idea of a positive gospel? I shall endeavour to keep clear of the vexed question how far positive and denominational Christianity can be fully taught in the State schools. I would only press the Church's duty to provide such teaching somehow.

There is an ambiguity in the term 'undenominational.' Does it mean an irreducible minimum which is generalized from all the sects, the residuum of religious thought or sentiment which can be distilled out of all the denominations, from the Romanist to the Agnostic? Does it thus mean something underlying the denominations as their thin *continuum* actually present? Or does it mean something above the denominations, central and not ubiquitous, whose universality is only ideal, germinal, and dynamic as yet—a gospel universal in its scope and power, though not as yet in its

present effect? What is the real Catholic and positive element in Christianity? Is it a colourless jelly to which they can be boiled down, or a fiery centre from which they spread and rise? Is it the Theism which would be the universal belief of the greatest number? or is it gospel grace which is a power-house adequate to the universal future? Is it a thin continuous line which strings all, or a point of vital energy which organizes all? Is it the narrative, sentiment, and ethic which make up what has been so useful as 'School Board religion'? Or is it that redemptive principle and personal faith which makes the Church, for the sake of which all the denominations exist? The former represents a natural Christianity, which is on the whole engaging to the average political man, and provokes little of the enmity between flesh and spirit. The latter represents a positive Christianity, which is a challenge to the natural man and may stir even his contempt and hate, and cannot rest except on his defeat and submission. And the latter is correct. A positive gospel is not that which is common to all sections of Christianity when we make abstraction. But it is that which is most specific and distinctive—that, therefore, which has provoked the sharpest divisions within Christianity, and not that in which all its parts would agree. The Word is a sword. It is Catholic in some concentrated and, so far, exclusive sense, which is not equally served by all, but better by some. This is the Catholicity which is really at the root of the Free Church Federation movement. It does not aim at the submersion of differences; but it does own a positive gospel, and it looks for the gradual revision of all differences under its central and creative principle. It is a concert of the *Evangelical* Free Churches.

A positive Christianity, therefore, must be uneasy with what is usually known as unsectarian Christianity. It cannot regard it as adequate to the religion in whose name it is given. No Church which feels itself charged with the due Christian training of the young could be satisfied with it. And least of all should it be satisfactory to the Free Churches. They have most to lose from the neglect of a positive Christianity,

because their whole existence arose from it, and rests on it. Unsectarian Christian teaching is either sterile, or it gravitates to an Established Church. The general tendency of undenominational piety is always towards an Established Church, and the mystifying of those Christian issues on which Establishment can be resisted at the last. And undenominational liberalism of creed tends the same way by loftily calling the whole Church question a squabble of impertinent theologians, who disturb both politics and education by their narrow, vulgar dogmatism. It creates in the public mind the impression that religiosity is all that matters for public life or human society; that the more positive and distinctive features of Christianity are figments, prejudices, or private interests of the Churches and their theologians; that men of actual and efficient minds should dismiss them with 'plague on both your houses.' I do not know any public belief more fatal to the influence, or even the existence, of the Free Churches than this. The 'atmosphere' of undenominational teaching is no more favourable to us than the Anglican atmosphere, though it injures us in another way.

There is no doubt the Churches must find some means to rectify the situation, unless they can calmly contemplate a slow marasmus and extinction. A whole new class of catechetical duties should be laid on the Free Church minister. But so much of his time and energy are wasted at present on trivial, fruitless, and wasting engagements, that it would be a blessing to himself and his Church to have to renounce them to make room for work so fertile and congenial to his vocation as the religious teaching of the young. The ministry has suffered greatly, and lost both tone and hold by the neglect of the office of catechist. Where the minister was quite unfit or unavailable for such work, the catechist might be developed as a special office, with a special education and a travelling commission among at least the Sunday schools.

XII

Christianity is nothing if it be not a positive religion, and the most positive of all—a gospel which brings to the soul that which brings the soul to itself and to God. Its future is in the hands of whatever Church is best able to give effect to this positive quality. In the long-run the varieties of Christianity resolve themselves from this point of view into two. Is the positive thing external to the nature of the moral soul—a mere truth, a dogma, a tradition, a form, an institution? Or is it of the soul's own nature as will and conscience—is it a life, a power, a person, an act of moral salvation? There are really but two forms of positive Christianity—the Catholic Church and the Reformation gospel. The struggle to come is between the Church and the gospel. It shows no understanding, it shows rather a power of missing the spiritual point which is part of our English genius, to say, 'But surely the Church retains the gospel, and the gospel must have a Church. Surely Catholicism preaches salvation by Christ, and surely salvation is catholic in its truths.' The question is, whether Catholicism has not an incurable tendency to do what it had done on the eve of the Reformation, and submerge its own gospel; and whether the gospel, on the other hand, has not an irresistible instinct of self-preservation, and a perennial power of teaching the Church its ministering place? At this moment the Church takes the practical precedence of the gospel in every form of Catholicism. And the question is, whether there is any form of Church whose reason for being is to place the gospel in command of the Church? To that question the Evangelical Free Churches are the answer. They represent the second, which is also the New Testament type of positive Christianity. They stand to deny that the Catholic Church in its historic form is in the New Testament even in idea, and to assert that the New Testament gospel is another gospel. The New Testament truth does become another gospel, when it receives the interpretation given it in any Church which is in earnest with the

Catholic idea. Catholicism stands or falls, not by the autonomy of faith but by the primacy of the institutional. The same thing may be said as positively by both sides, but it may be said by one with a tacit condition as to the Church which is a foreign importation, and totally changes the final sense. New Testament truth is another gospel when we are told that it is false or meaningless unless interpreted by the official Church, whose distinctive origins are historically of the second century and not of the first. It is certainly another gospel than the New Testament's, if, when I am conscious of my forgiveness and union with Christ in faith, I am told that I do not belong to His true Church unless I accept baptismal regeneration, the sacrificial priesthood, and the historic episcopate. All these things are positive and emphatic enough in the palpable way. But they totally destroy the New Testament idea of a positive gospel. They turn the preaching of Christ's grace into another gospel, which is of law, ordinance, and polity, and not of free grace. It is between these two forms of positive Christianity that the future lies — the political Church and the evangelical. All middle positions are bound to crumble and fall to one side or the other of this dividing line. Every religious movement which is in earnest is making for the one or the other of these two. Mysticism and philanthropy *taken alone* have a native bias to the Catholic side. They belong to the romantic side of religion, of which Catholicism is the apotheosis. Science, again, has little sympathy with the evangelical type of faith. At the universities it can mostly be reckoned that the agnostic savants shall be on the side of the Established Church in any issue between it and the Free Church. In Comte's positivism science ran up into social ethics, and these issued in a religion and church of humanity which was really Catholicism without Christ. The undenominational religion of ethic and sentiment, justice and charity, conduct and kindness, which is so congenial to Broad Churchism and English stoicism, cannot stop there. No form of whiggery can be final. And my conviction is that it must end where Faust

ended, at the real close in the drama's second part—on the Catholic side. Faust's repentance did not take the form of a rebirth of his heart and will through grace. It took the form of atonement by a human service agnostic in spiritual things. It said that the only atonement is future beneficence, and that the best service of God is the service of man, as some of our Protestant pulpits say. It was salvation by the works of an altruistic law. And on his death Faust is received by heavenly hierarchies, he is welcomed by a grace which had made no demand during his life upon his moral consent, and he is perfected by that *ewig Weibliche* which is the sex of Catholicism. The instinct of Goethe was wonderfully clear and right. Faust is modernity. Such is the destiny of all religion which saves by ethical culture, atones by doing good, and relegates forgiveness through personal faith to the limbo of squabbling theologies. If people would only measure the deep trend of plausible and superficial good, if they could read the age, discern spirits, or trust those who do! But we are mostly still the victims of the flattering superstition, that an opinion is more valuable because it is our own than because it is true, because it is independent than because it is informed; which is intellectual egotism, moral chaos, and the pioneer of Catholic conquest. Which statement, again, must seem utter nonsense to people who have been taught to believe that private judgement is the bulwark of Protestantism; whereas Catholicism is all that a society of such atoms is ready for, and, it may be, the very stage they need.

The point is, that if we are not positive and intelligent with our Christian preaching and teaching, Catholicism is, and to Catholic positivism we are leaving the future. A merely liberal and mediating Christianity is not what can meet the public need. The conscience needs a sure salvation, and the will needs sure footing and firm guidance, and the mind needs some clearer thing than unsectarianism provides in the genial pietism of the hour.

P. T. FORSYTH.

FAITH-HEALING AND MIND-CURE IN AMERICA.

THE object of this article is to put on record some impressions made on the mind of the writer during a recent visit to America by the newer phases of faith-healing and mind-cure movements in that country, especially those associated with the names of John Alexander Dowie and Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Perhaps an apology is needed for dealing with such a subject at all. To many the movements in question are so hopelessly saturated with absurdity, rest on such palpably ridiculous foundations, have (especially Dr. Dowie's movement) so gross an odour of quackery and vulgarity—witness his 'Elijah the Restorer' claims, and the fiasco of his recent proceedings at New York—that it may seem an insult to intelligence to discuss them seriously at all. We do not belittle the absurdity, the falsity of foundation, the credulity, fanaticism, and often downright charlatanism, by which both movements are characterized; but it is not wise on that account to ignore them, or minimize their influence. Both movements present phenomena which well deserve study. The 'mind-cure' movement in general Professor William James does not hesitate to characterize, we think with some exaggeration, as 'the only decidedly original contribution' of the American people 'to the systematic philosophy of life.'[1] Even Dowieism does not rest on such despicable intellectual foundations as, say, Mormonism, which nevertheless has become a political power and political menace. 'Christian Science,' as Mrs. Eddy names her cult, boasts of some of the finest and most opulent Churches in Boston, New York, and Chicago. Dr. Dowie (to give him this courtesy title, though we fancy he

[1] *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 96.

has no right to it) joins to his blatancy the gifts of an organizer, and of shrewd business sense, and can show for his pains, what the rival sect cannot, a City—his 'Zion,' which has sprung up in two years within forty-two miles of Chicago, and is in its own way a marvel. It need not be disputed either that the new faiths include among their adherents many sincere, conscientious, fairly educated people, who to their persuasion of divine healing unite the aspiration after a higher and purer moral life.

It is not anticipated that either of the movements named will take much root among the populations of this country. Dr. Dowie's mountebankism certainly will not; and though Mrs. Eddy's so-called 'Christian Science' has a few Churches, with handfuls of adherents, in some of the larger centres, as London, Manchester, Edinburgh, Dublin, it is not likely, at least without considerable transformation, ever to be anything but an exotic—the hobby of a few. It is otherwise in a new, rapidly developing country like America. There, life is lived at higher pressure; temperamental conditions are different; there is less time and inclination for reflection; there is the demand for 'quick returns' in thought and religion, as in business. Tradition, necessarily, has less place than in an older country; what is novel, up-to-date, exciting, has more attraction. The effect of this undue stimulation is, in multitudes of cases, nervous overstrain, with its inevitable result in physical breakdown, and mental fretfulness and worry. Hence the allurement of a gospel which puts in its forefront healing for mind and body on simple terms, and seems able, through altering the currents of thought, giving the mind a new interest, and inspiring hope and confidence, actually in some measure to fulfil its promise. That this is the class specially attracted by faith-healing and mind-cure nostrums, and that from it the ranks of 'Christian Science' and 'Zionist' believers are chiefly recruited, needs no proof to any one who has investigated the subject on the spot. How far the Dowieite organization may be affected by the new element of land and property speculation that has recently been incorporated into it, remains to be seen.

Hitherto, at any rate, the main secret of the success of both Dr. Dowie's and Mrs. Eddy's propagandas has been the claim bound up with their teachings to effect physical cures—in Mrs. Eddy's more metaphysical system, to bring relief from worry and care, as well as from bodily ailments. In nine cases out of ten, it is not belief in Mrs. Eddy's metaphysical theories which has produced the faith in mind-healing, but rather faith in the reality of—or hope of obtaining—bodily and mental healing that has led to the swallowing of her metaphysics. It is matter of notoriety—indeed it is confessed—that but few of those who are consciously healthy in mind and body find their way into 'Christian Science' ranks. The story of nearly every one the writer had an opportunity of interviewing (and his experience is that of others) began in practically the same way: 'Seven years ago, or ten years ago, as the case might be, I was a nervous wreck.' Then followed the narrative of the cure. To the same effect, Mr. Edward A. Kimball, one of the leaders of 'Christian Science,' said in August last, as reported:

> You see, the people who join the 'Christian Science' denomination are mostly people with troubles of some kind. They come to us, feeling that they can get rid of their troubles, and when they do get rid of them they naturally tell others who are in trouble; and so the Church spreads.

It is the same in Dr. Dowie's community. A leading overseer, reporting his experience to the writer, began in identically the same strain: 'So many years ago I was a victim of nervous prostration.' There is no doubt, moreover, that, with all the humbuggery which we shall see attaches to both movements, many of the cures are real. No one who has looked into the matter with any fairness will deny that in individual cases remarkable results have been produced. They are neither so numerous nor so wonderful as is pretended, and the failures, which are never mentioned, far outweigh the successes. But it cannot reasonably be doubted that, in a certain percentage of cases, restoration to health of mind and body has been the effect of the

methods followed. But for such cases, it would be difficult for the systems to maintain a footing at all.

Though for convenience' sake we have classed Dr. Dowie and Mrs. Eddy together, it is not to be supposed that these personages themselves would for a moment consent to such bracketing. Dr. Dowie rails at and denounces Mrs. Eddy and all her works in his publications in terms of coarseness that will not bear reprinting.[1] Mrs. Eddy metaphorically would not touch Dr. Dowie with the tip of her little finger, or acknowledge the divineness of a single one of his cures. We suppose she would object even to the term 'mind-cure' here employed as descriptive of her system, for some of her hardest words are reserved for '*mental medicine* and *mind-cure*,' which, with hypnotism, mesmerism, and spiritualism, she professes utterly to abominate. Yet, in using this term, we do the lady no injustice. It is, after all, not every kind of mind-cure, but only 'mind-cure' falsely so-called that she repudiates. Her boast in opposition is that 'no system of hygiene but mine is purely mental.'[2] Her own favourite terms for her system, occurring constantly, are 'mind-healing,' 'mind-science,' the 'science of mind-healing,' and the like. The very principle of her system, as expressed in the motto of her book, borrowed from Shakespeare, is, 'There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' A mode of 'mind-cure,' then, it is; but also a system or 'science' of 'divine' healing, which again is what Dr. Dowie, in contradistinction, claims *his* to be. This internecine warfare of the faith-healers, mind-curers, divine-healers—each repudiating the other, and denouncing the efficacy of the other's methods—is an instructive point, to which reference will afterwards be made. It is only to be noted at present, that faith-healing, mind-curing pretensions are not peculiar to any one section. Faith-healing, like Adventism, enters deeply into the belief of many religious people in America; and mind-cure has its numerous repre-

[1] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. vi. No. 16, p. 508.
[2] *Science and Health*, ch. ii. etc.

sentatives outside the cult of Mrs. Eddy, and its varieties even within that cult. It need hardly be added that similar phenomena are to be met with under conditions different from all these—at Roman Catholic shrines, for example, like Lourdes.

In giving some account of the two movements as proposed, we may begin with Dr. Dowie's, as that which recently has been most in the public eye. Dr. Dowie's career is certainly a curious case of evolution, if one were in search of an illustration of that principle. He was born in Edinburgh, in Scotland,[1] but his *début* was made in Australia and New Zealand, where he caused some stir as a Congregationalist minister, itinerant preacher, and faith-healer. In 1888 he came with his wife and two children to America by San Francisco, and laboured for two years on the Pacific coast, finally settling at Evanston, near Chicago. The World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 gave him his opportunity, and here he made his first real start into notoriety. Opening a humble tabernacle in the vicinity of the Fair, he soon, by the vigour of his preaching, his wholesale denunciations of Churches, newspapers, doctors, drugs, tobacco, &c. (smokers are by him elegantly denominated 'stinkpots'), but above all, by his claims to a divine healing of diseases, drew crowds to his ministry. The opposition he encountered only served him as a means of further self-advertisement. New tabernacles, healing-homes, and other properties, were built or acquired; by-and-by an immense Home called 'Zion,' on the scale of a first-class hotel, was established; supplementary services were held in the largest halls of Chicago; till at length, in 1896, matters were ripe for the organization of a Church. Meanwhile a marked change had taken place in the preacher's habits and style of living. Before coming to Chicago his circumstances had been badly straitened. Now, with the inflow of gold into Zion's coffers, he blossomed

[1] We let the veil rest on the facts of his parentage and birth, recently divulged by him in New York, amidst tears on his part and hisses on that of the audience. The statements made have already been denied by the person most interested.

into wealth and luxury. He had his sumptuous apartments, his splendid equipage, his fine country seat, etc. The modern Elijah, it is apparent, is a very different being from his wilderness prototypes, with their raiment of camel's hair, and their leathern girdles about their loins!

In February 1896 the step was taken of the organization of 'The Christian Catholic Church,' soon, it was predicted, to spread through the whole earth. As yet there was no whisper of the Elijah claims, though Dr. Dowie now avows (in New York) that the truth had burst upon him when in Australia. 'I knew that I was called, but I did not make it known till long years afterwards in Chicago last year'—a curious sidelight on his character. He did more, however, than keep silence, for he expressly disclaimed the titles of Apostle and Prophet, which his more ardent followers would fain have forced upon him.[1] He might as well have taken them, for he did claim what was equivalent—inspired authority to settle the constitution of the new Church, and lay down laws to its members. From this point the development is rapid. Dr. Dowie himself was at first sole General Overseer of the Church; but it was not long before it became provided with a complete organization of overseers, elders, evangelists, deacons, deaconesses, &c., at the head of which, *de facto* if not *de jure*, now stand Dr. Dowie as chief, with absolute authority, the 'Rev.' Jane Dowie, his wife, General Overseer for women's work, and 'our beloved and only son, Deacon A. J. Gladstone Dowie.' The ritual was correspondingly elaborated. At first simple, it has since become ornate, spectacular, liturgical. An imposing display is made by a 'white-robed choir' of about 800 or 1,000 persons, robed officials, processions; there is the recital of the Lord's Prayer, of the Apostles' Creed, of the *Eleven* Commandments (the eleventh being that of love), and the singing of the *Te Deum*; there is an aping of Old Testament feasts in the observance of a Feast of Tabernacles (Passover and Pentecost are promised). With the increase of the Church, the

[1] Report of Organization of the Christian Catholic Church, pp. 45–9.

buildings have gone on enlarging. The last of the Chicago tabernacles could seat 3,300 persons; but the extended tabernacle in Zion City accommodates about 8,000, and another is in process of erection, estimated to seat at least 16,000. Beyond this is held out the prospect of a Zion Temple, with capacity for 40,000 or 50,000, which is to 'stand as one of the great Zion Temples for God which shall be built in the Zion Cities throughout the world,' and is 'to be an incentive to Zion to undertake the construction of the Great Temple on Mount Zion in Jerusalem, which must be built in preparation for the coming of the King.'[1] Zion's converts assuredly do not lack in enterprise or confidence.

The climax of Dowie's pretensions was reached in June 1902, when, before an audience of some thousands, he boldly announced himself to be 'Elijah the Restorer,' sent to prepare for the coming of the Lord. More than once he had startled his hearers by speaking of himself as the Messenger of the Covenant. The Elijah claim was now combined with this, and with the still more blasphemous one of being the Prophet like unto Moses. Nothing, however, was too extravagant for the people he addressed. His followers hailed the Elijah avowal with acclamation, and would probably have done the same if he had proclaimed himself to be the returning Messiah Himself! The reasoning, so far as we can gather, seems to be: Christ's return is imminent; Elijah is to come before the Advent; he must now be *somewhere* in the world; the only man in whom the marks of Elijah (which include attacks on 'pharmacists'=doctors) meet is Dr. Dowie. As this modest individual himself says, 'They found it hard to prove that I was not Elijah the Restorer, or to destroy the numerous identifications that confronted them.'[2] The Press and Churches, when the claim was made, declared, he says, 'That has settled Dr. Dowie'; but he boasts that, 'to their

[1] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. xiii. No. 12, p. 359.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. xiii. No. 13, p. 402.

intense astonishment, it united Zion, and drew thousands upon thousands to Zion City.' This is so far true. His declaration gave a certain basis to his assumption of authority, and consolidated the system of his Church. Nor did he allow the claim to lie dormant, but proceeded at once to act upon it in the promulgation of bombastic 'Restoration Messages,' which, in so shrewd a man, are hard to distinguish from conscious frauds. Here is one specimen:

'Elijah the Restorer sends forth his call to every king and potentate, and every ecclesiastic, yea, to all men, in every land and nation, of every race and tongue; for the consummation of the age is at hand. . . . Then came that inspired message of Elijah the Restorer, at the close of which there were no apparent exceptions as the thousands rose to signify their choice—"Jehovah is my God."'[1]

The height to which the Dowie-Elijah pretensions have attained are best seen in the following extract from the Vow imposed on each member of his 'Restoration Host':

'I declare that I recognize John Alexander Dowie, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church of Zion, of which I am a member, in his threefold prophetic office, as the Messenger of the Covenant, the Prophet foretold by Moses, and Elijah the Restorer. I promise, to the fullest extent of all my powers, to obey all rightful orders issued by him directly, or by his properly appointed officers, and to proceed to any part of the world, wherever he shall direct, as a member of Zion Restoration Host, and that all family ties and obligations, and all relations to human governments, shall be held subordinate to this Vow, this Declaration, and this Promise.'

It has to be granted that Dr. Dowie is a man of indomitable energy, if also, as these extracts show, of boundless effrontery. In his own person mind dominates body, for nature has endowed him with but scanty advantages for his rôle of prophet. He is short of stature, ungainly

[1] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. xiii. No. 12, p. 369.

in walk, and speaks with a lisp. He is intensely vain, however, if one may judge from the endlessly multiplied photographs in his papers of his face and flowing white beard, which give him a quasi-patriarchal and, so far, impressive appearance. His official robes conceal the minor defects. His very smallness he knows how to turn to account; for 'work in the world has been done by little men' ('Paul was a little man, Ulysses Grant only weighed 130 lb., Napoleon was a little man'[1]). His doctrinal views have kept pace with his other developments. He began with the tenets of the ordinary evangelist. He has now advanced to universal restitution. Membership in his Church at first left everything open but acceptance of the inspired Scriptures. Now trine immersion, and the acknowledgement of the Elijah claims, are indispensable. Possibly it may soon be necessary that the member hold some dollars' worth of stock in Zion City! For the rest, the prophet's tongue is a biting and scurrilous one. He has a good store of mother wit, and says abundance of direct and telling things. But few have risen who can match him in reckless assertion and untiring outpouring of vulgar abuse. Long practice has made him an expert in the use of his peculiar Billingsgate, and he glories in the art. It would be easy to give examples, but they would only deface the page.

A little must now be said of Zion City itself. This is the masterpiece of Dr. Dowie's achievements—the crown and seal of his prophetic efforts. The idea of a city was already before his mind when the Church was formed, but the scheme did not take shape till 1900. Meantime a site had been prospected, and the necessary land quietly bought up. Then, at large meetings on December 31, 1899, and January 1, 1900, the plan was dramatically divulged, an immense map of the future city was unrolled, and the faithful were invited to take stock in the Zion Land and Investment Association, in order to provide the funds. From the first the scheme was a financial success, and the actual City soon sprang into

[1] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. xiii. No. 13, p. 408.

being. It is pleasantly situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, little more than an hour's distance by rail from Chicago. Its site covers eleven square miles of land. Though only two years old (the first lot was opened for building in July 1901), it already spreads out in fair proportions, with over 10,000 of a population. It has most of the appointments and conveniences of a modern city—bank, hotel, administrative offices, tabernacle, industries, educational institutions, residential villas, shops, &c. Its wealth is already computed at over 23,000,000 dollars, and is steadily augmenting. The administration building contains also Dr. Dowie's private library—a fine suite of rooms, stored with elegantly bound volumes in all departments of history, literature, philosophy, science, and theology. His private house, handsome and luxuriously furnished, stands a little way apart, and across the lake is his country home.

The first thing that strikes a stranger visiting the City is the notice-board that meets him as he leaves the station: 'Tobacco, Liquor, Profanity, or (*sic*) Vulgarity prohibited in this City' (though on this last score an exception must be made for the prophet's harangues). This is not all, however; for doctors, drugs, surgeons, are equally prohibited. All healing in the City is by faith and prayer, and the tabernacle is profusely adorned, as at Roman Catholic shrines, with trophies taken from the cured. Yet one notes, curiously, the existence of 'Dental Parlours'! The Mosaic law of foods is in force; hence swine's flesh, oysters, and all kinds of shell-fish are rigidly prohibited. The outstanding peculiarity of the City, however, is its theocratic constitution. 'With few exceptions, all the Churches of Christendom ('apostate Churches,' as they are called) have gone to the devil,'[1] but 'the Christian Catholic Church in Zion is the Christian Catholic Church in the Kingdom of God, and all who are truly God's children are, in one sense, in Zion.'[2] Dr. Dowie, as God's representative, is supreme head in the

[1] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. xiii. No. 12, p. 378.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. xiii. No. 18, p. 565.

City, and all spiritual and temporal authority is gathered up in him. All the institutions of Zion—bank, hotel, college, &c.—are vested in him; all money and property are invested in his name; all leases are from him. The leases are for 1,100 years (though the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the Lord's Coming are expected within a decade or two), and their retention is conditional on the strict observance of the ordinances of the City. A tithe of all revenue is claimed for the funds of Zion. Dr. Dowie's share must be a large one, for he owned, at New York, to a personal fortune of 1,000,000 dollars. It follows that, while there is the machinery of municipal government, Dr. Dowie's will is really the law in the community. Breach of any of the Commandments is practically forfeiture of citizenship, with the right of holding property; and Dr. Dowie is judge.

'None can do the devil's work in Zion City with impunity: he must reckon with me, and the power I use for God.

'There is one place in which you cannot stay, and lie, steal, commit adultery, blaspheme the name of God, or violate the Ten Commandments with impunity. . . .

'Is it right that I should?

'Voices—Yes.

'I should like to see the person who says No. His name would be Walker before to-morrow night. . . .

'Some may complain that I am judge in Zion City.

'You would better believe that I am.

'I was put here by God to be judge.

'I know the laws of God; and I so arranged it, that when you took your lease for 1,100 years you took it in the name of the Lord, and with the covenant that you would obey God and do right.

'When you break that covenant you break your lease, and you have no more right to hold land in Zion City.

'The only thing left to do is to wind up your affairs and get out.'[1]

It is the purpose that Zion Cities on a similar model

[1] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. xiii. No. 12, pp. 375, 376.

should be multiplied throughout the world. Dowieite tabernacles are already set up in many places.

A remarkable feature of the new City is the co-operative industries that have been set up within it. Chief among these is the lace industry, for which, as for the others, phenomenal prosperity is claimed. The enterprise, skill, and success displayed in these experiments deserve commendation, and are already attracting the attention of sociologists. On the other hand, it seems not improbable that this remarkable development of the material side of the movement may at an early date profoundly alter its character, if it is not already doing it. From a religious movement it is rapidly evolving into a great land and property speculation, and even its faith-healing aspect is being overshadowed by the pushing of its advantages as a profitable money investment. This is the theme that now takes the lead in the official publications. Dr. Dowie has no affection for the warnings of the gospel against riches. The more wealth the Christian can acquire, the better for him. In the Lord's words in the parable in Luke xix. 13, 'Trade ye herewith till I come' (R.V.), he finds the sanction for pushing business to the utmost in His kingdom. In July last a two days' conference was held of Zion's investors. At its close 'the solemn ordinance of the Lord's Supper' was administered, and the General Overseer addressed to his people what is described as 'the regular Post-Communion Family Talk.' But after the opening sentences the whole burden of the address was finance.

'It is almost impossible to convey to you the magnitude of Zion's business operations. . . .

'I have shown you to-day how easy it would be for me, by simply giving my bond, to raise 2,000,000 dollars at 4½ per cent. for these industries.

'I am asking Zion to take these 2,000,000 dollars of stock at 8 and 9 per cent. mostly, and, in the case of the lace industries, reaching 12 in a short time.'[1]

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[1] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. xiii. No. 18, p. 576.

Success measured by dollars is never at a discount in America, and it is perhaps not surprising that when, on August 5 last, Dr. Dowie was admitted a citizen of the United States, the presiding judge, Joseph E. Gary, should have given the new citizen this flattering testimonial:

'In the naturalization of John Alexander Dowie I desire to say that no more important and honourable accession has been made to the citizenship of the United States since the days of the Revolution.'

We reserve any remarks on Dr. Dowie's faith-healing claims till we have considered the rival school or sect of Mrs. Eddy; but the prediction may be hazarded that, with all its immediate boom, the Zion City movement cannot long go on on its present basis. The industries, indeed, seem on a sound foundation, and the hygienic conditions are excellent. There seems, too, to be an honest attempt to banish vice from the City. But it is impossible, in the nature of things, that any considerable body of human beings should long be content to submit to Dr. Dowie's autocratic pretensions, or to be treated like a string of babies, without minds or wills of their own. Dissensions and collision of interests will inevitably arise, as in the past in some degree they already have arisen; the right to obtain medical help in cases of serious sickness, or surgical help in injuries, may be insisted on; arbitrary dispossession of property may be contested; a larger share in municipal control may be demanded. When such matters get into the law-courts, it may fare ill with the preposterous claims of the present chief. One question that seems certain to emerge is that of religious liberty. As things stand, no form of religion is tolerated in Zion but that of adherence to Dowie. But, suppose any considerable body of citizens to change their views on this point, is it to be supposed that they will simply resign their property, homes, and occupations, at Dr. Dowie's behest, without any attempt to vindicate their right, on American soil, and under American laws, to worship God according to their consciences? And can any one doubt, if such a question were raised, what the issue would be? Even if this generation

stood the strain, what of the next? or if under Dr. Dowie, what of his successor? In this connexion it is important to observe that, as just hinted, all has not been plain sailing with Dr. Dowie in his attempts to enforce his will on others. There have already been violent ruptures in his camp, numerous individual secessions, even law-suits in which he has found it expedient to compound. Several who have thus deserted him are persons who held positions of high trust, and the 'revelations' they make are by no means creditable to the Overseer's sincerity or honour. Among these deserters may be mentioned Mr. Stevenson, his brother-in-law, manager of his lace factory; Mr. Amos Dresser, manager of Zion Publishing House; Mrs. Ann D. Macdonald, one of the deaconesses — all of whom have given emphatic reasons for abandoning Dr. Dowie. He, of course, after his unfailing fashion, pursues these 'apostates' with rancorous abuse; but it will be seen below how little reliance can be placed on his wholesale imputations.

When, leaving Dr. Dowie and his Zion, we pass into Mrs. Eddy's fold of 'Christian Science,' we seem to find ourselves in a serener and more 'metaphysical' atmosphere. Mrs. Eddy's cult appeals to a more refined and cultured class than Dr. Dowie's coarser methods can ever hope to reach. Yet its basis, as will appear, is not a whit less absurd than that of its rival—possibly is even less 'Christian.' Dr. Dowie does not at least affect to believe that sin, disease, and death are unrealities; they are proclaimed to be works of the devil, which the power of Christ is invoked to destroy. The essence of Mrs. Eddy's theory, on the other hand, is that they have *no reality*; they are illusions of the 'mortal mind,' and are to be combated by mental means alone, namely, by the affirmation of the truth that God alone is real, and that all reality is good. Mrs. Eddy, the 'discoverer and founder' of this system, has had a varied career. She has been married at least three times, and one of her husbands was divorced. In early life, as she tells us, she practised as a homeopathic doctor; she studied hypnotism, gave spiritual-

istic seances,[1] was herself for several years (1862–5) under the treatment of a 'mesmerist,' Dr. P. P. Quimby, for palsy, and believed herself to be cured by him.[2] 'I wrote and talked,' she says, 'as if his method must be genuine science, and was too proud to think it could be anything else.'[3] Her great 'discovery' was made in 1866; in 1867 she opened her school of 'Christian Science Mind-healing,' and in 1881 the 'Massachusetts Metaphysical College,' which she conducted for seven years. The first edition of her textbook, *Science and Health*, was published in 1875. It has since gone through over 160 editions, and has been frequently revised and enlarged. The principal organs of the cult are the *Christian Science Journal* and *Christian Science Sentinel*. Mrs. Eddy, by this time aged and frail, now lives in seclusion on her estate in Concord, N.H., and announces in a note to the preface of her textbook: 'The author takes no patients, and declines medical consultation.' By her votaries she is compared to the woman in the Apocalypse, 'clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet,' and is almost worshipped as a divine being. The 'Mother Church' in Boston (said to have cost a quarter of a million dollars) has about 25,000 members. These may be members of local (Scientist) Churches, but all members of these Churches are not members of the Mother Church, though in strictness it is declared that they ought to be. The religious statistics of the United States for 1901 give the number of Scientist Churches at 470, and of members at 48,930.[4] They are, no doubt, now more numerous. The Scientists themselves claim a total adherence to their sect of some 300,000.

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[1] See *Christian Science and Kindred Delusions*, by Arthur Day Harkness, with Introduction by Prof. Henry Churchill King, D.D., p. 2.

[2] The facts are given in detail in *Christian Science: A False Christ*, by Rev. W. P. M'Corkle, D.D. (Presbyterian Board of Publication, Richmond, Virginia).

[3] *Christian Science Journal*, June 1887.

[4] Statistics of Churches in the United States in 1901, compiled by Dr. H. K. Carroll for the *Christian Advocate*. Apart from the centres, the Churches are generally small, and mostly composed of women. The 'Readers' are largely women.

In Mrs. Eddy's autobiographical book, *Retrospection and Introspection*, she says, 'The motive of my early years has never changed. It was to relieve the sufferings of humanity by a sanitary system that should include all moral and religious reform.'[1] It is right to state, however, that there are other apparently well-authenticated accounts of Mrs. Eddy which present her character and lofty disinterestedness of motive in a somewhat different light.[2] Like Dr. Dowie, also, she has been fated to see some of her most devoted adherents turn on her and rend her. No one, probably, of all her admirers, came nearer actual worship than Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury, a leading writer in the *Christian Science Journal*, and author of *Christian Science Voices* and *Was in Heaven*. Here are two brief extracts:

'O patient mother! we see thee dearer as we grow older in truth. We learn that this book which thou hast bequeathed to us is the outgrowth and epitome of thy life. We are willing to follow as thou leadest, looking away from the personal sense of thee, as thou revealest to us the motherhood of God.'[3]

'In the sacred hours of the classroom, illumined with

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[1] P. 46. This description of 'Christian Science' as a 'Sanitary System,' with moral and religious reform in a secondary place, exactly hits the character of the system.

[2] e.g. A lady who was at school with Mrs. Eddy, writes: 'She left school on account of illness, which I heard her doctor say repeatedly was a mixture of hysterics and temper. Her father was accustomed to say that she had as many devils as Mary Magdalene had. . . . Her affected and silly manners disgusted everybody.' Another lady, who lived with her after marriage, says: 'If her surroundings were not quite to her mind, hysterics were expected, and it made slaves of all about her' (from the *Christian Science Delusion*, by Dr. A. C. Dixon, Boston). The charges of Frederick W. Peabody, in his *Exposé of Eddyism*, are still more serious. He says of her while at Stoughton: 'Being denied hospitality, which she had abused, she mutilated the furniture of the room she had occupied, cut each breadth of matting its entire length, slashed the mattress in shreds, and, with obvious intent, left coals from her stove on a heap of newspapers in her closet' (pp. 22, 23). These are partisan statements, to be taken with caution, but they seem to prove at least a violent and hysterical temper.

[3] *Christian Science Voices*, p. 76.

the supernal light of revelation, did we not bare our feet like Moses before the bush burning with holy fire.'[1]

Alas, in a letter written December 31, 1898, this lady recants her Christian Scientist profession, and speaks regretfully of the 'blind adoring faith' and the 'idolatrous love' she formerly cherished towards Mrs. Eddy. In some newspaper verses she even permits herself to scoff at the creed of Christian Science as 'the poison and rot of ineffable rant'! She goes further, and, in the *Arena* for May 1899, joins with Mr. H. Dresser in presenting what looks like convincing evidence that the leading ideas of *Science and Health*, and even the name 'Christian Science,' are plagiarized from poor Dr. Quimby, the mesmerist. Undoubtedly, however, the least satisfactory feature of Mrs. Eddy's movement, as of Dr. Dowie's, is the extent to which it is dominated by the money motive. The trail of the 'dollar' is over it all. Nothing in the new gospel is philanthropic, gratuitous, disinterested. Everything in the way of instruction and benefit has to be dearly paid for. Every practitioner and disciple is required to possess a copy of *Science and Health*, for which from 14*s.* to 21*s.* is charged. The host of 'practitioners'—mostly ladies—charge high fees for their attendance. Mrs. Eddy's own fees for instruction in her college was 300 dollars for twelve lessons, and 200 dollars for the normal course. In 1897 the extraordinary injunction was sent out that Christian Scientists in the United States and Canada were 'not to teach a student Christian Science for a year, commencing March 14, 1897':

'The Bible, *Science and Health*, with *Key to the Scriptures*, and my other published works, are the only proper instructors for this year. It shall be the duty of all Christian Scientists to circulate and sell as many of these books as they can. If a member of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, shall fail to obey this injunction, it will render him liable to lose his membership in the Church.'

Can it be wondered at that Judge Arnold, of Philadelphia,

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[1] *Was in Heaven*, p. 27 (quoted by Dr. M'Corkle).

refused a charter to the Christian Scientists on the ground that 'the so-called Church is an association for profit, organized to enforce the sale of Mrs. Eddy's books by its members, which is a matter of business and not of religion,' and that his decision was confirmed by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania?

It is stated above that Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health* is the grand textbook of the new system—the supreme healing agency as well. The Scriptures are nominally accepted, but it is Mrs. Eddy's *Key to the Scriptures* which is regulative of their interpretation.[1] In reality, the Scriptures are explained away, and in considerable parts declared to be the work of the spirit of error. The Jehovistic part of Genesis, e.g., is affirmed to be a tissue of falsehood.[2] The exegesis offered of Scripture—apart from the extravagant allegorizing—is that of the madhouse. e.g. 'Divide the name Adam into two syllables, and it reads *a dam*, or obstruction. This suggests the thought of something fluid, of mortal mind in solution,' &c.[3] Benjamin is a 'physical belief as to life, substance, and mind.' Dan is 'animal magnetism.' Issachar is 'a corporeal belief: the offspring of error.' 'As in Adam (Error) all die, even so in Christ (Truth) shall all be made alive.'[4] When, to gain a conception of the system, we turn to the 'metaphysical' teaching of the book itself, we find ourselves in a like realm of 'topsy-turveydom.' 'There is a total lack of orderly sequence of thought. There are vain repetitions, stereotyped phrases without number, and pages of platitudes and common places.'[5] The ideas of the book are, however, more wonderful, not to say nonsensical, than even the high-swelling phrases used to express them. In essence they are not difficult to grasp. The central thought is that there is but one Reality in the universe, namely God—defined also as 'Divine Principle, supreme

[1] In the Scientist Churches no preaching or audible prayer (beyond the recitation of the Lord's Prayer) is permitted; only the reading of the Bible and of Mrs. Eddy's book, and the singing of hymns.

[2] *Science and Health*, p. 504, &c. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 233. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 526.

[5] Harkness, *Christian Science*, p. 3.

incorporeal Being, Mind, Spirit, Soul, Life, Truth,[1] Love.' All else that we think, perceive, feel, or imagine we know, is unreality, illusion. The seat of the illusion is what is named 'the mortal mind,' and mortal mind also is 'unreal.' 'As the phrase is used in teaching Christian Science, it is meant to designate something which has no real existence.'[2] In particular, matter is an illusion, and all that the senses teach us is false. 'Matter will be finally proven to be nothing but a mortal illusion.'[3] 'Nothing we can say or believe regarding matter is true, except that matter is unreal, and is therefore a belief, which has its beginning and ending.'[4] Still more directly is belief in sin, disease, misery, pain, death, an illusion. Disease cannot be real, since it is contradictory of the good. The object of Christian Science is to give us this conviction of its unreality; and once the belief in its reality is got rid of, the evil thing itself disappears. One sentence must suffice for illustration:

'I learned these truths in Divine Science: that all real Being is in the Divine Mind and idea; that the opposite of Truth—called error, sin, sickness, disease, death—is the false testimony of false material sense; that this false sense involves, in belief, a subjective state of mortal mind, which this same mind calls *matter*, thereby shutting out the sense of Spirit.'[5]

It scarcely needs proof that, on a theory of this kind, while a show of using Christian phrases is kept up, everything really distinctive of 'Christian' doctrine disappears. There can be no real incarnation, or humanity, of Jesus; no real death or resurrection; no true atonement for sin; no divine regenerating Spirit (the Holy Spirit is 'Christian Science'). Mrs. Eddy, however, is quite in earnest with her doctrine, and is ready to carry it out in *theory*, if not in *practice*, to its full logical consequences. Healing, she teaches, is to be by purely mental means. It is 'meta-

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[1] *Science and Health*, p. 449.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 8.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 19.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 173, and constantly.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 2.

physical.' No knowledge of the structure of the human body, or of the natural laws, conditions, causes, or remedies for disease, is required; such knowledge is rather a hindrance than a help. The sole origin of disease (the same applies to sin) being in erroneous belief, the one cure is to remove that belief. Here are one or two examples of this Bedlamite 'science':

'You say a boil is painful, but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain, through inflammation and swelling; and you call this belief a boil. Now administer mentally to your patient a high attenuation of Truth, and it will soon cure the boil.'[1]

'Ossification, or any unusual condition of the body, is as directly the action of mortal error as insanity. Bones have only the substantiality of thought which formed them. They are only an appearance, a subjective state of mortal mind.'[2]

'If the lungs are disappearing, this is but one of the beliefs of mortal mind. . . . What if the lungs are ulcerated? God is more to a man than his lungs; and the less we acknowledge matter or its laws, the more immortality we possess.'[3]

It may be observed that a large part of Christian Science treatment is 'silent,' i.e. through the *mental* administration of truth; and 'absent,' i.e. when the 'practitioner' is not on the spot at all.

Of course it would be hopeless to attempt to reason with a person holding such theories, for the first principles of reason are overthrown in the very statement of them. The writer once had a conversation with a trained believer in the system—evidently sincere and most courteous; but beyond phrases there was nothing to be got. The case will not bear arguing on. For example, if God is the All, whence even this 'mortal mind' with its illusions? If matter is but an illusion of the 'mortal mind,' how comes

[1] *Science and Health*, p. 47. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 421. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 423.

it that all minds cherish the same illusion? The material system is admitted to be there, and to have existed before 'mortal minds' came on the scene to think about it. Mrs. Eddy, in forgetfulness, is continually using language which implies its existence and continuity. What illusion kept in being before human minds existed? Or if sickness, disease, and death are illusions, to be got rid of by simply saying they are *not*, why should this not apply to other natural conditions? Why, e.g., should a hoe be necessary to remove weeds from the garden? Why should I not simply *think* 'I am in America,' or 'I am in England,' and find myself there? Why take food, or suit clothing to the climate or weather? If we understand Mrs. Eddy, she is logical enough to say, 'These things are coming, but they have not come yet.' The agriculturist will one day be able to reap and sow without regard to season, cold or heat, or latitude.[1] The day will come when food will be given up; for food, too, is an illusion.[2] Finally, why do poisons kill, even if swallowed by mistake? The answer is delicious. It is because *other persons* believe in the poisonous nature of the drug, and the 'majority opinion' rules![3] Still, as just hinted, Mrs. Eddy is not fool enough—nor is Dr. Dowie—to carry out their theories to their consequences in *practice*. They do eat to live, and take the ordinary precautions against bodily harm. Mrs. Eddy forbids her pupils to undertake the cure of infectious diseases. Dr. Dowie declares: 'Often I am drenched through and through with perspiration when I leave this platform; and if I were to walk out in the cold air I would take a chill and risk my life needlessly, especially in winter.'[4] Still more remarkable, Mrs. Eddy allows the employment of surgery for the present distress! 'It is better,' she wisely says, 'to leave the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a surgeon.'[5] Dr. Dowie is behind (or in

[1] *Science and Health*, p. 19. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 118, 387. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 70.
[4] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. xiii. p. 425.
[5] *Science and Health*, p. 400.

advance of) the rival sect here, for he will allow no surgeons in his Zion City. 'We just straighten them out, and pray over them,' was the answer given to an inquiry as to the procedure in cases of fractures and dislocations. But even Dr. Dowie is illogical enough to make an exception in favour of dentistry. His City, as before noted, actually advertises its 'Dental Parlours'! This point of dentistry is naturally a difficult one with both Dr. Dowie's followers and Mrs. Eddy's, for obviously they can offer no consistent justification of it. Still, even in the matter of surgery, an unexpected gleam of sense manifested itself in Zion City. A strong point is made of the fact that there are no doctors in the City. 'But are there, then,' we ventured to ask, 'no educated persons—none who *have been* physicians, surgeons, who have received training as nurses, and the like?' 'Oh yes, many'—the speaker himself (a high official) rejoiced in the title of M.D. On our suggesting that in case of accident we should prefer to have our limb handled by him, to risking its being 'straightened out' by some utterly ignorant elder or deacon, the illuminating reply came: 'Yes, that's the trouble! that's what they all say!'

What, then, is to be said of the cures alleged to be effected in such numbers in both of these systems? Are they simply impostures? Or, if a certain proportion are genuine, how explain their reality? It must be said, of course, of many of the cures, that they rest on quite insufficient evidence, and are evidently exaggerated in the telling, or essential facts are left out. They belong to the same class as the cures with which the abounding testimonials of patent medicines make us familiar. But to a certain degree also the hypothesis of imposture—of wilful invention and colouring of facts—is not to be excluded. The different groups of faith-healers freely bring such charges of dishonesty against each other, and sometimes, as has repeatedly been shown, with only too good grounds. We give one illustration from Dr. Dowie's own paper:

'I shall not forget how, on one occasion, shortly after I

came to this country, a number of persons came and asked me to pray for their healing.

'They were sick unto death, and stricken with the deadly diseases of cancer, horrible tumours, and all kinds of things.

'"Why," I exclaimed, "I thought you had professed that God had healed you!"

'I shall speak specially of one of these, a wealthy lady, who kept a Divine Healing Home, in an eastern State. . . .

'"I have seen your testimony in print, in which you say you were perfectly healed of that tumour years ago," I said to her.

'"Yes," she replied, "I was healed by faith, and I have been professing all these years that I was healed. . . . I said it, and there has not been one day since Dr. —— got me to say it that I have not been in agony, and I am in agony now. . . ."

'When I began to investigate it, I found it so terrible, that one day in Pittsburg I said, "Every one of you who have been professing to be healed, and are not healed, but have been lying, stand up."

'Mrs. Dowie, who was present, will remember that more than a hundred persons rose in the Carnegie Hall.'[1]

Very evidently, there is phenomenal lying somewhere! Can Dr. Dowie complain if we apply the same measure to his own cures as he teaches us here to apply to those of others? Again and again Dr. Dowie himself has been convicted of saying the thing that is not. Knowing what we do of his habitual recklessness of assertion, we confess we should not be prepared to accept his testimony for a single statement he chose to make, if unsupported by other evidence.[2] When, again, Mrs. Eddy informs us in her book—

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[1] *Leaves of Healing*, vol. xiii. No. 13, p. 411.

[2] As a minor instance, a friend from Chicago writes: 'At least four people, the testimony of whose healing is given in a prominent way in his paper, have come to me and told me personally that the facts were not at all as given in the paper, and that they have protested against their being given in this way.'

Working out the rules of science in practice, the author has restored health in cases of both acute and chronic disease, and in their severest forms. Secretions have been changed, the structure has been renewed, shortened limbs have been elongated, cicatrized joints have been made supple, and carious bones have been restored to healthy conditions. What is called the lost substance of lungs has been restored, &c.[1]

—we must be allowed to express a like scepticism. If the authoress has such powers, it seems little less than a crime that she should declare that she 'takes no patients, and declines consultations.' The cases narrated in the *Christian Science Journal* must often be explained by self-deception, or deliberate misreporting, and suppression of vital facts. Specific cases are mentioned by Dr. Dixon, of Boston, of persons in Mrs. Eddy's own city of Concord, who were treated by skilled doctors for injuries and diseases, but all the praise was given in the published accounts to Christian Science.[2]

It is to be pointed out, in the next place, that in these accounts of cures no mention is made of failures. Yet failures are of constant occurrence. In Zion City itself are to be seen the sick, the halt, the maimed. Mrs. Eddy tells us that age is an illusion: 'Decrepitude is not a law or necessity of nature, but an illusion that may be avoided.'[3]

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[1] *Science and Health*, pp. 55, 56.

[2] *Christian Science a Delusion*, p. 50. It would be amusing, if it were not melancholy, to read the stories told of the testimonials to Christian Science given by the 'babes and sucklings'—or young people—of the party. In a Sunday school the teacher invited her class of boys to recite their 'demonstrations' of the past week. 'Why is it, Jack, that you have nothing to tell?' The little man spoke up then: 'I just say the scientific statement of being, and then it doesn't happen' (*C. S. J.*, September 1903, p. 339). Another (a youth) 'awoke one morning, saying, "Mother, I understand it all now." "Understand what, my son?" "Why, the nothingness of matter, and the allness of spirit"' (*ibid.* p. 366). Mrs. Eddy tells a story of a little girl who wounded her finger badly. 'She seemed not to notice it. On being questioned she answered ingenuously: "There is no sensation in matter."' Imagine a world of such children!

[3] *Science and Health*, p. 141.

Yet she herself is old and frail and palsied, and dares no longer show herself in public. Death is an illusion; yet Christian Scientists and Dowieites die like other people, and, as sad instances prove, many have died who might have been living to-day but for these delusions. Two of Mrs. Eddy's own husbands have gone to the tomb. Numerous examples of maltreatment might be given, but the two following, both directly attested to the writer, may suffice as illustrations. Both occurred within the past year. A young lady, daughter of the 'Reader' in one of the largest Christian Scientist Churches, went to another city to be bridesmaid at a wedding. She took ill with typhoid fever in the house of a physician with whom she resided, but refused to let him treat her. Her parents came when she was delirious, but treatment was still refused. She died in seven days. Her funeral is described as being 'as gay as a reception.' No black was worn for her then or since. In the other case, a doctor was attending the patient, a young lady, for meningitis. He knew that she must die within a few days, but friends persuaded her to take Christian Science treatment, and the doctor was dismissed. The leader found this woman in a state of coma; said this was nature's own restorative; pointed out the pallid look of the flesh, calling it health, childlike flesh, and in every way showed absolute ignorance of the disease, while claiming ability to heal. The young woman died exactly as had been foretold.[1]

All this means that the healing pretensions of these sects must be taken with enormous discount, and that, through their maltreatment of disease, and neglect of appropriate remedies, they are directly responsible for much increase of suffering, and sometimes for death. It would be wrong, however, to go to the other extreme and deny that in many cases real benefit is experienced. As stated

[1] On the whole subject of alleged faith-cures, Dr. J. M. Buckley's *Faith-Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena* may be consulted. See also Part II. of Dr. William P. M'Corkle's book on *Christian Science*, formerly referred to.

in the beginning of this article, there can be no reasonable doubt that frequently—especially in cases of nervous ailments and depression—signal cures have been wrought, and persons in good health to-day are ready to testify that it is to mental science, or other form of faith-remedy, they owe it. Often in conversation with intelligent and perfectly sincere individuals, witness was borne to the wonderful change which the acceptance of the new principles had wrought—mentally, morally, physically. There need be no scruple in accepting such testimony, for the subject, after all, does not lie beyond the reach of explanation. It is the one good service which the phenomena of faith-healing and mind-cure are doing, that they are directing the attention of psychologists, of medical men, and of Christian teachers to the extraordinary power which mind is capable of exercising over body, and to the extent to which health and its maintenance, disease and its cure, happiness and misery, are dependent on mental conditions. The facts themselves are not new; but they are being forced on more people's attention, receive greater credence, and are seen to have a range of application, and to be fraught with possibilities, formerly unsuspected. 'Mind-science,' in the good sense of the word, is thus likely to have a place in the future which the past has not conceded to it. Every one has some experience of the effects which a train of cheerful reflection has even on the physical functions, and of the opposite results which flow from harassment, worry, grief, or melancholy. There is no wise physician in the present day who does not carry this knowledge with him into his practice in the sickroom, and make it, in certain cases, the hinge of his treatment. It is undeniable, and the fact needs to be emphasized, that we are often the victims of our own worries, and that our troubles in this sense are, as the Scientists say, *unreal*. Life may be trying enough, but it is the experience of most that the things we worry about are generally those that do not happen, and that, if only a little time is given, the difficulty will probably be found to be in a fair way of settling itself. Anything, therefore, that will

lift the mind out of itself, give it a new interest and hope, and dispose it to calmness and trust—that will conduce, as Professor James calls it, to 'healthy-mindedness'—is invaluable as a balm for the spirit, and a tonic even for the body. The difficulty is to find such a lever. It is not in the physician's pharmacopoeia: he will not undertake to 'minister unto a mind diseased' in this sense. What gives the mind-cure movements their strength is, that they *do* supply in religious faith, or their theories of the allness of spirit, a motive sufficiently powerful in multitudes of cases to effect the desired result. It is not for religious teachers simply to 'pooh-pooh.' It is their business rather to take the lesson, and to endeavour to make the great forces at *their* disposal in the doctrines of God's providence and Christ's gospel, more living and actual in the minds and hearts of their hearers than they commonly are.[1]

This, we are persuaded, is the field in which, through reaction of mind on body, faith-healing reaps its principal successes. It was stated at the outset that by far the greatest number brought into the mind-cure ranks were recruited from those who suffered from nervous depression or prostration—who, as one described it, had been nervous and shy, troubled with headaches, failing sight, faintness, &c., so that the very thought of speaking with any one made the heart beat. When to these 'nervous wrecks' we add the hysterical class of patients, many of whose diseases, though real enough to their consciousness, have their root literally in imagination, we have covered most of the cases reached by mind-cure treatment. Perhaps, however, even yet not all. There are still, as the student of mental science knows, profound and subtle relations of mind and body, which chiefly reveal themselves in abnormal or pathological conditions, and which through the influence of 'fixed ideas,' suggestion, or powerful emotional states, produce effects,

[1] It need hardly be said that there is nothing in this hostile to the belief in an actual help of God in answer to the prayer of faith, in connexion with the use of means.

to the marvellous character of which it is not easy to set limits. Any treatise on hypnotism, or so familiar a book as Dr. Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, will furnish abundant illustration of the extraordinary range of this power of mind, in its conscious and sub-conscious exercise, over body. Here also are springs which the professional 'mind-healer' will know how to touch, and often unwittingly does touch, with surprising results to the patient and to the healer himself or herself. Mrs. Eddy professes to eschew this source of help, but it is there in her mysterious methods and 'silent' treatments all the same. On these occult forces, however, which have their very obvious perils, it is not wise to depend for any real or permanent healing of mind. Christ's simple maxim, 'Be not therefore anxious for the morrow; for the morrow will be anxious for itself,' will, if trusted and obeyed, do more for mental health than all the nostrums of mind-curers taken together.

JAMES ORR.

THE STELLAR UNIVERSE, AND MAN'S PLACE IN IT.

1. *Man's Place in the Universe.* By ALFRED R. WALLACE. (London, 1903.)
2. *Galileo: His Life and Work.* By J. J. FAHIE. (London, 1903.)
3. *The Stars: A Study of the Universe.* By SIMON NEWCOMB. (London, 1901.)
4. *Études sur la Structure de l'Univers.* Première Partie. Par W. STRATONOFF. (Tashkent, 1900.)
5. *Études sur la Structure de l'Univers.* Deuxième Partie. Par W. STRATONOFF. (Tashkent, 1901.)
6. *La Voie Lactée dans l'Hémisphère boréal.* Par C. EASTON. (Paris, 1893.)
7. *La Distribution de la Lumière Galactique comparée à la Distribution des Étoiles cataloguées, dans la Voie Lactée boréale.* Par C. EASTON. (Amsterdam, 1903.)
8. *Other Worlds: Their Nature, Possibilities, and Habitability in the light of the Latest Discoveries.* By GARRETT P. SERVISS. (London, 1902.)

THE question, 'Is this earth of ours the only home of intelligent life?' belongs essentially to the modern period of science. For there was no place for speculation in this direction until the invention of the telescope, three centuries ago. Before that time the universe was conceived to be small. This world was the centre of creation, its floor and its foundation, the nucleus round which the whole was built, the object for which the whole was designed. The stars were thought to be nothing but small lamps fixed in

the actual substance of a great vault, and at no transcendental distance from us. The sun, moon, and planets were larger lamps, moved in sundry directions so as to afford a variety in the warmth and illumination which they supplied. But our earth was, by its pride of place and its Creator's design, the only possible or conceivable inhabited world.

The question of the plurality of worlds, therefore, dates back to Galileo, the man whose sorrow it was, and whose undying fame, that he was the first to establish the theory of Copernicus upon a broad and unshakable basis.

He was not indeed the first man to invent the telescope, but, on the mere report that an instrument had been constructed in Holland which showed distant objects more clearly, he thought out its principle for himself, and succeeded in its construction. With one of the earliest telescopes which he thus made, he discovered four satellites revolving round Jupiter, dark and bright spots upon the sun, the phases of Venus, the irregularities of the surface of the moon, and the stellar constitution of the Milky Way. The great book of Copernicus, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium*, had been printed just sixty-six years before, and not a few of the most learned men of the day had accepted it. But the telescopic discoveries brought home the actuality of the Copernican theory to men's minds as no arguments of Copernicus had been able to do. The discovery of a system of four moons revolving round Jupiter was, of course, no disproof of the Ptolemaic theory, nor proof of the Copernican, but it offered so striking an analogy to the solar system as Copernicus had conceived of it, that it did more to convince beholders than much rigid argument.

It is very difficult for us now to appreciate the full difference which these discoveries made to the way in which men regarded the heavenly bodies. They were no longer mere lights, they were great orbs; the sun in particular was seen to be much larger than our earth, which was at once reduced to a position of relative insignificance. But the change in the conception of the true nature of the stars was greater even than in the conception of the sun and planets. Certain

of the ancient astronomers, such as Aristarchus and Hipparchus, had conceived the sun to be distant from us some four or five millions of miles, and Galileo was not able to make any fundamental change in this estimate. But whereas hitherto the stars had simply been supposed to be a little farther off than Saturn, it was now absolutely necessary to admit that they were placed at distances so immense that the earth's change of place from one side of its orbit to the other, supposed at this time to be nearly ten millions of miles, made not the slightest difference to their apparent positions. The distances at which they were supposed to be placed had therefore to be increased indefinitely, whilst the revelations of the telescope had added to their numbers in no less a proportion. The universe had no longer any visible, nor indeed any conceivable, boundary.

Mr. J. J. Fahie's recent and most attractive book, *Galileo: His Life and Work*, shows that the question of the existence of other inhabited worlds was raised immediately upon Galileo's telescopic discoveries becoming known. At first the point was raised in order to disprove his discoveries. Thus, writing to Giacomo Muti from Rome on February 28, 1616, Galileo says:

A few days ago, when paying my respects to the illustrious Cardinal Muti, a discussion arose on the inequalities of the moon's surface. Signor Alessandro Capoano, in order to disprove the fact, argued that if the lunar superficies be unequal and mountainous, one may say as a consequence that, since Nature has made our earth mountainous for the benefit of plants and animals beneficial to man, so on the moon there must be other plants and other animals beneficial to other intellectual creatures. Such a consequence, he said, being most false, therefore the fact from which it is drawn must also be false, therefore lunar mountains do not exist! To this I replied: As to the inequalities of the moon's surface, we have only to look through a telescope to be convinced of their existence; as to the 'consequences,' I said, they are not only not necessary, but absolutely false and impossible, for I was in a position to prove that neither men, nor animals, nor plants, as on this earth, nor anything at all like them, can exist on the moon. . . . On the earth the sun in every twenty-four hours illuminates all parts of its

surface, each half of the moon is alternately in sunshine and darkness for fifteen continuous days of twenty-four hours. Now, if our plants and animals were exposed to ardent sunshine every month for 360 consecutive hours, and then for a similar time were plunged in cold and darkness, they could not possibly preserve themselves, much less produce and multiply. We must therefore conclude that what would be impossible on our earth under the circumstances we have *supposed* to exist, must be impossible on the moon, where these conditions *do* exist.

As regards the habitation of the planets, Galileo refused to say either yes or no, for, just as he was inexorable in putting every statement and theory to the test of observation and experiment if possible, so it was entirely foreign to his custom to theorize where there were no facts to be observed.

In Galileo's great book, *The Dialogue*, which was the cause of his persecutions, he deals in the dialogue of the First Day somewhat at length on the resemblances which exist between the earth and moon and the more distant heavenly bodies. He shows, for example, that not only does the moon shine in virtue of the sunshine falling upon her, but that the earth, Venus, Mercury, and Mars shine in the same manner. All alike have the same spherical form, all have a similar motion round the sun. 'The obvious inference seems to be, that all of these heavenly bodies are not so unlike the earth as men had always been brought to believe. Points of resemblance there certainly are, and there may be many more which the distance of the planets alone prevents us from discovering.'

In view of the sweeping character of the revolution effected three hundred years ago by Galileo, of the entire displacement which he brought about of the earth from the position which it had held in men's minds as the one central body, the one unique body in creation, it is startling at first sight to find the purpose of a serious book just written by a distinguished man of science, to be to demonstrate anew the essentially Ptolemaic proposition that the earth is an absolutely unique body, and practically, if not precisely, at

the very centre of the universe; and further, to find it urged that the entire trend of modern astronomical discovery is in this direction. But, startling as the statement may seem, we have no right on this ground to condemn it. The method of Galileo is the only correct one, to bring every physical theory to the test of observation and experiment. By these it must stand or fall.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's recent book, *Man's Place in the Universe*, in which this very striking theory is set forth, was heralded by two articles in the *Fortnightly Review*; but the second article withdrew so many of the essential points of the first, and the book has taken to so great an extent a different line from either, that the *Review* articles may be considered as having been entirely superseded, and the argument as set forth in the completed volume need alone be considered. Dr. Wallace summarizes his argument under six heads. The first three of these he alleges to be 'the conclusions reached by modern astronomers'; the second three he claims to have enormous probabilities in their favour. They are:

1. That the stellar universe forms one connected whole; and, though of enormous extent, is yet finite, and its extent determinable.

2. That the solar system is situated in the plane of the Milky Way, and not far removed from the centre of that plane. The earth is therefore nearly in the centre of the stellar universe.

3. That this universe consists throughout of the same kinds of matter, and is subjected to the same physical and chemical laws.

4. That no other planet in the solar system than our earth is inhabited or habitable.

5. That the probabilities are almost as great against any other sun possessing inhabited planets.

6. That the nearly central position of our sun is probably a permanent one, and has been specially favourable, perhaps absolutely essential, to life-development on the earth.

Of these six conclusions the third is the most important, though, strictly speaking, it is not a conclusion at all, but an assumption, and an assumption not specially astronomical,

but fundamental to science in general. It is but the expression, in an imperfect and modified form, of the great Law of Causality, and rests, like it, upon purely general considerations.

That law is frequently misunderstood by the general reader, and sometimes misrepresented even by scientific men. The following statement of it, due to Professor T. N. Thiele, the distinguished director of the Copenhagen Observatory, in his recent work on *The Theory of Observations*, sets it forth briefly and clearly:

> We start with the assumption that *everything that exists and everything that happens, exists or happens as a necessary consequence of a previous state of things.* If a state of things is repeated in every detail, it must lead to exactly the same consequences. Any difference between the results of causes that are in part the same must be explainable by some difference in the other part of the causes.
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> This assumption, which may be called the law of causality, cannot be proved, but must be believed, in the same way as we believe the fundamental assumptions of religion, with which it is closely and intimately connected. The law of causality forces itself upon our belief. It may be denied in theory, but not in practice. Any person who denies it, will, if he is watchful enough, catch himself constantly asking himself, if no one else, why *this* has happened, and not *that*. But in that very question he bears witness to the law of causality. If we are consistently to deny the law of causality, we must repudiate all observation, and particularly all prediction based on past experience, as useless and misleading.

Just precisely as we are obliged to assume the law of causality, and as, consciously or unconsciously, we inevitably do assume it, because without it it would be impossible to gain any scientific knowledge, so, when we seek to extend scientific research to extra-terrestrial fields, we are bound to assume the existence there of the same kinds of matter as those with which we are acquainted here, and the action of the same physical and chemical laws. In no other way than by making the assumption could we arrive at any conclusion as to the meaning of what we can see or infer. This assumption is no deduction from the revelations which the

spectroscope has made; rather it preceded and underlay them. And though 'celestial chemistry' has given us the evidence of the existence in sun and stars of hydrogen, calcium, iron, and other elements most familiar to us here, and so may justly be claimed as confirming this deduction, it has none the less given us also the evidence of the existence there of some, possibly many, elements, which we have not yet recognized upon the earth, and which may have no existence here. So too, though our observations of double stars are consistent with the idea that the same law of gravitation which prevails within the solar system is effective with them, Professor S. C. Chandler has not failed to point out that they afford as yet no demonstration that that is the case. So far as our observations go, they are not incompatible with the operation of a law of quite a different character. Preserving, therefore, an open mind for possible modifications of our knowledge, we are undoubtedly right in assuming in the meantime the law of gravitation to be effective throughout the entire universe.

The subject of the first of Dr. Wallace's conclusions is one of immense difficulty, and of equal attractiveness. His own treatment of it is confessedly based upon some studies originally published by Professor Simon Newcomb, the late superintendent of the American Nautical Almanac Office, and more recently completed and issued by him in book form under the title of *The Stars: A Study of the Universe*. Unfortunately, Dr. Wallace took up the subject first, inspired simply by Professor Newcomb's magazine articles, and fell into a serious error, against which Professor Newcomb was careful to guard his readers in his completed volume.

'The problem of the structure and duration of the universe is,' writes Professor Newcomb, 'the most far-reaching with which the mind has to deal.'

Its solution may be regarded as the ultimate object of stellar astronomy, the possibility of reaching which has occupied the minds of thinkers since the beginning of civilization. Before our time the problem could be considered only from the imaginative or the

speculative point of view. Although we can to-day attack it to a limited extent by scientific methods, it must be admitted that we have scarcely taken more than the first step toward the actual solution. We can do little more than state the questions involved, and show what light, if any, science is able to throw upon the possible answers.

Professor Newcomb divides the inquiry into three heads. First, as to the extent of the universe of stars: whether the latter are scattered through infinite space or confined within a limited area, however vast. Secondly, granted the universe to be finite, what is the arrangement of stars in space, and, especially, does the Milky Way form part of one and the same definite structure as the remaining stars? Thirdly, what is the duration of the universe in time? The first and third of these questions are rather metaphysical than physical in character, but there are certain facts which may be adduced with respect to the first.

In Dr. Wallace's first magazine article he urged that, if the stars were infinite in number, then, by the laws of optics, the entire sky should shine as brightly as the sun at noon. The argument was based upon a misreading of Professor Newcomb, and some astronomers pointed out that we had evidence of the existence of dark stars as well as of bright, and that precisely the same line of argument applied to the dark stars would lead to a very different conclusion. The answer as it stood was sufficient for its purpose, for a line of argument cannot be valid which leads to two opposite and mutually exclusive conclusions. But it was further pointed out that it was invalid because it assumed two conditions, neither of which prevailed. It assumed that there was no systematic loss of light in space from any cause whatsoever, such as the imperfect transmission of light by the ether, the absorption of light by cosmical dust, by dark stars and nebulae, and the like. It assumed also that there was no definite structure throughout the sidereal system, but that every region of space of some great but finite extent is, on the average, occupied by at least one star. It is quite conceivable, just as the earth and its moon forms

a little system within the solar system, similar in character to the systems formed by the other planets and their satellites, and these all are separated from each other by spaces that are very great compared with the actual dimensions of each, and as again the solar system is separated from the nearest star by a space which is very great compared with the size of the solar system, that so the sun itself may be a unit in a vast stellar system which may be separated by a space relatively great from other stellar systems of the same order. The possibility of such an arrangement leaves us unable to deal even inferentially with the question as to whether the stars are scattered through infinite space. We can simply deal with the stars which we see, and we may set aside the question of infinity in any sense as wholly outside our resources. Our concern, then, is only with what is directly within our ken, and that, from the nature of the case, is finite; and if we use the term 'universe' in reference to it, it is neither to affirm nor to deny that there may be many similar universes, or even that it may be conceived of as but an item in the structure of some yet more majestic whole.

The problem is therefore reduced to the second of Professor Newcomb's questions: 'What is the arrangement of the stars in space?' And here the attention centres itself at once upon that mysterious form, that unchanging bow in the heavens in monochrome, which we term 'the Milky Way.'

The Milky Way is essentially a naked-eye object. If we turn a telescope upon it, we at once 'lose the wood for the trees.' The more powerful our instrument, the greater the number of glittering points which it reveals to us, the smaller must necessarily be the area of the part of the heavens under our scrutiny, and the cloud-like forms which are so apparent to the naked eye are entirely lost. This being the case, it seems strange, and it certainly is regrettable, that so few astronomers have devoted themselves to the naked-eye study of the Milky Way. The description given by Ptolemy in A.D. 138 still remains one of the best in our possession.

Mr. Easton, one of the highest of our living authorities, declares that it is certainly not inferior to the description by Sir John Herschel. In our own day, however, three men have done excellent work in this direction—Dr. Boeddicker, at Lord Rosse's observatory in Ireland; Mr. Backhouse, at his own observatory in Sunderland; and Mr. Easton, at Rotterdam. The Milky Way, as they have delineated it—that is to say, as it is seen by the naked eye—is an impression due to immense numbers of small stars, so crowded together that the eye is powerless to separate them, and so small that the eye could not perceive them were the individual stars isolated. It is not due in any appreciable degree to the presence of nebulosity. Nebulae are indeed included within it, but one of the brightest of these, the great nebula (called, from its shape, 'The America'), appears to have no effect at all upon the naked-eye drawings. The Galaxy is essentially an accumulation of minute stars.

What is its relation to the other members of the celestial host? Is it a structure apart by itself, or do they and it form portions of the same building?

The answer, suggested in a number of different ways, is distinct. However the heavens have reached their present form, the great majority of the objects which we behold must belong to one and the same structure. The first man to show this was Herbert Spencer. In 1858 he wrote an article in the *Westminster Review*, in which he pointed out that the nebulae were especially clustered in the region of the heavens farthest from the Galactic band. Such an arrangement, he truly said, could not be accidental; the Galaxy and the nebulae must be related phenomena. The thought was carried further by R. A. Proctor, in collaboration with whom the late Mr. Sidney Waters prepared some beautiful charts for the Royal Astronomical Society in 1873, showing the distribution of the nebulae, star-clusters, and lucid stars (that is, stars visible to the naked eye) with reference to the Galaxy. These charts are most striking; the star-clusters crowding along the whole course of the

Galaxy, the nebulae avoiding it as markedly.[1] More recently, the distinguished Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, has carried out a series of charts showing the distribution of the lucid stars, and he again has been followed by Stratonoff, the director of the Russian Observatory at Tashkent, Turkestan, who has extended the same treatment to the stars down to magnitude 9½, to the bright and faint nebulae, and to the two principal types of stellar spectra. The distribution of nebulae and clusters, first pointed out by Spencer and emphasized by Proctor and Waters, is rendered yet more striking in these charts of Stratonoff.

The charts of Stratonoff dealing with the stars bring a different feature to light. He groups the stars visible to the naked eye in a single chart, and then devotes a separate chart to every half magnitude—that is to say, the stars from magnitude 6 to magnitude 6½ are shown in one chart, from magnitude 6½ to 7 in another; and so on, down to magnitude 9½. The lucid stars cluster towards the Milky Way, but the zone which they most affect is inclined at a very considerable angle to its axis. As we pass to the fainter stars, there is, on the whole, a constantly increasing tendency to conform to Galactic distribution, and the faintest stars shown in Stratonoff's charts most closely correspond to the naked-eye Milky Way. Mr. Easton, by counting the stars in certain restricted areas, has been able to extend this examination from magnitude 9½ to magnitude 14, and he finds that the greater portion of the light of the Milky Way seen by the naked eye is due to stars between the 9th and 12th magnitudes. Just as the Milky Way, therefore, does not owe its form to any considerable extent to the brighter stars, so again it does not to stars of an indefinite degree of faintness, or to stars at an indefinitely great distance.

When we come to the teachings of the spectroscope, the relation of the Milky Way to the rest of the heavens be-

[1] This avoidance of the Galaxy by the 'white nebulae' is denied by Professor Max Wolf, who states that his photographs do not show it. It is undoubtedly strongly marked in charts of the nebulae discovered visually.

comes still further accentuated. The great majority of the stars show spectra which may be broadly classified under two heads: Stars like Sirius and Vega, mostly shining with a somewhat bluish light, and with spectra of great simplicity, in which the lines of hydrogen form the principal feature; and stars like our sun, Arcturus and Capella, somewhat more yellow in tinge, with more complex spectra, in which the lines of many metals are conspicuous. Now, when these two types are separated, as done by Stratonoff, we see clearly that the Sirian stars tend to approximate in their distribution to the neighbourhood of the Galaxy, whilst the solar stars appear to be quite independent of it. But when we come to a small class of faint stars, known from their discoverers as Wolf-Rayet stars, showing some peculiar bright lines, then, with one most significant reservation to be mentioned hereafter, the whole of them are grouped close to the central Galactic circle—its equator, as it is usually termed. Further, when we classify nebulae in the same manner, separating between the nebulae giving bright lines—that is to say, composed of glowing gas—and those giving continuous spectra, the 'white nebulae,' we find that the former are essentially Galactic, the latter essentially extra-Galactic, with the same significant exception as before.

The natural and legitimate inference from these converging indications is, that the Milky Way is not a formation apart from the other objects in the heavens, but that it is essentially a portion of the same structure—a member, if we may so express it, of the same organism, of the same growth. Without being able to decide as to whether all the stars which we see belong to the same community, and reserving the case of the exception already alluded to, we may say that, broadly, the whole of the members of the heavenly host belong to one and the same system. The first of the conclusions, therefore, which Dr. Wallace has laid down as having been reached by modern astronomers, namely, 'that the stellar universe forms one connected whole, and though of enormous extent is yet finite,' is fully warranted. We pass now to consider his second: 'That the

solar system is situated in the plane of the Milky Way, and not far from the centre of that plane. The earth is therefore nearly in the centre of the stellar universe.'

In his first magazine article Dr. Wallace laid great stress on this proposition; indeed his whole argument then rested on the idea that the sun was precisely in the medial plane of the Milky Way, and at its centre—so precisely at the centre that no other star could enter into competition with it in this respect.

In a rough sense, in a sense quite sufficient for many purposes, it is correct to say that we are in the medial plane of the Galaxy and in its centre. But this is only just in the way that a man living within the four-mile radius from Charing Cross would be justified in speaking of himself as living in the centre of London. A hearer who inferred from this expression that London was a truly circular town, and that the speaker lived in its precise geometrical focus, would be much in error.

So in truth the Milky Way is no such simple structure as Dr. Wallace supposes. An admirable description of its actual form, from the best observations available to us, is given in Mr. Easton's recent monograph, *La Distribution de la Lumière Galactique.* To begin with, the chart which accompanies it shows at once how far from a simple great circle it is, since the line of maximum brightness forms an undulating curve, which finds itself now on one side and now on the other of the great circle which has been assumed as the Galactic equator. Indeed, in one portion of the sky that equator coincides very nearly with the centre of a barren region, the Great Rift, and the Galaxy itself flows on at a considerable distance right and left. Its irregularity of form is great, and this renders any inquiry as to the relative distances of different portions very difficult. But in some extreme cases the evidence is strong. Thus two great regions are marked out as of especial Galactic brilliancy, the one stretching from Monoceros to Capella, the other in the region from Cygnus to Cassiopeia. The former, however, is particularly bare of the brightest stars, and its light is

entirely Galactic; the latter is rich in stars of every rank of magnitude. This is a difference which is explained best by the assumption that the Monoceros region is much more remote than the Cygnus region. Similarly, there is reason to suppose that in the divided portion of the Milky Way, alluded to above, the more southern branch is the more distant. Mr. Easton sums up our present knowledge of the true form of this great structure thus:

La région galactique près de Gamma Cygni forme le noyau d'une énorme agglomération stellaire, centre de courants ou couches composées d'étoiles et amas d'étoiles. Le plus important de ces courants se rapproche le plus du Soleil dans Cepheus, pour se recourber à travers Cassiopeia, en s'éloignant de plus en plus du Soleil, et former ensuite la branche principale de la Voie lactée dans Aquila, Scutum, etc., qui se rattache, en traversant tout l'hémisphère austral, aux condensations stellaires de Monoceros et d'Auriga, entourant ainsi la région de l'espace où se trouve le Soleil.

With an object so irregular, and of which some portions are much more remote from us than others, it becomes impossible for us to speak of our being in its centre except in the loosest manner. But both Stratonoff and Easton have shown that when we are dealing with the distribution of stars, brighter than those which make up the Galaxy, they are situated in zones that are inclined to the Galactic zone, at considerable angles — angles which vary from zone to zone, and deviate most widely from the Galactic equator in the case of the brightest stars. Concerning the latter—the lucid stars, that is to say—Stratonoff further points out that they do not form a great circle; so that, though the sun lies roughly in the central plane of the Milky Way, it does not hold that relation to the nearer zone composed of the lucid stars.

There is one other characteristic of the Milky Way of great importance—the existence in it of 'holes' and 'rifts.' There is but one possible explanation of these, namely, that they indicate regions in the heavens of real sparseness, and their relation to regions of exceptional richness leads us inevitably to the conclusion, upon which Proctor frequently insisted, that the rich regions have been formed at the

expense of the poorer. The Milky Way, then, is as unlike a simple, regular ring as it is possible to conceive. It consists essentially of a number of formations which may fitly be described as actual streams of faint stars—streams which tend to flow together to make yet richer agglomerations, and which by their interlacing are united to form a single structure. This structure, though of dimensions which entirely transcend our power to appreciate, is clearly finite, inasmuch as we are practically able to penetrate deeper into space than its outer boundary, for the stars which principally make up its light are by no means the faintest which the telescope reveals to us. The distance of its inner boundary is still a matter of conjecture. Many attempts have been made to form a rough estimate of it. How uncertain these are may be seen from the fact that they vary from a distance which would be crossed by light in 300 years, i.e. about 1,800 millions of millions of miles, to one about thirty times as great. The lower value seems to me the more probable.

There are two other agglomerations, which, though not in the Milky Way, are of it. These are the two strange objects in the southern sky, known as the Magellanic Clouds. The greater Cloud in particular is distinguished as including within itself objects of all those classes which are most strictly characteristic of the Galaxy. Here are found the Wolf-Rayet stars with gaseous spectra, otherwise absolutely confined to the Milky Way. Here, too, are found both star-clusters and irresolvable nebulae, elsewhere generally antithetical to each other. Here then, if anywhere, we may recognize the presence of Galactic systems other than our own; yet in all probability they are not independent systems, but satellite Galaxies; by-products, possibly, in the evolution of our own.

Dr. Wallace's fourth conclusion—'That no other planet in the solar system than our earth is inhabited or habitable'—leads us to an altogether different class of facts and arguments from those which we have been just considering; and, as we have a right to expect from the pen of one of the most eminent of living biologists, the chapters in Dr. Wallace's book, in which he leads up to this conclusion, are

much the most interesting and convincing. The same subject has been recently treated more from the astronomical point of view, in a charming little book, *Other Worlds*, by one of the most graceful of writers on popular astronomy, Mr. Garrett P. Serviss.

The conditions of habitability were never more happily stated than by a great writer, who himself took no interest in astronomy, and indeed regarded the science with aversion. Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, writes:

When the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil as it were of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness; in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and the insensibility of the earth, and the passion and the perishing of mankind.

But the heavens also had to be prepared for his habitation. Between their burning light—their deep vacuity—and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being,—which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude. Between the earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapour.

How close to the poetic description the scientific comes, may be judged by a quotation from Mr. Serviss:

On the earth we find animated existence confined to the surface of the crust of the globe, to the lower and denser strata of the atmosphere, and to the film of water that constitutes the ocean. It does not exist in the heart of the rocks forming the body of the planet, nor in the void of space surrounding it outside the atmosphere. As the earth condensed from the original nebula, and cooled and solidified, a certain quantity of matter remained at its surface in the form of free gases and unstable compounds, and, within the narrow precincts where these things were, lying like a thin shell between the huge inert globe of permanently combined elements below, and the equally unchanging realm of the ether above, life, a phenomenon depending upon ceaseless changes, combinations, and recombinations of chemical elements in unstable and temporary union, made its appearance, and there only we find it at the present time.

The application of the principles thus laid down, both by the brilliant writer and the man of science, excludes all the members of the solar system, except the earth and the two neighbouring planets, Mars and Venus, from the category of possible homes of life. For these two Mr. Serviss is inclined to plead, especially for Venus, a planet so nearly like our own in its chief conditions. Dr. Wallace rejects both. For Venus the case turns entirely upon whether we accept or reject Schiaparelli's statement that she always turns the same face to the sun. If this be so, there can be no doubt that life is impossible there. But if not—and the growing opinion of observers is that the atmosphere of Venus is too constantly cloud-laden for us ever to catch a glimpse of her actual surface, and therefore to determine her rotation period—there seems no reason why we should pronounce her necessarily uninhabitable. In that case, however, her actual surface being invisible, the decision, one way or another, would be a mere guess.

Of Mars we know much more; and on that account, no doubt, we are frequently told that, of all the members of the solar system, it most resembles our own earth. But in reality the differences between the two bodies are numerous and important. Mars receives much less of the sun's light and heat; its surface gravity is smaller, causing an altogether different arrangement of the atmosphere, which is evidently very tenuous and almost free from cloud. The question as to whether it has any water on its surface has been disputed, but the probabilities seem to be that it has some, but only in a far smaller proportion than on the earth. Mr. Percival Lowell, the well-known American astronomer, has indeed argued that certain straight lines which have been discerned upon its surface, and to which the name of 'canals' has been given, are actually artificially constructed waterways, and therefore afford a direct evidence of the presence on the planet of intelligent life. But the 'canals' have more recently been shown to be of the nature of an optical illusion, and, with their disproof as objective realities, the serious difficulties which always existed in the way of believing Mars habitable regain their full force.

On the whole, therefore, there can be no serious objection to Dr. Wallace's fourth conclusion, 'That no other planet in the solar system than our earth is inhabited.' When we pass to his fifth—'That the probabilities are almost as great against any other sun possessing inhabited planets'—we enter a region where we have no assured facts really bearing upon the question at issue.

Dr. Wallace attempts to establish this point by seeking to differentiate our sun from the many millions of other suns. This he does in three ways. First, by position; he rejects all stars in or near the Milky Way. Next, by type of spectrum; he excludes all stars not showing the solar type. Third, our sun being a solitary star, he decides that life could not arise on the planets of binary or multiple systems.

There is some slight plausibility about the first point. The complicated structure of the Milky Way, presenting as it does rich streams which have apparently been formed by the drainage of neighbouring space, gives the impression that it is in a state of flux; that it has developed from a different arrangement, the form of which we cannot infer, and is in the process of change into further and diverse forms, which we are unable to forecast. It is conceivable that this flux may be proceeding too rapidly to allow the development of intelligent life within the Galactic regions.

But when we come to the question of type of spectrum, no real reason can be alleged why life should be impossible in a system of the Sirian type; for, though stars of this class are generally supposed to be in an earlier stage of development than our sun, thousands of them must in absolute time be of as great age. Moreover, since Dr. Wallace follows the doctrine held by Sir Norman Lockyer and others (a doctrine which I do not myself hold) that the sole cause of difference of spectrum type is the stage of development of the star, he should allow that all stars like our sun in spectrum should have been in a stable condition for a sufficiently long time, for at least one attendant planet in each case to have become the home of life. And, as we know nothing whatsoever of the internal economy of binary sys-

tems, Dr. Wallace is speaking entirely without book when he decides that life-bearing planets cannot be present in such.

His last conclusion—'That the nearly central position of our sun is probably a permanent one'—is against all the evidence we possess. The evidence for the actuality of the sun's motion in space at the fairly rapid pace of about 12½ miles a second, is derived from two entirely independent methods, and cannot be easily set aside. Whether it is orbital or in a straight line, we have at present no direct means for deciding. If in a straight line, the motion is swift enough to have carried us right across the enormous void enclosed by the Galaxy in a fraction of the time demanded by geologists for organic life upon this earth.

Dr. Wallace's process of thought would seem to have actually been in precisely the opposite direction to that in which he seeks to lead his readers. He would seem to have been troubled, as many another pious mind has been, by the discrepancy between the relative insignificance of this little world amidst the unfathomable glories of creation, and the fact that it has been chosen of God to be the scene of the stupendous and adorable mystery of the Incarnation of His Only Begotten Son. And, desiring as it were to make it a worthier resting-place for Him (who yet disdained not to be born in a stable), he has tried to invest it with a certain material pre-eminence over all the countless other spheres of space. Under the influence of this desire, he has read in to not a few astronomical facts the very inference which he would derive from them. And so, in the prosecution of what we may term a neo-Ptolemaic theory, he has taken up an attitude not unlike some of those against whom Galileo contended. In the celebrated Third Day of the *Dialogue* the Ptolemaist, Simplicio, speaks, and the Copernican, Salviati, answers him:

SIMPLICIO—'All this is very well, and it is not to be denied that the heavens may surpass in extent the capacity of our imaginations, nor that God might have created them a thousand times larger than they are. But we ought not to admit anything to be created in vain, or useless in the universe. Now we see this

beautiful arrangement of the planets, disposed round the earth at distances proportioned to the effects that they are to produce on us for our benefit. To what purpose, then, should such a vast vacancy be afterwards interposed between the orbit of Saturn and the starry spheres, containing not a single star, and altogether useless and unprofitable? to what end? and for what use and advantage?'

SALVIATI—'Methinks we arrogate too much to ourselves, Simplicio, when we assume that the care of us alone is the adequate and sufficient work and limit, beyond which the divine wisdom and power do nothing and dispose of nothing. I feel confident that nothing is omitted by God's providence which concerns the government of human affairs; but that there may not be other things in the universe dependent on His supreme power, I cannot, with what power of reasoning I possess, bring myself to believe.'

I do not know whether it is straining too far that beautiful and familiar parable of our Lord, told in the first verses of the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, to apply it to the present question; but there is no hint given there that the sheep for which the shepherd went so far was in aught distinguished or pre-eminent amongst the flock; still less that it was the only one. There were ninety and nine that he did not seek. In one thing, and in one only, was that sheep different from all the rest. It was lost.

Astronomy, then, is powerless—at any rate at present—to reply one way or the other to the question, 'Is this earth of ours the only home of intelligent life?' But if it were otherwise, or if with increase of knowledge it should become otherwise, and we could say assuredly that this earth was but one, and the smallest, most insignificant, of tens of thousands of worlds teeming with life and intelligence, what then? Is it not God's way and will to choose the weak things, and things which are despised, and was not it written of old by the prophet Micah:

> But thou, Beth-lehem Ephrathah, which art little to be among the thousands of Judah, out of thee shall One come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting.

E. WALTER MAUNDER.

The World of Books.

I. THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

An Agnostic's Apology, and other Essays. By Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. *7s. 6d.*)

By republishing these essays after the lapse of many years, Sir L. Stephen suggests the question whether the Agnosticism which he apparently still wishes to defend and propagate has gained or lost ground of late. The essays are not dated, as for many reasons they should have been, but some of them must be more than twenty years old. When published, they did not add to the reputation of a writer whose fame happily rests on surer grounds, and to-day they are not a little out of date. For the world has moved forwards since Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address and the publication of Newman's *Grammar of Assent.* We will not say that opinion has travelled steadily in the direction of Christian belief, but it has certainly moved away from that agnostic position of which in 1869, and for many years afterwards, Huxley was so proud. It is moving towards a new 'synthesis'—so runs the fashionable phrase; and thoughtful men who are not Christians do not stand where stood this apologist of Agnosticism many years ago, nor where he apparently stands to-day. The reissue of these controversial essays—which, like many 'apologies,' contain somewhat vehement attacks upon religion, and many shrewd thrusts such as a practised fencer knows well how to deal—proves afresh to the present generation that a distinguished literary man is a convinced sceptic, and that he desires to inflict afresh such blows as he can upon Christian faith. If these essays were to be rewritten to-day, they would probably be written differently, though the sneers at 'the Almighty Chief Justice,' and 'the Omnipotent Creator who dooms his failures to eternal torment,' might very probably be retained as specimens of witty gibes too good to be lost. If the

author had a better creed to propound than that of the New Testament, we could understand his anti-Christian zeal; as it is, we can only regret that these essays should be republished. We should much prefer to remember Sir Leslie Stephen in other capacities in which he has ably and faithfully served his generation.

Faith's Perplexities. By Robert L. Drummond, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.*)

A reprint of apologetic lectures addressed probably to the author's congregation. The questions discussed are such as: Can we Trust the Gospels? Why Keep Sabbath? Did Miracles Happen? Why is Sin Permitted? Is Prayer Answered? Is there a Hereafter? The author's former work is guarantee for competent knowledge and treatment. The style is lively and conversational. In some respects the lectures are patterns of popular, effective discussion of pressing questions of the day. 'Doubts are often but the growing pains of the spirit, and are not to be treated too seriously.' Dr. Cairns is quoted as saying of a certain sceptic, 'that he can at least accept his own existence as a working hypothesis from which to make a start.' The volume is well printed and got up.

J. S. B.

The Crises of the Christ. By G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

We should have said beforehand that in the crowd of Lives of Christ it would be impossible to write one on a new plan, but Mr. Morgan has done this. Instead of tracing the incidents in the Lord's life in the order of occurrence, he has grouped them round seven 'crises' or central points—the Birth, Baptism, Temptation, Transfiguration, Crucifixion, Resurrection, Ascension, with appropriate introduction and epilogue. Several chapters are devoted to each head. This arrangement eminently conduces to clearness and emphasis. Then the point of view of the entire work is not the illustration of historical or local details, but the redemptive meaning and purpose of the Saviour's life. The author's aim is the true one, the highest conceivable, and it is carried out with the best effect. Ordinary Lives of Christ dwell on the outside of the wonderful life, and only seldom penetrate to the inner shrine. The object of the present work is throughout to expound the highest spiritual aspect of the Lord's life. The reader's inclination is not to criticize or even to study, but to worship. The reverent

tone of the work is quite in keeping with its high purport. The language is simple and dignified. The illustrations are apt and restrained. The five chapters on the Transfiguration are an admirable exposition. The whole work ministers to edification of the best kind. We wish that the author had found a better title.

B.

Church, Ministry, and Sacraments in the New Testament. By W. T. Whitley, M.A., LL.D. (London: The Kingsgate Press. 5*s.*)

The author maintains the Baptist position on the subjects and mode of baptism. If the practice of the primitive Church is binding on all ages, there is much to be said for that position. But it is difficult to think that the practice of the Church in its missionary stage is binding upon it in an entirely different stage. In missionary churches, still, adult baptism is the rule in the first instance. Infant baptism follows, as it did in primitive times. Still less can we think that the mode is of the essence of the ordinance. To make it so is to insist on ritual, and is strange in Dissenters, and most strange in 'the Baptist, the most logical of Dissenters.' The present work is not a systematic discussion of the subject, but a commentary upon all the texts in the New Testament bearing on the subject. The notes are without any thread of connexion.

B.

An Introduction to the Early History of Christian Doctrine to the time of the Council of Chalcedon. By J. F. Bethune-Baker, B.D. (London: Methuen & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This volume is a valuable addition to the series of 'Theological Handbooks' which Messrs Methuen are publishing under the editorship of the Bishop of Exeter. The writer's chief aim has been to offer such information as to the facts and the sources as will enable a student to prosecute his researches for himself. A continuous narrative is given in the text with as much freedom from technical treatment as the subject allows; details and authorities are relegated to footnotes; some special questions and difficulties are dealt with in notes appended to the several chapters. After an introductory chapter, 'the beginnings of doctrine in the New Testament' are traced, with special reference to the doctrine of God, of man, and of atonement; then we reach the development of doctrine; the sources of doctrine; oral tradition and Holy

Scripture; the Jewish and Gentile attempts at interpretation. The great teachers and heretics of the period are next discussed in a way that is singularly illuminating and stimulating. There may be points at which High Church views come out, but the discussion of heresies and of doctrines is both fair and candid, and it never fails to go to the root of the subject. The chapter on 'Pelagianism' may furnish an example of the merits of the book. Mr. Bethune-Baker shows that the relation between free will and grace, and the exact nature and origin of sin in individuals, were not reasoned out till the time of Augustine and Pelagius. The different theories held as to the origin of the soul, and as to the Fall and its effects, are sketched briefly but clearly. Then we turn to the teaching of Augustine and the opposition of Pelagius. The various stages of the Pelagian controversy are traced, and the later history of the doctrine sketched. Nothing could be clearer or more helpful to a thorough grasp of the subject. The book shows on every page evidence of much independent work, and those who know the ground most thoroughly will be best able to appreciate the skill and sound judgement with which Mr. Bethune-Baker has discharged a difficult task.

The Men of the Beatitudes. By Albert J. Southouse. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Southouse has found a happy title for his meditations on 'The Sermon on the Mount,' and his book is worthy of its title. It is full of food for thought, and rich in timely counsels for daily living. Our Lord's 'description of the Christian, his conduct and his possessions, his true biography,' is to be found in St. Matthew's three chapters; and Mr. Southouse's expositions throw new light on old truths, and make us thankful for a place in such a company as *The Men of the Beatitudes.*

The Crimson Book. By Dinsdale T. Young. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

We do not like Mr. Young's title, and the first sermon strikes us as rather strained. So also are such sermons as 'The Lowering of the Sea.' The true riches of this volume are to be found in such sermons as 'The Indwelling Christ' (a noble unfolding of Col. i. 27), and 'Witness to the Living Christ.' Mr. Young takes high rank as an evangelical preacher, and his sermons are full of gospel truth, stated with great force and persuasiveness. 'The

Nearness of Christ' gives Mr. Young the opportunity to speak of 'The Second Advent.' 'Strange it is that this paramount truth of Scripture is so neglected in the Churches of to-day. Sure I am that the apathy concerning this theme is a master-achievement of Satan.' We are interested, but we are not forgetful of the history of this subject, and to our minds 'silence is golden.'

By the River Chebar. By H. Elvet Lewes. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Richter described Ezekiel as 'one of the most mysterious, yet one of the most entrancing, of the Hebrew seers.' His aim has been to make the prophet less mysterious, yet not the less entrancing. He has certainly succeeded. The expositions are marked by real insight, and they have a poet's felicities of phrase and illustration. The book is one to be prized and studied, and those who master it will feel that the whole prophecy of Ezekiel is lighted up.

Last Sheaves (Hodder & Stoughton, 5*s.*) is the title which Dr. McLaren gives to this volume of sermons. Most of them were preached in the last year of his noble pastorate at Manchester, and they are as full of Christ, and as rich in suggestions for holy living, as any of the precious volumes that have been born in Union Chapel. The texts are chiefly drawn from the Psalms, from St. John's Gospel and the Epistle to the Hebrews, and new light is poured on many a passage of Scripture. Dr. McLaren lives in all preachers' hearts, and they will learn many a fruitful lesson from his *Last Sheaves.*

Light and Life, by Charles Brown (Religious Tract Society, 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a volume of sermons preached at Ferme Park Chapel. There does not seem to be a sentence which is not full of true thought and feeling. Mr. Brown is a teacher of no mean order, and he will quicken the minds of all who read these spiritual and profitable sermons.

The Representative Men of the Bible. By George Matheson, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

Dr. Matheson's second series of *Representative Men of the Bible* contains sixteen studies ranging from 'Ishmael the Outcast' to 'Daniel the Daring.' The freshness of thought and the insight of these analyses of character will appeal to all preachers and teachers. Dr. Matheson certainly makes his readers think, and, even when

he does not convince, he always manages to stimulate, and send his readers back to their Bibles. The studies of Jonah and Caleb are good examples of the riches of this pleasant volume.

Sun-Rise. By G. H. Morrison, M.A. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.*)

Mr. Morrison's sermons are brief, but they are full of suggestive stuff, and are exquisite in phrase and illustration. Such an address as that on 'The Home Sickness of the Soul' sets us pondering, and must leave a gracious influence behind it.

Parting Words. Translated by Charlotte Ada Rainy. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 2*s.*)

These selections from Luther's Sermons on John xiv.–xvii. will be welcomed by many. The sermons do not seem to have been translated into English, and they are thoroughly characteristic specimens of Luther's teaching. Strong sense and power to enlighten mind and heart are here. Miss Rainy's translation seems to retain the force of the original.

The call for the fourth edition of Mr. Ballard's *The Miracles of Unbelief* (T. & T. Clark, 6*s.*) shows how this masterly contribution to Christian Apologetics has been welcomed on all sides. An enemy to faith has described it as 'by far the best exposition and defence of Christian claims that has been made in recent times.' It is certainly the freshest, and Mr. Ballard's knowledge of science gives special value to his work. We know nothing better to put into the hands of a thoughtful reader who is seeking to escape from the meshes of unbelief. The book is one of the best aids to faith that we have ever read.

The Sermon on the Mount: A Practical Exposition of St. Matthew v.–vi. 8. (4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Sermon on the Mount: A Practical Exposition of the Lord's Prayer. (4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Addresses to Boys, Girls, and Young People. By F. Rhondda Williams. (3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Miracles of Jesus. (6*s.* net.)

The Parables of Jesus. (6*s.* net.)

The Children's Year. By J. M. Gibbon. (3*s.* 6*d.* net.) (Manchester: Robinson.)

The Sermon on the Mount lends itself well to such expositions as these. They are often very suggestive, and always devout and practical. The volume ought not to be overlooked by lay preachers, who will often find difficulties met, and new light thrown on subjects which they are studying. The names of the eminent preachers attached to these sermons are a guarantee of careful scholarship.

The Lord's Prayer has a volume to itself, and the sermons are just the kind that Bible students will prize. They do not soar above the common round of daily needs, but are direct and homely—words that help a reader to pray, and to expect gracious answers. Mr. E. Griffith-Jones is responsible for twelve out of the twenty expositions, and his work is always painstaking and suggestive.

Mr. Rhondda Williams knows how to talk to the young. He is bright and homely, yet always helpful. The young people who heard these sermons preached have no excuse if they do not grow up earnest and devoted to duty. The lessons from nature are well brought out in 'What the Ants teach' and 'The Message of Spring.'

The Miracles of Jesus and *The Parables of Jesus* are two volumes by eminent preachers of various Churches, which should be of great service to pastors, lay preachers, and teachers. There is much good matter here to stir up a man's mind. Such volumes ought to be really helpful to many.

The Children's Year contains fifty-two short addresses to boys and girls, full of illustration and happy counsels. Mr. Gibbon has a real gift for such talks to children, and boys and girls will find much here to help them in building up a true Christian character.

The Story of Jesus, told for little children, and illustrated by Anne Batchelor. (Nisbet & Co. 1*s.* 6*d.*) The story is told with simple earnestness, and the pictures are very attractive, though the faces do not always satisfy us. This is really a charming nursery Life of Jesus.

Messrs. C. J. Clay & Sons send us two copies of *The Cambridge Concise Teachers' Bible*, the object of which is to provide Sunday-school teachers and other students with a concise book of reference to the Bible. The principal matter in the Cambridge Companion to the Bible is here arranged in the form of a Bible Dictionary of 160 pages. Any information needed can be found in a moment, and no teacher could wish for a better guide. There is also a set

of eight maps, with an Index. The Bible is issued in various forms from 5*s.* net to 12*s.* 6*d.* net. The six shilling edition, printed on white paper and bound in French morocco yapp, with round corners, red under gilt edges, is one of the cheapest and most attractive Bibles that can be found; but those who can afford ten shillings ought to get the India paper edition in Persian morocco yapp, sewn silk. It is really a treasure.

The new Oxford edition of *The Holy Bible*, just issued by Mr. Frowde, pleases us better than any edition we have seen for some time. It is printed in large heavy-faced type which it is a pleasure to read. References are given between the two columns; it contains 1,508 pages, with an indexed Atlas, and it is bound in a number of limp and yapp bindings. It measures $7 \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ inches, it is an inch thick, and weighs $16\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. All who want good type in small compass ought to get this Bible.

The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature. September. (London: Williams & Norgate.)

Prof. Iverach's criticism of Duff's work on Spinoza is very timely. The notice of Wernle's *Beginnings of Christianity*, by Mr. Purves, would have improved by similar criticism. We wish the survey taken by the review were more systematic and comprehensive. England does not compete with German and American reviews in this respect.

The Ministry in the Early Church with reference to Apostolical Succession. By W. B. Ritchie, M.A. (Demerara: Argosy Company.)

This pamphlet is a very clear and forcible statement of the case against Apostolical Succession. It is refreshing to see this position maintained with so much force and decisiveness by an Anglican clergyman.

The Expository Times. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The Expository Times keeps its freshness and its varied interest. It is the best friend that a busy preacher can find, and its notes on books and on matters that concern the Bible student are a great boon to men of limited libraries. The best scholars of all Churches contribute to this magazine, and we are glad to find Methodism so well represented.

Temptation and Escape. By the Right Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D. (London: Seeley & Co. 1*s.*)

Bishop Moule has written a precious little guide for beginners in the Christian life. Ripe wisdom and a gracious spirit mark every sentence.

Doubt and its Remedy (S.P.C.K., 4*d.*) is a charge delivered by Bishop Ellicott to the Archdeaconry of Gloucester. His cure for the unrest of the times is the systematic study of Holy Scripture. Science and archaeology have prepared the way for an appeal to God's Word to an extent which, twenty-five years ago, we could never have hoped for or imagined. Ours is a truth-seeking age, and in that fact there is strong encouragement. The Bishop's simple yet weighty words ought to bear much fruit.

II. FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

The Sources of the Doctrines of the Fall and Original Sin. By F. R. Tennant, M.A., B.Sc. (Cambridge: University Press. 1903. 9s. net.)

MR. TENNANT'S Hulsean Lectures on *The Origin and Progress of Sin* were published a couple of years ago, and formed an attractive, if not altogether convincing, little volume. He now exhibits the course and results of the historical study, upon which mainly his conclusions were based. The book is thus a convenient test of the validity of the doctrines professedly founded upon it. And it has the further and greater value of being a compact collection of much of the more important literature, in which the sources and development of the narrative of the Fall are traced from Genesis and its conjectural predecessors to the writers immediately before Augustine. Apart, therefore, from its relation to the author's own views, the book may be welcomed as original and learned, as a product of research rarely vitiated by the influence of presupposition, and as indispensable to the exact theological student. The lay reader, unless an enthusiast, will be repelled by the minuteness and technicalities of the investigation. The scholar will find a great deal of needed work done for him in a judicious way that will command his confidence and earn his gratitude.

The first section of the book discusses the Aryan parallels to the story of the Fall, and traverses a wide range of early mythology without securing any prize. What is described as 'the very remote possibility' of suggestion from Iranian analogies is true of them all. The general conclusion, creditable alike to the critical faculty and to the impartiality of the author, is that 'the parallels supplied by Aryan tradition are better explained, for the most part, by the hypothesis of independent though psychologically similar origin.' The didactic import of the story is ascribed to 'pre-prophetic or prophetic Hebrew thought, which alternative, if it be taken as admitting also guidance from above, covers both the traditional position and the conjecture of the most advanced school. On many minor points there will be small differences of opinion. The serpent in the story of the temptation of Eve is said to be 'regarded

as clever rather than evil'; a better exegesis would avoid the antithesis, and interpret the cleverness as intent on evil. Not the acquisition of knowledge alone, but also some sense of guilt in the breach of an express commandment, is represented in the narrative of Genesis as awakening shame in the first parents. That the tempter was originally depicted as a power beneficent to man is spoken of as an extreme probability, but a little more evidence on the point is desirable. That Babylonian lore was received by the Hebrews on their entrance into Canaan, in a form modified by Phoenician influences, is at the best not more than a partial truth, if it implies, as the context makes it seem to, that such was the only or chief point of contact in the earliest times between Babylonia and Hebrew thought and belief. These and the like are but small blemishes in the accomplishment of the exceedingly difficult task of going behind Genesis, and constructing a genealogy without sufficient material, and with uncertainty as the necessary accompaniment of every step. Our author is urgent in his pleas for the abiding worth of the story, which 'breathes the spirit of Hebrew religion as it was passing into ethical monotheism.'

Subsequent chapters follow the elements of the narrative of the Fall through the canonical writings of the Old Testament, through the apocryphal and pseudepigraphical literature of the Jews, through the Talmud, and, more incidentally, through the Christian Apocrypha. The idea that men inherit a moral infirmity of nature from Adam in consequence of his transgression is asserted to be found, first, in a recension of the *Slavonic Enoch*, the doctrine of the evil heart, in the Fourth Book of Esdras. As to the influence of the first man's sin upon the race, St. Paul is represented as deriving his teaching ready-made from the Jewish speculations current in his time. But what our author calls 'strict exegesis' involves another conclusion. In more passages than one the obvious inference is, that St. Paul believed in inherited corruption. He does not systematize his views, because he was not elaborating a theological treatise; and woven up with the one belief may be threads that seem, to modern exegetes though not to him, to break the unity of his pattern. The real opinions of a writer on metaphysics are not to be reached by a process of selection applied from without; and correct synthesis is possible only when to every statement is assigned its rightful honour.

In the closing section an analysis is attempted of patristic teaching on the doctrines in question to the time when Augustine began to work upon them. Such teaching is of little importance, be-

cause the Church at large was engaged in other investigations, and the settlement of the doctrines of sin and grace was reserved under God for another period. As a matter of fact, indeed, thought on these matters was turned into a wrong course by the false principle of sacramentarian efficacy, and neither Tertullian nor Ambrose was likely to formulate a dogma that would stand. On the whole, Mr. Tennant concludes that 'the development of the highly complicated doctrine of Original Sin was less the outcome of strict exegesis than due to the exercise of speculation—speculation working on the lines laid down in Scripture, but applied to such material as current science and philosophy were able to afford.' If the lines were laid down in Scripture, the doctrine itself permanently stands; and if any modifications are needed in the statement of its unessential parts, they will be made without difficulty or hindrance as science and philosophy advance.

The book is altogether a fine illustration of modern English theological study, scientific in its temper and method. It is a storehouse of materials, gathered from a wide area of literature, and not all easily accessible to the student. Ample indexes are appended of authors, subjects, and quotations.

R. W. M.

The Atonement and the Modern Mind. By James Denney, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book is a reprint of three papers that have already appeared in the *Expositor*, and forms a supplement to the writer's trenchant and effective work on *The Death of Christ*. The first chapter points out some of the characteristics which tend to make the modern mind inaccessible to Christian truth, and especially to the Atonement, and shows how the current prepossessions may be assailed with good hope of overcoming them. In the second paper attention is given to the personal relations between God and man, as affected by sin, and as conditioning the mediation of forgiveness through Christ, and specifically through His death. The third brings the reader to the very core of the problem. Atonement through the death of Christ is pronounced a double necessity, both to touch sinful hearts to their depths, and sufficiently to reveal what God is in relation to sin and to sinful men. The substitutionary theory is guarded, modernized in expression, advocated with fervour; and some searching inquiries are made as to when, and in what sense, Christ becomes and is the representative of men, and

as to whether the mystical union with Him is metaphysical or moral. There can be little doubt that Dr. Denney is right in the emphasis which he puts upon the Atonement, and substantially in his explication of its contents and meaning. He writes with a well-warranted conviction, as well as with literary grace and vigour, whilst the spirit of the evangelist in him never wearies or nods. From him preachers may learn how to win the souls of their hearers, and students of theology how to systematize their belief. This volume and the preceding encourage the hope that the author will now proceed to compose a treatise on the Atonement of an amplitude proportionate to the importance of the theme. In temper and in learning no one is better fitted for that task of honour than he.

R. W. M.

Old Testament History. By Henry Preserved Smith, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 12*s*.)

The 'International Theological Library' steadily pursues its useful course. Ten volumes have already been issued, some of which, like Driver's *Introduction to the Old Testament*, are standard works of reference on their respective subjects. It is understood that this series of volumes, like the *International Commentary*, which is being issued *pari passu* with them, is constructed on 'critical' lines. The results of the best modern biblical criticism are to be embodied in them. But the tone of the volumes naturally differs, and tone in questions of such moment is of great importance. The key-note set by Professor Driver in his *Introduction* and his *Deuteronomy* was an excellent one. He showed himself frank and candid, sometimes bold, but never rash, and his judgements were nearly always weighted with a sense of the gravity of the topics discussed, and the need of caution, combined with free and full inquiry.

In some other volumes of these series—we need not particularize—this tone has not been adequately maintained, and we are compelled to say that the latest instalment, in the volume now before us, has disappointed us in several respects. The work of the historian is naturally constructive. He cannot set to work till the literary critic has finished with the documents on which his narrative is to be based. But, as Professor H. P. Smith himself says, 'If history is based on criticism, criticism is tested by history. The analysis of the critic must constantly be checked by the historian's synthesis. And the worth of criticism can be much more easily estimated when its results are embodied in historical form. Hence

the importance of such a work as the present; hence also our disappointment in finding the chosen writer on Old Testament history to be so destructive and ruthless as this volume exhibits him, in the handling of themes full of sacred significance to all devout students of the Bible. It is not merely that Professor H. P. Smith sweeps away the patriarchs and Moses alike as unhistorical, and leaves so few landmarks standing before the time of Isaiah; the spirit in which the work is done makes one question whether the writer possesses some of the qualifications which an historian of religion should possess. We are glad to give Professor Smith all credit for his learning and industry, for the clearness and sprightliness of his style, and the 'quick march' with which his narrative moves. But we hold most strongly that many of his negative conclusions are not warranted by sound and sober criticism, that his dogmatism is far too confident—in spite of his Renanesque suggestion that we may sprinkle 'perhaps' over his pages—and that a different tone in writing of even the earlier stages of Revelation would, as we venture to think, be much more becoming. The same work has been done by other writers—among whom we may specially mention Dr. G. Woosung Wade, of Lampeter—with equal learning, and in far more satisfactory and useful fashion, from every point of view. We strongly commend Dr. Wade's *Old Testament History*, based on sound critical lines, to those who do not know it.

W. T. DAVISON.

The Greater Exodus. By J. Fitzgerald Lee. (London: Elliot Stock. 2*s.* 6d. net.)

The Greater Exodus is the exodus of the Semitic race from Mexico and Peru, up through North America, across Behring's Straits, into Asia. The story of the Israelitê exodus from Egypt is simply a floating legend on a greatly reduced scale of this event. This extraordinary thesis is supported by still more extraordinary evidence—fanciful etymologies and combinations of all sorts. 'Yahova' is said to be an old American word. 'Mizraim' means not Upper and Lower Egypt, but North and South America. There is a wonderful interpretation of 'Og, king of Bashan.' Og means fire, and the bedstead was an iron oven used in human sacrifices. 'Ba Shan' is a Chinese word. The *obiter dicta* are in keeping. 'What is a king but a political fetish? Really he is an individual of the species Homo, of the genus Mammal. Yet, by common consent of the public, a special power is allowed to reside in the king, so that he is a fetish.' B.

The Hibbert Journal. A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy. October 1903. (London: Williams & Norgate. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The first number of the second volume of this vigorous quarterly opens with a profound article on 'St. Paul and Evolution,' by Dr. Edward Caird. Some of the statements about the apostle's 'inevitably unjust' views of his own past, and of Judaism, need to be read in the light of the author's later admission, that 'St. Paul rarely, if ever, loses sight of the unity which is beyond the differences which he states so strongly.' Dr. Stout contributes an acute criticism, from the psychological point of view of Mr. F. W. H. Myers' book on *Human Personality, and its Survival of Bodily Death.* He adopts an attitude of suspended judgement, but agrees that 'there is no sufficient reason for being peculiarly sceptical concerning communications from departed spirits.' Dr. Cheyne returns to Winckler 'in a friendly and yet critical spirit,' and acknowledges that this famous Assyriologist ought to have made it more plain that a myth may have an historical kernel. The names of Professor Lewis Campbell and Dr. Bernard Bosanquet are an ample guarantee for the scholarly treatment of the attractive themes: 'Morality in Aeschylus,' and 'Plato's Conception of Death,'

J. G. T.

Journal of Theological Studies. October 1903. (London: Macmillan & Co. Ann. Subs. 12*s.* net, post free.)

The present is a strong number on the special line of the journal, beginning with an interesting account of theological controversy in Norway, and ending with 'Hagiographica,' a criticism of recent works on lives of saints, by a Catholic scholar. Mr. Turner has a long account of recent works on the Fathers. The articles on 'The Greek Monasteries in South Italy,' by Rev. K. Lake, are drawing to a close. The Notes and Studies include several interesting items: 'Old Latin Texts of the Minor Prophets,' and a contribution on 'The Christology of Clement of Alexandria.' Under 'Documents' we have a long description of 'Recently Discovered Fragments of Irish Sacramentaries.' The journal keeps up its character for minute recondite research.

B.

III. HISTORY.

A Handbook of Church History. By Dr. S. G. Green, Author of the *Handbook to the Grammar of the New Testament.* (London: Religious Tract Society. 6*s.* net.)

Of textbooks on Church history the name is legion; and very few of them are fit to be used as introductions to the subjects with which they deal. They are responsible for a good deal of the distaste for Church history that is so prevalent among certain classes of students. For these collections of dry bones lack life, and the history of the Christian Church is not a study in anatomy, but the study of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. But it is precisely this side of the subject which textbooks cannot possibly give. Mere knowledge of lifeless facts is of little service, save indeed as an auxiliary to lectures or larger reading which will make those bones live. In fact they are of little use except for the student who already knows his theme.

Dr. Green's large handbook is somewhat unequal both in treatment and plan. Professedly, it covers the whole period down to the dawn of the Reformation. But, as a matter of fact, 360 pages, considerably more than half the whole, deal with the age of the Fathers and early Church. As might be expected from Dr. Green's eminence in biblical studies, the writer is at his best in this early portion, parts of which are very good indeed, especially the account of the organization, ritual, and literature of the early Church. But as the writer progresses he gets out of the range of his own researches and reading, and more dependent upon authorities not always the best or most recent. His account of Patrick (pp. 224, 225) is an illustration: of the researches of Zimmer and others in this matter he seems unaware. On the next page we read of a monastery of 'Bibbio' instead of Bobbio, while the missions of Columba, Columban, and Augustine are compressed into insignificant and almost valueless paragraphs. On p. 344 Dr. Green repeats the statement of Gibbon, that Gregory I is the last pope to have been canonized. He overlooks Leo IX and Gregory VII, the latter canonized in Gibbon's own day. But when we once more get back to heresy and

literature (e.g. on p. 387, 'Paulicianism'), Dr. Green is again at his best. He knows all about Conybeare's *Key of Truth*, and his account of this heresy is full and accurate. A mere transient heresy is treated to several pages; the conversion of England dismissed in almost a line. On p. 405 we are told that Charlemagne, a barbarous title at best, is equal to 'Carolus Magnus.' Freeman, on the contrary, held with justice that it was a mere confusion with Carloman. On p. 416 we have the old story repeated of the anticipated end of the world in A.D. 1000; an idea which Jules Roy, *L'An Mille*, has shown was invented in the sixteenth century. The statement on p. 496, as regards Duns Scotus and the *Immaculate Conception*, rests on a fable of Bulaeus. On every page, in fact, in the later part of the work we find inaccuracies and misprints which show that the work is a compilation. But the value of the first part, where Dr. Green as a biblical student is more fully at home, is considerable.

H. B. WORKMAN.

Historical Lectures and Addresses. By the late Professor Creighton. (London: Longmans. 5*s.* net.)

This volume, as a similar collection of *Historical Essays and Reviews* recently noticed in this QUARTERLY, has a value of its own, apart from its being the stray memorials of the great scholar and bishop. Our readers will not need to be informed that it is distinguished by all Creighton's wonderful insight into the true inwardness of an historical problem. The volume before us is more popular in tone than most of his works, the result of it consisting chiefly of spoken addresses. But there is no slovenliness of scholarship, inaccuracy, or superficiality. Whether he is dealing with the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Friars, Bishop Grosseteste, Archbishop Laud, or the English national character—to name a few of the themes of the book before us—his touch is certain, his handling luminous and thought-provoking.

H. B. WORKMAN.

Studies in English Religion in the Seventeenth Century. By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. (London: Murray. 6*s.* net.)

Canon Hensley Henson is publishing very rapidly. We cannot precisely count the products of his fertile pen during the last two or three years, but this fresh volume probably owes its existence

to the delivery of a fresh series of 'St. Margaret's Lectures' in the course of the present year. The studies here collected deal chiefly with religious questions of the past, but they bear very decidedly upon the controversies of to-day, as the lecturer was very well aware. 'Sabbatarianism,' 'Erastianism,' 'Casuistry,' and 'Toleration' are not topics which belong to the seventeenth century only, and, while the treatment of them is primarily historical, their present-day interest is not forgotten. The other two essays, on 'The Prae-Laudian Church of England' and 'The Presbyterian Experiment,' though more decidedly historical in character, have also their practical bearings. Canon Henson speaks of the prae-Laudian Church as possessing 'the strength, the weakness, and the promise of a genuinely national character,' while he marks as 'the principal achievement of Laudianism' that the Church of England 'remains to us now national in name, in claims, in sentiment, but not in fact.' This is plain speaking; but, however unpalatable to many Anglicans, it is as true as it is uncompromising. The investigation into the history of Toleration in this country is full of interest; and on many points we should like to comment, including Canon Henson's discussion of John Robinson's famous speech delivered in 1620, on the departure of the *Mayflower* pilgrims. Of an earlier controversy in which Bishop Hall was engaged, he says, 'In spite of their amazing fanaticism, the sectaries had got hold of the sound principle; in spite of their attractive reasonableness, the Anglicans were enslaved by the false.' Every one of these lectures contains much from which Anglicans and 'sectaries' alike may learn important lessons for to-day.

W. T. D.

The English Church from the Accession of Charles I to the Death of Queen Anne (1625–1714). By W. H. Hutton, B.D. (London: Macmillan & Co. *7s. 6d.*)

No volume in this history of the English Church has more abiding interest and value than this. Mr. Hutton has found it necessary to confine himself studiously to the defined limits of the series. He has not been able to include the history of other religious bodies, nor to deal with Ireland or Scotland. Nor is his book a history of literature, philosophy, theology, or music in relation to the Church. Such limitation has enabled Mr. Hutton to give a really comprehensive view of ninety crowded years in the history of the English Church. His volume opens with the

accession of Charles I. The king had been trained in the doctrine and discipline of the English Church. 'He was devout, temperate, chaste, serious—they are the very words of a Puritan lady—but reserved.' He had not the art of pleasing those with whom he had to do. Laud now rose steadily to commanding influence. Mr. Hutton gives considerable space to the archbishop's work, and few passages in his book are more pathetic than the story of his last days and death. Clarendon says that Laud's 'greatest want was that of a true friend, who would reasonably have told him of his infirmities, and what people spoke of him. It is the misfortune of persons of that condition that they receive for the most part their advertisements from clergymen, who understand the least and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind that can read or write.' The years that followed the death of Charles I are briefly sketched. Cromwell's 'strength of will and absence of sympathy or foresight made the difficulties of the Puritan rule insoluble. Puritanism, some modern writers tell us, was incarnate in him. It was he, certainly, who, more than any one man, was responsible for its fall.' Five chapters bring the history down from the Restoration to the death of Queen Anne, and these are followed by five chapters on 'Erastianism and the Convocation Disputes, 1689–1714; The Church in relation to Political Theory and to Literature; The Religious Societies and Missionary Work; Church Life, 1660–1714; The Church in Wales.' The moderation and fairness of the work is as conspicuous as its breadth of knowledge and its unfailing interest.

The Study of Ecclesiastical History. By W. E. Collins, B.D. (London: Longmans. *2s. 6d.* net.)

Professor Collins has taught ecclesiastical history for twelve years with distinguished success, and students in colleges and ministers engaged in pastoral work will be thankful for the simple and judicious hints given in this volume. Professor Gwatkin has described ecclesiastical history as 'the spiritual side of universal history.' The student who enters such a field must give himself loyally to the study of facts, without anticipating them by foregone conclusions, and without allowing any prepossessions to bias his judgement. Having sketched the field, Professor Collins describes the collection of material, the examination of documents, the investigation of details, and gives many hints suggested by his large experience as a teacher as to schemes of study, choice of books, and other points of im-

portance. The book is one for which many will be thankful, and it is wonderfully clear and well arranged.

The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond. Newly edited by Sir Ernest Clarke. (London: De La More Press. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Carlyle made this Chronicle popular by his extensive use of it in *Past and Present.* It is really a living and moving picture of the life of a great monastery with its ambitions and intrigues. Abbot Samson was a man of extraordinary business faculty, and his masterful rule is described with so many vivid details that one regrets that the Chronicle is not twice as long. It has been splendidly edited, with full notes and an introduction, which is a great help to the understanding of the work. Such a charming and scholarly edition ought to secure a very large sale.

The American Revolution. Part II. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. Two Volumes. (London: Longmans & Co. 21*s.* net.)

The first part of Sir George Trevelyan's history of *The American Revolution* covered the ten years down to the Battle of Lexington in 1775. The second part opens with a description of the political discontent in England, where the American War was regarded as an open question. Horace Walpole and John Wesley both considered that it was a calamity to the entire British race. Wesley tried to open Lord North's eyes to the real nature of the struggle, though he afterwards published the substance of Dr. Johnson's 'Calm Address to Our American Colonies' as a penny pamphlet, and did not hesitate to acknowledge that Johnson's Address had altered his view of the question. Sir George Trevelyan is evidently an enthusiastic student of Wesley's *Journal* and a warm admirer of Wesley himself. He loses no opportunity of discussing his opinions on the American Revolution, and pays no grudging tribute to his character and work. The chief actors in the tragic American drama pass before us in these volumes. Washington leaped to fame and influence by his victory at Trenton, where he surprised and defeated the Hessian auxiliaries of England, and by the masterly way in which he slipped out of Lord Cornwallis's hands and routed three of his regiments at Princeton. The description of the night surprise at Trenton is

perhaps the finest thing in these volumes. We follow every stage of it with bated breath. Washington's march through the British lines to Princeton was allowed to be a prodigy of leadership. 'The permanent and paramount consequence of those masterly operations was the establishment of Washington's military reputation, and the increased weight of his political and administrative authority throughout every State of the Confederacy, and up to the very latest hour of the war.' After the capture of Fort Washington, the British forces had seemed on the high way to complete victory. The entire and almost immediate dissolution of the Colonial forces was serenely anticipated at the British headquarters in New York City. Trenton and Princeton changed the whole aspect of affairs. Washington was entrusted by Congress with powers which made him virtually dictator, and he set himself calmly to the task of remaking and reinforcing his army. The result was inevitable. Frederic the Great already saw that the Colonies would attain and keep their independence. But the scales seemed clearly turning in the other direction before Trenton, and the mother country was almost in sight of victory. Sir George Trevelyan gives himself ample space to tell his story, and the latitude which he sometimes allows himself in illustration adds to the interest of his volumes. This is history made alive by a wealth of incident. We become familiar with Lord Dartmouth and Lord Mansfield; we see the difficulty that the Government had in finding soldiers; we learn to appreciate the skill of the American marksmen. Washington's men required two conditions in order to show themselves to advantage. 'It was essential that the circumstances should be favourable to their method of fighting, and that they should have begun with a success.' Some of their feats were wonderful, at other times 'they fought poorly, and proved themselves unequal to the demands of a long and trying campaign.' This story of a great struggle will be read with equal interest on both sides of the Atlantic, and it will be felt that the writer has written with real insight and keen appreciation of the brave deeds wrought by both armies in the long and painful struggle.

Old Quebec: The Fortress of New France. By Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. With Illustrations. (London: Macmillan & Co. 15*s.* net.)

The first sentence of this volume makes a large claim for the Gibraltar of the New World. 'About the walled city of Quebec

cling more vivid and enduring memories than belong to any other city of the modern world.' The foundation of the city carries us back to the renaissance of religious zeal in France at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Samuel de Champlain led the first permanent colony to New France. He was the founder of Quebec, and for more than a century he was its very life. Champlain often declared that 'the salvation of a single soul is worth more than an empire,' and the Church soon entrenched herself in the new colony. 'Quebec was the farthest outpost of Catholicism. New France was for ever to be free from the taint of heresy, allowing none but Catholic settlers within her gates; and Huguenots were specifically excluded.' The chief danger of the infant colony arose from the Iroquois, whose hatchet seemed always suspended over the city. The stories of massacre and torture given in this volume almost make one's hair stand on end. All the picturesque figures of New France pass before us, and we learn to appreciate more justly the heroic devotion to their mother country and the faith which ruled the lives of the missionaries and the great soldiers of the colony. The heroic contest between Montcalm and Wolfe is told with many a vivid touch of description. After Wolfe's death there were some anxious months for the brave English garrison, who needed the utmost vigilance and courage to retain the city. The struggles of later days, by which 'the two nations warring in the bosom of a single state' have been knit together into 'the most simple and sincere of all British peoples,' are described in a way that will help many to understand how much England owes to the successive governors of the colony. The book is one of the most attractive of the season, and its illustrations add greatly to its charm and its value.

London in the Time of the Stuarts. By Sir Walter Besant. (London: A. & C. Black. 30*s.* net.)

The favourable reception given to Sir Walter Besant's *London in the Eighteenth Century* has decided the publishers to issue this second volume. It is uniform with its predecessor—a demy 4to in handsome red and gold covers, gilt top, with 410 pages, 115 illustrations, mostly from contemporary prints, and a very fine reproduction of Ogilby and Morgan's Map of London, 1677. Some of the pictures, such as the group of 'Gunpowder Conspirators,' 'Touching for King's Evil,' 'The Apprentice's Enforced

Toilet,' 'Rescued from the Plague,' and 'The Great Fire of London,' are of unusual interest. The use made of old prints gives special value to the volume, and they are splendidly reproduced. Sir Walter Besant knew better than any one how to handle such a subject as that of *London under the Stuarts*. He begins with a chapter on each of the Stuart sovereigns. The picturesque aspects of each reign are fastened on, and a general view given of public opinion and the course of events during the period. Then follow sections on 'Religion, Government, and Trade'; on 'The Great Plague and Fire'; 'Manners and Customs'; and a valuable set of Appendices. Here Sir Walter is peculiarly at home. There is not a dull page in the book, and the fact that the treatment is somewhat discursive makes the volume the more delightful. We can give no idea of its variety and its charm, but every one who wishes to know the London of two hundred and fifty years ago will feel, as he opens this volume, that he has stepped back into that world of great events, and will live again through its civil discord, its plague and fire, and its strange superstitions. It is a great gift thus to reconstruct a vanished world, and we are thankful that Sir Walter Besant used it to such good purpose.

A Short History of Ancient Peoples. By Robinson Souttar, M.A., D.C.L. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 12*s*.)

Dr. Souttar has attempted a vast task. He has undertaken to rewrite ancient history in the light of modern research and discovery. The history of the ancients is no longer a study of dry bones. Every day the zeal of the explorer is making it more interesting. Few can have access to the wide field of literature that centres round the subject. Dr. Souttar has gone to the latest and best authorities, and has 'given the facts,' as Professor Sayce says in his Introduction to this volume, 'with judgement and lucidity.' He begins with Egypt, and in seventy pages gives a clear outline of the dynasties that have ruled by the Nile down to the days of Cleopatra. The other sections of the book treat of Babylonia, Medes and Persians, The Hebrews, Phoenicia, Carthage, Greece, and Rome. We have found this book very easy to read, and Dr. Souttar has laid all busy people under a great debt by a scientific history which is as thorough and painstaking as it is popular. The value of the work is increased by its excellent maps.

The Hittites: The Story of a Forgotten Empire. By A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D. With Thirteen Illustrations. Third and Enlarged Edition. (London: Religious Tract Society. 2*s*.)

Since his book on the Hittites was first published Professor Sayce has succeeded in partially lifting the veil that hangs over the Hittite inscriptions. The description of his research which he has added to this volume gives it special interest. He has been able to make out the general sense of most of the longer inscriptions, and to draw certain historical conclusions from their contents. This is a hopeful beginning, yet it is only a beginning. 'There are many characters, the phonetic value of which is merely probable or possible; there are many more to whose pronunciation there is as yet no clue.' This little book is one of unusual interest for biblical scholars.

Roman Roads in Britain. By Thomas Codrington, M.Inst.C.E., F.G.S. (London: S.P.C.K. 5*s*.)

Mr. Codrington's book is based on the observations of an expert made in all parts of the country. He finds that the literature of the subject has been widely influenced for a century past by the spurious *Itinerary* attributed to Richard of Cirencester. The entire course of some roads connecting known stations of the *Itinerary* of Antonine can only be guessed at, but remains now buried beneath the soil may yet throw light on these problems, and this book will direct attention to points that need investigation. Mr. Codrington has made a really scientific study of the subject, and in these chapters he traces the course of the great roads step by step through the island. His large chart and the smaller plans will be of great service to any one who wishes to follow the discussions with care. Mr. Codrington has done excellent service by this workmanlike manual. It throws much light on the construction and dates of the roads all over England.

The Methodists. By John Alfred Faulkner, D.D. (New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $1.)

Dr. Faulkner's book is one of a series entitled 'The Story of the Churches,' intended to furnish brief but complete histories which may be of service to the Church member who wishes to understand the origin, development, and history of his own denomination.

Methodism has been fortunate in its representative. Dr. Faulkner is Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, and he has managed to pack an immense amount of information into this entrancing volume. His chapters on the rise of Methodism, its meaning, its planting in America, and its early Conferences, are admirable summaries, but we have been most interested by the wonderful chapter entitled 'Eighteenth Century Heroes,' which is a portrait gallery dedicated to the memory of the noble men by whom Methodism was carried over all parts of the United States. Dr. Faulkner is apparently unaware of Wesley's letter to a friend (*Works*, xiii. 235), for he treats Wesley's invasion of every parish in England and Ireland as a breach of the vow he took at ordination. Wesley's answer disposes of that statement, but it might interest a High Churchman to hear Wesley described as 'the most undutiful son that the Church ever had, both in his work and in his teaching.' We are somewhat astonished to find Kilham's described as 'the most statesmanlike mind of English Methodism after Wesley,' and to read that 'the primitive Methodist zeal' of Bourne and Clowes 'made them obnoxious to the parent Church.' These are not judgements that we can endorse, but we are thankful to have such an inspiring volume, and American Methodism ought to be proud of it.

The Psalms in Human Life. By Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O. (London: John Murray. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Prothero discussed some of the notes on which this volume is founded with Dean Stanley in 1878, so that it represents more than a quarter of a century of reading. Other books have been published on somewhat similar lines; but none so rich in matter, so comprehensive, so full of enthusiasm for 'the subject.' After a short chapter on the Psalms as the mirror of the human soul and a well of refreshment and consolation for all generations, 'some of the countless instances in which the Psalms have thus guided, controlled, and sustained the lives of men and women in all ages of human history, and at all crises of their fate,' are gathered together. These are grouped into chapters on: The Early Ages of Christianity, The Formation of Nations, The Middle Ages, The Reformation Era, The Huguenots, The Puritans, The Scottish Covenanters, and The Revolution of 1688. Two final chapters bring the story down to our own times. A fine catholicity of spirit, worthy of the biographer of Dean Stanley, marks the book.

Methodist readers will turn with pleasure to the pages about the Wesleys. Mr. Prothero says of John Wesley's conversion: 'On the foundation of that sure confidence, his intense energy, organizing genius, and administrative capacity built up, for the most part from neglected materials, the mighty movement that still bears both his name and the impress of his structural mind.' He endorses the opinion expressed in *The Dictionary of Hymnology* that Charles Wesley was 'perhaps the greatest hymn-writer the world has ever known'; and says of his '6,500 hymns, some are unsurpassed in beauty, and rank among the finest in the English language.' The 'Appendix of Authorities' shows what a vast field has been covered in the preparation of this volume, and the 'Index to the use of particular Psalms' will enable any one to put his finger on the references to the special Psalm which he may be studying. The reference in *Charles Kingsley's Life* to the services held by his father at Clovelly, before the fishing fleet went out to sea, when they sang Psalm cxxi., seems to have been missed. Mr. Prothero's version of Xavier's hymn, 'O Deus, ego amo Te,' preserves 'the mediaeval quaintness of the original' in a very happy fashion. We regard his volume as one of the chief treasures of the season, and hope that it may have a great circulation.

London on Thames in Bygone Days. By G. H. Birch, F.S.A., Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum. (London: Seeley & Co. *7s.* net.)

This is a book that Londoners will prize highly. Mr. Birch sets forth in historic sequence the scenes which have been enacted on the Thames, on its banks and its bridges, and allows us to see the aspect of the banks through successive centuries. The water games of the young Londoners, the life of the palaces that fringed the waterway, the places of amusement that sprang up near by, are all described in a way that brings to life the buried centuries. The pictures in colours are very fine, and so are the monochromes. They are full-page illustrations drawn from all sources, but especially from the vast collection of London views made by the late Mr. J. E. Gardner. This is one of the most attractive volumes of the 'Portfolio Series.'

Mr. Newnes has added *The Story of the Atlantic Cable*, by Charles Bright, F.R.S.E., and *The Story of Extinct Civilisations of the West*, by R. E. Anderson, M.A., to his wonderful 'Library of Useful Stories' (*1s.* each). The mass of matter packed into these

little volumes, the wealth of illustrations, and the fact that they are the work of experts, make this Library one of the most delightfully instructive set of books on the market. The extinct civilizations are those of Mexico and Peru, and the substance of many great volumes is here in a nutshell.

The Clarendon Press has just published a twenty-third edition of *A Brief History of the Indian Peoples*, by Sir William Hunter (3*s.* 6*d.*). The record has been brought down to the Coronation Durbar in 1903, and the figures of the Census of 1901 inserted. There is no book which a student of India will find so valuable as this. Mr. Hutton has revised it in a way that the distinguished author would have heartily approved.

Messrs. James Clarke & Co. are publishing a cheap edition of the novels of Miss Worboise. The stories have had a phenomenal sale, and many will be glad to have these neatly got up volumes at 2*s.* each, or in a superior binding for 2*s.* 6*d.* The books are admirably suited for family reading. They have a broad-mindedness about them which is quite refreshing, and their sturdy Protestantism will make them welcome in many quarters. Miss Worboise has a keen appreciation of natural beauty, and her young people are full of life and high spirit. The style needs pruning, but the tone and temper are always high.

Godfrey Marten, Schoolmaster. By Charles Turley. *Denslow's Night before Christmas.* (W. Heinemann. 5*s.* each.)

Godfrey Marten is a book over which schoolboys will rejoice indeed. Godfrey is always getting into scrapes, but he is so honest and so plucky that he wins friends and fights his way through. The life of school is not painted here, but lived. One pities schoolmasters and learns to estimate their work more highly by turning over these pages, though athletics seem to count for more than study. *Denslow's Night before Christmas* describes the coming of St. Nicholas in his coach drawn by eight reindeer. How he comes down the chimney laden with gifts for Christmas stockings small people will learn with rare delight. The verse is as dainty as the pictures, and really both are past description. The book is superb.

IV. BIOGRAPHY.

Francis of Assisi. By Anna M. Stoddart. With Sixteen Illustrations. (London: Methuen & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

THIS new volume of Messrs. Methuen's 'Little Biographies' is sure of a welcome. St. Francis is the most popular saint of the day, and, though we cannot quite follow Miss Stoddart when she calls his 'the most Christlike life of Christendom,' no one who reads this biography can be unmoved by the childlike devotion and artless simplicity of the Wesley of the Middle Ages. We have never seen the story of St. Francis preaching to the birds told so beautifully, and the description of the intrigue by which the friar's work was spoiled even in his own lifetime is one of the best parts of a really valuable little book. It can scarcely fail to take rank as the best popular life of St. Francis, and Miss Stoddart's familiarity with Assisi has enabled her to add many descriptive touches which an English reader will find of much service. The sections dealing with the history of the time, and the art that centres round St. Francis, are very helpful to a real understanding of the biography.

St. Aldhelm. By Bishop Browne. (London: S.P.C.K. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This little volume consists of lectures delivered in the Bristol Cathedral during Lent 1902. Aldhelm's connexion with the see of Bristol lay in his being abbot of Malmesbury, and afterwards bishop of Sherborne—a see long since extinct, part of which lay within the bounds of Henry VIII's see of Bristol. He died in 709, and Bishop Browne, whose knowledge of those remote ages is well known to all students, has sought, in a popular way, to make the man and his times live once more before us. Preachers do not always keep severely to their text, and Bishop Browne is no exception, as we see from App. B: Notes on wine-growing in England, and other little 'excursions and alarums.' But the general result is to add interest and life; and this, after all, is the main thing in Lent lectures on an old and somewhat barren theme.

H. B. WORKMAN.

Bolingbroke and his Times: The Sequel. By Walter Sichel. (London: Nisbet & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Sichel's second volume covers the latter half of Bolingbroke's life, from 1715 to 1751. He has worked through the British Museum manuscripts which bear on the subject, and has reproduced Bolingbroke's letters in collated sequence. As a result of his exhaustive studies, Mr. Sichel claims to have brought out the real facts as to Bolingbroke's relations with the Pretender, his 'misusage by the Walpoles,' and his friendship with Warburton, Pope, Swift, and the Pitts. The private life of the statesman becomes a new thing as we read this volume. Mr. Sichel is able to throw light upon his intercourse with Voltaire and the French literary men of the day, and on Bolingbroke's second marriage, and his tender relations to his half-sister Henrietta. The great blot on Bolingbroke's career is his plotting with the Pretender: that dream of a Stuart restoration ruined the Tory party. Bolingbroke's eyes were soon opened. He exclaimed, 'May my head rot off if ever I draw sword or pen in his service.' He was allowed to come back to England after some years of exile, but all hope of return to public life was at an end. His house at Dawley, in Middlesex, was the resort of Pope and Swift, of Lansdowne and Windham, of Bathurst and Peterborough, and other celebrities of the time. Bolingbroke began to revolve schemes of coalition which might unite the Tories, and took an active part in the *Craftsman*, which first appeared in December 5, 1726. With the death of George I, Bolingbroke 'ceased all personal ambition, though he never relinquished his warfare for his political ideals.' Bolingbroke is a figure that is invested with never-failing interest, and Mr. Sichel has lavished his skill and research upon this study. It may not alter the verdict on the statesman, but it will make the man better known and more esteemed.

Crabbe. By Alfred Ainger. (London: Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* net.)

Crabbe has been fortunate in his latest critic and biographer. Canon Ainger's sympathetic study of the man and the poetry will certainly win a new circle of readers for a poet who has been unduly neglected for the last generation. Crabbe asks from his readers an interest in human nature, a habit of observation and a patience like his own, and he may have to wait before he is honoured with anything like a revival of interest. 'But he is not so dead as the world thinks. He has his constant readers still, but they talk

little of their poet.' He was a great student of village life and character, of nature and human nature in their homely moods. He too often laid greater stress on the ugliness than on the beauty of things, so that his poetry is somewhat sombre; but it is real life that we meet in his poems, and the influence of his work is 'at once of a bracing and a sobering kind.' Crabbe has special interest for Methodist readers. He heard Wesley preach at Lowestoft when he made the famous application of Anacreon's lines to himself; and Crabbe's touching hymn 'Pilgrim, burthened with thy sin,' and the note which he adds to it about 'a Methodistic call,' are worthy of notice. Canon Ainger's critique on the note is of special interest.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Charles Whibley. (Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. *2s. 6d.*)

Thackeray would not have wished for a keener or more discriminating judge of his literary work than Mr. Whibley. The facts of his early life are admirably gathered up in an introductory chapter. This is followed by a study of 'The Town and Taste of his Time,' which brings us down to 1841, when Thackeray, with an empty pocket and a wife suffering from mental illness, had to face his life's work. In six chapters Mr. Whibley discusses the triumphs of that unique literary course, pronouncing his own opinion in a way that is always instructive, though not always convincing. Then he sums up with a final chapter: 'The Writer and the Man.' Thackeray's 'words flow like snow-water upon the mountain-side.' He could write, as Esmond proves, 'with perfect artistry.' But he has 'no economy of speech. He never used one word, if a page and a half could adequately express the meaning; and at all save his high moments you miss a controlling hand, a settled purpose.' He appeared morose, and even insolent, to many who had but a superficial acquaintance with him, but that was only a crust. 'He was liberally endowed with the rare and simple virtues.' 'A big mass of a soul, but not strong in proportion.' Such was Carlyle's verdict, and Mr. Whibley thinks we may accept it 'in sympathy and understanding.'

Rousseau. By W. H. Hudson. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. *3s.*)

This is one of the most important and instructive volumes of Messrs. Clark's series, 'The World's Epoch-Makers.' Mr. Hudson has tried to ascertain how far Rousseau's autobiographical writings are to be accepted as historical documents, and has given a summary of his life, which shows him to be 'a man of morbid and colossal

self-consciousness, everlastingly preoccupied with his own emotions, arrogant in the proclamation of his virtues, and shameless in the exposure of his vices.' He makes more allowance than Dr. Johnson did for Rousseau's temperament and circumstances, but he endorses the verdict that he was a 'rascal' and 'a very bad man.' The account of Rousseau's chief writings is excellent, and helps us to understand Amiel's description of him as an 'ancestor in all things.'

John Addington Symonds. By Horatio F. Brown. Second Edition. (Smith, Elder, & Co. *7s. 6d.*)

Mr. Symonds's friends have complained that this portrait of him lacks the brightness, the sparkle, the play of fancy so characteristic of his conversation in genial company. Mr. Brown allows that this charge has some justification, but after going through the material he found that he at least could give no other portrait. Perhaps some one may add a chapter by-and-by, describing those brighter hours. Here we look into the heart of a man who had the sentence of death in himself, and yet never suffered himself to lose heart or to relax effort. It is a pathetic story, and Mr. Brown has told it as only an intimate friend of twenty years could have done.

Symonds had a rich, sensuous, artistic temperament, united with a natural vein of sweetness and affection. His eager search for truth and God are manifest all through the book. Mr. Brown says: 'I believe he owed much of his singular charm, his attractiveness, his formative power over youthful character, his wide sympathy, and his unfailing helpfulness, precisely to the pain, the bitterness, the violence of this internal struggle, which vivified and made acutely sensitive a nature in its essence sweet and affectionate.' It is a profoundly interesting biography.

Recollections of James Martineau. By A. H. Craufurd, M.A. (Edinburgh: G. A. Morton. *3s. 6d.* net.)

Mr. Craufurd is a clergyman of the Church of England, who was a close friend of Dr. Martineau during the last seven or eight years of his life. The two men were widely separated in some of their views of truth. Mr. Craufurd has much to say of 'the deficiencies of Deistic religion,' and of the inadequacy of Martineau's conception of Christ; and he says it well. The chief interest of the book lies in its estimate of Martineau's theological and philosophical position, and in the fragments of the philosopher's conversation which give his verdicts on men and things. Martineau held that Kingsley was on the right side in his controversy with Newman, though he

failed so signally in argument. He met Mr. Gladstone at Penmaenmawr in 1867, and thought him extremely narrow in his religious ideas. Richard Holt Hutton was the friend whom Martineau loved best in his later years. He did scant justice to Mr. Balfour, or to Dr. Gore's writings. He knew James Hinton well, and says, 'Much as I respected the man, I never could quit a conversation of any length with him without a misgiving as to his sanity.' This book is somewhat discursive, but it brings us very near to a man whom we cannot fail to respect and honour.

Raymond Lull, the Illuminated Doctor: A Study in Mediaeval Missions. By W. T. A. Barber, B.D. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Raymond Lull is one of the outstanding figures of the mission field. A Spanish grandee, who spent his first years in worldly gaieties without a thought of religion, he suddenly gave himself up to preparation for mission work among the Moslems. The fame of his *Ars Magna* spread throughout the world of thought, and he lectured to great audiences in the University of Paris. He hoped to persuade the Pope to set up colleges for training missionaries, but found, both at Rome and Avignon, that the leaders of the Church were too much engrossed with worldly ambitions to have any interest in a scheme for converting Moslems. Mr. Barber shows with what devotion Lull ventured across to Africa, and how fearlessly he laboured to convert the Mohammedans. The subject has many attractions both for the scholar and the missionary, and this little book throws light on the life and thought both of the man and his times. It is a fine tribute to one of the great spiritual leaders of the thirteenth century.

Mr. Newnes has added Boswell's *Life of Johnson* to his 'Thin Paper Classics.' It is in two volumes (3*s.* 6*d.* net, each), exceedingly light and most daintily bound in limp lambskin, with two very fine photogravure frontispieces of Johnson and Boswell, printed on Japanese vellum, from drawings by Edmund J. Sullivan. There is a very full index, and Boswell's and Malone's notes are given. This is the most attractive cheap edition that we have seen. Nothing could be daintier or more attractive.

William Wilberforce, by Travers Buxton, M.A. (Religious Tract Society, 1*s.* 6*d.*), is a full and well-written account both of Wilberforce and the great crusade to which he devoted his life. The story ought to inspire young people with zeal for every good work.

V. NATURE AND ART.

By Thames and Cotswold: Sketches of the Country. By William Holt Hutton, B.D. With over a Hundred Illustrations. (London: Constable & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Hutton's sketches represent the holidays of fifteen years spent in his vacation home among old-world surroundings. The papers were written whilst the impressions were fresh, and they seem to carry us right into the Cotswold lands, through which the stripling Thames first threads his way to greatness. The whole district has common features and common interests. 'Rolling plains, often wolds or almost moors, swift shallow streams, bare uplands and wooded valleys, are the scenes you pass through.' The houses are built of restful grey stone, and memories of the days when this was a nation of woolstaplers are met on every hand. The lack of labour is now the great hindrance to the prosperity of the region. You meet hardly a single young man as you walk over the fields or ride along the roads. The labourer has profited by the changes of the last twenty years. The children are healthy, well fed and well dressed; the men and women wear good Sunday clothes. 'Things would be better still if the women were better managers and better cooks.' The uplands were the home of the great woolstaplers. Grass grows in the streets of Northleach, and 'almost the only building that looks happy is the magnificent Perpendicular Church,' which owes so much to a wealthy clothier who died in 1428. The High Street at Chipping Campden 'has hardly its superior in England. Here are the fine old gabled houses of Elizabeth's day, two splendid windows and some doorways of the fourteenth century, a broad expanse, some spreading chestnuts, a market-hall of Charles I's time, and such like.' The church is one of the best in the Cotswolds. It was built in days when the local industry was in its most prosperous state. There is history inside it which carries us back to those palmy times. Mr. Hutton makes the old worthies of the region live again. The forgotten town of Burford claims two chapters for itself. Shakespeare's Land has its chapter, and so has Compton Winyates, the old house that never disappoints a tourist. The pictures add

much to the interest with which we follow Mr. Hutton from point to point over this region. It may have lost its wealth, but Nature has lost none of her charm. All who read this delightfully instructive volume will be eager to know these old towns and lovely houses for themselves.

In Shakespeare's England. By Mrs. Frederick Boas. (London: Nisbet & Co. 6*s.*)

Queen Elizabeth takes the first place in this gallery of portraits, and Mrs. Boas quickly awakes our interest in the little princess who was 'motherless at three years old, and worse than fatherless.' The caution instilled into the princess by years of adversity served the queen in good stead in the dangers of her reign. She played her part with astonishing success for more than forty years. Here she still seems to hold sway with Leicester and Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and her famous statesmen, scholars, and adventurers around her. Mrs. Boas gives a very useful chapter to 'Country Life,' another to 'Schools and Universities.' There is a stirring account of 'The Armada,' and a charming paper on Sir Philip Sidney. The book is full of matter which any one with a taste for history will rejoice over, and Mrs. Boas knows how to win attention and excite interest.

Surrey, by F. A. H. Lambert (Methuen & Co., 3*s.* net), is a valuable addition to 'The Little Guides.' Mr. New's pictures are in his best style, and the subjects are well chosen. The places are arranged in alphabetical order, and at every point where we have been able to test the notices they reveal a happy instinct for choosing salient features. The opening sections, dealing with the geology, fauna, and flora, and other general features, are very good, though they are of necessity much condensed. Mr. Lambert belongs to an old Surrey family, and his book represents the loving labour of many years. It will approve itself more and more to every one who uses it.

The Thames. By Sir Walter Besant. (London: A. & C. Black. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

This is one of the most attractive volumes in the series entitled 'The Fascination of London.' The life of the river, the story of the bridges, the history of the mansions by the water-side, the docks, the wharves, the processions and pageants, all are here; and Sir Walter inspires us with his own enthusiasm for 'the silent

highway.' Every young Londoner will find this a charming little volume.

Through Canada in Harvest Time. By James Lumsden. (London: T. F. Unwin. 6*s.*)

Mr. Lumsden visited Canada during the harvest of 1902 as one of a party of journalists. Portions of his book appeared in the *Leeds and Yorkshire Mercury*, of which he was representative. He saw with astonishment the gigantic tank elevators at Fort William, which hold from 56,000 to 157,000 bushels, and are used to load the vessels; but his wonder increased when he reached the black wheat-growing lands of Manitoba, and travelled through miles of golden grain ready for the reaper. Countless binders drawn by teams of three and four horses cut down swathes 24 feet broad. Wheat fields may be seen 400 acres in extent. In 1901 there were only 1,313,604 acres under crop in Manitoba; in 1902 the total reached 3,141,135. There are 25,000,000 acres capable of cultivation. Of the country and its agriculture, its tree felling and its fishing, ample first-hand information is given in this valuable book. The illustrations are a great aid to a real understanding of the conditions of life in Canada.

Snapshots from the North Pacific. (London: Church Missionary Society. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This book is made up of letters written by Bishop Ridley from his diocese in British Columbia (1879–1901.) They have been skilfully edited by Alice J. Janvrin. Details of scenery and work are brought out with almost startling vividness. Fifty years ago no attempt had been made to reach the Zimshian Indians and other tribes on the north-west coast of North America. These letters describe the early conflicts with the medicine men, and show how Christianity gradually won its way to the hearts of these people. Mrs. Ridley was as brave and fearless as her husband. She took the place of a clergyman and his wife, who had recoiled from the horrors of savage life, and kept the work together for a whole winter until a new missionary could be found. Her entire household consisted of two Indian schoolboys. 'The miners said she was the best parson they ever had, and the Indians call her "mother" to this day.' The bishop's letters are a noble record of self-denying and fruitful work. The pictures show what a superb country British Columbia is.

Sea Wrack. By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. With Eight Illustrations. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6*s.*)

The sea has never had a finer interpreter than Mr. Bullen, and this volume shows that he has not exhausted his message. The two papers, 'Life on board a Tramp'; the descriptions of whales and whalers; the tender little 'Two Christmases'; the amusing story of the sailor who took a position as 'Martha, the cook-general,' are all first-rate in their own line. 'A Whaler's Wife' is charming, and so is 'The Foundling.' The fine tribute to Captain Lecky, marine superintendent of the Great Western Railway, should not be overlooked. This volume is full of the passion and pathos of the sea.

The Wonderful Works of God, by John Polkinghorn (S.P.C.K., 2*s.*), is an impressive interpretation of nature's wonders as seen in man, in the animals, and in the insect world. The chapters are very pleasant reading, and are full of facts. Such a book is one of the best gifts possible for a thoughtful boy or girl, and older people will enjoy it as much as the young folk.

Nature—Curious and Beautiful (Religious Tract Society, 3*s.* 6*d.*) is another treasure from the pen and pencil of Richard Kerr. Nature's curiosities could have no better showman. The papers are exact and clear, full of out-of-the-way information, and are the fruit of much painstaking work. Those who love nature will find this a storehouse of delightful information. The opening pages on 'The Monkey's Dinner-Bell,' as the sandbox nut is called, will show the quality of these glimpses into nature's wonders.

Popular Natural History of the Lower Animals. By Henry Scherren, F.Z.S. (London: Religious Tract Society. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is a world of wonders, and Mr. Scherren explains the marvels of insects, worms, starfish, sponges, &c., in a way that will make his readers eager to pursue the study. There are 167 illustrations. The book is one of exceptional interest and merit.

Michael Angelo Buonaroti. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. (London: George Bell & Sons. 5*s.* net.)

One is never tired of studying Michael Angelo. His days were 'sad, stern, and lonely.' Lord Gower says that few human documents can compare in sadness with his correspondence, unless it be the journals of Thomas Carlyle. As a sculptor he did work which

has never been equalled, but as a colourist he lacked strength. He could paint the human form in its naked splendour as no one ever painted it, and as a draughtsman he was supreme. Energy and passion are his chief characteristics. 'No other artist ever used chisel, brush, and pen with such tremendous power.' Lord Gower considers him 'the greatest, the most amazing genius of the modern world.' An interesting letter from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., is quoted in the preface. In that master's judgement, Michael Angelo is greater as a painter than a sculptor. 'The Prophets and Sibyls are the greatest things ever painted.' The illustrations given in this volume are a valuable aid to the study of the great artist's work, and they are very successfully reproduced.

Albrecht Dürer. By L. Jessie Allen. With Forty Illustrations. (London: Methuen & Co. *2s. 6d.* net.)

There is abundant material for such a 'Little Book on Art' in the exhaustive tomes of Dürer's compatriots, and Miss Allen has used it with great skill in her tribute to an artist who lived for his work, and left the stamp of his rare genius on almost everything he did. The first chapter, 'Art in Nürnberg in the Middle Ages,' gives the environment of the great painter and engraver; then we follow Dürer from step to step through his life as artist. His art 'was typically Gothic and northern in feeling, guided by the illimitable power of a progressive mind.' He was deeply religious, and the intense 'feeling of the sorrow-laden scenes of "The Great Passion" marks him out as a master mind. His art was homely enough to be appreciated by the people, deep and scientific enough to be studied by the scholars, while the magnificent skill with which he handled pen, pencil, burin, or brush, made him one of the "great artists" for all time.' The book is very brightly written, and the illustrations are excellent.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. (London: Newnes. *3s. 6d.* net.)

This is the second volume of Newnes' 'Art Library,' which made so promising a start with *Botticelli.* The introductory sketch of Reynolds, from the pen of Mr. A. L. Baldry, pays merited tribute to Reynolds' services to British art. It is followed by an extraordinary list of his pictures, which shows that nearly every celebrity of the day must have known the way to Sir Joshua's studio. The pictures themselves — sixty-five full-page illustrations — have been selected with great care, and are profoundly interesting not only to lovers of English art, but to students of character and of types of beauty.

John MacWhirter, R.A. (London: Virtue & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Archdeacon Sinclair has been entrusted with the preparation of this Christmas number of the *Art Journal*, and he has performed his task with skill and judgement. The story of the artist's life and work is told by one who knows how to appreciate rightly its patient fidelity. Mr. MacWhirter is a great interpreter of nature, whose quiet seriousness and devotion are manifest in all his pictures. No modern landscape painter is more alive to the joy of colour, as 'An Alpine Meadow,' and other pictures in this collection make abundantly clear. He was born near Edinburgh in 1839, and he claims that Scotland is pre-eminently the land of colour. The illustrations in this Annual are very finely executed, and make a rich portfolio of the landscape painter's work.

The Art Journal for 1903 (Virtue & Co., 21*s.*) is one of the most beautiful and attractive volumes of the year. The mezzotint of 'St. Cecilia' by F. Miller is worthy of its place as the frontispiece, and William Monk's etching of 'Oriel College and St. Mary's Church, Oxford,' is very fine. The work of nearly two hundred and fifty artists of various nationalities is represented in this volume. The articles by Mr. Laking, Keeper of the King's Armoury, on 'The European Armour and Arms of the Wallace Collection' will appeal to many readers, and the reproductions of select pieces such as the oval Italian shield of the sixteenth century are wonderfully effective. The articles on famous painters, past and present, on picture galleries, museums, and kindred subjects, are just what readers of *The Art Journal* will appreciate. Lady Victoria Manners's account of 'The Rutland Monuments in Bottesford Church' is of great interest. The premium plate is Briton Rivière's 'There are none so deaf as those who won't hear,' a pleasing study of dog character; it can be had for 2*s.*, or framed in antique oak for 14*s.* 6*d.*

Wild Nature's Ways. By R. Kearton, F.Z.S. With Two hundred Illustrations, from Photographs by C. and R. Kearton. (London: Cassell & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

It is saying a great deal, but to our thinking this is the best of the Kearton books. Such study of nature has very seldom been carried out, and it has never been so vividly described by pen and camera. The ingenuity, the patience, the loving sympathy here revealed, are wonderful to ordinary mortals. To have the Kearton eyes lent us in watching birds, insects, and stoats pursuing their

prey is well worth half a guinea. The photographs are very fine, and the book is so absorbing that one really feels sorry when it comes to an end. May the Keartons long live to study nature and share their pleasures with all who know how to appreciate their charming books.

Forêt Noire et Alsace. By Masson-Forestier.
En Danemark. By Charles Berchon.
(Hachette & Cie. 5 *fr.* 50 *c.*)

Two very bright books of travel; well illustrated, and full of details about life in Copenhagen and in the Black Forest. It is rather surprising to find that no work on the Black Forest has appeared in France for the last forty years. M. Masson-Forestier not only describes places and people, but brings out the historic memories of the region in a most instructive way. The account of Alsace is very fresh and full of interest. M. Berchon greatly enjoyed his visit to Denmark, and his readers will be as happy over his pages as he was among his hospitable and gracious friends. Young people who wish to improve their French will find it a real pleasure to study these little books of travel.

Historical Studies. Stray Studies. Second Series. By John Richard Green. (London: Macmillan. 4*s.* each, net.)

Everything that Mr. Green wrote had a note of distinction about it, and we are grateful to Mrs. Green for gathering together these brief instructive studies. Readers of the Letters will find many references to the conditions under which Green's earliest literary work was produced. He says in 1861, 'I spent the bulk of yesterday pounding at Dunstan in the British Museum'; and in a later letter gives the archbishop the epitaph, 'Fine, plucky little chap.' Whether he is tracing the story of a town or an individual, Green identifies himself with his work, and looks at things with new eyes. We see what no historian has ever made us see before, and even a slight study sometimes merges into broader themes which are eminently suggestive. These volumes cover a wide range of subjects, contributions to the *Saturday Review* before the writer had become famous, and every one of them shows the hand of a master. The articles on 'East End Pauperism' and 'Relief Committees' still deserve careful study, though they were written more than thirty-five years ago.

VI. BELLES LETTRES.

The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. (London: Methuen & Co. 6*s.*)

Mr. Kipling has become, in no unworthy sense, the poet voice of England. He is not always equal to his great office, and the vulgarisms of his work shut it out from some quarters; but no man has represented the deepest thoughts and hopes of *The Five Nations* with such felicity and force as our imperial laureate. 'The White Man's Burden' is a mighty appeal to men of high spirit and discernment; the 'Recessional' is a prayer that comes from the heart of a nation; the South African pieces, and the tributes to Mr. Rhodes, give utterance to the sorrows and hopes of the empire. Every piece in this book has a strong individuality throbbing behind it. It may need study, but it repays every attempt to reach its inner meaning. Mr. Kipling is the interpreter of thoughts and aspirations which would be unintelligible to many of us, if it were not for the lights thrown upon them by this volume. The ends of the empire seem to be brought together within the covers of his book, and to read it is an inspiration to every true imperialist. His own heart lies bare in Sussex—a noble tribute to one of the finest counties in England.

God gives all men all earth to love,
But, since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea.

Poems. By George Meredith. (London: Constable & Co. Two Volumes. 2*s.* 6*d.* each, net.)

Mr. Meredith's first thin volume of poems appeared in 1851. His fame as a poet thinker has been steadily growing in select circles, and this pocket edition of his collected poems will certainly

extend his reputation. Mr. Meredith has much of Browning's subtle thought, without his obscurity. He likes to wrestle with a problem, or follow out some development of character with many an exquisite phrase or barbed thought. 'Modern Love' is a kind of sonnet sequence, which has been compared 'to a series of Rembrandt etchings for sombre intensity and concision.' 'Juggling Jerry,' bidding farewell to his old wife and his 'professional' triumphs, is a wonderful study; and so is 'The Old Chartist' learning his lesson from the brown water-rat. But 'The Lark Ascending' is perhaps the gem of the whole collection. The whole flight of the bird is here set to poetry—poetry that is itself music. The poem is superb. Lovers of poetry—poetry alive with thinking and soaring into music—will feel these little volumes a treasure, and will turn to them with ever-growing delight.

The Works of Rabelais. Translated by Urquhart and Motteux. (London: Gibbings & Co. Three Volumes. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This edition of Rabelais is a reprint of one issued in two volumes in 1876. The translation was begun by Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie, who was one of the supporters of Charles I, and was knighted by him at Whitehall. He issued the two first books of *The Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel* in 1653. His translation of the third book appeared in 1693–4. Peter Antony Motteux, a French refugee, who died in London in 1718, published his translations of the fourth and fifth volumes in 1708. The Biographical and Critical Essay prefixed to this edition is by William Maccall, who has carefully revised the text. It is impossible to pardon Rabelais for his revolting obscenities, and we cannot accept Mr. Maccall's plea that he was a 'humorist, and had a clear right to obey all his impulses and caprices as a humorist.' Yet, notwithstanding these ugly passages, Rabelais stands out as one of 'the deepest and boldest thinkers of his age'; and Coleridge said that he 'could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais' works.' This is a very tasteful edition.

Mr. Newnes has included Goethe's *Faust* in his Pocket Classics (2*s.* 6*d.* net). The translation is by John Anster, LL.D., Regius Professor of Civil Law, Dublin. The first part appeared in 1835, the second in 1864. It is spirited and graceful. The volume is got up with great taste, and Mr. Sullivan's 'Faust and Mephistopheles' is in grim accord with the famous scene where the

tempter promises to find 'some lure to win the young thing's mind.'

Loci Critici. By George Saintsbury. (London: Ginn & Co. *7s. 6d.*)

Professor Saintsbury has found great and constant need, in his academic work, of some collection of classical passages from various languages dealing with the science and art of criticism. At present the student of the subject needs a small library and a knowledge of Greek and Latin, which those who 'take' English for their university course seldom possess. These selections begin with Aristotle, pass from Greek writers to Latin, Italian, English, and French authorities. Professor Saintsbury prefixes an introductory note to each passage, and his volumes on the *History of Criticism* supply a connected commentary on these selections. Teachers will feel themselves under a great debt to the compiler of this work, and it affords to ordinary readers a welcome opportunity of studying the great authorities on criticism in the most compact and convenient form.

Forerunners of Dante. By Marcus Dods. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. *4s.* net.)

The object of this essay is to construct, from a study of visions, the idea of Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell which was current in Dante's time. Mr. Dods tries to trace from their earliest beginnings the general notions of a future life, to follow their main line of development, and to give 'the full-grown conception as it most commonly occurred at the time of its greatest and immortal exponent.' The work is divided into seven chapters, which deal with the literature of Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Rome; the Descensus Christi as represented in apocryphal and dramatic literature; Early Christian and Mediaeval legends. The subject is one of never-failing interest, and this treatment of it is both fresh and suggestive. Much patient research has gone to the making up of this book.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. have issued *Elisabeth Barrett Browning's Works* in three volumes, printed on India paper (*2s. 6d.* net each, in limp cloth; *3s.* net, in leather). They are dainty volumes, and each of them has a fine portrait as frontispiece. Mrs. Browning's prose essays on 'The Greek Christian Poets' and 'The Book of the Poets' are included as well as her poetry. The

volumes cannot fail to be popular. Mrs. Browning has some manifest defects in her too great fluency, and in the matter of rhyme she often offends; but the music of her poetry, and its pathetic and generous sentiment, still win the ear of all lovers of poetry. No poetess of England has gained a warmer place in our hearts than Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Messrs. Bell & Sons have published a new edition of Charles S. Calverley's *Fly Leaves* (1*s.* net). It is the eighteenth reprint of these graceful and airy little poems, and, wherever wit and humour are in favour, *Fly Leaves* are sure of their welcome.

Pages from a Private Diary. New Edition. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 5*s.*)

This is one of those pleasant books that one likes to have near at hand for a leisure moment. It is a real diary, written day by day, and written away from town and clubs. It is very clever and very racy, and there is a delicate fun and humour about it that seems to infect the reader. Every one will find this diary full of delightful reading.

Mr. A. C. Curtis has just issued, from the Astolot Press, Guildford, two dainty reprints. The first is *The Story of Elayne*, from Malory. Astolot is said to be Guildford; and *The Fair Maid of Astolot* could have wished for no more tasteful edition than this, with its rough paper and dark boards. *The Eve of St. Agnes*, by Keats, is got up in similar style. They are editions that will appeal to the heart and eye of every book lover.

Mr. Foulis, Edinburgh, is issuing a very choice series of reprints of the great poetic classics. These 'Roses of Parnassus' are artistic in form, beautifully printed on rough paper, and are issued in three styles of binding—in paper at 6*d.* net, in vellum at 1*s.* net, and in exquisite leather covers at 2*s.* 6*d.* net. They have a little Christmas and New Year's greeting on the first page, and every one to whom they are sent will have a gem of literature to rejoice over during the whole year. *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayám; The Ancient Mariner;* Shelley's *Sensitive Plant, and Ode to the West Wind;* and *Selected Poems of Wordsworth*, are some of the volumes. The *White Rose Anthology: Lyrics of Reverent Love;* and *An Elizabethan Garland*, please us very much. The selections are made with great taste, and the result is very happy.

The Novels of Thomas Peacock. (London: Newnes. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Seven novels are packed into this thin paper edition, yet the type is bold and clear. Peacock was a close student of manners, and *Headlong Hall*, which he published in 1817, when a little more than thirty years old, has much sharp satire and acute dialogue. It winds up with four weddings; but this is easily beaten by *Gryll Grange*, which appeared in 1860. In this last story, seven sisters and two other ladies are married on the same day. Peacock died in 1866. He was the last poet of the wine cup, and his songs on love and wine have many happy little touches. The amount of conviviality and hard drinking in these stories is really astonishing. The tales are dainty work, and can still be read with relish.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. publish Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped* and *Catriona* in a very tasteful and cheap edition (2*s.*). David Balfour is one of Stevenson's great creations, and these volumes deserve a place in the library of every one who loves Stevenson.

The Heart of Rome. By Francis Marion Crawford. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*)

Most of Mr. Crawford's readers will fall in love with his hero and heroine. Donna Sabina, with her truthfulness and strong sense of humour, is a strange creature to come out of the Conti Palace. Her lover is as chivalrous and brave as any knight of the Middle Ages. The 'lost water' which runs under the palace fills a large place in this story, and so do the buried statues. The night when Donna Sabina and Signor Malipieri are shut in the underground passages is described with wonderful realism, and when the Signor succeeds in making a way to the surface we feel almost as keen a sense of relief as he did himself. The story is full of excitements, and it is written in Mr. Crawford's best style.

The Long Night. By Stanley Weyman. (London: Longmans & Co. 6*s.*)

The scene of Mr. Weyman's new story is laid in Geneva at the time of the famous Escalade, by which the Grand Duke of Savoy almost won the city. The syndic, who becomes a traitor in order to secure a medicine which is to restore him to health, is a study of treachery and credulity such as Mr. Weyman loves to paint, and

the Savoyard agent is very powerfully drawn. The young lovers have much grim misery to face, but they show rare pluck in their hard time, and one rejoices when their triumph comes. The story is full of dramatic force, and nothing is more dramatic than the episode of the great iron pot hurled from the upper window by Mère Royaume on to the head of Basterga, the Savoyard leader. The Escalade collapsed.

The Master of Gray. By H. C. Bailey. (London: Longmans & Co. 6*s*.)

The Master of Gray suggests the means by which Elizabeth is able to bring Mary Queen of Scots to the scaffold. His personal beauty, his courage, his resource, all mark him out for high honour, but he becomes a traitor to his royal mistress, and breaks the heart of the lovely English girl whose affection he had won in France. Sir Philip Sidney saw the better side of the Master, and honoured him with his friendship. Gray fought hard also in the end to save Mary's life; but his is the story of a traitor. Queen Elizabeth and Walsingham play a leading part in the tale; and James of Scotland is here a figure that fills one with sickening detestation. This book cannot be described as pleasant, but it is full of strong situations, and it is both powerful and pathetic.

Priors Roothing, by Mrs. Fuller Maitland (Smith, Elder, & Co., 6*s*.), is a study of the gentry of a quiet parish—a clever novel of manners, in which we watch the upheaval caused by the coming of Mrs. and Miss Walker to Willows Farm. The loud-mannered and selfish daughter attracts the attention of Squire Arden, and becomes engaged to him; but his refusal to supply his bride elect with a motor car leads her to break off the engagement, and saves his lovely daughter from being supplanted. The Boer War leaves its trail of sorrow through the book; but there is happiness as well as mourning in this sparkling and humorous story.

The Maids of Paradise. By Robert W. Chambers. (London: Constable & Co. 6*s*.)

Mr. Chambers has not written any story more powerful than this. It opens in the early days of the Franco-German War, and has some descriptions which almost haunt one. The Communard, John Buckhurst, is a monster of crime; and Scarlett and the Countess de Vassart would have been shot by his orders but for a timely rescue. One follows the story with a thrill of excitement

from first to last. Its lovers are somewhat unique, but they all contrive to enlist a reader's interest and sympathy.

Crowborough Beacon. By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Smith, Elder, & Co. 6*s*.)

This capital story opens on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells, a century ago, with a dispute which leads to a fatal duel. The dead man's second, Sir Percival de Saouls of Groombridge House, becomes guardian of his friend's daughter, Elsie Macrae, who lives under his roof at Groombridge. The De Saouls are Roman Catholics, and the Jesuit priest in the house falls in love with Elsie. He confesses his sin to his superiors, who order him, with a refinement of cruelty, to bring about a marriage between the girl and her guardian. He is forced to obey, and when Elsie's child is born it is baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. The mother is a Scotch Presbyterian, and makes a brave fight for her boy. She comes under suspicion of murdering her husband, and is condemned to death, but her innocence is proved in time. The miller at Crowborough Beacon, with his smuggling, his converted yew trees, his half-baked Methodism, and his strange old partner, is a very happy creation. Sir Percival's son by his first marriage, after being smuggler and pirate, becomes a Wesleyan preacher. We wish Mr. Hutchinson would make him the central figure of a new story. It might be as popular as *Crowborough Beacon*.

The Quest of the Simple Life. By W. J. Dawson. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

The clerk in Oxford Street, who pines for the country, finds his ideal home in a tiny hamlet near Buttermere. There, for ten pounds a year, he rents two cottages, which he throws into one, and fits up with old oak furniture. The joy of living, which he had lost in London, now comes back to him. He enjoys the sunsets, he drinks in life and health with every breeze, his mind grows fresher, and his days are filled with happy work. Mr. Dawson's idyll is aglow with enthusiasm for simple country living, and the picture is so attractive that dwellers in the towns will be sorely tempted to wish for release from crowds and the roar of traffic.

A Passage Perilous, by Rosa N. Carey (Macmillan & Co., 6*s*.), is the history of a girl who marries a young officer on the day that he sets sail with his regiment for South Africa. How love came after marriage, and Captain Linacre returned from Ladysmith to

find his cup of happiness full, Miss Carey tells in her most attractive style. The captain's brother is a very fine character, and so is Bell Heather, whose love turns his somewhat sombre life into sunshine. The story is a pretty one, and will have a warm welcome in every family circle.

The Honourable Molly (Smith, Elder, & Co., 6*s*.) is one of the best Irish stories that Miss Tynan has written. Molly takes to a florist's life with rare zest, and marries her cousin, whose love of country life is as keen as her own. Her half-sisters marry Lord Carbery and Lord Creggs, but our hearts are with Molly. Lord Creggs pleases us almost as much as Molly.

Sir David's Visitors, by Sarah Tytler (Chatto & Windus, 6*s*.), is both a story and a history. In Wilkie's Kensington studio the celebrities of the time are brought together, and the whole life of that age lies mirrored here. We watch the gay throng at Lord Holland's mansion, hear Chalmers preach, and become familiar with the court life and the social and parliamentary events of the time. The thread of the story holds one's interest, and a great deal may be learnt in a very pleasant way.

Leonora. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto & Windus. 6*s*.)

John Sunway, the earthenware manufacturer, is a coarse-grained man, whose business life has not been free from dishonour. His speculations prove unfortunate, and he commits suicide. His clever wife Leonora and her three daughters are sketched with much skill in this novel. The book touches dangerous ground, and is scarcely one that we can recommend for family reading.

Adventures of Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. (Newnes. 6*s*.)

Gerard is a French officer who serves under Massena, and is present at Waterloo. Dr. Doyle has made Napoleon and his soldiers live again in this set of stories. There is a welcome touch of Sherlock Holmes in them; and the brave colonel, who horrifies the English forces at Torres Vedras by killing a fox, is as full of vanity and of bravery as any soldier that ever lived. The description of the final rout at Waterloo is very realistic. Boys will pronounce this one of the very best of the season's books.

A Daughter of the Pit (Cassell & Co., 6*s*.) is a pupil teacher at Pinbury, a pit village in the north of England. Her father has lost his post as manager at the pit by yielding to the temptation for drink, and his family have a hard struggle. Eliza is a true lady,

unselfish and gentle. She makes sunshine even in her unlovely home; and when Edgar Meade, the young American who has come over with a machine for one of the pits, appears on the scene, he soon loses his heart to the young teacher. The rough life of the pit, with its dangers from fire-damp and the falling in of the roof, is described with much force; and the perils of the pitman's calling are well brought out. Three or four lover's tales give the touch of sentiment to a really picturesque book, which will be read with pleasure and with not a little warming of the heart.

A Twofold Inheritance, by Guy Boothby (Ward, Lock, & Co., 6*s*.), is a mixture of excitement and improbabilities. Reggie Sandridge almost wrecks his life by his follies, and seems to crown them all by his engagement to an adventuress. His escape from that entanglement is brought about in a startling fashion, and he finds the true woman ready for him in the end.

The Black Familiars, by L. B. Walford (Clarke & Co., 6*s*.), is a Protestant story of the days of Queen Elizabeth. Lady Delaval, a mother jealous of her daughter, is an unpleasant character, and her grim serving-maid is worse than herself; but Katherine and her north-country cousins are bright and wholesome; and the love story has a spice of adventure that is very welcome.

The Plowshare and the Sword, by Ernest G. Henham (Cassell & Co., 6*s*.), centres round Old Quebec in the days of Charles I. The fierce rivalry between Frenchmen and Englishmen seems to blaze all through the story, and the Indian allies play their part with torture and bloodshed. Mr. Henham has given a living picture of the days of French ascendency in Canada, and his men and women are worth studying.

Barbe of Grand Bayou, by John Oxenham (Hodder & Stoughton, 6*s*.). Barbe lives alone in the French lighthouse with her father, who had committed a horrible crime there when she was an infant. Beautiful and brave as the girl is, we do not altogether relish this story. The lovers are too passionately absorbed in each other, and the cave incident is too improbable.

Clerical Love Stories. By Alfred B. Cooper. With Nine Illustrations. (London: Isbister & Co. 3*s*. 6*d*.)

Openly to bring the Ten Commandments into the world of fiction is a bold undertaking. That world has unhappily been supposed to be the most interesting when it has most completely excluded the Decalogue. The idea of the author is quite unique,

and he has succeeded in producing a capital series of stories. The moral principles are not enforced obtrusively or homiletically, but underlie the story, which is worked out with the ingenuities of fancy, the surprises and colours of romance. The literary art of the book is marked. We are glad to be able to recommend a work of imagination which sets forth the purest and highest principles in such an entertaining and alluring style. It will interest young and old.

Songs of the Church. By Lady M'Dougall. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

These sketches of the great hymn writers will open the door for many readers, both young and old, to a new field of study. Lady M'Dougall has consulted the best authorities, and her enthusiasm is contagious. Such a book is a real aid to devotion. It is written with charming simplicity, yet with sound taste and real literary power. Teachers and preachers will find here much material for addresses on favourite hymns, and no book would be a more welcome addition to the Sunday reading of any household. The more we study the volume the more interest we find in it, and the more grateful we are to Lady M'Dougall for writing it.

Poetical Works of Robert Browning. (Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell.)

This is one of the 'Edina' Poets, a handsome volume, well printed in double columns on good paper. There is a fine photogravure of Browning as a frontispiece, and a brief introduction by the Rev. E. F. Hoernlé. An edition of Browning so attractive and so cheap that it is certain to have a large sale. It is not complete, but it is an admirable selection.

Messrs. Collins, of Glasgow, publish a clear type edition of *The Poetical Works of John Milton* (3*s.* 6*d.* net), which we strongly recommend to all who prize a clear, bold type. It has some pictures of unusual merit; one or two of the coloured pictures specially please us. Mr. Arthur Waugh has supplied a few notes and a helpful little biograph. It is a very cheap and neat edition, bound in art canvas. The 'Handy' Illustrated Pocket Novels are even more marvellous than the Milton: *Westward Ho!* and *David Copperfield* (1*s.* net), with eight or sixteen full-page illustrations, maroon silk cloth covers, and clear type. The size is 6¼ inches by 4. These are certainly charming gift books.

Wee Davie and the Gold Thread (Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell, 1*s.*) are two tender stories by Norman Macleod. Wee

Davie died early, but he changed his father's life. The other story will help to make duty a delight to little people.

The Enchanted Doll (De La More Press, 1*s.* 6*d.* net) is Mark Lemon's delicious fairy tale. The envious dollmaker has a sharp lesson, but learns at last to loathe the black fairy Malice and all her ways. The tale has charms for those who have long left the nursery. It is very quaintly illustrated.

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson sends us three eighteenpenny rhymes for children with coloured pictures. *The Romance of a Boo-Bird Chick* will greatly amuse a small child, and it has a capital moral. *I've Seen the Sea* is the record of a delightful summer holiday. *Lords and Ladies* is an out-of-doors book with games and flowers and fun: very pleasant it is.

Horae Subsecivae. By John Brown, M.D., LL.D. New Edition in Three Vols. 2*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* net, each. (London: A. & C. Black.)

These are the papers that delighted our grandfathers, and their charm has not evaporated. *Rab and his Friends* has rightly established itself as a classic, and papers like 'Our Dogs,' 'Mystifications,' 'Jeems,' and 'Marjorie Fleming' will always thrill the reader. The medical papers are not the least interesting, but wherever you dip into these volumes there is something that stirs the fancy and touches the heart. This is a very attractive edition, and it is sure to have a wide circulation.

The Leisure Hour for 1903 makes a splendid volume. The fourteen frontispiece plates are notable features, and the pair of pictures representing 'Lord Mayor's Day' deserve a special word of recognition. The chief serial is a Jacobite tale, of which the interest is well sustained. Mr. David Williamson's 'Personal Forces in Religious Journalism' will be eagerly read, and so will 'The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris,' told by a grand-nephew of the Bedes. The articles and notes have their own interest, and the whole volume is packed with matter. In *The Sunday at Home* the coloured pictures of Scenes in Palestine are most impressive, and the pages of 'Picturesque and Historic Churches' are very good. The two chief stories, 'Under the She Oaks' and 'The Intervening Sea,' are fresh and full of interest. The descriptions of 'Women Workers of To-day,' the Biographical Studies, and the Notes of the Month, all contribute to the success of a magazine which seems to grow better every year.

VII. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Children's Book of London. By G. E. Mitton. (London: A. & C. Black. 6*s.*)

Mr. Mitton's work with Sir Walter Besant on 'The Fascination of London' has been turned to excellent account in his book for children. Fascinating is the word that best describes it. It is divided into three sections. The first, 'London as it is,' introduces boys and girls to the markets, the streets, and shops, and gives a very clear idea of the life of the city. The second part is full of 'Historical Stories,' such as that of the 'Princes in the Tower,' 'Lady Jane Grey,' 'The Great Plague and Fire': these are told with spirit and in a fashion that children can understand. The last section, on 'The Sights of London,' will perhaps be the most popular. The full-page coloured pictures are very showy, and the book is one of the handsomest and most acceptable presents a child could have.

The Religious Tract Society publish two large and handsome volumes—the *Boy's Own Reciter* and the *Girl's Own Reciter*—at the low price of half a crown. The first is made up of contributions from the *Boy's Own Paper*, and covers a great variety of subjects—'the broadest humour, the most stirring heroism, and tender pathos.' Among the contributors are Sir Conan Doyle, Mark Guy Pearse, A. H. Vine; and every one who uses the book will feel how rich it is in good stuff. The *Girl's Own Reciter* contains old favourites and new, drawn from the works of Mrs. Alexander, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, Longfellow, Byron, Blake, and a host of popular writers. Young reciters will find all their wants met in these two volumes.

Messrs. Nelson & Sons' Story Books.

Boys and girls have no better friends than Thomas Nelson & Sons. The reward and gift books which they have published this season are as attractive as they can be made, and the binding and pictures add much to the charm of the volumes. The prices are very modest. *The Castle of the White Flag* (5*s.*) is a story of a double family and its adventures in the Franco-German War. It is one of Miss Everett-Green's most delightful tales. *Beggars of the*

Sea (3*s.* 6*d.*) is a most exciting story of the siege of Haarlem in 1572. It is full of fighting and brave deeds. In *Cambria's Chieftain* (3*s.* 6*d.*) Miss Everett-Green gives a spirited account of Owen Glyndwr and his struggle for freedom. *A Fair Jacobite* (2*s.* 6*d.*) describes the Pretender's court at St. Germain. Molly Fremlyn, of Hythe, finds a lover there, and becomes reader to Princess Louise. *Isabel's Secret* (2*s.*) is a pretty tale for little girls. Boys will specially relish *Riverton Boys* (1*s.* 6*d.*), a lively story of two rival schools, and *The Round Tower* (1*s.* 6*d.*), a tale of the French expedition to Ireland in 1798. *On Angel's Wings* (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a pathetic tale of a little German cripple, the daughter of a toy maker. *Daddy's Lad* (1*s.* 6*d.*) will greatly please small children. *The House on the Moor* (1*s.*) chronicles the escapades of some schoolboys who find a convict in hiding. R. M. Ballantyne's *Coral Island*, with its coloured pictures and nearly 240 pages, is a wonderful shilling's-worth of excitements and adventures. Messrs. Nelson's coloured picture-books for children, ranging from threepence to five shillings, will be hailed as treasures in every nursery. *Our Dogs* and *The Book of Horses* are wonderfully attractive, and all the rest are bright and full of fun.

The Wesleyan Sunday-School Union publications are very tastefully got up, very low priced, and very bright and helpful reading for boys and girls. *General Betty* (2*s.*) is a maid of all work, with sharp eyes and a nimble wit, whom Miss Edith Greeves takes under her wing. *Millie's Experiences* (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a lively story that will greatly interest girls and do them much good. *Ida Graham*, by Mrs. Spratling (1*s.*), shows how a young lady who is suddenly left an orphan, earns her own living and makes a happy marriage. Ida is worthy of her good fortune. *Sir Godfrey's Bride* (1*s.*) is a spirited story of adventure in Commonwealth times. *The Owner of Ruscheote* (1*s.*) is a capital tale. *The Price she Paid* (1*s.*) is a Temperance tale by Rev. J. W. Keyworth, full of good sense and timely warning. Mr. W. J. Forster has been very busy: *Raymond's Magpie*, *Our Silver Collection*, *Carlo's Visitors*, *The New Scholar*, and *The Seven Edwards*, are all from his fertile pen, and all are brightly written and full of good lessons. Dr. Burton's little memoir, *Alice, or the Early Crown* (9*d.*), will be prized by all who wish to make children thoughtful and unselfish. *Recitations for Missionary Meetings* (1*s.*) are full of spirit, and make some good hits. *Favourite Recitations* (6*d.*) is a selection of famous poetry excellently made. It is sure to be popular. The sixpenny books are as attractive as those we have mentioned. Mr. Healing's *Teaching by Ear and Eye* (2*d.*) will be very helpful to teachers. Sound sense, and clearly put.

Messrs. John F. Shaw & Co. have been fortunate enough to get *Chris Cunningham* (5*s.*), a story of Nelson's days, from the pen of Dr. Gordon Stables. All boys will like Chris and his adventures at sea; his happy relations with Nelson and his share in some of Nelson's battles make a really first-rate story—one of Dr. Stables' very best. Miss Everett-Green is also very happy in her *Under Two Queens* (5*s.*). Lady Jane Grey's story is told with skill and tenderness, and her two maids of honour and their lovers attract and interest us greatly. *Saint Jack* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a boy who puts aside his early ambition to be a soldier, and becomes an earnest clergyman. One's heart warms to him. *On the Winning Side* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a missionary tale, in which lions, Boers, Hottentots will keep young people excited and interested from first to last. The beauty and blessing of self-sacrifice are well brought out. The annual volume of *Our Darlings* (3*s.*) will bring delight into every nursery. The coloured pictures are very attractive, and the stories and papers excellently adapted for little people. *Sunday Sunshine* will be of real service to fathers and mothers who try to make Sunday the brightest day of the week. The pictures are very gay, and the Bible stories and other reading pleasantly varied and well written.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has been very fortunate in its set of Christmas books. Mr. G. Manville Fenn is seen at his best in *Fits the Filibuster* (5*s.*), a story of contraband stores sent out to help in a revolution and of hard fighting for the Presidency of a Central American State. The boy will be bad to please who is not charmed with this story. *The New Tutor* (3*s.* 6*d.*) wins his post by rescuing two boys from a rock in the sea. He is a gentleman who has been disinherited. All things come right, and he is worthy of his good fortune. The art teacher Jerry is a very amusing study. *Calder Creek* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a Sussex smuggling tale. The twin brothers are the chief figures in the book, and the scene of the shipwreck in which they play so brave a part is very finely painted. There is a great deal of power in the story. *The Mark of Cain* (2*s.* 6*d.*) shows how hatred and envy led to robbery and something akin to murder. Some of the character studies in this book are excellent, and the moral is good. *Mrs. Groom's Legacy* (2*s.*): The hardness of some of these village characters is extraordinary, and the death of little Hezekiah Samuel seems to us an appalling thing, but there is much wisdom to be gleaned for homely folk from this tale of farm life. Gentleness and goodness

win the day. *Frank Warleigh's Holiday* (2*s.*): Frank and his companion spend the holiday in camping out and in sport of all kinds. They shoot a lion that has escaped from a menagerie; they make an end of a mad dog; they bring down all kinds of game, and have a delightful life.

Mr. C. A. Pearson sends us a very attractive edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, with eight full-page illustrations by H. M. Brock. It has a bright cover ornamented with gold, and 448 pages; yet the price is only two shillings. It ought to have a large sale. *Pearson's Irish Reciter and Reader* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is full of the best Celtic legends, songs, and stories, pathetic and humorous, sometimes full of fun, and then perilously near to tears. The extracts are taken from the best writers and arranged in sections. There is great wealth of choice here for the reciter or reader, and the hints on the art of recitation are sensible and helpful. The volume is a welcome addition to the 'Pearson Reciter' series. *Alexander in the Ark*, by Francis Russell Burrow (5*s.*), is a delightful bit of absurdity. Little Sandy, dreaming over the fire, finds all the inmates of his Noah's Ark alive, and has the unique felicity of capping rhymes with Noah and his family, and watching the sports and races among the animals. Children will have a glorious time over the story and Edith Hope's pictures. *Professor Philanderpan*, by G. E. Farrow, is another world of unrealities, into which two children win their way by the help of the fairies. The ride of the Professor with his wife and his two pupils on the back of a sea serpent is really rare fun, and the way in which we are whirled about through sea and sky is most exciting. The illustrator has caught the spirit of the tale splendidly.

An Old London Nosegay, by Beatrice Marshall (Seeley & Co., 5*s.*). This nosegay is gathered from the daybook of Mistress Lovejoy Young in the days of Charles I and the Commonwealth. It is a dainty tale, in which many of the celebrities of the time figure. Mistress Lovejoy lives at the Grey House in Chancery Lane, and her chronicle of a happy life is very sweet and tender. Mr. Crawford's pictures are very attractive.

The Daughters of a Genius, by Mrs. Vaizey (Chambers, 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a story of four girls and their brothers who have to fight their way in the world after their father's death. The girls are full of pluck and spirit, and life proves kinder to them than they dreamed. *Anthony Everton*, by J. S. Fletcher (Chambers, 2*s.*), is a boy of Ripon who sets out to make his fortune. He has a set of adventures in York that almost take away one's breath. He discovers

a plot against Strafford's life, enters his service, is knighted by Charles I, and proves himself a brave and true man. Boys could wish for nothing more entertaining.

Under Cheddar Cliffs, by Edith Seeley (Seeley & Co., 5*s*.), is a tale of a hundred years ago. Hannah More brings light to a dark village, and is the means of a happy reformation in the lives of its drinking and quarrelsome people. The story is vivacious, and the moral lessons are effectively brought out.

The Conscience of Roger Trehern, by Evelyn Everett-Green (Religious Tract Society, 3*s*. 6*d*.), is a powerful story, with some really fine characters. Roger shrinks from entering the Church, but he finds his call at last, and his struggles sweeten and ripen him into a really noble man.

Donny's Captain, by E. Livingston Prescott (Religious Tract Society, 2*s*.). The Captain proves to be the child's own father, whom he has saved from his drinking habits. A prettier or sweeter tale than this, one does not often find.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes (Dent & Co., 5*s*.) is full of old nursery favourites, and the pictures by Mabel Chadburn—especially the full-page coloured plates—are simply delightful. The book does honour even to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. The season has brought nurseries no better windfall.

The Bad Child's Book of Beasts (Duckworth & Co., 1*s*. net) will well repay the shilling spent on it. The beasts are very odd, and the verse is odder. Absurdities of the most laughable sort are here in profusion.

Little Dogchie-head (Nisbet & Co., 1*s*. 6*d*.) comes from the same hand as *Little Black Mingo*, and it is certainly a new triumph of absurdity; yet it is too improbable to satisfy even a tiny child. Mary's head is burnt off, and the cook finds a substitute for it in his own hot-water vessel till Father Christmas gives her a doll's head in its place.

Old Nursery Rhymes, illustrated by Anne Batchelor (Nisbet & Co., 1*s*. 6*d*.) will be a welcome friend in every nursery. The rhymes are well selected, the pictures tasteful and amusing.

The annual volume of *Early Days* (Kelly, 1*s*. 6*d*.) grows bigger and better every year. There is wonderful variety in the papers, and a happy combination of instruction and amusement. It will make a charming addition to every family library.

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

Problems and Persons. By Wilfrid Ward. (London: Longmans. 14*s.* net.)

THE author of this singularly interesting volume is an altogether peculiar product of the complex influences of the present time. He is the son of William George Ward, 'Ideal Ward,' who, from the implicitly obedient and trustful disciple, became the logical scourge of Newman, and compelled his separation from his dearly loved Oxford Anglicanism earlier than, if left to himself, Newman would have broken the last tie which held him to the English Church. But, in historical accuracy, in gentle and liberal use of his powerful logical faculty, in wide sympathy with all that is honest and of a truly catholic spirit in Churches other than that of Rome, and in thinkers of every school of thought, he is a striking contrast to his father. And yet he was educated at Roman Catholic Colleges in England and at the Gregorian University, Rome, and is married to a lady who is a granddaughter of the ducal house of Norfolk. In adaptability he is the most complete contrast possible to his father. He inherits, however, from him a high faculty for philosophical discrimination and exposition. He is Lecturer in Philosophy at Ushaw College, and Examiner in Philosophy in the Royal University of Ireland. He is also Member of the Royal Commission on Irish University Education, and Member of the Council of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. And he is chairman of the Freshwater Conservative Committee. Perhaps the most piquant paper in this volume is that on Huxley. To not a few readers it will be a surprise, though not to those who had ever for a considerable period been in close association with Huxley as an educationist or social reformer. He was an agnostic, but would have regarded it as a grave offence if he were stigmatized as an atheist. He was no atomic atheist, no Lucretian philosopher, no follower of Democritus. He did not believe that any variety of Darwinianism stood in any relation to the moral attributes of man or the moral forces of the universe. The whole paper on Huxley, with whom Mr. Ward was on terms of familiar intimacy, is well worth study. Not less so is that on Tennyson, whose sublime theistic faith is

luminously exhibited as set forth by himself in solemn familiar exposition. The dealing in this volume with Newman on the side of his philosophy is, however, very unsatisfactory: an attempt is made to suggest, from fragmentary hints in his writings, how much more complete it was as held in solution in Newman's mind than as it is directly expounded in any of his writings. Not less unsatisfactory is Mr. Ward's attempt to explain and defend his view of the unity and true catholicity of the Roman Catholic Church, notwithstanding all apparent breaches and contradictions in its history. The article on 'The Life-Work of Cardinal Wiseman' is very instructive; that on Mr. Augustus Craven is fascinating. The historical paper on 'Zeit-Geist'—the 'Time Spirit of the Nineteenth Century'—is the longest in the volume, and is very suggestive. The whole book would repay close study. R.

Peeps at Parliament: Taken from behind the Speaker's Chair. By Henry W. Lucy. Illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould. (London: Newnes. *7s. 6d.* net.)

Mr. Lucy has done more than any man to make the House of Commons, with its celebrities, its oddities, its bores, and its humorists, known to the constituencies. He is a genial chronicler, who loves the House, and has studied its members and its methods of procedure with unflagging interest for a whole generation. His book is full of good things, which he tells with rare skill and evident delight. The spell of Mr. Gladstone is over the volume as it rested on the House when the great orator introduced the Irish University Bill of 1873, and talked over 'a predeterminedly hostile House into believing it would do well to accept it.' But Mr. Lucy shows that the self-effacing leadership of W. H. Smith was one of the most successful in our parliamentary annals. Friend and foe had perfect confidence in his candour and fairness, and he knew how to avoid provoking opposition. Lord Peel's conduct in the Chair of the House draws forth warm eulogium, and Mr. Lucy has a high opinion of Mr. Herbert Gladstone as 'a man of wide culture, rare knowledge of public affairs, shrewd judgement, tireless energy, and sound common sense,' though he has been overshadowed by the renown of his father. The glimpses of Lord Randolph Churchill are of unusual interest, and it is evident that he inspired Mr. Lucy with a sincere affection and regard. Mr. Gould's pictures are very clever and often very amusing. 'Obstruction' with its row of members is particularly happy, and the 'old William and young William,' Mr. Gladstone nursing Sir William Harcourt, is delicious. The caricature is as

genial as Mr. Lucy's sketches, and the whole book is full of pleasant fun. It will be eagerly sought after by every one who is on the alert to find a really good thing.

Encyclopaedia Britannica. Vol. xxxiv. Maps. (London: *The Times.*)

The supplement to the tenth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is now complete. The tenth volume has been delayed a little, so that it appears after the eleventh; but no one will be surprised at this who studies the 124 double-page maps and the index, which runs to nearly 2,000 columns. The wealth of detail given in each map is enormous. England and Wales take up twenty pages. There is a very useful map of London and its suburbs. All the European countries are treated in the same fashion as England, and in the United States each State seems to have a page to itself. Any one who wants to trace small towns and villages will find this volume simply invaluable. The clearness of the maps is as noteworthy as their fullness of detail. The volume is a worthy crown to a great literary undertaking, which has been carried through with a skill and success which are really wonderful.

Buddhism. An Illustrated Quarterly Review. Vol. i. No. 1. (Printed and published for the International Buddhist Society, Rangoon, Burma. 3*s.*)

The publication of this first number is significant of much. It is only part of an extensive organization for the defence and propagation of Buddha's religion. The terms of the new Society are stated in detail. Union with it does not mean a profession of Buddhism, but general sympathy with its aims. The movement is a reply to the 'Missionary invasion.' Schools, the press, local societies, are to be used energetically. European candidates for the Buddhist priesthood are invited to go through a training, to qualify themselves for missionary work in European countries. The movement finds support in Germany and elsewhere, the support in some cases going as far as adhesion to Buddhism. The Review is well written and illustrated. The articles are in flowing, graceful English. Sir Edwin Arnold contributes a poem, and Mrs. Rhys Davids contributes an article on 'Buddhist Ethics.' The long article by Ananda Maitriya on 'Nibbāna' does not cast any new light on the nature of the doctrine. It would seem as if in later days annihilation in a moral sense had been substituted for literal annihilation. Another article gives an idyllic picture of 'The

Women of Burma.' The Burmese lady-writer is quite ecstatic in her longing to be born again and again 'a Woman of Burma'; but she adds, 'or, better still, a Burmese Man'! There is a note on 'The Wonders of Radium,' proposing a new theory of its nature. The cover of the Review is in the Buddhist colour—yellow. B.

Rome in Many Lands, compiled and edited by the Rev. C. S. Isaacson, M.A. (Religious Tract Society, *2s. 6d.*), is the best book to open any one's eyes to the realities of Popery. It shows the condition of things in many parts of the world to-day; it explains the popular cults of Romanism, and explains those mechanical aids to devotion the use of which is always increasing. Yet Mr. Isaacson shows that through the Romish world there is a hunger for better things, which is full of promise.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress. Drawn by C. H. Spurgeon. (London: Passmore and Alabaster. *3s. 6d.*)

Mr. Spurgeon prized *The Pilgrim's Progress* next to his Bible. He was steeped in Bunyan, and interpreted him as only one kindred spirit could interpret another. These twenty chapters are a delightful amalgam of Bunyan and Spurgeon, and many a good lesson is brought out with rare force and freshness. The artist seems to have caught the spirit of the book in his excellent illustrations.

Messrs. Gall & Inglis have sent us *The Gem Gazetteer* (*1s. 6d.*), a most compact and reliable account of all the countries of the world, and the towns and cities; and *The Gem Reckoner* (*1s. 6d.*), which is a set of Tables intended for the use of those who are often far from other books. It is arranged on a new method, and has some pages of mathematical and scientific information which will often prove very handy to busy people. The little volumes will slip easily into a waistcoat pocket.

Fiscal Reform Examined. (Glasgow: Bryce & Son. *1s.*)

These 'Plain Words for Plain Folk' are a strong defence of Mr. Chamberlain's position. The facts and arguments are clearly put, and the result is impressive.

We have received from the Methodist Book-Room a set of Pocket Books, Diaries, and Calendars for 1904, which anticipate every need of ministers and laymen. The pocket books provide for all the wants of a busy pastor, and supply helps to memory which time teaches us how to prize. The *Desk Diary* is interleaved with blotting-paper, and strongly bound in cloth. The Diary is one of

the neatest in the market, and can be had at prices varying from 9*d.* to 1*s.* 9*d.* The *Miniature Diary*, which can be slipped into a waistcoat pocket, is sure to be a favourite with all who want the smallest diary they can get without sacrificing essentials. Its price is 9*d.*, or 1*s.*, in paste grain limp. The prices of these books are reasonable; for quality and completeness they leave nothing to be desired. The *Kalendar* gives in eighty-eight pages a storehouse of Methodist information. Its price is only 2*d.* or 4*d.* and 6*d.* interleaved.

The Religious Tract Society's *Scripture Text Book* (1*s.* 6*d.*) gives ample space for each day's entries, and astronomical notes and general information, which will be found very useful. Londoners will prize the information about the parks, picture galleries, &c., and the flexible binding makes the book pleasant to handle.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge provide almanacs, pocket books, prayer-desk almanacs, offertory forms, and sheet almanacs, which meet every need of Churchmen in the best style. The Almanac contains a mass of information giving the names of chief officials in each diocese, not only in England and Ireland, but in the colonies and in the mission field. The sheet almanacs look very attractive. Prices are low, and quality excellent.

Methodist Review (September–October).

Dr. Tuttle writes a warm eulogium of 'Frederick William Robertson.' 'He had a horror of what we call style, and he instinctively shirked it. The consequence was, his speech became the thinnest possible body of his thought, quivering with its life, iridescent with its colours, and throwing out thought-fragrance like the breath of the rose. His speech was almost disincarnated thought, and that gave to it the resonance of poetry.' Dr. Welch says in 'The English Wesleyanism of To-day' that 'Wesleyan Methodism has found itself.' He thinks that 'the older and conservative leaders have died, or are fast losing their predominant influence . . . Younger men are coming to the fore—more liberal and more vigorous—men under fifty, like Collier, and Wiseman, and Lidgett, and Chadwick, and Wakerley, and Barber, and Findlay, and Jackson—men with the new blood and new fire of a new time.' He regards Methodism as 'second, though a far-distant second, to the Church of England. The aristocracy it does not touch to any appreciable extent; but its hymns, its evangelism, its energy, its democracy, have, to quote an outsider, "made it a rival in the affections of the middle and lower classes" of the Established Church itself.'

The 'Unit Library' has just been enriched by three notable volumes. Madame Campan's *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette* (1*s.* 4*d.* cloth) will never lose its interest. It is one of the most touching of all royal tragedies. The writer lived in daily intimacy with the unfortunate queen, and her descriptions of the royal household and her anecdotes of the reigns of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI, which are here printed with the Memoirs, add much to the value of this edition. Waterton's *Wanderings in South America* (1*s.* cloth), with Sydney Smith's article, reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, 1826, and notes by Mr. W. A. Harding, F.Z.S., is another reprint which will be eagerly sought after. The book deserves its place by the side of White's *Selborne* as one of the classics of natural history. The edition of Thomas à Kempis's *Of the Imitation of Christ* (1*s.* cloth), with a suggestive preface and good notes, should not be overlooked.

Who's Who, 1904 (A. & C. Black, 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is one of the indispensable books which add interest and pleasure to every day's newspaper. Here are 17,000 biographies, all of which have been submitted for personal revision. Those who use this volume learn to look on it as one of their chief helps. The tables which have been pushed out from *Who's Who* by its ever-increasing biographies are now published in the *Who's Who Year Book* (1*s.* net). Here are lists of all the editors of papers and magazines, of secretaries and members of the literary and art societies, pseudonyms, &c. Such a little book is often of great service.

The *Almanack Hachette* (Hachette & Cie, 1*s.* 6*d.*) is wonderfully comprehensive. There are spaces for engagements and accounts, lists of astronomical changes for each month, hints for cases of sickness or accident, tables and diagrams covering an immense field. We do not wonder at the popularity of this almanac. It has been won by its outstanding merit.

The Love of Books (De La More Press, 1*s.* net) is Richard de Bury's *Philobiblon*. The translation is that on which Mr. E. C. Thomas lavished so much care, and which appeared in 1888. A valuable little introduction and some good notes are added. The chapters we like best are those in which the bishop tells how he had used his great place at the court of Edward III to such good purpose as a collector of books; the amusing account of the indignities books suffered from careless readers; and the appeal for the prayers of pious scholars to requite the good prelate's labours. The little volume is a voice from the past which will always win a hearing.