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APRIL 1904.
No. CCII.

NEW SERIES,
No. 28.

The London Quarterly Review.

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London:
CHARLES H. KELLY,
2 CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, AND 26 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

PRICE HALF A CROWN.

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1904

RITSCHL'S THEORY OF THE CHURCH.

1. *The Christian Doctrine of Justification and Reconciliation.* By ALBRECHT RITSCHL. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1900.)
2. *The Ritschlian Theology and the Evangelical Faith.* By JAMES ORR, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1897.)
3. *The Ritschlian Theology.* By A. E. GARVIE, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1899.)
4. *Institutio Christianae Religionis.* By JOHN CALVIN.

THE idea of the Church, it is safe to say, now holds a more commanding place in the minds of religious men than it has held at any time in the last thirty years. This is true even of those who have exhibited, and at need will certainly exhibit again, a resolute opposition to the pretentious spirit of sacerdotalism. Yet some of us, as we

take stock of our convictions, have an uneasy sense that modern views of this topic possess neither the depth nor the weight that marked the beliefs of men like Luther or Calvin or the English Reformers. The causes of this current superficiality may be hard to trace. It may be that the gain which came with democracy has brought a certain loss in its train. It may be that the forces of reaction, never far from the surface, have been evoked by the foolish and exclusive claims made for the ordained ministry by hierarchical enthusiasts, and that the pendulum of opinion is now, in many cases, to be observed at the farthest extremity of its backward swing. At all events, we find it harder than did the men of an older day to protect the idea of the Church from the suggestions of a spurious individualism. And, in these circumstances, a high interest attaches to the opinions on this subject held by one whose eyes were open, with great frankness and profound knowledge, to the weakness of the position assumed by average modern Protestantism, and who seems to have cherished a consistent and relentless detestation of everything that smacked of the sectarian conventicle.

A word, by way of preface, on Ritschl's terminology. I use the word 'Church' in this article, because it is the word used in Scripture, and retained in the ordinary literature of English theology; but it stands, not merely for what Ritschl designates *die Kirche*, but also for his phrase *die christliche Gemeinde*, 'the Christian community.' This community is formed by those who have been drawn by Christ out of the world, through Him reconciled to God, and thereby endowed with the spiritual mastery of life. Now we may view this body in two separate, and almost disparate, aspects; and on the distinction thus announced, Ritschl, it is clear, lays more than common stress. 'The community gathered together by Christ,' he says, 'constitutes the Church in so far as its members unite in the same religious worship, and further, for this purpose, call into existence a legal organization. On the other hand, it constitutes the Kingdom of God in so far as the members give themselves to the interchange of

action prompted by love.'[1] In other words, as he elsewhere puts it, the Church is *the worshipping community*; the Kingdom of God is the community in its rôle as an international and cosmopolitan society, permeated by the spirit of mutual love and service. This distinction, he goes on to explain, has its ground in the difference necessarily subsisting between action of a devotional and action of an ethical cast. One who drew so sharp a line of demarcation between the Church and the Kingdom of God was bound, of course, to give no quarter to the Roman Catholic doctrine which identifies the Kingdom with the Papacy; and this error, in another context, he traces back to the influence of Augustine.[2]

The distinction between Church and Kingdom, as formulated in these terms, has proved attractive to many minds. On the other hand, it has been sharply criticized as doing a serious injustice to the Church. And it certainly has the air of externalizing the Church, for it confines its reality, at least so far as words go, to the realm of merely sensible experience. It is true, of course, that what we mean by the Church invisible is, in some degree, embraced in Ritschl's use of the term *community*, employed, as I have just explained, simply to denote those who believe in Christ. Still, this community must take practical shape in the world we live in, and must do so *as a Church*, a human society, that is, whose soul and essence are religious. It must somehow present itself to man as an overt and recognizable association—in short, the Church must be visible if it is to be equal to its idea. As visible, it is not, indeed, identical with the Church invisible—the two terms, that is, are not coincident; but its visibility defines it as the concrete body with which we have to do, and to which, by faithful discipleship, we must strive to impart the unity, holiness, and freedom that belong to the bride of Christ in her ideal form. And it is when we inquire how Ritschl thought of *this*

[1] Cf. *Justification and Reconciliation*, Eng. Trans. p. 285.
[2] Ibid. p. 314.

Church—the Church visible and practically real in human experience—that we become aware how far he is from appreciating the sublime novelty of New Testament teaching on the point. In no part of his work, perhaps, does Ritschl show himself more plainly the unemancipated child of his ecclesiastical *milieu*.

It needs but little insight surely to perceive that this conception of the Church has not been formed on the apostolic pattern. For the Church thus becomes, as we have seen, an external organization, whose one and sufficient function is to worship God in public. This combination of Christians for worship, however, makes it essential that, as a next step, the Church should acquire a legal and authoritative constitution—a result which implicates it still more deeply in the life of the world as a non-religious system. In contrast to all this, the Kingdom of God exists only for faith, never projecting itself into—never, so Ritschl seems to imply, descending or condescending to—the region of outward or manifest things. How external Ritschl's notion of the Church is comes out most convincingly, perhaps, in his significant remark that 'activity, which is of the most important kind for the service of the Church, may be of no value whatever for the Kingdom of God.' This harmonizes badly with his previous definition of the Church and the Kingdom as merely two aspects of the one believing community. And it strikes a note which is surely alien to the New Testament, with its description of the faithful as 'speaking truth in love, and growing up in all things into Him, which is the Head, even Christ, from whom all the body, fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in due measure of each several part, maketh the increase of the body into the building up of itself in love.' There we have St. Paul's conception of the Church and the life by which it lives; and we shall search in vain for a word to suggest that he conceived its existence as dependent on legal or juristic institutions. To his mind, the Church is created, and its being is sustained, by one thing and one thing only—the operation of the

Spirit of Christ, as 'the Spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind.'

The naïve and unquestioning Erastianism which comes so easily to Ritschl's pen is a natural inference from presuppositions such as these. Grant that the Church is primarily an external organization, which exists for the sole purpose of public worship, and is possessed, therefore, of a good title before the law, and you have almost in so many words described it as the servant, if not the creature, of the State. It is now a corporation in the enjoyment of certain essential privileges conferred by the civil power; and in Germany it only makes what is a very proper return, by subordinating its government to the jurisdiction of courts composed, to a large extent, of the nobility and princes of the Empire. In no other way, Ritschl contends, is it possible to secure the unity and federation of the Churches established in the various provinces of Germany. The power to rule the Church may be described, indeed, as an appendix to the authority of the civil magistrate, on the twofold ground, regarded by our author as transparently obvious and convincing, that the State is bound to maintain the Evangelical Church from regard to the spiritual welfare of the people, and that all public law, which can employ force to carry out its decisions, necessarily falls within the province of the magistrate. As things are, he concludes, no other form of Church polity is practicable. Serious harm would follow from the concession of spiritual independence. The result would be to create that dangerous entity, justly feared by all wise rulers —an *imperium in imperio*. For the rest, Ritschl has no misgivings lest the civil authority should invade the province of religious liberty. With a simplicity of faith and a disregard of the plain facts of history which move the reader's surprise and envy, he remarks that 'the civil powers may be trusted to respect the character of the Evangelical Church in worship and in doctrine, and not to impose upon her anything that is inconsistent with the gospel.' Since Ritschl wrote these words, many things have happened. Even among his most ardent followers there exist the beginnings of a propaganda

which may have a surprising effect in hastening the decay of German Erastianism. The watchword of religious freedom has found an echo, quiet but sustained, in the hearts of not a few who are moulding the higher life of the nation, and are resolved to work, as well as wait, for the breaking of a better day.

As we have already seen, Ritschl defined the distinction between the Church and the Kingdom as resting at bottom on the distinction between the devotional and the ethical. In other words, the character of the Church is religious, not ethical; for the task of permeating humanity with the spirit of mutual and helpful love is expressly and exclusively reserved for the Kingdom of God. Is it possible to acquiesce in a theory which assigns to the Church the function of worship alone, and denies that it is called to make any contribution to the ethical renovation of the world? We cannot think so. It is true that in the realm of moral progress the Church is permitted to play a certain ancillary rôle, but it is of so trivial a kind that its accentuation seems only to add insult to injury. The Church aids the Kingdom, we are told, by bringing believers acquainted with one another, and thus affording them opportunities for the exercise of that spirit of mutual affection which is the vital energy by which the Kingdom lives. Not a word is said of the moral fervour and enthusiasm which flow from communion with God; not a hint is given that the power to lead a righteous life and to love the brethren can only spring, according to the writers of the New Testament, from that fellowship with the Father and the Son which the Church exists to originate and maintain. Yet it is clear from the *obiter dicta* of St. Paul that, in his view, the Church was called into being, not only for the exercise of Christian worship but for the promotion and sustenance of Christian life, and that from the first it was conceived as the home and nurse and educator of active graces and virtues, the possession of which makes the followers of Christ to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world. So far, then, Ritschl can scarcely be said to have commanded our assent.

We must now turn sharply off at a tangent to investigate a problem which, I think, is, alike in theory and in practice, of vastly greater importance than the Erastianism of Ritschl or any other. This is the place which our author claims for the Church, or the Christian community, in his doctrine of justification. Stated briefly, his position may be said to be that the Church is the proper and primary object of justifying grace, the exclusive depository of the forgiveness of sins. Hence the individual can receive justification only by attaching himself to the Christian community, the existence of which is prior, of course, to his conversion, and to the instrumentality of which he owes his knowledge of the gospel. Obviously, if this, or anything like this, be true, we shall have to revise not a few of our common beliefs as to the immediacy of the relations between God and the soul, and correspondingly to modify the plan and spirit of the Evangelical system of thought. Such a revision, and such a modification, are not to be undertaken without due cause shown; and this, as in the remainder of this article I will attempt to prove, our author fails to show.

First, as to the place of this doctrine in Ritschl's system of thought. We must glance both at his own exposition of the theory, and at the arguments he adduces in support of it from Scripture and experience. Lucidity was never a conspicuous feature of Ritschl's style, and on this as on other subjects he has left something to be desired in the clearness of his language. Still, in the main we may hope to arrive at his real beliefs, and to appreciate the mutual and correlative connexion in which they stood before his mind as a great systematic theologian.

The germ of Ritschl's doctrine as to the part played by the Church in justification is to be found, I think, in the observation, which we find him making very early in his argument, that religious beliefs are always the possession of a community. In other words, all religions are social. This characteristic of piety, and its constituent doctrines, as a phenomenon in human life, has never received the attention it deserves. To recognize the social nature of religion in a

merely supplementary way is to obscure the problem. The gist of the matter must not be relegated to a footnote or appendix. Hence, if we wish to avoid blunders, we must face frankly, at the outset, the obvious fact that the individual is what he is through his relation to the corporate body of which he forms a part. And since justification is the chief blessing which the Christian religion brings to the soul, our possession of it also, Ritschl argues, must be dependent on the organic connexion of each with the larger whole. Or, to use his own words, 'to explain the religious conceptions of justification and reconciliation, we must apply them, not to the isolated individual subject but to the subject as a member of the community of believers.'[1]

Whether it proves his thesis or no, Ritschl did well to emphasize afresh the unanimous tenet of the Reformers, that it is the believing community that is, in every case, through the preaching of the Word and the administration of the Sacraments, the direct or indirect means of the salvation of sinners. As he puts it, we can neither arrive at individual faith nor maintain it in life, apart from the existing society of believers, and this society is present wherever the gospel is publicly preached. In the light of facts like these, we have no scruple about accepting, and gladly resting in, Luther's memorable *dicta* that 'the Church is full of the forgiveness of sins,' and that, 'within the fold of the Christian Church, God daily forgives me, the individual, all my sins.' But to this aspect of the matter we shall return.

In the second place, Ritschl seeks and finds what he regards as an eminently satisfactory basis for his view in certain New Testament expressions regarding the sacrifice of Christ. As in Israel, sacrifice must needs imply a community, in whose behalf the sacrifice is effectual. The writers of the New Testament, it is plain, construe the oblation of Christ by analogy with the covenant sacrifice and the yearly sin-offering; and one result of this is to bring the forgiveness of sins, which follows from the death of Christ, into direct

[1] Cf. *Justification and Reconciliation*, p. 108 ff.

relation to the society which He founded. Suggestions of the same truth may be found in His discourse at the Last Supper. For there we learn that the new covenant, which He is about to seal by His sacrificial death, will issue in uniting the new community to God on the basis of forgiveness; and thus, in fulfilment of the great prophecy of Jeremiah, Christ, in His Priesthood, is the covenant oblation, not for the single soul but for the whole body which it is His to introduce to that position of nearness to God in which He Himself uniformly stood. The same idea, it is contended, may justly be elicited from the parables of the flock for which the Shepherd lays down His life, and of the Vine which both bears its branches and preserves them in life. In these emblematic figures Christ gives His saving work a direct and immediate bearing on the community of disciples as a whole. The work of Christ, in short, was not to provide a fund of saving efficacy, of which individuals might avail themselves, casually and sporadically, throughout the ages which were to follow; it was to found a Church of which forgiveness should be a permanent attribute, and by self-enrolment in which the individual might participate in the blessings of reconciliation to God. For the mind of Christ, therefore, to convey the assurance of pardon to mankind and to found the community of believers were equivalent, or rather identical, conceptions. It was by doing the second that He did the first. Once abandon this order, once surrender the universal point of view, and it becomes impossible any longer to affirm that any such necessary connexion holds between forgiveness and the Person of Christ, as the Church has always believed. Redemption, in a word, flows from the action of Jesus Christ in establishing His community on the earth. The fact that He discharged the vocation assigned to Him, willing to suffer all things rather than prove unfaithful, exercising a perfect patience even to death itself, is the basis on which the society gathered round Him is declared righteous by God; for Christ is the representative of this community—it has imputed to it the position towards God which Christ held for Himself inviolably to the end.

By His obedience He kept Himself in the love of God from first to last, and thus secured beforehand for the body of His followers the divine gift of pardon.

In all this, and especially in his main contention, Ritschl believes that he is only reviving the genuine tradition of the Reformers. The doctrine which thus interposes the community between God and the individual believer may be found, he pleads, not in Luther alone—in whom, perhaps, it might be viewed as a relic of his Catholic past—but in Calvin himself. From Luther, for instance, he quotes the expression that 'the Church, as a mother, bears and nurtures every individual through the word'; to excuse himself from furnishing a longer catena of passages, however, he urges that Luther never set himself to the construction of a full and measured theological system; consequently his writings present nothing more than a few scattered allusions to the subject. Such indications as we do possess, however, need only to be judiciously expanded and arranged to yield the inference that we must posit the Church as a *prius* of the salvation of the individual, and limit strictly to *it* the immediate bearing of Christ's reconciling work. Elsewhere he concedes that Luther subsequently shifted the emphasis of his doctrine of justifying grace from the Church to the individual. But for historical support he relies mainly on Calvin. The Reformer of Geneva, he finds, is even more propitious than Luther to his view of things, and the Calvinists for many years were successful in keeping the true doctrine before the minds of men. All that is said in the *Institutes* about regeneration, justification, and the new life is applicable to the single believer only in so far as he is a member of the Church; while the Church is prior, alike in thought and in being, to the experience of any given individual. Faith is dependent on the influence of the Holy Spirit, but what is the Holy Spirit except the Spirit of the believing community? Faith is a response to the promises of the gospel, but where does this gospel exist as a power except in the Church? And he quotes, in a tone of triumph, a passage from the first edition of the *Institutes*, in which Calvin declares: 'We believe in the remission of sins,

that is, we believe that by the divine bounty, through the mediation of Christ's merits, remission of sins and grace is granted to us who are adopted and ingrafted into the body of the Church, while no remission is given elsewhere, or on any other terms, or to any other persons. For outside this Church and this communion of saints there is no salvation.' And again, in the Genevan Catechism of 1545: 'The Church is the body and society of believers whom God has foreordained to everlasting life. Is belief on this head necessary? Most certainly, unless we wish to make the death of Christ of none effect. For this is the end and aim of the whole, that there should be a Church. Why do you attach the remission of sins to the Church? Because no one receives it unless he has first been united to the people of God, and steadfastly cultivates unity with the body of Christ unto the end, thus testifying that he is a true member of the Church.' Of Ritschl's many grudges against the gentle Melanchthon, it is one of the sorest that, as the father of orthodox Lutheran dogmatics, he should have repudiated this theory, and made current coin of the opposite view, that the individual is the immediate object of God's justifying purpose, and may possess the assurance of salvation *as* an individual. Not only so, but the sins of Melanchthon were perpetuated in a heightened form by later writers of the mystical school. The modes of thought in which they found delight went far to isolate the single believer altogether from the community, and exhibited a perilous tendency to regard the hearing of the preached word as a stage of the soul's development, which, as transcended in principle, might safely be neglected in practice. The same point of view was adopted later, alike by the Socinians and the theologians of the *Aufklärung*, of course with the modifications of accent and expression demanded by their general schemes of thought. In short, it would appear that since the days of Luther and Calvin the true theory of the individual's relation to the Church in justification has been hid from the eyes of men, until thus happily resuscitated some three centuries after its interment. Well might Ritschl announce his discovery

in a private letter as one of vast importance! Is it wonderful that he should have had a vivid sense of its novelty? Is it wonderful that, in season and out of season, he should never be weary of insisting on the revolutionary paradox as itself a new and better theology in little?

Was Ritschl right or wrong, we may pause now to ask, in attributing his views on this fundamental topic to Luther and Calvin? Is it the fact that these men believed and taught, the one implicitly, the other expressly, 'that the Church is the direct object of God's justifying act, and that the individual is entitled to share in the blessings of forgiveness and adoption only as he enrolls himself in the community and appropriates the promises made primarily to *it*'? Surely we may say that *a priori* probability is against this. Both Reformers had been members of the Catholic Church. They had revolted against the dogma, apart from which the Catholic system is unmeaning, that it is the function of the Church to interpose between the soul and God, and that saving correspondence between the human spirit and the divine must be carried on through an official intermediary. Is it credible that they should have taken pains to perpetuate, in the belief of the protesting and liberated Church, some of the worst features of a dogma they had found intolerable? As to Luther, we may rest satisfied with Ritschl's own admissions, noted above. As to Calvin, it must be borne in mind that he uniformly defines the Church, not from the hierarchical but from the spiritual point of view; he defines it, that is, not primarily as a visible and organized corporation, but as the communion of saints. On this ground alone we have a right to interpret what he says as to the necessity for salvation of union with the Church, as an emphatic assertion that the religion of a Christian is, and must be, social in its very essence. As it has been put, 'the Christian end can never be attained, either for ourselves or for others, except by the mutual action and reaction, the reciprocal giving and receiving, of all who are in fellowship with Christ. What the brethren have is indispensable to us; what we have is indispensable to them.

In this sense the dogma is true: *Extra ecclesiam, nulla salus.*'[1] It is this truth which, with sixteenth-century clearness and vigour, Calvin is affirming. Our relation to the body of Christ is the other side of our relation to Christ Himself, in the sense in which philosophers tell us that the effect is the other side of the cause. The two are separate in thought, but always united in fact. If salvation is impossible without the one—and this we shall all concede—it is materially and logically correct to say that it is impossible without the other. But that Calvin conceived of the Church as in some way an entity by itself, to which justification belongs in some other sense than it does to the individuals who compose it—that he regarded it in any other light than as the collective and organic unity of the individually forgiven members in which it consists—is a supposition belied by the whole trend of his argument, and is certainly no legitimate inference from the passages that Ritschl has adduced. Calvin makes his position quite clear in the *Institutes*, bk. iv. chap. i., especially §§ 20–1. There we read as follows: 'Our first entrance into the Church and the Kingdom of God is by the forgiveness of sins, without which we have no covenant nor union with God.' Again: 'Our initiation into the fellowship of the Church is by the symbol of ablution, to teach us that we have no admission into the family of God, unless by His goodness our impurities are *previously*[2] washed away.' And once more: 'We could not continue in the Church one single moment were we not sustained by the uninterrupted grace of God in forgiving our sins.' And besides, the phrase 'communion of *saints*,' so frequently to be met with in the *Institutes* as a designation of the Church, is in itself a brief refutation of Ritschl's exegesis. Union with the Church, for Calvin, is essential, but it is to be construed as subordinate to the supreme conception of union to Christ by faith. To use a simple but sufficient illustration, marriage may be said, in a certain sense, to introduce the wife into the family of her

[1] Denney, *Studies in Theology*, p. 188.

[2] The italics are mine.

husband; but this new family connexion exists only in virtue of her first being joined to *him* in a direct and individual relation.

There are other, and even more serious, objections to this novel theory of justification, however, than the fact that it does not square with Reformation doctrine in its classical form. It is a graver fault that it does not square with the New Testament. In arguing for his own view, as we have seen, Ritschl accentuates the undeniable truth that, in the religious life of the Old Testament, the individual partakes in the blessings which sacrifice secures only so far as he is a member of the commonwealth of Israel; and he urges that in his theory there are to be found all the marks of legitimate descent from this principle of the older economy. We grant the claim, but in its justice we find all the condemnation of Ritschl's view that need be sought. Is not the revelation of the infinite value and independent status of each human soul one of the chief marks of the absolute character of Christianity? In that case, to make the Church the primary object of God's justifying purpose is to relapse into Old Testament modes of thought. It is to choose the lower when we have had sight of the highest. Nor will the exegesis, ingenious though it be, by which Ritschl attempts to extract his own views from St. Paul, bear the scrutiny of an impartial mind. Several critics have pointed out, for example, that in his exposition of Rom. iii. 26 (*εἰς τὸ εἶναι αὐτὸν δίκαιον καὶ δικαιοῦντα τὸν ἐκ πίστεως Ἰησοῦ*), 'that he might himself be just, and the justifier of him that hath faith in Jesus,' he declines to take the singular *τὸν ἐκ πίστεως* in its simple and obvious sense, as denoting any one who may be properly described as a believer in Jesus, and insists on regarding it as a collective category, including all believers as a body; and this is really not an unfair instance of his special pleading. There are words of Jesus on record which it is impossible to take in any sense but one very different from this spurious collectivism. To the woman that was a sinner He said, 'Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace'; to the penitent thief He gave the promise, 'To-

day shalt thou be with Me in paradise'—imparting to their trust and repentance the grace of God as a direct and personal gift. The story of the Philippian jailer follows the same course and proves the same point. He was saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, according to Paul's gospel; on this his baptism followed, as a sign that faith had made him a member of the Church. These instances, selected almost at random from a multitude, are enough to pulverize the notion that it is only through first becoming, consciously and explicitly, members of the Christian community that we can have part or lot in the blessings of justifying grace. It is very unlike God, as we know Him in His Son, to care only for the existence of the Church, without direct and primary care for each soul of the children of men.

Again, it is the tendency of Ritschl's view to insert the Church between the soul and God. True, he passionately repudiates the charge that his teaching implies a relapse into Catholicism, and pleads that the community of believers, in his sense of the phrase, is not, like the Papacy, an organization of a legal or external kind.[1] Yet we cannot but feel that he stands condemned in face of the criterion defined once for all by Schleiermacher, that while Catholicism makes the relation of the individual to the Church depend on his relation to the Church, Protestantism makes his relation to the Church depend on his relation to Christ. He has failed, it is clear, to distinguish between the historical and the religious function of the Church. Historically, the faith of a Christian *is* conditioned by the fellowship of believers, for it is by the Church's tradition and nurture that he is made aware of the facts on which his faith reposes. Religiously, however, the Church, as in duty bound, points him away from its own nature or attributes, directly to God in Christ; for in the supreme moments of the inward life all historical intermediaries vanish, and the soul is dealing with a present Saviour. So to deal with Christ is the very meaning of

[1] *Justification and Reconciliation*, p. 549.

faith. In fine, to use the words of that wise and learned thinker, the late Professor Candlish, 'the true Protestant principle is that we come directly to Christ, and through Him enter into the fellowship of the Church.'

Again, if justification is properly the possession of the Church, it is a momentous question, Where is the Church to be found? May the dangers, neither few nor small, against which Ritschl labours to protect our assurance of salvation,[1] not reappear on this side in altered form? All the more, that from certain of his expressions Ritschl seems almost to regard the Church as the *dispenser* of forgiveness, as well as its depository. We ask, therefore, with heightened anxiety, What and where is the Church? It is not enough any longer of course to say that it consists of those who believe in Christ, for *ex hypothesi* their believership is a result of their self-enrolment in the Church, and the difficulty is only carried back one step more. In the last resort, what we gather from Ritschl comes to this, that the term 'Church' may properly be used of any community in whose midst the pure gospel is preached and the two sacraments duly administered. But if union to the Church, in *this* sense, is indispensable to salvation, how shall we answer the question, Can any Quaker be saved?

Once more, it has been acutely remarked by M. Bertrand that Ritschl's theory of the Church is formally inconsistent with his own philosophical principles. In the theory of knowledge he is a nominalist of the purest water; he rejects the doctrine of original sin, on the ground that it springs from an ultra-realistic conception of species; the unpardonable sin of metaphysics, in his eyes, is that it is incurably blind to the value of the individual soul. Yet he affirms persistently, and even with vehemence, that it is the Church, and not the individual, that is the primary object of the forgiveness of sins. An individualist in his doctrine of sin, he is a realist of the extremest type in his doctrine of salvation. The conversion of nations to Christianity *en bloc* he regards, not

[1] Cf. *Justification and Reconciliation*, pp. 140–68.

only with complacency, but with deliberate and reasoned approbation. He repudiates the solidarity of mankind in evil since the Fall; he accepts its solidarity in good as a master principle in his theology. And yet there is surely a truth, too lightly ignored, to which M. Bertrand's sad comment must recall us: 'It is less easy to believe in the solidarity of men in Christ than in that fatal solidarity in Adam, of whose tragical reality contemporary science is ever furnishing more convincing proof.'

And, finally, it must be urged that Ritschl's theory of the Church tends, in an unfortunate degree, to sustain a formal conception of the religious life. If, as has been said, justification is for him an eternal deed of the will of God, declaring His acceptance of the Church, we are almost forbidden to regard it as an act of personal forgiveness, claimed and realized in a personal transaction between the soul and its God. There were limitations in Ritschl's religious nature, it would appear, which made it unusually hard for him to appreciate some phases of the Christian life on which Scripture lays no little weight. To those who are yearning for perfect assurance of their salvation he has nothing better to offer than a warning against pietistic sentimentality. He is no friend to sudden conversion; indeed it would seem that he regarded it as a possible event only in the case of those who have strayed very far from God and goodness. He is fluent in denunciation of the class of people who insist that conversion must needs present a certain spiritual agony and struggle; he has not a word to say as to that species of membership in the Church of Christ which is but a symptom of imitative instinct. And, while nothing could be farther from his conscious purpose, it yet remains true that his doctrine, if taken seriously and pressed to its logical issues, may not impossibly leave on the minds of men the impression that the members of the Christian Church, one and all, are forgiven and justified merely because their names are upon its roll. With all his love for the idea of reconciliation as the central fact in Christianity, and his clear vision of the truth that Christian experience, kindled

from the fire of Scripture, is the last and deepest test of Christian doctrine, Ritschl appears to me to have felt even more than the average aversion of his countrymen to the warmer piety and more abundant zeal which we associate with the names of the Moravian Brethren or the Wesleyan Methodists. In this he differed from Schleiermacher; and here lies the reason why his influence must always be more theological than religious. 'In his system,' observes M. Bertrand with great truth, 'Christianity impresses us as a powerful organism, an admirable mechanism in which everything has its appointed place, but the note of intimate personal experience is absent. He does not give us to taste that mystic manna which, according to Vinet, is always hidden at the heart of the Christian doctrines.' This witness is true; and nowhere, I think, is its truth more apparent than in his theory of the Church.

Yet the theory in question, despite its serious shortcomings, has salutary and attractive features, which may not be passed over in silence. It is well, for instance, that it should offer a wholesome resistance to an exaggerated individualism. Ritschl may have wound his protest a little too high, but the lesson he would read us remains. The idea of the Church, from very neglect, has too much been suffered to decline from its once honourable place in the thoughts of Christian men. Calvin may not have held the views with which he is credited by his expositor, yet on occasion he also speaks of the Church with a fervour and emotion which no Catholic could surpass. 'Let us learn by the mere name of mother,' he says, 'how profitable, nay how necessary, the knowledge of her is, since there is no other means of entering into life unless she conceive us in her womb, unless she bear us, unless she foster us at her breast, unless she guard us under her care and government, until we put off this mortal flesh and become like the angels.' There we have the Reformed conception of the Church as the *mater fidelium*, stated with all Calvin's fire and penetration: and who will say that his words do not strike a note which would sound only too strange in the circles in which we ordinarily move?

The trail of undenominationalism is over much of the religion of to-day. There are many in our time, as there were in the time of Ignatius, who seem to think that the Christian life can be lived apart from the visible fellowship of Christians. And, while it would be false to deny that the efforts of unattached Christians may be productive of good, yet the influence of their ideals on the sense which prevails within the Church as to the simple duty of cultivating the fellowship of believers, still more of the practical obligation to unite for the extension of the Kingdom of God, can only be described as pernicious and degrading. Palpable as some of Ritschl's mistakes in emphasis may be, they serve at all events to recall us to a healthier and more scriptural conviction of the beauty and honour of the body of Christ.

Finally, we owe to Ritschl, in the context of this theory, many fine reflections upon the true ideal of Christian nurture. He has much to say that is memorable and illumining on the maternal function of the Church, as she trains the young in the exercise of personal faith. He sets her before us, so to say, as the channel of hereditary grace, flowing down from one generation to another. For, to use his own words, 'the fact that it gives us no difficulty, and that we look upon it as matter of course, to set our trust in God like children, is due to our having grown up and been educated in the Christian community.' He observes, with great historical justice, that Pietism has exhibited a tendency to isolate its votaries, as converted men, from the general body of believers; whereas the real truth about conversion is that it roots us more firmly than ever in the society of Christ, which is based on the forgiveness of sins. The manifold stimulus which issues from the piety of good men, and from the spirit and discipline of the family and the school, has for its end to prepare the mind for the supreme experience of meeting, and embracing with lowly faith, the Person of Jesus Christ, as He is freely offered to us in the gospel. The fact is that here Ritschl has seized and applied to the Christian life, with rare vigour and persistence, an inestimable truth, on which a great part of our hope for the world

must ever rest—the truth that the society is logically and historically antecedent to the individual, whose environment it forms from first to last; who may serve himself heir, if he will, to all its spiritual privileges and traditions; and who, in a thousand ways, is dependent upon it for nurture, guidance, and inspiration. This great theologian may teach a collectivism in salvation which we are bound to reject; he may limit the divine purpose to the corporate body in a fashion that can be approved only by standards which are less than Christian. Yet we cannot forget that no one has protested more unflinchingly or more irrefutably than he against the shallow Pelagian notion of personality. He has written it afresh in the records of thought, as with a pen of iron on a rock, that the Church is the normal medium of redemption to the souls of men, whom by her ministries she daily seeks to draw to Christ, and whom by her fellowship she is building up, in faith and goodness, to everlasting life.

H. R. MACKINTOSH.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

1. *The Poetical Works of Christina Rossetti, with Memoir and Notes.* By WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1904.)
2. *Memoirs of Christina Rossetti.* By MACKENZIE BELL. (London: Hurst & Blackett. 1898.)
3. *Rossetti Papers.* (London: Sands & Co. 1903.)

I.

WE have at last before us, in a form that is practically complete, the poems of Christina Rossetti. There is no such ordeal for a poet's reputation as this of the collected edition, and some of those who have (as many have who never saw her in the flesh) an almost personal tenderness for Miss Rossetti's memory have felt that the trial was likely to be especially severe in the case of a mass of work so considerable and at the same time so restricted in range. Miss Rossetti did not, like Mrs. Browning—the only other modern woman poet who stands on anything like her level of achievement—enter with passionate appreciation into the great social and political movements of her time. Her life, we all know, was secluded, rather by choice than circumstance: the deep current found its way through a narrow channel. Yet, on turning over the pages of these collected poems, what strikes one most is not merely the even excellence of the workmanship, but the variety, the play of fancy and emotion, the real richness of the life, that finds expression here.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti's biography is a piece of work to be grateful for. True, he adds little to what had already been told of his sister by Mr. Mackenzie Bell; but the fresh details he gives are some of them significant, and his estimate,

at once sympathetic and detached, helps us to arrive at something like a real understanding of the shy and gracious personality with which it deals. The instinctive comprehension of each other by those united in the family bond, persisting through all their differences, was never better illustrated than it is here.

The grouping of the poems and the arrangement of these in each main division in chronological order is a great help towards understanding the growth of the poet's mind, and the notes abound in illuminating personal touches.

Mr. Rossetti says, quite truly, that his sister's poems have two publics, and both restricted. They appeal to the lovers of pure poetry; and these are not the people who like metrical disquisitions or novels in verse, and who value a poet chiefly for his 'teaching.' What appeals to them is perfection of poetic form and that intensely individual note, that singular and intimate distinction, which can keep fresh the thoughts of a poet who died thousands of years ago. And this they find not seldom in the work of Christina Rossetti.

The second public consists of those who find in her devotional verse the echo of their own experiences and the voice of their own aspirations. These, too, are in a minority. And yet, as we cannot conceive of a time when some people will not care for poetry as the highest of the fine arts, so too there will always be those whom the utterance of a sincere spiritual experience 'finds,' in their inmost nature, as nothing else can. Such readers will bring with them the key to much in these verses that the uninitiated would miss.

The lovers of our poet in years to come, whether it be the artistic or the mystic side of her nature that appeals to them most, will probably envy us, who, even in the present rapid and marvellous transformation of great districts of London, can still behold the setting in which her life was passed. We still have Albany Street much as she saw it—the vista of stuccoed houses bounded by the sugar-loaf steeple of Christchurch—and we can still watch, as she must often have done, the yearly miracle of spring redeeming with

a sudden triumph of young green the uniformity of Euston Square.

It was in this essentially prosaic neighbourhood that one of the most ardent and sensitive of human creatures grew to maturity and died. No genius certainly ever owed less to the stimulus of external nature. On the other hand, the circumstances of her home and upbringing were in some ways singularly propitious. Her father, Gabriel Rossetti, who had taken refuge in England from the tyranny of the Bourbon rulers of Naples, and was appointed Professor of Italian at King's College, was a man of fine spirit, an earnest Dante student, and the author of several works in prose and verse. His wife, Frances Polidori, was the sister of Dr. Polidori, well known in his own day as Lord Byron's medical adviser. Her mother had been English, and she herself was rather English than Italian. She was an admirable wife and mother and a devout Christian.

'Of English society' (says Mr. Rossetti in his description of their early home life) 'there was extremely little . . . but of Italian society the stream was constant and copious. Singular persons, these Italians: few or none of them eager after the things which occupy the thoughts of the average Englishman—to increase his income, to rise a grade higher in social position, to set his children going in one of the appointed grooves, to relax over the sporting columns of a newspaper. There were exiles, patriots, politicians, literary men, musicians, and some of inferior standing. As we children were habituated from our earliest years to speak Italian with our father, we were able to follow all or most of the speech of these natives, and a conspirator or semi-brigand might present himself and open out on his topic of predilection without our being asked to leave the room. All this—even apart from our chiefly Italian blood—made us, no doubt, not a little different from British children in habit of thought and standard of association.'

Christina never went to school, but shared her mother's lessons with her elder sister Maria. Brought up by a woman of refined mind and religious temper in an artistic and

unworldly atmosphere, she grew up with a certain serious, delicate beauty, a grave distinction of appearance and manner which was the revelation of her nature.

W. Bell Scott has described how he saw her for the first time when he went to call on her father:—

'By the window was a high, narrow reading-desk, at which stood writing a slight girl with a serious, regular profile, dark against the pallid wintry light without. This most interesting to me of the two inmates turned on my entrance, made the most formal and graceful courtesy, and resumed her writing, and the old gentleman signed to a chair for my sitting down.'

'She had Gabriel's eyes,' writes Mr. Watts-Dunton, 'in which hazel and blue-grey were marvellously blent, one hue shifting into the other according to the movement of the thought—eyes like her mother's. When a young girl she was really lovely, with an extraordinary expression of pensive sweetness.'

She grew up among the young geniuses who started the pre-Rafaelite movement, and some of her early poems appeared in their organ, *The Germ*. For some time she attended a drawing-class which Ford Madox Brown conducted at Camden Town on lines of his own. Her brother, Dante Gabriel, regretted that she had not continued her study of painting; he thought she might have risen to excellence. It is curious, when one considers the exquisite melody of some of her lyrics, that she appears to have had no particular taste for music.

She was a shy girl, reserved and fastidious. Those who did not know her called her proud. In her nature a capacity for strong passion encountered an unyielding conscientiousness. She had the temperament that is apt (as Scott says in *Guy Mannering*) 'to exaggerate both the good and evil that it finds in life.' And her girlhood was not exempt from trouble. She was exceedingly delicate, and for some time it was thought she might not live. The refusal, on religious grounds, of a young artist who proposed marriage to her and to whom she appears to have been strongly attached, had

probably a good deal to do with her shaken health. Then for a time the circumstances of the family became straitened. Mr. Rossetti was obliged through failing health to give up his teaching, and Mrs. Rossetti opened a school in Mornington Crescent. Christina helped her mother, while Maria, the author of *The Shadow of Dante*, went out as a governess. The school did not answer, and in 1853 Mrs. Rossetti and her daughters removed to Frome. They were there for a year or two, and this was the longest time Christina ever spent in the country. In 1854 Mr. William Rossetti was able to make a home for his family in Albany Street, and in the same year their father died.

Christina's name now began to be known through her contributions to magazines, though the pecuniary recognition of her work then and for long after was so slight as to be hardly worth considering. Her life at that time, as always, was retiring and uneventful. She was passionately devoted to her family, and especially to her mother and her elder sister Maria. With her brother, Dante Gabriel, in his absence from home, she corresponded upon the literary questions which interested them both. He thought very highly of her powers, and never appears to more advantage than in his correspondence with her. In answer to a letter of his urging more ambitious attempts, we find her writing as follows:—

'Do you know, I do seriously question whether I possess the working power with which you credit me, and whether all the painstaking at my command would result in work better than—in fact, half as good as—what I have actually done on the other system. It is vain comparing my powers with yours (a remark I have never been called upon to make to any one but yourself). However, if the latent epic should "by huge upthrust" come to the surface some day, or if by laborious delving I can unearth it, or if by unflagging prodment you can cultivate the sensitive plant in question, all the better for me; only, please remember that "things which are impossible rarely happen," and don't be too severe on me if in my case the impossible does not come to pass.

Sometimes I could almost fear that my tendency is towards softening of the brain (say) than towards further development of mind. There's a croak.'

This extract illustrates one peculiarity of her genius. It has more of the quality of inspiration, says a discriminating critic, than almost any poetry of her day. Her best things 'came to her'; she wrote sometimes exquisitely when the mood was on her, and in another mood she could not write at all. There is hardly any nineteenth-century poet who has more of the quality of 'inevitableness' than Christina in her finest moments. You feel that the thing could not have been put otherwise, that the expression of it is of the very essence of it. And this is the triumph of the writer's art.

The first general recognition of her rank as a poet dates from the publication of 'Goblin Market' in 1862. She left her home very little, but one finds records of occasional visits to Hastings and elsewhere. At Newcastle-on-Tyne she met Dora Greenwell, the charming poet and thoughtful essayist of whom our generation remembers too little, and the result was a warm friendship between these two distinguished women. Coventry Patmore, William Morris, Burne-Jones, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Algernon Swinburne, Arthur Helps, and William Allingham were some of those who formed her circle of friends, so that, quiet as her life was, it found room for intercourse with some of the men of her own day who were best worth knowing.

She also visited Mrs. Gilchrist, the widow of Blake's biographer, herself a gifted woman and the friend of some of the most notable men of the time. Her daughter, who was a child at the time, remembers Christina's sweetness to children and 'her beautiful Italian voice.'

In 1861 Mr. William Rossetti took his mother and Christina to Paris and Normandy. This was Christina's first visit to the Continent. Four years afterwards, with the same companions, she visited her father's country for the first and last time. Mr. Rossetti speaks of her passionate delight in Italy. 'I well remember,' he says, 'the intense relief and pleasure with which she saw lovable Italian faces and heard

musical Italian speech at Bellinzona after the somewhat hard and nipping quality of the German-Swiss.'

'Had she lived in Italy,' he says elsewhere, 'she would, I believe, have been a much happier woman than she was. But circumstances did not favour such a plan, and she never repined for lack of it.'

She was about thirty when she had to encounter the great sorrow of her life. She was sought in marriage by a Mr. Charles Bagot Cayley, a cultivated, attractive, and 'singularly unworldly' person, whom she herself in the course of a long friendship had learned to love with all the passion of her deep and concentrated nature. Again, as in an earlier instance, she put her happiness from her on religious grounds.

'Knowing the state of her heart when the offer of marriage was made,' says Mr. Rossetti, 'I urged her to marry, and offered that they should both, if money difficulties stood in the way, share my home. But she had made up her mind on grounds which she recognized as higher than any considerations of feeling or expediency, and she remained immovable. Years passed: she became an elderly and an old woman, but she loved the scholarly recluse to the last day of his life, December 5, 1883, and, to the last day of her own, his memory.'

Then, in 1871, came the terrible disease which brought her very near to death, and left its disfiguring mark on her for years. These sorrows and others—the loss of her dearly loved and revered sister Maria, the illness and death of Dante Gabriel Rossetti—worked with her natural disposition to turn her thoughts to things unseen. The 'epic' was never to be written, but in its stead came a series of lyrics of the spiritual life worthy to carry on the succession of Donne and Crashaw, of Herbert and Vaughan. Her prose writings in later life were almost exclusively devotional. 'Time Flies,' and a devotional commentary on the Apocalypse, were the chief of these. They will be read with pleasure and profit by those of a similar turn of mind. Others will find them too much restricted in range and dominated by a somewhat fanciful symbolism.

All this gives little indication of the vein of gentle gaiety in her nature and of the sympathy with children and their ways which finds expression in some of her occasional verses, and in the collection of poems for children called *Sing Song*, which seems to us to have hardly received its fair meed of appreciation from some of Miss Rossetti's reviewers. Very characteristic, too, and not to be forgotten, are the little poems here collected under the title, *Valentines to my Mother*—tender and heartfelt tributes to the most precious, the least disappointing, of all the earthly affections of her life.

Her attitude towards the 'Women's Movement' of the middle of last century was distinctly conservative. She did not approve of women's suffrage, and wrote to Mrs. Augusta Webster, the poet, who had approached her on the matter, a pleasant, modest, but decided statement of her position, which those who are interested can find in Mr. Mackenzie Bell's *Memoirs*.

In 1876 she removed with her mother and her two aunts to 30 Torrington Square, Bloomsbury, which was her home for the rest of her life. About such a life there is very little to be said. It was emphatically 'hidden,' and to use many words about it now would seem almost an irreverence. She cheered the last days of her aged relatives, she visited the poor, she worked for sick children, she was constant in attendance at the services of her Church. The few people outside her own family who saw much of her in these days remember her almost Quaker-like plainness of dress, and her quiet, retiring dignity of bearing. 'She never obtruded her piety,' wrote one of them, 'yet I felt instinctively that I was in the presence of a holy woman.'

So she lived,

> An angel-watered lily that near God
> Grows and is quiet.

So after two years of bitter suffering she died, continuing 'instant in prayer' to the last.

II.

The head of Christina Rossetti, sketched in chalk by her brother, which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Mackenzie Bell's *Memoirs*, recalls the famous drawing of the young Dante by Giotto, not so much in the lines of the face as in its blending of strength and tenderness, of sensuousness and visionary aspiration. The wide forehead and powerful chin imply intellect and firmness of purpose; the lips are passionate, but with a suggestion of controlled force about them; the eyes are the eyes of one who sees through the shifting shows of things to the only abiding realities.

And it is of Dante that the reader thinks again and again in reading some of those brief poems—little ballads and lyrics of the inner life—which for intensity and sincerity, combined with imaginative force and mastery over all the resources of poetic form and melody, are unsurpassed in our language. To institute a comparison all along the line between one who stands among the three or four supremely great poets of all time, and one whose gift was so limited and special in its scope as Christina Rossetti's, would of course be ridiculous; it would be like comparing the violet and the oak. Yet there is this common trait, which may perhaps be referred in part to their common nationality—the concreteness, the visualizing energy, which they applied to religious conceptions.

No one who has visited Pisa can ever forget the frescoes which line the walls of the Campo Santo, shutting in the grassy enclosure where the roses bloom over the graves of those whose bones were laid there long ago in earth brought from the Holy Land. One of these represents a gay hunting party in all the insolence of youth and wealth brought suddenly to a stand by the ghastly sight of three unburied corpses on the wayside. In this way the concrete Italian imagination bodied forth the lesson of man's mortality. Thus, to Dante, brooding on the tremendous fact of human sin and all its consequences, the gloomy wood of the suicides, the frozen hell of the traitors, the searching penance of the proud

and the profligate became as actual, as describable, as the streets he passed through every day.

Thus, in our own time, the tragic conflict worked itself out for the quiet girl who went to and fro about her small domestic affairs in Bloomsbury and Regent's Park. The struggle between the flesh and the spirit, between natural human longings and the austere call of duty, expressed itself in images of a haunting intensity. The world—very different, we know, from the wild mediaeval world of Florence, and yet as terrible to the devout imagination—took on the siren shape of the old writers, with an individual touch of horror.

> By day she stands a lie; by night she stands
> In all the naked horror of the truth,
> With pushing horns and clawed and clutching hands.
> Is this a friend indeed, that I should sell
> My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
> Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?

We might follow the parallel further. Dante was a lover and an artist before he became a mystic and a theologian. His early poems exhibit him brimming over with young delight in the wonder of the world, in the beauty of women, in the magic of music and verse. So Christina grew up in the society of those who were by profession lovers and students of beauty, with a keen instinct for loveliness and craving for the joy of life. Such a little song as this is the very bird-note of innocent natural passion:

> My heart is like a singing bird
> Whose nest is in a watered shoot,
> My heart is like an apple-tree
> Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit.
> My heart is like a rainbow shell
> That paddles in a halcyon sea,
> My heart is gladder than all these
> Because my love is come to me.

There never was a poet who owed less to conscious study. She had an instinct for form and melody in verse.

One or two of her early poems in *The Germ* are among the most perfect she ever wrote. Whatever change and progress one may note in her work is a change of temper, a progress in experience. Her genius was essentially lyric, she went singing from her own heart like the birds, or, like the young Dante again, 'writing down what love dictated.'

As simple and spontaneous as the love song just quoted is the cry of the forsaken heart:

> Yet come to me in dreams that I may live
> My very life again, though cold in death,
> Come back to me in dreams that I may give
> Pulse for pulse, breath for breath.
> Speak low, lean low,
> As long ago, my love, how long ago.

Being what she was, it was in the lyric that her poetic gift found its most characteristic expression. Yet 'Goblin Market' is a little gem of a narrative poem. It is a dainty allegory, with the moral never obtruded. There are two sisters—one wise and one foolish. The one lingers in goblin haunts and buys the dainties of the goblin men. Sick with evil craving, withered with evil curiosity, she pines away till her sister redeems her with the courage of a pure love. The happy movement of the little poem, the delicate choice of epithet, the rippling cadence, the simple distinction of phrase, the genuine and tender sentiment, make one wish that Miss Rossetti had written more in this vein. The description of the goblins and their wares is a triumph of quaint and original fancy, and as admirable in its way is the idyllic presentment of the two girls.

There are some lovely lines and images in 'The Prince's Progress,' but on the whole it drags, and 'Goblin Market' remains her only striking success as a narrative poem, with the exception of one or two romantic ballads: for instance, 'Love from the North,' which illustrates in a telling and spirited manner the supposed preference of women for a masterful lover.

He was a strong man from the north,
  Light-locked, with eyes of dangerous grey—
'Put yea by for another time,
  In which I will not say thee nay.'

He took me in his strong white arms,
  He bore me on his horse away
O'er crag, morass, and hairbreadth pass,
  And never asked me yea or nay.

He made me fast with book and bell,
  With links of love he makes me stay,
Till now I've neither heart nor power
  Nor wish nor will to say him nay.

Certain of her poems might be described in Browning's phrase as 'Dramatic Lyrics.' They are the expression of a dramatic situation rather than a mood. Such is the fine poem called 'A Martyr.' The second title is 'The Vigil of the Feast.' It is not the martyr's triumph which the poet contemplates. It is the girl victim, some St. Agnes or St. Catherine, on the night before she suffers, enduring that last and worst trial of constancy which comes when the light which has guided one burns low, when faith is dimmed for the moment by the earth damp of mortal terror, and the bewildered soul asks itself, 'How came I here?' The thought of home comes back with the memory of old friends estranged, and a longing beyond all words for the old safe, happy life, for the sweet human love that has been denied and put away. Is it she indeed who is to suffer in a few hours that terrible doom of agony and shame, and for what? Where is the joy, the overmastering confidence, the faith that overcomes the world?

Yet in all this tragic loneliness and dismay, this pitiful human weakness, there is no surrender.

O Lord, I follow, little as I know.

The martyr complains, but it is to her God. We who read know that the Feast followed the vigil, that the last prayer was heard:

Behold me, where in agony I stand,
Behold me, no man caring for my soul,
And take me to Thee in the far-off land,
Shorten the race and lift me to the goal.

One thing necessarily followed from the quality of Christina Rossetti's work which has been referred to—its absolute sincerity and spontaneity: that as her interest centred more and more in the religious life, her poetry should more and more reflect this absorbing preoccupation. She left off writing her dainty love songs or reveries of vague sensuous melancholy. Her songs are now of the Soul's Adventure. The little poem 'Amor Mundi' shows with what directness and intensity of vision she viewed the facts of the spiritual life:

'O, where are you going, with your lovelocks flowing
On the west wind blowing along this valley track?'

'The downhill path is easy, come with me an it please ye,
We shall escape the uphill by never turning back.'

'O, what is that in heaven where grey cloud flakes are seven,
Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?'

'O, that's a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous,
An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt.'

'O, what is that glides quickly, where velvet flowers grow thickly,
Their scent comes rich and sickly?' 'A scaled and hooded worm.'

'O, what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?'
'O, that's a thin dead body, that waits the eternal term.'

'Turn again, O my sweetest, turn again, false and fleetest,
This beaten way thou beatest I fear is hell's own track.'

'Nay, too steep for hill mounting, nay, too late for cost counting,
This downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back.'

Certain of her poems, dealing with the great facts of Christianity, have a restrained intensity of tone, a severe simplicity of diction, which befits their theme. Such are the

noble Christmas carol beginning, 'In the bleak mid winter,' and the even nobler Advent hymn, 'The Advent moon shines cold and clear.'

In the more subjective poems she sometimes displays a quaint grace that reminds one of George Herbert, as in the little meditation entitled 'Sweet Death.'

> The sweetest blossoms die,
> And so it was that going day by day
> Unto the church to praise and pray,
> And crossing the green churchyard thoughtfully,
> I saw how on the grass the flowers
> Shed their fresh leaves in showers,
> And how their perfume rose up to the sky
> Before it passed away.

There is no such conscious literary grace in a record of fierce conflict like 'Who shall deliver us?'

> God harden me against myself,
> This coward with pathetic voice
> Who craves for ease and rest and joys:
> Myself, arch-traitor to myself,
> My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
> My clog whatever road I go.

Yet not once or twice was it granted her to stand on the Delectable Mountains and see far off the shining spires of the Celestial City. Certain of her poems are steeped in the imagery of Isaiah and the Revelation. That little back room in a dingy London street became a sanctuary in which she beheld such visions as this:

> Multitudes, multitudes stood up in bliss,
> Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair,
> With harps, palms, wedding garments, kiss of peace,
> And crowned and haloed hair.
>
> Tier beyond tier, they rose and rose and rose,
> So high that it was dreadful, flames with flames,
> No man could number them, no tongue disclose
> Their secret sacred names.

As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood
  Fed all, one breath swept through them myriad-voiced,
They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood
  And worshipped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one way like a moon new lit,
  Each face looked one way towards its Sun of Love,
Drank love and bathed in love and mirrored it,
  And knew no end thereof.

Christina Rossetti will be remembered hereafter as one of the few women poets who have reached an eminent standard of accomplishment in their art. Apart from all sex considerations, she has earned her right to stand with her brother and William Morris, with Swinburne and Patmore and Meredith, in a rank just short of the greatest among the Victorian poets. Yet one feels now how very little such reputation would have meant to her. And, after all, perhaps those will remember her best who, like her, 'desired a better country,' who were weary with the greatness of the way, yet held on looking to the same goal, for whom her voice has uttered their hopes and fears, their struggles and victories, their secret strong consolation.

I hope to see these things again,
  But not as once in dreams by night,
  To see them with my very sight,
And touch and handle and attain:
To have all heaven beneath my feet
  For narrow way that once they trod,
To have my part with all the saints
    And with my God.

DORA M. JONES.

ST. PAUL AS A SPIRITUAL THINKER.

1. *The Teaching of St. Paul.* By the Rev. Professor W. P. PATERSON, D.D. (London: A. & C. Black.)
2. *Critical Questions: Sermons on 'The Witness of St. Paul.'* By the Rev. H. C. HEADLAM, D.D. (London: Brown, Langham, & Co.)
3. *The Pauline Epistles.* By R. D. SHAW. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

A RECENT writer compares the greatest of the ancient Greeks with the Apostle of the Gentiles touching their respective literary output, and is unable to restrain his astonishment at the ferment, as of a mighty spiritual leaven in the life of humanity, created by the episodic, fugitive fragments of the theologian, as contrasted with the circumscribed, if profound, impression produced by the stately and artistically shaped discussions and treatises of the philosopher.

Dr. Jowett's translation of Plato (apart from literary comment) occupies no less than three octavo volumes of considerable size; while all the letters traditionally ascribed to St. Paul would take up somewhat less than sixty pages of a moderate-sized octavo. Why is it that whereas the philosopher has an audience, few though fit, and makes appeal only to the intelligent aristocracy of mankind, the apostle speaks to men of all degrees of culture, and has planted his thought at the centre of the higher life of the most progressive peoples of history?

Here is a question worth pondering by those who complain that St. Paul, in making Christology the fundamental substance of the gospel, exercised an influence in the wrong direction. Anglo-Saxon civilization has been baptized into

Christ; but the Christ into whom it has been baptized is He who has broken the trammels of Jewish categories, makes His triumphant march through the Roman Empire and adown the centuries, lives and breathes in the glowing imagination and lofty idealism of His great disciple. History rises up to confute the charge that St. Paul misunderstood and misinterpreted his Lord.

If the crucified Messiah of the Jew is to-day the radiant Son of God and Redeemer of humanity, that marvel has been wrought, under Providence, by one who, himself a Jew, 'broke his birth's invidious bar,' transcended in idea the limitations of his race and age, and by sheer creative spiritual thought made the religion of Christ intelligible to the universal spirit of man.

It has been argued,[1] strangely enough, that the apostle was no theologian, no religious teacher but a passionate religious agitator, no theoretic thinker but rather a man of reforming zeal and enthusiastic action. According to this view, there was some truth in the taunt of the Athenians that he was but 'a picker up of learning's crumbs'; intellectually he 'lived from hand to mouth,' and was concerned more about the practical effect of his ideas than about their inner consistency. Hence we are not to look in his Epistles for theology, a reasoned and organic system of thought, but for pious intuitions and unconnected reflections. He had, it is true, now and again a moment of insight, but, strictly speaking, he must be classed, not among the masters of thought, who 'think through' their conceptions and build them into a system, but among men of prophetic spirit, in whom emotion overflows and submerges the intellectual faculties. Now this judgement must be deemed an eccentricity; for Baur has placed beyond all dispute that St. Paul was a born thinker, felt himself impelled to pierce through every phenomenon to its inner essence, and to bring all elements of his consciousness to a thoroughgoing unity. Hence the vast majority of students are inclined to give the apostle

[1] J. Müller: *Das persönliche Christenthum der paul. Gemeinden.*

a dominating rôle in the development of religious thought. 'Paul,' says Holtzmann, 'has lent being and content to Christian theology.'[1] 'Paul's doctrine gives the irresistible impression of a powerful spiritual creation,' says Weizsäcker.[2] 'Paul was the first,' remarks Rothe, 'who, while preaching Christ, preached a Christian theology.'[3] 'Paulinism was too great, and the greatness of its simplicity too powerful,' says Harnack, 'to be comprehended even by those communities which Paul himself had founded.'[4]

On the other hand, we must be careful not to transform the apostle into a mediaeval schoolman. His is not a cloistered theology. Rather is it struck out in the stress and strain of life. His ideal was knowledge as a means to a richer and fuller experience. Hence his thinking cannot be divorced from his personality and its spiritual vicissitudes. His moral career was no calm and untroubled development; on the contrary, his inward world had felt the shock of a profound upheaval, which could not but be reflected in his theoretic consciousness. Beyschlag remarks: 'In Jesus we see the open Heaven with its quiet stars; in Paul, the inner life of the heart which needs salvation, and which, though like the troubled sea it reflects that Heaven, yet the shining images are broken more and more in its waves.'[5]

It follows that, while behind the existing sources there is a reasoned religious philosophy, we need feel no surprise if here and there we find chasms which the apostle has failed to bridge, and antitheses that remain unreconciled, and are perhaps irreconcilable. On some problems, to use his own words, 'he knows in part, and prophesies in part.'[6] Nowhere do we find his system set forth in detailed and scientific order. We must reproduce it from the accidental utterances of letters torn from him in the heat of controversy, or in overwhelming anxiety for those in whose

[1] *Lehrbuch der Neut. Theol.* p. 1.
[2] *The Apostolic Age*, Eng. Trans. vol. i. p. 173.
[3] *Still Hours*, Eng. Trans. p. 258.
[4] *History of Dogma*, Eng. Trans. vol. i. p. 95.
[5] *N. T. Theol.* Eng. Trans. vol. ii. p. 25. [6] 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

spiritual welfare he felt deeply concerned. In this task we must be content if we are even moderately successful. For, apart from the difficulty of re-creating the 'psychological climate' of the first Christian age, and the obstacles offered us in the fragmentariness of the sources and the complexity and loftiness of Pauline doctrine, we must be constantly on our guard against those dogmatic prejudices, that follow us like our shadow and insist on intruding themselves in a region where our only concern ought to be pure, unadulterated truth. Much of the modern revolt against St. Paul's thinking is really a reaction against a one-sided and crude interpretation of Pauline doctrine. Whilst Paulinism, or (to be more accurate) certain elements in Paulinism, have affected our dogmatic systems profoundly, these systems in turn have influenced our conception of Paulinism.

The modern student must not weigh St. Paul's theology in Augustinian or Calvinistic or Arminian scales. And that for two reasons. In the first place, because these schemes of thought do not exhaust, either individually or collectively, its spiritual riches; and, in the second place, because, if the apostle is to be brought into vital relation with the thought of our time, we must read him directly for ourselves, and not through an early Father's or Reformer's eyes.

So much by way of introduction.

There was one principle which underlay the mutations of St. Paul's spiritual history, and which formed the secret of its vital unity. It was the passion for righteousness. This was the highest good of which he was in quest—absolute conformity, inwardly and outwardly, with the divine will as expressed in law. His one ambition was to find a rule of life which would produce this conformity. As a Jew he shared the glowing hopes of his co-religionists that centred in the advent of the Messianic Kingdom. Whatever else St. Paul was, he was no worshipper of conventions and compromises; he must *realise* his religion, or else forswear it as an unreality and a make-believe. The promised reign of

the Messiah with all its blessings constituted the *raison d'être* of Judaism. In common with his Jewish contemporaries, he believed, doubtless, that the period appointed for the advent of the Messiah was already past, and that the day of Israel's supreme glory was delayed by her own unrighteous state. It is a saying of the Talmud, 'That if all Israel would repent for one entire day, the deliverance of the Messiah would follow.'

St. Paul's master desire, then, in his Pharisaic days, was righteousness for himself and for his fellow Jews, as a preparation for the appearance of the Messiah. And what about the great world that lay beyond the confines of Jerusalem?

Alas! it was without hope and without God, dancing the giddy dance of death—but a thin film between it and eternal ruin. The Jew saw over it all the trail of the serpent, in its spiritual hollowness, unrelieved pessimism, and moral recklessness, and awaited the dread hour when the lightnings of God's wrath should consume it utterly and usher in the glory of Israel.

Yet stay! During the brief moment of respite, the Gentile, if he used the moment well, might find a door of escape. Let him become a Jew by circumcision and cast in his lot with the elect people, and he may evade the fearful fate hanging over him. Membership in the Jewish theocracy, the outward seal of which was circumcision, was the necessary prerequisite to righteousness, and therefore to participation in the benefits of the approaching Messianic order.

The first note, then, of St. Paul's Pharisaic theology was an intolerant and fanatical nationalism. It was Jewish provincial self-conceit reduced to a dogma.

Its second mark is seen in the emphasis it laid on obedience to the law of Moses, its ritualistic as well as moral commands as the necessary prerequisite of righteousness. Disobedience invoked a curse, and round this malediction had gathered the superstitious fears of ages. As accounting for the position which the law has in St. Paul's pre-Christian

as well as in his Christian theology, we must remember that the transcendental tendency of the Old Testament to exalt the God of Israel far above the world and its affairs had been intensified in the later Judaism. Hence the soul did not deal directly with God, but with the law as the expression of His will.

He had retired, in Deistic fashion, into the background, and in His place the law came forward until He should suddenly return in the advent of the Messiah. Righteousness thus consisted in a scrupulous fulfilling of the wearisome and pedantic system of rules into which scribal casuistry had developed the original legal code, not in living fellowship with and filial dependence upon God as Father.

In the third place, this led to the further position that righteousness was attached to works as the visible expression of obedience to the law.

The phrase, 'the works of the law,' points to one of the fortresses of Judaism behind which the pupil of Gamaliel entrenched himself. In after-life, it is against this fortress that the Christian apostle directs his most powerful weapons.

Such, in brief, was the system in which St. Paul was trained. Its leading motives were an exclusive, aristocratic, religious feeling, an unspiritual legalism, and a hard and hidebound devotion to the letter. Is it not one of those strange ironies of Providence which throw contempt on our natural expectations and confound our normal judgements, that a man so trained should have broken through the limitations of nationality, of culture, of environment, and won his way to a humane and universal faith, and live in history as the victorious defender of the Cross, which had been to him once the last outrage to all he held dear? Yet such is the indisputable fact.

Now it is to his Pharisaic passion for righteousness that we are to trace the *motif* of his persecuting zeal.

The ardent hope of a speedy fulfilment of theocratic expectations in the coming of the Messiah nerved him in his strenuous efforts after righteousness, and in his earnest

endeavours to fire others with the same enthusiasm. He was one of those who would go far. Hence he could not but battle with all his soul against every movement that threatened to lead the people on a false scent. Did St. Stephen preach that the Messiah was already come, and that law and temple were therefore anachronisms? Then for St. Paul there was no middle course. He must become either the enthusiastic adherent or the relentless opponent of the new faith. All his hopes and dreams were at stake. Here, then, was a vital issue—a matter of life and death—with which he must come to terms.

To adopt, like Gamaliel, a *laissez faire* policy, to stand by an indifferent spectator, while the followers of the Nazarene gained adherents and threatened the fulfilment of what seemed to him the divine purpose for the world, was a rôle utterly abhorrent to his nature. Thus the wrong of his Pharisaic days had a noble side. It was the struggle of a high-strung soul devoted to a narrow ideal to make that ideal triumphant over what appeared to be its caricature and perversion. Looking back, indeed, from the standpoint of his Christian consciousness, he can find nothing in his early history but matter for bitter sorrow and repentance. But we who stand outside, and from that position view the spiritual drama of his history, can see that even in the pre-Christian stage of his career the Divine Spirit was educating him for the tasks to which he was called. Only through the revelation of the Pharisaic principle in St. Paul's life-vocation could that principle be pilloried before the world and cast out for ever.

It is to this period that St. Paul's theological categories belong. The dialectical machinery by which, so to say, his system is worked is wholly Pharisaic. 'He brought,' says Pfleiderer, 'the conceptions of Pharisaism into the service of the new truth, and thereby subjected them to a transformation, the result of which was the new and magnificent system of the Founder of Christian theology.'[1]

[1] *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 12.

St. Paul himself distinguishes between the spiritual treasure—that is, God's revelation through him—and the earthen vessels—that is, the perishing forms of thought supplied him by his time.[1] This superficial Rabbinism in the apostle has been made a ground of offence, whereas in truth we should be surprised, not at its presence but at its very limited area and influence. It lies merely on the periphery of his thought: never does it touch its vital centre. Had he not used (it may be added) the terminology and formulae of his age and school, he would have had no point of contact with the contemporary mind, but would have been unintelligible and inarticulate to the men of his generation.

Let us glance for a moment at some of those formulae.

1. He owes the basis of his psychology partly to the account of creation in Genesis, partly to popular Jewish conceptions. He knows the current threefold division of human nature, Body or Flesh, Soul, and Spirit,[2] yet they do not mean to him what they meant to his contemporaries. He has to some extent transformed their value. The 'Body' is the visible form; the 'Flesh' primarily is the living, organized matter of which the body is composed; the 'Soul' is the function of the body as indwelt by the Spirit[3]—the 'Spirit,' which in the Old Testament account of creation is the impersonal breath of God shared by the brute creation,[4] becomes in St. Paul's system the creation of the Holy Spirit in man, the organ by which man can hold fellowship with God.[5]

One of the most intricate problems connected with our theme is that of the Pauline antithesis of 'Flesh' and 'Spirit.' This contrast runs through all his theology and lies at the basis of his system. What are we to understand by it?

The view of many German scholars which has received brilliant exposition in the pages of Professor McGiffert's work

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[1] 2 Cor. iv. 7.
[2] 1 Thess. v. 23.
[3] Comp. Gen. ii. 7.
[4] Comp. Ps. civ. 29–30.
[5] Rom. viii. 16.

on *The Apostolic Age* is, that the apostle, forsaking Hebrew ontological dualism, has taken up with Hellenistic metaphysical dualism, and proclaims the flesh to be inherently and essentially evil.

But if we bear in mind that the apostle's aim is everywhere not philosophical but practical, we may doubt whether behind his Jewish ethical there lay a Greek metaphysical dualism, and may rather believe that for him the physical law of the flesh does not *ipso facto* constitute sin, but that the law of sin has entered into and reigns in the flesh.

2. The germs of St. Paul's theology lie embedded in the Old Testament, and mingled with these are certain traditional elements of the later Judaism.

His conceptions of God, Man, Sin, Righteousness, Grace, Law, Atonement, the Holy Spirit, find their starting-point in the older revelation, though they receive rich and complete development in the organism of his thought. If we recall the type of education which St. Paul obtained in the school of Gamaliel, in accordance with which the exclusive subject of study was the Old Testament and the traditional commentary on the text, we may expect to find the apostle everywhere grounding himself on the law and the prophets, and drawing thence the materials for his new spiritual construction. On one point he differs from Christ. The Master has little or nothing to say of the orders of angelic intelligences; St. Paul knows of a hierarchy of heavenly powers, of their mediation of the law at Sinai,[1] and of their presence in religious assemblies.[2] He seems also to have shared the current belief that the 'celestial bodies' were living spirits.[3] This addition, taken over from the later Judaism, is purely incidental, and has no significance for his thinking as a whole. It is true that his doctrine of Original Sin has been referred to his Pharisaic training. But, on the other hand, Edersheim denies that his doctrine was held by the ancient Rabbis,[4] and in any case we cannot

[1] Gal. iii. 19. [2] 1 Cor. xi. 10. [3] 1 Cor. xv. 40.
[4] *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, vol. i. p. 165 et seq.

affirm with confidence that the teaching of the Talmud as we have it existed in the days of St. Paul. Still it ought to be noted that there are passages in Ezra iv. (circ. 100 A.D.) which attribute physical death, and even the tendency to sin, to Adam's fall. Perhaps the most we can say at present is that St. Paul's great and fruitful thought was in the line of current tendencies in Jewish thought, though we cannot affirm that it was their creation.

3. Finally, the apostle's Pharisaic style of thought is seen in his exegesis of the Old Testament. Examples are familiar to every student of his writings. Take his habit of stringing together quotations from different books, as in his proof for the universality of sin in Rom. iii. 10–8. This was a custom well known to his Rabbinic contemporaries, and derived its name (Charaz[1]) from the stringing together of pearls. Other illustrations of the traditional exegesis are well known—e.g. Gal. iii. 16, where he founds an argument in the use in Genesis of the word 'seed' instead of 'seeds,' to the effect that the reference must be, not to a plurality of Abraham's descendants, but to one (that is, Christ), though the Hebrew word is, as a rule, not singular but collective; in Eph. iv. 8, where he accepts the paraphrase of the Targums, 'He gave gifts unto men,' instead of the original Hebrew, which reads, 'Thou didst receive gifts among men'; in 1 Cor. ix. 9–10, where he sets aside the literal meaning of Deut. xxv. 4, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn,' and finds in the words an argument for the support of the Christian ministry; in 1 Cor. x. 1–11, where he sees in the passage of Israel through the Red Sea, and the Heaven-sent gift of manna, types in figures respectively of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, though he does not mean thereby to prejudice the historicity of the Old Testament account; in Gal. iv. 21–31, where the names Hagar and Sarah are taken to represent, the one the covenant made at Sinai, the other the new covenant to which was attached the promise. This free use of the Old Testament Scriptures

[1] *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, vol. i. p. 449.

which the apostle shared with his contemporaries is explained by the fact that the Jew did not seek for proofs in one sense, but rather for analogies or illustrations of his ideas, 'much as a Shakespearean student pores over his favourite author to find parallels which others who are less bewitched find very slight and very dubious indeed.' But, as has been said, a large part of St. Paul's education consisted in learning the received interpretation and legendary Rabbinical expansions of the Old Testament. He himself tells us that he was pre-eminently zealous for the traditions handed down from his fathers,[1] and some of these Pharisaic survivals may yet be traced in his newer thought. He accepts the story of the itinerant 'well' or 'rock' which ancient legends asserted followed the Israelites throughout their wanderings in the wilderness—only, however, to read into it a profound spiritual truth.[2] He knows of a persecution of Isaac by Ishmael which was a received interpretation in the Jewish schools of the narrative in Genesis, and illustrates by it the relation of Judaism to the Christian Church.[3] The very ancient Rabbinical legend that in the narrative of the Fall the serpent is to be identified with Satan, who 'beguiled' Eve into the sin of unchastity, and thus brought sin into the world,[4] is used by the apostle as a warning to Corinthian Christians against a similar danger of spiritual infidelity to Christ. These naïve fancies, the mere crudities of unripened reflection, are of course of no validity for us, nor does St. Paul commit himself to any opinion as to their historical worth. They serve him merely as illustrations well known to his readers, by which he would make more vivid and penetrating the argument of exhortation in hand.

While, then, the Rabbinical colouring of the apostle's exegesis, and the presence here and there of outworn elements of thought as of dead matter embedded in a living organism, are to be cheerfully admitted, they must not blind our eyes

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[1] Gal. i. 14. [2] 1 Cor. x. 14. [3] Gal. iv. 29.
[4] 2 Cor. xi. 3. Comp. 1 Tim. ii. 13–5.

to the splendid creative insight which, transcending the technical limits of his hermeneutics, pierces to the heart of the older economy and links it by vital bonds to the newer revelation in Christ, discerns faith to be the ruling principle of man's religious life under both dispensations, distinguishes between the literal and spiritual Israel, and discovers a germ of universalism lying hidden in the shell of the Old Testament discipline.

It is the view of many scholars that not only Pharisaism, but also Greek philosophy, contributed its quota to the formulation of the Pauline system. Holtzmann considers that when St. Paul speaks of 'being clothed' and 'clothed upon' —of the incarceration, so to say, of the spirit in the body— he is using genuinely Greek metaphors which go back through Philo to Plato. His contrast of flesh and spirit, as has already been indicated, is said to show that 'his anthropology is the fruit of a Hellenistic influence at work on an originally Jewish consciousness.'[1] Holsten sees in the phrase, 'If there is a natural body there is also a spiritual body,' and the Scripture proof cited, 'the first man Adam became a living soul, the last Adam became a life-giving spirit,' clear evidence that St. Paul was indebted to Philo for the notion of a double creation of man, according to which Gen. i. 26 relates the creation of the Original or Pattern[2] of humanity, and Gen. ii. the creation of the first historical man. Pfleiderer traces in the use of the epithet, 'the second Adam is from heaven,' a clear trace of the Jewish doctrine that the Messiah was hidden in heaven till His manifestation on earth. On the other hand, Beyschlag undertakes to show that this Hellenistic factor is a chimera;[3] and Harnack says, 'Paul connected the preaching of Christ with the Greek mode of thought, but, in my opinion, he has nowhere allowed that world of thought to influence his doctrine of salvation.'[4] The fact would seem to be that the spiritual atmosphere of St. Paul's day was

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[1] *Neut. Theol.* vol. ii. p. 14.
[2] *Urbild.*
[3] *N.T. Theol.* Eng. Trans. vol. ii. p. 23.
[4] *History of Dogma*, Eng. Trans. vol. i. p. 95.

charged with Hellenistic ideas; that the Pharisaism of Jerusalem, where he was educated, by its very opposition to the Hellenic spirit could not help feeling its influence; and that the apostle, like every other thinker, stood on the basis of the culture of his time, and felt himself touched either to antagonism against or agreement with the prevailing speculative categories. As Professor Feine justly remarks, 'Neither Tarsus where he was born, nor Jerusalem where he was trained, was an island past which swept the stream of Greek cosmopolitan culture, leaving not a trace behind.'[1] There are similarities in speech and idea in St. Paul and Philo, but they can be sufficiently accounted for by a common atmosphere: there are differences so radical that all dependence of the one upon the other is excluded. The truth is, the two men are fundamentally opposed. Philo is the Jewish philosopher, who pours Greek thought into Old Testament forms; St. Paul is the Christian theologian, who attempts to express theoretically his experience of salvation in the mental moulds of his age and people. We may well believe that here, as elsewhere, the large-hearted and human lover of his kind became all things to all men, and used the language in which they embodied their highest thoughts in the service of his own message. It is one thing to say this, but it is another and a different thing to say that he borrowed his doctrines ready made from the schools of Alexandrian or Rabbinical wisdom, and by their means arrived at the truth he proclaimed.

St. Paul passes from Judaism to Christianity through a strange and abnormal experience—the vision of the glorified Christ outside Damascus. What concerns us here is not the theories which have been constructed in order to explain this sudden spiritual revolution—whether that of Baur, which accounts for it by the tendency of enthusiastic minds to pass from one extreme to the other; or that of Pfleiderer, which seeks for a key to the problem in the intrusion of doubts produced by the spectacle of heroic deaths freely faced for

[1] *Das Gesetzesfreie Evangelium*, p. 29.

the sake of the Crucified; or that of Klöpper, which conceives of the conversion as a gradual process, Jesus being viewed by St. Paul at first as an object of hate, then of doubt, then of yearning that struggled with hate and doubt, finally of passionate love and enthusiastic loyalty. Nor need the problem of the miraculousness of the external phenomena of the conversion detain us. It suffices to remark that there are miracles and miracles. There is a crude and fanciful, and there is a reasonable and well-founded supernaturalism. The external accompaniments of the internal events—the light, the voice, and nervous collapse—may be explicable through causes which did not transcend the persecutor's personality. In any case they had no spiritual worth, nor anything of permanent validity for the religious life. St. Paul himself never refers to them in his Epistles. It is of an inward revelation he speaks in his letter to the Galatians, and in his speech before Agrippa he says that he 'was not disobedient to the *heavenly* vision.'[1] This is for him the kernel of the experience. But what of this kernel itself? Can it be accounted for by a purely empirical psychology? Or was there not through the vision, however generated, mediated the light of the knowledge of God's glory in the face of Jesus Christ? Such, at any rate, was the apostle's conviction that lay at the root of his life, without which his career would have no meaning or rational purpose. As to *how* the Divine Spirit transformed his inner world we have no means of knowing, but the fact itself stands among the most indisputable of history. And this is a miracle in the only sense which we are concerned to establish. It was a deed possible only to God. It was divine grace that suddenly converted the bigoted persecutor into the gentle and tender-hearted preacher of the gospel. Suddenly, we say, for St. Paul does not connect God's revelation of His Son in him with the experience of his past life. It was a startling and abrupt intervention of God in his history whereby he was arrested in the middle of his Pharisaic career, and as in a

[1] Acts xxvi. 19.

flash transported into a new world of motives, thoughts, and feelings. He speaks of himself as 'the untimely born one,'[1] that is, as one suddenly and unexpectedly called into the light of Christ's world out of the dark womb of Judaism. Elsewhere he distinguishes two moments in his experience: first, a moment of darkness such as rested on creation ere God said, 'Let there be light'; secondly, a moment of illumination in which the outstreaming glory of Jesus fell into his heart—the central organ of feeling, thinking, willing —and evidenced itself as the glory of God.[2]

And in another passage,[3] where he is describing his spiritual experience with a view to establish the independence of his gospel, he provides no link of connexion between the period when he was 'pre-eminently zealous for the traditions handed down from the fathers' and that other moment when 'it pleased God to reveal His Son to him.' Why does the apostle emphasize the abruptness and abnormalism of his transformation? It is in obedience to a law which rules in all profoundly spiritual and introspective natures, whereby they seek an absolutely new point of departure, a fresh basis in which a new moral and religious structure may be built. The new idea into which they have been introduced stands over against the old as light and darkness, freedom and slavery, disharmony and peace, heaven and hell. It was so with St. Augustine and Luther and Wesley. This is the form which the experience takes in the mind of the person undergoing it. And yet, in reality, the experience has been led up to by a long and gradual preparation. What has all along been lying latent in the soul, in conversion suddenly leaps into consciousness and asserts its supremacy over the man. An external miracle, standing out of all relation to St. Paul's inner life, even if conceivable, would not suffice to account for his conversion except on the incredible hypothesis that God acts magically on the soul, and, instead of intensifying its energies, subju-

[1] 1 Cor. xv. 8.
[2] 2 Cor. iv. 6.
[3] Gal. i. 13-7.

gates it by an act of naked omnipotence.[1] It is, doubtless, true that 'neither psychological nor dialectical analysis can explore the mystery of the act in which God revealed to him His Son'; nevertheless it is equally true that, unless the apostle's experience is to be for us a barren paradox, we must discover a point of contact between the divine revelation and his preceding history. Nor is this difficult to find.

As he looked out upon the world he realized that his contemporaries despaired of attaining righteousness. They were saying in their hearts, 'Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down); or, Who shall descend into the abyss? (that is, to bring Christ up from the dead).'[2] Righteousness, if righteousness there was, lay beyond the reach of the human spirit. And this despair was already settling on the heart of Saul the Pharisee. His nature was too ethical in tone to rest content with a mechanical and external obedience. He saw that, if he was to share in the glories of the Messianic Kingdom, his righteousness must exceed that of the conventional Scribe or Pharisee. But these deeper claims of righteousness aroused within him a moral struggle of the intensest kind between the ideal of the law and the sinful inclinations of the will. In that struggle his better self was constantly worsted by the flesh. His was the bitter cry of the Latin poet, which has become the classic expression for a universal experience; only, in St. Paul's case it was wrung out of a keener anguish than any which falls to the lot of the majority of men: 'Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.' It became clear to the apostle that there was no help for this miserable dualism, save in the revelation of some external source of healing. It was then, in the hour of his despair, when goaded to a fresh persecuting zeal against the Christians by the hope of a righteousness that he yet felt to be unattainable, that a vision of the risen Son of God was vouchsafed him, whereby a

[1] Neander well remarks: 'No revelation of Christ could have changed a Caiaphas into a preacher of the gospel.'

[2] Rom. x. 6–7.

double conviction was born in his soul, that Jesus was the Messiah, and that righteousness was not the condition of the Messiah's coming, but, on the contrary, that the Messiah's coming made righteousness for the first time possible. From this double conviction flowed all his subsequent theology. The main elements of his system are already given in the fact of his conversion. If this were not so, why does he take care to tell the Galatians that 'immediately' thereafter he 'went not up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before him, but went away into Arabia'?[1] If this theology was not, at least in outline, already formulated, what more natural than that he should consult with the men who had been the disciples of the Messiah in His earthly life? But no; his task was different from theirs. It was his to view Christ's whole activity in the light of the Resurrection; in other words, to study Christ, not in the earlier and preparatory stage of His career, but in the full splendour of His glory, in the perfect fruition of all He did for men and of all He was for God. It is the person and work of the Messiah in their ideal aspect, their spiritual worth and meaning, that henceforth will engross all his powers of heart and mind. And for this task the earlier disciples would have been rather a hindrance than a help. They began with the humble Teacher of Galilee, he with the risen and exalted Lord. In His exaltation, Christ's real nature, which had been obscured in the period of His earthly humiliation and weakness, stands disclosed, so that to know Him aright is to know Him in the power of His Resurrection. Compared with this, all other knowledge of Him seemed mean and paltry.

It is held by some scholars[2] that Paul experienced a double conversion. The first occurred on his way to Damascus, when he became convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, but only a Jewish Messiah. He preached for years

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[1] Gal. i. 17.

[2] Clemen, *Die Chron. der paul. Briefe*, p. 52; J. Weiss, *Studien und Kritiken*, 1895, p. 271.

a Jewish-Christian gospel. Jesus was the Messiah; but, in order to enjoy His Messianic benefits, the Gentile must enter through the gate of Judaism; he must become a Jew in order that he may become a Christian. Then, shortly before writing his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, the apostle gained a spiritual knowledge of Christ, which henceforth constitutes the kernel of his gospel.

This theory is based on the words: 'Wherefore we henceforth know no man after the flesh: even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know Him so no more.'[1] The word 'now' is regarded as marking a dividing point in His Christian career, before which he was concerned, like the Christ party at Corinth, to ask all about Christ's earthly life; and, after which, the ideal worth and spiritual essence of the exalted Lord threw into the shade the historical Jesus of Nazareth. This interpretation cannot stand criticism. In the context St. Paul is speaking of the death of Christ as a death for all. In that death he has himself died ethically, that is, died to his old order of ideas, habits of thought, national prejudices. But that ethical death was consciously realized in his conversion. And the 'now' goes back to that event, and marks it as the starting-point of a new spiritual evolution. Prior to his conversion he had known a Messiah according to the flesh, a Jew for Jews; but from that moment[2] he judged no man, not even Christ according to the flesh, that is, according to his earthly standing or outward environment or racial affiliation. We are therefore justified in concluding that the universalism of the Christian faith flashed on St. Paul as a spiritual intuition the moment that he realized that the Crucified was exalted above all earthly limitations, and belonged to a sphere wide as the universe itself. That there was a development, in the sense of a clearer grasp of this fundamental conviction with the new openings of truth which it brought with it, we may well believe; but that after the decisive moment, on the way to Damascus, he experienced another mental revolution,

[1] 2 Cor. v. 16.

[2] ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν.

is, apart from all absence of any trace of such an experience in the existing sources, quite psychologically improbable. St. Paul was no 'halfway man.' With him it was all or nothing. His was 'the vision and the faculty divine' that pierced through mere irrelevancies and immaterialities to the central heart, the vital essence of phenomena. The regulative principles of his theology were already implied in that consecrated hour when Christ called him and made him His herald among the nations.[1]

There is one claim made by St. Paul which modern opinion finds distasteful. It is his claim to inspiration. The light that shone into his heart in conversion was, he says, 'the light of the *knowledge* of the glory of God.'[2]

It was a principle of inward illumination which certified to him that the truths he taught were not mere speculations, but divinely revealed. 'Which things also we speak, not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth,'[3]—such is his claim. Just as man's wisdom will enable a speaker to clothe his ideas with better language than he could otherwise employ, without at the same time overriding his individuality, so the Divine Spirit enables the apostle to choose words better fitted for his themes than would occur to his unassisted apprehension. What are we to say of this extraordinary belief? That it is the fruit of self-deceiving fanaticism, mistaking its own wild fancies for a veritable revelation from Heaven? Hardly. It is not the way of fanaticism, 'which sees only one red-hot spot, and so is blind' to the true proportion of things, to distinguish carefully (as St. Paul does) between its own judgements as liable to error and those given under the sanction of a Higher authority. Fanaticism and spiritual sanity are incompatible tenants in the same intellect. Moreover, it is incredible that a system of thought so profound in itself, and so far-reaching in its effects on the spiritual life of humanity, and one which, like Dante amid the shades of the under world, proves its reality by moving what it touches, can be explained through

[1] Gal. i. 16. [2] 2 Cor. iv. 6. [3] 1 Cor. ii. 13.

the delusive phantasms conjured up by an overheated brain. We are told,[1] indeed, on the principle, 'the greater the genius the greater the mental unsoundness,' that St. Paul was a 'neuropath,' or a degenerate of the epileptical variety, whose emotional disturbances carried him beyond the bounds of rationality, and plunged him into the chaotic and the inane. And theologians have felt in duty bound to assert for the apostle an absolutely sound physical constitution, and a perfectly stable nervous system—to make him out, in fact, a kind of glorified John Bull. The contention seems needless. Speaking in a human fashion, let us ask, on the supposition that the Deity was desirous of communicating truth to the world, what kind of instrument would seem *a priori* fittest for this purpose? Would it not be the highly-strung and ill-balanced nervous temperament, with its keen susceptibilities to pleasure and to pain, its mystical raptures, its proneness to visions and to dreams, its metaphysical power to pierce through the sensuous husk of things to their spiritual kernel, and its moral initiation, which sweeps before it, as chaff before the wind, age-long monuments of obstruction, and makes new the face of society? Or are we to suppose that the chosen organ of the Eternal, through whom the secret of the universe is best disclosed, ought to be, as Professor James says in his recent 'Gifford Lectures,' of a 'robust Philistine type of nervous system, for ever offering its biceps to be felt, thumping its breast, and thanking Heaven that it has not a single morbid fibre in its composition'?

The problem is not so easily solved. Everywhere with the highest claims there goes a sanity, an appreciation of the true perspective of values which inspires us with confidence, that we are, in studying his words, in contact not with the hallucinations of ecstasy or delirium but with the realities on which our deepest life is built.

SAMUEL M'COMB.

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[1] Cf. Lombroso, *The Man of Genius*, pp. 347–8.

MODERN ANTI-CHRISTIAN PROPAGANDISM.

1. *God and my Neighbour.* By ROBERT BLATCHFORD. (Clarion Press.)
2. *The Clarion:* Weekly Articles from January 1903 to December.
3. *The Riddle of the Universe.* By ERNEST HAECKEL. (Watts & Co. For the Cheap Edition, *6d.*: Rationalist Press Association.)
4. *The Service of Man.* By COTTER MORRISON. (Watts & Co. Cheap Edition.)
5. *The Evolution of the Idea of God.* By GRANT ALLEN. (Watts & Co. Cheap Edition.)
6. *Human Origins.* By SAMUEL LAING. (Watts & Co. Cheap Edition.)
7. *An Agnostic's Apology.* By Sir LESLIE STEPHEN. (Smith, Elder, & Co. Cheap Edition.)
8. *In Relief of Doubt.* By R. E. WELSH. (Allenson. *6d.*)
9. *Problems of Religion and Science.* By Archdeacon WILSON. (Macmillan & Co. Cheap Edition.)
10. *Personality, Human and Divine.* By J. R. ILLINGWORTH. (Macmillan & Co. Cheap Edition.)
11. *Anti-Haeckel: An Exposure.* By F. LOOFS. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
12. *Clarion Fallacies: A Reply to 'The Clarion' and 'God and my Neighbour.'* By F. BALLARD. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE works above specified are but types of many more, present and to come. The slashing onslaught of *The Clarion* columns upon all things Christian was no surprise to those who for a long time had read between its lines. The

outgush of sixpenny 'Rationalist' issues is but the subsidized culmination of prolonged, strenuous, patient efforts on the part of a fairly well-known band of Secularists. The falling away to them from Romanism of so vigorous a thinker and astute a controversialist as Mr. Joseph M'Cabe, was certainly an unexpected stimulus. His translation of Haeckel's *Räthsel* became quite naturally the opening out of a new opportunity. The seizure of the opportunity, by means of an enterprising 'association,' to flood the country with some half a million of the most pronounced and influential anti-Christian publications in sixpenny form, was an inspiration worthy of a better cause. The uncompromising attitude of the editor of *The Clarion*, first in regard to Haeckel's book and then as to Christianity in general, having provoked a large correspondence and greatly increased the circulation of his journal, there could not but be the issue of a book at such a psychological moment. The sale of upwards of ten thousand copies of *God and my Neighbour*—at half a crown net—in a couple of months, with more to follow, is what might well have been expected, and is quite as sufficient to justify thoughtful Christian concern as it is insufficient to provoke serious Christian alarm.

On the whole, there can scarcely be at present a more timely question, from the Christian standpoint, than to ask what is the true estimate of these latest assaults upon our faith, and proceed to inquire what the Churches are doing or should do to meet them. Even if anything like exhaustive analysis or detailed prescription be impossible in these pages, a reliable summary may contribute by suggestion to such real development of Christian truth and effort as is undoubtedly called for.

I.

Christian advocates may speak lightly, or, as some religious journalists, write almost jocosely, about such a modern propagandism as is outlined above; but nothing is gained in this, any more than in any war, by underestimating

the enemy. If cheap issues are but literary twigs, they belong to a large tree, so that their potency and promise is inseparable from the strength of the main trunk. From the beginning of the Christian era until now, unbelief in varied form and degree has, we know, always existed. In all probability it will continue until the end. Certainly there have been generations when conventional acceptance of current religious opinion was almost universal. Departure from it was then considered sufficiently outrageous to deserve to be called 'infidelity,' and the 'infidel' was regarded as the embodiment of moral depravity. But the continuity of unbelief was never really broken, and there is assuredly no Christian warrant for seeking to deny the fact that many who maintained it were alike sincere and brave. It would appear to be time that the above obnoxious word was dropped out of Christian parlance. We have no right whatever to affix a moral stigma to any individual case of unbelief, seeing that its ultimate cause and the reasons of its development in a human soul are necessarily and for ever beyond our discernment. Nor, generally, has any Christian teacher to-day a right in the name of the gospel to read publicly Mark xvi. 16 from the English Version of 1611. It is monstrous, for the sake of conservative clinging to archaic speech, to attribute to the heart of God as revealed in Jesus Christ an attitude which would be repudiated by any just judge, let alone any tender father, in our human midst. And more. As to the 'condemnation' mentioned in the Revised Version of this passage, God alone is the discerning Judge. To Him must be left the moral estimate, with all its consequences.

But if future judgement and present pronouncing of sentence be beyond us, mental and moral appreciation, with accompanying personal decision, are inevitable. Christianity really admits of no half measures. It is either tremendously true or tremendously false. The only consistent attitude for those who have once been fairly faced with it is one of intensity. It urgently demands either love or hate. The devoted Christian or the out-and-out unbeliever may be

equally honest. The trimmer cannot be. Mr. Moody and Mr. Bradlaugh, Henry Drummond and Robert Blatchford, John Morley and W. E. Gladstone, may all alike be weighed in the balances of modern truthfulness and not found wanting, even as Celsus may be credited with intelligence and sincerity no less than Origen, and Marcus Aurelius, in spite of his bloody persecutions, still be regarded as 'naturally Christian.' Every man, indeed, is called upon by his very manhood, when he hears the story of the Gospels, to decide for himself whether they are to be treated as true or false; whether the Christ there portrayed is of a truth the Saviour of the world, or a misguided Jew whose bones have mouldered in some unknown grave. It is in regard to this greatest dilemma, not the apportioning of individual merit, that Jesus Himself so trenchantly said, 'Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?'

It is thus really necessary to heed the apostolic 'Let us not therefore judge one another any more,' in order that we may be free to appreciate the principles which make us men rather than mere animals or machines. The more we leave character-judgement alone, the better shall we be able to estimate all that leads to character. It is here that the immensity of Christianity begins to loom out. It claims to be the greatest character-force on earth, and that for all time. Mr. H. G. Wells's 'anticipations' that by the end of the century men will cease to be definitely interested in Christian things and be content with a nebulous Deism are sparks from an interesting writer, but they illumine nothing except the darkness of corresponding imaginings. If the development of science and civilization really meant that men were to evolve into soulless brutes or characterless machines, there would be good ground, verily, for much modern pessimism. But we may be bold to affirm that Christianity, as 'the salt of the earth,' is now far too thoroughly intermixed with all things human to permit such moral disintegration ever to take place. That it already represents an actual and immeasurable force is, and long has been,

incontrovertible. And if the oft-proposed comparison with Buddhism were the only test, the question whether it is also the greatest force on earth could soon be answered in the affirmative.

But we must not become victims of 'megalomania.' The question of questions is not whether Christianity is great, but whether it is true. Its might is unquestionable, but is its might right? That is, is it so far making for righteousness as to constitute the valid hope of coming humanity? Its comfort is unspeakable, but Strauss was justified in his protest that 'it is no use to have recourse to an illusion.' Is its promise, then, as Mr. Blatchford avows, merely 'the baseless shadow of a wistful human dream,' or is it eternal truth? No recourse to illusion, for comfort's sake, is permissible to moral beings. Nor would even the dread of what Romanes rightly styled 'the sharpest pang of which my nature is capable' justify any one of us in being Christian for a moment longer, unless, with the fullest consent of all our faculties, and in the fiercest modern light that flashes on us, we can 'set to our seal that God is true,' and that Christ is the 'strong Son of God, immortal love,' Whom, though it be sometimes in the dark, we can afford to trust even to the uttermost.

Hence the swelling tide of modern disbelief—and those who complacently refer to it as 'a passing wave' simply show that they are unacquainted with the facts—is necessarily matter for gravest concern to Christian Churches, even as it is naturally of intense interest to their opponents. This much becomes plain—so great are the issues involved—that whatever else is right herein, indifference is wrong. If it can be demonstrated, as Mr. J. M. Robertson asserts, that Christianity is at last 'found out' to be merely a re-hash of the sun theory plus certain relics of ancient mythologies, then, no matter what the sense of loss or dread, the believer in the love of God, as taught by Jesus Christ, must fling away all that veritable 'bread of life,' and seek to appease the gnawings of his soul with such comfortless morsels as that which Haeckel, quoting from Goethe, takes to be a

worthy finish to his book and crown to his 'system of pure monism':—

> By eternal laws
> Of iron ruled,
> Must all fulfil
> The cycle of
> Their destiny.

If, on the other hand, the great tide of modern intellectual objections can be rationally rolled back, and the confessedly dark pages of Christianity's history shown to be merely the accidents of its evolution, whilst the equally undeniable good it has accomplished is proved to be the natural working of its essential germ, with boundless promise for the future, then, by all their avowed devotion to theoretic truth and practical advantage, unbelievers are bound to cease their opposition to Christ's sway and become His loyal supporters.

Such a suggestion seems, we must sadly confess, to gather small probability of fulfilment from the present state of affairs. Not only are the characteristics of modern disbelief unprecedented in nature and influence, but certainly, to speak from the Christian standpoint, the general condition of the world is pronouncedly unsatisfactory. Without in the least forgetting or underrating all the real improvements of our time, it must yet be acknowledged by every honest observer, that in every city throughout the land there are innumerable instances of sorrow and misery, tragic exhibitions of sin and shame, ghastly extremes of selfish luxury and abject poverty, fearful developments of evil from the interworkings of greed, drink, gambling, lust, with all the rest of the 'works of the flesh.' Never, therefore, was Professor Seeley's remark more pertinent than now: 'One would think that the Christian Church was here to cure all this!' Alas! the cure seems so far distant, and so hopeless, that despair as to the success of ordinary Christian methods gives constant rise to millenarian theories which are manifestly based upon the misunderstanding or the wresting of Christ's own words. Sober thought points increasingly, however, rather to spiritual evolution upon

earth than to cataclysmic revolution from heaven, as at once the intention of Christianity and the hope of humanity. Certainly there is no time-limit set in the Lord's Prayer as to the heaven on earth it contemplates. And if the analogy of the physical world be worth anything, not only are divine processes long and slow, but with a moral creation they may well be longer than with a non-moral. For evolution is in all highest respects more especially capable of both acceleration and retardation. It was Huxley himself who reminded us, in his Romanes lecture, that our business as moral beings was not to accept but to combat cosmic methods and processes. But how can this be done save on supernatural lines? And how is such a reminder anything else than an unconscious endorsement of Christ's own plain avowal that He came 'not to send peace on earth, but rather division'? The denial of Christ, therefore, virtually means the suspension of the conflict above suggested, that is, the retardation of the progress of that spiritual evolution which is the highest of all and carries with it all the lower issues. If only by combating 'cosmic processes' in the microcosm of the individual soul, such spiritual evolution as resulted in Christlike character came to pass throughout human society, we know that there would be, for there could be, no degrading slums, no ghastly social extremes, no bogus companies, no revolting crimes, no bloody wars. So that Mr. Blatchford's vehement philippic against Christian holiness is as foolish as it is mischievous, and as unwarranted as it is unrestrained. It is indeed as utterly opposed to the very ameliorations he advocates, as to the main principles of Christianity.

We have to remember that Christianity, on the national, the civic, the social scale, has never yet been tried. There have been approaches, and they have so far justified themselves. But buds are not flowers, and windfalls are not ripe fruit. The answer to the Lord's Prayer is yet to come. Nothing so good ever has come, nothing better ever can come, to this human world. Whatever be the actual faults and failures of Christendom, that allegiance to Jesus Christ which is the veritable essence of its profession of faith, is yet

the most precious of all promises for the present—practical and physical as well as spiritual—weal of men, be the revelations of the great hereafter what they may.

This is in the main the reason why every real Christian is bound to view the forces—not the men—which now are making for unbelief, with a regret that deepens into hate. The intensity of such feelings is justified by their altruism. Not for his own sake so much as for his brother's sake does the true Christian pray and work that Christ's Kingdom may come. Not as the slaves of a creed that cares only for its shibboleths, but as the eager servants of a moral, spiritual, and social progress which aims at the greatest blessedness of the greatest number, do genuine Christian disciples watch and pray and contend against all the influences which seek to dethrone Christ and trample out Christianity. The apostolic canon, 'Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good,' finds here of necessity its supreme exemplification. Inasmuch, however, as it must honestly be confessed that both the altruistic quality and the energetic quantity of 'strivings for the faith,' on the part of modern Christian Churches, are capable of great improvement, it may be well to take now a swift though careful glance at the special characteristics which constitute the menace of current unbelief (or, perhaps, rather disbelief), the modern forces which are conspicuously supplementing it, the results which are manifestly following, and the measures which Christian Churches are taking or should take in view of the whole situation.

II.

That the menace of present-day rejection of the Christian faith is more serious than it has ever been before, can be doubted only by those who, in the comfort of one-sided study or the satisfaction of actual Christian effort, have been blind and deaf to the great outer world beyond. For the succinct reminding of all such as have had perhaps neither time nor disposition to watch anti-Christian developments, let us here enumerate at least the main features of the modern attitude

of hostility to the faith of the Churches. It will most accord with our purpose to keep to 'popular' aspects of the case, leaving to other occasions technical criticism and philosophy.

1. There was a time when the religious leaders could say, with a note at once of truth and contempt, 'This people that knoweth not the law are cursed.' That is to say, the 'common people' were as really helplessly obliged as conventionally disposed to accept without demur the doctrines of the rabbis. No doubt it was one chief item in Christ's offending, that He broke down this monopoly of knowledge and opened truth's holy of holies to every humble hearer. To-day we know that, for the leading nations of the earth at least, all intellectual monopoly has for ever passed away. Whatever else may be said concerning popular shrinking from Christian teachings, it is more intelligent than heretofore. Any one who questions this can soon prove it, in all directions, if he will.

2. In a more pronounced degree the same must be said concerning the leaders of the modern anti-Christian crusade. It may be easy—I do not think it is worthy—to deride them at a distance, but contact at close quarters with any of those writers and lecturers whose names are too familiarly before the public to need enumeration, will sufficiently demonstrate to any reverend gentleman who will essay it, that, so far as acute and well-informed intelligence is concerned, he will here at any time find foemen worthy of his steel. A careful perusal of almost any of their printed debates will sufficiently confirm this suggestion.

3. The possibility also of present appeal to great names in literature and science is beyond cavil. It is sheer fatuity on the part of ordinary Christian believers, to imagine that easy and certain reference to such authorities as Tyndall, Huxley, Clifford, Arnold, Spencer, Laing, Haeckel, Morley, Foster, &c., is without influence in the general trend of the thought of the people. As a matter of fact, such influence is much more common and measurable among the better artisan class than church-going folk imagine.

4. But every one knows how freely, and from their stand-

point how effectually, the modern propaganda of disbelief makes use of the press. Dr. Joseph Cook, in his world tour twenty years ago, declared that one of the greatest hindrances to our mission work abroad was to be found in the floods of pamphlets, &c., directly and bitterly anti-Christian, sent thither from this country. Private letters from the mission field fully and continually confirm the estimate. As to our own land, there is no need of witnesses. All our shops and railway bookstalls have become pulpits for unblushing unbelief. What Mr. Blatchford means by his complaint that unbelievers 'cannot get a hearing,' one is at a loss to imagine, seeing that every channel in the country whereby printing can be circulated with a commercial profit, is now enlisted in the spread of the 'choicest' publications of sceptical writers —that is, those most likely to 'unsettle' the minds of conventional believers.

5. The growing characteristic of all such recent issues, whether in literary or journalistic form, is their utter rejection of all reserve or restraint in the expression of their views. Time was when a literary sceptic thought it well to utter some kind of apology for controverting Christian sanctions. Even Strauss does so with pathetic elaboration. The well-known passage in Romanes' *Thoughts on Religion* illustrates the same feeling. But now, especially in the more ephemeral instances, there is a jaunty cocksureness which is not only absolutely devoid of reverence, but often appears to find its chief delight in conveying shocks by means of adjectives. One is sorry to have to specify the book just issued from the Clarion Press, as a prominent instance of lucidity thus intoxicated with mental conceit and led away into revolting verbal extravagance.

6. From the 'Rationalist' standpoint the formation of an 'association' is unquestionably wisdom up to date. That there are those who are willing to subsidize such efforts with no small endowments is only too manifest. When we are assured that not less than 500,000 cheap Agnostic issues have been thus disposed of, it would seem highly probable that the same energy will continue to expend itself also in

other directions. With such efforts the Churches of the future will certainly have to reckon.

7. Not only, however, is modern disbelief distinguished by its omission of apology, but still more by its uncompromising attitude and the wholesaleness of its rejection of every vestige of Christian foundations. The position is increasingly true to Tennyson's picture:

> So careful of the type? but no.
> From scarped cliff and quarried stone
> She cries—a thousand types are gone:
> I care for nothing, all shall go.

The mere substitution of 'book' for 'cliff,' and 'pamphlet' for 'stone,' makes the analogy wellnigh complete. Or we may turn to the still completer picture of an ancient poet:

> And now all the carved work thereof together
> They break down with hatchet and hammers.
> They have set Thy sanctuary on fire,
> They have profaned the dwelling-place of Thy name even to the ground.
> They said in their heart, Let us make havoc of them altogether.
> They have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land.

So far as lurid words can accomplish all this upon the inner temple of spiritual realities, the reader will find every item of such a programme, and more, set forth in Mr. Blatchford's latest book. Yet its Agnostic Ultramontanism does but voice the strong feeling of a multitude. Troubled Christian believers used to be assured that the Resurrection of Christ was an unshakable pillar of the faith. Now we are informed that the evidence for it is absolutely 'worthless.' The ethics and character-influence of Christianity have been not seldom specified as constituting good grounds for regarding Christ's gospel as from above. But now Professor Seeley, who so wrote in his *Ecce Homo*, is called a fool for his pains, and the practical no less than the spiritual side of the New Testament denounced with furious scorn. The character of Christ Himself has been sometimes represented as the final citadel from which no verbal assaults could dis-

lodge Christian faith. But Mr. Blatchford, assisted by Mr. J. M. Robertson, with an easy literary grace dismisses the whole gospel story as nothing more than a castle in the air. He 'cannot believe' that Christ—any more than Paul or Buddha—ever even existed, so that the portrayal in the New Testament is not one whit more reliable than the wildest imaginings of Jewish fanatics. There is thus, for the modern sceptic, no Gordian knot which cannot easily be cut. Everything Christian becomes nothing to be accounted of. The only absolute certainty is that man is not man, but an automaton incapable of sin; whilst, if there be a God, He is the only possible sinner. If the many comfortable counsellors of *laisses faire* in the Churches would be good enough to remember that all this, and more, is continually being flaunted before the eyes and dinned into the ears of their fellow citizens, perhaps it might dawn upon them that inactivity is not always and necessarily 'masterly.'

8. I say 'and more' advisedly. For the manner no less than the matter of the propaganda must come into consideration. Some Rationalist writers—one would like to mention names—are models of cultured respectfulness, chivalrous courtesy, and intellectual fairness. But it must be sadly affirmed that the prevailing spirit is to the contrary. The coarseness of former times has perhaps departed. One 'Saladin' ought to suffice Rationalism for a century. Yet Haeckel writes of him and his work in terms of highest approval, and only those acquainted with the style of this journalist know what that means. What one has now to regret, however, is the substitution of virulence for coarseness. It is impossible to overstate the bitterness of the tone—sometimes subtle, sometimes flashing with invective—of most anti-Christian polemics. How far Christian authors are betrayed into similar reply need not here be discussed. The point is that the writings in question are evidences not merely of the non-acceptance of Christian doctrines, but of the existence of a keen and deep-rooted feeling of antagonism which is generally far harder to deal with than any merely intellectual 'difficulties.' The everywhere-present practice

of scornfully belittling everything that proceeds from the opposite side is apparently a trick of all controversialists. Yet in its use Rationalism certainly excels.

9. The lynx-eyed watchfulness, moreover, of the leaders of Agnosticism must be acknowledged as, from their standpoint, admirable. I write every word here as before their eyes, well knowing that nothing escapes them. This is, however, as it should be, and not a few Christian students would do well to take a lesson.

10. Still more to be noted and respected is their perpetual appeal to the people. Not that they do this more than genuine Christianity does. But there are yet Churches not a few which make manifest that they have no concern with 'the common people,' and it is a tragic reversal of New Testament principles, when those to whom Christ Himself most appealed are left by His followers to the persuasions of His denouncers. We need not be alarmists nor underrate what is called 'diffused Christianity'; but if only half of what is said and sung in Sunday's worship be true, it cannot be less than an unmeasured tragedy that three-fourths of the adult population of this country should treat such occasions with indifference, and thus far remove themselves from the 'sweetness and light' of Christian sanctions, only to become more and more insensible to the help and hope of the message of Jesus.

11. There is confessedly no organization of unbelief worth regarding. But although Agnostics possess very few buildings, and hold their meetings on hired premises, it would be a vast mistake to imagine that since Mr. Bradlaugh's time propagandism has ceased. Each recurring Lord's Day finds assemblies listening to anti-Christian lectures, in every important city-centre throughout the land. The audiences may not be as large as many of the Churches exhibit, let alone our great Mission Halls, but they are large enough and vigorous enough to influence in the aggregate vast numbers, especially of men, either by way of confirmation or initiation in hostility to Christian truths.

12. Yet another unmistakable modern feature, requiring

only mention for its appreciation, is the help to 'Rationalism' afforded by modern advertisements. Thus, in all ways and places, by means of flagrant posters, attractive contents sheets, lecture titles, &c., anti-Christian sentiments are publicly emphasized. How effective these means are for their purpose, the least reflection must suffice to show.

III.

Now all the above items are but instances of the direct and definite efforts of avowed Rationalists to destroy Christian faith and its influences. But there is very grave reason for believing that, when all these are put together, they amount only to the lesser half of the present-day antagonisms to our faith. At the very least it must be said that they are supplemented by manifold and mighty modern influences which, though less directly, tend quite as really to aid and abet their efforts as they do to neutralize and prevent those of the Christian Churches. To describe these with any pretence of doing them justice would require more than the whole present issue of this REVIEW. One must perforce be content with bare enumeration, begging the reader at the same time to employ his own honest intelligence as to the significance and potency of each separate item. What, then, have we herein? —The cosmopolitan increase of knowledge, by means of which every difficult, troublesome, evil thing is made known throughout the world, almost to every child: the developments of modern science, manifestly contradicting much popular theology, and carrying often with it the impression, fostered of course by Rationalism, that Christianity is itself being exploded: the general acceptance of evolution as the working principle of the universe, so easily translated into opposition to Christian doctrine: the multiplication beyond all measure of ephemeral literature, especially newspapers, the skimming of which in myriads of cases does duty for education, and leads men to think themselves competent to decide matters about which they really know nothing: the actual tone and influence of many of the

journals which are most read, whether negatively godless or positively unchristian — sometimes, indeed, flagrantly anti-Christian: the manifest increase of population with corresponding keenness of competition, creating an ever-intensifying struggle for existence in which commercial morality becomes less and less tolerant of Christian ideals: the unnecessary, unjustifiable, and often ghastly extremes of social conditions, whereby the larger section of the community are doomed to incessant and often dangerous or degrading toil, to provide conveniences and luxuries for those who, in numberless cases, do nothing whatever to deserve them: the consequent development of 'fast' life amongst the rich and 'low' life amongst the poor, in both of which cases stimulants and narcotics come into such vogue that in a single year £180,000,000 sterling is worse than wasted in alcoholic liquors, whilst the tobacco craving is gripping even the boys and girls, and the gambling mania is permeating all society from the lordly mansion to the slum: the everywhere-manifest rising tide of democracy, which bids fair in its resistlessness to sweep away not merely aristocratic sinecures but the very sense of reverence which should distinguish men from brutes: the special development and general publication, during the last quarter of a century, of the processes and results of that Higher Criticism which, although essentially a friend to Christian principles, admits of being so easily and effectively exploited to the contrary: the undeniable fact that the average type of Christian character in the Churches falls far short of the mind of Christ as exhibited in the New Testament, either as to individual life or social relations: the serious and not seldom bitter antagonisms in Christendom between differing sections, including the identification, by some, of Christianity with priestcraft and ecclesiasticism, these latter being increasingly objects of popular aversion: the diffusion of information concerning comparative religion, whereby, especially in the case of Buddhism, it is fairly easy to belittle Christian claims: the sporadic but persistent attempts at other forms of religion such as Theosophy, Spiritism, Christian Science, &c., along with Ethical and

Sunday Societies, whose avowed purpose is to get rid of religion altogether.

Such a list is long, but it is not exhaustive. Neither is it fanciful or pessimistic. It is the simple summary, according to fact and without a trace of exaggeration, of those multiplied and multiplying influences in modern civilization which create the very soil most adapted for the propagation of Rationalism. Amidst these influences unbelief takes root as easily as phthisis-bearing bacilli find their proper nidus in the human lungs most accustomed to foul air. It is worse than childish to play the ostrich with the mass of facts hereby connoted, or to think that they will be transformed into conditions favourable to Christian faith, at the mere waving of ecclesiastical wands or the easy declamation of 'positive truth.' Most assuredly they will not.

IV.

It is therefore much more to the point to inquire what are the effects, visible and invisible, of the interworking of all the agencies above sketched, in the midst of the environment thus summarized. It may require some further courage so to do, but if there be any apostolical succession at all it is surely that which enjoins, 'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.' What, then, do we see if for a few careful moments we turn our gaze away from the engrossing activities of Church life or the comfort of our own experience, and make honest effort to estimate our modern environment from the standpoint of faith? Can any one of the following features of such a vision be called in question?—That many within the pale of the Churches are secretly perplexed, if not genuinely troubled: that there is a general weakening of the fervour which, as in the early Methodists, proceeds only from deep and definite conviction: that this chilly and troubled atmosphere is having a measurable effect especially upon the young people in our Churches, and tends towards hesitation and indecision: that a neutrality which is half perplexity and half indifference is being

developed, affecting both attendance at Christian worship and entrance into Church fellowship: that the growing manifestation of the non-necessity of clerical functions for political, civic, and social progress, easily passes into the persuasion that the great postulates of Christianity are imaginary rather than real, and its sanctions rather luxuries of the few than necessities of the whole community: that thus there are growing around all the Churches, to an unprecedented extent, two decidedly foreign bodies—the smaller, definitely antagonistic on Agnostic principles and more or less aggressive; the larger, content with spiritual inertia and the religious nothingarianism which asks for no more than the comfortable sensations and conveniences of a 'highly' civilized life.

In proportion as these results of the modern atmosphere are acknowledged to be true, they cannot but be saddening, if not depressing, to the thoughtful believer. They are correspondingly pleasing, not to say exhilarating, to the Rationalist. He is welcome to the satisfaction with which he may read this statement of the situation. He may possibly learn from the history of many a conflict, that the full and frank estimate of the strength of an opposing force is a process that presages victory rather than defeat. At all events, the army of Christ has neither the hope nor the wish simply to 'muddle through.' But, as the appeal here is more especially addressed to believers, it seems particularly necessary, in face of the foregoing, to ask what the Christian Churches of the twentieth century are really doing, and are going to do, by way of the defence and confirmation of the gospel entrusted to them.

V.

Here, again, summaries alone are possible. But the plain truth is that, as regards what is actually being done in adaptation to this modern environment, there is not nearly so much to summarize as there ought to be. Still, let us not underrate it.

1. The Christian employment of the press for evidential purposes is fairly good, both as to quantity and quality, if only it were better appreciated. It is indeed high time that the technical, clumsy, and hindering title of 'Apologetics' ceased to find employment, casting as it does a dull and dreary shadow over matters in themselves intensely interesting. But for all genuine 'searchers after truth' there are abundant and able settings forth of the reasons for Christian faith. (1) Manuals of Christian evidence and theology quite up to date are certainly published, which, if only they were known and studied, would prevent much if not most of the 'unsettlement' above mentioned. (2) Nor are popular issues lacking, equally low in price and high in tone. The publications of the Religious Tract Society and the S.P.C.K. deserve special recognition here, and the Wesleyan Methodist Book-Room shows signs of awaking to the same necessity; to say nothing of similar efforts on the part of other Churches. (3) Religious journalism sometimes touches these themes, though, as a rule, with a light hand. 'The religious public' prefers short stories or racy paragraphs, and its taste must be gratified for the circulation's sake. In some few cases, however, valuable help to the Christian cause is thus rendered. (4) Of individual efforts there are, doubtless, very many. They differ too much in quality to permit any estimate here; though, if one may judge from the last attempt to controvert Haeckel, it is not seldom a case of 'Save us from our friends.'

2. There is avowedly 'evidential' teaching at colleges; but, without casting any reflection upon the teachers, it cannot be said that justice is nearly done to the intense and growing importance of the themes involved.

3. For many years the Christian Evidence Society has been maintaining a gallant stand, upon very insufficient means. Its work has, however, been as valuable as it has been—amongst most Churches—unappreciated and unpopular.

4. In some Churches occasional lectures and courses of lectures have been delivered upon Christian evidences; but they are, as a rule, coldly welcomed and poorly supported.

5. The general and entirely popular presumption is that the 'proclaiming' of 'positive truth' in the shape of sermons which assume everything evidential to be entirely unnecessary, is the best way to maintain the gospel. Concerning this oft-reiterated persuasion it must suffice here to say that, if the purpose of the Christian Church and the total aim of Christian services be simply to conserve 'the families of our people,' such a practice may pass as one method of edification, though as regards our better-educated young people it becomes more inadequate every year. But if the *raison d'être* of the Church is the moving and blessing of the world, the modern world at all events will increasingly demand something more than perpetual assumption from those who call upon it to surrender itself to the service of Christ.

VI.

What, then, is this 'more' which we venture to assert to be an absolute necessity, if the Christian Churches of the twentieth century are to hold their own, let alone make progress, during the coming years? The true answer to such a query is so complex as to require a volume rather than a few lines. But if it be definitely understood that all that is best and proved to be most useful in well-known methods of Christian service already obtaining, is to be maintained in fullest vigour, then, by way of supplement, the following features of a greatly needed development, in face of urgent need, may be submitted to the thoughtful and prayerful consideration of such as are disposed to grasp, equally without panic and without puerility, the seriousness of the present outlook.

It must be borne in mind that there are definitely two things to be done, in view of all the influences, direct and indirect, now contending against Christian belief—namely, first, to reassure in mind and heart those who already are more or less definitely Christians; secondly, to make a real, because rational, impression upon the vast human environment of the Churches which is either indifferent or antago-

nistic. There is indeed no occasion to fear that Christianity will be destroyed or the Churches blotted out. But such security of tenure can never satisfy the heart of true Christian faith. If Christianity be anything more than a delusion, it is a saving message for the many, not a scheme for the enjoyment of the few. Nothing less than the answer to our Lord's own Prayer can ever fulfil its programme; and the only way to this is through the creation of a conviction, alike deep and universal, of the actual truthfulness of the account given of Himself in the New Testament. Without such firm foundation, all 'experience' is but a castle in the air. Hence—

1. There is a call for more definite teaching in the pulpit concerning the valid reasons for faith. Sometimes assumptions in the pulpit are wise and necessary. Sometimes they are the very things which ought to be made reasonable. To talk about 'unsettling' hearers by the sermonic introduction of doubts, is in these days a Rip Van Winkle kind of suggestion better ignored than heeded.

2. Occasionally, at least, the pulpit is the proper place for the discussion of one of the many 'burning questions' which appeal to the man in the street even more than to the saint in the pew. Especially when followed by an Open Conference, where all traditions about a 'coward's castle' may be swept away, and the preacher may show himself—like ancient apostles and modern missionaries—equally able and courteous in dealing with inquiries. If such an effort costs him much more than an ordinary discourse, he should look upon it only as a gracious opportunity to serve his Master the more faithfully.

3. But there must be on all such occasions—as there should be always—a wider and truer acquaintance with the actual positions of modern doubters than often appears in clerical deliverances. It would be all too easy, even from recent and authoritative utterances, to give instances of statements which plainly showed that the speaker simply did not know, at first hand, what those whom he was controverting really felt and taught. Such 'ignorances' only give occasion for cynics.

4. The root remedy for this is, doubtless, farther back—even in the college course. But there also, unfortunately, it not seldom happens that even the teacher knows only imperfectly, from personal contact, what the great bulk of modern Rationalists are continually asserting, and what the 'masses' whom the Church should reach actually think.

5. Further, even when all such training and individual efforts are at their best, there is still room, in this department as in others, for the expert. If it is recognized that valuable service may be rendered by men to whom special 'evangelistic' gifts have been entrusted, then there is already—and there will be more—call for the special service of those who, with other endowments earnestly cultivated, are able to show that faith is but the highest reason and Christianity the noblest Rationalism. Such workers have generally been scouted as lacking in spirituality. The day is coming when they will be better appreciated.

6. In ordinary Church work there is growing need, and nearly always opportunity, for classes upon the great evidential subjects, where young people especially may be sympathetically met and wisely prepared against current anti-Christian assault. The worth and success of such classes will of course depend upon the tact and competence of the teacher.

7. Speaking generally, there is great need, in view of the lynx-eyed and unfriendly watchers who surround the Church, that all possible use should be made of every improvement in modern biblical and theological knowledge. Alas! the degree to which even yet the Revised Version is ignored in numberless pulpits, and the Higher Criticism denounced with careless indiscriminateness, is no less than a Christian tragedy.

8. Nor should it be forgotten that the lessons to be learned from the keen intelligence and ruthless outspokenness of modern scepticism are many and great. They both deserve and must receive much more attention from professional Christian teachers, for they affect every department of thought and life.

9. There is pressing need no less than ample occasion

for the fuller employment of a cheap press in the Christian interest. If the Churches seriously contemplate the 'evangelization of the masses,' they must remember that the majority of our modern population do not and will not read standard books, but they do and they will read papers and booklets on highest as well as lowest themes.

10. But these latter must be of the best if they are to be effectual. Nor does this apply merely to the substance but also to the form of such issues. Pious humdrum well-got-up and valuable truths poorly printed on bad paper are about equally useless. If the costliness of such publishing be a difficulty, then it should be remembered that, in spite of all appearance to the contrary, the Church is not a commercial institution. The subsidizing of effective appeals in print to our modern fellow citizens may be just as really spiritual work as preaching or supporting Foreign Missions. It ought not to be necessary that the 'Book-Room' of any Church should be a source of income. It is absolutely necessary that it should help to make spiritual efforts effective for modern men and women.

11. With all other appeals there is to-day especial call for the fuller development of practical sympathy. It is happily true that more 'social' work is being done by Christian Churches than ever before. But there is some real ground for the complaint of the Socialist, that it is almost wholly palliative rather than curative effort. As to those who say that the work of the Church is 'purely spiritual,' three queries, with their inevitable answers, ever constitute sufficient reply:—Are the conditions under which vast numbers of our fellow men and women live and work, in accordance with the mind of Christ, or with the ideal for which He bids us pray? Is not every effort, of whatever kind, to transform those conditions into something like His ideal, spiritual service? Is there any limit to the present and practical application of His own test: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me'?

12. So, finally, we come to the greatest need, the most

real difficulty, and the most effectually convincing force of all. The reminder that men are not often brought to Christ by argument is somewhat platitudinal, not to say irreverent, seeing that both Christ Himself and the apostles always appealed to men's intellects rather than to their emotions. But there is this truth in it, that *something* more than mere words or syllogisms is for ever required, either to maintain or to extend the influence of the gospel of Christ. This has been put with trenchant force in one of our most recent Reviews. The editor of the *Hibbert Journal* has rendered real service to Christendom in putting his finger, with reverent and cultured plainness, upon what is undoubtedly the weakest spot in our Christian armour. 'The change which for good or ill has passed over Christian thought during the last hundred years is perhaps best summed up in the saying that Christianity is not a creed but a life.' This is true, although, for the matter of that, John Wesley said it plainly enough a hundred and fifty years ago, and the apostles said so from the outset of their ministry. But, assuming that it is coming to this generation with all the force of a new truth,—'immediately then springs up another question, namely, Where is this Christianity? Where are the higher righteousness and the law of love to be seen in operation?—The type of plain man we are considering wants a more valid proof than has yet been offered that' the Church 'is serious when it professes the Christianity which is a life and not a creed.—It is no harder to prove the Pope a successor of the Fisherman, than to prove *the average worshipper* in a Christian Church to be a true follower of Jesus Christ, assuming always that Christianity is a life.—*Does the nominally Christian world mean to be Christian in fact?*' That is the question of questions to which we are brought, ultimately and necessarily, when all attempts to justify Christianity by evidences have done their utmost. He would be a bold man who would answer it with an unhesitating affirmative.

Into the broad field for thought which here opens out we must not enter. The most important word, perhaps, in the

above extract—the italics are mine—is the term 'average.' That there are in our modern midst Christians indeed in whom is no guile is happily beyond dispute. But, even when all allowance is made for the 'seven thousand' of God's unknown saints in every age, the question of the present-day type remains. It is, after all, not the 'spiritual genius,' but the average Christian life and character, which constitutes the most effectual Christian evidence. For it is precisely this average—which if really Christian could never be less than super-naturally good, that is, holy—which is least of all to be explained as a freak in psychology, or dismissed as merely one of the 'varieties of religious experience.' Whether the whole world of humanity will ever be 'brought in' to Christian conviction, may be left as an inquiry to us unanswerable. But this at least is certain—and this alone concerns the Church—that the raising of the Christian type into actual and manifest conformity with the mind of Jesus Christ, is at once the best and the utmost that can be done towards bringing about the fulfilment of the petition, 'Thy kingdom come.' In truth, such are the complications, problems, threatenings, of our 'advanced' civilization, that there is an unprecedented demand for both deeds and words from the Christian Church of to-day. Never before has there been such need of true thought and clear speech, never such just insistence upon the necessity of super-natural lives, to justify a super-natural creed. Concerning these two great lines of Christian evidence it may be truly said, that the Christendom which does not exhibit both, exhibits neither. The 'experience' proves nothing without the historic foundation. The historic validity is useless without the 'experience.' And even experience based upon historicity is nothing worth for a world like this, unless, in regard to all the truth and tenderness, the purity and unselfishness, the sympathy and generosity, the impartial justice and universal love, which are together comprised within the one word 'holiness,' it can claim the Master's final benediction: 'If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them.'

FRANK BALLARD.

M. LOISY AND THE VATICAN.

1. *L'Évangile et l'Église.* Par A. LOISY. (Paris: Picard. 1902.)
2. *The Gospel and the Church.* By ALFRED LOISY. Translated by Christopher Home. (London: Isbister & Co. 1903.)
3. *Autour d'un Petit Livre.* Deuxième Edition. Par A. LOISY. (Paris: Picard. 1903.)
4. *Harnack and Loisy.* By Rev. T. A. LACEY, M.A. With an Introductory Letter by the Right Hon. Viscount Halifax. (London: Longmans. 1904.)

THE case of the Abbé Loisy has excited the attention and interest of a large part of Christendom. Within as well as outside the pale of Roman Catholicism there exists a considerable amount of unrest with regard to the relations between biblical criticism, physical science, and secular knowledge generally, on the one hand, and the Christian faith on the other. An age-long subject of discussion this—from those early centuries of Christian history in which Clement of Alexandria took one side and Tertullian the other, down to and beyond the period when Copernicus 'dared to be wise' and Galileo said—or did not say—*E pur si muove.* In our own time the anxiety and questioning concern not one but a score of subjects. Many have been running to and fro, and knowledge has increased with a rapidity which it would be impossible to parallel in any previous period of history. Astronomy, geology, biology, and psychology are not the only sciences whose boundaries march with that of sacred knowledge, and in regard to which questions have been raised as to the delimitation of frontiers. Archaeology—sacred and secular—has produced her discoveries and asked of the theologians what they made of

these. History has become a science. The days are left far behind in which it was conveniently possible for vague statements made long after the event to rank as evidence; and, though this young science is not herself infallible, she has claimed it as her right and her duty to sift all records of the past to the uttermost, and has pointed out perpetually recurring causes of error in human testimony. Above all, biblical criticism—the study which deals with the documents of the Bible considered as literature—has developed with startling rapidity; and investigations into the date, authorship, integrity, tendency, and trustworthiness of the sacred books, whilst largely confirming traditional beliefs, have in certain important respects challenged, or even overthrown, them.

Are, then, the critics and seekers after truth, who make their claims in the potent name of science, to be allowed to pursue their researches in regions which belong to religious faith without let or hindrance? Are their results to be accepted when once fairly established, no matter what the consequences to the sacred cause of religion? May teachers who are persuaded that conclusions hitherto accounted heterodox have been virtually demonstrated by argument to be allowed to proclaim their beliefs? Or must they be silenced, or even excommunicated? If they are permitted still to teach, where is the line to be drawn? How far does the Christian religion admit of development, i.e., how much may be added to the original creed without overlaying and stifling it, or taken away from the accredited dogmas of the Church without injuring the inner spirit and essence of the religion? These are questions easy to ask, but terribly hard to answer. It is clear that they pierce to the very foundations of faith. The principles of Protestantism as to authority in religion are vitally different from those of Roman Catholicism, but no Christian Church can escape giving judgement upon questions of this kind, when raised by able and responsible persons; and the peace of the Church, its unity—nay, its very existence—may depend upon the answer.

The history of the Loisy incident (which is now formally but far from actually closed) is familiar to most observers of matters ecclesiastical. Its leading features should, however, be borne in mind if a right judgement is to be formed of its significance, and if the lessons it teaches are rightly to be laid to heart by those most nearly concerned.

The Abbé Loisy was born in 1857. He early occupied himself with difficult and, for a Roman Catholic priest, dangerous questions. Even in his seminary days a speculative paper of his on 'Authority and Liberty' had excited the attention of his superiors. In 1881 he became Professor of Hebrew at the Institut Catholique of Paris, having amongst his colleagues Duchesne and de Broglie. In 1890–1 he published works on the Canon of the Old and the New Testament, and in 1892 began a Review entitled *Enseignement Biblique*, in which he spoke with great frankness on critical questions. He taught, for example, that the Pentateuch in its present form was not the work of Moses, that the early chapters of Genesis do not contain a history in the proper sense of the word, that on scientific questions the standpoint of the biblical writers is that of their own times, and other views on the same general lines of interpretation. Soon afterwards he was deposed from his chair, without reasons assigned. In 1893 the Papal Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* on the study of holy Scripture was issued, in the composition of which Leo XIII is understood to have been largely influenced by his good or evil genius, Cardinal Mazella. During the next few years M. Loisy published a number of articles on biblical and kindred subjects, writing under the name of 'Firmin' and other pseudonyms. In these he carried out with somewhat more freedom and force the principles of Scripture exegesis in the light of modern science as he understood them. This lasted till 1900, when the continuance of the articles in question was forbidden by Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, as being in contravention of the Pope's Encyclical. Another prelate, Monsignor Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, showed decided favour to Loisy's views, adopting some of 'Firmin's' arguments in a letter to his

clergy. Considerable ferment of opinion in French clerical circles was the natural consequence. At the close of 1901 the Pope appointed a Biblical Commission to examine into the whole subject of Interpretation in the light of modern science, and amongst those appointed to sit upon it were many scholars known to be favourable to Higher Criticism. Leo XIII appears to have been frequently urged to condemn Loisy specifically and directly, but he never actually did so.

The turn in events which has given rise to the present position was occasioned by the publication of Professor Harnack's *Das Wesen des Christentum*, translated into English under the title, *What is Christianity?* The book was also translated into French, and somewhat widely read by educated Catholics. Destructive though it is of the fundamental principles of Catholicism, very few were competent to reply to its arguments; but at the close of 1902 M. Loisy boldly touched the challenger's shield and wrote the work mentioned at the head of this article: *L'Évangile et l'Église.* In this, as will shortly appear, he went much farther in the direction of making concessions to New Testament criticism, and the volume was condemned in January 1903 by Cardinal Richard and other French bishops. Loisy submitted to the decree of the Church, and withdrew his book from publication, but did not cease either studying or writing. His work on the Fourth Gospel—the Johannine authorship of which he does not accept—is only one of several that have appeared lately, the most noteworthy being *Autour d'un Petit Livre*, containing a series of letters in which, with a dialectical skill and irony which recalls Pascal, he explains and defends the position taken up in *The Gospel and the Church.*

The last stage in the history was opened up by the placing of all these books on the Index in December of last year. A little later a more definite and decided condemnation was pronounced by the Holy Office; the difference being that many books are placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* which it is not desirable for the faithful to read, though the

opinions they contain may not have been pronounced actually heretical. At present the position is that the decisions of the Holy Office have been formally communicated to Cardinal Richard, with a covering letter from Cardinal Merry del Val describing the 'grave errors' contained in M. Loisy's books, chiefly in relation to Revelation, the facts of the Gospels, the divinity and knowledge of Christ, and the divine institution of the Church and the Sacraments. Abbé Loisy claims that he has not definitely denied any doctrine of his Church. He has dutifully submitted to ecclesiastical censure. He is willing himself to deny and denounce the errors mentioned by the Holy Office, which he says he does not hold. But as we understand the situation he has not withdrawn, and has not as yet been commanded to withdraw, his expressed opinions on history and biblical criticism. It was asserted a little while ago that the abbé would be compelled to retract these, under penalty of excommunication. The authorities have thus far stopped short of this extreme and ultimate form of condemnation; but it is easy to see that the situation is full of a certain painful interest both to liberal Roman Catholics and to many belonging to Protestant communities for whom the topics discussed are burning questions.

In order to understand Loisy's exact position, it will be well to recall that of Harnack in the volume to which *The Gospel and the Church* was an able reply. Harnack's lectures, delivered in Berlin in 1899–1900, contain a brief, popular summary of the general principles implied in his *History of Dogma*. They excited great interest and enthusiasm, being delivered with the *verve* of a convinced believer in religion, as well as the authority of one of the first theologians in Europe. But the definition of Christianity which they contain sounded wofully meagre and unsatisfactory to orthodox Evangelicals. 'The Christian religion,' he said, 'is something simple and sublime; it means one thing, and one thing only: eternal life in the midst of time, by the strength and under the eyes of God.' The religion of Jesus is not that of which He is the centre, but such as He Himself enjoyed and

taught—a belief in God as Father, the infinite value of the soul, and the higher righteousness illustrated by the commandment of love. 'The gospel as Jesus proclaimed it has to do with the Father only, and not with the Son.' Nothing but this belongs to the essence of Christianity; all else is later and illegitimate accretion. Protestantism believes in this gospel being left entirely free, so as to produce its characteristic effects in individual human hearts. Not only the doctrine of the Atonement but the Incarnation is denied: these are subsequent additions made to the earliest gospel. The term 'God-man' may indeed be applied to Jesus, but it means no more than divine man, with the general connotation of a man in such close filial relation with God as to furnish a norm for mankind, who ought to learn from Jesus as the greatest of religious teachers and the most complete example of filial obedience to God and loving service to men.

It was easy enough for a Roman Catholic to meet such a creed by authoritative denunciation. If the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, be infallible and the judgement of the Church inerrant, judgement in such a case may soon be delivered. Again, if Protestants hold the Bible to be infallible and to constitute an authoritative guide, the compatibility or incompatibility of such teaching with the New Testament may soon be ascertained. But it was not so easy to refute Harnack on his own principles. Knowledge must be met by knowledge, assertion by counter-assertion, argument by refutation. Few Roman Catholic scholars were competent to cross swords with Harnack, and fewer still are sufficiently accustomed to conduct such a duel under Protestant rules of fence. That the Abbé Loisy was not only bold enough to make the attempt, but has succeeded in making out a strong case against such a champion, is a testimony to his intellectual ability, the completeness of his biblical and theological equipment, and the clearness and thoroughness with which he has faced the issues of a far-reaching controversy. His book is a short one, his style is marked by characteristic French lucidity; he indulges in no parade of learning, yet so

deftly does he wield his logical rapier that a skilful defence of the Catholic position has been constructed, to which the formidable Berlin professor has as yet made no reply. M. Loisy's argument may be briefly summarized as follows:—

He contends that Harnack's position is not that of the historian he claims to be, but of a theologian who takes from history as much as suits his theology. His theory is that the essence of the gospel consists solely in the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood as revealed by Jesus—but this theory is not actually deduced from history; on the other hand, it cannot be gained from history, except so far as it is interpreted by the light of a preconceived theory. To discover the essence of the gospel of Jesus, says M. Loisy, we must proceed by including *all* that holds the chief place in His teaching, not by throwing overboard all that to-day is esteemed uncertain or unacceptable. 'Why not find the essence of Christianity in the fullness and totality of its life, which shows movement and variety just because it is life; but, inasmuch as it is life proceeding from an obviously powerful principle, has grown in accordance with a law which affirms at every step the initial force that may be called its physical essence revealed in all its manifestations?' Why should the essence of a tree be held to be but a particle of the seed from which it has sprung? Harnack does not conceive Christianity as a plant which has developed from a seed, but 'as a fruit ripe, or rather over-ripe, that must be peeled, to reach the incorruptible kernel; and Herr Harnack peels his fruit with such perseverance that the question arises if anything will remain at the end.' Loisy repeatedly claims to speak, not as theologian but as historian; and it is from the point of view of history that he criticizes Harnack for his narrow and arbitrary treatment of a great religious movement, which ought to be studied as a whole. 'Everything by which the gospel continues to live is Christian, and the criterion for judging of this quality cannot be an abstract essence, defined to suit the principles of a particular theology rather than to harmonize with the facts.'

In this criticism of Harnack's fundamental position we

consider Loisy to be abundantly justified. He has stated with greater clearness and point than any other of Harnack's many critics the fallacy which lies at the root of his brilliant exposition of the *Essence of Christianity*. Professor Harnack must take his stand either as an historian or as a theologian. As historian he has failed to take account of all the facts; as theologian he has failed inadequately to interpret those which he has discussed. Neither in the analysis of the beliefs of the New Testament period, nor in a discussion of the history of Christian doctrine—Christian *dogma* should be separately dealt with—does the description of Christianity as a belief in the Fatherhood of God similar to that which the Godlike man, Jesus of Nazareth, held, suffice to explain history or to account for the creed. So far, M. Loisy has rendered valuable service at a crucial point in the conflict.

When we come to a statement of the abbé's own position, however, doubts may very well arise. His arguments may be divided into two parts, and his position is defined by the answers given to two questions. First, what does he hold with regard to the original deposit or datum of faith? Secondly, how does he reconcile his position as a convinced Roman Catholic with his pronounced 'critical' views? His business, he tells us in his first book, was to show the relation between the gospel and the Church. What, let us ask, does he understand by the gospel, and how does he derive the Church from it?

M. Loisy, it must be understood at once, goes farther even than Harnack in his negative criticism of the Gospel sources. He rejects the Fourth Gospel altogether as evidence—it is not a history, but a theological treatise of comparatively late date. He accepts the current theories as to the composition of the Synoptic Gospels, ascribing the priority to Mark and holding that our 'Matthew' and 'Luke' were built up from pre-existing 'Logia' and from the Marcan and other documents. But he contends that Mark itself is composite, and does not give us first-hand evidence. He finds traces of later additions throughout the narrative. Mark is primitive relatively to other documents, but not absolutely. We need not follow

M. Loisy into the detailed analysis found in pp. 80–3 of the *Autour d'un Petit Livre*, the conclusion of which is that our Second Gospel is 'a composite work, of which the earliest stratum may represent the recollections of the apostle Peter, but which has been completed by means of other traditions, or by the interpretative developments of the earliest tradition.' Consequently it is necessary to penetrate behind these early developments if we would reach 'la physionomie historique du Sauveur.' Loisy holds that the picture of the Gospels contains 'inevitable and legitimate idealization.' There was formed in the early atmosphere of faith, beyond the historical reality, beyond 'the idealization to suit the Messiah,' a doctrine concerning Christ which aimed at determining the providential meaning of His history. The business of the Church comes later, and is not to be interfered with at its own stage in the process, but its work can only be legitimately based upon the conclusions of historical criticism after a careful analysis of the earliest authorities.

How much, then, does M. Loisy leave us? He has complained of Harnack's peeling away rind and pulp to reach the core or kernel of the fruit. What, in his view, is the seed from which the plant of renown called Christianity has sprung? In a word, it may be said—Jesus as Messiah proclaiming the kingdom of God. Mark i. 14–5 contains this seed. 'The idea of the kingdom of heaven is nothing but a great hope, and it is in this hope or nowhere that the historian should set the essence of the gospel.' The hope is collective, to be enjoyed in common by all who love God; it is objective, consisting not merely in the holiness of the believer, but in the conditions, physical and moral, of a happy life; and it regards not only the future of the individual, but a prospective renewal of the world and restoration of humanity. 'The message of Jesus is contained in the announcement of the approaching kingdom, and the exhortation to penitence as a means of sharing therein. All else . . . is as though non-existent.' Even such an utterance as Matt. xi. 27, on which Harnack relies as genuine, is, 'at any rate, in its actual form, a product

of the earlier Christian tradition.' So also the passage in Mark x. 25, where it is said that Christ came to give His life a ransom for many, was 'influenced by the theology of Paul.'

Jesus came to preach a great hope, but it does not follow, according to M. Loisy, that He foresaw the actual course of things. His utterances are 'symbolic,' they have a Jewish body, though the Spirit of Jesus constitutes their divine soul. He did not institute the Eucharist at the Last Supper, only indicated that His death would be a step in the inauguration of the kingdom at hand. In many respects, events did not turn out as His words would lead us to expect. A concrete embodiment of the great hope was necessary, but this fell away as a mere sheathing, leaving the seed itself to grow. Christian doctrine grew out of those earliest facts, and grew legitimately. The gospel idea of Messiah and His kingdom contained the principle of all Christological development. The historic Christ is great enough to justify Christology, and we need not seek to find our doctrine expressed in our Lord's own words. We cannot find—it would be absurd to expect to find—the formulae of Nicaea and Chalcedon on His lips. As to His own consciousness, we do not know what it was. 'To ask whether Jesus in the course of His life on earth was conscious of being the Eternal Word, consubstantial with the Father,' is to set 'une question oiseuse.' The historian finds nothing of the later Christology in the original facts, but the believer holds that the facts justified the later definitions.

It may well be asked how an historian whose criticism of early Christian sources is so destructive can leave any room for the theologian who accepts in full the doctrine and polity of the Roman Catholic Church. Even the Resurrection of Christ, says M. Loisy, is not an historical fact—it cannot be established on the basis of evidence. 'The historian will reserve his conviction, because the objective reality of the appearances (after the Resurrection) is not defined for him with sufficient precision.' Further, Jesus did not institute any society, though the gospel contained a 'rudiment of social organiza-

tion.' But Jesus 'foretold the kingdom, and it was the Church that came'—as if Christ had not foreseen at all in what way His words concerning the kingdom were to be fulfilled. But at this point M. Loisy introduces the *deus ex machinâ* which is to relieve him of all his difficulties—the principle of development. He says, truly enough, that there is no institution in history whose value may not be questioned if it is taken for granted that nothing may exist except in its original form. Life implies movement, movement necessitates change. Since men change, institutions must change, if the ideas which they embody are to continue active and influential. Hence—though here many will decline to travel with our guide—'it is easy to see in the Catholic Church to-day what stands for the idea of the heavenly kingdom, for the idea of the Messiah, the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, and for the idea of the apostolate, or the preaching of the kingdom; that is to say, the three essential elements of the living gospel, which have become what they were forced to become in order to endure at all.' The Church of to-day is to the primitive community as a grown man is to a child. Identity is preserved, not through the immobility of external form but by the preservation of one continuous principle of life. As against the individualism of Harnack, Loisy contends that the society is all-important. Catholicism stands, he says, both for principles, not as abstract but as embodied in a divine Church. The Church has a collective life. She is 'not content simply to make Christians, she tends to create a Christian world-state.' While Protestantism 'leads logically to absolute individualism, that is, to indefinite subdivision,' Catholic Christianity has 'kept a clearer consciousness of itself, and has declared itself a divine institution as an external and visible society, with a single chief who possesses, to the full, powers of teaching, of jurisdiction, of sanctification, that is to say, all the powers that are in the Church.' The centralization which reached its culminating point at the Vatican Council of 1870 may possibly, M. Loisy thinks, receive modification: 'theological reflection has not spoken its last word on the

subject.' But he is prepared to maintain that, through the action of the principle of development, the tiny seed, which for him represents the original gospel as ascertained by criticism, has grown up into the Catholic Church of to-day.

M. Loisy has been charged with denying the divinity of Christ. Expressed thus, the charge is not warranted by his own statements. He says repeatedly that the original facts warranted the Church in the conclusion to which she came: worshipping Christ as God, and in due time framing the formularies of Nicaea and Chalcedon. As a theologian he accepts these definitions, though as historian he removes a considerable part of the foundation on which they rest. The divinity of Jesus is 'not a fact in the historical order,' it is not one of which the historian can verify the reality, but the phrase does contain a definition of the relation which exists between Christ and God. The Catholic critic 'accepts the formula as the authorized expression of the faith which, born of the word of Christ and gospel fact, has taken precise form in the Christian consciousness.' At the same time, the language which M. Loisy uses cannot but prove very disturbing to that same faith. For example, he says that the statements of Mark x. 17–8 in which Christ replies to the young ruler, and xiv. 36 in which He prays, 'Father, not My will, but Thine be done,' belong to 'another Christology than that of John' in the Fourth Gospel. Further, what he says concerning the knowledge or consciousness of Jesus is hardly reconcilable with the divinity of Christ, except upon some extreme Kenotic theory. It is true that 'the feeling which Jesus had of His union with God transcends all definition'; but it is hardly sufficient to be told that 'the expression which He has given of it is, so far as we can lay hold of it, equivalent in substance to the ecclesiastical definition.' That is, however, all that the Catholic critic seems able to say upon the great central verity of the Christian faith.

It is not surprising that the views which we have thus imperfectly, but we hope not inaccurately, sketched have created great excitement in Roman Catholic circles. They

have not only brought down on M. Loisy's head the condemnation of which we have spoken, but they have given rise to no small searchings of heart amongst his friends. M. Batiffol, rector of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, a fairly liberal Catholic and friend of Loisy, seems perturbed by the thoroughgoing rationalism of his premisses, compares him to Sabatier, and evidently thinks that he is busy sawing through the bough on which he is sitting and which he commends as a safe resting-place. That prelates should be perturbed it is easy to understand, though perhaps not all would go the length of his Reverence the Bishop of Nancy, who declares that M. Loisy's method is neither Christian, nor historical, nor critical, nor scientific, nor—in spite of his 'submission'—loyal to the Church to which he belongs. On the other hand, M. Gabriel Monod eulogizes the much-abused abbé as one of the finest and most intrepid thinkers that the Roman Catholic Church can boast, as having triumphantly refuted Sabatier and Harnack, and as having produced a Christian apologetic 'so noble, so intelligent, so solid, that nothing has been published since Newman better calculated to make Catholicism acceptable to enlightened minds.' But, then, M. Monod is a Protestant, and does not count.

What the Church of Rome is likely to do further in the matter it is not for us to say. She has her own methods, and takes her own time. She is not likely to be influenced one iota by the excited journalists who prophesy of the evil things that will happen to her if she should press the logic of authority to the uttermost and ban all biblical criticism with bell, book, and candle. She will not be turned from her path for fear of M. Loisy. She has known and crushed much more formidable champions of liberty as ruthlessly and as silently as a huge Atlantic liner destroys a fishing smack that crosses her bows in the dark. She will probably be like the legate in Browning's play, who went to Faenza to quell insurrection, saying that he had known twenty-three rebel leaders, and, when his work was done and he had got rid of Chiappino, quietly said, 'I have known *four*-and-

twenty leaders of revolt.' Liberal Catholicism may not be an absolute contradiction in terms, but we have yet to see the brave plant of liberty flourish within shadow of the Upas of Ultramontanism. The history of Lamennais, Montalembert, Lasserre, Father Hecker, and others who could be mentioned within the last fifty years, does not augur very favourably for the Abbé Loisy and his sympathizers.

The bearing of the controversy on other Churches is, however, for some its most important feature. The views of High Anglicans with regard to it are expressed by Mr. Lacey in the pamphlet mentioned at the head of this article, and by Lord Halifax, who writes an introduction to it. We must not call these representative writers Protestants, unless we mean to insult them. For Anglo-Catholics, as well as Romanists, not the Bible but the Church is the foundation of faith. Loisy keenly criticizes the New Testament, but upholds the authority of Catholic tradition. Hence the clerical and lay representatives of High Anglicanism are both favourable to the line which he has taken. Lord Halifax thinks that Rome is indeed the centre of the Christian world, and he says that, as a matter of fact, 'the Roman Church is the strongest support of the essentials of Christianity.' M. Loisy has 'impugned no doctrine of the Church. He professes unhesitating assent to all defined truth.' What matters then, in comparison, his criticism of the Gospels? 'At the very worst, he has weakened or destroyed some of the scientific reasons which move men to believe;' and the Church of Rome, says Lord Halifax, will not, if she is wise, repeat the blunder which caused her to condemn Galileo.

For her own sake we hope she will not. If M. Loisy's submission be accepted as satisfactory, and the Commission on Biblical Criticism should issue a fairly liberal report, there would be some chance of that new era for which liberal Roman Catholics have been longing in vain. We shall believe in the possibility of this when we see it actually accomplished: at present we can hardly imagine the Pope,

the Curia, the Holy Office, and Ultramontanists generally, permitting for a moment the methods of M. Loisy, or tolerating as teachers in the Church those who belong to his school. From the point of view of Anglo-Catholicism we can understand the sympathy which High Churchmen feel with Loisy and the strong antipathy they exhibit to the robust Protestantism of Harnack. But Evangelical Christians must hesitate before they take sides with either party in this significant theological duel. Sympathy may be excited in favour of the Catholic priest struggling for fresh air and liberty, or with the able Protestant theologian as he repudiates the principles of Catholic tyranny, casts off the yoke of ecclesiastical dogma, and yet inspires the students of Berlin with a sacred fervour caught from his own ardent religious faith. But Harnack rejects some of the central doctrines of Christianity, and Loisy assents to the authority, doctrinal, moral, and ecclesiastical, of the Church of Rome. In both combatants there is much to admire: neither is a safe ally. As to following either as a leader: for an Evangelical such a supposition is out of the question.

The fact is—as all careful students of the controversy 'Harnack *versus* Loisy' have long ago perceived—much more is at stake than appears upon the surface. The very foundations of faith, whether for Catholics or Protestants, are involved in the issue. The premisses from which both controversialists start need careful examination. Both assume, or hastily argue, that criticism reduces the historical value of the New Testament records to an insignificant minimum. Neither believes in the Resurrection of Christ as an historical event. Neither considers that His divinity can be proved from the testimony adduced. Harnack is convicted, on Loisy's showing, of having dealt very arbitrarily with his materials, substituting an abstract doctrine, carefully pared away and pruned by himself of all elements which are not susceptible of a 'psychological explanation,' for the living whole of history. But the abbé produces a minimum of his own, which is all apparently that is left

by his historical criticism—namely, Jesus of Nazareth, as Messiah, holding out a hope of the immediate coming of the kingdom of God.

True, what M. Loisy takes away with one hand he more than restores with the other. What history cannot establish, faith may, nay must, receive. In that part of his book which refers to the Church he seeks to show how the community which sprang out of the seed sown by Jesus inherits, so to speak, His authority, and is warranted in translating the 'physionomie historique' of the Saviour into the doctrines of the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Resurrection, the Church, and the Sacraments. Nay, he is not satisfied till he has brought in the whole cycle of Roman doctrine down to and including the Council of the Vatican. He out-Newmans Newman in his use of the doctrine of development. Loisy's great predecessor had had the hardihood to say, 'To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant.' If any man was ever deep in history, especially of the Church, it was Dr. Döllinger; compared with him Newman was a babe. Döllinger showed to demonstration that Newman's saying is precisely true if for 'Protestant' be substituted 'Ultramontane.' Newman used history for his own purposes, and sought to show that 'the process by which the aspects of an idea are brought into consistency and form,' and which he called development, will account for the growth of the whole circle of Roman Catholic dogma from the seed of the earliest Christian tradition. His criteria were ingenious enough. The development of an idea is genuine if it displays preservation of type, continuity of principles, power of assimilation, logical sequence, chronic vigour, and the like. But such tests are practically futile. It hardly needed Mozley's vigorous reasoning to show, with regard to them, that wherever they do not beg the question at issue every one of them may be observed and yet the result be not a legitimate development, but an exaggeration, a caricature, and an enormity.

M. Loisy, as he is more thoroughgoing than Harnack in his criticism of the Gospels, is also more sweeping than

Newman in his application of the theory of development. It is easy to reason that the Church 'must' have taken the line it did, and that the Ultramontane who accepts the infallibility of the Pope is to the simple-hearted disciple who listened to the voice of Jesus as a grown man to a child; that the doctrines of the Vatican Council are to the original nucleus of Christian history which criticism leaves us, simply as a spreading oak-tree which has grown out of a tiny acorn. It is said that logic has made necessary the passage from one stage to another. What is the meaning of logic here? One is reminded of Mozley's famous passage: 'Be logical, said the Arian'; Jesus Christ is the Son of God, a son cannot be coeval with his father. Be logical, said the Nestorian; Jesus Christ was man and was God, He was therefore two Persons. Be logical, said the Eutychian; Jesus Christ was only one Person, He could therefore only have one nature. . . . Be logical, says every sect and school; you admit our premisses, you do not admit our conclusions—you are superficial, you want depth.' Be logical, says the Romanist to the Protestant; God has given to man a revelation in His Son, and He has established a Church which cannot fail therefore in it, and in the Pope as its head is the infallible guide man needs and seeks, and elsewhere seeks in vain. But logic of this kind only convinces those who were convinced before. And a logical development which finds the doctrines of Transubstantiation, Purgatory and Indulgences, and the Infallibility of the Pope implicit in the declaration of Jesus of Nazareth, the Jewish Messiah, that the kingdom of God would shortly come, can educe any tree from any seed.[1]

But it is not with M. Loisy as a good Catholic, submitting himself to the dogmas of his Church, that we are chiefly concerned. Wise and good men are, with him, devout believers in the absolute and unerring authority of the Church

[1] The reader who would understand by what methods the 'development' of doctrine was attained which marked the Vatican Council in 1870 should read Rev. W. Arthur's *The Pope, the Kings, and the People*, recently reissued in one volume by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

of Rome in all matters of faith. If it is hard for us to see how his conclusions are developed from his premisses, it is only natural that Protestants should find it so. But we press the point for this simple reason: Anglo-Catholics as well as Romanists urge that the Church is the only safe authority to trust to in matters of belief, and that criticism may do its worst on the New Testament, since the faithful do not build upon a book, but upon a living community, and one that cannot err. Thus extremes meet. The Rationalist, on the one hand, and the Romanist on the other, agree in belittling the evidence of the New Testament, which means practically the evidence of history.

Now it is not difficult to show that this is as unfair and misleading as it is destructive of the surest and only satisfactory ground of Christian faith. And it is the business of the Evangelical to establish this position against both Harnack and Loisy alike. It is not for us to attempt the task at the end of an article, yet it may be possible to show the lines upon which the historical trustworthiness of the New Testament account of Christian origins may be maintained and defended.

M. Loisy gives up the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, denies the genuineness of Matt. xi. 27 as a saying of Jesus, claims that Mark does not represent a first-hand, trustworthy authority, and puts forward other extreme critical opinions of very questionable validity. While we write, a volume has been published by so pronounced a Unitarian as Dr. James Drummond, containing a masterly defence of the Fourth Gospel as substantially the work of the apostle John, the son of Zebedee. So it might be shown that Professor Harnack's criticism of the Gospels and rejection of all supernatural elements from the essence of Christianity proceed upon principles which imply the very conclusion they profess to prove. If other historical documents were to be treated as he treats the Gospels, human testimony would avail to prove nothing. As Schmiedel has confessed in the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*—if it could be shown that the Gospels originated in the decade after the death of

Jesus, their testimony could not be received; it would only prove how quickly miraculous stories and myths of all kinds could arise. Such extravagances of 'criticism' must be met by sound and sober criticism that deserves the name, and every inch of ground contested against unfair fighting. That the documents are sacred to believers will not of course protect them against the freest and fullest examination; nor ought it to do so. Historical foundations which cannot bear investigation will not bear the weight of faith to-day, and therefore we make no complaint against the thoroughness of the criticism of MM. Harnack and Loisy, only against some features of it as unfair and unsound.

The process of proving this is, however, a long one, and involves much detail. There is a shorter argument which, so far as it goes, is very effective, and it goes very near to the root of the matter. The historian is bound to account for the phenomenon which was called the Christian religion, say, in 100 A.D. From what did it spring? Not simply from a belief in the Fatherhood of God, the value of the human soul and the law of love, with Jesus for a lofty example of obedience to it, as Professor Harnack would have us believe. Not from a proclamation of a coming kingdom given by a Jewish Messiah, who did not know the future and cannot be proved to have risen from the dead, as M. Loisy the 'historian' asserts. It was not the teaching of Jesus in His lifetime, but the preaching of the apostles about what Jesus was and had done, which 'founded' the Christian religion. If Harnack is right and Loisy's reading of history were the whole truth, this religion is founded on a gigantic mistake. Both writers as historians ignore the apostles, so far as the evidence of what they said and did in its bearing on Christian origins is concerned. According to Harnack, Christ 'does not belong to the gospel'; it is concerned entirely with the Divine Fatherhood. According to the New Testament, that which changed the history of the world was not the prophet Jesus telling men of the value of the human soul, but the preaching of the apostles concerning the Son of God, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification.

Truth to tell, we are a little impatient of the fashionable modern cant about 'history,' or the process of analysis which usurps the name. Critics are eager to get behind the evangelists, and behind the documents which the evangelists used, and behind the consciousness of those who handed on the traditions recorded in the documents, to get at—what? Is the residuum reached, when these processes (some of them very questionable from an historical point of view) have been gone through, the only thing that is worth calling history? *The* fact which is unquestioned is that the preaching of Christ, the Son of God, crucified and risen again, changed the face of history. That does not prove that the substance of the preaching was necessarily true; but it imposes a great burden of proof on those who wish to persuade us it was not. As Dr. Fairbairn has said, 'It is not Jesus of Nazareth who has so powerfully entered into history; it is the deified Christ who has been believed, loved, and obeyed as the Saviour of the world. . . . If the doctrine of the Person of Christ were explicable as the mere mythical apotheosis of Jesus of Nazareth, it would become the most insolent and fateful anomaly in history.' History is little worth if all it can do is to resolve existing documents into their constituent elements and go behind them to hypothetical documents out of which they sprang, in order to reach what is termed the 'genesis' of a belief, while it cannot give an adequate explanation of the greatest event that history has ever known. The rise and progress of the Christian religion as proclaimed by the apostles and their successors is not accounted for by Professor Harnack, who leaves us so little of the Gospel narrative as historical fact, nor by M. Loisy, who leaves us still less. Frank examination of the Gospel records as literary documents is one thing, the sceptical assertions of Rationalist and Romanist 'historians' are quite another. The Evangelical Protestant will cling to his New Testament, both for history and theology, as the groundwork of his faith and the charter of his freedom; and he will be right.

W. T. DAVISON.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The Life of Edward FitzGerald. By THOMAS WRIGHT. Two Vols. (London: Grant Richards. 1904.)

'AN eccentric man of genius, who took more pains to avoid fame than others do to seek it,' is a description of Edward FitzGerald, written by one of his oldest and most intimate friends. At the close of 1875, in an 'Old Woman's Gossip,' contributed by Mrs. Kemble to the *Atlantic Monthly*, FitzGerald's life and works were summarized with admirable justice and brevity:

'He was distinguished from the rest of his family, and indeed from most people, by the possession of very rare intellectual and artistic gifts. A poet, a painter, a musician, an admirable scholar and writer, if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it, he would have achieved a foremost place among the eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries. His life was spent in literary leisure, or literary labours of love of singular excellence, which he never cared to publish beyond the circle of his intimate friends: *Euphranor*, *Polonius*, collections of dialogues full of keen wisdom, fine observation, and profound thought; sterling philosophy written in the purest, simplest, and raciest English; noble translations, or rather free adaptations of Calderon's two finest dramas, *The Wonderful Magician* and *Life's Dream*; and a splendid paraphrase of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, which fills its reader with regret that he should not have *Englished* the whole of the trilogy with the same severe sublimity . . .'

'Oh, my dear Mrs. Kemble,' wrote FitzGerald, in reference to the foregoing passage, 'your sincere old Regard for my Family and myself has made you say more—of one of

us at least—than the World will care to be told: even if your old Regard had not magnified our lawful Deserts.' In his own copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* which contained this estimate, FitzGerald, being sure, as he declared, that he knew himself better and took a juster view of his pretensions than Mrs. Kemble did, pasted white paper over the eulogistic passage; and when Mrs. Kemble's reminiscences appeared in book form the passage was omitted, at FitzGerald's own desire. 'He did not certainly knock me on the head with Dr. Johnson's sledge-hammer,' said Mrs. Kemble, 'but he did make me feel painfully that I had been guilty of the impertinence of praising.'

Edward FitzGerald was, undoubtedly, one of the most recluse and sequestered men of letters—a man who at all costs held tenaciously to his privacy and to that mental seclusion which was of the very essence of his genius. Only to one work, his Calderon translations (1853), speedily withdrawn from circulation, did he attach his name, and to that solely because, in his own words, 'there was a rival in the field.' All the years of his manhood bear witness that he was amongst the shyest and most retiring of men, and even when the grave closed over him in the quiet Suffolk churchyard but a mere handful of the people of that day knew that a man of brilliant genius and imperishable reputation had passed from their midst. It seemed, indeed, as though at every turn fate conspired to keep him remote from the ways and words of men. A letter of appreciation from Ruskin to 'The Author of *Omar Khayyám*' took ten years to reach its destination. And some of the men who came into closest contact with him did not know how great things he had done. Twenty-two years after FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyám* had been published, Charles Keene, the *Punch* artist, a lover of literature and, in FitzGerald's old age, one of his dearest friends, had been staying at Woodbridge. W. B. Scott heard from Keene of these visits. 'He jumped from his chair,' said Keene; '"Do you know him? Why, *Ram Jam* (some wonderful Persian name he gave it) is the most quite too exquisite work of the age."' Dean Merivale,

who well knew FitzGerald from his Cambridge days, wrote thus in 1877 to Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity: 'I saw some review of a translation of the *Agamemnon* . . . but I did not notice the authorship, or, if I did, it did not bring our Edward before my eyes. I never thought he was guilty of verse.' And in 1889, when the life of John Allen, FitzGerald's cherished friend, was published, Prebendary Grier, Allen's biographer and son-in-law, simply referred to FitzGerald as 'the author of a brilliant translation of Calderon.' By the way, Mr. Augustus Hare, in the volumes of his *Story of my Life*, published less than four years ago, confused Edward FitzGerald with Percy Fitzgerald, the Dickens devotee!

With America mainly lies the honour of the discovery of FitzGerald. Sometimes, however, its enthusiasm for *Omar Khayyám* has been sadly misinformed. Not long since a literary lady in Chicago claimed to have heard Edward FitzGerald lecture in New England! and another lady in the 'Windy City' apologized for printing the Omar-FitzGerald poem in her society paper, and thus depriving many American publishers of their just deserts, on the ground that it was only one of Omar's poems, which together fill a large volume, and was 'becoming very popular; everybody is reciting it—even the boys are whistling it in the streets'! And in America, when a comparatively recent edition of the *Rubáiyát* reached a man of national distinction—a graduate of Harvard, and a lawyer with a nice sense of international copyright courtesy—he was much disturbed. It was a new book to him, and he believed an act of injustice had been done the author and translator until he was informed by a friend that both were dead, and that there were no heirs of either to suffer from the piracy. In face of this it is not incredible that when, in this country, a few years ago, a scholar entered a bookseller's shop and asked for a translation of *Omar Khayyám*, the bookseller should promptly say, 'There is no such book. Homer wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, both of which I have in stock; but he did not write the book you are inquiring for.'

Now it would seem that fame, whose advances FitzGerald treated coyly, if not scornfully, has taken ample revenge upon this too sensitive child of genius. The *Rubáiyát*, which until 1899, when it appeared in the 'Golden Treasury Series,' could not be purchased in England for less than half a guinea, is now offered, with a biography of Omar and full notes, for threepence. The distinction of being the smallest book in the world is claimed for a copy of the poem (printed from plates of solid silver and to be read only with a microscope), a quarter the size of a two-cent postage stamp, issued, of course, in America. And Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts, in his introduction to the 'Flowers of Parnassus' *Omar*, suggests, with unsurpassed enthusiasm, that the *Rubáiyát* is better known to-day than the Book of Job! FitzGerald exhibitions, *editions de luxe*, finely illustrated copies and reprints many and diverse of the *Omar*, several volumes of letters, and a handsome biography of some six hundred pages, have made the retiring genius stand forth in the broad light; and now we see revealed before us a strangely delightful personality.

Only a brief reference to FitzGerald's early life can here be made. He was born in 1809, the birth-year of Darwin, Gladstone, Wendell Holmes, Lincoln, Mendelssohn, Poe, and Tennyson. His father boasted of Cromwell as an ancestor; his mother was descended from the Earls of Kildare. On one of the family estates was the battlefield of Naseby, and in one of his father's houses was a wooden figure of the great Protector in steel armour with his actual sword. The father—a big-built, ruddy-faced, kindly squire, filling at times the positions of High Sheriff and Member of Parliament—was of consequence only because he was his wife's husband. Mrs. FitzGerald, one of the gifted mothers of gifted men, was a Junonian woman, a great beauty of her day—'her beauty dazed kings'—and was supposed to have sat more than twenty times to Sir Thomas Lawrence for her portrait. Her temper was as violent as her beauty was great; but she was concerned about the religious training of her children, who never forgot the evening prayer repeated at her knee. Thanks to his mother's partiality for Crabbe, that poet was

Edward's horn-book and became one of his first and last great favourites. Boulge church has an ornate tablet to her memory, with a smaller one beside it to her husband, illustrating, some one has said, 'the proportion they bore to each other in life.'

Edward's youthful days were largely spent near Woodbridge and Naseby, and Squire Jenny and Major Moor became his fast friends. The squire was a breezy, good-natured sportsman, who kept his windows open—if the snow came in he simply shovelled it out; and would have no carpets—'nothing comfortable in the house': he had no wish to be stifled. The major, who first interested Edward in the East, was a learned Anglo-Indian with a mania for collecting 'gods,' but, becoming at length tired of his hobby, he buried the whole collection in a pyramidal sarcophagus close to his house. It is probable that these companions of FitzGerald's boyhood did much to rouse his life-long passion for the open air and to sow the seeds of his fruitful love for Oriental lore.

From private tuition at Woodbridge, FitzGerald passed to King Edward the Sixth's School, Bury St. Edmunds, the best of all schools for him, as it turned out to be; and here began some of his truest friendships—those with J. M. Kemble, James Spedding, W. B. Donne, and William Airy. In 1826 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and at the university not only were his friendships with Spedding and Kemble continued and strengthened, but he became closely acquainted with John Allen (afterwards Archdeacon) and W. M. Thackeray—with Spedding his chief friends—as well as W. H. Thompson (in later years a famous Master of Trinity), Frank Edgeworth (Maria Edgeworth's brother), and Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton). He had no real knowledge of the three Tennysons until after his Trinity days, though half a century later he retained a clear recollection of the appearance of Alfred as an undergraduate —'I remember him well, a sort of Hyperion.' Of the Cambridge men of FitzGerald's day it may be safely said that never again at any one time throughout the century had the

university their equals. The supremely important fact of his Trinity career was the formation of his strong and faithful friendships.

After seven years' rambling about with friends or staying with relatives, FitzGerald settled in 1837 in a thatched cottage—a single-storied tenement of two apartments—near the gate of Boulge Park, where his father then resided.

'By April FitzGerald had got the garden in order, put his books on the shelves, . . . set Stothard's *Canterbury Pilgrims* over the fireplace, Shakespeare's bust in a recess, and begun—with a cat, a dog, and a parrot called "Beauty Bob"—a very pleasant Robinson Crusoe sort of life. His wants were few. . . . His bedroom was furnished as simply as the prophet's chamber at Shunem. Wardrobe he had none—for he could always hang the few clothes he possessed on his own person, and badly hung they were. The study, on the other hand, was crowded. Order not being one of his weaknesses, the books that would not go on his shelves were heaped on the floor. Here were portraits on wall or easel, there large pictures, boots, music, tobacco-pipes, walking-sticks, mingled in pleasing confusion on table, chair, and piano. . . . With his window open to let in the odour of the cowslips or the garden flowers, FitzGerald sat in dressing-gown and slippers, pipe in mouth, and let time slide — troubling about and being troubled by nobody, except the Woodbridge man who brought him his letters and thrice a week shaved him, and the matchman, with his bundles of great sulphur-tipped matches, whom "you could smell a mile off."'

About this time Spedding writes: 'Fitz is . . . in a state of disgraceful indifference to everything except grass and fresh air.' And FitzGerald himself tells W. F. Pollock of the 'little disasters and miseries' under which he labours.—'This all comes of having no occupation or sticking point; so one's thoughts go floating about in a gossamer way.' His 'little disasters' prompt him to tell his oft-repeated story from John Wesley's experiences: 'A gentleman of large

fortune, while we were seriously conversing, ordered a servant to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. He threw himself back in his chair and cried out: "O Mr. Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day."' Affluent circumstances, conspiring with a native love of ease, had decreed that FitzGerald's life should wear an aspect of almost unbroken repose. 'I am,' he frankly confesses, 'an idle fellow.' It is not to be wondered at that Carlyle should gird playfully at the 'peaceable man' at Woodbridge, with his 'innocent *far niente* life.'

The uneventful character of FitzGerald's life at Boulge is indicated by his biographer. He walks out with his great black dog; visits Crabbe, a neighbouring clergyman, son of the poet; takes tea with Barton the Quaker, Charles Lamb's friend; enjoys Squire Jenny's fresh air; goes occasionally on Sundays to church, where more than once he watches toad-stools growing round the Communion table during the morning service hour, and where the parson and the clerk get 'through the service see-saw, like two men in a saw-pit'; papers his rooms a 'still green,' so as to agree with his Venetian pictures; places his chair against the window, hangs his legs out over the ledge, reads Seneca and feels happy: or at evening sits with his pipe at the open window, up to which China roses climb, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. He discusses his 'talent for dull-ness'; thinks the dullness of country people better than the impudence of Londoners; his Suffolk rustics and provincial townsmen have a 'substantial goodness . . . resulting from the funded virtues of many good, humble men gone by.' Or he visits a favourite sister, when upon glorious sunshiny days he lies at full length on a bench in the garden reading Tacitus, with a nightingale singing and some red anemones flaunting themselves in the sun.—'Such as life is, I have got hold of a good end of it.' Sometimes he writes: 'I live in a hut with walls as thin as a sixpence, windows that don't shut, a clay soil safe beneath my feet, a thatch perforated by sparrows over my head. Here I sit, read, smoke, and

become very wise, and I am already quite beyond earthly things.' And, again, he really seems for a moment to have found Wisdom in his retirement, the genuine Wisdom of Ecclesiasticus—'mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope'—as when he writes: 'But now, I am glad to see any man do anything well; and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait, and know within myself whether it *is* done well'; or, as when, sitting in his garden, 'now gorgeous with large red poppies and lilac irises,' he hears the trees 'murmur a soft chorus to the solo which my soul discourses within.'

Yet there are occasions when he sincerely laments his apparent purposelessness.—'I have been all my life apprentice to this heavy business of idleness; and am not yet master of my craft; the gods are too just to suffer that I should.' Writing to Bernard Barton he says: 'I begin to have dreadful suspicions that the fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above. One really ought to dip for a little misery; perhaps, however, all this ease is only intended to turn sour by-and-by, and so to poison one by the very nature of self-indulgence. Perhaps, again, as idleness is so very great a trial of virtue, the idle man who keeps himself tolerably chaste, &c., may deserve the highest reward; the more idle, the more deserving. Really I don't jest; but I don't propound these things as certain.' And in a letter to John Allen he claims that 'this visionary inactivity is better than the mischievous activity of so many I see about me.'

So the days pass slowly by. He seems to do nothing as ordinary men do it. 'We FitzGeralds are all mad,' he says. But his life is one of unusual simplicity. He finds exercise in walking. He reads much, mostly in great old books, some of which he reads again and again. He takes pleasure excursions with his friends, he fishes, yachts, and goes about seeing the country. From 1853 to 1859 he makes his head quarters at a neighbouring farmhouse, Farlingay Hall, where Carlyle visits him; afterwards, for thirteen years, he is in lodgings in the Woodbridge market-place (he calls his

yacht *The Scandal*, because scandal was that which went fastest in Woodbridge); and then, from 1873 to 1883, he lives at Little Grange.

His love is ever fresh for the flowers of field and hedgerow, 'for all deare Nature's children sweete,' for the heavenly blue rosettes of the succory which star the road down which he often walks, and especially for the violet, 'fearing to be looked upon.'—When the old violet banks are levelled he is greatly incensed. While at Little Grange he tells us much of his garden, with its scent of sweet peas, its ivied pollard overshadowing a bench, and its crocuses and daffodils—prey of winds and pigeons. He is always fond of brilliant colours; and so, while his favourite flower is the nasturtium (Parson Crabbe's children had a garden overrun with nasturtiums, and he made them happy by praising it), he also admires the geranium, the 'anemone blowing in spring Syrian dyes,' the convolvulus—'the morning glory'—with its purple, magenta, or white trumpets, and the glowing orange of the 'grand African marigold'—'for its colour (so comfortable to us Spanish-like Paddies) and courage, in living all winter through.' He prefers the blackbird's note to that of the bullfinch or the nightingale—the nightingale 'ought to be in bed like the rest of us'—the blackbird 'seems so jolly, and the note so proper from that golden bill of his.' The wren is also a favourite, and he sets down a long list of its 'kingly names' in various languages.

As he walks about, or works in the garden, or sits by the fire, FitzGerald frequently sings snatches of songs and parodies, or such favourite songs as Thackeray's 'Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,' which he has set to an old Cavalier air well loved in his college days. He is often at Bredfield Vicarage chatting and smoking with his dear friend Crabbe, and sometimes he sings with the parson's son and daughter, when, as he says, 'We, with not a voice among us, go through Handel's Coronation Anthems! Laughable it may seem; yet it is not quite so; the things are so well defined, simple, and grand, that the faintest outline of them tells; my admiration of the old Giant grows and grows: his

is the music for a great, active people.' He also plays of evenings some of Handel's great choruses, 'which are the bravest music after all,' and he declares that he is 'getting to the true John Bull style of music.' He may 'go on playing, playing, forgetting himself and others, and disappearing gradually in the gathering gloom, till at last nothing is visible but the white of his spreading hair and the dim outline of his shape, including the pendulous shawl.'

Children are ever dear to him, and for a while he even helps in a village school, teaching the scholars their notes by a simple method of his own invention; or instructing them how to pronounce properly local names, and the children, in order to gain his approbation, seek to follow him—screwing their mouths and making painful contortions with their bodies, but failing of success despite their evident good will; or giving them lessons from the Bible and reading to them twice a week from the *Pilgrim's Progress*. His kind-heartedness never seems to fail; he is a man of marvellous charity, but his name appears in no subscription lists, and he is always doing generous deeds by stealth. When Thackeray is in great trouble because of the distressing illness of his wife, it is FitzGerald's extraordinary goodness that brings help through the great novelist's saddest days —'he shares his troubles with a liberal heart.' When a certain Woodbridge man is in difficulties it is FitzGerald's open purse that supplies a loan of £500, and when for the third time the interest is punctually paid it is FitzGerald's hand that drops all evidence of the debt into the fire.—'I think that will do' is all he says. He never seems happier than when he is helping others. He has many pensioners, and loves to drop into poor cottages with kindly words and a full purse. It is believed that not many of the poor about him but know of some good turn 'dear old Mr. FitzGerald' has done for their children or themselves.

Sometimes he goes to London, 'huge hideous London,' where he humorously regrets that he is not up to the London mark, 'but, as there is a million of persons in the land fully up to it, one has the less call to repent in that respect.'

And what bothers him in London is, all the clever people going wrong with such clever reasons for so doing, which he cannot confute. He spends some time in town with Thackeray; and one day, in Coram Street, Thackeray draws for 'Old Fitz' a book-plate—a copy lies before me now—an angelic figure bearing a shield and, professedly, portraying Mrs. Brookfield, but, so the designer says, 'all wrong on her feet.' Or he sees Spedding, now absorbed in Bacon, and amuses himself once more with the idea that Spedding in face resembled Shakespeare and ought to have edited Shakespeare, in which case one frontispiece would have served for author and editor; or perhaps pokes fun again at 'Old Jem's' towering brow, which English sailors once hailed 'in the Channel, mistaking it for Beachy Head': he has already begged Frederick Tennyson to hasten back to London, that they might sit together 'under the calm shadow of Spedding's forehead.' Or, while in town, he calls at Carlyle's house, where he enjoys his pipe under an old pear-tree in the garden, or in the room at the top of the house, as he talks with his host until the midnight hour. Or he sees his dear old schoolfellow Donne, or Mrs. Kemble, the sister of his friend, Anglo-Saxon Kemble, and the recipient of many of his most delightful letters. Or he pays a rare visit to Westminster Abbey, where he looks down for the stone that covers the remains of Charles Dickens, who, he says, was inspired to create, 'like a little God Almighty,' side-touches such as that in Little Dombey's funeral where the acrobat in the street suspends his performance till the procession has passed, and his wife wonders if the little acrobat in her arms will so far outlive the little boy in the hearse as to wear a ribbon through his hair, following his father's calling; or he listens to the old Abbey organ as it rolls and swims with the boys' voices on the top through the fretted vault. Elsewhere he meets other friends —his friendships are always more like loves, he thinks. As Professor Cowell says, one of his great characteristics is steadfastness in friendship: he is slow to form intimacies, but, once riveted, the link lasts till death.

And in Suffolk, also, he holds communion with kindred spirits. At one time Carlyle is with him, pouring forth invectives on the men and manners of the day, vociferous in his denunciations of shams and windbags, and declaring that Burns ought to have been king of England, and George III the exciseman. At another time Tennyson pays him a visit, getting accommodated at the Bull Hotel, Woodbridge; and FitzGerald thinks that if Tennyson had lived an active life, like Scott and Shakespeare, he would have done much more and talked about it less. When Tennyson has departed for home, FitzGerald tells the landlord of the 'Bull' that Woodbridge should feel itself honoured. The landlord does not understand, and some one informs him of the position his illustrious visitor holds. 'Daresay' is the wary reply; 'anyhow, he didn't fare to know much about hosses when I showed him over my stables.' (More than twenty years before, FitzGerald had stayed a fortnight with Tennyson at Farringford.) And Charles Keene sometimes comes to see him—'a very good guest, inasmuch as he entertains himself with books and birds' nests, and also his bagpipes, his favourite instrument.' Keene asks his host if he may play the bagpipes indoors, and the answer is 'Yes, if you take the drone off'; so, late in the evening, he goes into FitzGerald's garden to blow away, to the great astonishment of the passing yokels, who do not, however, admire the music. And Archdeacon Groome looks in while Keene is still there, and FitzGerald says to Groome, 'Keene has a theory that we open our mouths too much; but whether he bottles up his wind to play the bagpipes, or whether he plays the bagpipes to get rid of his bottled-up wind, I do not know, and I don't suppose I ever shall know.' The three friends talk of ancient music and books, and there is also not a little amusing conversation. Of each of the friends, it may be said, in the words of old Richard Corbet, 'With every meal he could mend your cheese with tales both old and true.' The archdeacon tells how he once found a churchyard partly sown with wheat. 'Really, Mr. ——,' he said to the incumbent, 'I must say I don't like to see this.' And the old

churchwarden chimed in, 'That's what I säa tew, Mr. Archdeacon; I säa to our parson, "Yeou go whatin' it and whatin' it, why don't yeou *tater* it?"' And Charles Keene makes a mental note of the story, so that by-and-by he may contribute it, with an illustration, to *Punch*. And FitzGerald tells again how he had to leave his Woodbridge lodgings. Berry, his landlord, a small man, had taken to himself a second wife, a buxom widow, and she, being very genteel, could not brook the idea of keeping a lodger. So one day came a timid rap at the door of FitzGerald's sitting-room, a deep 'Now Berry, be firm,' and a mild 'Yes, my dear'; and Berry appeared on the threshold. Hesitatingly he explained that 'Mrs. Berry, you know, sir—really extremely sorry—but not been used, sir,' &c., &c. Then, from the rear, a deep 'And you've got to tell him about Old Gooseberry, Berry,' a deprecatory 'Certainly, my love'; and poor Berry stammered forth, 'And I am told, sir, that you said—you said—I had long been Old Berry, but now—now you should call me Old Gooseberry.' Thus FitzGerald had been 'turned out of his long-inhabited lodgings by a widow weighing at least fourteen stone.'

He never likes to be far away from his 'old doctor,' the sea, and for years he is accustomed to spend part of his time within sight and sound of the German Ocean, every summer cruising about the Suffolk coast, especially near Lowestoft and Aldeburgh, the latter locality being of great interest to him as associated with the poems of his favourite, Crabbe. And 'there is no sea like Aldeburgh sea,' he says; 'it talks to me.' He takes a few of his much-prized books, *Don Quixote* and *Dante*, perhaps, on board his yacht, and sometimes there are friends, as well, to talk with him about his books. He also enjoys the bluff open ways of the sailors and fishermen—one of them, the captain of his lugger, Joseph Fletcher, otherwise 'Posh,' is to him the 'greatest man' he ever met: 'A man of the finest Saxon type . . . a man of simplicity of soul, justice of thought, tenderness of nature, a gentleman of nature's grandest type'—and he is fond of collecting their peculiar words and phrases. He best loves

the sea when the sea is rough, but always puts into port of a Sunday that his men 'might get their hot dinner.'

But withal, ever since the year of his unfortunate marriage, he was a man of melancholy moods and of a strange loneliness of soul. Bernard Barton, the mild Quaker poet of Woodbridge, had died, leaving an only daughter, almost unprovided for. FitzGerald had assured Barton that he would take care of his daughter, and she seemed to have assumed that this meant he would marry her. His friends urged him to explain matters. Clear-sighted Kenworthy Browne declared that nothing but unhappiness could come of such a union. 'Give her,' said he, 'whatever you like but your hand.' But FitzGerald seems to have become convinced that his duty to Lucy Barton lay in the direction of marriage. The marriage was doomed to failure. Each of the parties to it was about fifty years of age, confirmed in habits of life utterly dissimilar. After six months' unhappiness the uncongenial union ended in a separation, and FitzGerald never spoke to his wife again. What he once said to his fisherman friend, Fletcher, tells within a small compass the sad, sad story—'Her ways were not my ways, and we parted.' Many-tongued gossip associated mystery and scandal with the separation, but there was nothing of the kind in it. FitzGerald arranged that his wife should receive a generous allowance for the whole of her life; and ten years after they parted, in writing to an intimate friend, he only blames his wife for fancying she knew herself and him better than he had often warned her was the case. She outlived him fifteen years, dying when ninety years old, and to the last was solicitously careful to keep within touch at her chair-side the little red leather case containing the portrait of the shy and eccentric scholar whose name she bore. But the unfortunate marriage brought FitzGerald grief and humiliation, which deepened the natural melancholy of his character and stayed with him to the end of his life. 'His life is a succession of sighs, each stifled ere half uttered; for the uselessness even of sighing is as evident to him as the reason for it.' It is possible that he had an affection for

Anne Allen, a second cousin of his college friend, but she died in early life, the year after he first saw her, and he immortalized her in lovely lines. I think another poem of his, 'To a Lady Singing,' in which occur the exquisite words,

> She will not better her essence
> But wear a crown in God's presence,

was also inspired by the same sweet Pembrokeshire girl. It may be too, as his biographer contends, that later he really cared for Caroline Crabbe, the eldest daughter of the Bredfield vicar, and that she would not marry him. Anyhow, he did not love her who, eventually, became his wife, 'a noble woman' though he called her, and the marriage, an act of chivalrous generosity, was foolish and disastrous.

And so, guided by his interesting biographer, we find him, in his later years, frequently walking at midnight in the lanes and roads near Little Grange. When all the world is at rest, he mounts the hill behind his house, and there, with his green and black plaid-shawl round him or trailing on the ground, he stalks up and down thinking about his sorrows—especially that trouble which he can never forget—or brooding over the tragedy of life and the mystery of death.

Year after year those whom he loves and by whom also he is loved pass within the veil; and though he does not fail to form a few new and worthy friendships, such as that with Mr. Aldis Wright, who was to prove himself to be FitzGerald's perfect editor, the old places can never be altogether filled. His friends depart into the great silence, and save for a word or two, almost abrupt at times, of heartfelt grief, he mourns in silence, in the calm dignity and the fine reserve of his sorrow. He loses the good Major Moor, and no longer can chat with him in his snug parlour about the fascinating East and its innumerable gods; then the genial Barton, who 'looked very demurely to the necessary end of all life,' and continued his work in the Woodbridge Bank, resolved, as he himself puts it, to keep on making figures till death made him a cipher, and FitzGerald misses the quiet Quaker's oracular sayings and fondness for humour; then Parson Crabbe, the vicar of

Bredfield, eldest son and biographer of the poet, who, with 'manhood's energy of mind and great bodily strength, united the boy's heart, and was as much a boy at seventy as boys need be at seventeen,' who 'was careless of riches, intolerant of injustice and oppression, and incapable of all that is base, little, or mean,' and never again is FitzGerald to light his lantern on a winter evening and trudge through the mud to spend a few hours with the parson; then, after a fall from a horse and eight weeks of terrible agony, Kenworthy Browne, who, as FitzGerald says, unconsciously supplied the moral of that noble dialogue *Euphranor*, and for whom he had an almost incredible admiration and a love that was perfect and entire, and never again has FitzGerald the heart to visit Bedford; then his favourite sister, Eleanor (Mrs. Kerrich), of whom he says 'the good die, they sacrifice themselves for others; she never thought of herself, only her children'; then Thackeray, only fifty-two, but 'old, white, and melancholy,' to whom he had been, by turns, Ned, Neddibus, Neddikins, and Yedward, and he is quite surprised to see how he sits moping about him, but, to be sure, he keeps reading his books—'Wonderful he (Thackeray) is, but not Delightful, which one thirsts for as one gets old and dry'; then his brother Peter, who, when with Edward at school in Bury and debarred from his diversion of driving a mail-coach, dressed himself as a mute, and drove a hearse and four, and the master refused to interfere for lack of evidence that the passenger objected—a kindly, tender-hearted man with the conversation of a little child, whose last distinguishable words were the name of his brother Edward, thrice repeated; then his eccentric elder brother, John, the rich country squire, the generous philanthropist, and the earnest evangelical preacher, who in his preaching would occasionally take off not only his boots but his socks, holding these at arm's length, and examining them critically through his eyeglasses, while still continuing his discourse, but whose heart was right, and who, when hoping and waiting for death at the last, could see and hear, as he himself said, in every pang of his agonizing sufferings, the

voice of his Beloved saying 'Come along!'; then Carlyle, for whom he had a sincere regard, and his 'heart did follow him to Ecclefechan'; then Spedding, 'the wisest man I have known, a Socrates in Life and Death . . . there was no one I loved and honoured more,' 'a man that would be incredible had one not known him,' 'I have not known, no, nor heard of, any mortal so prepared to step unchanged into the better world we are promised'; and then 'my old Donne! best of men,' who long years before had been Arthur Hallam's friend also, and of whom FitzGerald had said, 'Donne, ah, there is a man without a fault—the least selfish man I ever knew.' A few of his friends survived him, among them the Tennysons, Archdeacon Allen, and Archdeacon Groome, and two of the dearest and best, Professor Cowell and his wife, earnest Christian believers, both of them, of the most winsome and beautiful type.

Some years before his death FitzGerald discovered that his heart was affected. He once congratulated a man who had similar symptoms, saying, as he did so, that he had heart disease himself, and was glad of it, for 'he didn't want to have a lot of old women about him when he was dying.' He never lost his passion for the open air; he did 'not find the breath from Heaven direct nearly so trying as through a keyhole.' As the end approached he began, in his own expression, '"to smell the Ground," as Sailors say of Ships when they slacken speed as the Water shallows'; and during Easter 1883 he said to his devoted friend, Mr. Aldis Wright, referring to the deaths, at seventy-five years of age, of his mother and brother John: 'We none of us get beyond seventy-five.' In June of the same year he went to see his friend, George Crabbe the third, in his rectory at Merton, Norfolk. On the evening of his arrival he walked about the rectory grounds, and talked much with his friends about old times. When called the following morning FitzGerald made no response: he had passed away peacefully during the night, as his friend Thackeray had nearly twenty years before. He was not quite seventy-five years old when he died.

By some the label 'pagan' has been attached to Fitz-

Gerald; by others that of 'agnostic.' We are sure he was not a pagan, and we are almost equally confident he was not an agnostic. Too strict inquiry into his religious views, concerning which he seems to have been extremely reticent, may, however, savour of impertinence. But it may be well to give here on this vexed question the opinions of two of his closest friends who knew and understood him best. In a letter received by us some time ago, Professor Cowell said: 'FitzGerald was in no sense a "pagan"—he was a man of sincere religious feeling, but full of doubts and difficulties.' And three years since Mr. Aldis Wright expressed himself thus in a letter to us: 'Though he was a man of a most reverent mind, dogmatic theology had no attraction for him. His old friend Thompson, Master of Trinity, wrote of him to Archdeacon Groome in 1885: "Two of the purest-living men among my intimates, FitzGerald and Spedding, were prisoners in Doubting Castle all their lives, or at least the best half of them. This to me is a great problem—not to be solved by the ordinary expedients, nor on this side the Veil, I think." The inscription on his gravestone was selected by himself: "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves."' Before us as we write lies FitzGerald's own copy of Wesley's *Journal*, one of his most valued and highly appreciated books—the copy, he tells us, he gave to Archdeacon Groome: and do not its silent pages eloquently speak? Two passages most heavily scored by FitzGerald are those dated May 25, 1755, and December 2 in the same year. The first is: 'Shall we not have more and more cause to say:

> Names, and sects, and parties fall;
> Thou, O Christ, art all in all!'

The second is part of a remarkable letter received by Mr. Wesley: 'I was formerly apt to mention my scepticism both to Clergymen and laymen, with a view of lessening the evil; but they rather increased it. Few Clergymen cared to discourse on the subject: and if they did, they generally expected that a few weak reasons should eradicate, at once, strong and deep-rooted prejudices: and most laymen

discovered an utter ignorance of the religion they pretended to believe; and looked upon me as if I had the plague for owning I did not believe it. What method could I take? I long avoided speaking of religion to any but its great Author.' With these passages we place the significant statement made by FitzGerald's biographer—that one day when a friend came suddenly upon FitzGerald he heard him saying quietly to himself: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

In this article we have been chiefly concerned with glimpses of the man Edward FitzGerald and his friends. Had the space been at our disposal we would gladly have written of the books he read, some of which he ardently loved, and many of which he referred to in his unique letters not only with a striking felicity of expression and sanity of intellect, but with what we may venture to term a prophetic judgement—how often he foresaw with perfect accuracy the just and inevitable verdicts of the future!—without a parallel in his day. But what he said about his books must now, of necessity, be left.

It is impossible here also to dwell upon what he wrote: such as his *Euphranor*, which he alluded to as 'a pretty specimen of chisell'd Cherry-stone,' but part of which—the description of the boat-race—Lord Tennyson declared to be one of the most beautiful fragments of English prose extant; and his fine translations from Calderon and Aeschylus. The story of his *Omar* has often been told, more or less accurately: how that it was offered for publication in *Fraser*, and after lying for a year at Parker's was recalled; how it was printed by FitzGerald at his own expense—'I hardly know why I print any of these things which nobody buys'; how the bulk of the edition was presented to the bookseller Quaritch, by whom it was eventually consigned to the penny box and possible oblivion; and how it was rescued thence to immortality by Rossetti, Swinburne, and others, who at once recognized its greatness. Neither can an estimate of the poem be now given; nor can it be indicated to what extent Fitz-

Gerald's version is original work (the splendid opening stanza may be wholly FitzGerald's own), and not merely translation or paraphrase. But as to FitzGerald's *Omar*: ('It is,' he says, 'a desperate sort of thing, unfortunately at the bottom of thinking men's minds; but made Music of')—whatever may be the secret of its present popularity, a popularity that has spread to the ends of the earth; whatever may be our opinions as to the view of life it may represent, it is undoubtedly magnificent poetry. With great reluctance we also leave FitzGerald's unsurpassed and, in many respects, unrivalled letters—'friendly human letters,' Carlyle called them—with their fine humour, delicately true criticisms, fascinating reminiscences, keen observation, and indefinable charm: letters in which he poured forth without stint the riches of his opulent mind, and which are, at least, the best *literary* letters in the language. It is nothing short of a calamity that so many have been destroyed: we do not think that one of the many sent to Spedding, for instance, has been preserved.

A few sentences must be written regarding FitzGerald's biography, as recently published. Mr. Thomas Wright has shown in its preparation a tireless industry and an unflagging enthusiasm, and has produced a book overflowing with interest. He is to be charged with a few minor inaccuracies, as when he states that there is no village of Carew in Pembrokeshire. And he should not have dismissed, as he has, FitzGerald's relations with George Borrow: we know that FitzGerald said he was about the only friend Borrow had never quarrelled with. And, surely, he should not have assigned to FitzGerald the authorship of either the *Word Portraits*, from which he frequently quotes, and which he entirely prints, or the poor verses which he has extracted from the *Keepsake*. It is extraordinary that Mr. Wright should have so erred, and, above all, that no reviewer has pointed out his mistake. We are glad to find that Mr. Aldis Wright, who speaks concerning FitzGerald with the highest authority, is of the opinion we have ventured to express—that neither the *Word Portraits* nor the verses

referred to can be FitzGerald's. If the *Portraits* are in FitzGerald's handwriting, they must have been transcribed, as Mr. Aldis Wright shows, from descriptions written by a person who professed to read character from handwriting. The signature to the *Keepsake* verses seems to have misled FitzGerald's biographer. Let him see what is scathingly said in Swinburne's essay on 'Social Verse' (*Studies in Prose and Poetry*) with regard to Edward FitzGerald's namesake. Somehow, Mr. Thomas Wright, with all his admiration, seems to lack a true appreciation of his subject, and to be deficient in accuracy of critical judgement. Still, his book abounds with acceptable material, and cannot be disregarded by any one who has the slightest interest in FitzGerald. For some parts of his work our gratitude might be warmly expressed.

Mr. Thomas Wright has well said that 'FitzGerald owes his immortality in a great measure to his keen passion for retaining only the concentrated essence of things.' But we should like to say also that FitzGerald achieved immortality through his genius for friendship. His *Euphranor*, it seems, is to be associated with Kenworthy Browne; his Calderon translations and his *Omar* are due to his connexion with Professor Cowell, who led him to study Spanish and Persian, and who unearthed and transcribed the Bodleian MS. of the *Rubáiydt*; and his letters would have been impossible apart from his friends.

R. WILKINS REES.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN FRANCE.

THE Government of the French Republic, by its way of dealing with the Religious Orders, is earning a bad reputation. If we judge from listening to the orators and reading the papers belonging to different political opposition parties, our present statesmen emphatically deny all the principles of liberty and justice, which are the basis not only of a Republican Government but of modern society. They are still more severely judged by those who more especially represent the Clerical party. These last, indeed, put no limits to their recriminations; and, to condemn the authors of the new laws regulating the Religious Orders, their critics cannot find in the dictionary expressions strong enough, nor in history comparisons sufficiently ignominious. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Minister who was the author of the law on the Associations which passed in 1901, and on whom while he was in office the worst insults were poured, is to-day considered almost a saint in comparison with his successor. No statesman, we think, in the memory of man has accumulated on his person so many hatreds and gathered round his name so many curses as M. Combes has done from the Clerical party.

The capacity of religious parties for pouring insults was acknowledged long ago. Virgil stated it in words[1] which have been admirably rendered into French by the famous verse:

Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l'âme des dévôts?

and which has found in English an equivalent expression:

Can in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage?

This reputation won by fanatical bigots has never been more justified than under present circumstances. Nero and

[1] 'Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?'

Diocletian, with whom our Clerical papers love to compare M. Combes, are, according to them, only imperfect types of persecution and cruelty, of which our Premier is the supreme incarnation.

But it is not only as regards its political adversaries that the reputation of our Republican Government is in danger of being compromised. Unfortunately its religious policy has not generally been understood in foreign countries, and it has been viewed in such a light as to appear contrary to the liberalism which must nowadays characterize the action of all civilized Governments. The Religious Orders, against which this policy is directed, have in return derived profit from the judgement formed against the Government by many foreigners who only see in it a pitiless persecutor. They have been considered as mere victims, and consequently they partake of the interest naturally due to the weak and oppressed, and the more so because of the great proportion of women to be found among them. The Religious Orders, clever as they are to speculate on public sentimentality, have had no difficulty in exciting the indignation of the masses in different countries against a Government which is represented as acting the part of a persecutor of inoffensive men and defenceless women.

And, it should be observed, it is not in the Roman Catholic countries—Italy, Spain, Belgium, or even Austria—it is in the Protestant countries that public opinion has most severely judged our rulers and shown the greatest sympathy with their would-be victims. You can explain this by the fact that in Catholic countries a liberal mind is less developed than in Protestant countries, and that the latter resent persecution of every kind, and chiefly religious persecution. This observation, however, does not explain everything; and if the Roman Catholic populations show less severity to M. Combes and less sympathy for the Religious Orders, it is owing first of all to the fact that they can better understand the reasons that have inspired the policy of the French Government against these Orders, and the dangers this policy is intended to remove or prevent.

As to us French Protestants, we feel more directly touched by the news coming from England in particular, which shows us that our friends beyond the Channel have a very imperfect knowledge and a very insufficient understanding of the conditions under which the political action of our Government has to be worked.

Assuredly we do not mean to say that we admire or approve all the ways and means our Government and its agents have thought it convenient to use in enforcing the new laws. We do not even feel disposed to vindicate all the articles of these laws, several of which rouse the instinctive opposition of every Protestant by too directly reminding him of certain restrictive measures which his fathers too long endured. And, in particular, we are far from asserting the legitimacy of the spirit—too often anti-religious as much as anti-clerical—in which these laws have been conceived and in many cases executed.

But, these concessions being made, we feel quite at ease in disclosing the reasons which allow most of our French co-religionists—even those who have always proved to be most attached to the ideas of tolerance and liberty—to support the present Government in its campaign against the Religious Orders, and to look upon this campaign as upon a necessary stage of the great fight which has been fought for centuries in France between the spirit of liberty and progress and the spirit of reaction, of which the Roman Catholic Church is the most perfect personification.

To judge correctly of the present political state of France, we must begin by recalling an indisputable fact: the same end is not always and necessarily reached by the use of the same means, and, under certain different circumstances, identical ways may reach opposite ends.

The principle which results from this statement may be particularly applied to the establishment of a liberal form of government in different countries. In a new country, in the midst of a society which is being formed and which is not tied either by traditions or the prejudices of the classes, it is comparatively an easy thing to establish the equality of all

citizens and secure common liberty. The establishment of religious freedom does not involve in practice any serious difficulty, and can be realized without the help of exceptional measures. Such was, for instance, the case with the United States of America. But it is quite another concern with a country in which a certain Church has for centuries been considered as possessing peculiar and unique rights to the protection and favours of the State. To insert in the constitution of that country a new article, according to which all religions are equally free, would be of little use. Liberty will prevail, in fact, only when the rights exclusively belonging to the ancient Church are taken from her, and when she is deprived of the privileges that she formerly enjoyed. Now, whatever may be the moderation used by the Government which has to do this, however mild may be the language in which it announces to that Church the end of her privileged situation, and however considerate may be the measures adopted to secure this end, it can hardly hope to escape the odium of a persecutor.

Such is now the case with the Government of the French Republic; such will be the fate of every Government undertaking to really secure in a Roman Catholic nation the equality of all creeds before the law; such, most probably, is the lot reserved for any English Government which may attempt to touch the privileges of the Church of England, and to put her on the same footing with the other Churches.

This must be kept in mind in order to understand what is now taking place in France, and to reduce to their exact value the recriminations of the Roman Catholic party and their accusations against M. Combes's Ministry. That consideration is not sufficient, however, to explain the spectacle we are witnessing. The abolition of the privileges enjoyed by the Catholic Church is not the only end aimed at by the new laws. In some respects, it cannot be denied, Churches are placed by the law of 1901 on the Associations, and by the Bill now in preparation on the Separation of the Churches from the State, in a less advantageous situation than the non-religious Associations. Such a fact is to be sincerely

regretted; and we French Protestants are not the last to deplore it, for we directly suffer by it, and cannot but reluctantly forgo for our Churches the facilities which are so necessary to their development. It is hard for us to see our Churches deprived of the right of multiplying without restraint, and of freely dealing with money placed at our disposal by the gifts and legacies of our friends in behalf of the indispensable work of propaganda. Evidently in these respects the laws against the Religious Orders are not without danger to our Protestant Churches. We deplore it, but we do not resign ourselves to despair. We shall make every effort to secure a modification of these laws on the points which seem to us the most disadvantageous to the cause of liberty and religion in France; but we do not, however, consider that the laws in themselves, and on the whole, are bad, or to be hastily rejected. We even accept in a measure what in them may threaten our liberty or hinder our action, for we are conscious that suppression of what is for us a hindrance would give to the Religious Orders a facility of expansion, and means of action, the consequences of which would be as fatal to the prosperity of our country as to the cause of true Christianity in France.

But, to understand our point of view, it is necessary to be acquainted with the actual contents of the laws in question, and the causes to which they are due.

The law on the Associations passed in 1901 has been criticized as refusing—through an arbitrary exception—to the Religious Orders the liberty of association established in its first clauses, and the reason of that exception has generally been found in the religious character of these Orders. Such a conclusion is contradicted both by the text of the law, and by the arguments brought forward in the discussion by its authors and supporters.

The second article grants, indeed, liberty to form Associations without any authorization or previous declaration, but according to the fifth article these Associations can obtain legal capacity only by discharging certain obligations, namely, a declaration to the public authority, and by limiting their

possessions to the contributions of their members, and to the lands and houses indispensable to the object of the common work. Lastly, the Associations can, according to the eleventh article, obtain, by virtue of a decree of the Government, the recognition of public utility, which gives them the power of receiving gifts and legacies, under the condition of possessing or acquiring no other properties than those set forth in the fifth article.

Such are the essential dispositions concerning the Associations in general. The law gives them the largest liberty, and has only put a barrier to the accumulation of landed properties in their hands. Lay mortmain is prevented equally as much as religious mortmain. The regulations established are applicable to all Associations—political, scientific, or religious. The exceptions which follow concern only the Religious Orders, which are distinguished from ordinary Associations by numerous features: life in common, vows of poverty, celibacy, obedience, or, in one word, annihilation of individual personality.

The thirteenth and following articles establish the regulations of the Religious Orders. They acknowledge the existence of the Orders legally authorized, but require for the formation of new ones a distinct authorization, and, when an authorized Order intends to open new establishments, its action must be approved by the 'Council of State.'

The law then specifies the conditions under which an Order may be dissolved; the formality to be observed in order to admit the control of the State; the penalties in case of infringement of the law; the conditions imposed upon the Orders now existing which desire to be made regular; the way in which the properties belonging to the Orders dissolved or interdicted must be disposed of; and finally declares that only members of authorized Orders will be allowed to undertake public teaching.

Now, does it mean that these special provisions of the law concerning the Orders are directed against their religious character? It would be unjust to say so, since the law itself includes the Associations aiming at a religious object, as

well as others, in the application of the general principle of liberty set forth in one of its articles. Such a conclusion is still less possible when we refer to the discussion, in which the most decided supporters of the law have carefully made the distinction between religion and Religious Orders. In the course of the discussion not one attack has been made either upon the Protestant Churches, whose work was acknowledged to be essentially spiritual and religious, or upon the Jews, except when the friends of the Religious Orders drew attention to the large fortunes possessed by some of them as an argument in behalf of mortmain.

Moreover, the law was not even meant to fight against the Roman Catholic religion. The Government endeavoured to show what profit the Catholic Church would find in getting rid of the invasion of Orders and of the disloyal competition, which her clergy bears more reluctantly than is generally known.

Besides, it must not be supposed, as has been stated for certain ends, that all the Religious Orders have been suppressed by the new law. That point was emphasized by M. Waldeck-Rousseau in his masterly speech of January 21, 1901, which was by decision of Parliament posted on the walls of all the public buildings in France. We cannot, therefore, be too clear in this matter. The authorized Orders are still in existence, and nearly all those which devote themselves to public charity are in this number: as for the unauthorized Orders, the law gives to Parliament the power to choose the deserving ones.

It is also worth noticing that the new legislation of the French Republic on Religious Orders, far from being 'revolutionary,' as is often said, is not more severe than the ordinances of the ancient monarchical Governments, even when they were most imbued with Catholicism.

The ancient monarchy, indeed, did not allow the establishment of Religious Orders except when they were authorized by letters patent of the King registered in Parliament: if not authorized, they were prohibited, and even the former could be dissolved by a Royal Act. We cannot enter here

into any historical demonstration of the facts we advance. Suffice it to record the 'Ordonnance' of 1270, due to the devout King St. Louis, whom nobody would call a Jacobin, and who imposed on all Religious Orders of his time the authorization, and the supervision of the police, and a tax, compared with which the present charges on mortmain would seem light indeed.

But it will perhaps be objected that the duty of a Republican Government in the twentieth century is to show more liberalism than a Government inspired by the ideas of mediaeval monarchy; that we live no longer in an age when exceptional laws against certain classes of persons are justified; and that Religious Orders ought now to enjoy the same rights and advantages as all other Associations.

The reply to that objection is that the law is justified in making a distinction between a Religious Order and an ordinary Association, for they are absolutely unlike, both as regards the character of their members and the nature of the bond which unites them. In presence of situations so thoroughly different, different legislation is necessary. Do not our codes differ according to the character of the persons and acts to which they apply? A military code, for soldiers; a civil code, for citizens; a commercial code, for tradespeople; a maritime code, for navigators?

The differences which separate monks from members of a lay Association are certainly not less important than those which distinguish citizens from soldiers. Every one knows well enough what is understood by being a member of an ordinary Association; we need not give a definition of this. But we do not know so well what is meant by being a member of a Religious Order, and it is necessary to remind ourselves of what is implied by such a fraternity. The member of a Religious Order is enslaved, he does not belong to himself; he has socially, if not in other senses, committed suicide. By his vows he has, as it were, put himself out of society, and isolated himself from mankind; by the vow of poverty he has broken off with all those material interests which represent national prosperity; by the vow of obedience

he is no longer anything but a passive instrument, '*perinde ac cadaver*,' in the hands of his superiors; by the vow of celibacy he has repudiated the family cares and individual responsibility incumbent on the average citizen.

Not least is the difference between Religious Orders and lay Associations. The latter rest on a covenant, according to which each member gives his free personal co-operation to a common work, the result of which is the development of each one's individuality and the prosperity of the whole. The duration of the Association is limited; each associate can retire under certain conditions provided for by the statutes. The Association asks only from each member so much of his time, faculties, and resources as are essential to its object, so that membership in such an Association does not injure in the least the individuality of the member. It is just the contrary with a religious congregation. It takes the whole man; it does not develop, it suppresses his personality; it monopolizes all his faculties, all his time, and that for his whole life. Lastly, the Order is eternal. These essential differences plainly show the legitimacy and necessity of differing legislations.

What we have just said leads us to a statement still better calculated to make this action of French legislators understood. In the Religious Orders they see one of the most serious dangers that can threaten their country, and on that account they are driven to fight against it.

In the first place, they perceive an economic and social danger in the continuous and tremendous increase of the Religious Orders in France during recent years. Some figures are necessary here. In 1880 there were in France 1,262 Religious Orders; in 1900 there were 1,475, making an increase of 213 within twenty years. At the time of the French Revolution in 1789 the number of the members of the Religious Orders amounted to 60,000; in 1900 it reached 200,000, among which are 130,000 nuns, without counting the 42,000 priests acknowledged by the 'Concordat.' And it must be noticed that the increase of nuns, so considerable during these last twenty years, refers exclusively to the

members of unauthorized Orders, the number of which has risen from 14,000 in 1880 to 75,000 in 1900.

The increase of the properties possessed by the Orders has been not less important. They possessed in 1900 about 50,000 hectares (about 150,000 acres), instead of 40,000 possessed by them in 1880. As to the value of these properties, which was only 43,000,000 francs (£1,720,000) in the middle of the last century, it was officially valued by the fisc in 1900 at 1,072,000,000 francs (£42,880,000). But these figures are much below the actual value, owing to the falseness of the declarations made by the Orders to the agents of the Administration. For instance, the 'Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne' of Ploërmel in Brittany declared 29,400 francs to be the value of their lands and houses, which were estimated, after legal examination, at over 7,000,000 francs. Such frauds have been exposed with regard to the rich Order of the 'Chartreux,' the 'Frères Maristes' of Toulon, &c.

The increase of the personal property of the Religious Orders has certainly been still more considerable, for, on account of the facility with which they can be concealed, they are specially fond of bonds, shares, and banknotes. It is therefore almost impossible to determine with accuracy the amount of their wealth. It is believed, however, that it is not less than 10,000,000,000 francs (£400,000,000), and this estimate is quite consistent with the saying of a champion of the Orders who declared, in defence of their cause, that they disposed of a revenue of 300,000,000 francs.

Not satisfied with the power they exercise in direct action on the conscience, the Religious Orders, to augment their riches, have recourse to trade and industry. The list of the properties held by the members is curious indeed. You find there everything—liquors, wine, oil, chocolate, cheese, jam, water, and powder for the teeth, soap, not to speak of miraculous waters. There are also jewellers, drapers, tailors, printers, journalists, and even dealers in cattle. 'Jesus Christ,' says M. Eugène Naville, 'did not find so many merchants in the temple, and, being more Jacobin than the French Government, He drove them out of it.'

But besides the religious aspect of this matter, in which the legislator does not feel concerned, such a situation carries along with it economic consequences which must be taken into consideration. Here is an army of monks and nuns, whose work is unpaid, and with them thousands of women, girls, and abandoned children, in behalf of whom appeals are made to public charity. In them, or by them, they possess both the hands to do the work and the money to buy the necessary materials. Thus they can sell the products of their work at such low prices as to make impossible any industrial and commercial competition, while securing for themselves certain and enormous profits. There lies a double economic danger by which our legislators could not but be moved.

Nor could our legislators shut their eyes to the moral danger arising out of the Religious Orders. The cause of morality in France has suffered no worse blows than those which have been inflicted on it by the scandals caused by the action of the Religious Orders during the last few years. In the front of these scandals we must put those connected with the methods by which the enormous wealth just spoken of is accumulated. To gather it, all means are good. The 'Chartreux' have obtained their tremendous wealth from alcoholism, and thus have demoralized and poisoned our populations. The 'Assomptionists' have invented a trade not less immoral, under the name of 'Saint Antoine de Padoue.' Not daring to sell by auction divine pardon and blessing, as in the time of the Reformation—or rather being unable freely to traffic in indulgences, which are the reserved property of the Pope—they have saturated France with numerous issues of their paper *La Croix*, 'in which, it has justly been said, they every day crucify the Saviour afresh.' In that paper are mixed in the most scandalous way superstitious devotion and greed; they appeal for money from their simple readers in exchange for the granting of their requests by the saint whom the priests have invented for that purpose; and in each of its numbers we may read a list of the credulous simpletons who send their thanks to St. Antoine de Padoue, in the shape of a contribution which varies from

50 centimes to 20 francs, for having found something they had lost, or because they had succeeded in a doubtful affair, or even because they had 'passed an examination without sufficient preparation.' In fact, it has often been difficult to explain the successes of some candidates presented to certain examinations by the Religious Orders, but judicial inquiries have shown that those successes were not so much due to St. Antoine de Padoue as to the complicity of some clerk in the ministry, who before the examination had communicated the text of the questions to certain candidates.

To these offences to morality we must add the judiciary scandals resulting from the underhand practices generally resorted to by the Religious Orders to obtain influence over the heirs and heiresses of large fortunes, and to get hold of their riches by illegal donations or legacies. Suffice it to mention, as an example, the recent story of the young Chilian lady who died under rather suspicious circumstances in a convent of the 'Assomption' in Paris, leaving in her will many millions of francs to a man well known as the instrument of that Order. This affair is the subject of a judicial inquiry.

But not only large fortunes tempt the cupidity of the Religious Orders. An article, published a few days ago in one of our most trustworthy papers, relates how in the hospitals the 'good Sisters' are in the habit of urging the patients to deliver them their savings, and, when the patients die, of keeping back, by means of false declarations, if not the total amount, at least the largest part of it, in the interests of the Order to which they belong. Of the numerous facts recorded on this subject we need mention only one, which will suffice as a specimen. In a hospital in Algeria a Protestant colonist dies. His children claim a sum of 830 francs, cashed by their father just before the accident that caused his death. The administrators set up an inquiry, which results in the apprehension of one of the servants. Before the examining magistrate he declares that he has delivered the money and the clothes of the dead man to the Sisters, who gave him 100 francs. Before the court, though the attorney regretted not to see the real culprits at the bar, the unfortunate fellow is sentenced

to six months' imprisonment. The Sisters have not been prosecuted, which shows how justice in France is still inclined to partiality, not against but in favour of the Religious Orders.

Other scandals of a similar kind have been revealed in recent years concerning the way in which, under the pretence and appearance of philanthropy, the Religious Orders speculate in the labour of thousands of women, young girls, and even children, who by excessive and unpaid work bring the religionists large profits. The actions entered against the convents of the 'Bon Pasteur,' in Nancy and other towns, have brought to light unheard-of facts, the revolting cruelty of which has never been surpassed even by the ill-treatment inflicted on the slaves of American or Javanese planters.

We have said enough of the social and moral danger to which the Religious Orders expose our country to show the justice of the defensive measures taken against them by the French Government. There is, however, another aspect of the question still more fit to rouse the attention and justify the anxiety of our statesmen: that is, the political danger they discern in the policy of the Religious Orders, which threatens not only the existence of the Republic but the very conception of a modern State.

For centuries the State in France has had to defend itself against the political influence of the Orders. The whole history of the Jesuits is a proof of it, and a decree of Parliament, issued on August 6, 1762, under the ancient monarchy, formally charged the 'Société de Jésus' with 'aiming at introducing under the specious veil of religion a political body whose end was to attain absolute independence, and a progressive usurpation of the sovereign power.' In order to see that the situation has not changed, or changed only for the worse, it is enough to refer again to M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech. We find there placed in clear light the part taken by the Religious Orders, and chiefly by the Assomptionists, in political elections in France. Nothing has better displayed this political action than the

famous Dreyfus case. Many people have been astounded on discovering the secret and persevering work done by the various Orders to create and dominate public opinion. Some by teaching, by confessing penitents — indeed by all sorts of devices—have imbued with their influence the magistracy, the army, the great administrations, and generally the rich middle class, so as to secure the various roads to power, to prejudice justice, and avail themselves of armed force. Generals are known who, under grave circumstances, took their watchword from the cell of a monk. For a long time the Religious Orders have pursued this programme in a more or less open way. They inspired and supported all the efforts made during the last quarter of a century to overthrow the Republican Government: on May 16, 1877, in behalf of the monarchy; in 1889 in behalf of the Caesarean coalition known under the name of 'Boulangisme.' Their supreme end, according to the avowal of some of them, was the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Church as the only authorized Church in France. To reach this end they would not have shrunk from using the old methods of the Inquisition. They even were preparing their way by clever and progressive apologies of these methods in papers, where the St. Bartholomew, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Dragonnades, and all the religious persecutions of the past, were presented as legitimate means of defence of the Roman Catholic State. They went so far as to say that the moment was not distant when it might be necessary to resort again to such measures. In presence of such a situation, what wonder that the French Government thought the time ripe to ask Parliament to strengthen its right of control over the Orders!

We cannot conclude this account of the reasons that induced our Government to condition the Religious Orders, without a reference to the considerable efforts made by them to capture public teaching in our country. It is the more necessary to note this aspect of the case, because it involves all the social, moral, and political dangers to which we have alluded.

Public teaching is indeed the great instrument of the Religious Orders, through which they have already partly achieved their purpose. By their educational work they little by little lay hold on the magistracy, the army, the great industrial and financial companies—the rich families, whose sons they prepare for special schools, opening the way to these different positions; while, at the same time, they extend their influence to the masses in towns and villages. By their schools, more than by any other means, they propagate their principles, and contribute to warp millions of consciences in our country.

We cannot enter here upon the discussion of the right of parents to educate their children according to their choice. We simply design to make clear the situation which the French Government has to face. Whether its action is consistent with right and duty each must determine.

According to uncontested statistics, the Religious Orders have under their educational care about 2,000,000 children, either in elementary schools or in their intermediate establishments. This means, with regard to the whole school population, one third of the pupils in elementary schools, and one half of those in intermediate schools. Between 1887 and 1901 the number of their colleges rose from 43 to 148. The Jesuits, though expelled from France, possess twenty-nine colleges in place of sixteen in 1870.

As to the moral education given in these various establishments, the recent parliamentary debates have proved that the detestable Jesuitical doctrines, condemned and branded by ecclesiastical assemblies, by universities, by more than a hundred bishops and archbishops, and by twelve popes, are still to be retained in certain manuals, as the 'Theologia dogmatica et moralis' of Father Vincent—a new edition of which has been published in 1899—which rules the moral education of the pupils in sixty-seven diocesan seminaries. In that book are taught, as official doctrines of the Church, 'mental reservations,' permission to equivocate; 'direction of intention,' permitting certain misdeeds; and 'probabilism,' justifying such falsities and immoralities. Dissimulation,

falsehood, theft, and other forms of immorality find there abundance of apologies and justifications. In return, freedom of conscience is severely condemned; heresy is presented as a public crime, which it is the right and duty of the Church to repress by corporal punishments, such as prison, scourging, torture, mutilation, death. The same principles are found in another book of Father Gury (seventh edition, 1885), also used in seminaries (a new edition, approved by the Pope, is now being published). We will mention only this peculiar dictum: 'You are justified in causing the death of an innocent person by an act that you think good in itself.' That thesis is expounded in a page which is like an anticipated summary of the Dreyfus case.

Such is the moral teaching given in the seminaries, where are prepared the masters for the elementary and intermediate schools of the Religious Orders. Let us see how these masters will act, in their turn, on the pupils entrusted to them. Their way of teaching history has been much spoken of, and on that subject many quotations have been made from the books used by them, and from the copy-books of their pupils exposed at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. To be brief, we give only two typical examples. First, about the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, we find this written: '80,000 Protestants left the kingdom, and were not ashamed to carry abroad their industry, courage, hatred against Louis XIV and their own country.' Then there is a judgement on the Inquisition: 'All impartial people acknowledge that the Roman Inquisition was a pattern of equity and mildness.'

In the above-mentioned copy-books is also largely developed the feeling of hatred against all that is not Roman Catholic. Government schools in particular are usually called 'laboratories of impiety.' A special form of that hatred is anti-Semitism. 'The Jews and the Freemasons, we are assured, are the actual enemies of France. For a small quantity of gold they betray their country, or rather the country of others, for they have none.'

And the men who have chosen such quotations to make their schools known at the Exhibition have disclosed what

use they make of freedom of teaching, and what they would do if they were given full scope. There is, in this respect, the testimony of one of them, Father Marquigny: 'Why do people speak about freedom of teaching? There is no right of teaching, except for the Church. . . . When in the Roman Catholic party they speak of liberty, they borrow a language which does not belong to the Church. . . . The perfect system of public teaching would be that the Church alone would possess the right of teaching in schools of every degree.'

We must stop. We have provided, we think, our readers with the necessary elements of a well-based appreciation of the situation and action of the French Government towards the Religious Orders. From the facts we have mentioned we make this inference: Religious Orders, so often spoken of as victims, constitute one of the most formidable dangers of modern society. In the fight France has begun against them the last word is not said, and all the united forces of civilization, science, and true Christianity will be required to convert into a definitive defeat the blow they have just suffered. Moreover, these Orders are far from being disheartened, and while losing ground in one direction they boast that they will regain it elsewhere. The conquest of England will atone for their losses in France. The *Semaine Religieuse*, of Paris, in one of its last numbers, says this plainly enough: 'The arrival in England of many French monks and nuns will determine in that country a strong movement of conversions and a notable development of Roman Catholicism.'

We do not pretend to give a lesson or even a piece of advice to a country like England, which stands at the head of Christian and liberal nations. We only desire to express the wish that the experience of a neighbouring and friendly nation may be a lesson and warning to England. One can be the dupe of a blind liberalism. There are diseases comparatively easy to prevent, which are cured with extreme difficulty. Roman Clericalism, of which Religious Orders are the vehicle, is, for nations, one of these diseases.

ONÉSIME PRUNIER.

THE REFORMATION.

Cambridge Modern History. Vol. ii. Edited by A. W. WARD, G. W. PROTHERO, and STANLEY LEATHES. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS great work, the projection of which was due to the late Lord Acton, has not been allowed to fall through in consequence of his lamented death. We have already had a volume on the Renaissance and another on the United States; and now we welcome a third—the second in chronological order—upon the Reformation. Something, it is true, has been lost by Lord Acton's death. We miss the dominating view of the unity of history which would undoubtedly have been found in the work if it had passed under his editorial hand; the present volume, written as it is by half a dozen authors, is not always consistent with itself; but it is a great book, nevertheless. It is probably one to which many to whom the previous volumes have been without attraction will turn with eager interest—and they will be repaid. It is, indeed, in spite of its seven hundred pages, but a series of sketches; yet, quite apart from the exhaustive bibliographies at the end, it has a unique value. Here are the reasoned conclusions of cautious scholars, imbued by nature and practice with the historical sense, upon the events, men, and movements of one of the greatest epochs in all history. Here the man who has no time for minute researches may find the latest judgements of modern study summed up impartially for him, and can feel that he is reading, if not the last word upon the Reformation struggle, yet something which will require but little revision or qualification by subsequent inquirers.

We said that these writers were imbued with the historical spirit. This spirit may be defined, in homely phraseology, as

that which obeys the precept, 'Put yourself in his place.' The true historian does not judge even a Borgia on the one hand, or a Bayard on the other, by the principles of to-day. He sees the good even in Alexander VI, and recognizes that a private life as scandalous as his was not at that time inconsistent with a certain nobility of political aim. The keenest Protestant need no longer deny the grandeur of the Papal conception of a world-power, nor need he be ashamed of a certain regret that he feels when he sees that lofty ideal crumbling into dust through the corruption of the human instruments who endeavoured to realize it.

This spirit is manifest to the full in the very first chapter of this volume—a chapter which its author, Professor Kraus of Munich, unfortunately did not live to revise. 'To-day,' he says, 'if we consider Alexander's pontificate objectively, we can recognize its better sides. In the midst of constant tumult Cesare Borgia had established in the Romagna an ordered government, just and equal administration of the laws.' Secondly, in the reign of Alexander there arises, though vague and confused, 'the idea of a future union of the Italian States, and their independence of foreign rule and interference.' This idea it was that informed with life the plans of the turbulent Julius II; and it was the abandonment of this plan in favour of family advancement that makes the Medicean Popes, rather than Borgia or della Rovere, the true causes of the Papal downfall. Leo X, indeed, Professor Kraus sets in his proper place. Like other sovereigns before and after him, he has contrived to appropriate the praise justly belonging to others. Leo has too long been the Maecenas of the second Augustan age of Roman literature and art. 'Never had monarch three such men as Bramante, Michelangelo, and Raffaelle at once under his sway.' Yet Leo finished but one of Bramante's works—the *loggie*—which by their very nature could not remain as the architect had left them. St. Peter's, in spite of Raffaelle's petitions for funds, he refused to complete. Michelangelo he would not allow to proceed with the tomb of Julius; and the great artist returned to Florence. Raffaelle he did

indeed befriend and support; but Leonardo, Sansovino, Sangallo, all pined under his neglect.

But if Leo's claims to the glory of a Maecenas thus fade into nothing, what title to fame is left? Professor Kraus seems inclined to allow him credit for freedom from gross vices; but the man who attended low comedies like *La Calandria*, who enjoyed the society of that vilest of all baboons, Pietro Aretino, and who compelled Raffaelle to prostitute his art in painting the scenery of the theatre, could have had no exalted sense of decency. Cultured indeed he was—he had been the pupil of the immortal Marsilio Ficino, and his Latin poems were elegant and neat; but religion he had none. Professor Kraus rightly dismisses as apocryphal the story of his remark to Bembo: 'All ages can testifye enough, how profitable that fable of Christ has been to us and our compagnie'; but the tale, if not true, is *ben trovato*; for Leo's life was a mere voluptuous heathenism. Of serious purpose he had as little as of religion. 'How charming is this tiara to me!' he cried once. 'Let us enjoy the Papacy,' he said to his brother Giuliano on his accession, 'for God has given it us.'

The Papacy then was losing its one title to continuance. Politically, it was used by Leo and Clement for the aggrandizement of the Medici family and the suppression of the liberties of Florence. As a support of the arts it had ceased to exert any influence. Religiously, it had long since lost respect. The short and unhappy pontificate of Adrian VI, in spite of the personal saintliness of the Pope, could not arrest the decay. The Papacy rested on two bases—the Italian and the Teutonic. The Italian mind demanded a feeling of national unity and a love of art; the Teutonic cried out for sobriety and religious reform. When it was seen that the Papacy could give neither, the catastrophe was imminent. Nothing could prevent this consummation but a union between those ancient hostile Siamese twins—the Pope and the Emperor; and this union the folly of Clement VII made impossible. So far from heartily allying himself with Charles, Clement, by a series of extraordinary ineptitudes, involved

himself in the fearful crash of 1527, saw Rome sacked by the Imperial troops, and found himself the prisoner of him who ought to have been his protector.

Side by side with the dissatisfaction thus aroused, went on an intellectual movement which by itself would hardly have shaken the Papal power, but which, allied with other influences, helped to change the destinies of the world. This movement it falls to the competent hands of Dr. Fairbairn to describe; and in the last chapter of this volume we find a brief but most illuminating sketch of the tendencies of European thought in the age of the Reformation. It is usual to mark a distinction between the Renaissance as the revival of letters and the Reformation as the revival of religion. But, as so often, when carefully considered, this distinction is found to be 'neither formally correct nor materially exact.' The Renaissance was not exclusively secular; the Reformation was not exclusively religious. In point of time, indeed, the one is antecedent to the other; but essentially the former was not the cause of the latter. The province of each overlaps the province of the other; the work of both was in part secular and in part religious. So far as a genuine distinction can be made, it is rather between the Teutonic mind and the Latin mind, between the Protestant North and the Catholic South. The South, Roman in language and in law, Greek in political and commercial aptitudes, was naturally conservative; and here the Renaissance could not but spring out of a classical past. The North had a past indeed, but, apart from Christianity, that past was singularly sterile. Any movement, national or racial, could find no root in the historic memory; it must reach forward to the future. Scholastically, the case is parallel. The Teutonic Renaissance, roughly speaking, was religious, and rested on hope. The Latin was classical, and was an attempt to revive the literature and philosophy of ancient Greece and Rome. In dogma, again, the Latins were more critical and the Teutons more positive.

Not unnaturally, therefore, we find the Latin Renaissance starting with the study of grammar. Laurentius Valla, in

the first half of the fifteenth century, placed grammar at the head of all science; and, beginning thus, proceeded to three critical judgements of the highest importance. First, he shook tradition by condemning the Vulgate, both as poor in Latinity and as inaccurate in translation. Next, he proved the Donation of Constantine to be a forgery. Thirdly, he declared, from considerations of language, the Apostolic Symbol to be of later date than the apostles. All these demonstrations of Valla's were utilized in the next century — by Erasmus in the spirit of a scholar, by Hutten in the spirit of an iconoclast, and by Luther in the spirit of a party leader. Valla was followed by Pico della Mirandola, to whom truth was the one end of life. Pico sought it in revelation, and revelation he thought to find in the works of those to whom God had given a measure of His Spirit—in Aristotle, in Plato, in the Cabbala. It is here that Italy comes into contact with Germany. Reuchlin, full of the zeal for knowledge, fell under the influence of Pico. Hence came that enthusiasm for Hebrew study which has made Reuchlin immortal: in Hebrew, the divine language, he hoped to find God. It is safe to say that without the work of Reuchlin upon the Old Testament the Reformation would have been impossible. Out of Reuchlin grew on the one hand the vulgar but effective satire of the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*, and on the other the New Testament of Erasmus. But along with this grammatical study went a new philosophy. Ficino and Poliziano were not merely 'pure' scholars, they were founders of schools of thought; and their thought, though confined to some extent within an esoteric sect, was ultimately inconsistent with the existing, or indeed with any, form of Christianity. Pomponazzi, to whom Dr. Fairbairn devotes three or four suggestive pages, developed a system which would be called to-day one of 'philosophical agnosticism,' curiously similar in certain respects to that drawn by Mansel out of Hamilton's doctrine of the Conditioned. 'Reason,' said Pomponazzi, 'must conclude that the soul is mortal; for we never find soul without body; but religion comes to our aid, and, by teaching us to

believe in the resurrection of the body, resolves our doubts.' Of this doctrine, says Pomponazzi in almost the very words of Hume three centuries later, philosophy knows nothing, and so we can hold it only as an article of faith.

But far more important and influential than these metaphysical speculations was the growth of natural science. It is true that, as Dr. Fairbairn says, in Italy natural science was only a disguised philosophy; but the work of Telesio, Copernicus, Campanella, and Galileo may be regarded nevertheless as the beginning of modern physics; and in Giordano Bruno the modernity of tone is unmistakable. When we reflect that these are but outstanding names amid a mass of obscurer men who were thinking and working along their lines, we can conceive to some extent the degree to which the Church had fallen out of touch with the intellect of the age. For almost every one of these men was arraigned as a heretic. Campanella spent twenty-seven years of his life in prison. Galileo's story is well known. Bruno, perhaps the noblest of them all, perished at the stake.

Thus opposed to or unaffected by the national aspirations of Italy, the artistic and literary tendencies of the age, and the aims of Charles V, the Papacy might yet have stood had it been in harmony with the moral feelings of men. True, in Italy as we have seen, these moral feelings were but slightly shocked by the vices of a system which in the eyes of Italians was rather political than religious; but elsewhere, and particularly in Germany and England, the corruptions of the Church were the real mainspring of the Reforming movement. And those corruptions were many and frightful. We have not here to rely on the testimony of Luther and Melanchthon, nor even on that of Erasmus and Staupitz. Wolsey, Henry VIII, Luther's doctrinal opponent John Eck, Adrian VI himself, all agree that abuses existed and that reform was necessary. 'These abuses,' in the words of Professor Pollard, 'were traced directly or indirectly to the exemption of the Church and its possessions from secular control, and to the dominion which it exercised over the laity.' The Reformation, so far as it concerned these abuses,

was absolutely and permanently successful. Macaulay's wonder why the movement failed to influence the Mediterranean countries is here misplaced. The revolt against clerical domination, as apart from the doctrinal disruption, spread equally over South and North. The State, not in Protestant lands only, but in Catholic to the same extent, has completely emancipated itself from clerical control. In 1521 half the great Ministers in Europe were ecclesiastics; to-day there is not a clerical Prime Minister in the world, and the States of the Church have shrunk to the dimensions of a single palace. Those who talk of the apparent failure of the Reformation in so large a portion of the world forget this most important fact. Politically, the Reformation was the completest and most lasting success in history. Nor was its indirect and subterranean effect less marked in the moral and religious sphere. The cardinals with their trains of concubines, the extortions of the popes, the atheistic and mocking bishops, the scandalous monasteries, disappeared, it is to be hoped for ever. How was it, asks Macaulay, that at the beginning of the sixteenth century Catholicism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Mediterranean? The answer is, that while the Latin nations had a profound and ineradicable sympathy with the root ideas of the Latin Church, the corruptions of that Church had for a moment loosened those bonds of sympathy. When she purged herself from her impurities, the old sway inevitably reasserted itself. How was it, asks Macaulay again, that at the end of the century Protestantism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Baltic? The answer is not to be found merely in the working of the law of the pendulum. It was not merely the action and reaction of which Lord Salisbury was so fond of speaking in reference to our English elections. The solution lies in the fact that the Reformation was primarily practical, and doctrinal only in a secondary sense. The whole world demanded the removal of practical abuses; by the end of the century those abuses were largely swept away; and, in consequence, the great majority of men, to whom theological questions are of little moment, acquiesced

once more in the ancient creed. From the very first the course of the movement was foreshadowed in the Diet of Worms. That Diet condemned the 'heresy' of Luther, but it also formulated a comprehensive indictment against the Roman Church. The whole nation, from the Emperor down to the lowest, on the evidence of a canon of Worms, was of one mind with regard to clerical immorality. 'The section of the nation,' says Professor Pollard, 'which was inclined to repudiate Catholic dogma was still insignificant.' The National party pursued a policy similar to that pursued in England under Henry and Elizabeth. Italian domination was to be crushed; German benefices and German money were to be for the Germans; but there was to be no change of creed.

Logical thinkers, indeed, like Melanchthon and Calvin, were inevitably led on from the study of clerical abuses to see the falsity of clerical claims. Luther himself, though a less logical thinker than Melanchthon or Calvin, was inevitably driven in the same direction. His ninety-five theses were practical; they dealt with plain moral questions, and were expressed so simply that all men could understand them; but he was soon led to study Valla on the Forged Decretals and on the Donation of Constantine, and his faith in Roman Christianity was soon gone for ever. With these great leaders, of course, went many followers. But, as a general rule, the country was content with abolishing plain and practical wrongs. Many whole principalities followed their rulers—some into the new faith, some back to the old. Reform had come, and they were satisfied to leave the choice between the old creed and the new to be decided by their superiors.

Statements like these, of course, need qualifications, which can easily be supplied from the particular history of each country. In Zurich, for example, though the Reform movement was largely coloured by practical issues, being strong where monasteries were numerous, and weak where they were too few to rouse opposition, yet the Zwinglian doctrine was primarily humanist, and only later became

political. In France, though the popularity of Brant's *Ship of Fools*, of Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*, and to some extent of Rabelais's *Gargantua*, proves the depth of the feeling against clerical ignorance and immorality, yet perhaps the first impulse to a reform came from the revival of learning. The Renaissance, indeed, found no more favourable soil than that of France. Jacques Lefèvre, the first of the great French Renaissance scholars, was doctrinally at one with Luther. In his commentary on Corinthians he asserted the dogma of justification by faith; in that on Hebrews he expresses a view of the Eucharist similar to Luther's theory of consubstantiation; and his version of the New Testament accomplished in France much of the work which Luther's accomplished in Germany. But, politically, the French movement, as led by Lefèvre, differed *toto coelo* from that to which the German Reformers were ultimately committed. The Bishop of Meaux, who supported Lefèvre, was foremost in the suppression of heresy. His idea was to change the Church from within; a revolution was entirely repugnant to his feelings. The bishop, in fact, agreed rather with the Princes who protected Luther than with Lutheranism; and a movement which began with humanism was thus in effect identical with a movement that began, continued, and ended in practical politics.

It was, in fact, inevitable that the Reformation, whatever its origin, should be complicated by political questions. Luther, it is true, owned himself a child in such matters; he would, if he had had a free hand, have fought the whole battle out with spiritual weapons, and have left diplomacy to statesmen, and war to soldiers. Even the holy war against the Turk he at first refused to support, and applied to those who wished for vigorous action much the same language as that used by Gifted Gilfillan to Major Melville. But the narrowness of the escape of Vienna from Solyman after the 'Destruction of Mohacz' soon changed his tone, and, while he still urged 'trust in God,' he was as insistent as Cromwell on 'keeping the powder dry.' Others of the Reformers, like Zwingli, needed no such lesson; they were politicians and

warriors by nature. Four great questions, indeed, dominated the whole situation, and soon drew the Reforming movement into their train. The first was the question of life and death between Islam and Christianity as a whole—confused, like so many other questions of the time, by the tendency of France to ally herself with Turkey against the Empire. The second was the great question of nationality, then beginning to assume importance. Two aspects of this question were the rivalry of France with Germany, and, in a peculiar sense, the rivalry of the Emperor with the Pope. Thirdly, there was the relation of the Princes to the Empire—a relation at first independent of religion, but one which inevitably acted upon, and was reacted upon by, the religious difficulty. Lastly, there was the social upheaval of the lower classes, leading to the catastrophes of which that of Münster is but a type, and finally compelling a coalition of the Princes with the Reformers to effect its suppression.

Every one of these great questions in turn forced itself to the front, and for a time silenced discussion as to the others. For instance, in 1527 Ferdinand was so absorbed in the suppression of heresy that he looked on heedlessly while Solyman destroyed the independence of Hungary. In 1529 Vienna itself was threatened. Heresy must be left to look after itself; a compromise was patched up; thousands of Lutherans served under the Austrian banner, and Vienna was saved. The pressing danger over, instead of advancing to the recapture of Hungary, the Catholic powers again bent their energies to the uprooting of the internal trouble; and, as a result, the work of 1529 had to be done over again in 1683. Similarly, in 1530, at Augsburg, and again in 1548, political necessities led to the promulgation of compromises and 'interims,' in which arrangements were devised between the Church and heresy; but a sudden shifting of the political kaleidoscope soon altered the state of affairs, and the endless war began again. The history of the time is a confused congeries of alliances and denunciations of alliances, compromises and wars *à outrance*, the meeting of extremes and the sundering of friends; issues were so blended that the

farthest-sighted could only work for an end a month or two in advance. But, when all deductions are made, the facts may be stated as Professor Pollard has put them. The Reformation, understood as a permanent, geographically defined, religious revolution, was a Teutonic movement, and it was a middle-class movement. It was Teutonic; its limits are marked by the boundaries of the old Roman Empire on the one hand and by the Slavonic and Byzantine Empires on the other. It shook, but it did not destroy, Latin Christianity in regions where Rome had, in ancient days, made her civilization a reality. In England, where ancient Rome had but half influenced the native character, the Roman Church has been replaced by a half-and-half Anglican institution. It is indeed remarkable how closely the boundaries of Latin Christianity, after the world had recovered from the great upheaval, approximated to the boundaries of the empire of Tiberius. The Germanic assault, like the invasions of Alaric and Hermanaric of old, ended in the absorption of the conquerors, a slight infusion of new blood and new spirit alone marking how desperate the struggle had once been.

But the Reformation was also a middle-class movement; and this point, which is brought out with great clearness by Professor Pollard in one of the most brilliant chapters of this book, must be clearly conceived ere we can fully understand either the strength or the weakness of the cause. Geographically, as we saw just now, it was fated not to spread beyond Teutonic limits; vertically, it was not to rise above, nor sink below, a certain social level. Luther and his coadjutors might have been men of the England of 1832, for all their sympathy with the peasants and their grievances. Like the Whigs of our time in their view of Chartism, and in their belief that a final millennium had been reached, so were the Reformers in their relation to the revolting peasants. True, like the Whigs, they were willing enough, in times of distress, to call into play the incalculable forces of the submerged masses; like the Whigs, again, they found that they had raised a Frankenstein whom it was hard to lay; but, essen-

tially, their attitude was one of lofty contempt or quaking dread of the many-headed monster. Luther has often been accused of levelling tendencies; and indeed his first tractate, in which he said so much in justification of the claims of the peasants and so much in censure of the Princes, may lend some colour to the charge; but he speedily saw his error. In May 1525, before he could have heard of the defeat of the revolters, he published a second tract, in which his furious denunciations of the unhappy peasants show clearly how his fears had overcome his Christianity. He urged the Princes to slay the rebels like mad dogs, and promised heaven to all who fell in the bloody work. Pity, he said, that refractory servants could no longer be treated like 'other cattle,' as in the days of the Patriarchs: 'The ass *will* have blows, and the people *will* be ruled by force.' 'He was not free,' says Mr. Pollard with too much truth, 'from the upstart's contempt for the class from which he sprang.' Nor was he alone in his savage frenzy. Melanchthon and others of his friends joined with him in overcoming the scruples of a Saxon noble who felt scruples as to the burdens of the serfs. It was no wonder that, as Melanchthon confessed, the people loathed him and his fellow divines.

The Peasants' Revolt of 1524, in fact, had considerably less connexion with the teachings of Luther than that of 1381 with the teachings of Wyclif. In the list of grievances which they published there is no trace of a religious element, no indication that their authors had ever heard either of Jerusalem or of Wittenberg. The establishment among the peasants of an Evangelical brotherhood did not take place till months after the opening movements. Later still, the influence of Zwingli secured an alliance between the religious party at Zurich and the socialistic faction—an alliance cemented by the conference at Memmingen. The 'Twelve Articles' of Memmingen involve an attempt to find a scriptural basis for the demands of the villeins; they required that all the grievances should be tested by the Word of God, and insisted that the lords should submit to the same test. But the support of Zwingli, real as was his sympathy with the

peasants, was given rather from political motives than from a determination to further their purposes; and it would be as unreasonable to hold him chargeable with either their aims or their excesses as to imagine that Götz von Berlichingen or Ulrich of Württemberg was inspired by a socialistic ideal. Whether Zwingli was thus tainted with the communistic heresy or not, his assistance was hardly likely to involve that of his determined opponent Luther.

Nevertheless, as is so often the case, the victory of the Princes very nearly resulted in the destruction not only of the villeins but of the middle classes also; and Lutheranism narrowly escaped the fate which has so often befallen the Whigs when the Conservative forces have succeeded in crushing Radicalism. The Catholic Princes, flushed with their triumph, began at once to turn their strength against heresy. A new alliance was seen to be needed: the Protestants combined among themselves; a short-lived reconciliation was patched up between Zwinglian Zurich and Lutheran Wittenberg; and the Diet of Speier, taking advantage of the quarrel between Charles and the Pope, demanded the suspension of the Edict of Worms and the submission of the questions at issue to a general council. Once more there was a truce between the Emperor and the Reformers: Charles was now full of the idea of abolishing the temporal power of the Pope, and eleven thousand Protestant troops, a large proportion serving without pay, marched with Bourbon to the sack of Rome in 1527. Ferdinand also, constrained by the destruction of Mohacz, was fain to suspend his endeavours to check heresy in his dominions, and was even inclining towards a scheme for the secularization of ecclesiastical property. For a short time, therefore, the Catholic reaction was checked; but once more a turn of the wheel brought Charles to the side of the ancient faith. By 1529 he had reached the conclusion that a Pope was indispensable to his plans; the establishment of separate Gallican and Anglican Churches would be fatal to his schemes; Henry VIII was only held in check by Clement, and would divorce Catherine if Clement were removed; Christian of Denmark,

Charles's brother-in-law, deposed by Lutherans, could only be restored by Papal aid. Hence the Catholic Princes again took heart; a second Diet of Speier reversed the decisions of the first. An attempt, which narrowly missed success, was made to divide the Zwinglians from the Lutherans; and the forces of reaction were now so strong that the Reformers, much against their will, were driven to refuse obedience to the decrees of the Diet, and to lay down at last the thoroughly revolutionary principle that they were bound to obey God rather than man. In a formal protest they declined to accept the acts of the Diet as binding. Six princes and fourteen cities formulated the protest. 'Of such slender dimensions was the original Protestant Church; small as it was, it was only held together by the negative character of its protest; dissensions between its two sections increased the conflict of creeds and parties, which rent the whole of Germany for the following twenty-five years.' What more complete proof could be demanded of the proposition that the Reformation, in the narrow sense in which the word is generally used, was the work of but a small fraction of the population? Reform was indeed universally demanded; but the cry for a Reformation was the cry of few.

To follow the subsequent history—the conflicts between Lutherans and 'Reformed,' the *rapprochements* between Catholics and Protestants, the quarrels and reconciliations between Emperor and Pope—is obviously impossible. But the effect of a perusal of the whole work is to confirm us in an opinion previously held, that one main cause of the comparative ill success of the Reformation—the true reason why, in Macaulay's language, it all but failed to maintain itself on the shores of the Baltic—was Luther himself. Indeed, the very same qualities which made him so specially fit to begin the movement—his fearlessness, his hatred of violent means, his perfect confidence in the correctness of his own views—made him unfit to carry it on. Other Reformers had sprung up before him, and had failed because the times were not ripe. He himself ought to have succeeded; for the Turk in the east of Europe distracted those arms which in the fifteenth

century had been turned so fatally against the Hussites and Taborites. What was wanting was only unity; and that this unity was never attained was largely the fault of Luther. That any attempt was made to secure it was not due to him, but to the wise and politic, if immoral, Philip of Hesse. Luther failed completely to see that the policy of the new Rome, as of the old, was *Divide et impera*, and from the very first inclined towards the true enemy Rome and away from the true friend Zurich. Melanchthon, indeed, went so far as to lament that at Speier he and his friends had not repudiated Zwingli and all his works: had they done so, he thought, the Catholics might have been willing to coalesce with Luther, and he urged his friends to hold aloof from the proposed conference at Rodach. The conference was accordingly a failure; but Philip, more wise in his generation than the children of light, was not deterred from further efforts. At Marburg, in September 1529, he succeeded in inducing the two parties to meet. In every respect the statesmanlike and tolerant spirit was on the side of Zwingli, the sullenness and perversity were with Luther. Melanchthon could scarcely be brought even to discuss accommodation with the 'impious doctrines' of the Swiss; Luther came predisposed to fail. Zwingli, on the other hand, was ready for every possible concession; his experience as a statesman and his training as a humanist combined to teach him the relativity of truth and the necessity of qualifying absolute dogmas. He was, in fact, the most modern in mind of all the Reformers, as his opponent was the most mediaeval. He had hopes of the salvation of Socrates, and he conceived that the benefits of Christ's death were extended to the heathen who had never heard of it. To Luther, on the other hand, every question must be answered by a plain yes or no. Tolerance was equivalent to indifference, concession to weakness. Thus, on a theological point, with regard to the Eucharist, he was willing to renounce all chance of union; and, unlike Zwingli, he refused to draw the sword to defend the liberty he had won.

On the question of the Eucharist, indeed, agreement was

impossible between those who held that the sacrament was a mere commemoration and those who held that it was a miracle. But even here Zwingli was willing to agree to differ. 'Let us,' he said, 'moderate our mutual asperity of language;' and he signed fourteen out of fifteen of the articles which Luther drew up. In a few days Luther was writing that the Zwinglians were 'not only liars, but the very incarnation of lying, deceit, and hypocrisy, as Carlstadt and Zwingli show by their very deeds and words.' If this was his notion of moderating asperity of language, it is no wonder that agreement was difficult. And all the time the return of Charles to Germany, with the Papal legate in his train, was drawing nearer.

The 'passive resistance' theory can only be justified when it is carried out to the utmost. There is much to be said for the view that all armed defence against aggression is wrong. But the martyr who preaches this doctrine cannot stop short at any arbitrary point. If he fights at all, logic, religion, and selfishness all combine to teach him that it is better to fight at an advantage than to linger until time has put all the advantages on the side of the enemy. This was the view of Zwingli. And time speedily showed that he was right; for Luther's doctrine of passive obedience to the Emperor soon yielded to the convincing logic of facts. But it was then too late. Zwingli had been left alone: in 1531 this wisest of all the Reformers fell at Kappel, and the prospect of a united Protestantism faded into mist. He was succeeded by Calvin, between whom and Lutheranism there was a chasm that nothing could bridge.

The extreme folly of the Lutheran party in this respect is shown by their conduct at the Diet of Augsburg. Here, after craving help from the Archbishop of Mainz, whom he had once repudiated, Luther, by his spokesman Melanchthon, bent all his endeavours to minimizing the differences between himself and the Pope, and to exaggerating those between himself and Zwingli. The Confession of Augsburg is all but a Roman document: where it fails to state distinctively Catholic dogmas, it does not deny them; the divine right of

the Papacy, the indelible character of the priesthood, the seven sacraments, even transubstantiation, are either asserted or left untouched; but the breach with Zwinglianism is widened to the utmost. The result, as might have been foreseen, was not so much a reconciliation with Catholicism as a hopeless schism among the Reformers. Many of the Lutherans themselves shrank from this commerce with Belial; the 'Tetrapolis' drew up a separate confession; and Zwingli was constrained to withdraw all that he had conceded at Marburg. As to the Catholics, they saw in the Augsburg symbol but a sign of fear, and they proceeded directly and boldly to draw up plans for the destruction of the Lutherans. The old armoury of the *Reickskammergericht* was furbished up anew for the purpose of harassing the heretic Princes. Nothing remained but the formation of a defensive league; and at the conference of Schmalkalden in 1531 that league was established. It showed how little it was bound by Luther's doctrine of non-resistance. It formed, or endeavoured to form, alliances with France, England, and Venice, and even to utilize the Turk for the furtherance of its aims. When this league won its victories, Luther's hatred of war did not prevent him from recognizing the hand of God in the triumph of the right cause. He who had begun in much of the spirit of a mediaeval Tolstoy, soon sank into the creature of the territorial Princes; he saw Philip of Hesse, by arms and diplomacy, secure concessions for which all his own works had failed to gain even a hearing; and he lived to find Lutheranism, once condemned as the source of socialism and revolution, now recognized as a rigid, respectable, somewhat *bourgeois* system—rather, in fact, a social stratum than a religious or moral influence. He had refused to ally himself with Zwingli; he lived to see the rise of opinions like those of Kniperdoling and John of Leyden, compared with which Zwinglianism was conservative and reactionary. He had begun with a holy crusade against immorality, and in 1540, entangled in the toils of his alliance with the Princes, he gave a secret sanction to the bigamy of Philip of Hesse, and, when the secret leaked out,

denied all knowledge of the transaction. When confronted with proofs, he defended his falsehood in language worthy of a Jesuit. 'The secret "yea,"' he wrote, 'must for the sake of Christ's Church remain a public "nay;"' and he alleged the analogy of the confessional—a good confessor must deny in court all knowledge of what he has learned in the confession-box. There is no proof that he ever saw his mistakes—the mistakes, after all, of a good and noble man, forced by circumstances into the crooked roads of diplomacy and intrigue, though formed by nature for the plain and easy path of practical morality and theological truth. But he foresaw the evils to come, without understanding that his own conduct was largely to blame for them. Full of wrath against the 'Sacramentarians' on the one hand and the Pope on the other, he died in February 1546; and Germany plunged into the horrors of a religious war, in which indeed Protestantism won a Pyrrhic victory, but at the cost of sacrificing its essential principles.

The Battle of Mühlberg and the Peace of Augsburg form the natural conclusion of this rapid survey of the Reformation period. The Peace was the triumph of territorial Erastianism; but it settled nothing else, and contained the seeds of the worst calamity that ever afflicted a nation—the Thirty Years' War. Each prince could choose his own religion, and his subjects must follow him or emigrate. The question of toleration was left in abeyance—nay, there was less freedom of opinion in Germany than there had been in the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages. The Church had been compelled to define; and to define is to exclude. To this another evil was added, that the compulsion to believe was now in the hands, not of the Church but of a lay territorial magnate. From Germany as a whole, Zwingli, Calvin, and Socinus were shut out, and from every principality there was the additional exclusion of either Luther or the Pope. To this had come the original Lutheran doctrines of the supremacy of conscience and of the individual priesthood. 'The Reformation began with ideas and ended in force; an era of liberal thought closed in a fever of

war; no ideas in religion or politics could survive unless they were cast in the hard material mould of German territorialism.' The Princes had succeeded in overcoming the Empire; but they overcame the *Bürgerthum* as well. The independence of the towns was crushed; along with the decay of civic life went the ruin of municipal art and civilization, and in its stead there was only the petty culture of the German courts. To an era of universal activity succeeded an era of universal lassitude: 'intellectually, morally, and politically, Germany was a desert, and the desert was called Religious Peace.'

Such is the picture, sombre but not overdrawn, which Professor Pollard gives of the state of Germany in 1555; and it was from such a condition of things that England was saved by Calvinism, by Independency, and even to some extent by the harsh and unsympathetic but genuine religion of Laud. Whatever the faults of all of these, they were at any rate *religious*; they rested on a religious basis, and appealed to the individual conscience; and hence, in spite of the multitudinous mistakes of their professors, they issued in living organisms, and transmitted vital beliefs to future generations.

E. E. KELLETT.

The World of Books.

I. THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

Personal Salvation: Studies in Christian Doctrine pertaining to the Spiritual Life. By Wilbur F. Tillett, D.D. (Nashville, Tennessee.)

THE author of this volume is Professor of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University, one of the chief educational institutions in the Methodist Episcopal Church South. For more than twenty years he was engaged in tutorial work, and is one of the most experienced and trusted theologians in that important community. He has not, we believe, published many books, though we have seen a most interesting and carefully compiled annotated hymn-book, which testifies to his taste and culture as well as his knowledge of theology.

The book before us is neither a volume of sermons nor part of a dogmatic treatise. It partakes somewhat of the nature of both, containing more solid matter for thought and less rhetoric than most sermons; while it is more practical, helpful, and edifying than the prelections of a theological professor. It covers a wide area, dealing with God, Man, Sin, the Atonement, and the work of the Spirit, among other topics. But the strength of the writer is reserved for the discussion of the process and history of salvation in the human soul, the questions of justification, regeneration, and sanctification being handled with considerable fullness. Lucidity is one of the author's chief characteristics. He knows his own mind, and makes his meaning clear without technicality but with very carefully adjusted accuracy of phrase. He avoids ornament, though he can aptly illustrate, and the attraction of these 'studies' consists in the excellence of their subject-matter, not the elaboration of their style. Dr. Tillett has weighty truths to expound, and his clear and strong diction is well suited to their exposition.

We should like particularly to emphasize the treatment given in

these pages to the subject of entire sanctification. This is a topic which needs careful handling anywhere, but in the Methodist Churches of America it has been, perhaps still is, a burning question. Dr. Tillett speaks of it as a 'storm-centre.' We may say that his calm, discriminating, scriptural mode of treatment is likely to be of the greatest value, and we believe this has been widely recognized during the short time the book has been published. The matter is not one into which we can enter in such a notice as this, but we could hardly name a better antidote than that contained in these lectures to the erroneous and practically mischievous teaching concerning a 'second blessing,' which has been unfortunately rife on both sides of the Atlantic. We heartily congratulate Professor Tillett upon the prospects of usefulness which lie before this interesting volume, and hope that there will be increased interchange of thought upon cardinal topics of religion and theology amongst representative Methodist thinkers and teachers in all parts of the world.

W. T. D.

Christian Apologetics: A Series of Addresses delivered before the Christian Association of University College, London. By various Authors. (London: Murray. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

With the aim of this book, men of religious sentiment will be in hearty sympathy, though agreement in all the details of its statements is not to be expected. Its authors include such prominent champions of the truth as Dean Wace, Dr. D. S. Margoliouth, and Professor Henslow; and the subjects are Genesis, the Synoptic Gospels, the Resurrection, the Witness of Experience, Darwinism, and Materialism. In each case a number of good things are effectively said; but occasionally opinions are expressed, both on critical and on scientific questions, that are not entirely convincing. A feature of each lecture was an address by a distinguished layman in the chair; and the testimony thus borne to Christianity is likely to prove of great apologetic value. It is pleasant to hear Mr. Augustine Birrell recognizing the strength of the evidence of the human heart, or Sir Thomas Barlow stating that, in proportion as men take in the spirit of Christianity, their life becomes less and less unsatisfactory. Above all, here is a *verbatim* report of the speech by Lord Kelvin, which a few months ago agitated the correspondents of the most decorous of newspapers. 'If you think strongly enough,' said the foremost man of science in the country, 'you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which

is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic, but helpful, to religion.' The book, notwithstanding some unsoundness in attitude or in logic, is a very armoury of weapons for the use of those who have in the present condition of thought to defend the faith. It will help the perplexed and wondering, and it will help almost more the pastors and teachers who have to minister to them.

R. W. M.

The Parables of Man and of God. By Harold B. Shepheard, M.A. (London: Longmans. 3*s.* net.)

A distinction should be drawn between the title and the contents of this able little book. There is no obvious advantage in limiting the term 'parable' to partial knowledge, when in its literary use the principal idea is disguise in symbol without any reference to completeness. The proper antithesis is with literalness or precision of expression, and not with fullness or adequacy. In every other respect the book is admirable. Mr. Shepheard works out the conviction which Romanes had reached at the close of his life, that every so-called explanation of phenomena that touch the senses implies a metaphysic, and every well-digested system of metaphysics a theology. He argues that neither physical science nor idealism leads a thinker to the ultimate reality, though the conclusions of both are substantial so far as they go. A final chapter of great beauty represents the graciousness of the Incarnation as the means adopted by One of higher grade with a view to teach blundering men how to think and to live. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of theism. The argument is well sustained, the style is attractive and clear, and the effect of reading is likely to be the relief of mental distress and the installation of reverent hope.

R. W. M.

Studies in the Teaching of our Lord. By Henry Barclay Swete, D.D., Litt.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

There is rich matter here for preachers and teachers, and it is put into such shape that they may use it with much effect in their own studies and in their public work. In an opening chapter Professor Swete describes the conditions and general character of our Lord's teaching when he takes each of the four Gospels and shows what contribution it makes to the knowledge of the preach-

ing and teaching of Jesus. The closing chapter, 'The Teaching considered as a whole,' collects the results without regard to the sources from which they have been obtained. If our Lord uses materials lying on His path, 'by a spiritual alchemy' He 'transformed into gold all that He touched. Nor did He by any means limit Himself to the work of lifting up current conceptions to a higher level and breathing into them a new spirit. There are things new as well as old in the teaching which the Master has committed to the scribes of the kingdom of heaven, and the new are "things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man," until they were revealed by Jesus Christ.' The little book is as simple as it is profound and spiritual.

The Wesleyan Book-Room is publishing a series of weekly lectures bearing the general title *Is Christianity True?* They range from sixteen to thirty pages, and are published at a penny. The lectures have been delivered with great effect at the Wesleyan Central Hall, Manchester, and are intended for thoughtful people who are troubled by sceptical teaching but have not time or knowledge enough to work out the answer. Some of the ablest men in other Churches, like the Ven. Archdeacon Wilson, Canon Hicks, Mr. Paton (High Master of Manchester Grammar School), Principal Adeney, Professor Peake, Rev. J. M. Gibbon, have taken part in this new apologetic; and Professors Dr. Moss and Dr. J. H. Moulton and Rev. S. E. Keble represent Wesleyan Methodism. What strikes a reader of these lectures is their high thinking and mastery of the subject. They are all learned, yet they are all lucid and practical. To get any man to read the series, with his heart open to God's light, can scarcely fail to lead to conviction of the truth of the gospel and the claims of Christ. The subjects chosen are the most vital of all questions, and every Christian man will feel that it is a duty and a privilege to circulate these pamphlets among his friends and neighbours. He could do nothing more likely to help them to find rest from doubt and fear.

Waiting upon God. By the late Dr. A. B. Davidson. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 6*s*.)

Dr. Paterson is earning the gratitude of all biblical students by his careful editing of the literary remains of his distinguished predecessor. This volume contains fifteen exceedingly choice sermons;

the title indicates their relation to those already published in the companion volume, *The Called of God*. This series 'gives prominence to man's relation and attitude to God,' whereas the earlier series 'gave prominence to God's relation to man.' Great themes are expounded by a profound thinker, who read man as well as books. In every sermon there are unobtrusive evidences of keen critical insight and prolonged study; but the principal charm is always the preacher's directness of aim; his one purpose is to show the bearing of the sublimities of truth upon the practical problems of the Christian life. Dr. Davidson preached with fervour and sympathy a 'positive gospel'; in him breadth of vision was happily combined with scholarly accuracy. This volume will have a place of honour on the shelves of many who read few sermons.

J. G. T.

Sorrow, Sin, and Beauty. By R. C. Moberly, D.D. (London: Murray. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These Lenten addresses are a precious legacy from Canon Moberly. They were delivered at Liverpool in three different years, but they have a vital connexion in their subject—the explanation of sorrow as the refining and educating of human nature; the unmasking of sin as disease of the soul, alienation from the life of God. The addresses culminate in the vision of personal holiness. 'The mere aspiration can be a real heart glow, a real hope, a real fire, to warm, to lighten, to comfort, to encourage.' There are depths of thought and heights of experience in these addresses, gleams of beauty, touches of pathos and tenderness, which make them precious beyond words to all who seek after the beauty of holiness and are ready to accept Dr. Moberly's counsel: 'Go and live simply as you ought to live.'

The Alienated Crown. By Thomas G. Selby. (Manchester: Robinson. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The volume shows no falling off either in point of style or the weighty character of the topics discussed. Mr. Selby is an apologist of the best sort. Selecting those aspects of human life and Divine Providence which at first sight seem most vulnerable, he sets himself to illustrate their harmony with the entire system of things. Sombre texts fascinate him—'The Culmination of Guilt,' 'The Malignity of Sin.' Indeed the sermon which gives a title to

the series of twenty is an example of this; the same is true of the second one—'Suppressed Vocations.' David, Moses, Judas supply examples of the first; and there are only too many others. The Christian ministry itself supplies abundant examples of the moral enforced. The volume abounds in graphic illustrations drawn from unlikely corners, as well as in biting epigrams and happy phrases.

The Teaching of Jesus. By George Jackson, B.A. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Jackson's new volume of sermons is worthy his reputation. The present instalment consists of sixteen, knit together both by their similarity of treatment and by their common relation to the teaching of our Lord. They deal with doctrines of God and His kingdom, ethical duties of man, aspects of privilege and destiny, and are thus so wide in their range that they appeal to many moods. They make no parade, but are not without trace of critical study, the themes being rightly confined to such certainties as are the sole business of the preacher in the pulpit. Simple and direct, tender and persuasive, enriched by abundant citations, the sermons are free from rhetorical artifice, and thrill with a quiet passion of devotion to Christ and to sincerity. It is easy to understand that others besides 'working men and women' would listen gladly to such discourses and be disposed to come again.

City Temple Sermons. By R. J. Campbell, M.A. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

These twenty sermons show that Mr. Campbell's influence rests on a solid foundation. Loyalty to Christ is here hand in hand with sympathy for all the wants and woes of man. The loyalty for Christ is manifestly the outcome of a heart and mind that have been filled with strength and hope by the gospel, and the pity for the world has been learned at the feet of Him who died to save it. There is much quiet force and discernment in these sermons, much knowledge of human nature, much understanding of the deep things of the soul. They are sermons that appeal to the sense of responsibility, to the craving after higher things which lies in every heart however deep it may be buried. The volume will make many cherish a warmer affection for the young preacher on whose shoulders so great a responsibility has been laid, and a keener interest in his work.

The Story of our Lord's Life. By Maud Montgomery. With eight Coloured Plates after Gaudenzio Ferrari. (London: Longmans & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is the first of a little series of 'Simple Guides to Christian Knowledge' intended for children and for those who have to train them. If all the volumes are as charming as this, every family will be eager to have them. The words are simple, the style is lucid, the story is told with quiet tenderness, and there are beautiful little bits of description such as that of Nazareth. The work could not have been done better. Ferrari's frescoes in the chapel of Mont de Varallo, Piedmont, are beautiful works of art, and they are beautifully reproduced.

Sermon and Preacher: Essays on Preaching. By the Rev. W. J. Foxell, M.A. (London: Murray. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Foxell does not attempt to give an exhaustive or systematic treatment of the art of preaching, but he writes with so much knowledge, so much strong sense, and so much enthusiasm for the vocation of the preacher, that his book will make a deep impression on every one who studies it. He says 'men grumble at sermons, criticize them, condemn them, make their little jokes at them, but, with curious inconsistency, they ask for more.' The problem of meeting the demand for good, thoughtful sermons is thus real and pressing. Mr. Foxell pleads for simplicity in structure, for a coherent scheme, for a good beginning and a good ending to a sermon. To announce the whole scheme at first is to tempt the audience 'to tick off each point as it is finished and gives place to the next in order.' The hearer's stock of curiosity is exhausted. Many wise hints are given as to the choice of a text, the importance of the context, and the power of good extempore preaching. Mr. Foxell's section on practical preaching contains some suggestive and helpful hints. He leaves the question of the preparation of the preacher himself to the last, and is rather briefer than we could wish; but he says enough to make a preacher examine himself, and to stir him up to new endeavour to make the best use of his great opportunity.

Mr. H. R. Allenson publishes a neat edition of Phillips Brooks's *Lectures on Preaching* in his 'Handy Theological Library' (2*s.* 6*d.* net). Preachers have learned to regard this as one of the most

inspiring books on the subject, and this edition is so cheap and so convenient that it ought to have a large sale. Mr. Allenson also issues an address on *Huxley and Phillips Brooks*, by Dr. W. Newton Clarke. It shows how the spiritual world which the agnostic knew nothing of was the sphere in which the great preacher had his being. It is a little book that will give new hope and strength to every Christian worker. It is beautifully written and full of suggestive matter.

The London Bible Warehouse, 53 Paternoster Row, publish a *Red Letter Bible*, which no one can afford to overlook. It prints in red all prophecies of the Old Testament concerning Christ, and in the New all our Lord's words. The passages of the Old Testament quoted or referred to in the New are printed in bold-faced type, and the reference columns show at a glance the passages of the Old Testament which are referred to in the New. That is itself sufficient to win this edition a place on the table of every Bible student. Dr. C. H. H. Wright's Manual, with 147 illustrations, is a marvel of information on every point connected with the Bible. The pronunciation of proper names, the explanation of obscure words, the Index, Concordance, Atlas, will all be of constant service, and we have never seen such coloured views as these, which fill forty-eight pages. The price in Syrian morocco is *7s. 6d.*, in Palestine Levant morocco, overlapping edges, *9s.* That is about half the usual price, and those who are fortunate enough to secure a copy will feel that they have a treasure for a lifetime.

The Self-Portraiture of Jesus, by Rev. J. M. E. Ross, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton, *3s. 6d.*), is an attempt to see our Lord through His own eyes. The sermon-studies deal with those pictorial touches of self-description which gleam here and there in the Gospels 'like miniatures painted on ivory and framed in gold.' The studies are beautifully phrased and rich in suggestion. Such a book will certainly strengthen faith and bring comfort to all who read it. Our Lord's words reveal Him as the supreme object of devotion and love for all the world.

The Hibbert Journal: A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy. January 1904. (London: Williams & Norgate. *2s. 6d.* net.)

This number begins with a striking article on 'Progressive Catholicism and High Church Absolution,' by H. C. Corrance. Ritualism is described as 'in the main a retrograde movement,' for

it has laid emphasis upon what liberal Catholics regard as 'the accidentals of Catholicism.' Four writers give their views upon 'The Alleged Indifference of Laymen to Religion.' Sir Oliver Lodge holds that it is not religion, but 'Church services as often conducted,' to which people are indifferent. Sir Edward Russell suggestively says that since the revival of experimental religion in the eighteenth century 'the word "believe" has never had the meaning of mere credence'; in his judgement, Rationalism has led many to treat religion 'as a thing that does not press.' Dr. Pepperell Montague of New York, and the Rev. J. H. Beibitz, M.A., Vice-Principal of Lichfield Theological College, contribute two timely articles, which supply the philosophical student with valuable material for the re-statement of the 'design argument' for the existence of God. Two of the shorter reviews deserve special mention—Dr. Caldecott's able appreciation of recent literature on the *Virgin Birth of our Lord*, and the fine criticism of Mr. J. H. Robertson's *Pagan Christs* by Miss Myvanwy Rhys of Jesus College, Oxford. J. G. T.

The American Journal of Theology. Edited by the Divinity Faculty of the Chicago University. January 1904. (London: Luzac & Co.)

It would be hard to name a Review better adapted to the needs of the general student than this. Its 200 pages give a clear and complete survey of the theological field. The four or five chief articles, dealing with such topics as the 'Religious Situation in Paris' and 'Inquiries concerning the Divinity of Christ' are the least striking part of the contents. The bulk consists of reviews of works classed under separate heads—as 'The Present State of Biblical Criticism,' 'Recent Criticism of the Gospels,' 'The Early Christian Church,' 'Old Testament,' 'Church History.' Under one or other of these heads all the chief productions of the day are adequately characterized. Other sections of equal interest deal with 'Channing and the Religion of New England,' 'Martineau the Man and the Thinker,' 'The Syriac New Testament.' Professor Goodspeed of Toronto reviews Mr. Lidgett's *Divine Fatherhood*, doing justice to its merits, but not endorsing its main thesis. Under 'Church History' Mr. Workman receives very favourable mention. 'Higher Criticism' comes in for a good deal of notice, McFadyen's book being the subject of commendation. No worthless books are noticed. We wish England had such a workmanlike and comprehensive Review. B.

The Journal of Theological Studies. January 1904. (London: Macmillan & Co. Ann. Subs. 12*s.* net, post free.)

The proportion of learned and general contents is well preserved in this number. Dr. W. Cunningham has a thoughtful paper on 'The Influence of Scientific Thought on Theological Study.' The catholicity of the Review is shown in a plea for 'scholastic' theology by J. O'Fallon Pope, S.J. It is curious to read the praises of mediaeval theology in regard to features which are not generally considered meritorious. 'If the argument is put before us in a jejune manner, the mind seizes it more quickly and more accurately, and is better able to appreciate its intrinsic worth.' It is curious also to find Mr. Bryce's ideal of an American judge applied to the casuist De Lugo. For the rest, the article is interesting and clever. Among the articles of pure learning is an exegetical fragment of the third century, which is discussed by Mr. C. H. Turner in an article of above twenty pages. There are excellent reviews of notable new books. It is satisfactory to find England vieing with Germany in original research. B.

The Critical Review. Edited by Principal Salmond, D.D. January 1904. (London: Williams & Norgate. 8*s.* 6*d.* per annum, post free.)

An unusually useful and interesting number. The reviews of *Norwegian Preaching*, Davidson's volume on *Prophecy*, Von Soden's massive work on the N. T. Text, Funk's *Patres Apostolici*, Cook's *Exposition of the Babylonian Code*, and the long list of briefer notices by the Editor, are excellently done. The commendation even of Davidson is discriminating. It is doubtful whether the author would have published the work quite in its present form. The glimpses into the religious life of Norway are valuable. We wish some one would render us the same service in regard to Denmark, which at present is an unknown land. Have Martensen, Mourad, Kierkegaard, no successors? B.

II. FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

Old Testament Prophecy. By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D., &c. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1903. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

It is a matter for congratulation that the lectures on Hebrew prophecy which made Dr. Davidson's classroom a kind of sacred shrine for a long succession of students have at length been published. It is now possible for those who never listened to this 'master of them that know' to understand the veneration in which he was held and the inspiring influence which he exercised, while those who were so fortunate as to hear these lectures delivered will welcome a publication that will recall the image of their great teacher and 'the sound of a voice that is still.' It is also interesting to note that the volume is edited by Dr. J. A. Paterson, who succeeded Dr. Davidson in the chair of Hebrew at the New College, Edinburgh.

From another point of view, however, it may be doubted whether the lecture form is an ideal medium for conveying to the public the results of 'forty years' strenuous thinking' on the subject of prophecy. Lectures involve a certain amount of repetition and recapitulation which would be rendered superfluous if the material were recast in another form. This book does not wholly escape the tendency to reiteration. It is also open to question whether the sequence of the argument is not broken by the study of a purely critical question, like the Isaianic problem dealt with in chap. xv. However valuable as a concrete application of the principles of the Higher Criticism, it belongs rather to the realm of the appendix. We would also suggest that in a future edition a summary of the contents of each chapter be prefixed either to the whole volume or to the individual chapters. This would greatly simplify the task of the student.

These, however, are minor points relating only to the arrangement of the subject-matter; and it remains gratefully to acknowledge that the work, as a whole, everywhere bears the stamp of genius, and is without doubt to be classed among the 'standard' theological works of the day. Indeed, for years to come it is likely to hold the

position of the most complete authority in our language on the subject of Old Testament prophecy. It is remarkably free from technicalities, and is suited to 'educated laymen,' as the editor suggests, who have no knowledge of Hebrew. It were to be wished that the laity could find leisure for such a study as this; for they would discover that the highest type of modern scholarship may combine scientific accuracy and insight with a reverent restraint and with sanity of judgement. Occasionally it might appear that Dr. Davidson errs on the side of caution and conservatism; but, in dealing with the subtle and complex questions connected with a spiritual fact like prophecy, this attitude inspires greater confidence than the erratic brilliancy which is tossed to and fro by every wind of the Higher Criticism.

We can only briefly indicate the contents of the volume. It opens with two illuminating lectures—the first on prophecy as a factor of human history, where its place in the moral evolution of the race is indicated; the second on prophecy as the dominating factor in Israel's history. These are followed by studies of the special features of the prophetic office in the times of the Judges, Samuel, David, Elijah, and onwards. The Hebrew student will find much valuable material in a lecture on the various names of the prophets, with their respective definitions; and also in one dealing with the 'prophetic state,' that is, the conditions of the prophetic consciousness. Finally, we reach what after all is the vital problem—Messianic prophecy in its various types. Nothing reveals so clearly Dr. Davidson's judicial powers and his gift of penetrating to the heart of a question as his treatment, for example, of the 'Immanuel' passage in Isaiah; or his analysis of the great chapters of Deutero-Isaiah, which represent the highest achievement of prophetic inspiration, dealing with the 'Servant of the Lord.' He regards the great conception of chapter liii. as the picture of an ideal Being, an Israel within Israel, in which all the redemptive elements in the history of the chosen race, 'the trials of faithful men, the death of martyrs who died only to rise again in a spiritual seed,' are united together to form an expression of one of the profoundest truths of religion. He remarks, too, on the 'surprising brilliancy' of this picture as an intellectual conception, and regards it as 'a piece of literature to which there is nothing equal perhaps in any other writings that exist.' One may note, in conclusion, Dr. Davidson's gift of compressing important facts and principles into epigrammatic dicta, so expressed as to stick in the memory: such as 'prediction is the least element in prophecy' (p. 11); the Wisdom writers 'were

what we might call the humanists of Israel' (p. 68); 'it is the Davidic king that is the great Messianic figure in the Prophets' (p. 318); '"spirit" in the Old Testament does not express a substance, but a quality' (p. 369). Such are some of the features of a volume which cannot fail to leave on the reader a vivid impression of the author's perfect mastery of his subject as well as of Old Testament literature and thought in general.

R. M. P.

The Book of Genesis, with Introduction and Notes. By S. R. Driver, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. (London: Methuen & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

It is a fact not without significance that the most recent English commentary upon Genesis of any considerable size appeared twenty-one years ago. 'The Book of Genesis touches science, archaeology, and history at more points than any other book of the Old Testament.' Only a man of unquestioned scholarship and rare candour could attempt to re-read the book in the light of the most advanced scientific and archaeological research. There is no doubt that Canon Driver was the ideal commentator, and his volume is no hasty production, but an expansion of lectures given for some years past to divinity students in Oxford. Its aim is first to explain the text, then to consider the position which Genesis holds from both an historical and a religious point of view. The writer, while eschewing theories and speculations that have no sufficient foundation, has endeavoured 'to place the reader, so far as was practicable, in possession of such facts as really throw light upon Genesis, and, in cases where from the nature of the question to be solved certainty was unattainable, to enable him to form an estimate of the probabilities for himself.' The result, startling 'though it is at many points, brings no peril to Christian faith. If we *modify* our conception of inspiration, and by making proper allowance for the human element co-operating with the divine, bring it into agreement with the phenomena to be explained, then all those facts which are fatal to the authority of the Bible upon the theories referred to above are adequately accounted for, and the Bible becomes a consistent whole, inspired throughout, though not "dictated," and with its authority firmly established upon a sound and logical basis.' That is Dr. Driver's conclusion. His discussion of the documents on which Genesis is based will be followed with special interest by

students, but all lovers of the Bible will be eager to know what the writer's opinions are as to the cosmogony of Genesis. They are given with admirable candour. As to the questions whether the 'days' of Genesis correspond with well-defined geological periods, and whether the order in which the different living things and the heavenly bodies are stated to have been created agree with the facts of geology and astronomy, he is compelled to answer, No. The survey of various attempted reconciliations between science and the cosmogony of Genesis leads to the conclusion that they are really irreconcilable. The value of the first chapter of Genesis lies not on its scientific but on its theological side. 'It is not its office to forestall scientific discovery; it neither comes into collision with science nor needs reconciliation with it. It must be read in the light of the age in which it was written; and, while the spiritual teaching so vividly expressed by it can never lose its freshness or its value, it must on its material side be interpreted in accordance with the place which it holds in the history of Semitic cosmological speculation.' That is the conclusion to which the Higher Criticism leads, and to have it set forth by one of the most competent scholars of the day will be reassuring to many who find themselves distressed and disturbed by these problems. The appeal must be to time. These questions are not yet closed. We wait for the light which study and research still have to pour on the Book of Genesis, and Dr. Driver will teach many of his readers to wait in quiet confidence that truth must win the victory. The famous passage in Genesis vi. 1–4, Dr. Driver thinks, can mean only that the semi-divine or angelic beings contracted unions with the daughters of men. We must see in it an ancient Hebrew legend intended to account for the origin of a supposed race of prehistoric giants, of whom Hebrew folklore no doubt told much more than the compiler of Genesis has deemed worthy of preservation. This is only one of many passages which will be eagerly scanned by those who turn to this great commentary. The volume marks a new epoch in biblical study, and, whatever revision of its verdicts the future may bring, the fine temper of the discussion, the candour and scholarship of the writer, will never lack recognition.

The Old Testament section of *The Century Bible* (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack, *2s. 6d.* net per volume) makes a splendid start with 'Genesis,' by Professor W. H. Bennett, D.D. We are glad to find that space is saved by omitting the Authorized Version, which was printed together with the Revised in the New Testament volumes.

A very clear account is given of the new light thrown on Genesis by the Higher Criticism. As to the relation of the book to modern science, Professor Bennett says 'the inspired authors were allowed to write according to their education and the knowledge of their times, just as they were in matters of grammar and literary taste.' The problems of the book are carefully discussed in this little commentary, and, the longer one studies it, the more its learning and sound judgement will come out. It is the best small commentary on Genesis that we possess. The volume on 'Judges and Ruth,' edited by G. W. Thatcher, M.A., B.D., is marked by the same merits as Dr. Bennett's volume, though its account of the origin and development of the Book of Judges is a tax on one's receptivity. The Old Testament volumes of *The Century Bible* have been greatly needed and eagerly expected, and no one will be disappointed in them.

Studies on the Gospels. By Vincent Rose, O.P., Professor in the University of Fribourg. Authorized English Version by Robert Fraser, D.D., Domestic Prelate of H. H. Pius X. (London: Longmans. 6*s.* net.)

This book bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster, but in its spirit and scholarly qualities will be welcomed by many to whom such a sign of authoritative approval is of little consequence. It deals mainly with matters that are common ground with both Protestant and Roman Catholic; and there are few indications in it, apart from a natural preference for scriptural renderings and interpretations that are characteristic of the writer's own Church, that would enable the reader to fix his ecclesiastical position. Of the eight studies in the volume, one is especially attractive in view of current controversy. The others relate to what may be reverently called stock subjects, though their interest is unfailing, and the final exposition has not yet by any means been reached. What is described as the initial and spiritual phase of the kingdom of God is distinguished from the eschatological phase. The titles, Heavenly Father, Son of Man, Son of God, are examined in three carefully written chapters, whilst the two remaining are given to the discussion of Redemption, and of the proof and meaning of the Resurrection. In all these cases the writer shows himself abundantly acquainted with recent literature on his subject, and able both to detect weakness in the argument he is meeting and to defend his own position with vigour.

The first study is an examination of Harnack's views as to the constitution of the fourfold Gospel, and the historical and patristic arguments adduced are of such a kind that Harnack will at least feel that his foeman is worthy. The subject of the second study is the Supernatural Conception, in regard to which our author maintains the traditional opinion. He states with complete respectfulness and impartiality the views he combats, and he combats them by means derived exclusively from research and investigation. Altogether, the chapter is one of the best yet written upon the conservative side. It is marked by appreciation of the real difficulties, by knowledge of the latest and most diverse views, by an easy use of the materials available for judgement, and by perfect temper. The reasoning is not vitiated by dependence upon unacceptable postulates; and the effect is to make the case for the virgin birth, apart from all irrelevant considerations, stronger than it was in several quarters supposed to be. Professor Rose's book needs no official imprimatur, but is in itself an important and timely essay, or series of essays, in current theology.

R. W. M.

The Expositor's Greek Testament. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Nicoll. Vol. iii. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 28*s.*)

This great commentary does not become less valuable as it works onward. This is a very good volume. Dr. Bernard makes an excellent beginning with Second Corinthians. The Dean of St. Patrick's must be distinguished from his venerable namesake, Dr. Bernard, the Chancellor of Wells, so well known as a profound student of the New Testament and an admirable expositor. But the Dean of St. Patrick's is a distinguished theologian, an acute and learned philosopher, and, as this commentary is sufficient to prove, a learned and able expositor and critic. He has the merit, also, of being terse and condensed as well as learned and able. He is never tempted to be rash. He gives strong and, it seems to us, sufficient reasons against the dissection and division of this great letter into two or three. Somewhat too strictly, perhaps, he keeps to his rôle of interpreter. To us, at least, it would have been satisfactory as well as interesting if he had shown how far the eleventh chapter goes towards filling a gap in the history of St. Paul's life-work as apostle, by noting distinctly his missionary labours and sufferings in the synagogues of Cilicia and Syria during the period between his leaving Jerusalem for Tarsus, as related in the Acts,

and his taking his place and part at Antioch as specially commissioned to the Gentiles. The brevity of his commentary as compared with some of the others, and in particular with Dr. Salmond's on the Ephesian Epistle, shows perhaps his modesty and strictness of self-limitation, but is so far for us a disappointment, and not only at the point we have specially noted. Mr. Rendall's is, we venture to say, an excellent commentary on the Galatians, and specially happy in exposition and defence of Professor Ramsay's South Galatian views. Dr. Salmond's is a full, learned, and very able commentary on the great Epistle to the Ephesians. We are surprised, however, that he makes no reference whatever to Dr. Dale's well-known exposition of this Epistle. Dr. Kennedy's commentary on the Philippian Epistle is thorough and not unworthy of what many regard as the brightest gem in the apostle's lovely string of minor epistles. Mr. Peake's commentary on the difficult Epistle to the Colossians is learned and painstaking.

R.

The Second Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians. Edited by A. Plummer, M.A., D.D. (Cambridge University Press. *1s. 6d.* net.)

Dr. Plummer has been led by a prolonged study of the evidence to the conclusion that the last four chapters of this Epistle were originally part of another and earlier letter. He had written against such a conclusion years ago, but has been reluctantly compelled to revise his judgement. The argument is stated with much force, though to us it is not convincing. Dr. Plummer leans to the opinion that St. Paul's thorn in the flesh was epilepsy. This little commentary is very rich and full.

The Revision Version of *St. Mark*, with introduction and notes by Sir A. F. Hort, Bart., M.A., and Mary Dyson Hort (Mrs. George Chitty) (Cambridge University Press, *1s. 6d.* net), is a valuable little book, with notes that deal carefully with difficult points, and are both clear and concise. Teachers will find such notes of great service in class-teaching.

Galilee in the Time of Christ. By S. Merrill, D.D. (R.T.S., *2s.*) This is the fifth edition of a handbook which all readers of the Gospels will find very helpful. It shows what the great northern province was in the days of our Lord, and helps us to understand His parables and the vast congregations that listened to them. It is admirably clear and full of matter.

III. HISTORY.

The Expansion of Russia—1815–1900. By Francis Henry Skrine. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s*.)

In depicting the progress of an empire like the Russian, Mr. Skrine has had no easy task, but he has succeeded in presenting to us a history at once succinct and complete. He has brought to the work of tracing the expansion of Russia rare impartiality and fullness of information. His style, if it lack glow and movement, is clear and eminently readable. The fascination of the theme is great; and the reader is carried on from page to page, through the marvellous history of conquest and annexation, with unflagging interest. Nothing appears to have been withheld that would prevent us from arriving at a true understanding of the forces that have evolved from a group of barbarous oligarchies existing in a state of perpetual discord an empire which 'embraces an area greater than Alexander's conquests, than the solid dominion built up by Rome, than the realms overrun by Chinghiz or Timur'—an empire which covers a sixth of the globe's surface, and has a population of 135,000,000, and that doubles in seventy years.

Before us pass Tsars like Alexander I—a man of superb characteristics, exercising the loftiest influence in European councils, wise, magnanimous, until physical decay and intrigue and disillusion converted him, who more than any other individual contributed to the downfall of the Man of Destiny, into a gloomy despot in his last years; like Nicholas I, a born king of men, whose rule of iron was mingled with absolute personal unselfishness, whose domestic life shone in the serenest light, and who gave 'to all the people of his empire the germs of a sense of brotherhood,' though the world at large regarded him as a tyrant of the most unmitigated type; and like Alexander II, the glory of whose reign was the emancipation of the serfs—a reform contemplated by Alexander I, and wished for by 'Nicholas as he lay calmly dying in his military cloak in his narrow camp-bed.' About 47,000,000 serfs in 1861 and following years received personal freedom at great sacrifices on the part of the nobles. They were not cut adrift to form 'a landless and therefore a pernicious class,' to quote the Tsar's words; but to their

liberty was added 'a perpetual enjoyment of their homesteads and of an area of village lands equivalent to that reserved by custom for the support of a family,' the extent of land varying with soil, climate, and density of population. Thus the Magna Carta of the Russian serf created a peasant proprietorship, with lands vested in a commune, and a complete organization of self-government with which the landowners were not allowed to meddle. But Mr. Skrine is not an undiscerning eulogist of autocratic rulers: all the causes that have contributed to the development of vast Russia are dealt with with no less frankness than ability. The courage required to tell Englishmen the naked and unwelcome truth about our great rival in the East is commendably present. Honesty is only paralleled by thoroughness of treatment, and by the knowledge which enables the author to trace in accurate detail the advance of Muscovite arms in obscure Transcaspian and Central Asian lands, as well as to set forth luminously the part which Russia has played in the fortunes of countries nearer home.

We close our brief notice of this fine book with some words of Mr. Skrine's. After declaring that Russia has the gift of imbuing all her subjects (presumably including her subject races) with a feeling of citizenship, he adds: 'Given a people with a colonizing instinct, and schooled by their environment to endure and conquer; given an absolute power with its roots set deeply in vital religion, —and Modern Russia is the inevitable result.' Is not this claiming too much? Ambition and love of martial glory are factors that may not be ignored in the expansion of Russia.

R. C. Cowell.

George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham. By Lady Burghclere. (London: John Murray. 21*s.* net.)

As all students of the Restoration epoch are aware, the second Duke of Buckingham exercised a great and, on the whole, by no means a healthy influence upon the course of public affairs, and was deep in the political intrigues of that shameless period. A striking illustration of the extent of the duke's activities and of the part which he played in underground politics is to be found in the frequent appearances of his name in the contemporary French *Archives des Affaires Étrangères*, references to which, in certain parts of the volume, are to be found on almost every page, and which have afforded much useful biographical material to the writer. This of course renders the task of his biographer all the more difficult; and Buckingham, it must be confessed, is no easy subject.

Lady Burghclere has, however, accomplished her undertaking with great success, and shows herself to be possessed, in no small measure, of the instincts of the historian. With untiring industry she has delved among the original sources of information, and has used the material thus gained with much insight and literary skill. Though not a great or heroic personality, Buckingham was possessed of considerable ability, and because of his intimate connexions with all the more prominent characters of his day, whether by way of rivalry or association, forms a most interesting subject for a competent biographer. Tainted as he was, and deeply tainted, with the prevailing immorality, both public and private, of the wild days of reaction from the rule of the 'saints,' he appears to have been possessed of some religious feeling; and, as contrasted with the shameful bigotry and persecution which was so painful a feature of the reigns of both the sons of the unhappy Charles I—of the cynical sensualist Charles II and the stern and gloomy bigot James II—his brave protest on behalf of religious freedom does credit to his head and heart, and should be remembered to him for good.

While it must be conceded that Lady Burghclere is not harsh in her judgement of the Duke of Buckingham, she has on the whole fairly avoided that favourable bias and moral colour-blindness which do so easily beset the writers of lives where the chosen hero is concerned. The sins and follies of the duke are not concealed, and there is no disguising of the fact that his life is one of the pathetic 'might have beens' in which history is unhappily so rich. With every advantage of birth and fortune, considerable natural ability, and not without some nobler traits of character, Buckingham miserably failed in life, and died a wretched death for lack of moral balance and steadfastness of purpose; and his story as one reads it here is a story with a moral which lies very near the surface.

Lady Burghclere has, however, done more than write the life of Buckingham. He is the central figure of her work, it is true; but into the web of his life she has woven not a little of contemporary history, and has wrought a most vivid picture of Protectorate and Restoration England. The second title of her book, 'A Study in the History of the Restoration,' is thus fully justified.

One or two small points we have noticed which appear to require correction or further consideration. On p. 135 Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, is spoken of as afterwards Duke of Dorset. This is an error. Charles Sackville became sixth Earl of Dorset and Middlesex; it was Lionel Cransfield, his son by Lady

Mary Compton, his second wife, who became the first Duke of Dorset. The warm terms in which Lady Burghclere speaks of Sir George Saville, Lord Halifax, are not more than just, and we are glad to note that she pays a well-deserved tribute to those high qualities which made the marquis, as he eventually became, perhaps the noblest of the great public characters of those troubled days in which his lot was cast. We are not quite sure, however, that she does not rather overestimate his part in the Revolution of 1688 in speaking of him as 'the future king-maker' (p. 149). The great Trimmer, the keen critic, the man who always saw both sides of any question at issue, and generally veered round to the weaker in the last resort, hardly appears to us to be of the breed—often ruthless, generally one-sided—of those who make and unmake kings. Judging the work as a whole, we have but little criticism to offer; its faults are few, its merits great. It is at once a most interesting biography—one of *the* biographies of the season, we venture to think—and a very valuable contribution to the historical literature of the later Stuart period.

W. Ernest Beet.

The Pope, the Kings, and the People. By the late William Arthur, M.A. Edited by W. Blair Neatby, M.A. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Neatby has omitted considerably more than a fifth of Mr. Arthur's matter, and has given us a single-volume edition of a work that ought to be in the hands of every Protestant. The editor has not been able to verify the references and quotations drawn 'with a lavish hand from the contemporary literature of half Europe,' nor to add explanations of allusions to events and circumstances which are not so fresh in the public memory as they were a quarter of a century ago. But no ordinary person can rise from a perusal of this book without gaining a valuable and extensive addition to his stock of religious and political knowledge. The story of the Vatican Council of 1870, when the Jesuits captured the Papacy and secured the proclamation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, is here told with a fullness of detail, and detail drawn from the Vatican's own organs, which gives it absorbing interest and unique importance. To watch the way in which the dogma was made matter of faith in the face of the resolute opposition of some of the most enlightened and spiritually-minded men of the Roman Catholic Church will open the eyes of many to the real nature of the Papacy.

Mr. Arthur's sentences are full of life and movement, and this book may be regarded as the crown of his work as a great Protestant historian. It will pay every minister well to read it.

The Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Oxford in its relation to some Famous Events in English History. By the Rev. Henry L. Thompson, M.A. (Westminster: Constable & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

It was a happy instinct that led Mr. Thompson to use his opportunity as select preacher before the University of Oxford to unfold some pages in the history of the famous church of which he is vicar. His introduction describes the unique position held by the church as the central home of the university in a way that cannot fail to attract attention. Then we pass to seven sermons entitled: 'The Beginnings of Oxford,' 'The Friars,' 'John Wyclif,' 'Growth of the University in the Fifteenth Century,' 'The Oxford Martyrs,' 'St. Mary's as a Place of Burial,' 'Royal Visits to St. Mary's.' Mr. Thompson has seized on features in the history which are of abiding interest, and has told the story with a keen eye to pictorial effect. The sermon on 'The Oxford Martyrs' gives a vivid description of the tragic scenes connected with the trial and death of Cranmer Ridley, and Latimer. We have never seen the final act in that grim tragedy—the recantation and death of Cranmer—told with more spirit and more effect. The sermons must have given new life to many famous pages in English history when they were preached in St. Mary's, and they will now be read with eager interest by a wider circle.

The Story of Seville. By Walter M. Gallichen. (London: Dent & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Seville is a city in the midst of a vast garden. The vine, orange, olive, and rose flourish in all open spaces within the walls, and the court of every house has its trellises on which flowers bloom all through the year. The city is white, clean, and bright, and an intelligent Basque señora described it as made up of 'many monuments, fine religious processions, splendid bull-fights, and not much business.' Mr. Gallichen is not enraptured with the beauty of its women, but the poetry of the dances has taken hold of him, and he describes the gay festas, the churches, the buildings, and the history of the city as one who has steeped himself in their Oriental charm. The cathedral is the third largest in Europe. The people of the

city said in 1401, 'Let us build such a large and splendid temple that succeeding generations of men will say that we were mad.' It is a magnificent type of the finest Spanish Gothic. Of that and the other buildings of Seville this book has much to say. The associations of the city with Columbus, Velasquez, Murillo, and Cervantes would in themselves make it immortal, and the story of these celebrities is told so charmingly that we are sorry there was not room for more. The three chapters on the artists of Seville were written by Mrs. Gallichen, and the exquisite illustrations are by Miss Hartley. It is a little volume, worthy of the great city to whose praise and fame it is dedicated.

Before the Great Pillage. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. (London: T. F. Unwin. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

We are glad to welcome a second impression of Dr. Jessopp's vivacious and instructive papers. He means by the 'Great Pillage' the six years of 'monstrous and incalculable havoc' during which the monasteries were robbed under Henry VIII, and the poor and helpless under the reign of his son. The second woe was, Dr. Jessopp says, ten times worse than the first. He thinks that the parochial clergy during the centuries between the Conquest and the Reformation numbered amongst them at all times some of the best men of their generation. The old churches were not built by the great men, but by the small people with the clergy at their head. They loved their churches and delighted in their vessels and adornments, which they regarded as their common property. Dr. Jessopp sorely laments the decay of village life, due to the attraction of the towns. His natural history papers are slighter than the historic, but they are good reading, and we are glad to see the protest against the ruthless slaughter of the mole.

Cinque Ports. By Montague Burrows. (Longmans. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This book has a deserved reputation; and this new edition, carefully revised in view of various criticisms, may be commended to all who wish to understand the making of our navy and the rise and decline of the Cinque Ports and the two 'ancient towns' of Winchelsea and Rye. The story is told with great spirit and rare appreciation of the conditions under which the ports attained to such influence in English life.

IV. BIOGRAPHY.

Benjamin Gregory, D.D.: Autobiographical Recollections. Edited, with Memorials of his later Life, by his eldest Son. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. *7s. 6d.*)

THESE Recollections were read with eager delight by Methodists in all parts of the world when they first appeared in *The Wesleyan Magazine* and *The Methodist Recorder*, and their interest has not evaporated. The chief criticism on which ordinary mortals ventured was that no memory could possibly be so retentive of a thousand minutiæ, but on that point Dr. Gregory's son assures us that 'corrections were few and unimportant.' The style may seem somewhat unrestrained to a severer taste, but there is no question as to the absorbing interest of these pages. They are a complete treasure-house of good things—of ghost stories, of pictures of life in remote country towns before they had lost their individuality, of glimpses of Methodist celebrities of olden times. We find ourselves swept away like the Oxford dons, 'who forgot their dignity in unrestrainable laughter and furtive wiping of the eyes' on the memorable day when Benjamin Gregory, the Methodist preacher, conquered the university and won a victory for tolerance where the line of what was to be condoned in an undergraduate had always been drawn at the Methodist chapel. Dr. Gregory's boyhood in a Methodist preacher's home is very tenderly described. It was as 'peaceful, cheerful, and happy' a home as could well be conceived, and the child's enjoyment of life was constant and intense. When he became a Methodist preacher he found inexhaustible delight in his work. His health would not allow him to accept invitations to the stronger circuits which were always anxious to secure his services, yet he told his son not long before his death: 'I have always liked my circuits, and whether it was large or small I had never been a week in a place without thinking it the most desirable, pleasantest, *jolliest* appointment a Methodist preacher could have.' The account of Dr. Gregory's editorship given by his younger son has special interest. Mr. Robinson Gregory defends the position which his father took in reference to the Higher Criticism. 'He

reserved the force of his indignation,' we are told, 'for those ministers of his own communion who (as he thought) made undue concession to the critical spirit.' He spent his last strength in a 'testimony and protest,' but death interrupted him in the preparation of the volume, and his eldest son has found any publication of the matter his father had got together to be impossible. The explanation of Dr. Gregory's attitude towards the Methodist Reform movement will also be eagerly scanned. He described his own conduct as 'the policy of preservation.' 'His dominant motive was desire to preserve her members to the Church.' This is one of the most important, and certainly one of the most delightful, volumes of Methodist recollections ever published, and the editor has supplemented his father's narrative in a way that adds much to the value and interest of the story.

Alcuin: His Life and Work. By C. J. B. Gaskoin, M.A. (London: C. J. Clay & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Gaskoin's essay won the Hulsean Prize for 1899, and no one who studies it will doubt that the prize was well earned. The first four chapters give an account of the early schools of Wales and Ireland, of Canterbury, Jarrow, and York, and show how well Alcuin was fitted both by birth and training for his great vocation as a teacher; the central chapters contain 'a chronological history of his career'; the last three chapters describe his achievements — theological, educational, liturgical, and biblical. The list of works cited in the notes show what research Mr. Gaskoin has made for this essay, and his notes and references will be of great service to any one who has to cover the same ground. Alcuin's life was spent in the School of York, at the Court of Charlemagne, and as abbot of St. Martin's at Tours. It is closely interwoven with the great events of the time. The Northumbrian scholar enjoyed the special friendship of Charles the Great, and rejoiced to interpret and fulfil his every wish. His was not an original mind. 'He clung timidly to the beaten track, and never in any respect advanced beyond his age.' His great merit is that he hoarded 'up for the instruction and edification of future scholars the accumulated wisdom of the past,' and fought 'error in ritual and doctrine with the weapons of authority and precedent.' It is altogether a pleasant picture of a great worker of the past, to whom Christian learning owes no small debt.

Jeremy Taylor. By Edmund Gosse. (London: Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* net.)

This is a very felicitous study of 'the Shakespeare of English prose.' Mr. Gosse endorses Coleridge's estimate of this 'great and lovely mind.' Coleridge 'used to reckon Shakespeare and Bacon, Milton and Taylor, four square, each against each.' Fuller is often described as Taylor's rival in his own age, but he is not so much a rival as a happy contrast. Wit was the sum and substance of Fuller's intellect, 'and it produced delightful effects, fresh and entertaining and boundlessly quaint. But to turn from it to the solemn art of Jeremy Taylor is to rise into a higher, if a rarer, atmosphere, to be nearer heaven, to come within earshot of a sublimer music.' Mr. Gosse thinks all Taylor's first-rate work was published between 1650 and 1655; that outside this absolutely consummate group of his writings there is a less brilliant but still admirable group, extending from 1647 to 1660. The rest of his works may be dismissed from literary criticism altogether. His 'distressing implacability as a bishop' is a painful feature of a noble life, but Mr. Gosse shows how bitter was the Presbyterian opposition which he had to face in the North of Ireland. Mr. Gosse's own phrases and criticism seem to have caught something of the lustre of the great divine, and they abundantly justify the choice of a literary man for the preparation of this monograph. Some of its statements as to Taylor's patrons need revision, but the book is a worthy tribute to one of the most perfect masters of English. On p. vi J. S. Hughes should be T. S. Hughes.

The Life and Letters of Robert Leighton, Restoration Bishop of Dunblane and Archbishop of Glasgow. By the Rev. D. Butler, M.A. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 12*s.*)

This is the first extended Life of Archbishop Leighton that has appeared. Mr. Butler has enriched it by extensive quotations from the records of the 'Presbytery Books of Dalkeith' for the years 1641–53, when Leighton was minister of Newbattle; and not less copious extracts from the 'Register of the Diocesan Synod of Dunblane.' He quotes Leigbton's sermons and gives some of his lovely correspondence. Everything that could throw light on the life of one of Scotland's purest and most lovable saints has been searched out and made to yield its contribution to the elucidation of a great career and a noble character. Leighton was the most liberal-minded Scotchman of his day. His motive in accepting a

bishopric was that he might assist in the reconciliation of Presbyterianism with Episcopacy. That was of necessity a failure, but Leighton bore himself as a saint and gentleman amid bishops and statesmen who were swayed by ambition and self-seeking. The value of this Life as a study of the religious history of Scotland is exceptionally great, but its charm lies in the fact that it brings us into almost living intimacy with a man whose whole spirit and temper were chastened and sweetened by divine grace. Had he lived two centuries earlier he would have been a Roman ascetic. As it was, he held 'that little eating and little speaking do no one any harm,' and when his sister asked him why pleasant things were conferred upon us he replied: 'To see how well we could forbear them.' The book is one of the highest interest and value.

Un Philanthrope d'Autrefois: La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, 1747–1827. Par Ferdinand Dreyfus. (Paris: Librairie Plon.)

The Duc de La Rochefoucauld was Grand Master of the Wardrobe to Louis XV and Louis XVI. He watched his first royal master die with a kind of grim contempt, but for Louis XVI he cherished a warm regard. He did his utmost to avert the disasters which were gathering round the throne, and when he was Lieutenant-General commanding the Fifteenth Military Division he prepared a plan for the escape of the king from Paris. Louis hesitated, and at last found himself a prisoner. The story of the duke's flight to England is one of the most exciting parts of this volume. Liancourt had formed a warm friendship with Arthur Young, the great agriculturist, and spent part of his exile near him at Bury St. Edmunds. Then he visited the United States. After the Revolution he returned to France and busied himself in the improvement of agriculture and in all kinds of philanthropy for the poor, the orphan, the sick, and the prisoner. The book is an exhaustive study of the duke's methods and his work as a friend of his country. To see him busy with these labours of love amid the crash of armies and the fall of states is an impressive picture. For the duke philosophy was action: the new humanity was to be largely man's work. To do all the good he could was man's task on earth. His philosophy rests on the idea of the perfectibility of the race and its duties towards itself. The suspicion and lack of appreciation with which one of the most noble and most respected men in France was treated by the court after the restoration of the Bourbons makes a pathetic sequel to an inspiring story.

Queen Victoria: A Biography. By Sidney Lee. New and Revised Edition. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6*s*.)

Mr. Lee has carefully revised this edition and incorporated in it facts drawn from Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone* and other recent volumes. Some of those who were in close relations with the late queen have supplied corrections or additional information. The book as thus revised is one of the most trustworthy and instructive records, not only of Queen Victoria's life but of the events of the last sixty years. Mr. Lee is never lacking in respect to an honoured memory, but he is sufficiently frank in his critiques and his statements to make his book a real and a living picture. He is master of a graceful and easy style. On Queen Victoria this is the verdict: 'Possessed of no commanding strength of intellect, but of an imperious will, great physical and mental energy, and an exceptional breadth of sympathy, she applied herself to the work of government with greater ardour and greater industry than any of her predecessors.' He pays tribute to the fact that the queen was always frank and truthful in her relations to her Ministers, and her detachment from party interest or prepossessions was of great service in shaping the national policy. Mr. Lee has laid the empire under obligation by his frank and honest study of the greatest reign in our history. It is an indispensable book for every Englishman.

The Life of His Majesty William the Second, German Emperor. By William Jacks, LL.D. (Glasgow: Mac-Lehose & Sons. 9*s*. net.)

Dr. Jacks first saw the present Emperor of Germany a quarter of a century ago in Berlin. He says: 'I was much impressed by his calm face, expressive of self-reliance and courage, and there was a fascination about his person that I could not resist.' That led him carefully to follow the career of the prince, and this book is the result. The chapter given to the Hohenzollerns is one of the best epitomes of German history that one could find. The sketch of 'The Great Elector' is excellent, and the outline of Frederick the Great's military career and the account of his labours for his people when peace was at last secured should not be passed over without a word of praise. Dr. Jacks is no doubt somewhat of a hero-worshipper, but he does not gloss over the delicate points in the history of the Imperial Family, and one can better understand the friction caused by the Liberal or English party in Berlin. The

dismissal of Bismarck forms an impressive page in the early history of William the Second's reign. Dr. Jacks has no new light to give, but he helps us to approach the forces that brought about that memorable event. Copious extracts from the emperor's speeches and dispatches furnish material for a first-hand study of the man and his mission. The home life of the palace forms a very pleasant picture. The illustrations are attractive, and we are glad to have Punch's famous 'Dropping the Pilot' among them.

Henry Ward Beecher. By Lyman Abbott. With Portraits. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. *7s. 6d.*)

Dr. Lyman Abbott first knew Beecher in 1854, when he attended the services at Plymouth Church and was inspired with the resolve to abandon his career as a lawyer and become a minister of the gospel. From that time, save for five years during the Civil War, he was in close and confidential relations with the great preacher. Little did Beecher dream that he was preparing his own successor in the pulpit of Plymouth Church. Dr. Abbott claims that he is now far enough from the spell of Beecher's personal presence to estimate justly his life and character. He is very decisive as to his perfect innocence as to the charges brought against him by Mr. Tilton; the account of all that led up to the Civil War is singularly clear and instructive; and the description of Beecher's speeches in England during the war is really exciting. The account of Beecher's preparation for the pulpit, of his public prayers and of his oratory, will appeal specially to preachers. They will find this a golden book, and will get many a wise hint from it as to their own pulpit work. We are deeply indebted to Dr. Lyman Abbott for this estimate of the friend to whom he owed so deep a debt.

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. have given *The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson* (*3s. 6d.* net) the first place in their 'Dryden House Memoirs.' The book is very neatly bound in red canvas, and has the portraits, plans, and other illustrations given by the first editor in 1806. Mr. Child's preface helps a reader to estimate the real value of the work as a history of the times, and the notes are a great help to a student. The charm of the book itself is indescribable, but every one will endorse Mr. Child's description of Lucy Hutchinson as 'the remarkable woman to whom' her husband 'owes the fame that so far surpasses his achievements.' This is the best cheap edition that has been published.

The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender. By A. C. Ewald, F.S.A. (London: Chatto & Windus. 6*s.*)

This is a third edition of a fascinating book. Mr. Ewald was an expert of the Record Office, whose work there made him aware of the wealth of unused material about the Rebellion of 1745. He was thus led to write the Life of 'The Young Pretender.' It is more exciting than a romance, and the pitiful wreck of what was once a promising reputation is a dramatic close to the grim tragedy of the Stuarts.

Bishop Butler. By Alexander Whyte, D.D. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Whyte's appreciation covers seventy-five pages, and it is followed by a careful selection of Butler's best passages. The appreciation is appetizing. Young people will catch some of Dr. Whyte's enthusiasm, and will pass to the study of the selections from his works with eager interest. Dr. Whyte's notes on the sermons are excellent, and so is his discussion of Butler's critique of imagination. The volume is likely to be very helpful to young preachers and teachers.

Fanny Burney. By Austin Dobson. (London: Macmillan & Co. 2*s.*)

Madame D'Arblay has been very happy in her biographer. Mr. Austin Dobson has surrounded her with the friends whom she best loved, and has traced the shy girl from her first venture into literature, up to her days of popularity and influence and her happy marriage with M. D'Arblay. The critiques of her books will be studied with interest by those who have not ventured to read the stories themselves. But Madame D'Arblay's diary is worth all her stories, and Mr. Dobson will make many anxious to read her lively descriptions of the court of George III, of Mrs. Delany, and of the celebrities among whom she moved. The book will appeal strongly to every lover of English literature. It is altogether delightful.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, by Charles Ray (Passmore & Alabaster, 1*s.*), is a tender and touching tribute. We have never seen the story of Mrs. Spurgeon's courtship told so brightly, and there is a full description of the work of *The Book Fund*. Mrs. Spurgeon had a large share in her husband's labours, and this little sketch will be read with eager interest in all parts of the world.

V. TRAVEL, NATURE, AND ART.

The Fields of France: Little Essays in Descriptive Sociology. By Madame Mary Duclaux (Mary F. Robinson). (London: Chapman & Hall. 5*s.* net.)

EACH of these seven studies is a gem in its own way. 'A Farm in the Cantal' describes the life of the French farmer in the Haute Auvergne, where cattle-grazing and cheese-making are the chief employments, and hay is the only export and exchange with the valleys below. During the five months of snow that follow All Saints four cartloads of hay are needed for every cow. The barns are as large as churches, and there the cattle live under cover from mid-November to mid-May. There the calves are born in February and March. 'Nothing is quainter than to see their wild delight, their leaps, their bounds, their joy, their tearing races, their frantic gambols, when for the first time in their lives they come forth into the green fields and balmy air of May.' The whole life of the farmer and his servants is sketched with the skill of one who lives on the spot, yet is fully alive to the problems of agriculture as they are presented in other places. Unceasing industry is required in these regions, but the description of the diet of the peasants shows that there is abundance of good and wholesome food. Tiny shepherds of five to eleven years old mind the flocks, and 'herd the bull past frightened ladies with much air and grace.' The charming paper, 'A Manor in Touraine,' says 'the very hillsides run down with bunches of ripe grapes; the fruit-trees by the road bow beneath a weight of pears and plums. The peaches hang against the garden walls; the raspberry-canes are rosy still with fruit.' It seems an Eden of plenty and mellow fruitfulness. 'A Little Tour in Provence' is a record of visits and impressions for which every one will be grateful. For a profound and melancholy beauty Madame Duclaux saw no place like Arles. 'In that tiny city every step calls up a new picture, an unforgettable recollection.' The book has been to us one of the chief treats of the season, and every one who wishes to know more about France and its peasantry ought to read it.

Impressions of Spain. By Albert F. Calvert, F.R.G.S. (London: Philip & Son. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This is one of the most lavishly illustrated volumes on Spain that we have met. Mr. Calvert has paid many visits to the country, and his personal relations with the people have been singularly happy. 'In a somewhat wide experience of countries and men I have never met their equals in courtesy and true consideration to the stranger within their gates.' The confidence of the people in themselves and their country is unbounded. The disasters in Cuba have awakened the nation to the need of reorganization and reform. Mr. Calvert thinks that the potentialities of the country justify the pride of its people. Its mineral deposits are perhaps as rich as those of any part of the world. The chapters on mining, which are a feature of the book, make this abundantly clear. Mr. Calvert is a warm admirer of Madrid. Its bleak winds are of course a great trial; but pneumonia attacks the men, who live a hothouse life, and spares the women, who brave all weathers. The *Puerta del Sol* is 'the living-room of Madrid,' where all the streams of business and pleasure meet. The spell of Seville has fallen on Mr. Calvert. Its cathedral strikes a visitor with amazement and awe. Its Alcazar is a palace of delight. As we wander from one end of Spain to another with Mr. Calvert we almost grow as enthusiastic about its natural beauties and its famous buildings as our guide. His pictures throw light on every side of the subject, and some of them, like that of the high altar in Toledo Cathedral, are superb.

Turkish Life in Town and Country. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. (London: Newnes. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This book well maintains the high character of an excellent series. The writer has known Turkey for many years, and her descriptions are evidently the fruit of intimate experience. She says 'no country in all the world, perhaps, contains a population so heterogeneous as that of Turkey.' The Turks have kept all their diverse subject peoples within the bond of a united empire. Their pride of race is excessive, and their habit of domination has been developed by their position. The social organization is distinctly opposed to the principles of aristocracy and hereditary rank. The poorest Osmanli may attain the highest dignity; a Sultan's daughter may marry a subject. Among the labouring classes one wife is the rule; among the wealthier classes more than one is the rare exception. Only once during Miss Garnett's long residence in different

parts of the country had she the opportunity of visiting a harem containing more than one wife. Personal cleanliness comes next to godliness, and the public baths are the chief meeting-place for both sexes. The extreme sobriety and orderliness are marked features of town life. The harem is the most cheerful and commodious division of an Osmanli's house. The women are passionately fond of the open air. The descriptions of the Sultan and the precautions taken to prevent his food being poisoned are very interesting. The little book is full of information, and it is pleasantly put.

Turnpike Travellers. By Eleanor G. Hayden. (London: Constable & Co. 6*s*.)

This volume will give unmixed delight to those who love country life and know how to appreciate the homely joys of the farm labourer and his family. The descriptions of the country-side are full of charm, and the village idylls are gems. Becky's soldier lover is a real man, and the rival carriers who amalgamate their businesses by a happy marriage win a warm place in one's heart. Some homely recipes are scattered over the book for the benefit of the housekeeper. The rabbit-catcher with his tales of stoats and rats is a quaint figure, and there are many racy stories of bird and beast and man which will bring a smile to the reader's face. It is a real pleasure to get hold of such a book.

Highways and Byways in Sussex. By E. V. Lucas. With Illustrations by F. L. Griggs. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.)

We incline to rank this as the best of the 'Highways and Byways Series.' The peculiar glory of Sussex is its Downs, but its old timbered houses, its charming villages, its commons, appeal strongly to every one who can appreciate these delights. Mr. Lucas thinks Withyham the jewel of Sussex once the South Down district is left behind. No other spot has so much to offer a traveller as Midhurst: 'a quiet country town, gabled and venerable, unmodernized and unambitious, with a river, a Tudor ruin, a park of deer, heather commons, immense woods, and the Downs only three miles distant.' 'Sussex has no more contented town.' The King's Sanatorium has the finest situation in the South of England. Mr. Lucas makes good use of the old diaries of residents in the country to spice his chapters, and we meet with many strange characters and listen to many good stories. The book could not be a better representation of a county which wins its way to the heart of every one who really knows it.

The Ingoldsby Country. By Charles S. Harper. (London: A. & C. Black. 6*s.*)

Mr. Harper is an enthusiastic admirer of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, and uses all the art of which both his pen and pencil are master to depict the bit of Kent which Barham loved and lived in. Canterbury and its outskirts, the Romney Marsh, and Sheppey are the chief scenes we visit. He does not subscribe to the eulogy of Kent as the garden of England, and even ventures to suggest that 'market garden of England' would be truer to the facts. Yet he admits that it is 'impossible to match, even in Devon, the beauty of that fertile fruit- and hop-bearing belt of country which begins at Newington, a few miles below Chatham, and continues beside the Dover Road, past Teynham and Faversham, and on to Canterbury.' The story of Becket is retold with much vivid colour, and a rather odd outburst à propos of Becket's changed life after his succession to the archbishopric. Still more interesting is the account of Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent. The description of Romney Marsh and its great tempests is almost the brightest and freshest part of a book which is as readable as any novel. The pictures are as attractive as the narrative.

Picturesque Cheshire. By T. A. Coward. (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. Coward is an enthusiast about Cheshire, and his readers will soon share his enthusiasm. He passes through the country, turning aside to see some ancient house or lovely piece of scenery, and wherever he goes we are delighted to follow him. He has been well served by his illustrator, Mr. Roger Oldham. The book is full of history, for Cheshire is famous for its old families, and it is so pleasantly written that it ought to have a large sale. It certainly deserves it.

Rambles in and near London, by W. J. Loftie (Cassell & Co., 6*s.*), is a cheaper edition of *London Afternoons*. It is the work of an expert, who has given years of careful research to London and its history. But though it reveals the historian on every page this book is always bright and popular. We have been greatly interested in the chapter on Guildford, which has won a warm place in Mr. Loftie's affection. King's Langley and Berkhampstead also have chapters to themselves, but as a rule Mr. Loftie keeps near to London, and wherever he goes one follows him with eager pleasure, learning to open our eyes to the exhaustless riches which so many pass unheeding. The illustrations are very attractive.

Mr. Newnes's *Handy Shilling Atlas* (1*s.* net) and *Handy Touring Atlas of the British Isles* (1*s.* net) are the cheapest and most useful of volumes. The *Shilling Atlas* has 120 maps and a gazetteer of 160 pages. The completeness of the little volume may be gauged by the fact that England has fifteen maps to itself. The *Touring Atlas* has been reduced from the Ordnance Survey with a view to the wants of cyclists, motorists, and travellers, by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. There is a diagram of road altitudes, and the maps are tinted to show the elevation of the country. One hundred cycling routes are added. The volume is a marvel of cheapness and good workmanship.

The Natural History of Animals: The Animal Life of the World in its various Aspects and Relations. By J. R. Ainsworth Davis, M.A. In Eight Half-Volumes. 7*s.* net each. (London: Gresham Publishing Co.)

This is one of the most important and most fascinating works on animals that we know. It has been prepared by a skilled naturalist on entirely new lines. Its aim is to give in a readable form and in non-technical language a general survey of the whole animal world in the light of modern science. The days are past when natural history could be regarded as a miscellaneous collection of disconnected facts. 'Animals as a whole must be looked upon as interrelated in the most surprising manner both with one another and with their surroundings.' A vast mass of matter on such subjects has been collected by the research of naturalists, and this has been laid under contribution in the preparation of these volumes. It has been inaccessible to ordinary readers, hidden away in the transactions of learned societies. The first section of this work deals with classification. The human body is taken as the type of the vertebrates, and after a full description of that we pass to the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibious fishes, protochordates. Two volumes are taken up with these studies of form and structure. Then we come to the question of the food of animals, which takes up a whole volume and part of the next. The most interesting subject of 'animal defences' leads to the consideration of the mimicry of nature and the 'warning coloration' which serves as a danger-signal to all creatures save the utterly inexperienced. Animal respiration and locomotion in all its forms—walking, running, leaping, crawling, climbing, &c.—are treated in the same fashion with a wealth of detail which is singularly attractive and instructive. Lovers of nature will find it hard to put down

these volumes. The pictures are of the highest merit. A large number of the designs are the work of Mr. A. F. Muckley, who is unrivalled in that department. Friedrich Specht's best designs in colour and black and white have been freely used. Kuhnert, and Koekkoek the Dutch painter, have helped to embellish the work. The result is that these volumes are almost a zoological garden in themselves. Some of the coloured plates are works of high art. The anatomical model of the bee given with the first volume is really wonderful. Every part of the internal structure of the insect is laid bare in a way that will greatly facilitate study. A similar model of the pigeon is to be given with the last half-volume. Five half-volumes have been published, and we do not wonder that His Majesty the King and so many of the nobility and members of the learned professions have subscribed for the work.

It is printed on special paper and sumptuously bound in red cloth. The half-volumes are light and convenient to handle. Such a work reflects honour on English naturalists, and will open the wonderland of science to all who have the good fortune to secure it. We look forward with eager interest to the appearance of the last three volumes.

Velasques. (London: Newnes. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Newnes's Art Library is sure of a welcome from all lovers of pictures, and this *Velasques* volume is really a gallery in which all his great works are assembled. The biographical sketch is just enough to whet the appetite for the pictures and to show the environment of the painter. Few artists ever had a more prosperous career or proved more worthy of all honour than the great court painter of Madrid. The pictures are reproduced with great skill, and the list of works will be of much service to a student.

Messrs. Bell & Sons have added *Rembrandt*, *Turner*, and *Constable* (1*s.* each, net) to their 'Miniature Series of Artists.' The life of each painter is brightly sketched, and a suggestive critique of his art and a list of his pictures are added. The books are very pleasant to read, and the pictures are well reproduced. 'A Miniature Series of Musicians' (1*s.* net) has all the good points of the little books on painters. *Beethoven*, *Mozart*, *Gounod*, and *Sullivan* have already appeared, and they are so exact, so interesting, and so instructive that they ought to have a very wide circulation. They are written by experts, and are admirable both for range and condensation. Every one with any taste for music will rejoice over them.

VI. BELLES LETTRES.

Studies in Shakespeare. By J. Churton Collins. (Westminster: Constable & Co. *7s. 6d.*)

It is a pleasure to read these studies. Mr. Collins knows his subjects so thoroughly and expresses his judgements with so much force and clearness that he throws welcome light on many Shakespeare problems, and will send students back to the plays with quickened interest. The earlier papers are the outcome of many years' intimate companionship with Shakespeare and the Greek dramatists. Mr. Collins reaches the conclusion that Shakespeare could read Latin with as much facility as a cultivated Englishman of our day reads French, and that through Latin he had access to the Greek classics, of which he thus gained 'in all probability a remarkably extensive knowledge.' This opinion is supported not only by a study of the plays but by a knowledge of Grammar School training in the days when Shakespeare was a boy. The study of Shakespeare's prose leads Mr. Collins to conclude that 'his most characteristic prose is, regarded merely in relation to correctness in composition, decidedly superior to his most characteristic verse.' The studies entitled 'Was Shakespeare a Lawyer?' 'Shakespeare and Holinshed'; 'Shakespeare and Montaigne,' will be of great interest to all students, but some will delight still more in the vigour with which 'The Bacon-Shakespeare Mania' is handled in the concluding paper. The weakness of the whole contention has never been more concisely and conclusively shown.

Mr. Frowde sends us the *Shakespeare* which he has just added to the 'Oxford Miniature Poets.' There are three volumes (*3s. 6d.* each), bound in superfine maroon cloth, and printed on India paper. *The Comedies* are in one volume; *The Histories, Poems, and Sonnets* in a second; *The Tragedies* in a third. Each volume has its portrait (the bust in Stratford church, the Chandos and the Droeshout portraits). The little 32mo books are $4\frac{1}{8}$ by $2\frac{7}{8}$ in., and weigh about $5\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each. Mr. Newnes's thin paper edition weighs 9 oz. Its type is bolder, but the Oxford Miniature edition is wonderfully clear print. The editor, Mr. W. J. Craig, M.A., has

thoroughly revised the text with the help of the early quartos and the folio of 1623. He has carefully considered the suggestion of previous editors, and has made some emendations which will probably commend themselves to the judgement of experts. The labour bestowed on this edition must have been very great, and every lover of Shakespeare will feel himself under a lasting debt to Mr. Craig and to the Clarendon Press for one of the most charming editions of our great poet that has ever been issued.

Exiles of Eternity: An Exposition of Dante's Inferno. By the Rev. John S. Carroll, M.A. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. *7s. 6d.* net.)

Mr. Carroll writes, not for Dante scholars but for the large and increasing class of readers who wish to make acquaintance with the Italian master, though they find it hard to understand his symbolism and his allusions to his contemporaries. His chief aim has been to bring out Dante's ethical teaching, and the account which he gives of the poet's views as to the salvation of the heathen is of singular interest. His creed forces him to shut them out from Paradise, but to the wisest and noblest he grants what alleviations he may. Mr. Carroll's chapter on the 'Ante-Hell of the Neutrals' is very fine. 'Dante shows us by a series of minute touches, every one of which tells, the great horror of weary, empty, barren existence to which this cowardly neutrality leads—an eternity of trimming, of having no great moral cause to which to devote the soul. The sand to which he compares them is the symbol of their barrenness: such men produce nothing. They are naked; on earth they carefully donned the garb of their party for the moment; now every party disguise is stripped off.' Still more suggestive is the final chapter, 'The Conversion of Dante.' Where Dean Plumptre saw nothing but 'the extremest point of grotesqueness,' Mr. Carroll thinks that he discerns the decisive turning-point of the poet's moral and spiritual life. The whole book is so rich in suggestion and so forcible in style that it will make Dante's poem a new thing to ordinary readers.

Vigil and Vision. By John Payne. (London: The Villon Society.)

If the first object of poetry is to give pleasure through the perfection of form, these sonnets will hold a high place in the realm of song. They are characterized by stateliness of diction;

and, whether the subject be a lament for a favourite cat or in praise of Caesar, it is treated with a fine discrimination that distinguishes the mind of broad outlook. Mr. Payne is well known as a master in the art of translation, and it is probable that his name will live as the creator of original verse. The note of pessimism, unfortunately, is frequently dominant. He will not confess with Wordsworth that consolation can be sought from Nature, for 'she no sympathy with man can show'; he thinks other poets have struck a stronger note, and yet he turns to 'the singer of homely things,' and finds

> Faith in life's eternal whole
> And Duty, past and present, and to be
> Binding in chains of heavenly harmony.

Mr. Payne takes up the gospel of work; he is satisfied if he is allowed to make the best of this life; the present is his, and he is desirous of using it. His one regret appears to be that the harvest may not be reaped, and his poetry may be like plants 'that deny to flower their best beneath a frowning sky.' All this is somewhat depressing. And yet, though the Christian's note of joy is often absent, the strength of a purposeful life is here. As a sample of Mr. Payne's sonnets we give a few lines from the first in the book. The subject is January:

> This is the bitter birth-month of the year,
> The sun looms large against the leaden sky;
> Rayless and red, as 'tween a giant's eye,
> That through the mists of death abroad doth peer;
> The fettered earth is dumb for frosty cheer,
> Veiling its face to let the blast go by.

We ought to add that the book is tastefully bound, though apparently the printing is done—not in Germany but—in Holland.

J. C. W.

When the Stars Appear. By George T. Coster. (London: A. Brown.)

A collection of short poems written by one who has evidently drunk at the spring of living water. They treat of Christ and of Christianity in its varied aspects, and from a strictly orthodox standpoint. Some of the hymns are inspiring, and are suitable for public worship. Being simple in subject and treatment, we are not

disposed to be severely critical with these effusions. But here and there we notice blemishes which can hardly be passed by. On page 32, for example, 'woods' is made to rhyme with 'moods,' and there are other instances that might be given to prove the author's faulty rhyme. As a fair specimen of Mr. Coster's verse we append the first stanza, the subject being Wesley:

> The heavens still rule; God's wisdom mocks at man's
> In his great plans:
> The harvest His, and His the reapers who
> His ripe work do.

J. C. W.

Castalian Days. By Lloyd Mifflin. (Frowde. 5*s.*)

These sonnets are rich in meaning and full of music. Mr. Mifflin makes his scenes live with all their passion of love and desire. This is true poetry:

> The sweet re-echo of ethereal bells.

Mr. Mifflin traces his descent from a Wiltshire family of Friends who emigrated to America in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He began life as a landscape painter, and his art training has borne good fruit in his later work as a poet.

Mr. Albert Broadbent, of Manchester, sends us copies of his 'Treasuries of Selections from the Poets.' They are threepenny booklets, neatly printed on rough paper and dressed in stiff covers. The selections are from Whittier, Emerson, Mackenzie Bell, Festus, and other poets. The *Brotherhood Treasury*, the *Treasury of Devotional Poems*, and the *Treasury of Consolation* are charming selections, but every one of these booklets makes its own appeal to lovers of sweet words and great thoughts. Mr. Broadbent's little series deserves the hearty support of all who want to make the lives of others brighter and purer.

The Poems of John Keats (Frowde, 2*s.* 6*d.* net) make a dainty addition to the 'Oxford Miniature Poets.' The little volume will almost go into a waistcoat pocket, but its type is clear, and it contains all the poems with an index of first lines and another of subjects. It is dressed in superfine red-brown cloth, and as a little gift to a lover of poetry nothing could be more sure of a welcome.

Poems. By Wilfrid Earl Chase. (Chase: Madison, Wisconsin.)

These poems cannot be said to justify their publication. They have some touches of pathos, and are reverent and sympathetic in tone; but the longest poem 'Good Cheer' is a meditation in a madhouse, and the other pieces are not striking, either in thought or style.

Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations (English). By Helena Swan. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. *7s. 6d.*)

The quotations are from contemporary poetry, most of it written since 1850. They are arranged under their subject, but there is an author's index, and the source of each extract is given, so that it may be found in the writer's works. We miss George Meredith, whose poem on the lark would have made a welcome addition to the excellent set of quotations here given. The work seems to have been done with unwearying patience and with much taste. The sections on 'Love,' 'Marriage,' 'Flowers,' 'Spring' are excellent, and the 'To-day' and 'To-morrow' fragments will appeal strongly to the moralist. The selection will often be of great service, and it is very pleasant to wander through this garden of verse.

Mr. Grant Richards has added a volume of Tolstoy's *Essays and Letters* to his 'World's Classics' (1*s.* net). It is translated by Mr. Aylmer Maude, who has been in constant communication with the author, and includes some articles which were prohibited in Russia. The subjects dealt with are religion and moral duty, and the treatment is always suggestive, even where the teaching is too extreme for English readers. The little paper on 'How to Read the Gospels' is well worth notice, but the whole book will increase the reader's respect for the great Russian socialist. *Esarhaddon, and other Tales* (Richards, 6*d.*)—three allegories by Tolstoy—beautifully translated by Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer, should be read together with the Essays. They are full of brotherly kindness, and if Russia were leavened by their spirit it would be a new world.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, by John Fox, jun. (Constable & Co., 6*s.*), is one of the best stories America has sent us for a long time. Our hearts warm towards Chad and his faithful dog at the outset; and his life in the mountains, his journey down the river on the timber-raft, his conquest of the Major, and the

trial of his dog on a charge of killing sheep, are scenes that linger in the memory. With the outbreak of war between North and South we reach a darker part of the story. The passions of the time, the rent in families whose members took different sides in the struggle, are brought out with rare skill and not a little pathos. Chad comes back a true man, sobered and strengthened by the terrible experiences of the war.

The Mistress of Bonaventure. By Harold Bindloss. (Chatto & Windus. 6*s.*)

This is the best Canadian story we know. The wheat-growers and their fight with bad seasons and the rascal money-lender are painted by a skilled hand; but the Mistress of Bonaventure, the slender girl who loves the prairie and shows herself as brave as she is tender, is the chief figure of this book, and when she chooses the right man we feel a sense of relief after all the excitements of the story. It is a book that Canadians will be proud of, and it does not lose its grip of a reader from the first page to the last.

Long Will: A Romance. By Florence Converse. (Longmans & Co. 6*s.*)

This story opens at Malvern Priory, where William Langland meets Chaucer and sets out to see the world. After some years we find him living in Cornhill with his wife and his little girl Calote. The vision of Piers Plowman links him to Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and the Peasant Rising. His daughter wins the heart of Richard the Second's squire, and goes through England with a message from the king. The whole course of the Peasant Rising is sketched, and at last the squire weds Calote and turns shepherd in the north. The romance is not only a fine picture of a memorable period, but is one of the most fascinating stories we have read for a long time.

Red Morn. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell & Co. 6*s.*)

It would not be easy to pack more excitements into one story than Mr. Pemberton has given us in *Red Morn.* The 'rogue' of the ship's company turns out to be a nobleman in disguise, and the millionaire's daughter finds her true lover in an astonishing fashion. The story is full of novel situations, and it ends as happily as the most optimistic readers could desire. It is one of Mr. Pemberton's happiest efforts, despite some wild improbabilities.

Sanctuary. By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Kate Orme, on the verge of her marriage to Denis Peyton, discovers that he has concealed the fact of his half-brother's marriage. At first she feels that she must break off her engagement, but maturer thought leads her to marry Denis. The moral conflict is repeated in her son. The girl whom he wishes to marry pits her influence against the mother, but honour and honesty win the day after a sharp struggle. The story is full of force, and the way in which it handles the double moral problem is very fine.

For the White Rose, by Wymond Carey (Blackwood & Sons, 6*s.*), is a Jacobite story of the time of George the First. It opens dramatically with the stopping of Squire Weston's chaise in the New Forest by a masked horseman and a masked lady. They prove to be Lord James Gordon and his sister, champions of *The White Rose*, and with them Jacobite intrigue and adventure run riot through the peaceful glades of the Forest. Squire Weston's daughter, the toast of Hampshire, and her lover, the Whig squire, Harry Wylie, are both drawn into the meshes. The intrigues end in disaster, for Lord James and Mr. Wylie are killed by the dragoons, and the two girls are left loverless. That pall hangs over the tale, but it is steeped in the poetry of the New Forest, and it is full of love and adventure. Its description of forest scenery are the gems of the story.

Thyra Varrick: A Love Story. By Amelia E. Barr. (T. F. Unwin. 6*s.*)

Thyra is the daughter of an Orkney captain. The coming of Hector MacDonald makes wreck of her life for a time, but the lovely girl comes out of the trial sweeter and stronger. Lord Fraser's cripple boy proves her good genius, and in his sick-room Thyra wins a great victory over herself. She marries the right man, and has reason to be thankful that she was saved from the marriage with Hector on which she had once set her heart. Mrs. Barr has never given us a better story. It is very bright and very exciting.

Under which King? (R.T.S., 2*s.* 6*d.*), by Hubert Rendel, is the story of a shipwrecked boy who is adopted by a family at Rouen, and after the battle of Rosbach, in which he has shown rare bravery, finds his long lost father, a wealthy English soldier. It is a stirring story, full of life and interest.

The Tempter's Power. By Silas K. Hocking. (F. Warne & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Jacob Craft's hatred of his ward and his plots to get possession of her fortune fill the main place in Mr. Hocking's exciting story. Adela finds a friend and champion in Jack Henderson, and we are all satisfied when the inevitable marriage comes. The story is full of dramatic situations.

Bench and Mitre, by W. J. Hocking (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co., 6*s.*), is a story which takes the form of 'a Cornish autobiography.' The description of the hunting vicar which Mr. Hocking gives, makes a reader understand how Methodism laid hold of Cornwall. There is a great deal of animus in the book, and it will not promote goodwill or kindly feeling.

Two Artillerymen; or, Light in Darkness. By E. C. Rundle-Woolcock. (R.T.S. 2*s.*)

Another soldier story, as bright as *The Bible Punchers* and as well calculated to excite interest in the temptations and struggles of soldiers. It is well written, and full of enthusiasm for soldiers and soldiers' homes.

The One Strand River (D. Nutt, 6*s.*) is a volume of fairy tales by Mrs. H. F. Hall, with six full-page illustrations by H. R. Millar. It is a square demy octavo, printed at the Ballantyne Press, with artistic cover in three colours. The tales themselves are full of quaint surprises, and will keep the attention of young people on the alert in the most exciting way. The book is certainly charming, and nurseries into which it comes will be happy indeed. The last two stories are scarcely so felicitous as the rest.

VII. MISCELLANEOUS.

Doctors and their Work; or, Medicine, Quackery, and Disease. By Robert B. Carter, F.R.C.S. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6s.)

THE writer of this book has for more than sixty years been a student of medical and surgical matters, and as one of our leading specialists has been brought into close relations, not only with his professional brethren but with patients of all ranks and ages. His purpose in writing the volume has been to bring about a better understanding of medical objects and methods than now prevails; and to show patients how they may best co-operate with their physicians for the relief of suffering and the prolongation of life. He thinks that the medical profession does not hold anything like so good a position in the estimation of the public as it did fifty years ago, and evidently regrets the 'apprenticeship' through which young doctors once passed before walking the hospitals. Mr. Carter examines the statistics given by Sir James Paget as to a thousand students at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and reaches the conclusion that any young man of moderate talents and a moderate degree of energy and perseverance need not fail to earn a livelihood as a doctor. The great variety of work which the profession affords adds much to its attractions as a life pursuit. The writer is no believer in drugs. He knows people 'who swallow every month a larger amount of drugs' than he has swallowed himself in the course of a long lifetime. If he does not feel fit for work, he goes to bed and restricts himself to such diet as mutton broth and custard pudding. 'If nature has taken my case in hand, as she generally has done, I am giving her all the help she wants, in the shape of warmth, rest in the recumbent posture, and diminished work for the digestion. The next morning I wake up recovered; or, if I do not, I send for a doctor and do obediently as I am told, taking physic if it be given me. Of course, if the original attack appeared to be severe, or if it were attended by acute pain, I should send for the doctor in the first instance.' The chapters on 'Hindrances to Medicine' are very frank and outspoken. The book is one of unusual interest, and it can scarcely fail to accomplish the object for which it was written.

Lay Work and the Office of Reader. By H. Yeatman-Biggs, B.D., Bishop of Southwark.

Church Music. By A. M. Richardson, Mus.Doc.

(London: Longmans & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net each.)

These are timely additions to the 'Handbooks for the Clergy.' The possibilities of development in the work of the Reader are attracting much attention in the Church of England, and Dr. Biggs's volume supplies an historic sketch with forms of licence adopted in various dioceses both at home and abroad, as well as counsels for the reader or lay preacher and the clergy in whose parish he may work. The service of Methodism in this direction is heartily acknowledged, and the bishop regrets that a great opportunity of winning the masses was lost by the slowness of the leaders of the Church of England to enlist zealous laymen in the service. The revival has now come, and it cannot fail to bear good fruit.

The volume on *Church Music* is from the pen of the organist of St. Saviour's Collegiate Church. Its 'historical sketch' is of singular interest, and the instructions as to the training of a choir and the choice of music for special seasons will be of great value. The hints as to boys' voices and their cultivation are just what a choirmaster or clergyman needs, and Dr. Richardson never forgets the devotional side of the work. 'A choir should realize that they come to the church for worship, and worship alone. If this conviction is not always before their minds, their work is absolutely worthless, and is indeed labour spent in vain.' The book is certain of a warm welcome.

The Story of the Organ. By C. F. Abdy Williams, M.A., Mus.Bac. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Williams traces the development of the organ from the machine of Ctesbius, who lived in Alexandria about 284 B.C., down to its latest developments. The history is one that appeals strongly to every lover of music, and Mr. Williams lights up his narrative with some amusing anecdotes. Dr. Gauntlett wanted the Committee of the Crystal Palace to erect facsimiles of eight of the most celebrated organs of Europe, to be played from keyboards in the centre of the building, connected with the organs by electricity. His proposal was negatived with the words: 'Dr. Gauntlett, you will never hear a note of music in the Crystal Palace. The Exhibition is intended

for far higher purposes. We do not want music, and we shall never have it.' Adlung says that the organ-blower used to be called 'Sine me potestis nihil facere,' but that the preachers protested against such a misuse of the words of Christ. The specifications of organs from 1361 to 1902 are of great interest. The book is a manual which organists will prize very highly, and its closing chapter on 'Organ-playing' ought to inspire young musicians with enthusiasm for 'the king of instruments.'

How to identify Old China. By Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson. (London: Bell & Sons. 5*s.* net.)

This is the best guide that we know for a beginner in the art and craze of china-collecting. It gives a history of the chief English makers with descriptions of the marks put on their work, and full-page illustrations of characteristic examples of their work. Mrs. Hodgson writes both with enthusiasm and good sense. She warns the amateur that he must not expect to 'pick up' rare and beautiful specimens for a mere song. The best way is to go to a respectable dealer and pay a fair price. Those who possess old china are advised to *learn* it—to find out where it was made, when, and by whom; to study the paste, glaze, decoration; to visit museums and compare their own with other specimens. Such research will abundantly repay all the trouble involved. Mrs. Hodgson's book is one for which many will be grateful, and it is as charming as it is reliable and well informed.

What Can I Do? or, How to Help Missions. By Annette Whymper. (R.T.S.)

The brief readings and dialogues here given are admirably adapted for use at working parties or for missionary meetings. It surveys mission work all over the world, and will excite sympathy and kindle new interest wherever it is used. The pieces of poetry will serve well for recitations.

The Church Directory and Almanack (Nisbet & Co., 2*s.* net) is the cheapest and most compact guide to the benefices of the United Kingdom. It gives the address of each clergyman, the date of his ordination, and the value of his living. Lists of the bishops and a section of 'General Information' make up a volume which may safely be pronounced indispensable. No pains are spared to secure perfect accuracy in every detail.

The 'Daily Mail' Year Book for 1904, edited by Mr. Percy L. Parker (Amalgamated Press, 1*s.* 6*d.*), is packed with matter. Everything is put in the most compact form. Brief biographies are given of the leading men of the day; medical notes, labour notes, are given; Mr. Chamberlain's policy is stated in his own words; lists of the chief estates on which death duties were levied during the year are here, with everything that busy people most need to know. It is a book which we should set down as indispensable.

Methodist Quarterly Review (January).—Mr. Weatherford asks, 'What shall the Church do with her unendowed colleges?' The Southern Methodist Church owns, or has under its control, one university, sixteen colleges, and ninety-seven secondary schools, with a total endowment of $2,888,714. One-half of this belongs to Vanderbilt, one sixth to Trinity College; a million dollars is left which is divided between 112 schools. More than fifty of these regularly give diplomas. In many the professors have twenty-five to thirty-five hours of recitation work per week, to say nothing of committees and other calls. 'Every class and every student must be more or less neglected.' Mr. Weatherford has visited more than eighty such institutions. His remedy is to make the B.A. course at the best colleges as rigid as that of Vanderbilt, Yale, or Harvard, and limit the training to that of undergraduates, so that the teaching force might be concentrated and made more efficient.

Methodist Review (*South*), January–February.—Professor Terry pays a graceful tribute to Bishop Randolph S. Foster. His personal appearance contributed not a little to his power in the pulpit. 'He was gifted with a sensitive and poetic temperament and a powerful imaginative faculty. He was eloquent in form and face and eye and thought and tone. His profound emotion and glowing imagination kindled a fire in other hearts, and his hearers became enraptured with the wisdom and power of his thoughts.'

Messrs. Wells Gardner & Co. send us their *Midget London* and *The Seven Champions of Christendom* (1*s.* each). They are dainty little books, very neatly bound, and packed in a cardboard case. The *London* gives one to four pages about the chief places of interest, with a full-page view. The descriptions are excellent, bright, condensed, and instructive. *The Seven Champions*, of whom St. George is the chief, are just the company a child revels in.