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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

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'THE GOLDEN BOUGH'

Totemism and Exogamy. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., F.B.A., Professor of Social Anthropology in Liverpool University, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Four vols. (Macmillan, 1910.)

The Magic Art, and the Evolution of Kings. (The first part of the third edition of *The Golden Bough.*) Two vols. (Macmillan, 1911.)

Taboo, and the Perils of the Soul. (Part II of the same.) (Macmillan, 1911.)

The Dying God. (Part III of the same.) (Macmillan, 1911.)

Adonis, Attis, Osiris. Studies in Oriental Religion. (Part IV of the same.) Second edition. (Macmillan, 1907.)

Passages of the Bible, chosen for their Literary Beauty and Interest. Second edition. (A. & C. Black, 1909.)

Psyche's Task. A discourse concerning the Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions. (Macmillan, 1909.)

THE recent output of the famous author of *The Golden Bough* has been fairly bewildering in quantity and quality alike. The great work with which Dr. Frazer's name will always be associated appeared in its second edition, greatly enlarged, in 1900. Within the last four years four out of the six projected parts of the third edition

have arrived, and the half is already much more than the whole, for there are over two thousand pages now, as against some fourteen hundred in the second edition. The mere penmanship and proof-correcting of such a book would have been a guarantee of industry. But within the period of this great enterprise there has been another work more extensive still. The four volumes on *Totemism and Exogamy* contain nearly two thousand two hundred pages, of which only the odd two hundred are accounted for as reprints of earlier work. All this is far from exhausting the publications of the great anthropologist during the decade since *The Golden Bough* reappeared in its second edition. We have selected two smaller works for their special interest in the list given above. A mere glance at the pages of these stately volumes will impress the most casual reader with the stupendous industry that underlies them. To those who have been behind the scenes, those masses of detailed references call up long lines of scrupulously neat manuscript books, minutely indexed, in which Dr. Frazer has transcribed extracts from endless treatises and journals, books of travel, missionary periodicals, scientific works on anthropology, *et hoc genus omne*. Faster than a moderately busy man can read them, these marvellous volumes flow from the press, the immense mass of facts and observations sorted out, recorded under their proper headings, indexed and referenced for every student to examine independently; and those who know most of the writer and his methods wonder most how on earth it is done.

But it need not be observed that with Dr. Frazer genius is a good deal more than an infinite capacity for taking pains. He has been not only the foremost collector and systematizer of facts in the young science which he has done so much to force to the front: he takes his place with the great pioneers who strike out far-reaching generalizations which, even if they are destined ultimately to yield their place or suffer material change, yet remain the indispensable

means of scientific advance. There is a wonderful play of imagination in the very conception of *The Golden Bough*. In a paper in this Review published nearly ten years ago the present writer compared it with *The Ring and the Book* in regard of the extraordinary expansion which has made a slight-seeming story supply material for a work of immense extent. Such comments are of course still more pointed now. In two decades the famous treatise has twice doubled its size, and yet the unity is as clear as ever, and padding and irrelevance as rigidly excluded. The constructive fancy of the man of letters, as well as the precise logic of the scientist, are alike involved in the insight which in one strange ritual survival of ancient Italy can recognize a whole series of clues that lead the inquirer far away down the avenues of Time, into usages which on many sides of his nature reveal the very elements of the constitution of man.

The audience which Dr. Frazer now reaches is amazingly large for work of such high scientific quality. *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, the first part of the new edition to make its appearance, within a little more than a year ran out of print, and came out afresh, ' swellin' wisibly ' in the process, after Dr. Frazer's manner, before the author could be allowed to press on with the rest of the book. When Part I was published, early in the present year, its two bulky volumes, at twenty shillings net, sold to the extent of a thousand copies in the first week; nor did Part II a few weeks later meet a less eager public. The beauty and lucidity of the style has no doubt much to do with the popularity of a work so crowded with exact learning and profound speculation. Characteristically enough, Dr. Frazer has always made a point of reserving time in which to saturate himself in the best English prose, in order to secure for his own English the qualities that his fastidious taste demands. Whether nature or industry, or the happy combination of the two, bestowed on him the gift, no reader will overlook the exquisite literary skill with which dullness and monotony

are banished even from long sections devoted to the presentation of masses of closely similar social facts. And when the subject gives the artist his opportunity, the recounting of some romantic legend, or the setting forth of massive theory or comprehensive generalization, the prose glows with warmth and energy: sonorous but natural cadences, lucid and unforced, with never a suggestion of mere fine writing or meretricious ornament, are lit with flashes of mordant irony or varied with touches of vivid word-painting. In particular we might well single out Dr. Frazer's prefaces[1] as samples of the very best style that our great language can command, the perfect use of words to express serious thought, in phrases that linger in the memory like strains of music. Thinkers and men of science will no doubt always be divided into the literary and the unliterary, the camp of Plato and the camp of Aristotle. We can gratefully recognize the service that a pioneer renders when he so emphatically follows the former idea.

Any attempt to review even the broad lines of Dr. Frazer's latest treatment of his familiar theme would obviously break down on the space limitation that makes exposition impossible. The expansion which has so transformed *The Golden Bough* in its third edition consists, of course, very largely in the incorporation of new evidence, with discussion of points of detail involved therein. But the new form of the book is intended to remind us that the author no longer ties himself so closely to the original motive, the exposition and illustration of the ritual of Nemi. The hints provided there are followed out in various directions which often lead away from the starting-point. Thus in the first volume of *The Magic Art* we now find Dr. Frazer's well-known thesis as to the relation of magic to religion expanded into a whole chapter, instead of being given briefly in strict relation to the special theme. The

[1] That to *The Dying God*, published too late for quotation here, is perhaps the gem of the whole series.

part of magic in the evolution of kingship is also investigated with great fullness. It is when we have thus studied the history of the institution of royalty that we come back to the grove of Aricia and understand what was signified by the dignity of the unhappy ex-slave who reigned as 'King of the Wood' until a stronger than he should pluck the 'golden bough' from the sacred tree, slay the royal priest, and wear his uneasy crown. This serves the minor purpose of linking the discussion with the title of the whole work; but it need not be added that the by-products of this process are of far greater importance than the object supposed to be in view. The historian is perpetually concerned with the person whom the accident of birth or fortune, or (less frequently) his own gifts of body or mind, have brought to rule his fellow men. How did this kingship arise? What led men in the dim prehistoric past to tolerate and even welcome a social institution which gave such tremendous rights to the one as against the many? We learn here that kingship began with duties rather than rights. The king held a position involving a minimum of personal comfort, and of brief tenure, dependent at best upon his continuing to preserve his fullest bodily powers intact. He was there simply to serve his people as a rain-maker, or by other magical arts believed to be inherent in his divine personality. And at the end there loomed before him the day when a sacrificial death, generally of barbarous cruelty, would crown his service and transmit his royalty to another wearer of his dignity. An Englishman takes satisfaction in noting that our own monarchy has developed away from the perversion which made the people the servants of the king, into the loftier ideal by which the king is the servant of his people. And the student of the New Testament observes how strikingly this primitive conception foreshadows the law of the kingdom of God—thus shown to lie along the lines of man's ultimate nature—that service is the one condition of precedence, and that the King of

Men 'came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life as a ransom for many.'

We should like to tarry on the fascinating subject of Tree-worship, which occupies most of the second volume of Part I. It is full of interest for the reader of the Old Testament, who remembers the stern fight against the worship of the Asherah; and again for the antiquary interested in old English customs, who goes to Knutsford on May Day to see the artificial survival of the Maypole, which meant so much in our distant forefathers' lives. But we must hasten on. The last instalment but one of *The Golden Bough* concerns the big subject of Taboo, which is kept in close relation with the primitive conception of the Soul. The treatise of over four hundred pages is expanded from what in the first edition was only a single chapter. But in a striking preface Dr. Frazer indicates a line of extreme interest and importance which he has been obliged to touch only in passing, 'the part which these superstitions [about taboo] have played in shaping the moral ideas and directing the moral practice of mankind, a profound subject fraught perhaps with momentous issues for the time when men shall seriously set themselves to revise their ethical code in the light of its origin.' The remark leads the author on to comment in two weighty and eloquent pages on the 'perpetual flux' to which the moral world is subject no less than the physical.

> If we speak of the moral law as immutable and eternal, it can only be in the relative or figurative sense in which we apply the same words to the outlines of the great mountains, by comparison with the short-lived generations of men. The mountains, too, are passing away, though we do not see it; nothing is stable and abiding under or above the sun. We can as little arrest the process of moral evolution as we can stay the sweep of the tides or the courses of the stars.

Dr. Frazer's own answer to his question may be inferred best from the little volume of lectures entitled *Psyche's Task*, dedicated 'to all who are engaged in Psyche's task

of sorting out the seeds of good from the seeds of evil.' There he shows how superstition acted as foster-mother to all the most important social institutions of mankind, viz. government, private property, marriage, and respect for human life. As he says in his preface—

> If it should turn out that these institutions have sometimes been built on rotten foundations, it would be rash to conclude that they must all come down. Man is a very curious animal, and the more we know of his habits the more curious does he appear. He may be the most rational of the beasts, but certainly he is the most absurd. Even the saturnine wit of Swift, unaided by a knowledge of savages, fell far short of the reality in his attempt to set human folly in a strong light. Yet the odd thing is that in spite, or perhaps by virtue, of his absurdities, man moves steadily upwards; the more we learn of his past history the more groundless does the old theory of his degeneracy prove to be. From false premisses he often arrives at sound conclusions: from a chimerical theory he deduces a salutary practice. This discourse will have served a useful purpose if it illustrates a few of the ways in which folly mysteriously deviates into wisdom, and good comes out of evil.

The optimist view of human development is thus powerfully proclaimed by the savant who has done more than any other writer to show us the horrors through which man has climbed, and is still climbing, to the future glory destined for him. To the relation of all this to religion we shall recur presently: at present it is enough to say that the picture thus painted by science is in complete harmony with the Christian doctrine that the goal of ethical perfection has been already revealed once for all in the 'Imperial Law' by which Jesus of Nazareth made ethics and religion one.

We must hasten away from the Taboo volume, which (if comparisons are to be made) contains perhaps a larger quantity of general interest than any of the sections. *Adonis, Attis, Osiris* has been before the public now for five years. It attaches itself to *The Golden Bough* by the fact that it forms part—only part—of the exposition of the royal sacrifice, by which the divine king is doomed,

like the priest at Nemi, sooner or later to die. These three very similar Oriental cults are part of the field traversed in Part III (just issued), on *The Dying God*. The cults are extremely interesting in themselves, and their local proximity to Palestine gives them special importance for the student of Hebrew religion. The volumes yet to come will all be more or less closely concerned with the subject of Part III. Part V, at present announced under the title *The Man of Sorrows*, will apparently contain Dr. Frazer's revised exposition of his famous theory about the outward conditions of the Passion. I need not repeat here what I wrote in this Review in 1902, but will only say that I hold entirely to my assurance that the devout and intelligent Christian will find nothing to shock him, and much even to heighten his conception of the meaning of our Master's humiliation. The concluding part, *Balder the Beautiful*, takes us to our ancestral Teutonic mythology for a 'dying god' of a special kind; and we may expect also the discussion of the 'Golden Bough' itself, since it was by an arrow of mistletoe that Balder met his fate. The forecast, drawn simply from the second edition, will serve to remind readers that Dr. Frazer may very possibly have kept the best to the last, and in any case has in store for us the very discussions to which Christian theologians will most eagerly turn.

With *Totemism and Exogamy* we pass to an entirely different field of anthropology: how distant is well seen by the fact that totemism does not figure at all in the index to Parts II and IV of *The Golden Bough*, and affects only a few pages in Parts I and III. There is something fairly overpowering about these immense volumes, three of them occpuied almost entirely with a survey of the evidence for the ethnographical distribution of the institutions in question. We open first upon the reprint, only eighty-seven pages long, of the little pioneer treatise with which Dr. Frazer helped to bring Totemism into prominence twenty-five years ago.

The notes and corrections in the fourth volume show that there is relatively little to blot, even when the discoveries among the Australian aborigines have made the subject take a new form in so many directions. Dr. Frazer reprints articles of his, twelve years old, in which he showed the significance of these discoveries: like the first essay, these are brought up to date by the notes in vol. iv. The coast is then clear for the description of the institutions of races which are affected by totemism with or without exogamy, institutions 'fundamentally distinct in origin and nature,' though brought together by circumstances. We must ignore the survey here, crammed though it is with profoundly interesting facts of savage life over a large part of the globe. The fourth volume contains the summing up and verdict upon a mass of facts unexampled in its fullness and scientific exactness. On Totemism the most conspicuous result is the narrowing of its area. Writers on Greek and Hebrew religion have often discovered signs of totemism among the rudimentary forms which research uncovers. Dr. Frazer is profoundly sceptical.

> It is true that learned and able writers have sought to prove the former existence of totemism both among the Semites and among the Aryans, notably among the ancient Greeks and Celts; but so far as I have studied the evidence adduced to support these conclusions I have to confess that it leaves me doubtful or unconvinced (iv. 12 et seq.).

Historians of Hebrew religion will note the bearing of this on Robertson Smith's famous theory of the 'totem sacrament,' which takes a prominent place in attempts to interpret Sacrifice as an institution. Dr. Frazer's remarks on the theory, as affected by Spencer and Gillen's Australian discoveries, will be seen on pp. 280 f. of this volume. The evidence limits totemism to 'the dark-complexioned and least civilized races of mankind who are spread over the Tropics and the Southern Hemisphere, but have also overflowed into North America.' It appears to have arisen

independently in different regions, under the impulse of similar conditions acting upon a mind essentially similar everywhere, but dying out in prehistoric times wherever free communication between progressive races cleared away the 'clogs on the advance of civilization.'

With the quotation of Dr. Frazer's definition of totemism, and a reference to his theory of its origin, we must leave this part of our subject.

> If now, reviewing all the facts, we attempt to frame a general definition of totemism, we may perhaps say that totemism is an intimate relation which is supposed to exist between a group of kindred people on the one side and a species of natural or artificial objects on the other side, which objects are called the totems of the human group. To this general definition, which probably applies to all purely totemic peoples, it should be added that the species of things which constitutes a totem is far oftener natural than artificial, and that amongst the natural species which are reckoned totems the great majority are either animals or plants (iv. 8 et seq.).

The extreme complexity of the investigation into the origins of this 'crude superstition' is well shown by the frank exposition of two theories which Dr. Frazer has held, the reasons which led him to abandon them, and the new theory to which further thought has now brought him. Put briefly, this theory depends on the savage's total ignorance as to the mystery of birth, the very connexion of which with paternity is unknown to Australian aborigines of to-day. Maternal fancies, identifying the unborn child with some external object which struck a woman's notice when she first knew herself a mother, are taken to be 'the root of totemism.'

The allied though distinct subject of exogamy raises many questions that go deep into the problem of man's origin and development. Dr. Frazer sets forth with great fullness of detail the extraordinary system by which the lowest known savages, the Australian aborigines, guard against marriage within prohibited degrees, including in

some tribes a relationship as distant as that of the first cousin. The why and whence of this universal[1] instinct against marriage within the kin is still among the unsolved problems of science. Dr. Frazer allows the probability that 'the starting-point of the present Australian marriage system' was 'sexual promiscuity, or something like it,'[2] whether or no this represents 'the absolutely primitive relations of the sexes among mankind': these he holds we can never hope to determine with any degree of assurance, since even the Australian has advanced immensely from earlier conditions. But whence came this 'growing aversion to the marriage of near kin'? Dr. Frazer shows that it cannot have been because primitive man found such interbreeding productive of degeneracy, for the very fact is uncertain and in any case hard to detect. He criticizes severely Dr. Westermarck's attempted solution of the problem, showing (iv. 98) that he has tried to 'extend Darwin's methods to subjects which only partially admit of such treatment,' by omitting to 'take into account the factors of intelligence, deliberation, and will.' (The caution is one which some men of science need greatly, and we may hope they will accept it from one of themselves, though they will not from theologians!) The instinct cannot be due to the feeling that the breaking of the taboo will injure the offending parties, for the punishment is always on a scale which shows that the community is believed to suffer from the incest. Dr. Frazer thinks there may have been a primitive belief that incest produced injurious, and in particular sterilizing, effects upon the whole people:—one recalls the tremendous description of the curse following the unconscious crime of Oedipus, in the great drama of Sophocles. But he frankly confesses he has no evidence for this; and indeed if he had, we should only be explaining

[1] The rare exceptions only prove the rule.

[2] He is careful to state (iv. 188) that there is no *evidence* that this ever existed.

ignotum per ignotius. But the next pages are given to showing that the balance of expert opinion is in favour of the view that 'the practice of exogamy or outbreeding would help,' as its opposite hinders, 'any community which adopted it in the long series of contests which result in the survival of the fittest.' We have then an instinct, practically universal among men, the origin of which is entirely beyond our power to explain, justifying itself by producing results of importance to the race. Are we not face to face with a modernized form of the argument from design? That a blind and unintelligent series of mechanical forces contrived to implant these instincts warning against things that were destined in the long run to produce physical harm to descendants, is a thesis some of us may be forgiven for regarding as more wonderful than any miracle.

Let me close with a few words about the relation of Dr. Frazer's work to Christian apologetics, a subject which has indeed been very near the surface all through the present paper. A sentence from a *Times* review may be cited as focusing in short compass what many have said on the subject—

> The verdict of posterity will probably be that *The Golden Bough* has influenced the attitude of the human mind towards supernatural beliefs and symbolical rituals more profoundly than any other books published in the nineteenth century, except those of Darwin and Herbert Spencer.

Prosit omen! Our theological stocktaking has at least got far enough for us to be able to count up our gains from the new spirit which Charles Darwin brought into human thought. (Herbert Spencer's name is incomparably less important, and we need not inquire how far his influence is permanent for good or evil.) If Dr. Frazer's work is to produce the same far-reaching effect upon theology that *The Origin of Species* has left after fifty years, it is not Christian thinkers who will have cause to lament. If I may be pardoned the personal note, speaking as one who

for ten years has been profoundly influenced in all his thinking by Dr. Frazer's books, and yet more by intimate friendship with their author, I can very confidently express the assurance that religion only stands to gain when we recognize evolution as a mode of the Creator's self-revelation to men. Everywhere in the study of comparative religion we see how the deepest thoughts of Christian truth are shown to be in harmony with the very nature of man. It is not mere accident that in absolute independence, all over the world, primitive men should have conceived of the entrance of the divine into human life, and the death of the divinity, undergone that men might absorb his essence into themselves. The forms under which these ideas took shape have been grotesque enough, and often involve terrible cruelty. But the argument of *Psyche's Task* may be fairly applied here. Foolish or cruel, or both, have been the religious sanctions under which social institutions of unquestioned value have grown to maturity. We should call the games of children foolish if we judged them by the standard of grown men; nor is there wanting the analogue to the savage's unthinking cruelty. But we never confuse the childlike, which is natural, with the childish, which merits our contempt. And the childlike, in children and in savages alike, may be recognized as the inevitable stage of development which prepares for the day when maturity puts away the toys of the child as useful things outworn. We may certainly plead that if foolish and cruel taboos served a good purpose when they produced and preserved respect for the institution of private property, we need not cavil at the ways by which men learnt, line upon line, the great lessons of religion, to find at last in the life and death of Jesus every dim and partial glimpse of Truth developed into an 'immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.'

In work so scrupulously scientific as Dr. Frazer's we do not expect to find the author's personal opinions obtruded on matters lying outside the realm of pure science. The

materialist and the Christian are free to use his facts and theories as they will, and there is no *ipse dixit* to determine their choice. Dr. Frazer's own beliefs are not those of orthodox Christianity, but no one who knows him could regard him as a foe to true religion, however stern he is towards some of its worn-out forms.[1] His sympathetic appreciation of the Bible has been superbly shown in the collection of 'passages chosen for their literary beauty and interest,' which reappeared in enlarged form two years ago, adorned with valuable notes, literary and anthropological. We cannot close better than by quoting from the exquisite Preface to that edition—

> Though many of us can no longer, like our fathers, find in its pages the solution of the dark, the inscrutable riddle of human existence, yet the volume must still be held sacred by all who reverence the high aspirations to which it gives utterance, and the pathetic associations with which the faith and piety of so many generations have invested the familiar words. The reading of it breaks into the dull round of common life like a shaft of sunlight on a cloudy day, or a strain of solemn music heard in a mean street. It seems to lift us for a while out of ourselves, our little cares and little sorrows, into communion with those higher powers, whatever they are, which existed before man began to be, and which will exist when the whole human race, as we are daily reminded by the cataclysms and convulsions of nature, shall be swept out of existence for ever. It strengthens in us the blind conviction, or the trembling hope, that somewhere, beyond these earthly shadows, there is a world of light eternal, where the obstinate questionings of the mind will be answered, and the heart find rest.
>
> JAMES HOPE MOULTON.

[1] Since this was written, Dr. Frazer has been delivering the first series of his Gifford Lectures at St. Andrews, on 'The Belief in Immortality, regarded as a Stage in the Evolution of Religion among the Lower Races.' The syllabus of the first two lectures especially, on 'The Scope of Natural Theology,' suggests that the volume will be extremely interesting to Christian thinkers.

THE HUMAN RACE AS A CORPORATE UNITY

THE pattern which was shown to Moses in the Mount was to be the plan of the Tabernacle on the plain of Sinai. The divine image is not only stamped upon each human soul as it comes into being; it is the ultimate standard towards which all men are growing. In the unit man there is the trinity of body, soul, and spirit. In the world of mankind, as in the divine nature, there is also a trinity of persons. There is the personality of the individual, of the body of believers which is styled the Church, and of the race as a whole. The history of the development of each of these is a yearning to unfold itself fully and to reach a perfect unity. It is a process which occupies the whole term of their existence. The periods may vary in duration. The growth of the first finds its first stage between the cradle and the grave. The second dates from Pentecost, and may require its centuries. The third has been present with the tribes of men in all their wanderings; in their unions and divisions, in their friendships and strifes. As they have increased, diminished, or become absorbed, the idea of a unity to which they would eventually arrive has never been entirely absent. It has waxed and waned with the lapse of years. It is shining before us now as fair as the moon and as commanding as an army with banners.

This corporate life of the human family may be variously described. It may be called *the soul of the race*, *the cosmic consciousness*, or *the solidarity of nations*; but whatever term is employed, the meaning is the same. There is a sense in which all the races on the globe, while retaining their separate characteristics, are developing into one perfect organism. It will be the sum of the separate lives, and yet it will be something more. Whenever a number of men and women are drawn together by a common cause to discuss some

course of action, there may result a consensus of opinion, a blending of sentiment, and combination of resolutions; but every one feels that the decision arrived at is the action, not of so many persons making a majority, but of the unity of individuals in which their thought and feeling and volition are moulded into one personality which is of them all and is nevertheless distinct.

This theory of a common consciousness may seem to demand a great deal from our imagination. Roughly speaking, there are about twelve hundred and thirty millions of human beings upon this planet. They are in three great strips of colour—white, yellow, and black. Is it possible that one soul may be made to throb beneath these Caucasian, Mongolian, and Negroid skins? That there is a racial unity at the base of their distinct varieties is ethnologically proveable; that this, however, should carry with it an over-soul of a common consciousness which may reveal itself in united thought and action, is another matter. And yet it, too, is happily conceivable, and is capable of being verified. One turns to natural analogies. Derwentwater lake is not merely the meeting-place of the river Derwent and a thousand mountain streams. It has an individuality, with features and moods and voices all its own. No traveller can look upon the elm-tree when bathed in the mystic light of a summer evening without feeling that the pillared bole and rounded masses of leaves and innumerable branches and twigs are not simply united by the sap of a pervading vitality; they are all linked together in a common consciousness. The tree has a corporate life —a soul, one may say—which communes with itself in the noonday stillness and utters itself in the sounding storm and dreams its dreams in the moonlight. In like manner our planetary world, made up of earth and air and water, is a cosmos. It is almost a sentient entity. Its days and nights, its rhythmic tides, its procession of the seasons, impress our thoughts with the idea of personality. The

mythology which saw in the planets and constellations the forms of male and female gods and goddesses was an early divination of the truth that each world in the universe was animated by a distinctive spirit in which all its diverse parts found form and unity.

The outward expressions of *the soul of the race* are manifold. They have revealed three things: a common intelligence, a common growth, and a common impulse or energy. As to the last of these, there have been from the earliest times strange movements in the peoples inhabiting the earth. Tribes and nations have suddenly struck their tents, and migrated over land and sea to the farthermost continents. There are records and traces of some of these great pilgrimages. Others can only be surmised. But they are all sufficient to indicate that at some time or other the entire human family has been impelled by a common impulse to wander over all the face of the earth, just as season after season the bees swarm, the lemming in countless numbers cross Siberia, and the shoals of herring sweep along the paths of the sea.

These movements have sometimes followed the generation of a great emotion. The crusades of the Middle Ages hurled the able-bodied men of Europe time after time upon the shores of Palestine like billows before a driving wind. How it came to pass that in a very short space of time every city and hamlet of the nation, and every man within them, was made aware that a crusade had been proclaimed lay the wonder and the mystery. Although there was no network of postal communication, no telegraph wires, and few highways that were always open, no sooner had the appeal to arms been sounded than a universal thrill shot through the length and breadth of the land, and in a few days, or weeks at most, thousands of men who had never met before were drawn together, and, as if with one heart and one mind, were borne along to the Holy Sepulchre. Such united movements indicate that mind can communicate

with mind, and emotion strengthen emotion, in ways that are swift and subtle and effective beyond our tracing, and that innumerable units so charged with the same feeling and purpose can form an aggregate soul or spirit which guides and sways them all; just as, when the corn has been harvested, scattered bands of starlings that have been flying here and there like wisps of trailing smoke draw together as though obeying an invisible signal, and then, as a cloud whose centre is dense and whose fringes are always fraying, sweep onward; rising, falling, and alighting as if one spirit quivered through every wing. The epidemic spreading of disease is another manifestation of the fellow feeling which makes the world akin. The progress of the black death, the plague, and Asiatic cholera depended quite as much upon mental as on physical conditions. There was a contagion which might be felt, there was also a contagion by suggestion which operated in a realm invisible.

But it is the similarity of thoughts and the simultaneous expression of them by thinkers who are very wide apart which affords the most remarkable proof of the solidarity of the race. We are beginning to realize as a simple axiom of mental philosophy that all minds are inter-related and can influence one another; for, as an anonymous psychologist puts it, 'There is abundant evidence that there is a force which causes one man to think as his neighbour thinks, divided though they be by the walls of their separate houses or by miles of intervening country, without conscious communication and without access to the same visible sources of influence—a force as invisible but as certainly operative as gravitation.' This illustration, it is true, may seem to have a parochial boundary; but the scientific fact it holds can be applied within a universal area.

There are evidences in the religions of the world that devout souls living as far asunder as the Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas have arrived at the same conclusions regarding the character of God, the nature of sin, and the craving of

the soul. In the literature and oral traditions of nations that have either had no knowledge of each other, or between whom there has been no intercourse, the same thoughts are expressed in lyric or dramatic form. They are only fragments of philosophy, strains of poetry; but the harmony between them must be the result of an identical inspiration. For if the bells of St. Paul's in London, of St. Peter's in Rome and of St. Sophia in Constantinople, and the silvery chimes in the temples of Calcutta, Pekin, and Yokohama, were on the same day to sound together, we should know that one movement of the earth or one current in the air had stirred them all.

Now and again these racial thoughts and emotions reveal themselves in the utterances of men of genius. It is to their universal origin that we owe the insight, volume, and power of their sayings or discoveries. They are like the upheaval of a stratum of limestone rock here and there above the surface of the earth. On these men may have fallen an afflatus from above; but the thoughts that well up in them have also come from the common brain and heart of humanity. They have arisen when the nation or nations have been swelling with some noble purpose or moved by some new vision of progress. 'Great men,' says Joseph Mazzini, 'can only spring from a great people, just as an oak, however high it may tower above every other tree in the forest, depends on the soil whence it derives its nourishment.' And he might have gone on to say, Great men can only arise when the great nations are thinking and acting greatly. Their advent also in one particular nation may synchronize with the birth of kindred souls in other peoples that are geographically divided and have no visible exchange of thought or commodity. Hints of the simultaneous action of brains that are working in different nations and in different hemispheres are flashing upon us one after another. The English astronomer Adams, and the French savant Leverrier, and Galle of Berlin were on the track of the undiscovered Neptune

side by side. The theory of natural selection was suggested to Charles Darwin amongst his pigeons in the little village of Downe in Kent, and to Alfred Wallace searching for butterflies in the islands of the Malay Archipelago. The two papers announcing these independent discoveries were read to the Royal Society on the very same day. So many, indeed, are the evidences of concurrent and sympathetic thought and emotion over an infinitely wide area, that we should probably not be far astray if we regarded the ideas which suddenly illumine our mind as visitors from other lands, like the atoms of dust from a South American volcano that colour our sunrises and sunsets; if we acknowledged that the throb of passionate love for the good, the true, or the beautiful, which we individually feel in our highest moments, is as truly an impulse from some universal emotion—as the rising of the water in the land-locked Cornish creek is nothing less than the swell of the Atlantic.

If such considerations as these are of practical value, they will serve to show that the visions of a consciously united human race are not Utopian dreams. They have come to men at sundry times and in divers manners, but always when they were lifted above themselves, and when their eyesight was cleansed and quickened. If we put aside the apocalypses of the Hebrew Prophets, and inquire concerning the future of mankind from modern seers, their testimonies, however varied, are emphatically the same. Amiel, Tolstoi, and Ibsen all three were men of genius, but they had no other quality in common. They looked at men and things from a different standpoint. Their creeds of faith and conduct differed. Their methods of expression were dissimilar, and yet they shared the same baptism into the sense of the solidarity of all nations. Writing in his journal on January 18, 1879, the Genevan professor says:

'At the present moment humanity is not yet constituted as a physical unity. Now, indeed, the different possibilities

are beginning to combine (union of posts and telegraphs, universal exhibitions, voyages round the globe, international congresses). Science and common interest are binding together the great fractions of humanity which religion and language have kept apart. A year in which there has been talk of a network of African railways, running from the coast to the centre, and bringing the Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean into communication with each other—such a year is enough to mark a new epoch. The fantastic becomes conceivable, the possible tends to become the real; the earth becomes the garden of Man.'

It may be pointed out that this picture is anything but rosy-tinted. No; but these two things must be remembered. It was painted more than thirty years ago. A generation of almost inconceivable progress has intervened, and besides we must bear in mind that while Amiel's intellect was as elevated, serene, and pure as a peak of the Mont Blanc he often had in view, its hopeful brightness was as frequently dimmed through physical weakness as the Alpine summit was by the rising mist.

The extract from Tolstoi's autobiography which now follows was penned before the prophetic view of the solidarity of nations which had opened out before him had faded away. It is a remarkable piece of self-revelation. It reads like a paragraph from St. Augustine's *Confessions*. It admits us into the secret of that transforming moment when he passes through the chrysalis of patriotism into the brotherhood of humanity. It is true that one or two of his statements are startling, and that he saw reason subsequently to modify some of their extreme conclusions. But he never went back from the main avowal that he had merged his individuality into the total life of the men and women of all peoples—that Russia with its boundless steppes was no longer broad enough for his sympathies. The world had become his fatherland.

'I now know,' says he, 'that my unity with others

cannot be destroyed by a frontier line. I now know that all men, everywhere, are equals and brothers; and remembering all the evils that I have committed, experienced, and witnessed, that resulted from national enmities, it is clear to me that the cause of it all was a coarse fraud—called patriotism and love of one's country. Remembering my youth, I now see that the feeling of enmity to other nations, and of separation from them, never was natural to me, but that those evil feelings were artificially inoculated in me by an insensate education.

'I now understand the meaning of the words "Do good to your enemies": do to them as you would to your own people. You are all children of one Father. Be like Him, that is to say, make no distinction between your own folk and others, but behave alike to all.

'I now understand that welfare is only possible to me on condition of my acknowledging my oneness with all people in the world without any exception. I believe this. And that belief has altered my valuation of what is good and bad, high and low. What seemed to me good and high, the love of fatherland, of one's own people, or one's own Government, and service rendered to them to the detriment of others, as well as military exploits, became to me repulsive and pitiable. What used to seem to me bad and shameful, such as a change of nationality and cosmopolitanism, became to me, on the contrary, good and elevated.

'If now, in moments of forgetfulness, I may still sympathize more with a Russian than with a foreigner, or may desire the success of the Russian State or people, I can, in quiet moments, no longer abet the snare which destroys both me and others. I cannot recognize any States or nations, nor take part in any disputes between them, either by writing, or still less by serving any State. I cannot take part in any of those affairs which are based on distinctions between States, either in Custom-houses and the collection of taxes, or in the preparation of explosives and weapons,

or in any preparation of armaments or in army service —still less in war itself with other nations; nor can I assist people to do these things. I have understood wherein my welfare lies. I believe in it, and therefore cannot do what certainly deprives me of it.

'And not merely do I believe that I must live so: I also believe that if I live so, my life will acquire its only possible reasonable and joyous meaning, not destructible by death.'

There is a Finland legend which tells of a mother who found the dismembered limbs of her only son in the bed of the river of Death. She gathered them together within her bosom, and as she rocked to and fro and chanted her magic song they were united, and the spirit of her son revived. The spell of this folk-lore story may have been on Ibsen's mind when he predicted an approaching corporate unity of all races. At any rate, he had been sitting at the feet of St. Paul, who saw through the bars of his Roman prison into the future, and beheld the 'building up of the full-grown man unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.'

> Now but in shreds and scraps is dealt
> The spirit we have faintly felt;
> But from those scraps and from those shreds,
> These headless hands and handless heads,
> These crooked stumps of soul and thought,
> A Man complete and whole shall grow,
> And God His glorious child shall know,
> His heir, the Adam that He wrought!

There may be added to these individual testimonies an experience which came to the delegates of the All-world Missionary Conference in the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, in June, 1910. As these twelve hundred men and women were met together in one place, they beheld a vision, as the author of *Cristus Futurus*, who was present, describes it:

'The vision was of the unity of humanity and of God with humanity. The soul was taken up into an exceeding high mountain by the Christ of God, and shown all the

kingdoms of the earth as one—men as members one of another, nation one with nation, race with race, man with man a unity, and in every man the latent leaven, and Heaven brooding over all to bring forth in every man the divine care for men which is the Christian salvation.'

This vivid description inspires a comment. The words of the narrator, be it noticed, say 'the *soul*,' not our *souls* were taken up. A proof that the unifying power of love had began its work—that the hearts of the twelve hundred were beating as one, which was in itself an earnest of the greater unity which they foresaw and saluted with rapture.

If this corporate humanity possesses a spiritual sense, is it developing—becoming more enlightened and sensitive? It is in the same school, and has the same schoolmasters, as the faculty of the individual. But the rooms of instruction are ampler and the teaching more varied. The scroll of nature lies open before it. Her powers are ever at work. Her voice is never silent. It will certainly attain a clearer definition and strength as the nations more fully realize their common life. What signs of this are patent? The influence of man on man in social intercourse, international commerce, political agreement, the exchange of literature and invention, is ever in full play, weaving beneath the sun and stars as the years go on its invisible threads, which are binding the nations to one another in bonds which it is becoming more and more a crime to break.

One is sensible also of an indefinable yearning of the scattered peoples of the world to look one another in the face and to enter into each other's consciousness. The first Universal Race Congress just held in South Kensington was the outcome of this irresistible desire. The representatives of more than twenty different Governments were present, and as many papers by writers of the various nations were read before the assembly. And this was its object: 'To discuss in the light of science and the modern conscience the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the

West and of the East, between the so-called white and the so-called coloured peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, more friendly feeling, and heartier co-operation.' The effects of such a conference must be immense and far-reaching for all the races concerned, although for the moment the great Metropolis in which it met was as little impressed by it as the combatants at Waterloo were by the apparition of the rainbow which spanned the battle-field.

There are other political and social tendencies in silent operation which are making for the unity of mankind and the quickening of the common moral sense. The treaty of International Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States has struck a keynote which will slowly but surely be followed one day by a burst of universal harmony. The spirit of federation is entering every sphere in which men combine for any purpose whatever. It is linking together Churches, and gathering thousands of men hitherto outside the ecclesiastical fold into brotherhoods. It is animating all labour unions with a common spirit of mutual strengthening and defence, binding with ties of family kinship all English commonwealths, bringing the European peoples nearer one another, and moving the Western Hemisphere to stretch out its hands to the farthest East.

The labours of science are being directed for the same great end. Although they have been, and still are, enlisted in the barbaric art of war, they are rapidly being released from such shameful service. The most brilliant of modern inventions are those which do not destroy men's lives, but save them. The task which science is setting itself to do is threefold: to remove the barriers which hinder or delay the communication of the scattered inhabitants of the globe with one another; to satisfy more easily and richly the bodily cravings of man, and, as a consequence, set free his inner and intellectual nature to attain its full stature and inheritance. According to the most recent scientific teach-

ing, the time for this has come. 'His physical evolution is no doubt complete. He will never have wings, or more legs, or longer arms, or a bigger brain. His development henceforth must lie in the mental and spiritual direction.' So writes John Burroughs.

But when he begins to discuss the *how*, his pen stops short or wavers. It is here that the teaching and influence of Jesus the Christ are indispensably needed. He shows the end towards which the liberated energies of the souls of men must move—the perfect flower which refused to blossom so long as the sap was only running into broad and variegated leaf. And—what is of equal importance—He supplies the moral energy which impels them upward to their crowning goal.

But it is to the ministry of the Church, rightly defined, in concert with all other forces which are bent on man's well-being and righteousness, that the unification of the races of mankind has been assigned. There are few who will question this assertion. Even Sir H. H. Johnston, discussing the problem of the union of the races in the August *Contemporary Review*, admits that applied Christianity is the main factor in its solution. He avers that 'the Christian principles that were laid down in the authentic Gospels and Epistles still remain unsurpassed as a rule of conduct, as a basis of practical ethics.' He goes further, and declares: 'Of all other faiths and rules of conduct that have ever been placed before the world, from Greek philosophy and Egyptian theology to the Babism and Prometheanism of to-day, it may be said that what there is that is true and of practical good is to be found in the simplest exposition of Christ's teaching, and what is foreign to that is not worth listening to or preserving.' But while thus emphasizing the importance of Christian teaching and practice, he puts in a plea for a simpler creed. We must all agree, whether we are seeking a basis for the manifest unity of the sects in Christendom or shaping a message for those beyond its pale,

a simple confession of faith is a first essential: it must contain the essence of the Christian Evangel. It may be compact, but it need not be shallow. This is how one who was present at the Edinburgh Conference outlined the Christianity in which all denominations would find standing room and to which the assent of all converts might be invited. 'The worship of God in the Divine Man, the belief that His image is latent in all men, and that the practice of Christianity is the eager effort to evoke in all men that image of physical, intellectual, and spiritual perfection.'

But while the missionaries of the united Church are proclaiming their message, there is another force which is silently and invisibly working. Indeed, the Church in its spiritual task must employ two forces: one which attracts men as steel filings to the magnet, as doves fly to their windows, and the other which impels the streams of a new life through the veins of humanity. It is from the living Christ within the body of believers, from Him who is the very heart of the new humanity, that the life-blood flows. These forces are at work together. Neither will achieve the mighty task alone. If either suspended its action, it could never be accomplished. If we had to wait until every human ear had heard the Evangel, until every man had been visibly united to the growing company of believers, millenniums would intervene. But the pervasive influence of the life of Christ within the souls of men is pouring itself forth with an energy which is swifter than light or heat, and mightier than the sap at springtime.

The evidences of its diffusion are apparent and manifold. A craving for truth and liberty, a higher sense of political justice and social morality, the recognition of man as man apart from convention and environment, and the universal manifestation of that sympathy which makes the whole world kin, are signs that He who hath made of one blood all nations is vitalizing that blood with His own spirit of righteousness and love. It is in His image that man is

being remade; and when all the parts of humanity are reunited, it will shape itself into the stature of the fullness of Christ. It is then that man will enter into his kingdom. It is love, love in the heart of the one united Man that will enlarge his capacity and anoint his eyes. It is the Open Sesame before which the doors of all treasure-houses fall asunder. It knows the pass-word into the confidence of bird and beast and the inhabitants of the seas. It can read the mystic scroll of sunset skies and starry heavens. The laws of the universe are in harmony with it, and the Angels are at its bidding. It lives and moves in God.

EDWARD J. BRAILSFORD.

NOTE.—The first article of the series, entitled 'Does Spiritual Insight keep pace with Material Knowledge?' appeared in October 1908; the second, on 'The Sphere of the Mystic Sense in Modern Spiritual Life,' in July 1909. In January 1911 'The Education of the Spiritual Sense' was discussed. Its development in the Human Race as a Corporate Unity now considered is a continuation of the series.

CHARLES DICKENS: HIS WORK, AGE, AND INFLUENCE

The Centenary Edition of Charles Dickens' Works. (Chapman & Hall, 1911.)

Two Centuries of the English Novel. By HAROLD WILLIAMS, M.A. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Life of Charles Dickens. By JOHN FORSTER. (Chapman & Hall.)

Life of Charles Dickens. By FRANK T. MARZIALS. (Walter Scott, 1887.)

Dickens. By A. W. WARD (English Men of Letters). (Macmillan & Co., 1909.)

LESS than a year separates the centenaries of the two greatest masters in the art of fiction who adorned the Victorian age, and who will, perhaps, finally be pronounced as the two greatest novelists who have at any time written in the English language. Thackeray's birthday was duly celebrated during the summer of last year; the hundredth anniversary of the opening of Dickens's life will be commemorated not less impressively, and more affectionately, in the course of the twelve months now opening. Dickens and Thackeray were not only the products of the same period, but as nearly as possible exact coevals. They were, in fact, separated only by an interval of between six and seven months; for while Dickens was born February 1812, Thackeray first saw the light on July 18, 1811. Each of them during his life, as well as since his death, has been written about to nearly the same extent by critics of every school, united by a common interest for their subject, and differing chiefly in the degree of competence for their task. Previously to

the issue of the volumes forming the occasion of these remarks, no more careful and effective estimate of the illustrious pair had been given than by David Masson in the long defunct *North British Review* (1851–2). About this time also, the completion of the serial numbers, in which *David Copperfield* and *Pendennis* originally appeared, supplied a *Times* reviewer, Samuel Phillips, with the text for a clever comparison of the two books in particular, and of the two men in general. Masson's criticism has no doubt been reprinted in Messrs. Macmillan's edition of his works some forty years since. The *Times* article received, as it well deserved, the honour of republication, with other of its author's pieces, anonymously in Murray's *Railway Reading*. This composition ends with the award of the palm to *Copperfield*, on the ground that 'the epic is greater than the satire.' Immediately after reading the *Times* article, Thackeray, à propos of its closing sentence, remarked to James Hannay, from whom I had the story, that he was quite prepared to abide by the verdict. Thackeray himself, it may be recalled, in one of his lectures, spoke of the love his more popular rival had secured in the nursery and school-room, telling at the same time how his own children would come to him and ask: 'Why don't you write books like Mr. Dickens?'

It is only nine years less than half a century since Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, preaching on the Sunday after the Abbey had received all that was mortal of Dickens, dwelt on the simple and sufficient faith in the Saviour in which the novelist had lived and died. 'Lord, keep my memory green' were words that Dickens often repeated; if he did so as a prayer, they have been literally fulfilled. Those who happened to visit our British Santa Croce this last Christmastide may have seen, as Mr. Frank T. Marzials in his charmingly executed Dickens monograph tells us he himself once beheld, a tribute of the season's holly laid upon the grave in the southern transept, near the

tombs of Geoffrey Chaucer, of John Dryden, of Samuel Johnson, of David Garrick, and of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Upon the resting-place of Dickens look down also the stone effigies of Shakespeare, Addison, Goldsmith, and, among the more recently dead, of Burns, Coleridge, Southey, and Thackeray himself. The late Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff used to tell a story, doubtless to be found in his *Leaves from a Diary*, about a proof Thackeray received of the narrow limits within which literary reputation is confined. Some fellow passenger in a railway carriage, having seen the name on his luggage, inquired of him whether he was the Thackeray of Thackeray's Patent Stoves. The novelist shook his head, and was presently asked whether he could be the Mr. Thackeray celebrated throughout the Midlands for his zinc wire. Alas! Even to that honour W. M. T. could lay no claim. 'Then,' said the man, now getting rather impatient, 'in the name of Heaven, what Mr. Thackeray are you?' Some years before there had been any coolness between the two novelists, Thackeray, standing for Oxford city against Cardwell in 1857, implored Dickens to come and electioneer for him. 'I have found out,' he said, 'that not more than six per cent. of the constituency have ever heard my name before; but I really think it possible that perhaps eight in every hundred may have heard yours.' The consciousness of the disadvantage in which, by comparison with Dickens, he found himself as regards the favour of the multitude underlay, of course, Thackeray's contemptuously satisfied acquiescence in the *Times* judgement already quoted. Nor is it only, as the closing sentence of Phillips's review put it, that the epic is greater than the satire. Psychologically, a Dickens is, and must always be, a rarer product than a Thackeray. Dickens, as Carlyle said of Burns, belonged to Nature's own most cunning workmanship. Thackeray was the outcome of social and academic influences. Take from Thackeray what he owes to Addison for style, to Carlyle for philosophy,

and above all to Balzac for analysis and synthesis of character; how small is the residuum of originality in comparison with that due to Dickens, after payment of any debts to Fielding, Smollett, or those nearer his own day.

As time products, Dickens and Thackeray came too close fully to be understood apart from each other. Hence the distinction already drawn between them. Historically to fix the place of Dickens, not less than Thackeray, in the evolution of the English novel, one must remember certain facts about the relations of both to those predecessors in their art whom each of them not only rivalled but in many cases surpassed. During the nineteenth century's first decade and a half, two different schools of English fiction closely and almost contemporaneously competed with each other for English favour. Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and *The Monk* by the first husband of the future Mrs. Benjamin Disraeli, not only marked the romantic novel's triumph in this country, but spread their influences to Germany. Some years earlier, Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett were basing on their varied experience and systematic observation, the novel of modern life, character, and manners. In the generation after Richardson, and in the same line of writing, came Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay) with *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, to be followed, during the years between 1795 and 1847, by Maria Edgeworth, whose Irish stories suggested, as he himself said, to Walter Scott the fictitious treatment of scenery, personages, and incidents belonging to his native land. Scott, indeed, united in himself the most notable of the aforesaid influences, as reflected in the English novel's growth. Broadly speaking, the novel was the child of the seventeenth-century stage, and, in its rise to popularity, was helped by the discredit into which, with decent people, the theatre gradually fell. What a century did towards bringing English fiction into vogue may be judged from the fact that thirty thousand different novels are recorded as having lately

appeared, in a publisher's or library catalogue of 1819. All these, of course, with scarcely an exception, have long since been forgotten.

The year of Thackeray's birth was that also of Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, a book destined to give colour and impetus to the genius alike of Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray, belonging to the era he did, and trained in an upper-class, if not aristocratic, environment, could not but write of and for the classes rather than the masses. London club life began with the 'United Service' in Pall Mall after the veterans of the Napoleonic Wars had re-established themselves in their capital, to pass the residue of their days in quietness and ease. Belonging to a well-to-do Anglo-Indian family, possessed of good connexions and much better introductions, Thackeray no sooner discovered his literary gift than, of set purpose, he began the reflection in his writings of the new social and fashionable order now opening in St. James's, in Mayfair, or in those provincial districts overshadowed by the manor house, the deanery, and the barracks that might lodge a crack cavalry corps. How well the work was done, it does not come within the scope of this article to show. His subject, his method, his easy indifference to plot, to central incidents, or to any other leading characters than are ready to his hand in the puppet box, have practically confined his popularity to England, and in England to a comparatively restricted set of readers. Thackeray's superficial familiarity with foreign capitals has won him credit for cosmopolitanism. His real and most dominant characteristic is his insularity. For English literature's most genuine and permanently established citizen of the world, it is to Dickens that we must go. The leading portraits of the immortal Dickens gallery have to-day the same place in the affections of France as of England. From Madrid to Moscow, from Paris to St. Petersburg, Sam Weller passes not only for a favourite, but for a type as universal as Sancho Panza.

Notwithstanding the contrast between the two men, their powers expanded generally upon similar lines and, as regards the literary form taken by their fancies, in nearly the same order of composition. The complete editions of Dickens and Thackeray, now easily accessible, show a certain resemblance between the earliest efforts of both. Among the contents of the volume to-day called *Sketches by Boz* is *Mr. Minns and his Cousin*. This, by its whimsical humour, and its social satire stamped in every sentence with the Dickensian hall-mark, presages the qualities that were afterwards to form the chief features of Dickens's fame, just as most of Thackeray's characteristics are shown in germ in his earliest production, *The Yellowplush Papers*. Dickens, then, like Thackeray, began with satire, but at the outset differs from his rival in making satire an accident, and not the essence of his treatment. The compositions among which to-day *Mr. Minns and his Cousin* has its place unfold the panorama of lower middle class life in all its hopes, fears, sorrows, in its contrasts of drollery and pathos, of tragedy and fun, and especially, with the young, the defenceless, and the poor, in the touching alternations of suffering and joy, of privation and relief, that were afterwards brought out in his novels by the matured master. *Our Parish*, *Early Coaches*, to mention perhaps the most noticeable out of several, explain and justify the verdict pronounced by acute critics long before Dickens's authorship of an entire book, that Fielding and Smollett had now been succeeded by one who might deserve to be called the Hogarth of the pen. All this time, the 'Boz' sketcher was a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, at five guineas a week, with an additional two for such descriptive articles as the editor approved.

The paper of most autobiographical interest in the series is entitled *A Parliamentary Sketch*. It displays Dickens himself in the midst of his Gallery work, surveying the personages on the floor of the House below, or, as cicerone, pointing out to us the chief celebrities whom he elbows in

the Lobbies. Here, for instance, is Sir Francis Burdett, a stout man with a hoarse voice, in the blue coat, queer-crowned, broad-brimmed white hat, white corduroy breeches, and great boots. Next to him comes the dandy and democrat of the period, Mr. Thomas Duncombe, generally known as 'honest Tom,' a smart-looking fellow in a black coat with velvet facings and cuffs, wearing his D'Orsay hat in a very rakish fashion. Among the others described, and less easily identified, is a gentlemanly looking man in blue surtout, grey trousers, white neckerchief, white gloves, of manly figure, broad chest, who has fought many battles in his time and, like many heroes of old, with no other arms than those God gave him. Surely this may well be the great Sir Robert Peel. Near him, in loose, wide, brown coat, with enormous pockets on each side, in immensely long waistcoat, below which a silver watch-chain dangles, is an old hard-featured man, of the county member type now nearly extinct, perhaps Charles Callis Western.[1] He can tell you long stories about Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Canning, and about the superiority of the days when the House rose at eight or nine p.m.; as for young Macaulay, this parliamentary veteran always thought him a regular impostor. He admits, however, that Lord Stanley (afterwards fourteenth Lord Derby) may do something one of these days, 'though at present he is too young, sir.' But now there appears on the scene quite a novel figure, a young man in a rough greatcoat, who has accosted every member on his entrance to the House. He himself is not a member, only 'an hereditary bondsman,' in other words the Irish correspondent of an Irish newspaper, who has just got his forty-second frank from some one he has never seen before in his life. These extracts, unfamiliar as they will be to many, form some among the few traces in Dickens's writings of his Gallery and Lobby experiences.

[1] The famous old Tory M.P., afterwards ennobled, was the Essex squire who declared that his nominal leader Canning was stark, staring mad, and ought to be locked up.

They also remind one that Dickens had all the experience necessary for drawing from life Mr. Gregsbury, M.P. in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and Sir Leicester Dedlock's political guests in *Bleak House*. Thomas Barnes, before becoming editor of the *Times*, and the author of certain *Random Recollections*, both left some sketches of life and character at St. Stephen's in the era that preceded the burning of the old House in 1884. The building occupied by M.P.'s before being settled in their present premises, as well as all that appertains to the existing palace of Westminster, have found many delineators. Dickens has dealt specially with the parliamentary period during which the elected of the people, after being driven by the flames from old St. Stephen's, settled themselves in a transitional home.

Genius of the first order, whatever its condition in life, has generally contrived to pick up the training most useful for its life's work. Dickens affords a typical instance of this truth. Imagine him, by the intervention of some special providence, after his deliverance from the blacking business, and the ordeal of Wellington House Academy, reflected in the Salem House of *David Copperfield*, sent to a good private school with a view, perhaps, to Rugby or Harrow afterwards, with Oxford or Cambridge in prospect. Would he, if thus circumstanced, have acquired literary nurture more fortifying than he contrived to assimilate in the dark and shabby old book-room, where, as a boy, for the first time he lighted on the master builders of English fiction? Can any one, in a word, suppose that a Dickens who, like Thackeray, had passed through Charterhouse and Cambridge, would have written English better fitted for his thoughts than that which makes him an artist in words as well as a photographer of human nature? It is the tendency of intellect to exercise a refining influence. Would that refinement in Dickens's case have been the more marked, so far as concerns his views of character and of the whole outlook on life if, when he started work with his pen, he

could have written certain frequently valueless academic initials after his name? As a fact, too, though he had never been at any really good schools, Dickens had contrived to bring away from them such a smattering of the ingenuous arts as, according to the old Latin Grammar example, 'softens the manners, nor permits them to be brutal.' Yet, while Dickens found his most valuable reading in the study of his fellow creatures, he was also the first to set an example widely followed by his pupils and the writing class generally, during the first half of the Victorian era. In other words, he had no sooner obtained the first start for his pen on the *Chronicle* than he began seriously to make good his educational deficiencies. His future brother-in-law, George Hogarth, supervised the *Chronicle's* evening edition, wherein appeared so many of the Boz pieces. While writing these, and at the same time reporting for the morning issue, he sent himself to school in the British Museum reading-room. There he did not, as many have done, lose himself in a wilderness of books. He showed in these studies the same power of concentration that largely explains the success of his writings, and that, if applied to politics, might have fulfilled the hopes of those who, with offers of a seat, urged him to enter Parliament. Moreover, he had no sooner turned stenographer than he found himself the member of a company, calculated beyond all others to quicken and instruct his mind. The parliamentary galleries were, in Dickens's time, manned, as they have always been, by journalists not less noticeable for their intellectual calibre and general knowledge than for the variety of their antecedents. Men who had taken good university degrees, members of the learned professions, and especially ex-clergymen of all denominations, were among the colleagues, to his intercourse with whom Dickens owed so much when he joined the *Morning Chronicle's* reporting staff in 1834. He was only thirty when, in 1842, he crossed the Atlantic for the first time. He had already become so intimate with the

tragedian Macready that the great actor volunteered to take charge of his children during his American absence. To know Macready, as the present writer was once told by one of his pupils in the art of elocution, the late Canon J. B. Fleming, was 'of itself a little education.' Book-learning, throughout these years, was being plentifully acquired by him from his British Museum studies. The social companionships and adventures of his own craft did all else that was necessary for training and stimulating his genius to the great *Pickwick* success of 1837. So, too, was it with the continental pieces that followed eight years later.

As little here as there had been in the *Sketches by Boz*, was there any straining after literary effect, or parade of newly and specially acquired knowledge. But every paragraph showed a mastery, as of the art of observation, so of literary workmanship in all its details. The taste, about which so much has been said, of these earlier writings never falls below the then accepted standard of polite reading. Yet, even in that respect, at some points Dickens afterwards showed there was room for improvement. In proof of this, compare the episodes of Miss Jemima Evans or Mr. Augustus Cooper in the occasional sketches with the little passages between Sam Weller and Mr. Nupkins's pretty nursemaid in *Pickwick*. The manner also of Pickwick's farewell to Nupkins shows that Dickens could succeed in gradually educating the character who first made his fame into as genuine a specimen of English gentleman, though of a different kind, as the novelist afterwards delineated in the John Jarndyce and Richard Carstone of *Bleak House*. Dr. Ward, in his admirably executed Dickens contribution to the 'English Men of Letters' series, mentions that Dr. Donaldson of *Cratylus* and *Varronianus* fame found the origin of Sam's gnomic philosophy, and of the elder Weller's apophthegms, in Theocritus.[1] That discovery would have

[1] Ward's *Dickens*, p. 25.

had not less novelty for him who drew them than for the Wellers themselves. But in whatever degree the Wellers, or he who imagined them, were indebted for their cockney wit to the father of Greek bucolic poetry, Dickens's intellectual growth, and the capacities for 'culture' inherent in his genius, declare themselves very decidedly in his *Pictures from Italy*. These, like all his continental sketches, lose nothing by comparison with Thackeray's earliest pen-and-ink efforts in the *Paris Sketch Book*. Sam Weller as in his shrewdly sententious and laughter-moving vernacular, so even more in his invincibly high spirits and buoyancy, is to a great extent Dickens himself. The *Pictures from Italy* might, therefore, according to the expectation of some, have been painted in the Wellerian colours. Coming from one who had not been fortunate enough to pick up with Thackeray the shreds and tags of Latin and Greek at Charterhouse or Cambridge, they might not have borne inspection by gentlemen and scholars of Thackeray's type. As a fact their tone is higher and their artistic criticism really better than Thackeray's in the Paris sketches; the views of national life and personal character are less conventional. Thackeray's work is smart and clever, but very superficial journalism; while Dickens, with equal ease and absence of effort, raises his impressionism to the level of literature. In this connexion, too, there is an autobiographical interest in the chapter of the famous novel published in 1837, containing Mr. Pickwick's last speech. Delivered in a low voice with much emotion, this address is something more than the supposed speaker's apologia, and shows the more serious purpose seen, at least by Dickens himself, in the book as well as its author's never absent feeling of a responsible mission for the social and moral good of his generation. Pickwick's previous life had been devoted to business and the pursuit of wealth. He had no conception of the scenes which had dawned upon him since he and his brother clubmen began their travels. Very

early in his literary course, Dickens began keenly to realize his possession not only of powers but experiences, calculated, while he amused the public, to rouse an interest with the prosperously indifferent half of the world about the way in which the other needy and oppressed half contrived to live. Samuel Pickwick, therefore, as designed by Dickens in his graver aspects, was a type of those 'fat and greasy citizens who, as Shakespeare puts it, "sweep on" in comfort undisturbed by any thought of the stern realities around them, unless and until, as happened to Pickwick, some humour or accident takes them out of themselves, and places them where they cannot choose but see the shadows as well as the lights of their many-sided existence.'

The reputation set by *Pickwick*, on the basis never to be disturbed by changes of taste or the competition of contemporaries, not only grew but found the novelist not less keenly susceptible than formerly of fresh impressions as the season's lion in his own Mrs. Leo Hunter's and other drawing-rooms, and at the same time on terms of intimacy with the most distinguished representatives of the old-world literary Maecenas in the persons of Lord Carlisle and Lord Lansdowne. His future rival, Thackeray, had not then entered into the running against him, was known as a struggling artist and as an unsuccessful candidate for the honour of illustrating *Pickwick*. Not till the latter part of their careers was there anything like visible coldness or jealousy in the relations between the two. They were guests, though not at the same time, at the same great houses, and, when Thackeray followed Dickens he was noticed for his anxiety to find out the impressions which the departing guest had left. Till that magazine of human curiosities closed its doors in 1849, the two men might have met, though they do not appear actually to have done so, in Lady Blessington's drawing-room at Gore House. Here Dickens, who throughout his life, whether from peer or plutocrat, received homage rather than offered it, in a well-known corner of

the drawing-room, was encouraged by his hostess to hold a little court of his own. Those were the days of the dandies. Count D'Orsay not only paid Dickens the compliment of inviting him to their number; he wished the novelist to become a member of the Alfred Club, while the future Earl of Beaconsfield, then Benjamin Disraeli, already known as a brilliant novelist, was still awaiting admission to that modest and exclusive Society. As regards the footing of Dickens and Thackeray in the polite world, Dickens had no sooner achieved distinction than the qualities of his genius and the recognition of their public usefulness made him a coveted visitor beneath all those roofs where Thackeray's entrance had been due to the opportunities given by the accidents of social position, rather than by any fruits his genius was yet to bear. So, too, their earnest and deep purpose had made Dickens's books favourites at Court long before his presentation to Queen Victoria in the last year of his life. Meanwhile, on industrial and social subjects of the time, he had been called to confidential communications with the political leaders on both sides, most frequently with Lord John Russell, sometimes with Palmerston, and occasionally with Lord Derby. As regards his slight contact with Lord Derby's representative in the Commons, four years after Disraeli had become member for Maidstone, that statesman applauded Disraeli's refusal, about which more presently, to stand for Reading, because, as he said, 'Not even Boz could do two things at once.' The historian Lord Stanhope desired to please Disraeli by getting up a little literary dinner-party. Thackeray was suggested as a guest. 'I would sooner not,' said Disraeli. 'Can't you secure Mr. Dickens?' Dickens came. Recalling the occasion in future years, the then Earl of Beaconsfield, who could not tolerate the professional conversationalist or wag, said: 'I found Mr. Dickens the most entirely interesting, entertaining, and in every way agreeable guest I had ever met among English writers.'

Semper amicus, semper hospes, Dr. Ward justly characterizes Lord Houghton; but independently of that amiable and accomplished amphitryon, Dickens, among secular writers, shared with the seventh Lord Shaftesbury among statesmen the honour of having brought philanthropic movements of all kinds into the front rank of public questions. Hence his close connexion with the statesmen of his time. Such were Lord John Russell, with whom, about Ragged Schools, and decent dwellings for the industrial poor, he found himself in constant interchange of ideas. Dickens was thus fortunate in his epoch. He appeared at the height of the demand not only for a writer whose imagination should, as Fielding and Smollett had done before him, cover the whole field of English life, but for one whose force and fervour should herald a new crusade against the domestic scandals and administrative abuses of the time. Thus, as the latter half of the nineteenth century advanced, the literary champion of the defenceless and poor, the satirist of the law's delays, as well as of official red-tapeism, were united in Dickens. His contempt, partly, perhaps, rooted in his Gallery experiences, for Parliament men, Government men, and their doings, had been expressed in Carlylean phrase, 'cheap-jacks,' 'national dustbin,' and so forth. The appeal for Poor Law reform articulated his earliest solicitude for his humblest clients. The administrative scandals of the Crimean War period, after much consultation with public men like Milner Gibson and Richard Cobden, prompted and emphasized the Circumlocution Office's exposure in *Little Dorrit*. The year to which belonged that novel (1855) witnessed Dickens's earliest political appearance, June 27, at the Drury Lane Administrative Reform meeting. Dickens's politics have been sneered at as sentimental; they seemed, however, at least to his ordinary fellow men, so practical that, as has been already seen, they brought him, in 1841, the offer of a parliamentary seat at Reading.

As in the world of action, so in spiritual beliefs. Dickens was all ardour for what he considered the fundamental truths of the Christian faith. Without ever having passed through a religious crisis, or having given much thought to doctrinal speculation and sectarian dogma, he accepted, and in his writings honoured and illustrated, the central truths of the New Testament creed. So keen a student of manners could not but watch with equal closeness the development of character, and the idiosyncrasies which impair or stunt its growth. Here his ethical system may be compressed into a sentence. The highest virtue, he held, must be rooted in unselfishness. Of that truth he placed on record (1858) his heroic example when, in the *Tale of Two Cities*, he describes Sidney Carton redeeming his past errors by taking his friend's place at the guillotine. Self is the enemy of human happiness in the mass, the deadly foe of whatever is or might be noble and beneficent in the individual; such was the great truth that, from the very first, had borne itself in upon Dickens, not as one of childhood's trite moralities, a mere copybook heading, but as a progressively established deduction from a growing knowledge of nature and life, never, probably, shaped by him in words till the bitter experiences of contact with his kind of all degrees had burnt it into his inmost soul. Long after *David Copperfield* had become the delight not only of the English but of the European public, its author revealed to his guide, philosopher, friend, and biographer, John Forster, that it was also the thinly disguised record of the vicissitudes through which he himself had passed. It contained also, in the character and entire episode of Steerforth, the most dramatic and circumstantial of the author's warnings against human nature's surrender to the tyranny of an overmastering passion, whether it be the indulgence granted to love of pleasure or love of power. Self, as the one enemy to be guarded and fought against; that, the central lesson taught by *David Copperfield* in 1849,

had indeed been taught six years earlier in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, just as *Dombey and Son*, coming between *Copperfield* and *Chuzzlewit* in 1846, showed from various points of view the folly and misery of pride. It has been repeated *ad nauseam* that Dickens has given us caricatures rather than likenesses of men or women really representing the polite society of his day. The truth is that, in Dickens's day, popular fiction had been almost as much overdone with portraits of 'ladies and gentlemen' as the walls of the Royal Academy themselves. As to the essential attributes of 'gentle' manhood or womanhood, no one understood better what these were than Dickens, or has indicated them more graphically in his writings. From beginning to end, David Copperfield himself is a perfect gentleman. So were certain minor personages already mentioned. So, too, at some points was Pip in *Great Expectations*, and might have been so altogether but for the self-consciousness that made him, in his wealth, ashamed of his humble relations. The qualities in Dickens which most impressed such good and such different judges as Lady Blessington, Washington Irving, and Sir Arthur Helps were the native refinement that enabled him to paint low life without the least taint of vulgarity, the uniform refusal to palter with right and wrong, and the constantly growing sense of responsibility brought by his first success. A stimulating consciousness of obligations to the whole community placed on him by his own good fortune and opportunities was deepened by a conviction gathered from experience, if sometimes exaggerated, that the people's recognized teachers, political or religious, did not put enough heart into their work. Hence what the domestic statesmen of his day agreed with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was his unaffected and consuming desire to live and labour till he had brought about a lasting betterment, material and moral, for the unrepresented and inarticulate multitude whose cause he espoused. Thus, after several tramps, as he called them, through the more

necessitous districts, he set forth in prose and verse too the hard lot of the ill-housed tillers of the soil long before parliamentary inquiries had probed the subject. Dickens's *Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourer* is a well-meant echo of the spirit animating the rugged music of Ebenezer Elliott's Corn Law rhymes. Together with some short prose pieces on the subject, his rhymes thrown off in the intervals of editing the *Daily News* proved at least welcome if not invaluable to the conductors of the Anti-Corn Law agitation. Meanwhile, if never personally intimate with any of its leaders, he had watched sympathetically the Christian Socialist movement. With Charles Kingsley's and F. D. Maurice's teachings about this life and that which is to come, he was not only in the most real harmony; he sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, put their moral in his own words. Especially did he do so in a passage of *Great Expectations*, that points out the danger of repentance as a religious process morbidly prolonged, weakening the energies for future good works. In estimating the attitude of Dickens to the orthodox religion, and especially to the religious parties of his time, certain considerations must not be forgotten. The godless educational system, an afterbirth of the French Revolutionary teachers, promoted by Lovell Edgeworth, by Thomas Day, and illustrated by the latter in *Sandford and Merton*, had provoked its inevitable reaction in the teachings and writings of excellent people like Mrs. Sherwood. These enthusiasts, as Dickens believed, did more evil than good by their propagandism. The severity of their social creed alienated the masses, not only from the Established Church, but from religion itself. The Evangelicals, indeed, being politically in the ascendant, had, as not only Dickens but more competent judges sometimes thought, more than their due share of the loaves and fishes. Lapped in prosperity, and secure in all their temporal comforts, they seemed to Dickens and to his many disciples criminally forgetful that Christianity began with

being a religion of the poor and the afflicted, and that its Founder, about the divinity of whose mission Dickens never had a moment's doubt, by precept and practice, made ministration to the necessitous and the afflicted the first duty of His followers generally, but of His apostles and their spiritual descendants in particular. The Georgian age that witnessed the novelist's birth was one of philanthropic deadness, as well as religious, and Dickens's mistake lay in imputing to religion faults that were those, not of a faith or a sect, but of the period. Finally, the Master of Peterhouse, in his contribution to the volumes named at the head of this article, has paid Dickens's fame a just and useful, as well as novel, tribute in his reminder of the extent to which the first novelist of the Victorian age saturated the literature of his own land, and brought foreign readers under his spell. The opening of *Amos Barton*, Mr. Gilfil's love-story, Janet's repentance, and the Bob Jakin of the *Mill on the Floss*, the packman who defends Tom Tulliver, show George Eliot as the close, if perhaps unconscious, student of Dickensian originals. Bret Harte has found the metre of at least one of his lyrics in Swinburne's *Atalanta;* he would have been the last to deny, or rather the first to admit, that his Californian studies and sketches would have lacked much of their human pathos, but for the inspiration of Dickens. Nor need one cross the Atlantic for proof of the world-wide limits within which the genius of the English novelist has operated on contemporary writers. Dickens and no other was Gustav Freytag's true model and master in latter-day Teutonic fiction's latest triumph, *Debit and Credit;* while Freytag himself said that, so far back as 1846, his fellow townsfolk at Kreuzburg in Silesia had become admiring readers of Boz. As for those who in some degree coloured and informed the greatest personal force in nineteenth-century fiction, there sounds an echo of Smollett's alliterative titles, *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, even in the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick*

Club. Dickens had not only read, as a child first, re-read afterwards at intervals, and modelled himself on these early writers generally. Fielding's eye to dramatic effect, with his unique combination of tenderness and humour, made him so much Dickens's favourite that the name of the author of *Tom Jones* was given, by him who wrote *David Copperfield*, to his sixth son, now a distinguished ornament of the legal profession, Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens. Dickens's English is as pure as the moral tendency of his whole writings; in its most characteristic features it is visibly informed by, and seems actually to breathe forth, the spirit of him who guided the pen which committed it to paper. The contemporary, as at one point or another he was, of Washington Irving, of Thomas Carlyle, and of Wilkie Collins, Dickens's intellectual fellowship with these is seen, not in the reproduction of any of their qualities, but, particularly when his mood is more serious, in the unmistakable if indefinable signs of his belonging to the period that had also given these other great men to the world.

T. H. S. Escott.

THE KINSHIP OF ST. PAUL TO GREEK THOUGHT

ONLY within recent years has there been any approach to general recognition amongst New Testament scholars of a certain Greek element in the thought of that Pharisee and son of a Pharisee who was the first Christian theologian. The bulk of former opinion endorsed the verdict of a competent critic who declared that 'St. Paul shows few if any traces of Hellenism.' Few now would care to advance a statement so sweeping. It is no extravagance to say that the labours of Sir William Ramsay have given a new conception of the world and work of St. Paul; and he, more than any one else, has demonstrated the connexion between St. Paul and Greek life. When Baumgarten suggested that, subsequent to his conversion, St. Paul may have studied Greek thought with an apologetic purpose in view, Dean Farrar curtly dismissed the possibility. Yet Sir William Ramsay favours it, and Dr. Findlay, who is not inclined to rate highly the influence of Greek thought upon the Apostle's mind, agrees in this respect. Indeed it may now be taken as virtually established that a strictly Jewish measurement will not embrace the fullness of St. Paul's conceptions. At the same time the critics are far from agreement as to the extent of the Greek strain in St. Paul's intellectual pedigree. Pfleiderer has always contended that there is a twofold source of Pauline doctrine, Pharisaic theology and Greek speculation. Harnack, whilst admitting that the Apostle was not unacquainted with Greek culture, considers that at its base his conception of Christianity is independent of Hellenism. Possibly the unconscious influence of the philosophical sympathies of the two weighs in the

balance of their judgement. The Hegelian tendencies of Pfleiderer beget the conviction that Hellenism means idealism, whilst Harnack's Ritschlian sympathies suggest the suspicion that Hellenism means metaphysics. It is as possible to find in the many-sided thought of St. Paul the germs of an idealism, as to demonstrate the unmetaphysical character of much of his reasoning.

Probably the truth occupies its not unusual place, midway between the two conflicting views. Although to arrive at any final judgement in such a matter is not possible in one brief paper, it is of great interest to follow, even partially, the comparisons and contrasts that may be drawn between some of the thoughts of St. Paul and those of the religious leaders of Greece. As a preliminary step it will be necessary to recall the opportunities which were granted to St. Paul of contact with the Greek mind and influence.

I. It will be remembered that Tarsus was a university town, and a seat of Stoic learning. The majority of the rabbis discouraged acquaintance with Gentile thought; but, in his subsequent education at Jerusalem, St. Paul found in Gamaliel a master who had studied Greek literature. On the other hand, neither in St. Paul's autobiographical allusions nor in his arguments are there any significant traces of Greek culture. Though three classical quotations are employed by him, they are familiar and almost proverbial, and there is no need to invoke a classical education to account for them. Indeed, in a writer who quotes so frequently and readily as St. Paul, it might reasonably be argued that had he much direct knowledge of Greek literature, a far larger number of quotations would be found scattered through his epistles.

It would seem, therefore, that there is not sufficient evidence to conclude that St. Paul was directly influenced by Greek thought. On the other hand, the indirect influence of Hellenism on the mind of the Apostle must have exerted a pressure which has scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. To realize its probable extent and importance, it is necessary to remind

ourselves of what Hellenism meant in St. Paul's day and amongst the people with whom he laboured.

The term Hellenism is conveniently attached to Greek life, thought, and influence of the post-classical days. Its beginning, however, must be dated from the time of Alexander the Great. Almost contemporaneously began the Hellenization of the Jews. Judaea was circled by a belt of Greek cities; and the establishment of Jewish colonies in Antioch, Alexandria, and elsewhere, which never lost touch with the homeland, fostered the influence. During this period the Septuagint was made, unconsciously destined to fulfil the twofold purpose of putting Gentiles into touch with Hebrew religion, and of opening Hebrew minds to Gentile influence. In St. Paul's day the Septuagint rather than the Hebrew original had become the Jewish Bible. It is of course true that the efforts of Antiochus and others to hellenize Hebrew religion were resisted unto death, and the spark which set aflame the great and successful national rising under the Maccabees was the attempt directly to lay alien hands on the ancient faith. But what sword and persecution could not do, was gradually accomplished by natural and inevitable means. Whilst direct interference failed, the three centuries between Alexander and the New Testament witnessed a slow leavening of Jewish life by Hellenic conceptions. The work of Philo proves that even outwardly religious ideas were susceptible to the change. Even more must have been the inward and indirect influence.

For, 'At the beginning of the Christian era the mind of every educated man was formed on Greek literature, rhetoric, and philosophy. This composed then the whole mental atmosphere. . . . Whoever thought at all had to think on this plane. . . . Greek philosophy was in those days all, and more than all, that science and ethics are now; and Greek rhetoric was the great means of education to all men of intellectual ambition.' In these words Dr. Gardner has well expressed the pervasive and controlling influence of Greece upon the thought of St. Paul's day. Associated in childhood with

a Gentile city, designated in after life by the will of God to be the Apostle of the Gentiles, this son of the Pharisees who writes so often in the terms of the Old Testament, and with the thought and style of the rabbis, must none the less, even if unconsciously, have felt the power of Greek thought. Then as now, what was taught in the lecture-room, stripped of its technicalities of thought and expression, filtered through to the street, to form part of the mental atmosphere with which St. Paul was constantly brought into contact. It is a psychological impossibility that any system of thought can proceed wholly out of relation to the *Zeitgeist*, even if it should be entirely opposed to it. The life and work of St. Paul make it incredible that he should be impervious to the atmosphere in which lived those to whom he wrote, and among whom he worked.

Moreover, St. Paul had Hellenistic companions, notably St. Luke. As Harnack remarks, 'St. Paul and St. Luke stand as contrasting figures' (*Gegenbilder*: the translation scarcely suggests the idea of reciprocity, which the original conveys as well as the idea of contrast). 'Just as the one is only comprehensible as a Jew who yet personally came into closest contact with Hellenism, so the other is only comprehensible as a Greek who had nevertheless personal sympathy with primitive Jewish Christendom.' St. Luke was 'the first to cast the gospel into Hellenistic form, and to bring the clarifying influence of the spirit of Hellenism to bear upon the evangelic message.' Personal influence, with most natures, is stronger than either the pressure of thought or the direction of education. It is hardly possible that St. Paul could be continually associated with the Hellenistic standpoint without being susceptible to it, and it is natural to assume that the companionships of St. Paul made his mind more open to receive a point of view which, if inconsistent with his inherited Hebraism, was not ungermane towards the new evangel of which he was the messenger. If the friends of St. Paul were unable to introduce him to classical modes of thought, they at least

brought him into contact with the nationality from which these had sprung.

The frequent references of St. Paul to the stadium, the theatre, and other institutions of Greek life, are doubtless only natural in one travelling amongst and addressing Hellenes; but they are not without significance in indicating the liberality of the Apostle's mind. Here at least is no bigoted Hebrew, counting all that is not of Israel as of evil. To such a one there could be no barrier of insurmountable national or religious prejudice to shut out whatsoever thoughts might be borne in from without. Rather would he be willing to learn all things from all men that he might save some.

St. Paul was, moreover, a disputant. He who would contend with Stoic and Epicurean in the Agora, and debate with the passers-by, could not have done so on the qualification of ignorance of his opponents' position. It is not necessary in this connexion to discuss the subjective criticism that denies St. Paul's visit to Athens, or more commonly still, the historical character of the speech reported there. Strangely enough, a critic like Weizsäcker, who rejects the account of St. Paul's visit to Athens, recognizes in the speech a true example of St. Paul's method; whilst others, accepting the fact of the visit, are convinced that St. Paul could not have so argued. Under the circumstances it is safe to pass by the critical question, and assume that probably at Athens, and almost assuredly elsewhere, such disputes must have occurred, and, however indecisive, they must have ended in affording the Christian apologist an increased knowledge of the views of his adversaries. Moreover, the constructive work of every thinker is naturally built with some relation to his controversial experiences. It has been recognized by almost every commentator that the short speech at Athens reveals a just appreciation of the Stoic philosophy.

II. Enough has now been said to do some measure of justice to the indirect influence of Greek thought upon the Apostle's life and mind. The next step must be to indicate

some points in which the effect of this influence seems to be displayed. The mention of Stoic philosophy will serve to introduce the first phase of the subject, namely, the parallels which can be drawn between St. Paul and certain Stoic teachers, notably Seneca. The so-called *Letters of Paul and Seneca* have, of course, long been recognized as spurious. Lightfoot's famous dissertation on the relation of St. Paul to the Roman moralist has expressed all that is most worth saying with regard to St. Paul and the Stoics. Lightfoot realizes the probability of the Stoic influence of Tarsus, and appreciates St. Paul's recognition of the elements of truth contained in the Stoic system, and 'a studied coincidence with their modes of expression' revealed in the speech at Athens. Two examples are quoted of traces of Stoic phraseology in St. Paul's epistles, namely, in the portrait of 'the wise man,' and in 'the cosmopolitan teaching of the Stoics.' Beyond that, however, the comparison, in Lightfoot's view, yields coincidence rather than connexion. Lightfoot's estimate has been generally accepted. St. Paul seems to have had a general acquaintance with the principles of Stoicism, extending to a knowledge of certain Stoic writers, but not more than any man of intelligence, circumstanced as was St. Paul, might have gained. The effect of Stoicism, moreover, is almost wholly confined to the ethical teaching of the Apostle, and has little weight in the formation of his general standpoint.

Turning from the Stoics to Plato and Aristotle, the comparison becomes at once more interesting. Yet, unhappily, few have endeavoured to elucidate it. Lightfoot recognized that subsequent Christian theology owed more to Plato than to the Stoics, and was inspired by the Academy rather than the Porch; but he did not attempt to connect St. Paul with the greatest of Greek thinkers. Hatch's Hibbert lecture on the influence of the usages and ideas of Greece upon Christian thought begins with the post-apostolic age. It may well be asked whether this is not a generation

too late. Dr. Inge, who finds substantial agreement between the doctrine of the Fourth Gospel and St. Paul's doctrine of Christ, remarks that 'it is a rather foolish mistake to suppose that the identification of Jesus Christ with the Word, the Logos, was a discovery of St. John's old age. Apollos, the learned Jew of Alexandria, must have taught the same at Ephesus a whole generation earlier.' If that be so, it is hardly a rash experiment to seek in the teaching of St. Paul some trace of the influence of the noblest thought of Greece. So far only a little has been done to connect the two. What work has been attempted has proceeded from those who have been concerned with the Greeks rather than St. Paul, and is chiefly to be discovered in the late Prof. Adam's *Religious Teachers of Greece*, and to a less extent in the kindred work of the late Dr. E. Caird. From the other side the most noteworthy example is to be found in a paper by Canon, now Bishop, Hicks in vol. iv. of *Studia Biblica* for 1896, and incidentally of course in much of Sir W. Ramsay's work.

A few general illustrations may be cited to indicate some of the most pertinent points of comparison and contrast. In the first place, what may be called the general philosophy of St. Paul rests upon a conception which is thoroughly Greek, a conception never absent from Greek thought since the days of Heraclitus, and one that was revived and reinforced by the Stoics. This is the idea of the universe as a constant flux, and life as an ever-flowing change. It must strike every student of St. Paul's epistles that for him the universe and life upon it are in a state of continual development, ever progressing towards the eternal purpose of God which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord. The manner in which St. Paul's ethical and theological teaching rests upon a definite principle, which for him is Christ, is also illustrative of Greek habit. Semitic ethics mostly takes the form of wise maxims, epigrammatic but disconnected, such as may be found in Proverbs or Ecclesiasticus. St. Paul leans far more to the Greek method. His arguments are consecutive,

and capable of analysis, as are the arguments of Plato and Aristotle; and Bishop Hicks in the paper mentioned remarks that he never reads 1 Cor. xiii. without being reminded of the Nicomachean ethics. It may be asserted that in the general philosophy of St. Paul there is an unmistakable Greek element, and one is inclined to attach more importance to this than to striking but external similarity of detail. That may be fortuitous, and sometimes arises between the most divergent systems of thought. But when one finds at the base of St. Paul's teaching a conception and method so akin to the Greek standpoint, it is not unreasonable to assume that there must be some essential connexion between the two.

In passing to a few of the more striking detailed comparisons it may be asked why they are confined to classical Greek philosophy. The three centuries between the death of Aristotle and the birth of Christ brought many changes into Greek thought. The comparison between St. Paul and contemporary Greek ideas would be interesting, but unfortunately there is comparatively little material for estimating the Greek philosophy of St. Paul's day. Were there more, it is possible the comparison would be not very highly instructive. The age was singularly destitute of intellectual achievement. It was a period of degeneration, not development. To rely on the clearer ideas of an earlier time need not vitiate the result. What is desired is not a comparison between St. Paul and contemporary Greeks, but between St. Paul and the Greek mind. Even in St. Paul's day that mind retained the general characteristics of the classical period. It had strayed from the centre, but had found no fresh centre upon which to remodel itself. In short, it had lost its distinction rather than its distinctiveness. Though unworthy of its traditions it had not wholly drifted from them. It would certainly be not the later modification but the surviving power of the noblest elements in Greek thought that would be likely to commend itself to St. Paul. The Fathers went back from their own age to Plato to borrow for

their new Christian philosophy of religion : the best tradition was alone fitted to serve. In like manner St. Paul would appreciate the influences of the greater age, rather than the weakened doctrine of the later time.

One of the most striking affinities which exist between St. Paul and Plato will be found in comparison of their doctrines of human nature. Broadly speaking νοῦς, or intellect, in Plato, and πνεῦμα, or spirit, in St. Paul, correspond. On the other hand, a similar correspondence exists between the Pauline σάρξ, or flesh, and the Platonic σῶμα, or body. The opposition between the flesh and the spirit in St. Paul and the corporeal and intellectual in Plato is almost identical. Aristotle, on the other hand, fails to realize as do Paul and Plato the struggle between the higher and lower within. Whilst there is nothing to suggest that St. Paul studied the Dialogues of Plato, the comparison is close enough to make it a strong possibility that St. Paul had become acquainted in some way with this Greek conception of the higher and lower natures and their mortal conflict.

The first step in the way of release is also conceived alike. In the *Phaedo* Plato counsels a policy of abstention. Every indulgence in bodily pleasure increases the bondage of the mind to the body. Hence the conception, so famous in Greek philosophy, which Hegel reiterated, 'Die to live.' A score of parallels could be quoted from St. Paul. 'I die daily.' 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live.' As Plato hopes for release from the bodily by self-discipline and by death, in this metaphorical sense of death to the lower and fleshly elements, so St. Paul counsels his Colossian hearers to mortify their members, and so he also employs the term death in a figurative sense, not of bodily dissolution but of the destruction of the fleshly desire and carnal thought.

The parallel extends still further. Corresponding to the higher and lower within is a twofold order without. Plato's allegory of the Cave is designed to show that the world of

sense is temporal and transient, the ideal world is eternal and permanent. For St. Paul the things that are seen are temporal, and we walk by faith, not by sight. In both, the realization of this truth of the higher and lower within, and of the eternal and temporal without, involves for the man who realizes it a fresh standpoint and a fresh valuation of existence. The Platonic term is *περιαγωγή*, a wrenching round or revolution. A similar function is served in St. Paul's theology by the new creation in Christ. In Christ Jesus a man becomes new, life is valued from a new moral and spiritual standpoint. The eternal becomes the real, and the affections are set on things above, where our life is hid with Christ in God.

In tracing the comparison, however, the first signs of the contrast have been made manifest. The higher part in Plato is divine or heavenly wisdom. In St. Paul it is likewise the wisdom of God, but not merely intellectual wisdom. It is the divine will and purpose, expressed in the divine-human Christ. Plato's appeal is purely philosophical; St. Paul's is religious. The new life is not in wisdom but in Christ, and thus St. Paul imparts a moral and spiritua motive which echoes a plea more winsome, more compelling, than Plato could have dreamed.

Is not this the reason why for Plato as for Greek philosophy in general (even the Neoplatonism of the Christian era had advanced no further in this respect) evil can be subdued but not destroyed? So long as the material and sensible exists, evil necessarily exists with it, for by nature it is evil, and its nature is unchangeable. The unchangeableness of the natural was no part of St. Paul's doctrine. He who had seen Jews, pride-bound with legalism, and Greeks enslaved to sensuality, reborn to holiness in Christ, had no doubt as to the redemption of the natural. St. Paul's philosophy embraces a glorious vision of the natural made spiritual, and though as yet we see not all things subject unto Him, he could cherish the hope that 'the creation itself

also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.'

Turning from the doctrine of man to the doctrine of Christ, the Logos, the comparison is closer than one would expect, realizing the immense difference between the God Plato knew, and the God who had revealed Himself to Paul. The Good is Plato's Supreme Idea. Using the words in another, but not less true sense, Christ is the supreme idea of St. Paul. Plato's Supreme Idea is the cause of all. In Christ, says St. Paul, all things are created. Plato's Supreme Idea is the cause for all, the Omega of creation as well as its Alpha. 'That He might sum up all things in Christ' is the last word of St. Paul's philosophy. Plato's Good is immanent, striving to establish itself upon earth. 'He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet,' declares the Apostle. For Plato the Good is the principle of both moral and cosmic unity. So is Christ for St. Paul. It is interesting to note that the word used by Plato to denote the indwelling of the Ideal in the actual is παρουσία, or presence. Parousia in the New Testament refers chiefly to the Second Advent, and the reign of righteousness that should follow it. Yet as Dr. Adam puts it, 'Parousia in Plato means partial incomplete attainment; in Christianity for the most part it signifies the final consummation. That is the obvious difference so far as language is concerned, but it is not a mere question of words: the point is rather that the doctrine of the Parousia as the presence of the Infinite in the finite underlies the deepest religious teaching of St. Paul's epistles, as well as the gospels and epistles of St. John, having attained of course to a new vitality and power by the embodiment of the divine Idea in a divine yet human personality.'

Space will not permit any comparison between St. Paul's teaching and that of Aristotle. The difference between Aristotle and Plato will explain why Aristotle and St. Paul have less in common. One particular feature, however, may be named in passing. Aristotle's treatment of the divine in

man as a consciousness of God is not without its relation to St. Paul's belief in the inward witness of the Spirit.

III. What then is the probable explanation of the relation which seems to exist between St. Paul and certain of the thoughts of Greek philosophy? Before answering the question two objections must be weighed. If Hellenism, it is urged, had any considerable bearing upon St. Paul's thought, why are not the affinities more striking between St. Paul and the Jewish Hellenism of his own day, in the manner in which, for example, Alexandrine Hellenism seems reflected in the Epistle to the Hebrews?

There is evidence to suggest the high probability that St. Paul was acquainted with the Book of Wisdom. He has, moreover, certain similarities with Philo, especially in his use of allegory, and in the manner in which he speaks of the absolute and inexorable working of the Divine Will. There is, however, no proof of direct dependence. It would therefore seem probable that such Hellenism as St. Paul exhibits was not gained from Alexandria. If that be so, it is no ground for expecting any close parallel between St. Paul and the standpoints of Hellenistic Judaism. Between them is set a complete divergence of aim. Philo and his fellows were engaged in the fascinating task of decking ancient Semitic conceptions in the guise of modern Hellenistic speculation. St. Paul was expressing to Jew and Gentile a gospel which he received as not from man or by man, but by direct revelation of God. It is no more likely, under the circumstances, that St. Paul should be directly influenced by Hellenistic Judaism than by Plato. Whatever may have been the extent or limits of St. Paul's acquaintance with the school Philo represents, its distinctive characteristics would yield him few suggestive thoughts, and this may well account for the slenderness of the existing parallels.

It is also urged that St. Paul adopts an attitude expressly disparaging to σοφία, or philosophy (cf. 1 Tim. i. 4, and else-

where). None the less the critic of any system is by no means the person least influenced by it. The many who rejected the system of Spinoza, for example, profited as much from it as the few who were his avowed disciples. Greek philosophy, in its degeneracy, offered a ready target for criticism. It lacked earnestness and moral purpose, and its intellectualism had become severed from vital experience. To St. Paul, who doubtless more than once had heard his empirical pleading disdainfully waved aside by some shallow and superior philosophical pedant, confident that the uncouth ideas of the barbarian Jew were not worth a syllogism to refute them, it may well have appeared that philosophy, at least in the hands of its usual exponents, was foolish and vain babbling, engendering strife. The low estimate that the pastoral and other epistles place upon the philosophy of the day is not unjustified. It does not follow, however, that St. Paul's opinion of it debarred him from using anything that seemed good in it. It has been attempted to suggest here only such comparisons as the spirit of Greek thought may well account for, and they need in no way be related to the quibbling pettiness of the decayed philosophy of St. Paul's day.

Perhaps the safest conclusion will be not to attempt to give in static terms the measure of the Greek element in St. Paul's thought, nor to dogmatize upon the manner in which it comes to be there. Similarity of thought never proves direct genealogical relationship. Coincidence, or the joint sharing in a common stock of ideas, are always possible hypotheses. If we cannot say dependence, however, we must at least admit kinship. It seems impossible to regard the connexion between St. Paul and Greek thought as wholly fortuitous. The Greek associations of St. Paul already mentioned, together with the possibility of some even closer acquaintance, can perhaps best account for this kinship. The modern portrait of St. Paul, however, and the modern estimate of his teaching, must be undertaken

with due regard to these indications which tend to show that the Greek influence upon Christian theology began not with the Fathers, but with the father of the Fathers, St. Paul. The fact has been disguised by the fashion of interpretation, which for many years has regarded him as a debtor to the Jew rather than to the Greek, and in its turn this misapprehension arose largely from St. Paul's own insistence on his Pharisaism. The poet's intuition often anticipates the scholar's conclusions, and when Browning wrote of 'Attic Paul' he was nearer to the truth than men of the time, better qualified to judge than was he, imagined. If we cannot accept the unqualified epithet, we can at least say Paul, Pharisee and Hellenist. To realize this is to see yet more abundantly the wisdom of God. Almost before it had left its cradle in the most exclusive race in the world, the new faith, whose star arose in the East, began to draw, in the teaching of its greatest missionary, the thought of the West to itself, and bound East and West, Hebrew spiritual ideals and Greek philosophical conceptions, into a holy alliance to fulfil the eternal counsel of God.

ERIC S. WATERHOUSE.

FREDERIC HARRISON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Autobiographic Memoirs. By FREDERIC HARRISON, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. 2 vols. (London: Macmillan. 1911.)

ONE of the advantages of an autobiography is that it enables us not only to look into the man who writes it, but, as Carlyle would say, to look out of him, to view the world as he views it, and to enlarge our estimate of it by thinking through his mind; and when the eyes through which we look are so wide open and observant as the eyes of Mr. Frederic Harrison, one of the two surviving publicists and men of letters of the great Victorian age, and the mind at our disposal is so powerful as his, so richly-gifted, stored and cultured, the advantage is both great and rare. It is for this purpose that, for the moment, we shall use the voluminous and vastly interesting memorials which, in his eightieth year, he has collected of a long and busy life passed in the public eye, and lavishly expended in the service, as he deemed it, of humanity. The outline of that life need not detain us. Born in 1831, at Muswell Hill, of yeoman English and of northern Irish stock; educated privately and at King's College School, London, before graduating at Wadham College, Oxford; called to the Bar, and studying and practising the Law against the grain; devoting himself to literature and art in private, and in public to the service of the community on various Royal Commissions, as Alderman of the London County Council, Vice-President of the Royal Historical Society and of the London Library; lecturing at Oxford and Cambridge, across the Atlantic, and all over the United Kingdom on all sorts of subjects, historical, social, literary, and,

in the midst of all, studying the political and industrial problems of the time, and maintaining an active leadership and propaganda in that Positivist movement which has been to him a religion and an apostolate, the author of these memoirs has seen much of the world, has mingled with men of all classes and conditions and of many nationalities; he has travelled much, and written much, and in these crowded pages he has furnished the materials, when the time shall come, for the portrait of an attractive personality, a shrewd and independent thinker, an active and industrious servant of humanity according to his lights. With undue depreciation, Mr. Harrison refers to these memoirs as 'unconsidered jottings,' and assumes that when he is gone 'they will have little interest for any one outside' his own family and friends. On the contrary, writers will find in them valuable material for the history of his time, and it will be possible, out of the luxuriant and scattered data he has left us, to construct the story of a noble, happy, and eventful life. Ours is a less ambitious but delightful task. We shall use these goodly volumes as a means by which to look through his keen eyes at places he has visited, at persons he has known, and at the changes he has witnessed in the course of his career.

With ample means and leisure, Mr. Harrison has been able to indulge his love of travel to the full. His *Wanderjahre* have lasted all through life. France and Italy and Switzerland are as familiar to him as his native land, and he has much to say of Egypt and the nearer East. 'If, in my eightieth year,' he says, 'I can say that I have never had an illness to keep me to my bed for a single day, I owe that rare immunity from ailment, together with habitual care of health and absence of all worry and fatigue in life, to my practice of devoting my holidays, from my early boyhood to an advanced old age, to walking in the mountains or along the coasts of our island and of the Mediterranean, and in the midst of magnificent landscape scenery.' His

earliest recollections are of the then lovely country around Muswell Hill, with its 'limpid stillness, and the knolls where the cowslip and violet grew under oaks on the region now covered by the Alexandra Palace and its grounds.'

> Still o'er these scenes his memory wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser care.

The aroma of these meadows, now engulfed in London's suburbs, lives within his mind and quickens the waning energies of his advancing years. 'The roar, the hustling, the kinematographic whirl of modern existence' he regards as 'a veritable disease of mind and soul.' We can only preserve our health, our sanity, and our civilization, he believes, by withdrawing from time to time into the only 'rest-cure,' the true spiritual 'retreat'—a quiet countryside. 'In old age I return to it wholly, as I have never entirely forsaken it in any part of my life. And again I renew the magical inspiration it gave me as a child.' As a boy he passed two summers at Boulogne, two in Normandy, and one in the Highlands of Scotland. In later life his travels took a wider range, and many of his *Reisebilder* are as graphic and as full of interest as those of Goethe or of Heine at their best. But his 'heart untravelled' always turned with eagerness towards home. In England, and especially among the hills and dales of Cumberland and Yorkshire, he found scenery to be compared with any that he had explored in Switzerland and Italy, and ruins as romantic and as beautiful as any he had seen abroad.

At first the English Lakes were disappointing, but he came in time to feel their unique grace and charm. 'The forms of the hills are certainly very beautiful, and nothing equals the richness and variety of the verdure and the foliage.' Passing over into Yorkshire, the moors and rivers and abbeys and castles were new to him, and aroused in his heart 'a storm of delight.' Dearest in his memory remains 'the vision of that softly smiling gentle valley of Bolton Abbey in Wharfedale—so severe, so simple, so

inspiring—of all spots in the world I think the richest in its fullness of calm, and joy, and peace.' Harrogate did not please him: he describes it as 'without exception the vilest hole I ever was in in my life'; but he could not avoid it on his way to York. Of the three great abbeys in the county of broad acres, he says, 'The scenery of Bolton would most delight a painter; the ruin of Fountains, the historian; the solemnity of Rievaulx, the poet. Rievaulx is far more than a beautiful spot. It is impossible to see it without some new ideas upon the mediaeval Church. . . . We see how admiration for the forest trees and love for flowers and plants grew into a Gothic church, reviving and recalling in stone the best features of the landscape. The ruin gives a charm to the scene, and the scene leads the eye to dwell upon the ruin. The whole together carries us back to times when men could live whole lives of unbroken repose, beauty, and devotion, when mediaeval life was surrounded with every grace—a time when the earth swarmed with abominable ruffians and not a few real saints.' The whole country from York to Manchester, he says, resembles the country round Rouen, 'but is far finer. Nothing out of Switzerland is more picturesque than these valleys.' Of York Minster it is almost startling to hear a Radical and a Positivist free-thinker expatiating as follows, but the passage throws a welcome gleam upon the writer's inmost soul:

> What a world of tender fancies and patient labours is around one! What a noble gallery of statues, what graceful carving in oak, what monumental slabs and graven marbles, what memories of all fair things upon the earth, and of all noble arts among men! What an endless stream of holy song has ascended to heaven age after age, night and day for a thousand years! The choir has not ceased crying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth. What harmonies have risen as the crowded aisles took up the hymn, or as a few sweet voices have sung the evening song, whilst the setting sun streamed through the western window! How infinite, rich, and harmonious the whole! How enormous, immovable, and aspiring, and how worthy to be a temple of God! What a pyramid of infinite energy, devotion, and skill, the centre whence all North

> England was evangelized, the noblest efforts of the best hearts and brains of countless generations!

The same sympathy with all true piety peeps out in many of his letters, as e. g. in describing one of his Swiss tours he says, 'The hand-post which shows your way points directly to a figure of Christ, the stream from which you drink flows from His image pierced at the heart'; or, when visiting the cell of Marie Antoinette in the old prison of the Conciergerie in Paris, he writes: 'I am no Royalist and no devotee, but I felt almost faint in the dungeon where the proud daughter of Maria Theresa poured out her soul in the last hour of her life. The crucifix to which the woman turned all night in her last agony is still there—an exquisite ivory of sacred passion.' It was during the same period that he notes a pathetic incident which occurred shortly before he visited Paris at the close of the Commune in 1871. The military were busily executing the men of the barricades. The prisoners were put in a line against a wall and shot down in heaps.

> As the word to fire was about to be given, a *gamin* of fourteen or so, a sort of Gavroche, stepped out and cried, 'Mon Capitaine, laissez-moi donner ma montre à ma mère avant de mourir!' (Let me give my watch to my mother before I die). 'Be off,' shouted the captain with a grin, 'va-t-en, petit diable!' and was not sorry to be spared murdering the child. But the last victim had hardly ceased to writhe when, to the amazement of the officer, the little lad returned. 'I am ready now,' he said, as he took his place against the bloody wall.

Hidden away in his appendices, some of Mr. Harrison's best descriptive passages reward the searching eye. Vignettes like these abound in letters home from Venice and from Rome in 1864–6:—

> It is my abiding belief that Venice is the most poetical, weird, fascinating city in the world, one which wholly fills and even transcends the most ideal and romantic conception ever yet created to express it. . . . At all hours and in all lights it is beautiful, but in this full-moon time it is simply marvellous, the double tier of arcades with their exquisite tracery standing out white in the

moonlight against the deep shadows of the colonnade, the wall it supports above, delicately diapered and tinted with every rosy and russet tone, ending in the quaintest of arabesque figures against the sky, this reflected with a line of lights in the piazza, the gondolas gliding like weird black swans over the sea and darting black across the columns of moonlight, the distant domes and campaniles rising from the islands round, and poised like clouds of white mist upon the sea, . . . the chimes of many bells, the cries of sailors in the ships far off, a song accompanied by a guitar or violin on the quay, and this with a glassy sea, a balmy evening, and a mellow moonlight, far exceeds everything that one can conceive of bewitching and fairy-like.

Childe Harold gives to my mind the noblest and the truest picture of Rome, and embodies *all* the impressions. There is nothing more, nothing else to be said. . . . I don't know that anything impresses me more than the extreme smallness of everything. The Forum would go in our kitchen garden, the Palatine hill is about the size of the Bank of England, the Via Sacra, the scene of a thousand triumphs, might be taken for a gutter. . . . Gracchus could not have addressed a thousand men. Veii, the rival of Rome, might be Sydenham, and Alba Longa might be Chislehurst. Fancy the wars of London against the villages of Surrey. . . . One word more about the only modern and living thing I can endure in Rome—the Romans. They are glorious. Ah, the Roman women are something like women, with such eyes, such voices, such hair, such a look, such a gait, such manners. . . . The men too, if not so uncorrupted, are a fine race yet. Nowhere have I seen such grace, and courtesy, and dignity, such life, such breeding, such refinement. I never shall forget the strange scene at Montalto. It chanced to be sunset, one of the most splendid I ever saw, intensely rich in crimsons, orange and gold. The picturesque towers and gates of Montalto stood up black and gloomy in the crimson sky. All round was a motley group of travellers, bishops, canons, priests, friars, police, soldiers, all crowded together, the 'Roastpigioso' family placidly seated a little apart, chewing the cud of vacancy, like Campagna cows, and all round us the entire population of Montalto, which seems wholly devoted to the profession of mendicity—blind beggars, lame beggars, leprous beggars, old beggars, young beggars, sturdy beggars, cadaverous beggars, felonious beggars and idiotic beggars; ragged children, fever-stricken women, blackguard banditti-looking men, half-naked children crawling in the mud, girls carrying the graceful copper pitchers on their heads, rascaldom, disease, misery, dirt, superstition, ignorance, all in picturesque confusion . . . all under that magnificent sunset, and with the dreary waste of the Campagna in the background. It was a picture which Salvator Rosa and Turner together might have painted, but no one painter in the world.

To pass through Mr. Harrison's portrait gallery is like a visit to Madame Tussaud's, except that in his pages there is no chamber of horrors, and the figures are alive. All that we shall be able to do will be to 'glance and pass' in Dante fashion, and to listen to the memories and impressions of our guide. Of the preachers he has heard he thinks that 'the *ethike pistis* of F. W. Robertson was the most impressive, and the eloquence of Bishop Wilberforce the most memorable. But no English preacher in my seventy years of sermon-hearing ever came near one of the great Italian friars preaching to a Catholic congregation in a Jesuit church or a mediaeval cathedral.' In one place Mr. Harrison speaks of 'the penchant to caricature and exaggeration which disfigures' his 'familiar correspondence.' Neither of these literary vices was his forte, and we shall not disfigure our pages with the unfair picture of Maurice, and the atrocious libel upon Spurgeon, which, unhappily, he has reproduced. More interesting to our readers will be the glimpse he gives us of one who figured once in Methodist history: 'Another visit I made was to the Rev. Joseph Rayner Stephens, an Independent minister of Staleybridge. Stephens was a Tory-Democrat, agitator, journalist, and preacher, who had worked vigorously with Richard Oastler in the Factory Act agitation, 1830–40, and then in opposition to the Poor Law. He was a powerful open-air speaker, and still in his old age retained the devoted loyalty of a congregation, of which he made himself sole pope and spiritual guide. . . . He was an inimitable talker, a genuine relic of the old Evangelical philanthropist, a born orator, democrat, and autocrat. He gave me an entertainment that I cannot forget—Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, played in his own chapel by his own people in costume—all mill hands, and speaking the broad Lancashire brogue. . . . It amused me to imagine an Anglican dignitary turning stage-manager in his own church on Saturday night, and preaching from the pulpit on Sunday

as soon as the canvas walls of Rome were removed. But Pope Stephens did that; and, I regret to say, he preached at me, pointing the finger of scorn at the infidel, as I sat beneath him.' Mr. Harrison speaks highly of Mill, but tells us little about him. 'To have known such a man, as I believe the most self-devoted and most scrupulous of all the politicians of his age, is indeed the honour of a lifetime.' Bright he regards as the finest orator of the second half of the century, and tells a story about a meeting at which he was present in St. James's Hall, when Mr. Ayrton 'used rude language about Queen Victoria.' Mr. Bright, who was chairman, saw at once how mischievous was the reference in such an assembly. 'He sprang to his feet, and poured out a reproof in indignant eloquence so full of pathos, generosity, and fine feeling, that it electrified the audience. The meeting broke out into cheers, and dispersed chanting "God save the Queen." And, before I knew what had happened I found myself towards midnight marching up Regent Street, arm-in-arm with a column of joiners and masons, shouting, "Confound their knavish tricks! God save the Queen!"' Though never a whole-hearted follower of his, Mr. Harrison speaks of Mr. Gladstone as the pink of courtesy and kindness, as 'the most delightful of talkers, but not really brilliant in conversation'; and of him and his great rival he paints a piquant picture that in our time will not fade away. 'I remember that at a big garden party on Camden Hill there was a "Punch and Judy" set up on the lower lawn to amuse the children. There stood Gladstone, laughing and open-mouthed, as delighted as any girl or boy of them all. Opposite to him were Disraeli and Montagu Corry—to whom the creator of "Peace with Honour" seemed, by his look of contempt, to be saying—"They call this a statesman."' Cardinal Manning and Mr. Harrison were on the friendliest and most intimate terms. 'He was one of the most picturesque and versatile men of his time—in person a mediaeval saint

—a St. Anthony of Padua by Perugino—in manner alternately graceful, ascetic, imposing and simple; in mind subtle, ingenious, and of wide culture; in principles an ardent apostle of temperance, ecclesiastical discipline, social sympathy and popular reform.' On one occasion, when Mr. Harrison said that on the disestablishment of the English Church he would gain millions of new adherents to Catholicism, the Cardinal replied, 'Yes, I know that; but you, Free-Thinkers, Agnostics and Positivists, would gain the rest.' On another occasion, the Cardinal told him that 'Comte's Catholic mother and childhood had inscribed on his heart the truths of religion in invisible letters which began to reappear in old age'; 'again, he said that "Positivism was a noble torso from which the head had been cut off."' On which Mr. Harrison remarks: 'It was indeed just the reverse. It was the head, the brain, the intelligence, that Comte found wanting in Catholicism: the heart had been sound originally and its yearnings might even be revivified.' But surely this was to miss the Cardinal's meaning. What he meant, probably, was that Religion without God, as William Arthur, in his book with that title, abundantly proved, is a truncated simulacrum of religion. To this, should space permit, we may return.

For the moment we are in the portrait gallery, and the faces are still crowding round us. Here is Tennyson, 'at the head of all the poets of the nineteenth century since the death of Shelley'; Browning, 'the most original and the most sane spirit of the Victorian writers,' but 'no music' in his poetry; Swinburne, with 'the luscious music in him, but no deep or original thought'; Matthew Arnold, of whom it is rather tartly said that 'he was essentially the critic—the arbiter of a somewhat silver age in literature—the mentor of a society wherein he could never forget that he was the son of a great Churchman and the associate of great magnates. . . . Whether he was criticizing poetry, manners, or the Bible, one imagined him writing from the

library of the Athenaeum Club. His theological disquisitions were a curious mixture of intellectual audacity and social orthodoxy. As I told him, he tossed about his sceptical epigrams and his risky *bons mots* like a free-thinking Abbé at Voltaire's supper-parties.' This is on a par with Mr. Harrison's unkindly cut at Thackeray, and is not typical of his remarks. Of Thackeray he says, 'Once when I was invited to meet the great rebuker of snobs at dinner, he was kept away by an attack of "gout." We learned from the *Times* next day that the remedy he had taken to cure his gout was dining with a duke.' Ruskin, as befitted one of Mr. Harrison's chief friends and most contemptuous critics, has a chapter to himself. Another is devoted to the French celebrities whom he has known—to Comte, of course; to Millet, to the merits of whose pictures Ruskin was so strangely blind; to Guizot, 'the most imposing character, and, in spite of his retrograde tactics, the most philosophic statesman of the second half of the century, as Thiers was the most adroit and versatile'; and a host of others, such as Michelet, Gambetta, Renan, Scherer, and Père Hyacinthe, of whom, as in his other works, he has much that is of general interest to say. But the most complete of all the portraitures is that of Mr. Harrison himself as seen with his own eyes, and as reflected from the workings of his many-sided mind.

As a rule, throughout these memoirs the writer takes himself too seriously, and is too easily disgusted with the men and things of this imperfect world. 'Disgusted' is a word as characteristic of Mr. Harrison as 'bright' is of Milton, or 'sweet' of Shakespeare, and if a man is known by his expletives, here is a revelation indeed. Another is to be found in the heroes he worships. Amongst these his favourites are St. Bernard and King Alfred. Of the latter he writes to a lady friend: 'He is the only *perfect* statesman and king, one who to consummate policy brought a religious heart and a spotless character. He unites

everything that a great public leader ought to be or can be. He is Lycurgus, Hadrian, Hannibal, Godefroi, Jeanne D'Arc, St. Bernard, Lorenzo, Milton and Cromwell all in one—general, sovereign, lawgiver, theologian, preacher, moralist, philosopher, poet, historian, artist, engineer, inventor, student, seaman, hunter, crusader, deliverer and regenerator. . . . In Alfred there is not only no flaw, but no deficiency: he is perfect in fullness as in goodness.' If this is not a portrait of Mr. Harrison, it is one of his ideals, and ideals are portraits of the inner man. Though an athlete, he is no hunter, and, if he is not known as a poet, it is possibly because he has not yet revealed himself in this high character, except in too rare lines like those which he appends to the delightful chapter on 'Friends Unforgotten':

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted.

Here and there are welcome gleams of humour, as when he speaks of his 'senile garrulity,' or when he assures us that the young man who signed his early letters was 'neither a sanctimonious ass nor a hysterical nincompoop'; and that he is not so devoid of sentiment as might from much in these volumes be inferred, is clear from his occasional allusions to his forty years of singularly beautiful and happy married life. If he does not 'wear his heart upon his sleeve' it is not that 'the writer is not sensible to tender affections, but rather is absorbed in an affection too strong and too deep to be either concealed or expressed.' That one so cultured and fastidious in taste should always have been 'a most awkward speaker' is not wonderful; nor does he seem to have succeeded as a popular, however brilliant may have been his triumphs as an academic, lecturer. Relating his experiences in addressing even fashionable,

cultivated audiences in the West End of London, he says: 'One might as well preach sermons on the Simple Life to the smart folk in the Grand Stand at Ascot.' Perhaps it was as well that Mr. Harrison did not enter Parliament, as he was often urged to do. He tells us that he 'was not made for party politics, which mean incessant compromise, the acceptance of the least of several evils, and continual surrender of one's own deliberate judgement.' He always thought Coriolanus 'a good model for electioneering purposes': he would have been the antipodes to Cowper's kissing candidate. That last indignity to noble minds was spared him. On the other hand he takes a delight in recalling his achievements in the public service, as architect, as bibliophile, as law reformer. Was it not he who made the first design for Kingsway and Aldwych, that greatest of all modern London street improvements? Was it not he who spent two precious years in 'clearing up the mystery of the Gibbon manuscripts, and in securing for the public these rich and fascinating remains of our greatest historian'? And who does not know with what herculean labours he brought order into part at least of Cromwell's 'godless jumble,' English Common Law? The most significant, perhaps, of all his self-revealings is contained in his reflections on the great defect in his early education. In childhood, he informs us, he never read the *Arabian Nights* or any of the Scandinavian and German fairy-tales, and adds: 'This melancholy defect in my education must, I fear, be accountable for the prosaic insensibility to the mystical with which I am so often and so justly charged.' This does not strike us at all an adequate explanation of his strange, and, as we must regard it, foolish substitution of a vague ephemeral abstraction like Humanity as the basis of religion for the real and living God; but, within our present limits it is impossible to discuss the matter. Nor is the subject of much 'actuality'; for the trend of European thought for many years has been away from Positivism, and, by a

curious irony of fate, its chief apostle and its noblest and most powerful exponent in this country has lived to see the dictum of his master once more falsified. The famous 'three stages' have been reversed before his very eyes: the tendency at present is through science to metaphysics, and, unless we are mistaken, there are numerous signs of a revival of theology.

It is pleasant to picture Mr. Harrison in his Kentish home at Hawkhurst, a country squire and county magistrate, 'gardening, strolling in the old Wealden Forest, walking or driving in its lovely scenery, exploring old buildings, basking in the scents, breezes, sounds and sunlight of Southern England, entertaining old friends—but certainly not chasing vermin or mangling birds'; and, reluctantly passing over his reflections on the changes he has witnessed in his time, it is gratifying, as the shadows gather round him, to reciprocate the feelings of goodwill which breathe throughout his farewell admonitions of the world. In great serenity he chants his *Nunc Dimittis*, and with a passage of impressive beauty brings his memoirs to a dignified and solemn close: 'I close this book with words that indeed resume in themselves all that I have ever written or spoken during half a century, which is this—that all our mighty achievements are being hampered and neutralized, all our difficulties are being doubled, and all our moral and social diseases are being aggravated by this supreme and dominant fact—that we have suffered our religion to slide from us, and that in effect our age has no abiding faith in any religion at all. The urgent task of our time is to recover a religious faith as a basis of life both personal and social. I feel that I have done this, in my poor way, for myself, and am closing my quiet life in resignation, peace, and hope.'

T. Alexander Seed.

A SYRIAN FATHER ON THE GOSPELS

An Exposition of the Gospel Harmony, made by SAINT EPHRAEM, a Syrian teacher, translated into Latin by JOHN BAPTIST AUCHER; his version revised, annotated, and edited by DR. MOESINGER. (Venice, 1876.)

Fragments of the Commentary of Ephrem Syrus upon the Diatessaron. By J. RENDEL HARRIS. (Cambridge, 1895.)

FOR some years to come, the interest of New Testament textual critics is likely to centre round the so-called Western text, represented for the Gospels and Acts by Codex Bezae (D); for it is felt on all hands that the question of its origin is very far from being settled: when a theory has been advanced which commands general acceptance from acknowledged experts, it will then be possible to pass a general and perhaps a final verdict upon its numerous textual variations, additions, and omissions.

It is not intended to enter upon this large question in the following article; but it should be noticed that an increasingly important place in the discussion of the subject is being assigned to the *Diatessaron*, or *Harmony of the Four Gospels*, compiled by Tatian. This Harmony was put together in the second century by the great champion of the Encratite heresy, and was used extensively in the Syrian Church until the middle of the fifth century, when it was replaced, under the authority of Bishop Theodoret, by the original Four Gospels. On the whole, Tatian seems to have been much more respectful in his dealings with the text than most other heretics,—than Marcion in particular; additions, omissions, and variants which can be traced to the Diatessaron generally have some other attestation. In at least one instance, however, even Tatian could not conscientiously leave the text as it was. Being an Encratite, or ascetic, the animal diet ascribed to John the Baptist in

the wilderness was shocking to him. The 'locusts' of the accepted text must be altered somehow; accordingly, the Diatessaron reads in Matt. iii. 4 (as we learn from Isho'dad), 'his meat was milk, and honey of the mountains.' Bar Salibi, a Syriac Father of the twelfth century, explains that Elizabeth travelled with her son, and for fifteen years supplied him from her breast with the necessary milk! This emendation throws a vivid light on the possibilities of corruption in the biblical text, due to sectarians with dogmatic axes of their own to grind. Another interesting instance of Encratite tampering with the words of the New Testament may be noticed, occurring in the clause relating to Anna's married life, which of course presented a difficulty to people of this persuasion. After all possible deductions it remains, however, true that the Diatessaron is a work of surpassing critical and historical importance to students of the New Testament. Unfortunately the Harmony itself is lost; and though translations are extant, in Arabic (edited by Ciasca, with a Latin version) and in Latin (the Codex Fuldensis of the Vulgate), the value of both of these witnesses is seriously impaired by the fact that they have been obviously assimilated to the normal Gospel text.

By far the most reliable reconstructions of the text of the Diatessaron are those that have been carried through in our own day by Zahn and other scholars on the basis of Ephrem's Commentary thereupon,[1] the work which supplies the topic of the present article. This Commentary is of such extraordinary interest and suggestiveness, and is at the same time so little known, that some account of its contents may be useful and welcome. Ephrem was a Syrian Father of the fourth century, and was not only a

[1] It will be remembered that the author of *Supernatural Religion* devoted a chapter to his proof that no such book as the Diatessaron of Tatian existed. He was refuted by Lightfoot, and afterwards, more completely, by Dr. Rendel Harris in the *Contemporary Review*. An interesting identification of the author of *Supernatural Religion* will be found in Dr. Harris's Paper.

voluminous writer, but an eloquent preacher and hymnodist.[1] Besides the above Commentary written on the Gospels as they are presented in the Diatessaron, he published Commentaries on the Pauline Epistles (accessible in Latin from the Armenian), and on the Acts; the last-named work is lost, but extracts from it, derived from a Syriac *catena*, have been translated from Armenian by F. C. Conybeare, and are reproduced in Dr. Rendel Harris's *Four Lectures on the Western Text*. Ephrem's Commentary on the lost Diatessaron was first published in 1836 by the Armenian Brethren of the Mechitarist monastery of San Lazaro (Venice), and in 1841 Aucher translated the Armenian version into Latin; Moesinger re-edited this translation in 1876. Unfortunately Moesinger's edition—the only one available—has many misprints, and the editor was unhappy in his use of authorities for the text; an adequate English translation is sorely needed.

Ephrem's merits as a commentator are very great. For one thing, he is never tied down to one explanation of any passage, but always has quite a number ready to hand,—these sometimes delightfully inconsistent with one another. His ingenuity is amazing, and he has a very charming habit of discursiveness. Very often he 'drops' into poetry, and frequently introduces long passages from his own sermons and hymns. In most respects this able Syrian Father is the opposite of the modern commentator; and indeed to some of us who find the fashionable theory that only one idea is to be sought in any one parable somewhat arbitrary and oppressive, he seems in many points to do fuller justice to the richness and profundity of the gospel than his more precise successors.

One instance of Ephrem's valuable gift of digression is of peculiar interest, because it contains a subtle indication, and a virtual defence, of his method; it is found on p. 12 of

[1] Wesley read some of his 'Exhortations' to his parishioners in Georgia, and calls him 'the most awakening writer, I think, of all the ancients.' In the *Journal*, May 21, 1761, a long story from Ephrem Syrus is given.

Moesinger's edition, and is as follows: 'Nor let him to whose share any part of the treasure of the word has fallen, believe that there is naught in it but what he himself has discovered; let him rather think that he has only been able to find one thing out of the many which it contains. . . . Rejoice then that thou art over-matched, and be not sorry that the word is too great for thee. The thirsty man, when he drinks, rejoices, and is not sorry that he cannot drink the whole fountain dry! Let the fountain prevail over thy thirst, but not the thirst over the fountain; for if thy thirst be satisfied and still the fountain be running, thou shalt come again a second time and drink of it. . . . What thou hast attained to and made already thine own, that is thy present portion; and what remains is thy future inheritance. Try not churlishly to swallow down at one gulp what cannot be taken all at once; nor let lack of perseverance deter thee from making thine own what can only slowly be attained.'

Marcion, as might be expected, figures largely in Ephrem's Commentary, chiefly as a target for various well-aimed arrows. Ephrem himself, as Dr. Harris says, was a theological star of the first magnitude, and a notable champion of orthodoxy; although, as will be gathered from one of the passages quoted below, the exigencies of his apologetic lead him occasionally into very strange assertions,—assertions that more than once flatly contradict his own principles. To quote Dr. Harris again (*Ephrem on the Gospel*, p. 1), 'The stones which he throws at the Docetists are usually of the nature of replies; and the stones which had originally been thrown at his own party can be found lying under his windows.' Marcion, it will be remembered, was anxious to dissociate Christianity altogether from Judaism, and, by implication, from the Old Testament and the God of the Old Testament. For this purpose he was compelled to maintain that Jesus appeared abruptly in the synagogue, coming straight from heaven into it ('Everything happens suddenly with Marcion,' said Tertullian). What, then, is

one to do with the words 'He went, as His custom was, into the synagogue'? (Luke iv. 16). Marcion simply leaves them out in his text of Luke. 'This was written,' says Ephrem (Moesinger, p. 129), 'that the Marcionites might be convicted of lying and might pay the penalty for it.' Here Marcion is supposed to intervene; he argues at some length that Jesus on this occasion must have spoken against the God of the Old Testament, inasmuch as the words, 'Physician, heal thyself,' and the allusions He makes to Elisha, etc., do not explain His congregation's wrath; 'we must therefore allow,' says Marcion, 'that this was the first time that He addressed' Jews of this place. To which Ephrem makes the very obvious retort, that the very words Jesus used about the 'prophet' being 'without honour in his own country' imply His previous residence amongst them. It is noticeable in this connexion that Ephrem shows by repeated references that he believed that Jesus was actually thrown down from the hill-top at Nazareth, and that Marcion, in order to expurgate the story of all reference to the birth and upbringing of Jesus, placed the synagogue in question not at Nazareth but *at Bethsaida!*

A much more piquant passage-at-arms between the Marcionites and Ephrem is reproduced for us in the latter's comment on the Transfiguration. It will be remembered that Marcion distinguished between the two Gods revealed in the Bible—the just God of the Old Testament and the good God of the New—and that he and his followers spoke of Jesus as 'deus peregrinus,' 'the stranger God,' as being, so to say, no native of the world but a visitor. 'But if Christ,' says Ephrem, 'is "a stranger God," why did Moses and Elias speak with Him? Is it not Christ Himself who called Moses back to this life, and Elias from heaven? And notice that He summoned them out of that former time of the "Just God." But if He had gone up and carried Elias down from heaven by violence, He is not "Good," for He snatched Elias from the arms of the "Just One," and (by

fraud) made him a witness to Himself. And if "the Good," without the consent of "the Just," tracked Moses out and appropriated him, He made Himself a thief, for He stole and embezzled from the grave even the bones which "the Just" had hidden from the sight of men. And when the voice came from heaven, "This is My beloved Son, hear Him," where then was "the Just"? Was He afraid? Did He hide Himself and refuse to answer to the voice of the Other? Or perhaps the word of "the Foreigner" passed quietly by, without "the Just" hearing,' . . . and so on. It will be obvious that we have reproduced here the atmosphere and the very catchwords of those early controversies. Indeed, the 'peregrinus' comes into the controversy as persistently as King Charles's head into the thoughts of 'Uncle Dick.'

In much the same fashion Ephrem deals with the Crucifixion. 'And if Christ,' he writes, 'were the son of the Foreign God, the sun would not have been darkened at His crucifixion, but the Creator (the "Demiurge") would have shed forth a more abundant light, for that His enemy was being taken away from before His face; and would have caused His light to rise upon the Jews, for they were doing His will. And the Temple would have put on a costly veil, because it had been freed from the complaints of its enemy, and because the destroyer of the law had been cast forth from it' (cf. Tertullian *adv.* Marcionem, iv. 42). Almost equally interesting are the raids of Ephrem upon the Docetists (cf. Moesinger, pp. 115, 256).

Against the Encratites, and by implication, therefore, against Tatian, on whose Harmony the Commentary is based, Ephrem is equally lively in attack. In this connexion Ephrem's comment on the scene in the Upper Room is worth quotation: 'He first washed the Bread, and then gave it to him (Judas). The former covenant was washed away from this bread, because it had been prepared beforehand by the new covenant. His avarice rent Judas away from the members of the Lord, now made perfect. Even as

also the Saviour, in this quiet fashion, taught that he (Judas) was not of the body of the Church, but was only the dust which clung [till then] to the feet of the disciples. And so, on the night on which He separated him from them, He washed away from them the dirt destined for the fire. In the same way the Lord separated Judas from His disciples *by water*, when He gave him bread dipped in water, for he was not worthy of that bread which was given to the Twelve with wine.' The same curious depreciation of water in comparison with wine will be found in other passages,—especially, to be sure, in Ephrem's comments, or rather sermon (for a whole sermon, not suitable for Temperance Sunday, is introduced here) on the miracle of Cana. It will be obvious that in this remarkable piece of exposition, which forms the peroration of the sermon, both Marcionites and the Encratites are aimed at. 'On this occasion it was clearly shown that Christ, although like a foreigner He was invited, yet is Lord of marriage; because at this marriage He supplied what was lacking by His own word, which makes perfect all imperfection. Moreover the Lord did not produce by this miracle an altogether different thing, nor did He finish His work by leaving the same old substance as it was before; for He did not offer the guests water to drink instead of wine. Still He did not go quite outside the sphere of natural water altogether, for He produced the wine which He made from *created* water [a hit at Marcion]. So then He did not bring to the feast some *foreign* liquor, but the same primal substance He so changed as to prove Himself its lord, and showed them, inasmuch as He did not choose to create any different liquor, that neither water nor wine is to be despised or rejected.' From this point Ephrem goes on to suggest the larger thought, that the Lord, who 'by an instantaneous command changed the water into the [much preferable] wine, will at the end of time restore to all created things a savour the sweetness of which is unspeakable.' This last sentence may give the reader some idea of Ephrem's power of suggest-

ing large poetic conceptions in a few words. The preacher also makes a good point when he says that *the Lord's* wine had a flavour all its own; and he ends, somewhat abruptly, with this sentence: 'The Lord first accustomed men's palate to the taste of His wine, designing afterwards to conquer their ears and lead them on to receive His sweet teaching.' This comment has in it a subtle suggestion as to our Lord's methods that will repay thought.

There are many curious readings scattered through Ephrem's expositions, a full account of which cannot possibly be given here, though some of the more striking of them may be noted. In the Greek of Luke x. 1 we read, 'He sent them two and two before His face' (*πρὸ προσώπου αὐτοῦ*). Ephrem understands this, oddly enough, as meaning 'according to His likeness'; that is, as he explains, 'as He preached without pay, so also should they; . . . in the same way, they should reckon, that He was portrayed in them as in a picture.'

In expounding the threefold charge given to Peter, as related in John xxi., Ephrem speaks of the 'three parts of the flock.' The practical force of the passage would seem, indeed, to be strengthened, if in the threefold, varying repetitions of question and answer it could be supposed that Peter was given charge over three distinct divisions of his Master's flock. Might these three have been *the children*, *the mothers*, and *the men?* (cf. Isa. xl. 11, 'He shall gather the lambs in His arm . . . and gently lead those that are with young'): *τὰ προβάτιά μου*, 'my sheep,' would cover both genders. There are traces, however, in other quarters indicating that *the goats* were the third part of the flock intended by Ephrem (*lambs*, *sheep*, and *goats*).

Another very attractive reading, several times repeated and insistently dwelt on by our author, is the addition he makes to the text in Matt. v. 38, supplementing 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' with *alapa pro alapa*,—'slap for slap!' This may be compared with *γρονθὸν ἀντὶ γρονθοῦ*

('fist for fist,') as it is found in Polycarp's quotation (Ep. ch. 2). Certainly this supplies an easier transition to the following precept, 'If any one strike thee on the right cheek,' &c.

A curious interpolation in the dialogue of our Lord with the Samaritan woman—an addition apparently regarded as part of the text—is the saying put into His mouth, 'My water comes down from heaven' (cf. John vi. 88, &c.); another gloss, less easily explicable, occurs in the comment on the account of the Last Supper in Matt. xxvi. 20 et seqq., 'They had begun to say, Behold he is here' (i. e., the traitor). It is difficult to reconcile this with the question of the several disciples, 'Lord, is it I?'

Other additions, cited as integral with the text of the Gospels, are: in the story of the petition of James and John (Mark x. 35 et seq.), 'He answered them, I will do it for you'; and in the incident of Peter and the swords,—'He added, "Two are enough."' This latter passage is worth observing as an example of Ephrem's exegetical ingenuity: 'He said "Let him that hath not a sword of his own, buy one," to teach them humility. Simon had one of these swords, and it was in this way that when he was going to show his zeal with his sword, the Lord taught him to understand the words of Scripture, "Whoever smites thee on the cheek," &c. For these words Simon in his love [to Jesus] had forgotten. Or perhaps He said this to show him that not only when we do not possess things of this nature or cannot get them, should we abstain from them, but even then, when we have them and they are ready for use like a sword in thine hand, still all the same we should not use them. And that He might make it plain that He spoke to instruct Peter, and was not speaking of swords literally, for purposes of war, He added, "Two are enough."'

There are indications besides in Ephrem of traditional sayings of Jesus wanting in the canonical text of the Gospels. Such is the sentence, 'Where there is but one, I am present with him;' perhaps also, 'He who preaches not the gospel

commits a sin.' The latter stands in close connexion with the maxim, 'Give not the holy things to the dogs.' Traces of this last λόγιον may be found in Justin's *Dialogue*, 88, and perhaps in 1 Cor. ix. 16, and Jas. iv. 17.[1]

The Diatessaron, as it is reproduced in Ephrem's Commentary, supplements the story of the Baptism of Jesus by the statement that 'Our Lord took John's right hand, and put it on His own head' . . . 'so,' he explains afterwards, 'receiving both prophetic and priestly dignity at the hands of John.' Ephrem also refers to 'the light' which at that time, according to tradition, 'shone over the Jordan;' this circumstance is related in the Diatessaron itself, according to Isho'dad's testimony. There are many other small textual additions and omissions indicated by Ephrem as read in the Diatessaron; but by far the boldest of these variations occurs in the story of Peter and the half-shekel. The passage is worth a more detailed quotation (see Moesinger, p. 61): 'Anticipating Simon, He said, "The kings of the earth, from whom do they receive tribute? from their sons or from strangers?" (Matt. xvii. 25.) For they (the tax-collectors) had come, to find an excuse for accusing Jesus; for they did not exact the tribute from everybody. But they reasoned in this manner with themselves: Perhaps you will say, "A Rabbi does not pay tribute," and so we shall hold you a rebel. But if He pays, He will be taken at once for a stranger. . . . "Lest you cause them to stumble," He replies, "Go to the sea and cast forth there a net." Because they have taken Me for a stranger, let the sea teach them that I am not only priest but king. *Go then, and do you also pay as one of the strangers.* . . . So then all created things recognized the coming of this High-Priest, and all things hastened after their own fashion to pay Him tribute. The Angels did obeisance to Him by Gabriel, the powers of the heavens by the star, the Gentiles dispatched the

[1] I am indebted for these and other references to Dr. Rendel Harris, to whom my obligation is very great.

Magi, and the prophets so long silent, sent Scribes who said, "He shall rise from Bethlehem-town." The coin minted in the throat of the fish and stamped in those waters with the image of the King, proved to those who were only seeking contention . . . that even the great ocean submitted to this Stranger.'[1] There is an unmistakable reference to Isa. lx. 7 in the last sentence, and the whole passage is notable for its play upon the word 'alienus,' and consequently for its Anti-Marcionite polemic; but it will be seen at once that its chief importance lies in the clause added to the instructions of our Lord to Peter, 'Do you also pay, as one of the strangers.' It seems certain that Ephrem found this in Tatian. Dr. Rendel Harris discovered the same reading in a Greek Codex of the Gospels contained in the collection of Miss Algerina Peckover at Wisbech; it suggests a rather subtle textual problem.

One other Logion, wanting in the Gospels, which may be mentioned as occurring in Ephrem's Commentary, is the following (p. 168): 'Buy for yourselves,' He says, 'O sons of Adam, by these temporal things which are not yours, what is your own and is eternal.' (Cf. Luke xvi. 9.)

Certain strange, and to our taste far-fetched, analogies recur again and again in Ephrem. Two may suffice for illustration. 'As death entered by the ear of Eve, life entered by the ear of Mary; and as man had become debtor by a tree, Christ came and paid the debt by a tree.' The familiar Patristic notion that the Virgin conceived through the ear, is here applied in a style very characteristic of Ephrem. Similarly the two boats of Luke v. 2 are explained as *circumcision* and *uncircumcision*, while the Sea of Galilee represents the world. Bede also has the former comparison.

Ephrem's comment on the 'woman with an issue of blood' is very ingenious (it will be noted that he expands and underscores Mark's reflection on the physicians): 'The

[1] 'Obedientia,' in Moesinger's text, should perhaps be 'abundantia' here.

doctors tried to soothe with their remedies the pains of the disease, as though these were beasts roused to madness; and therefore they [the pains] behaved like mad beasts and drove them, with their remedies, here, there, and everywhere. At the hands of One [Healer] those pains were driven away in mockery, whereas they had driven many doctors away in mockery before. . . . While the woman was paying many doctors, her disease received not the slightest relief; but when her hand was stretched out empty, her lap was filled with health. . . . Although she paid her money in trust, she did not receive the reward for her trust; but when she offered as pay only a secret theft, she received as reward for that a secret healing.' In other words, she offered faith, and stole healing.

The widespread belief that Jerusalem is the world's centre will be found in several places. Here is a curiously fanciful comment: 'Where Abel was killed, there perhaps was the mouth of earth, for "the earth has opened *her mouth* and drunk in thy brother's blood"; and where the Lord was buried, there perhaps was its heart, for (He said) "The Son of man shall be in *the heart* of the earth," like Jonah in the belly of the fish.' An idea round which the fancy of the Syrian Fathers often played will be found on p. 2 of Moesinger's edition: 'Samson destroyed many with the jawbone of an ass; but the serpent destroyed the whole human race (by a jawbone)'! We may trace here a double allusion to Eve's eating of the apple, and to the Master's saying about 'smiting on the cheek' (*maxilla* = jawbone). Ephrem continues, 'So then clad in the same armour by which the enemy had conquered and brought condemnation on the world, the Lord came down into the arena, and in flesh taken from a woman conquered the world, overcame the enemy and condemned him.' We recognize in this interpretation the common idea that we are saved by the curse which was inflicted on humanity, and on our Lord as Son of Man.

Ephrem makes at least three strange historical blunders in his exposition. One of these, hinted at already, results from the exigencies of doctrinal discussion. The entire passage should be quoted, in order to show how Ephrem had entangled himself. It forms a comment on 'Blessed shall be [*sic*] the womb, which bore thee' (Luke xi. 27). Ephrem proceeds: 'Marcion says, In these words they are only trying to find out whether He really had been born. And those other words, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren are seeking Thee," signify the same.'—'Yes; but I answer, He gave them even His *body* to eat. Why did He do this? He (Marcion) says, To hide His greatness and lead them to think He was in bodily form, because they could not understand Him yet.' 'But why,' asks Ephrem (returning to the original passage), 'did He seem to deny His birth? For if it were to follow from His denial here that He had not been born, on the other hand He could never have made Himself *brother* of the disciples: *they* certainly were born! So,' he goes on, 'we must believe that He was born too'! Then follows this startling sentence: 'For if when He denied His origin from His mother, He had really forgotten His equality [*sic*] with them [the disciples], yet by His confession of brotherhood with them, His origin from a father (Joseph) was made manifest!' Obviously, this text-bandying is a dangerous business! Ephrem is on safer ground when he compares the saying of Luke xi. 27, 28, to 'Why callest thou Me good?' 'So,' says he, 'here He is saying as it were, Why callest thou Me conceived and born?'

A more surprising, because less accountable, mistake is the confusion Ephrem makes between Judas Iscariot and Judas the Twin (Thomas). 'Thomas' is interpreted as meaning 'abyss'; and Ephrem says, 'Unjust Judas came to complete his abysmal fall (*ut magnam suam abyssum consummaret*). . . .' It may be noted in this connexion that Ephrem makes no attempt to harmonize the varying

accounts of the Resurrection (it would seem that Tatian was at fault here), but simply comments on certain verses of Matthew, Luke, and John, on the assumption that Judas = Thomas. The Thomas-incident of John xx. is distinctly mentioned, so that the Judas-Thomas confusion must surely be an inadvertence on his part.

The last, and most glaring and unhappy, mistake of all is the confusion made by Ephrem between the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene. This error is often repeated; one sentence will prove its existence: 'but behold He blessed Cleopas and his friends, and showed His side to Thomas; why then did He hinder Mary from touching Him? Perhaps because He had handed her over to John!' The prophecy of Simeon, 'A sword shall pierce thy heart,' is also quoted in this connexion, and is interpreted as fulfilled in the Magdalene's 'denegatio,'—her doubt or denial of the Lord ('she supposing Him to be the gardener'). Amongst topographical errors, pardonable in a writer of North-eastern Syria, may be mentioned the confusion between Bethesda and Siloam, and the erroneous statement that the Samaritans lived on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho.

In two much-discussed passages, the interpretation adopted by Ephrem is worth noting. One of these he refers to quite incidentally: '"Woe to you, lawyers, for you have hidden the keys"—because they hid the knowledge of the revelation of the Lord, which was in the prophets. For if the Lord, as He Himself testifies, is the door, it is clear that keys also for the knowledge of Him have been given. By this door of life the Scribes and Pharisees were not willing to enter, as also He had said, "Lo the kingdom is within, in your heart," and this He spake of Himself, who was standing in their midst.' In the other passage (John xiv. 16), it is noteworthy that *Paraclitus* is explained as 'Comforter,' not Advocate.

An extraordinary textual omission, made also by the original scribe of Codex ℵ, may be noted as apparently

found in Ephrem: it is questionable, however, whether much stress should be laid upon the absence of 'He gave' in his interpretation of the words of John iii. 16. The text on this shorter reading stands, 'So God loved the world as His only-begotten Son!'

In conclusion, we will quote three passages that are typical of Ephrem at his best—two of these characteristically fanciful, and the third a delightfully humorous and powerfully dramatic exposition of one of the most human stories in St. John's Gospel. The first is his comment on the Feeding of the Five Thousand: 'But consider His creative power, who penetrates all things. . . . What men take ten months most laboriously to make and transform, His ten fingers did in a moment. Under the loaves of bread He laid His hand like the soil, and over them He spoke like thunder. On them He scattered His drops like rain, and His warm breath like sunshine in a moment of time ripened and brought them to perfection, though each of these elements takes a long time to do its share of the work.'

The second is as follows: 'Then the high-priest laid his hand upon the edge of his garment, and tore his robe (*stola*)[1] . . . because he was under the influence of the new wine. In the month of March the flowers break from their stems and come forth; and leaving them bare and impoverishing themselves, they become a crown for others. So also the high-priest in the month of March rent asunder his own priesthood and left it bare and empty, and it was gathered up in our Saviour.' Ephrem is very fond of this 'parable from nature'; indeed it forms part of one of his extant hymns.

But the following passage is, in our opinion, the fine flower of the book. The story of the woman of Samaria is told throughout with great verve and spiritual insight. 'Our Lord,' says Ephrem, 'came to the well like a fisherman. He asked for water, that He might give water. He sought

[1] Note that Matthew and Mark are combined here.

something from the woman, that she in her turn might seek something from Him. . . . He had ordered His disciples to be gone, lest they should disturb His prey. Then He cast His bait to this pigeon, that He might catch the whole flock. . . . "Give me water to drink." See how he wove the beginning of the talk . . . He asked for water, and then forgot His request, as the woman also forgot to take away her water-pot. . . . Little by little He sought to take the veil from her heart. For if at the beginning He had said, right out, that He was the Christ, the woman might have shrunk from Him.' . . . Then comes the Logion quoted already, 'My water comes down from heaven.' The commentator continues, 'He says to her, "Go, call thy husband to me [*sic*]." He opened a door for Himself, that like a prophet He might show her hidden things. "Five husbands thou hast had in turn." . . . The woman says to Him, "Master, it seems to me that Thou art a prophet." By this saying He lifted her one step upward,'—and so on. The plan of the exposition is obvious, but the conclusion must be quoted: 'And so from the beginning of the talk He had avoided making His person manifest to her; but He showed Himself to her first as a Jew, then as a prophet, and last of all as Christ. Stooping down He led her up the steps to the summit. First she caught sight of Him as a thirsty man, then as a Jew, after that as a prophet,—at last as God! She wanted to argue with the thirsty man; she scorned the Jew; she asked questions of the Rabbi; she was carried away by the prophet;—and she adored the Christ!'

It will be seen that the above exposition furnishes a highly suggestive outline for a sermon on the subject. But the whole Commentary is full of interest for preachers, as well as scholars; for if the scattered quotations given here allure any of our readers to a study of this old Syrian Father, they will be richly rewarded, and the collection of these fragments of the feast will not have been made in vain.

J. A. FINDLAY.

CONCERNING JOHN RUSKIN[1]

NOT long ago, one of a party steaming up Coniston Lake pointed out Brantwood as the residence of Ruskin. 'Who is Ruskin?' asked the man addressed. 'Oh, he was a writer. He's dead now,' was the answer. 'I see,' said the questioner, 'something like Hall Caine.' And it stood at that! But, long since, some of the greatest of Ruskin's contemporaries ungrudgingly acknowledged his genius. Charlotte Brontë referred to him as one of the few genuine writers, as distinguished from book-makers, of the age, and maintained that he wrote 'like a consecrated priest of the Abstract and Ideal.' 'I feel now,' said she, after reading the first volume of *Modern Painters*, 'as if I had been walking blindfold—this book gives me eyes.' Mazzini said that he possessed the most analytic mind in Europe; Tennyson, when asked to name the six stateliest English prose-writers, replied: 'Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, De Quincey, and Ruskin'; George Eliot believed that he had the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet, and was one of the greatest teachers of the grand doctrines of truth and sincerity in art and of the nobleness and solemnity of human life; Tolstoy declared that he was the foremost prophet of the time; 'No other man in England that I meet,' wrote Carlyle to Emerson, in 1872, 'has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness, that Ruskin has.' The Brownings, with many others, no less emphatically placed themselves on record; 'This man,' wrote William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones (in a joint review), 'is like a Luther of the

[1] *The Life of John Ruskin.* By E. T. Cook. 2 vols. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., 1911).

arts'; Edward Thring, afterwards the famous head master of Uppingham, owed to Ruskin and *Modern Painters* 'more of thought and fruitful power than to any other book or any other living man'; and competent critics said that he was the leading living master of the English tongue and possessed every resource of language.

Nearly three years have passed since one of the most memorable achievements in the history of publishing was completed by the issue of the final volumes of the 'library edition' of Ruskin's works. A noble monument of almost unexampled magnitude was thus reared to a man who, besides being one of the immortal glories of the splendid Victorian age, was also the most winning personality among our men of letters since the death of Lamb. Mr. E. T. Cook, the chief editor of that great edition, accomplished much in his introductions to its many volumes, but all such work was of necessity scattered and disconnected, and so was robbed of any completeness as a picture or continuity as a narrative. Here, however, in the *Life*, we have a presentation of Ruskin at once authoritative and final, and lacking in no element essential to an adequate biography. The subject is vast and many-sided, and, in every aspect, of unfailing fascination, but the writer has an unrivalled knowledge of his subject, and perfect mastery of his material, is strong in sympathy but true in judgement, enthusiastic but not sensational, always observant of detail, but never narrow in outlook, and throughout scholarly and effective in style. Already we knew that in Ruskin we had a unique and pervasive personality, whose influence went far beyond anything he ever wrote; but now that fact is placed outside the remotest range of uncertainty. And not only have we here the one life of Ruskin, but one of the most thorough and satisfactory of all biographies; it is a finely told story of a great career, a worthy revelation of a wonderful soul. Some fault, however, might be found with the choice and number of the portraits and illustrations. A reproduction

might have been given of one of the Barraud photographs to which Ruskin referred as the first ever taken of him that expressed what good or character there was in him for his own work. As pure photography they seemed to him to go as far as the art could at that day, and he did not believe it ever could do much better.

An extraordinary upbringing Ruskin undoubtedly had, and there can be no question as to the effect it produced on the formation of his character. Rarely, if ever, has the early life of a man of genius been so unreservedly recorded, and few pages in these volumes have the interest of those that treat of it. The lifelike picture of the parents needs no additional touches. The elder Ruskin—a remarkable man—was exceedingly successful in business, but resolutely refused to lay the foundations of his own fortune until he had paid in full the debts left by his father; he was of tranquil mind, strong and intelligent love of literature and art, close critical faculty, and keen perception of character. The mother was proud, shy, exemplary in entire conscientiousness, and singularly undemonstrative. 'I have seen my mother,' says Ruskin, 'travel from sunrise to sunset on a summer's day without once leaning back in the carriage.' She maintained the same unbending attitude in the training of her son; and while the father was quietly but devotedly paternal, the mother loved her child with a fierce love and kept him under Spartan-like authority. 'One evening,' says Ruskin, 'when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bid me keep my fingers back; I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said, "Let him touch it, nurse." So I touched it—and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got; and the last which for some time I asked for.'

It was a well-intentioned thraldom, but none the less it

kept the boy in a veritable prison-house of affection. Under such rule, however, he learned 'the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word.' He never knew his father and mother have a difference even to the extent of an angry or offended glance. He never heard servants scolded; he saw no disorder, no haste, no grief. He received also 'the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith.' He obeyed his parents without effort, 'simply as a ship her helm.' His faith was shaken by no vacillation, withered by no falsehood; every promise was fulfilled, every threat inflicted, nothing told that was not absolutely true. He was taught also 'the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind.' Further, his palate was nurtured to 'an extreme perfection,' and his health, perhaps, effectually promoted 'by the utter prohibition of cake, wine, comfits, or, except in carefullest restriction, fruit.' The garden at Herne Hill was to the young Ruskin 'the first joy of the year.' There he would pass much of his time in 'watching the ways of plants,' staring at them or into them 'in admiring wonder,' pulling every flower to pieces till he knew all that could be seen of it with a child's eyes. There he found pleasure in the colours of the fruit and flowers, and the purple and gold of the clouds. (He may, as Mr. Cook suggests, have owed to his London birth and upbringing his keen eye for skies and vapours of the air.) Long afterwards he wrote of the world that 'God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside, and of the clouds of the firmament. Now and then a wearied king, or a tormented slave, found out where the true kingdoms of the world were, and possessed himself, in a furrow or two of garden ground, of a truly infinite dominion.' In this garden his mother often planted and pruned beside him, and in the evening they had tea under the white-heart cherry-tree with his father. His chief prayer in those early days for the kindness of Heaven in its flowerful season was that the frost might not touch the almond blossom. In the evening his ear and brain

were trained by his father's readings aloud from Shakespeare, Pope, Smollett, and Byron; and side by side with them all was the series of the Waverley novels—Ruskin's first love and his last.

This exceptional training was not without its calamities. Ruskin had little that was animate to care for but himself, a sociable bird or two, and some nests of ants which the gardener would never leave undisturbed. He had nothing to love—his parents seemed to be but visible powers of nature to him—and so he was left unaffectionate and selfish. His life was without endurance—danger and pain were so far removed from him that he had never to exercise patience or strength or courage; and his judgement of right and wrong and power of independent action were left undeveloped. There was too much precision, too little freedom; law and liberty were in no right proportion and equipoise.

A remarkable child he certainly was, and amazingly precocious. Here are some lines, suggestive of Shelley, produced by him when only eleven :—

> The desert stretched its ocean sweep,
> All vast and boundless as the deep,
> In mighty solitude;
> Night, like a lion o'er his prey,
> Above the vast, the desert way,
> In silence stern did brood.
> I stood beside one tree that flung
> A gloomy shadow, where it hung;
> And not a column—not a stone—
> Marked out the site of Babylon.

When he was fifteen he published, in *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History*, an article 'On the Causes of the Colour of the Water of the Rhine,' and at the age of seventeen he wrote a passionate defence of Turner. Ruskin was twenty-six years old, and the first volume of *Modern Painters* had been published for nearly two years, before he ever took a holiday without his parents, and great was their anxiety on his behalf. 'I am very careful about ladders,' he wrote from Florence, 'and always try their steps thoroughly and

hold well with hands.' So again: 'I will take great care of boats at Baveno, merely using them on calm afternoons for exercise;' and on his way to Venice: 'You needn't be afraid of railroads; I shan't trouble their dirty ironwork.' 'My parents,' he said to Mr. Allen, 'debarred me from all exercise but walking. They wouldn't let me ride lest I should be thrown; boating was dangerous, because I might be drowned; and boxing my mother thought a vulgar form of exercise.' Once, a lecture he had promised to give to an audience of working men had to be abandoned because his parents considered that his presence in the East End would be dangerous and undignified!

From the beginning, Ruskin's parents seemed to perceive that their son was a genius; but even when he went to Oxford, the mother must live there all the time, and the father must be there every week-end; and when Ruskin was over forty, and one of the foremost men of the day, they continued to keep him in leading-strings. Would that they had left him alone in certain private relations; then his disastrous marriage would never have occurred! When he lectured in Edinburgh, in 1858, the old people demanded the most detailed accounts of all that was transpiring; he told them what he said, how he said it, and how he was received; but they must also know how he was dressed! About a year before his father died, Ruskin wrote to him in words apparently exaggerated, if not indeed bitter: 'Men ought to be severely disciplined and exercised in the sternest way in daily life—they should learn to lie on stone beds and eat black soup, but they should never have their hearts broken. . . . The two terrific mistakes which Mama and you involuntarily fell into were the exact reverse in *both* ways—you fed me effeminately and luxuriously to that extent that I actually now could not travel in rough countries without taking a cook with me!—but you thwarted me in all the earnest fire and passion of life.' Such words show what he must at times have felt; still, there was understanding behind

the hands that held the leading-strings, and those hands were not untender. Here is an incident of charming significance: 'To Ruskin's father the publisher came one day exhibiting a thickly scored final revise, and explaining that continuance in such practices would absorb all the author's profits. 'Don't let my son know,' said the old gentleman; 'John must have his things as he likes them; pay him whatever would become due, apart from corrections, and send in a separate bill for them to me.' It can hardly be doubted that the parents, especially the mother, placed too much emphasis on law, and succeeded in chilling their son's sympathy with that delight in freedom which has been one of the mightiest impulses in advancing humanity. But, notwithstanding all, there was ever in him a profound filial gratitude, and his unfailing attitude towards his parents was that of ungrudging and delightful deference. It should not be forgotten that to his father's sympathetic generosity Ruskin owed his familiarity with Turner's pictures and his knowledge of the continent, without which his greatest works would never have been written. And what a debt in respect of style was owed to his mother by this immortal master of artistic speech—this master of the inevitable word, the flashing phrase, the richest affluence of rhetoric, the flying impetuous pen. For that style of incomparable opulence and power came above all through the Bible: Ruskin's mind was saturated with the Book, and in the course of his writings he made no fewer than five thousand appeals to its pages; the Bible seems to be heard in almost every sentence and felt in almost every thought. Year after year, with unwearying patience, his mother had read it through with him from Genesis to Revelation, compelling him to learn a portion every day and to repeat it with fastidious care in pronunciation, emphasis, and accent; thus was the majesty of English words instilled into that marvellous mind. In the Bible also was the source of that consuming energy of conscience which was at once the inspiration

and the torture of his whole career—the central fire that gave unity to all his thought and work.

Whatever may be the varying judgements on Ruskin as an expositor of art and ethics—and yet, even those who detest all his dogmas breathe unawares an atmosphere which he has done most to create—his sovereign craftsmanship in literature cannot be successfully assailed. Among the great Victorian masters of prose, De Quincey at his best, and only then, seems to rival Ruskin in exquisite phrase and melodious and richly coloured words; but he is ever laying on sonorous Latinisms, and his diffuseness and complexities are often distressing, while in personality, which always crimsons Ruskin's writing, as well as in power, Ruskin is incomparably De Quincey's superior. Macaulay is, perhaps, a greater master of powerful short sentences, but his style has the vice of unrelieved facility, lacks subtlety and delicacy, has sometimes a specious glitter, and seldom the note of real distinction. We need only compare his use of alliteration with Ruskin's to be persuaded of his inferiority. Carlyle will rank with Ruskin in force and vividness, and possesses that magic gift of portraiture which alone Ruskin seems to be denied, and yet not wholly denied, as witness his charming words about Severn, 'Lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous, daintily sentimental, as if life were but for him the rippling chant of his favourite song, "Gente! e qui l'uccellatore."' But Ruskin is not always Germanizing the language, like Carlyle, and in beauty and pleasantness there is no possibility of comparison between them. Surely no student of English style would place the sage of Chelsea with him of Brantwood. In Thackeray we have a literary artist with a distinction that received even from Carlyle the highest praise, and has won for him from extreme admirers the title of the first prose classic of the century. But in beauty, eloquence, felicity, and finish—merits which mark the style of Thackeray—Ruskin may well be deemed his master. Ruskin also is essentially

English, while Thackeray is constantly peddling with little Gallicisms. Newman has, no doubt, with Ruskin, what Matthew Arnold, who has it not, called the grand style, and is probably unsurpassed in such a passage as that on music in his sermon on 'The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine' (*Oxford University Sermons*, No. xv.), or in the peroration of his sermon on 'The Parting of Friends' (*Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, No. xxvi.), the latter being, according to Kingsley, one of the two finest examples of prose—Ruskin's description of Giotto's Campanile being the other—in the English language. Newman's method may seem simpler and more direct, easier and more vernacular; but, with all his powers, most of his work is only 'occasional,' and of the art of description he has little or no command. Walter Pater is unquestionably a master in the choice of words, but scarcely in their articulation; he is wonderfully successful in the rhythm of short sentences, but he often fails in the organic development of a sentence, and not seldom so entangles his thought that we are bewildered as we seek his exact meaning. Swinburne has certainly an astonishing gift of copiousness, and in his *William Blake*, for instance, reaches splendid heights; but he impresses us as being copious because he wishes to say something, and not, as Ruskin, because he has something to say. Probably, however, some students of literature may contend that Swinburne is copious because he wishes to say some particular thing as strongly as possible, and Ruskin because he has so many particular things to say all at once. Still, in point of style no one can think of Swinburne as in any real sense an equal of Ruskin. It can hardly be necessary to demonstrate Ruskin's superiority to other stylists who are often cited to-day, such as Goldwin Smith, 'Mark Rutherford,' and John Morley; and we have but to contrast Ruskin's treatment of nature with Stevenson's and Hardy's, or to put beside Mrs. Meynell's essays on Grass, Cloud, Winds of the World, and the Sun, with their

laborious preciosity, Ruskin's passages on similar subjects, to see clearly that Ruskin's method and style are not simply different, but incontestably finer. No one has availed to fuse emotion and argument and imagination into such pensive and delicate and rhythmical and glorious and original prose—prose with such insight of vision and such accuracy of word.

We cannot follow Ruskin as he treats of art, of science, of economics, of politics, of history, and of religion, or dwell on the many gifts, graces, and virtues which illuminate his limitless life. In certain respects that life was, as Mr. Cook well puts it, private and secluded—'It seldom chances,' said Ruskin, 'my work lying chiefly among stones, clouds, and flowers, that I am brought into any freedom of intercourse with my fellow creatures'; but though 'persistently literary,' and little mixed with public affairs, everything in it seemed addressed to practical issues. 'Before 1860 he was in his principal activities the interpreter of a Beautiful World; after 1860 he was principally absorbed in a mission to reform the world.' It is also true that he lived, as he wrote, at white heat, and that if, as Walter Pater has it, 'to burn always with this hard gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy,' be 'success in life,' then was Ruskin's life successful above common measure. He was, admittedly, at once a prophet who railed against the world and a magician who revealed its beauty.

According to Ruskin, the lives worth writing are those about which truth can be told in the greatest of sciences, that of Humanity, and which reveal what is 'beautiful or woful' in an individual soul. Never before has that which was beautiful in the soul of this supreme enthusiast for beauty been so understandingly and graciously revealed; never before have we so felt the throb of his passionate sympathy—controlling and haunting—with all things pitiful as well as beautiful, or been so moved by his delight in the loveliness of nature and his grief over the misery of man;

and never before have we been brought into such intimate association with the agony of his woe. We can now enter far into the meaning of such references as those to his severe illnesses of 1879 and 1881: 'But both these illnesses have been part of one and the same system of constant thought, far out of sight to the people about me, and, of course, getting more and more separated from them as they go on in the ways of the modern world, and *I* go back to live with my Father and my Mother and my Nurse, and one other—all waiting for me in the Land of the Leal.' The pathos of much of this wonderful record is wellnigh overwhelming—it lies on the yonder side of tears—but the heart of the reader is touched with pure gladness when he finds how Ruskin was shown 'with lovely initiation, in how many secret places the prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets; and on how many hills which I had thought left desolate, the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire. . . . The story of Rosy Vale is not ended; surely out of its silence the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and round it the desert rejoice, and blossom as the rose.'

R. Wilkins Rees.

CONVERSION A PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT

WE have conversion of stocks, and there seems no just reason why we should not have also conversion of souls. As a matter of fact, it seems to be one of the many miracles that do happen daily. Unless we agree to refuse the testimony of history, and the vital experience of human hearts in myriads, we must believe this. *Fiat lux! Et facta est lux—e tenebris.* Were the miracle of conversion confined to things spiritual alone, and the evidence of mere subjective feelings, we might fairly question its truth. *Dubitatio*, as Cicero says, *de omnibus rebus*, has its uses. Doubt acts as a safeguard against precipitate conclusions or false inferences—'doubts, too, may have some divinity in them.' But when we are perpetually knocking against universals, and conversions grow as plentifully as blackberries—upon every hedge, so to speak—any misgiving seems absurd. When, for instance, we see a revolution in somebody's conduct evident to all, a selfish life suddenly transformed into an unselfish one, pursuit of pleasure renounced for service and sacrifice, the autotelic choice exchanged for the heterotelic, and a complete transvaluation of all old values, in the light of the Cross, we must agree that some tremendous spiritual crisis has occurred. *Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new.* 'When heaven begins and the dead arise, no trumpet is blown,' no banners are waved. But we see a difference, not only at the circumference but at the centre. Conversion, then, though a miracle (and *omnia exeunt in miracula*), does happen every day and every hour. Each new grand creative idea means something of exactly the same kind. It carries with it the dynamic destiny, the energizing power, of a spiritual conversion. In religious matters it comes not so much a statement as a

confession of faith, not so much a confession of faith as an act of worship, not so much an act of worship as a fresh relationship, and not so much a fresh relationship as a changed standpoint and a different outlook on life and the cosmos. It is fundamental, organic, universal, in its sweeping range. In conversion the soul passes immediately from the sense of a general relationship towards God to the sense of a special and particular relationship—and not simply towards God, but towards other souls and the whole world. A new heaven and a new earth begin. Nay, more than this, because conversion implies the positive and actual and direct enjoyment of the altered relationship. The creature grows conscious that his personality (imperfect in itself) needs the supplementing factor of another Perfect Personality and its driving force, to render life completely a link in a larger and catholic attachment. Deep calls unto deep, and spirit to spirit. In some mystical and divine manner God appears Himself but a Part and not a Whole, until we have surrendered ourselves to Him. In an inexplicable, transcendental way, we are necessary to the fullness of His Being *sub specie temporis*. He desires us and wants us, as truly as we desire and want Him. To effect this wonderful union, we must put off the old man, the animal in us, the principle of self-will, and put on the new man, the Christ, our complement. Not till then do we understand ourselves, or God, or the simplest fact in the world.

Conversion involves a new budding-point, an abrupt departure in a new direction, like one of Hugo De Vries's mutations. An arrest, a suspension, in the old growth has taken place, in the hidden chambers of the heart. The appearance may be startlingly sudden, but nevertheless there has been a process before the visible event, and sometimes of lengthy duration. No one now for a moment entertains the idea that the conversion of St. Paul arose out of the journey to Damascus and originated on the way. The vision and the voice that he then saw and heard proved

but the occasion for the display of the revolution in his soul. St. Stephen's martyrdom, and many other heroic confessions of faith, had shaken his old world to the foundations. The revelation on the road added the consummating touch, the one thing needful. It crystallized the fluid process. Tennyson knew this when he wrote in his *In Memoriam*—

> Thou deep chilling vase of tears,
> *That grief hath shaken into frost.*

Only the Apostle's crystallization was one of flame, that gave him a burning heart of fire. Creative processes can be sudden and immediate merely in this ultimate manifestation. The secret work may have been going on for years, and have cost a vast expenditure of mental and moral suffering. Lightly come, lightly go. Anything to be permanent and fruitful demands time and thought and prayer and proving. Ages of patient effort lie behind the humblest leaf or flower, before the final form and requisite balance and perfect correspondence with the environment were obtained. The first reactions would be necessarily timid and tentative and quite inadequate. In an arena of universal competition the surviving organisms, souls or plants or animals must have fought, and fought hard, and paid the bitter price for their efficiency in the end. Readjustment followed readjustment, before the desired equilibrium resulted in autonomy of life responding to every impact of its surroundings, and attaining the dignity of a separate existence solely by being a co-existence. 'Those which others term crosses, afflictions, judgements, misfortunes, to me who inquire farther into them than the visible effects, they both appear and in event have ever proved the secret and dissembled favours of His affection.' But how did Sir Thomas Browne learn this deep teaching? Not casually, or capriciously, or in an hour or two of reflection or endurance, but only in course of time and after many falls and failures and

> The years that bring the philosophic mind.

The purchase-money was weighed out in tears and fears, in anguish of heart, through bereavements and losses. As none ever became a scoundrel in a moment—*nemo subito turpissimus fuit*—but only after long preparation and perpetual surrenders to folly and vice and cowardice, so assuredly none ever became a saint without much suffering and the uttermost price. Epicurus even recognized the cost of any great attainment when he said, 'For God's sake crowd on sail, and flee from all culture.' This was of course pure perversity, as the right kind of culture must help and cannot hinder the most delicate and sensitive soul. But we appreciate conversion better than we can describe it, and we must live it in order to know it. As writes Prof. Taylor of St. Andrews, 'It is often the things which are hardest to picture which can be most readily defined for the understanding.' We may see the logic of a fact clearly, but to represent it clearly in popular form seems often impossible. *Solvitur vivendo.*

Epicurus said practically, if not in so many words, long before Locke, 'Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu.' He even makes the highest happiness consist in the reproduction (inevitably often feeble) of old past 'somatic thrills.' This conveys but a half truth—we give what we receive. But the other half states the very opposite—

> O lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does Nature live.

Goldwin Smith recognizes this truth, in his written record of an expedition to Europe and a series of visits to centres of literary and historic interest. 'What you bring back from a tour, depends on what you take to it.' We read, to put it a little differently, that a mummy has been unearthed on the banks of the Nile, wrapt up in strips of an Etruscan book written on linen and cut up for the purpose. There we find the fact, and yet we may truly say that the explorer's intelligent mind placed there those tell-tale clippings. But

for the play of the imagination, nothing Etruscan would have been discovered. We meet not so much what we hope or expect consciously, as what we unconsciously contribute. Now in conversion we fall, so to speak, suddenly on God, whom indeed we bring with us as the Higher, Best, and One Perfect Self. It seems impossible to say where this vital and elemental process begins or ends. For the principle, the creative factor of conversion, runs through mind and matter alike, through the evolution of the ego and the evolution of the cosmos. Transformation, development, change, growth, the production of the many from the one, confront us everywhere as a familiar fact. Single and simple impressions are compounded into more and more complex expressions, and the somatic thrill receives a new value and new name when it has entered the psychological machinery and taken the stamp of the spiritual and been utterly and entirely re-minted. But for the creative energy of conversion, as for instance in the case of chlorophyll, how would the world exist a day? When we see this transmuting operation so persistent and so triumphant in the material sphere and the shaping of phenomena, how can we logically deny its presence and power in the mental and moral and spiritual and religious regions? What, in truth, is life but metabolism? And what shall we call conversion but metabolism or a new life? The fixed and final, so far as anything can be fixed and final, where motion or unstable equilibrium appears the cosmic law, rests as it always did and always will on the fleeting or impermanent. The surface perpetually alters its appearance, the constituent elements pass from one re-combination to another, but the thing, the principle, the ultimate reality, remains the same amid a thousand thousand different forms. Conversion, in some way or other, is the law of life and growth in every thought and in every thing.

> Eternal process moving on,
> From state to state the spirit walks.

Consistency, that perpetuates a type which has been long outgrown by its age and ceased to energize usefully, and returns no appropriate reactions to the pressure of events, acts far more dangerously than inconsistency.

> Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Nietzsche imagined that physics proved the non-existence of God, while, of course, they prove His existence, as much as anything can. What lies, what works, behind physics but principle, and what behind principle but directivity, and what behind directivity but Personality, *Τέλος θεός*. But then God reveals Himself always as the Supreme Converter. All the grand forces seem to be allelomorphs, or forms of one another. Science even now easily transmutes power into work, and work back again into power. The cosmos, on examination and analysis, proves to be but the playing-ground of the Divine and Eternal Child. Yes, for God at work means invariably God at play—as the ' fairy tales of Science ' for ever are informing us. And at the bottom of progress and civilization resides the ability to convert energy into useful service. Sacrifice seems the root of all. Conversion bears the trade-mark of the Cross—for God also trades with souls. *Dieu me pardonnera* (*me changera*), *c'est son métier*. And when He wishes to get something, something more and something creative, out of a life that needs expansion by suffering, He takes away everything in order that He may give everything. The particular soul puts off the ' old man ' and puts on the ' new man,' in a transvaluation of values. Death of a kind ensues—*mors janua vitae*. That which incessantly goes on in the tissues and in the body, by destruction and repair, by excretion and secretion, goes on in a healthy living soul. The old spiritual tissues are shed just like waste matter, and new ideas and new feelings take the place of those excreted and discharged. But

they transmit in the act of dissolution the permanent and universal in them to their successors, the divine handwriting, as surely as the *ostraka* recently excavated at Samaria reveal the Hebrew (and not the Babylonian) character of the language. Philosophy, said Epicurus, is an activity, which by means of reason and discussion produces a happy life. This may be questioned. But certainly spiritual life, the greatest of all activities, achieves its happiness (or perhaps rather blessedness) by the exercise of a higher reason and a deeper discussion—namely, the reason of the heart which stands above reason or is a reason of its own, and that divine discussion which God requires and ever commands. '*Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*' Nothing ever was more logical than the heart, and yet it abides also as *ἄλογον τι*. Anaximander in the early part of the sixth century before Christ, and much more Empedocles in the fifth century, virtually taught evolution. But, from the beginning of the world, antecedent to both of these great philosophers, the human heart recognized and acted upon this tremendous truth, because there never was a time when it did not own the power of Christ's creative Love, making all things new. '*God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.*'

From the very first, Christ dwelt and energized by conversion in the mind of man, by conversion of the static into the dynamic, hidden power into fruitful works. Through the fundamental psychological principles of resistance and submission or non-resistance, through competition and co-operation, always inseparably united—through surrender and perpetual belligerence, a constant correspondence of self-readjusting active and passive faculties, the disintegrating functions of

> The thoughts that wander through eternity—
> The consecration and the poet's dream—

it was still Christ the Converter who inspired and directed rebel man, onward and upward to the full height of heavenly privileges. But just as the eye does not perceive the waves and vibrations of light but colours, so we throughout history and the evolution of the ego have too often mistaken mere accessories for the cause. We have failed to see the inspiring and informing and evolving Christ Principle—'*by whom also God made the worlds.*' Philosophy has not recognized the ultimate realities, and has been diverted from its legitimate course by the contemplation of mere accidents and antecedents that were only accidents and antecedents, by sequences that were not consequences, and collaterals that were not coefficients. It beheld the process of conversion going on, but missed the presence and plan of the Converter behind, by whom the raw material of consciousness and inarticulate feeling was gradually worked up and out into ethical adventures dimly discerned in the loose intercourse of animals, till the moral rudiments gravitating slowly to their centre became 'a naked intent stretching unto God,' clothing itself by degrees with the substance of religion, while in a few elect and select souls this upward and inward *nisus* grew at last 'privied in Him that is All.' It has been asserted that we shall never get a philosophy of science, because experience is at the best individual, and we can never conclude universals from particulars. This sounds convincing, but to spiritual testimony it hardly appears to apply. Subjective feelings may not be the criteria of objective realities. But, when the subjectivities and particularities universally agree in type and broad outlines and fundamentals, if not in details owing to the entrance of the personal equation, we surely need entertain no suspicion that the results reached are not satisfactory and solid. *Coelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.* The human heart, or mind, exposed to the same spiritual environment, invariably acts or reacts in the same general way. As the displacements noticed by Spitta and others in St.

John's Gospel do not impair the value of the Gospel, so the intrusion of the particular and personal element cannot shake the central fact of conversion. The existence even now of Quietists, as the early Epicureans undoubtedly were, and their repudiation of public life and the solidarity of society with the accompanying duties, does not alter the truth, that we possess a public life and definite responsibilities to that and to the society in which our lot has been cast. Now conversion will never be identical at all points in different human beings, or the world would be beggared of its perennial attractiveness in fresh charms and unfailing novelties. But who does not in some shape or other yield to the yoke of its educating force? Plato unquestionably recognized the root of conversion, as he recognized most truths, when he taught that life should be an increasing conformity to the likeness of God. Nor was Aristotle far behind him, when he said we should transmute the mortal into the immortal and as it were cultivate immortality. And above all Heraclitus darkly proclaimed the truth. There was from the first, wherever we place our first, a capacity for conversion or power of variability. Aristotle rightly proclaimed this, when he declared potentiality was prior to actuality in time (*ἐν γενέσει*) and in knowledge (*ἐν γνώσει*), though actuality was always presupposed by potentiality, and so far *φύσει* or *ἁπλῶς πρότερον*. And it is the soul's capacity for conversion or endless variability in an endless evolution, that renders it religious or spiritual and therefore immortal. We call God unchanging and eternal, and so He necessarily must be. But, at the same time, while His divine character remains everlastingly the same, if His conduct did not change with changing conditions, there could be no cosmos and no development and no progress. For, like Iris, the Deity stands revealed *per mille coloribus arcum*. In accepting the terms of finitude, through creation, God accepted also thereby the *varium et mutabile semper* which is Divinity no less than woman—

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Life, while it remains continuity, rhythm, and freedom, nevertheless defines itself most practically by conversion, which holds good of the saint no less than of the sinner. Consciousness, its highest form, will never be reduced (as Ernst Haeckel holds) to phenomena of physics and chemistry. It does not present a mere physiological problem. Indeed, in his latest utterances, he appears disposed to come to terms of a kind with the spiritual. In the conversion of the hardened sinner, we behold a natural (as well as a spiritual) process, the dawning of the Christ conception always there though latent, and the renunciation of the beast rule transmitted by the animal ancestry. There occurs in the awakening soul not merely an acquisition but a sacrifice, while the acquisition is really but an explicit appropriation of what was implicit, the energy of the Cross which arises by falling and gains by losing and lives by dying. And to this end we need the clash of conflict, the sweet antagonisms of social and public effort or intercourse. Religious seminaries too frequently subside into religious cemeteries. The soul, always and instinctively a fighting being, demands room and opportunity for its expansion from the simple to the complex, from the good to the better, from the better to the best, and from the best to the most best, and so on eternally. We find ourselves confronted by three great powers, heredity, the environment, and the personal factor, and all operate in conversion. But the driving dynamic behind all is Christ.

F. W. Orde Ward.

A GREAT ENGLISH NOBLEMAN

The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire. By BERNARD HOLLAND, C.B. In 2 vols. With Portraits and other Illustrations. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1911.)

THE chief interest of these fine volumes is, of course, political, but they give so many glimpses of the life and spirit of a great English nobleman that every reader will follow with deep interest the story which Mr. Bernard Holland has told with conspicuous ability and success.

Sir John of Cavendish, the little Sussex village on the banks of the Stour, was Chief Justice of England during the reign of Edward III. His son 'slew, or rather completed the slaying, for the Lord Mayor began it,' of Wat Tyler in Smithfield. The young King Richard knighted him on the spot. But the Suffolk rioters had their revenge when they captured the elder Cavendish at Bury St. Edmunds and beheaded him and his host, the Prior of the Monastery, in the market-place. The first descendant of this lawyer to win abiding reputation was George Cavendish, who remained faithful to Wolsey throughout his days of disgrace, and wrote the beautiful Memoir which never fails to touch the heart of an Englishman. His younger brother married the famous heiress, Elizabeth of Hardwicke Hall, near Chesterfield. Her second son was created Earl of Devonshire in 1618. There is a theory that Derbyshire, where the estates of the family lay, was intended to supply the title, but that Devonshire slipped into the patent by a clerical error.

The third earl was created duke in 1694. The fifth duke, who was a collector of books and coins and built the great conservatories at Chatsworth, never married. In 1858 his cousin William, Earl of Burlington, succeeded to the title and added Compton Place and the Eastbourne

estates to the Cavendish possessions. At the age of twenty-one he had married Lady Blanche Howard, daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, who died in 1840, leaving four children. Her husband survived her for fifty years. Spencer Compton, the future Duke of Devonshire, was born in 1833. His brothers Frederick and Edward and his sister Louise made up the happy family circle. Before he succeeded to the dukedom, Lord Burlington lived quietly at Holker Hall in North Lancashire. He had been Second Wrangler, first Smith's Prizeman, and one of the first in the classical tripos at Cambridge. 'He was a naturally silent man of almost excessively reserved disposition, with warm family affections, and a high standard of conduct.' The Cavendishes were never talkers, and under the conditions of his early life, Lord Hartington probably developed a certain innate tendency towards shyness and silence. His father's pride in him is shown by the diary for July 23, 1850: 'This is my beloved Cavendish's birthday. He is seventeen. He is, I feel, a most delightful boy, full of life and animation. I trust he has strong religious feelings, but he is certainly fond of amusement. I am anxious he should go to a tutor for a few years before he goes to Cambridge, if I can find one on whom I can rely.' Next May he went to study with the Rev. Mr. Conybeare of Axminster, in Devonshire. One of his letters says, 'Mr. Conybeare goes on plaguing me with English composition, which I hate mortally.' To the end of his life, indeed, it was a torment to him to compose a speech. He thought it 'great humbug being here' and said he learned much more at home, where his father had been his chief teacher. His tutor would have liked him to give up grouse shooting in order that his reading might not be interrupted, but the moors carried the day.

At Trinity College, which he entered in October 1851, he did not find the work congenial. 'Stupid old C. is still bothering away at the life of Herodotus.' Mathematics were more to his taste, and he took a good place in the

second class of the tripos. The Vice-Chancellor told the graduate's cousin: 'Cavendish could have taken the highest honours without any extra work. He is the cleverest man Cambridge had, but had not confidence in himself, but passed very high indeed with a week's reading.' He had, however, the advantage of a two months' summer reading-party in Normandy, and a Christmas vacation at Cambridge, free from temptations. His father wished him to belong to the Union, but he 'never spoke in the debates, and perhaps never attended any.' Lord Welby says, 'The Cavendish of that day had a good deal of the character which distinguished him in after life. There was about him an utter absence of ostentation, and, I need not add, not an atom of swagger, or any reliance on rank. In this set there was a good deal of chaff, and Cavendish had his share of it, and took it with perfect good nature. He did not, as far as I recollect, shine in talk, but I think we all recognized and respected a sound male common-sense, and, as you would expect, he was always a gentleman.' His father notes that his son had scarcely acted up to his expectations, though he was 'by no means thoroughly idle. He is extremely fond of society, and enjoys being with his companions so much that I am afraid he will never make up his mind to submit to the restraint which hard reading requires. In other respects I am well satisfied with him. He seems to be thoroughly happy here at home with us, and is very fond of his sister and brothers.'

His feeling as to these days was shown in an address delivered to Cambridge undergraduates when he had become Duke of Devonshire and Chancellor of the University. As he advised them to attend to their studies, he noticed a general smile, and went on: 'Perhaps you think I did not do much work myself when I was an undergraduate. It is true, and I regret it. All through life I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I did, and I have found this a great disadvantage.'

The fact is that he always loved an open-air life. Hunting was his dominant passion, shooting came next. He got through an immense amount of indoor and official work, which he always did thoroughly, but he greatly welcomed the hour of release. He had learned at Holker to express himself in strong, clear English, and Cambridge increased his power of attention, and taught him to observe logical order in the arrangement of a subject. After he left the University he visited Paris, where he spent some hours in the Louvre. He wrote to his father that 'perhaps a slight taste for pictures may be beginning to show itself.' The biographer is compelled to add 'These early blossoms never came to fruit.' He continued his private training at Dresden, where he was a good deal in the picture-gallery, 'trying hard to give myself a taste for the arts, and I think I succeed a little.' He travelled down the Rhine, but 'was not particularly struck of a heap by the beauties of the said river.'

In the Lancashire Yeomanry and Chatsworth Rifles he did good service, and in 1855 he visited the Duke of Devonshire, whom his father succeeded three years later. The old nobleman loved his young kinsman's company, and as soon as he came of age allowed him £2,000 a year. Lord Cavendish gained useful experience on the staff of Lord Granville, who attended Alexander the Second's coronation in 1856, and wrote home a lively description of the Russian festivities.

Next year his half century of Parliamentary service began, with his election as member for North Lancashire. In his second session his father became Duke of Devonshire. The young Marquis of Hartington was reluctant to engage in the war of debate. The Speaker, Mr. Denison, urged him to take part. 'Unless I felt sure that you would speak well, and do yourself credit, and do honour to your family and your name, I should not invite you to the undertaking. But I am very confident about it, and I think, after a little

while, you will like the sport in my forest as well as that on the Scotch hills.' By-and-by he made a short speech. The Speaker wrote to the Duke of Devonshire: 'it was done in good taste, and just in such a way as to please the House and to make a favourable impression, which it did most completely. I see that he has the gift of giving utterance to his thoughts in a parliamentary style. It is, therefore, entirely in his power to obtain complete success if he chooses to do so. I trust such will be his choice.' He made a second speech in June 1859, when, at Lord Palmerston's wish, he moved an amendment to the address expressing want of confidence in Lord Derby's Government. Lord Derby called it a 'manly and promising speech,' and Disraeli wrote to the Queen that he 'spoke like a gentleman.' The Speaker felt that his predictions had been thoroughly justified. Lord Palmerston said 'nothing could be better as to language, topics, and delivery.' Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Duke that his son's speech was the best 'in the most arduous and critical circumstances, that I ever heard delivered by a man of his age in the House of Commons.' The Government was defeated by a small majority.

Despite such encouragement, Lord Hartington did not speak again till May, 1861, when he explained his reason for voting for the repeal of the excise duty on paper. In 1862 he visited the United States. It was the time of the Civil War, and when the Marquis dined with the Belmonts, he says, 'I distinguished myself by announcing General Stahl's death to her at dinner, which they had intended to conceal from her till afterwards. She was a good deal shocked, but, I am happy to say, she did not make a scene.' The General was a great friend of the family, and had been at their house only a fortnight before. Lord Hartington had another unfortunate experience. A lady suddenly pinned something to his coat and vanished amid the guests. He thought nothing of this till he noticed angry glances

turned on him, and some one asked, 'Why are you wearing a rebel badge?' He told his father: 'The most surprising thing is the moderation with which they still talk of the South, and, I believe, if they could lick them, and the South would come back to-morrow, they would be willing to forget everything that had happened, and go on as usual.' It was quite different in the South, where feeling was intensely bitter. Lord Hartington completely underrated Lincoln, to whom he was presented: 'I never saw such a specimen of a Yankee in my life. I should think he was a very well-meaning sort of a man, but, almost every one says, about as fit for his position now as a fire-shovel.' In this hasty judgement he was misled by Society talk. But Lincoln formed a high opinion of his young visitor, and predicted that if he lived ten years he would hear of Lord Hartington's 'having about as prominent a position' in the old country 'as standing on the top rung' could give him in America. The Marquis visited the Southern camp, and was much impressed by the good spirits of the people and their readiness to make sacrifices for their cause. He tells his father that he is 'decidedly very Southern in the main,' and thinks it idiotic 'to admire Lincoln and his emancipation proclamation.' All this, of course, was to be revised when he escaped from the glamour of the South.

After his return to England he became Under Secretary at the War Office in Lord Palmerston's Government. His speeches in Parliament dealt clearly with every point under discussion. There was no pretence of cleverness, but everything showed that the speaker had a good head. In February, 1866, he was promoted to be Secretary of State for War, but in June the Government resigned. He spent the two following winters mainly in hunting. At the General Election of 1868 he lost his seat, and wrote to his father: 'It is not pleasant to be beaten in this way, and I don't like it, but I can't say that I am very unhappy about it.' A place was found for him as member for the Radnor

Boroughs, and for two years he served under Mr. Gladstone as Postmaster-General. In 1870 he was prevailed on to become Irish Chief Secretary. He did not like Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill, which he foresaw would irritate Irish Protestants and English Liberals without satisfying Irish Catholics. He made it clear in his speech that he was himself in favour of endowing a distinct Catholic University. Mr. Holland says 'he held this opinion throughout his life, and it was the end to which, although not until 1909, the destinies of Ireland, vindicating his judgement and foresight, have conducted a reluctant England and Scotland.'

Lord Hartington was not sorry when the Bill was defeated and Mr. Gladstone resigned. He had come 'to detest office,' but, after all, the Government had to continue to hold the reins. He was steadily gaining influence in Parliament, and when Mr. Gladstone retired in 1875 he was chosen to lead the party in the House of Commons. 'How I shall get on, Heaven only knows,' he wrote to his father. It was hard for one who was modest to excess as to his own intellectual capacities and oratorical powers, and had a positive dislike for assemblies and speech-making, to be forced into the forefront of debate. Years did not make the task more congenial. When he had to speak at Liverpool and Manchester in 1879, he described one of his addresses as 'exceedingly dull. It was too long, and not well got up; and having a bad cold, I soon got tired, and missed almost all the points I intended to make. How I did hate it, and I never felt so utterly and completely wretched as I did for a day or two before. It gets worse and worse every day.' Lord Granville replied that he had years ago advised him to attend innumerable charity dinners for the benefit of his elocution, and could conceive nothing better for it than 'a political stump in Lancashire. It is almost as good as taking lessons from Coquelin.' It is interesting here to recall Mr. Balfour's tribute: 'Of all the statesmen I have known,

the Duke of Devonshire was the most persuasive speaker; and he was persuasive because he never attempted to conceal the strength of the case against him.' In 1880 the Queen asked Lord Hartington to form a Government, but he did all he could to persuade her Majesty to send for Mr. Gladstone. He accepted the India Office under his old leader. There his administration laid the basis for our future policy—'friendship with the rulers of Afghanistan, abstention from interference in the internal affairs of the country, and a definite understanding with Russia upon Asiatic questions.'

The Home Rule question fills a large space in these volumes. Amid the painful struggle Lord Hartington was true to his nature and to his convictions. Nothing did him more honour than his memorable protest against 'any want of respect to one whom I shall always admire and revere as the leader of a great party, who, in my opinion, has conferred great advantages on this country, and who, at this moment, to my judgement, although I am bound to differ from him, is actuated by feelings as noble and honest as any that have ever inspired the conduct of an English statesman.'

The seventh Duke of Devonshire finished his long life on December 21, 1891. His younger son, Lord Edward Cavendish, had died in the previous May. In 1882 the Duke had been overwhelmed by the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phœnix Park. The Marquis of Hartington wrote: 'His grief is at times terrible; but he recovers, and talks of him and of the crisis quite calmly. Eddy tells me that he has not uttered a word of reproach against any one.' In the summer after his father's death the Duke married the Duchess of Manchester, who made Devonshire House and Chatsworth great political and social centres. The late King had long been one of his most intimate friends. He 'had a high opinion,' Mr. Holland says, 'of the Duke's sound judgement and good sense, and, when occasion arose, consulted him both in matters of a

more public character and in private affairs relating to the social world.' In his own house the Duke did not trouble himself at all about social matters. 'People came and went, and he himself, not usually knowing who was coming or going, and not always who all his guests were, was, as a kinswoman observed, like the most popular and permanent guest in his own house. It was the work of the Duchess to maintain his social relations, and this she did most effectively. No doubt also there is ground for the common belief that, in earlier times, it was due in some measure to her energy and decision, as a friend, that he did not abandon a political life which was so often extremely distasteful to him. Those who knew them best can and do testify to the tender and faithful affection which united the Duke and the Duchess of Devonshire.'

Nothing in the biography will be read with more pleasure than the chapter headed 'Some Characteristics.' The Duke was an excellent chief, who trusted those who worked for him and did not worry himself over details. 'He was absolutely unassuming, but every one in his presence was aware of a largeness and dignity of nature which filled much "moral space." In business he spoke little, hardly using a superfluous word, listened to others, when possible with the help of a cigarette, without much appearance of interest or attention, and at the right moment indicated, with an instinctive sagacity, the best and most practical line to follow. A decision once taken was adhered to; he did not look back or retrace his steps. His work was done with a weary or bored thoroughness, the resultant apparently of a conflict between a strong sense of duty on the one side, and, on the other, hatred of writing and speaking and inborn indolence. Once he said to one who was speaking of the indolence of another man, "I know some one more indolent," meaning himself.'

He took a keen interest in his estates and discussed all important matters with his agents. The accounts were

presented to him every year with an exhaustive report, which he carefully studied. Requests for pecuniary assistance for persons or objects connected with the estates were generously dealt with. 'He realized fully that his great possessions entailed great obligations on him, and his own personal interests were the last things he considered in his dealings with his tenants on his estates.' Over presentations to livings he exercised special care, and, if not sure that he knew the right man, he would consult the bishop of the diocese, or his sister, Lady Louise Egerton, in whose judgement he had deep confidence.

He abhorred exaggeration. When an orator in the House of Lords said, 'This is the proudest moment of my life,' the Duke whispered to his neighbour, 'the proudest moment in *my* life was when my pig won the first prize at Skipton Fair.' This seems to have been a boyish triumph at Holker Hall. His conversation had a vein of humour, but he read little. Newspapers or novels which did not strain his attention were his main reading in later life. He took real pleasure in visiting a great factory or workshop. Perhaps he had more simple interest in art and literature than he allowed people to see. Mrs. Strong, who succeeded her husband as librarian and custodian of his works of art, says that here the Duke showed the same wise liberality as in the general management of his estates. He had a deep sense of the privileges and responsibilities of possession, and felt that he held his great houses in trust first for the county and then for the larger public. When told that sightseers caused a great strain on the works of art and the house itself, he would answer, 'I dare say they will wear down the floor some day, but I don't see how we can keep them out.' Scholars and students received a never-failing welcome. He bought freely, and lent his treasures liberally to exhibitions. One morning he came into the library at Chatsworth whilst Mrs. Strong was arranging one of the cases that contained rare books. He asked her to show him

some of the more precious of them. She handed to him the first edition of *Paradise Lost*. To her astonishment he sat down and began to read the poem aloud from the first line. 'He read on for quite a time, stopping once to say, "How fine this is! I had forgotten how fine it was"; when the Duchess came in, and, poking her parasol into the Duke, whimsically remarked, "If he begins to read poetry he will never come out for his walk." That afternoon they returned to London, and I only saw the Duke once again, in the following autumn on his return from Eastbourne, during the period of apparent convalescence that followed the first attack of illness.'

He did not like new clothes, and preferred plain and substantial viands. Mr. Wilfred Ward remembers meeting him at a small dinner party in 1885. Lord Hartington came in tired and hungry after a long day of committees. The French dishes with which dinner began were little to his taste, but when some solid roast beef appeared he suddenly exclaimed in deep tones, 'Hurrah! something to eat at last.' Some eighteen years later Mr. Ward dined with the Duke at the British Embassy in Rome, and ventured to remind him that they had met before. He looked puzzled till the place was mentioned, then 'he exclaimed with strong feeling, "Of course I remember. *We had nothing to eat.*"'

Mrs. Strong's last interview with the Duke was at the British Museum, where she met him and the Duchess to discuss, with the experts there, the best method of exhibiting the Devonshire collection of gems. On leaving he shook hands with the learned men around him, his face lit up by a kindly smile. Two days later, on October 24, 1907, he went to spend the winter on the Nile, and died on his return journey at an hotel in Cannes on March 24, 1908. 'As he lay unconscious he was heard to mutter some words, as if he thought he were playing at cards. Then he murmured: "Well, the game is over, and I am not sorry."'

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

BERGSON IN ENGLAND

THE visit of M. Henri Bergson to this country last October was an event in other than purely philosophical circles. It was rumoured that here at last was a teacher who could make philosophy interesting; one who, whilst beginning with strictly scientific data, had a new doctrine to propound which was alive indeed, instinct at every point with actuality. Hundreds had gathered from all parts of Europe to hear him at the Sorbonne, and it was no wonder that the lecture theatre at University College was crowded when the famous professor was to open his lips in London. Almost simultaneously, an article by M. Bergson appeared in the *Hibbert Journal*, side by side with a delicate and penetrating criticism from the distinguished philosophic doubter, Mr. Balfour. Now that the ripples of natural excitement raised by such a visit have died down, it is pertinent to ask how far Prof. Bergson's doctrine of the Soul, as laid down in his four brilliant lectures, has brought with it any new light or leading.

The London lectures were necessarily allusive, they cannot be rightly understood without some knowledge of Bergson's philosophy in general. But it may be said in a word that, according to it, neither science, nor philosophy as generally understood, can furnish an adequate account of the soul. Nothing but direct knowledge of life will avail, for the soul is not a thing, nor an abstraction, but a movement of life itself, and all classes, categories, and concepts of philosophy must be put on one side if its true nature is to be understood. Our inner life, Bergson says, is like a melody which cannot be enjoyed by dwelling on its several notes. The flux of the inward life is one and indivisible, the past and the present cohere in pure duration, and it is exactly this continuity (*durée*) of living existence which constitutes the substantiality of the soul.

From these premisses we arrive at ideas concerning the relation between mind and body, between consciousness on the one hand, and the brain and nervous system on the other, quite different from those which ordinarily obtain. We usually think of the past as dead, abolished, existing no longer, except in so far as a record of it may be written on the substance of the brain, somewhat as a tune is recorded on the disk of a gramophone. But how can the billions of vibrations, occurring in a fraction of a second necessary for the perception of a ray of red light, be 'impressed' on the retina of the eye or on the grey substance of the cerebrum? The brain, said Prof. Bergson, is an organ whose function is to arrest such consciousness of the past as is not needed, and to allow only such portions of past experiences to pass forward into consciousness

as may from time to time be needed for action. It is 'an instrument of oblivion,' a screen which allows only such recollections to pass as are useful for present choice and activity. The brain is the point of attachment between the soul and reality. It is not the equivalent of the mental life, but it is to the mind what the point is to a knife, and the mental life is to the brain what the knife is to its point, or the vessel to its prow, the fine lines and curves of which enable the ship to cut through the waves.

The distinction between mind and matter lies in this, that mind is essentially a memory which collects and preserves the past, while matter is destitute of memory. The kind of distinction here drawn enables us somewhat to understand how matter and mind come to be united, and what is the *raison d'être* of the union. The human body is a nervous system placed on apparatuses the object of which is to sustain, repair, and clean this highly sensitive system, and especially to supply it with continually new energy. The soul is the creative force, the real productive agent of novelty in the world. It alone can create and act; and, strange to say, it can create itself, can modify its own quality and increase its own intensity.

Whence comes this mystic force? What is the origin of souls? Bergson would reply, In the Principle of Life. And as such a phrase seems tautologous or meaningless, he adds that in the region of soul-existence the concepts of multiplicity and unity are out of place. The inner life of each of us is neither one nor manifold; or it may be described as both together. Human souls are far from being as distinct from each other as is generally believed, but 'a general interpenetration of souls exists, and this interpenetration is the very principle of life.' This living principle, seized by matter, seeks to free itself, and at the same time by means of matter it is enabled to divide and distinguish, and so to realize its own real nature. In the course of evolution this principle of life has left many things on the way, many lines of evolution seem to have failed. But on the line which leads to man, the liberation has been accomplished, and thus personalities have been able to constitute themselves. If we could seize in one simple vision the whole line of evolution, we should have before us, as it were 'a telegraph wire on which has travelled a dispatch sent off as long ago as the first beginning of life—a message which was then confused, a message of which a part has been lost on the way, but which has at last found in the human race the appropriative receptive apparatus.'

How many of those who listened to the speaker's luminous exposition of a profoundly difficult subject thoroughly understood its meaning, it is impossible to say. Even in his published volumes, written with matchless lucidity in the clearest of all languages, the writer's theory of the soul is difficult to grasp, not because it is obscure, but because it is unusual and not easy to reconcile with a large part of ordinary experience. One of the most vulnerable points in Bergson's philosophy is fastened upon by Mr. Balfour in his criticism in the *Hibbert Journal*. We can follow Bergson in his repudiation of a merely mechanical explanation

of the course of evolution in nature, but why does he so peremptorily refuse to admit teleology? What in its ultimate essence is this principle of life, which is the source and potency of all energy in the universe? The theist answers, God—meaning by the word a personal Being of infinite wisdom, power, and love. But Bergson's *élan vital*, though an infinitely more satisfactory first cause than the matter of the materialist, or the mechanism of the naturalist, or the unchangeable Absolute of the idealist, is itself outside the pale of reason; it is inexplicable, indefinable, incalculable. This new doctrine of Vitalism unfolds to us a living, self-evolving universe, perpetually budding forth and ramifying in spontaneous expression—a restless, unfinished, and never-to-be-finished succession of vital developments, the scope and goal of which cannot be explained, because there is an infinite number of possibilities before it in the future, and none can say which will be chosen or which will be successful.

Surely this is 'the ancient idol on his base again, the grand Perhaps' with a vengeance! We are ourselves, we are told, in so far as we act. The universe also becomes itself in the course and process of action. But the law, or principle, or norm, of such mighty movement is indiscernible. Instinct or intuition is preferable to intellect, because intellect by its analysis breaks up reality into separate pieces that it may deal with each apart, and so murders to dissect. Our deepest instincts, on the other hand, throw a momentary flashlight upon the realities of life, which enables us to understand something of their meaning, and the knowledge that they impart carries us as far as we can expect to travel. Bergson is reported as saying in an interview, in reference to Mr. Balfour's criticism, that he himself had not 'got as far as teleology, but perhaps might reach it,' that his published views represent the history of his own thought as far as at the time he was able to carry it. It may well be, therefore, that further developments await Bergson's disciples.

It is in any case a relief to listen to a philosopher who will at least allow the human spirit to live, choose, and act; one who lifts from the heart the intolerable burden laid upon it by the cast-iron Determinism of modern 'scientific' naturalism and agnosticism. Bergson does bid us look at Life as lord, and points us to a living Power which moves, impels, and directs the movements of all living things. It is an immense gain that a teacher who began by being a materialist, and who bases his whole system upon assured facts of science, sees his way to free us from the bonds of matter, of fate, of iron-bound necessity. The secret of his influence lies here. Intellectualists who reject religion, and cannot accept materialism, are getting weary of the agnostic shelter which has of late seemed to be their only refuge. They listen gladly to a scientific teacher of philosophy who will show them a way out of what seemed a hopeless *impasse*. And we may all listen with interest to the message of Vitalism or Activism, or whatever be the best name for this new fascinating doctrine. But some of us may feel sure that the lines of thought which have led thus far must be carried farther before they are complete. And instead of an irresponsible, inexplicable, indeterminable Principle of Life, Christian believers will thankfully turn to the living

God, who has not left Himself without witness, but who has spoken most clearly in the Son of His love—

> That God who ever lives and loves;
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

W. T. Davison.

SYNDICALISM

Sir Arthur Clay's *Syndicalism and Labour* (Murray), directs attention to certain developments in social and industrial conditions, which it is of the utmost importance that the public should understand. The word Syndicalism is of recent origin, and in France has come to mean the transfer of industrial capital from its present possessors to Syndicalists, that is, to the revolutionary Trade Unions. These 'Syndicats rouges' are to be distinguished from the 'Syndicats jaunes,' who seek to improve their position by constitutional means. The object which the Syndicats rouges have in view is to be secured by that formidable weapon—the General Strike. It was a Parisian anarchist, the carpenter Tortelier, who first suggested its adoption as a definite policy in 1888. M. Guesde and the Social Democrats fought against this proposal, but it was adopted by a Congress of Trade Unionists and Socialists at Nantes in 1894. The attraction of Syndicalism for wage-earners and their leaders is not difficult to understand. M. Sorel, a well-known writer, has also joined this camp. He argues that the middle class has become degenerate and cowardly, and that violence alone will rouse it, and enable it to regain its former energy. Yet, despite such support, Syndicalism cannot be said to be gaining ground, even among wage-receivers. Sir Arthur Clay points out that in this respect Socialism occupies a very different position. It 'does represent a great social movement.' But Socialists would not admit that there is any connexion between themselves and the Syndicalist. One demands the destruction of the State, the other aims to establish its supremacy. M. Briand, who publicly advocated Syndicalism in 1899, had in 1910, as Prime Minister of France, to grapple with the great railway strike, and did it with heroic determination and success.

In France the Confédération Générale du Travail is the active force of Syndicalism. It represents about one-third of the Trade Unions, and in 1909 'its alliance with the State employés of the Postal, Telegraph and Telephone Services for a few days endangered the stability of the French Republic.' The treatment of French officials of all classes has gone far to justify their revolt against the Government. 'Every minister,' it is said, 'looks upon them as his property, keeps them in subjection, and constantly intrudes into their private life.' In England such treatment would not be endured for a moment, and it was only when the French Government solemnly promised to bring in a measure to redress the grievances of the postal employés, that the dangerous alliance with the

Syndicalists was brought to an end. The French Railway Strike of 1910 is fresh in every one's memory. The C.G.T. used all its resources to put in force the doctrine of Syndicalism, but was baffled by the very means which M. Briand had pronounced impossible in 1899. It was left to the Prime Minister to refute his own contention that the army was inadequate to deal with a General Strike. In Sweden, during the General Strike of August, 1909, labourers 'concerned with the care of sick persons, or living animals, or with lighting, water supply, or sanitation,' were exempted from the order to cease work. The strike was orderly, and its leaders warmly supported the prohibition of the sale of drink, and assisted the police in their duties. It was harvest time, but the effort to induce the farm labourers to strike failed. The middle classes showed pluck and resource, and the strike soon came to an end. In presence of such energy, Syndicalism was proved to be impotent. Sir Arthur Clay describes the strikes in Italy and Spain, where also society showed its capability for self-defence. As to our own country, 'there is some danger lest our workmen should be led to adopt methods which are practically identical with those advocated by Syndicalists, in ignorance of the inherent brutality of that doctrine.' They might thus regard a 'General Strike as the most effective weapon for enforcing their demands.' The capture of Trade Unionism by the State Socialist party seems to Sir Arthur Clay to bring grave perils in its train. 'The ideal aimed at by the ablest Trade Union leaders, and actually realized for a considerable period in some few cases, was so to develop the machinery for the amicable discussion of any question between the men and their employers as to make it unnecessary to have recourse to strikes.' That policy has been reversed, and the change is momentous. The chapter, 'Syndicalism in Practice,' is an attempt to show what the workman's position would be if, as the result of a general strike, the leaders of the revolution were placed in command of the resources of the country. From such a calamity we may well strive to be delivered. The relations between capital and labour have been sorely strained during the past year, but we see hope of a better and more reasonable spirit on all sides. Every workman has a right to a fair share of the fruit of his labour, and it is acknowledged to be the wisdom of employers to see that that share is made adequate and even generous, so that a new era of prosperity may dawn for England and Englishmen of all classes.

JOHN TELFORD.

ETHICAL CONDITIONS IN THEOLOGICAL CONSTRUCTION

THE closest affinities of theology in the past have been with metaphysics; the theologian has been supremely an intellectual philosopher; his constructive methods have been severely logical; whether his system has been classed as scholastic or reformational, he has wrought it into order and authority on the assumption that the rational is the real

for theological construction. There are innumerable signs that the intimacy, not to say the sufficiency, of this association has declined. It is no doubt an affinity which can never be wholly dissolved; such a dissolution would, in fact, be disastrous. But other partners must be admitted to accomplish the whole work of theological construction. Several claimants for this high function have already appeared, and with irresistible credentials. Since Schleiermacher, for instance, religious feeling has been admitted on equal terms with the rational judgement; some assert, indeed, that feeling has already become the senior partner—senior both in order of time and importance. It is now being discovered, thanks to sounder psychological methods, that the religious feeling is of close kinship with another claimant for place and authority in any theological construction worthy of being considered modern. The moral consciousness claims equal rights with knowledge and feeling as a constructive force in building together the interpretations of man's religious experience. The claim is based upon what is fundamental in personality; and it cannot be denied; the claim of conscience in the construction of creed is increasingly regarded as indefeasible. The thinking of our generation is intensely ethical in process and product. It is not too much to say, with Mr. Benjamin Kidd, that we are feeling the influence of an 'ethical movement in which the highest qualities and attributes of which human nature is capable find the completest expression they have ever reached in the history of the race.' Ethics has reached this dominant place, not simply because its science has been reborn, but because it has been born into entirely new intellectual conditions, and because the authority of ethics is based no longer on an external warrant, but upon an inward compulsion. It is here that we discern the close affinity of ethics with modern theology; for theology also has been reborn and its claims based upon the fundamental facts of the religious consciousness rather than upon the assumptions of the speculative intellect. Theology is no longer a system of dogmatics with a supplementary section upon ethics. The subordinate place ethics has until recently held in theological construction is no longer possible. It is not, for instance, without significance that in publishing what will undoubtedly become the most complete and exhaustive Dictionary of Theology for our generation, Dr. Hastings has elected that it should be known as *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics:* and it would probably not be unfair to say that the ethical is more prominent in the treatment of its subjects than the strictly dogmatical. Illustrative also of a similar tendency is an interesting conversational fragment, which Prof. O. A. Curtis uses as an illuminating suggestion for the method of discussing well-worn theological topics he has adopted in his volume on *The Christian Faith, Personally given in a System of Doctrine.* It is from a conversation between a professor of moral science in a university, and a student just about to leave a theological college—

Professor. Are you entirely satisfied with your course in theology?
Student. No, the course has been of value to me, but it has one lack.
Professor. What? I am interested.

Student. In studying the Bible and Christian doctrine, no connexion was anywhere made with moral science.

Professor. I am not surprised. The theologian is quite wont to forget that a sinner is a man.

A chapter in Principal Garvie's recent book, *The Christian Certainty and the Modern Perplexity*, places a further emphasis for theology upon ethical sensitiveness, both personal and social. This influence of morality upon theology is becoming a marked feature of our times. In his chapter on 'Conscience and Creed,' Dr. Garvie seeks to show that 'there are two ways in which ethics can affect theology. It may demand that the supreme object of faith and worship shall correspond with the absolute ideal of duty and good; that is, that a man shall believe that God possesses perfectly all those moral excellencies which man seeks to attain progressively, that man shall refuse to assign to God any defect which he would be ashamed of in himself. Secondly, it may demand that the relation between God and man recognized shall include the obligations of, and the inducement to, the duties which he acknowledges as binding in his relations to his fellow men.' No one, of course, who reads the history of doctrine can pretend that these positions have exercised canonical authority on the construction of theologies. The presence of such factors in theological thought have a tendency to mar the perfectness of a severely logical system; and the heart of a theologian is accused of supreme affection for a system. How far it may be true that this too great lack of the ethical equation in the solution of theological problems accounts for the depreciatory references to systematic theology which are current in popular and academic circles, it is not easy to say; neither can we be too sure to what degree the spiritual unrest of the times is attributable to this deficiency. Nevertheless, the frequency of the revolt of conscience against creed, which has been the starting-point of doctrinal change and the initiation of reform and of religious advancement, is a persistent appeal to the theologian to subject his speculative and logical decisions to the ultimate discernment of the moral consciousness. Whilst it may be true that morality follows religion, it, nevertheless, precedes doctrine. When these two live apart the schism most to be feared arises. A thoughtful Christian man interested in the theological interpretation of his faith has only to recall teachings, not yet wholly out of date, concerning certain fundamental articles of his creed, to realize with some gratitude how real a transformation the application of ethical principles has brought about in doctrinal discussions. We might take, for instance, the doctrine of God. It is not very long since it was possible for Dean Mansell to assert that, as all our notions of the Divine were relative and approximate, our faith in God is faith without knowledge; he denied, therefore, the right of reason on moral grounds to criticize the character and attributes of God as given by the logical processes of the intellect. God might quite well subject man to moral laws, by which He did not feel Himself bound. It is hardly necessary to say that the application of the moral ideal to God, and the conviction that it finds its reality and

perfect expression in Him, have made such conceptions of God intolerable. The interpretation of the divine Personality through the full contents of human personality has enriched unspeakably the conception of God which we have come to recognise as specifically Christian. When we interpret the doctrine of the Divine Immanence also, as it must be interpreted to deliver it from pantheistic perils, in terms of the moral factors of consciousness, rather than in its intellectual issues with necessary relations of substance, space, and time, we see how spiritually enriching this doctrine becomes. What the doctrine of Atonement owes to the access of moral considerations is more generally recognized. Without attributing such supremacy to what is technically known as 'the moral view' of the Atonement as would make it sufficient in itself adequately to explain the significance of the death of Christ, it is plain how much those views lack which rest ultimately upon objective or impersonal law instead of finding their justification in the personal relations of moral beings. It is easy now, for instance, to see how immeasurably Dr. Dale's able and influential treatise would have been enriched, if the author had substituted in his argument the essential claims of a perfect Personality for those of the 'Eternal Law of Righteousness.' If, then, the newer and deeper ethical spirit of our day has only substituted 'personal' for 'logical' or 'legal' as descriptive terms in theories of Atonement, the gain is great. We may mention here, as illustrative examples of ethical methods in treating this subject, Dr. Moberly's fine book, *Atonement and Personality*, and Mr. W. F. Lofthouse's *Ethics and Atonement*, amongst others.

It must be obvious, also, as we move within the several spheres of other relations of God and man which have sought definition or exposition in Christian doctrine, how entirely inadequate is 'freezing reason's colder part' for their interpretation. Ethical conditions are everywhere essential; for 'if,' as Dr. Garvie reminds us, 'morality be the realization by man of his ideal, and if religion be man's assurance that his ideal has reality in God, then it becomes clear that the human ideal and the divine reality must in the mind of man sink or soar together.' The application of such principles removes at once the conception of the Divine Sovereignty as interpreted in the doctrines of the absolute decrees outside the circle of credible theological propositions. Whatever in redemption or reprobation is indifferent to moral conditions in the recipient is untrue, because unreal in the realm of mutual relations between the human and the divine which are essentially moral. It is, perhaps, a more subtle, but not less legitimate and necessary, application of moral conditions to existing distinctions between imparted and imputed righteousness as the blessings obtained by means of the energies of justifying faith. Such faith to have ethical vitality must be more than assent of the mind; it must be obedience of will, a personal relation of the believer in active fellowship with the Person of the Redeemer. This communion, issuing in renewal in character and expressed in the work of righteousness, will surely declare distinctions between imparted and imputed righteousness unreal, save as figments of current theological phraseology. Loyalty in this case,

therefore, to the sensitive conscience of the day may be simply the theological reiteration of the apostolic dictum 'Faith without works is dead.' How the stronger modern insistence on the application of ethical principles to theology stretches back to interpret in more satisfying setting the ethical inequalities which have made the problem of Old Testament morality so acute, we cannot linger to discuss. We can only say that the manifold gains to theological thought in the ruling idea of a progressive revelation, determined in character by the ethical development of the recipients, is a valuable contribution to theology, rendered possible by admitting morality as a potent factor in the moulding of doctrine. Turning in the other direction, anticipating the issues in destiny and the future, sanctioned by religious faith, we cannot fail to put a high value upon the help afforded in the dim and difficult problems of eschatology by the interrogation of our moral consciousness. We do not hesitate to associate in authority with other forecasts of the unseen the insight and outlook inspired by the conviction of the supremacy in God and man of like moral ideals. We are convinced that moral relations, conditioned here by the existence of souls, will be conditioned hereafter by their continued existence. Where these conditions persist, mere physical rewards and punishments are inadmissible. Arbitrary dispositions of destiny in heathen or enlightened men, irrespective of character, are forbidden.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to emphasize one or two positions of importance to theology as it claims a living authority for the present. We must welcome the consequences in theological thinking of an awakened conscience, both social and personal. It has been said that 'the man in the street' will determine the theology of the future rather than the intellectualist or the ecclesiastic. This may be an exaggeration; still it carries admonition. Confidence in the sufficiency of metaphysics is leaning on a broken reed. The theologian who is to count with the multitude can never again be—

> A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
> An intellectual all in all.

Ethics as scientifically determined, much more in its Christian form and sanction, is slowly winning its place as an essential and determining factor in the processes which are building and rebuilding the faith of a Christian man. If, as Dr. Lindsay assures us, the Reformation was a moral movement as well as religious, in that it restored the duties of common life to their right place as parts of divine service, we only carry its true principle a step further when we give to the duties of the common life a place in the theological interpretation of the living faith of which such duties are the expression. The pathos of the Reformed theology is that its teachers so soon forgot its fundamental principle, and reverted to the abandoned type in the hard intellectualism of its formal Confessions. No justification will, of course, be suspected in this brief plea for the place of ethics in theological construction in favour of the other extreme, the Kantian, equally hard and dead in its development, which ultimately came to regard religion as 'a foot-note to morality.' The place and

authority of reason and feeling as constituent factors with the will in the activities of personality are fully recognized. Carlyle, whose influence has greatly contributed to the growing dominance of the ethical appeal in theological as in other spheres, leaves the theologian no liberty of choice. Another 'master of sentences' is no more possible for him than another loyalty in service. When the ethical Reality awakes, regal and austere, within him, he must; he can do no other. 'Thus had the Everlasting No pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my Me; and then was it that my whole Me stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest.'

FREDERIC PLATT.

DR. LOOFS'S UNIVERSITY SERMONS

DR. FRIEDRICH LOOFS of Halle is an attractive preacher as well as an erudite professor. The sermons delivered by him from the university pulpit are frequently published, and are widely read. They explain his influence over young men, for they deal with present-day questions frankly and reverently; moreover, the lucid sentences grip the attention, the impact of truth upon the conscience is direct, and at times the preacher's fervour imparts a flow to his earnest words.

In pamphlet form three Sermons[1] preached by Dr. Loofs, last May, have recently appeared. The first is on 'Self-Redemption,' the text being John v. 1–9. In the introduction two reasons are given for the selection of this subject: (1) the crisis through which the Lutheran Church is passing in the Rhine provinces: 'It is said that men's energies are weakened by a gospel which proclaims that another has redeemed us, and that faith in redemption becomes a cushion for moral indolence.' (2) At the beginning of the summer term it is fitting that young men, rejoicing in their strength and conscious that their future is in their own hands, should listen to Christ's appeal to those who are endowed with the power of choice: 'Wouldest thou be made whole?' Then, in tenderer tones, the preacher addresses those who are unconscious of their need of healing: 'Can we say that our spiritual condition is quite healthy? Do we not feel that in one respect or another we ought to be different?' His inner eye must be darkened who, in the spirit of the Pharisee, claims to be spiritually whole. In this way the two simple divisions are reached; the question 'Wouldest thou be made whole?' is (1) *a question for us*, and (2) it is *the question of Jesus*.

Under the first head Dr. Loofs expresses his approval of the omission of ver. 4 (cf. R.V. marg.). The narrative refers to an intermittent spring; the water is 'troubled' when the spring, which has seemed to be sealed up, bursts forth again. This may happen several times in a day, and gives the sick persons their opportunity of healing. The lame man's lethargy was his hindrance; his will was feeble. Therefore Jesus calls him to make

[1] *Über Selbsterlösung, Pantheismus, und Lebensfreude.* Drei Predigten im akademischen Gottesdienst gehalten von Dr. Friedrich Loofs. Halle-a.-S.: Verlag von Max Niemeyer.

an effort, and in like manner He appeals to us. 'I repeat His question: Wouldest thou be made whole? Do you want to be spiritually sound and strong men? fearless and faithful, chaste and true, beloved by God and men? Is that what you *will*, not with words extolling beautiful ideals, not with resolutions for the future, but with earnest determination at the present moment?'

So far the preacher has not shown that the call to self-redemption is 'not the Gospel *of* Jesus, to say nothing of the Gospel *about* Jesus.' As he turns to this part of his theme, he reminds his hearers that Jesus often spoke as though He took nothing into account but the human will. 'Every teacher does the same. Not only in order that power may be increased by action, but also in order that the final goal may be clearly seen, and in order that experience of failure may render the spirit receptive of guidance and of help.' Examples are given of commands of Jesus in response to which moral strength is increased by active obedience, such as 'Let your speech be Yea, yea,' &c. (Matt. v. 37; cf. v. 44, vi. 3). But when Jesus told the young ruler to 'keep the commandments,' the demand was intended to convince him of his insufficiency and to enforce the truth: 'With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible' (Matt. xix. 26). The teaching of Jesus is not that men are competent of themselves to enter the kingdom of God. They need to 'turn and become as little children,' and they are told that 'a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.' Neither the 'turning,' nor the planting of the good tree is regarded as the work of the man himself. In the parable of the two debtors (Luke vii. 41 ff.) spoken to Simon, the self-righteous Pharisee, 'the gospel of the forgiveness of sins appears as the creative spring of moral action, and of this gospel Jesus Himself is the centre.'

The conclusion to which the exposition leads up is that Jesus Himself stands behind the question: 'Wouldest thou be made whole?' He who commanded the sick man to take up his bed and walk, with the command gave him the power both to will and to do. 'Wilt thou be made whole?—then begin to take the words of Jesus seriously, begin with those of whose meaning thou hast no doubt. He himself stands behind His words. Take them seriously, and thou wilt say, with Peter, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Then will the gospel be understood—the gospel of the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep.' In solemn closing words Dr. Loofs justifies the appeal to the will, but maintains that this appeal is not the gospel. The gospel is the divine response to the cry of those who say, with sinking Peter, 'Lord, help me.'

The second sermon has in view the pantheistic tendency of the teaching of German theologians of the liberal school. The text is Acts xvii. 22 ff., and the theme is St. Paul's statement about *finding God*. The principal divisions are: Paul recognizes what is true in the philosophic conception of God; he shows that, nevertheless, God remains unknown; he declares that God is truly known only in Christ; and he exhorts us, therefore, not only to seek God, but also to find Him. The following passage is taken from the last section. Having insisted that God, although super-knowable, is not unknowable, Dr. Loofs says: 'As a child, although

he does not know his father's profession, nor his experience, nor his capabilities, nevertheless knows and is vividly conscious that he has a father, so we finite men can attain to a real knowledge of the living God, we can become certain of God in this mortal life. The theology which with high-sounding words of man's wisdom attempts to comprehend God was called by Luther derisively "a theology of aristocrats" (*Theologia der Ehren*). To-day a theology of like kind offers us high-sounding words about the universal activity and rule of God; even newspapers, which otherwise concern themselves little with the Divine, pay compliments to this theology. Yet its words do not touch what is deepest, innermost and eternal. They cannot satisfy the heart, nor strengthen us in the hour of need and of death. But the knowledge of God which is revealed to the disciples of Jesus, who through Him and His Cross become certain of the grace of God—this knowledge endures, although it remains hidden from the wise and prudent: "This is life eternal, that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Him whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ."'

'The Joy of Life' is the title of the third sermon, and the text is 1 John i. 1–4. Notice is taken at the outset of the modern revolt against gloomy views of life, held by some Christians, and often identified with Christianity. It is needful to ask: how far is this reaction justified? Dr. Loofs answers the question by showing (1) how high is the Christian estimate of fullness of joy, and (2) how deep is the foundation of the Christian's joy. The joy of the Christian is no mere matter of temperament, nor is it dependent on good fortune. According to St. John, joy and life are intimately connected, but the life which is the basis of joy is not of this world. The life of which St. John speaks was, however, manifested in this world; his joy springs from the revelation of eternal life in Jesus Christ, and from his experience of that life in fellowship with Christ. This life is available for all, and that is also a source of Christian joy.

J. G. Tasker.

THE MAKING AND UNMAKING OF A JESUIT

Count von Hoensbroech entered the novitiate house of the German province of the Society of Jesus at Holland on November 4, 1878, to join the Order, and crossed its threshold on December 16, 1892, to leave the Society of Jesus and the Roman Catholic Church for ever. He tells his painful story in two volumes just published by Messrs. Cassell. Miss Alice Zimmern has translated them with great skill, and has enjoyed the help of the author at various points. He was born in 1852 at Haag Castle, on the banks of the Niers in the Rhenish-Prussian district of Guelders. His father was Count of the Empire and Marquis of Hoensbroech, his mother was born Baroness von Loë. They belonged to the old school of nobility, and were extreme Ultramontanists. The father recited the rosary every evening in his castle chapel in the presence of his whole family, and till extreme old age marched for two hours with the annual procession from

Guelders to the shrine at Kevelaer, where he knelt down amid the crowd in the public street before 'the miraculous image of Mary.' His wife's whole nature was penetrated by her Catholicism. 'There was nothing against which her intellect revolted so long as it bore the ecclesiastical hall-mark. She belonged to an endless number of fraternities, she wore and made us wear every sort of scapular and consecrated medal.' Every kind of religious marvel appealed to her. 'In her medicine cupboard there stood, side by side with ordinary ointments and drugs, bottles of the miraculous water from La Salette, Lourdes, and the Ignatius water, so called from the founder of the Jesuit Order, and the oils of SS. Walburgh and Apollinaris. These miraculous remedies were applied for sickness and injuries, in the same way as court-plaster, camomile tea, or boric ointment.' Pictures of the Madonna printed on some soluble and harmless substance were mixed with the food and drink of herself and her children.

The five boys and four girls were brought up in this atmosphere. Paul, the future Jesuit, was 'particularly pious as a child.' The 'miracles and mercies' of La Salette, where he was taken on pilgrimage by his parents, made a deep impression on the boy, and during many a visit to Kevelaer he 'was seized and penetrated by the storm of religious mysticism that pervades all great centres of pilgrimage.' A Protestant reader of this book will be startled by the 'overwhelming, almost intoxicating effect' of such scenes.

The Jesuits gained a footing in this noble household during Paul's childhood. 'Gradually husband, children, house and servants, were placed under Jesuit influence.' The most influential members of the German province began to frequent the castle, and direct all its life. Paul's first confession was made in his seventh year. The evils of the questions and inquiries by which a young mind is tortured at such a time are painfully set forth. If the child is of a 'delicate and timid nature, confession becomes a torment, a source of doubt and trouble; if made of coarser stuff the mechanism of confession tends to destroy what little delicacy of conscience he possesses.'

In 1861 Paul was sent to the Jesuit school at Feldkirch, where he took his first Communion. For several weeks he and other first communicants were prepared by elaborate catechetical instruction. 'To partake for the first time of his God and Lord, truly and in essence, body and soul, flesh and blood, God and man, in the consecrated host, what greater, loftier, more terrible thought can the religious imagination conceive! My childish heart was grievously torn between its grandeur, sublimity and fearfulness. It was fear that kept the upper hand. I shook and trembled when the wafer was laid on my tongue, for I was tortured by the fear of not being "worthy." And oh! how I longed to be worthy!'

Even in his early days at this school attempts were made to win the youth for the Order. The 'Annual Exercises' brought before the pupils the vanity and temptations of the world, and the security to be found in the priestly office. The 'Choice of Vocation' in which two columns on a piece of paper were used to set forth the perils of a worldly career and

the advantages of a spiritual vocation, was also employed to deepen the impression. When the Count left the school in his eighteenth year, he was firmly resolved to be a Jesuit. The Bishop of Mayence, a near relative of his mother, told him he was much too young to form such resolutions. And the young man began to feel that he belonged to this good and beautiful world. Though he studied at Stonyhurst and visited Rome, his reluctance to enter the Order seemed to grow. At Rome he gave one hundred lire for a vest worn by Pope Pius IX and soaked with perspiration. This object of veneration he sent to his sister Luise at the Convent of Tournay. The death of a sister finally led him to decision. Often in the days before her death she would whisper: 'Paul, remember your vocation.'

He gives a full account of the daily routine in the novitiate house. It was situated in a desolate Dutch plain; no newspaper was allowed. The seclusion was absolute. The Count says that Jesuit piety is 'careful to regulate the emotions, but only with a view to driving out the individual element and replacing it by the System of the Order. Within the appointed barriers flourishes a rank growth of sentimentality, superstition, and miracle hunting.' The novices used to encourage one another in various ascetic practices. Soon after the young Count's entrance the novice master handed him a scourge of knotted cords and a ring of woven wire to be fastened round his leg above the knee. The rule was to make sparing use of such things, for the Order holds it better to preserve bodily powers for work than to weaken them by penance.

After the two years' novitiate came seven years of scholastic training. During this period the young Jesuit suffered spiritual troubles that made him think of death as a deliverance. For weeks his bed became 'a rack of indescribable misery.' At first false asceticism—his scourge and his penitential girdle—'succeeded in strengthening his wavering religious views', but his four years at Ditton Hall, near St. Helens, were 'a hell.' Here he was ordained priest in 1886. For six years he 'bore the burden of this priesthood with continually increasing anguish.' It was only in 1892 that he found courage to leave the Order. He felt at first like a tree uprooted in a storm, but gradually found his work as a writer. He was never a Jesuit at heart, and gives a painful account of the morality of the Order. 'The words of the genuine Jesuit are full of secondary meanings and reservations.' He pays warm tribute, however, to Father Link, 'an un-Jesuit-like Jesuit, simple, candid, truthful, unselfish, loving and pious.' The Count does not wish to minimize the heroic discipline of the Order, but the system of supervision and espionage and the mutual denunciation, declared to be a rule and duty, make friendship among its members impossible. After leaving the Order the Count joined the Protestant State Church. He believes that prayer is the main function of religion; that Christ set mankind in the filial relation to God, and that His saying 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' is the basis of religion. This idea of God's Fatherhood he regards as an endless source of immeasurable confidence. His view of Christ and the resurrection are almost Unitarian, but he claims to be a Christian because he accepts our Lord's teaching as the foundation and corner-stone of his religion. This is how

he puts it. 'God my Father is the Author of my being: He has placed me in the world, unasked, therefore He must also, some time—when, where, and how I know not—become the Perfector of my happiness.' Every Protestant reader will find this a singularly impressive and enlightening story.

JOHN TELFORD.

LUTHER AS TRANSLATOR

OF Luther's many titles to fame, the greatest undoubtedly is his German version of the Bible. Into that work he put most of himself. In it we see the true Luther, and, whatever improvements revision may bring, the work will remain one of the world's great Bible versions and great masterpieces of literature. In every respect it takes rank with our own Authorized Version. It has done as much for the German language and religion as ours has done for the English language and race. A notable difference is that the German Bible is substantially the work of one man. Luther had many helpers, but the inspiring genius throughout is his own. After a life of three centuries, the version has had to submit to revision, which has been attended by the same discussion of the comparative merits of the old and the new as in our own case.

Another point of similarity between the English and German versions is that both represent the issue of a long development. The stages of the German development are less obvious than the English. We know of no German Wycliffe or Tyndale, nothing answering to Coverdale's Bible, the Great Bible, the Genevan. Still, like every other great work, Luther's version had its historical preparation, although this is difficult to trace. The German language itself was of slow development. The leaven of pagan ideas inhered longer in the terms which must enter into a version of the Bible. That leaven was gradually purged out in the services and teaching of the mediaeval church, and in such poetical reproductions of the substance of Scripture stories as the *Heiland* and *Christ* (ninth century). From the fragments which remain, we conclude that there were vernacular translations of the whole or of parts of Scripture, chiefly the latter. The Psalter, Canticles,[1] the Gospels, were favourite portions for translation. A fragment of Matthew's Gospel has been found in Upper Austria; and, strange to say, a translation of Tatian's *Diatessaron* at St. Gall. It is evident that most of the knowledge of Scripture in the Church was drawn indirectly from the Vulgate, which was used in Church services and studied by ecclesiastics. But towards the close of the Middle Ages the work of Bible translation was carried on more vigorously. Dr. Walther, an authority on the subject, counts as many as thirty translators at work in Germany in the fourteenth century, and seventy-two in the whole period before Luther. The great Gothic translation of Ulfilas (fourth century) had no influence on Germany, the Goths living in lands under Greek and Latin sway. They also seem to have held Arian views.[2]

[1] Bernard of Clairvaux has a famous work on this book.

[2] Adolf Risch, *Die deutsche Bibel*, Berlin, 1907.

The immense sale of Luther's version shows that the time was ripe for the work. Erasmus's text of the New Testament appeared in 1516. The study of Hebrew had made great strides under the lead of Reuchlin and others. The printing-press had begun its work. It had become possible for the people to read Scripture for themselves, and they were eager to do so.

With the hour came the man. Luther had a genius for language. As a preacher he was unsurpassed for idiomatic, graphic, living speech. Modern German began in his writings, and especially in his Bible. Early in his course he translated some Scripture books, which found a warm welcome. But the idea of a translation of the whole of Scripture came to him, and began to be carried out, in his enforced but friendly seclusion for about a year, at the Wartburg Castle near Eisenach. The Diet of Worms in 1521 had condemned him, and on his way home under an imperial safe-conduct he was carried off by anxious friends, and concealed nearly a year in the Wartburg, which he called his Patmos, where he began his immortal work of translation. The first complete New Testament was printed and published at Wittenberg in September, 1522, with illustrations by Lucas Cranach; the price was one and a half gulden, now equal to twenty-five shillings. The edition of 3,000 copies was sold in three months, and was followed by numberless other editions. Amid all his other engagements, Luther was always at work translating books of Scripture, or improving former translations. The Old Testament appeared in five parts, and the complete Bible in 1534. His own last edition was in 1545. With the help of Melancthon, Luther was always improving his own knowledge of Greek, and he took Jews into his counsel in his Hebrew reading. Naturally the Vulgate greatly influenced his work, but more in the first instance than later. It had been his companion and guide in his own search for light. On his death-bed he prayed in words taken from the Vulgate. Notwithstanding the immense advances that have been made since, the high merits of Luther's version have been acknowledged on every side. His aim was to make Scripture a German book, and he succeeded. He tells us in his own strong way how hard he found it to make the Hebrew prophets speak good German. Luther speaks of two methods of translation, either to leave the author at rest and bring the reader to him, or to leave the reader at rest and bring the author to him; and he prefers the latter way. His object was to give to the German people a book which would give the mother in the house and the wayfarer on the highway the truth that he himself had learnt from the Hebrew prophets and psalmists, the truth that Greek evangelists had made to him an irrefragable certainty. This purpose, so like Tyndale's, explains the variety of expression and the use of popular idioms which distinguish his renderings. No monotony or tameness for Luther! He translated as he preached, for the common people. Goethe says, 'Luther has given us a work of one stamp in the mother tongue, composed in the most diverse style, and has done more for religion than if he had imitated the peculiarities of the original in detail. In vain afterwards men tried to please us with the Book of Job, the Psalms and other songs in poetical form. For the

multitude, which has to be reached, a simple translation is always the best.' Luther made no profit by his translations and other writings.

Thus Luther used considerable freedom—some think, too much on occasion. Certainly translation seems sometimes to run into paraphrase. Great fault is found with his insertion of 'only' after 'faith,' in Rom. iii. 28. He held that he was faithful to the sense, if not to the letter. He is still bolder in testing the genuineness of New Testament books by the prominence they give to Jesus Christ. Hence his unhappy depreciation of St. James. The three other books coming under his criticism are Hebrews, Jude, and Revelation. Still there can be no doubt as to his passionate loyalty to Scripture as a whole. His appeal to its absolute authority before the Emperor and Diet, at Worms in 1521, is characteristic of his attitude through life. His insistence on the literal sense in the saying 'This is My body,' in the dispute with the Swiss, savoured of obstinacy. It is significant that many later writers have preferred phrases in the earlier editions to those substituted in later editions.

The early editions contained characteristic prefaces (*Vorreden*), which were omitted afterwards. These prefaces, which have been published separately, and which sum up and characterize the books that follow, contain some of Luther's finest writing. They give the spirit and essence of the books as only a master could. The preface to the Romans speaks thus of faith: 'Faith is a work of God in us, causing us to be born again of God, killing the old Adam, making us quite other men in heart, in courage, mind, and every power, and bringing with it the Holy Spirit. Oh, it is a living, busy, working, mighty thing—this faith, so that it is impossible that it should not do good without ceasing.' Our Authorized Version was influenced by Luther's; Rom. viii. 6 (A.V.) is a translation of the German.

Omitting other points of interest, such as the Revision, we may refer to some independent translations in modern German. De Wette leads the way, the first edition appearing 1809–14. The finest translation of the Old Testament is that by E. Kautzsch with the help of equally eminent Hebrew scholars. The classical New Testament translation is that of C. Weitzsaecker, which has passed through many editions. Another vigorous rendering of the New Testament is the small edition by Curt Stage, published cheaply in the famous Reclam series; a slight mannerism in it is the substitution of 'Messias' for 'Christ.'

J. S. Banks.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Theology of Schleiermacher. By George Cross, Ph.D. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s.* net.)

SCHLEIERMACHER has hardly come by his own in this country. That his appearance marked an epoch in German theological thought in the early nineteenth century is well known to every student, but the force and inspiration of his teaching are little more than a name to English readers of theology. One or two of his works and a selection of his sermons have been translated into English, but they seem to have made no mark. We may welcome, therefore, Dr. Cross's attempt to do tardy justice to one who, as he describes it, 'represents a turning-point in the history of Christendom—modern theological construction begins with him.' The present volume contains a translation of Schleiermacher's *Glaubenslehre*, much condensed by the translator, and this is prefaced by a sketch of Schleiermacher's life and his relation to earlier Protestantism, the whole being completed by an 'estimate' on the part of Dr. Cross of the position and value in history of the teacher whom he has piously undertaken to expound. The work is well and neatly done. The thorough student will not be satisfied with Schleiermacher as filtered through the medium of a twentieth-century American interpreter. But in these days it is impossible to be thorough in everything, even in one department of study; and many who would not think of mastering all Schleiermacher's writings in German will be thankful for this lucid and intelligent exposition of his place and work. Dr. Cross is no indiscriminate admirer, he mingles judicious criticism with his hearty, but not excessive, eulogy.

We may quote Schleiermacher's definition of religion and his description of dogmatics, to illustrate his position both in its strength and its weakness. 'Religion is an immediate, or original, experience of the self-consciousness in the form of feeling'—the last word being explained to mean 'subjective experience and not objective idea.' This definition was very useful in drawing attention to one main aspect of religion which in Germany in 1800 was in danger of being ignored, but it is obviously defective as an attempt to cover the whole ground and scope of religion in life.

Dogmatic theology is defined as 'the science of the combination of the doctrines which are valid in a Christian church-communion at a given time.' No statement of doctrine, Schleiermacher taught, can be final, the science must be ever progressive. Yet there is a standard for the testing of dogmatical expression, and it is to be found in the fundamental Christian self-consciousness; and no teacher of the subject can ever do his work satisfactorily unless he is himself in personal possession of the Christian consciousness pervading the Christian communion. Here again,

while Schleiermacher brought forward elements of truth which were strangely neglected at the time when he wrote, his definition is too narrow to cover the area which legitimately belongs to systematic theology at any period.

Of Schleiermacher's 'pantheistic' tendencies, Dr. Cross speaks judiciously. He was no pantheist, though at one period of his life reaction against a narrow evangelical formalism loosed him somewhat from his moorings. If one must be closely critical, Sabellian leanings are more markedly prominent in Schleiermacher's writings. But the real value of the man did not lie in his exact theological attitude, but in the inspiration which he gave to religion in Germany—and, indeed, in Europe—at a time when such stimulus was greatly needed. An English student, who desires a brief and clear exposition of Schleiermacher's teaching, and who wishes to understand his significance in relation to eighteenth and twentieth-century theology, will find in this volume a clearly-arranged, useful, and well-informed guide.

The New Life of St. Paul. By Clement Wise. (Francis Griffiths. 6*s.* net.)

The novelty of this study of St. Paul consists in the attempt to fill up the *lacunae* that have been left in the historical sources of the Apostle's career. Obviously this is a work requiring great skill and judgement as well as imaginative power. Mr. Wise is certainly endowed with a vigorous imagination; but it is apt to stray beyond the limits of the appropriate, and occasionally to result in the grotesque. We do not know whether the errors in spelling with which these pages are disfigured are due to careless proof-reading or illiteracy; but such forms as 'Pegassus,' 'Sampson,' 'pinacles,' 'sycle,' 'Beras,' 'Nitchse,' 'exquisities' are calculated to disturb both the most hardened and the most amiable reviewer. Even in a popular work such inaccuracies are a serious drawback to real usefulness, and make one pause before recommending a book otherwise praiseworthy. With these deductions, however, we are of opinion that Mr. Wise's study deserves attention from Sunday-school teachers and others who desire a vivid picture of St. Paul and his surroundings. It is written in a vivacious style, and the asides which deal with the modern Church and modern life in general are interesting even when they fail to win complete assent.

Old Creeds and the New Faith. By C. Delisle Burns. (Francis Griffiths.)

The author attempts to put before us a modern idea of religion, and in his work deals with such subjects as 'The coming of the Spirit,' 'The City of God,' 'The Church,' 'Revelation,' 'Immortality,' and 'God.' In an opening chapter he tells us that he will only attempt a definition of Religion at the end of his study, and it would have been enlightening if he had kept to this. For our difficulty arises just at this point. What adequate definition of Religion can result from this remarkable collection of quasi-

philosophic assertions given in most dogmatic form, with no attempt to prove the positions taken. Here are a few of the most noteworthy. 'God' is 'experience so far as connected.' A Church will be to religion what an art-school is to painting or sculpture: 'it will exist for the training of the religious mind.' Dancing has been proved useful for religious enthusiasm. 'By such means we enter into the rhythm of the world, and our religion becomes an enthusiasm for the life which we find to be the only reality.'

The coming of the Spirit is to be found in those moods or rhythms which come to all men. The Resurrection of Christ, like every other resurrection present or future, is the permanence of personal influence. 'One does not attempt an elaborate disproof of fairy-tales; for beautiful as they still may be they are in no sense of the word true.' We might multiply such statements almost indefinitely.

The writer in his Introduction speaks of the modern ideas he teaches as 'a new architecture.' He confesses that he has no building to show, only some plans to explain; 'indeed, we wait for the architect.' That is precisely what we feel in reading this clever but utterly unconvincing and misleading book. Even plans, if they are to command respect, should be drawn up by some qualified architect, and there is no trace of his work in the book before us.

The Philocalia of Origen. Translated into English by the Rev. George Lewis, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This translation has been made from Dr. Armitage Robinson's revised text. The Bishop of Gloucester suggested that a translation might be found useful, and the Rector of Icomb has discharged a difficult task with manifest care and skill. The work was worth doing. The Philocalia is a compilation of select passages from the writings of Origen made by St. Gregory and St. Basil; special value is given to this by the wholesale destruction of Origen's works in days when he was branded as a heretic. His answer to Celsus depends for its text on a manuscript of the thirteenth century, but parts of it are preserved in the Philocalia. Origen ranges over a wide field. Free-will, Fate, Astrology, the divisions among Christians, the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, and other subjects are discussed. The scholar paid a heavy price for his fearless speculation. 'Though countless doctors, priests, and confessors proceeded from his school, he was himself arraigned as a heretic and convicted; though he was the friend and teacher of saints, his salvation was questioned and denied.' There is ample material here for close study of the great theologian, and it is a pleasure to read Mr. Lewis's careful and scholarly translation.

The Religions of the World and the World-Religion. By William Fairfield Warren. (New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.)

Dr. Warren was appointed to the Chair of Religions at Boston University in 1873, and here gives an outline of the whole subject for personal and

class use. He saw that students would require a general introduction to the whole field and guidance to helpful courses of reading, and even to independent investigation of historic questions. The methods which he pursued are described with details that will be useful to other teachers, and show with what conscientious thoroughness the Professor has done his work. His General Introduction maps out the historic or concrete religious systems now existing in the world into three divisions: the religions of the barbaric tribes; of peoples emerging from an obsolete civilization such as the Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus; and the world-religion which reaches its culmination in Jesus Christ. The scientific treatment of the religious phenomena of the world has three modes—the historic, the systematic, and the philosophic, and suggestions are given for such scientific study. Each of the modes is considered in detail, and the teacher or student will find abundant guidance in the pages that follow.

The Winds of God: Five Lectures on the Intercourse of Thought with Faith during the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. John A. Hutton, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These 'Lectures,' or free talks, spoken to a gathering chiefly of ministers as Mundesley, Norfolk, give a reassuring survey of the forces making for faith in our day. The challenge to faith came from the enormous development of natural science in the last century and the emergence of the evolution-theory, the double fact forming a crisis more serious even than the Copernican revolution. The chief asset on the other side was the influence of Tennyson and Browning along with artists like Watts and Holman Hunt, who represented the highest spiritual aspirations of human nature. Mr. Hutton is enthusiastic, not too enthusiastic, in his estimate of Browning's services. Ruskin might have been added where Mr. Chesterton is not forgotten. On the negative side Swinburne and Morris have to be reckoned with. The author is generous in his recognition of Meredith's influence. Certainly no admiration can be too great for the way in which Tennyson and Browning continued the great Wordsworth tradition. The unpretentious booklet is finely conceived and worked out. The close is quite dramatic.

In a Wonderful Order: a Study of Angels. By the Rev. J. Howard Swinstead, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This work seems to have been suggested by the Collect for St. Michael and All Angels' Day, from which the title of the work and the heading of one chapter are taken. The chapters on 'Cherubim,' 'Seraphim,' 'The Broken Family,' 'Archangels,' 'Succour on Earth,' while unexceptionable in spirit and purpose, by no means exhaust the hints to be found in Scripture on the subject. 'The Broken Family' has reference to the fallen angels. The last chapter, 'We beseech Thee to hear us,' collates the petitions in the

Anglican Litany with illustrative passages from Scripture. We agree with the author that the subject is too much neglected in our days. We forget the angels who as 'ministering spirits' are sent to do us service. The book is introduced by Lord Halsbury, and dedicated to the Duke of Connaught. In the Introduction 'a region of inquiry wherein speculation or inquiry have (?) no place' should have been corrected.

The Church and Modern Problems. By C. F. Garbett, M.A. (Arnold. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Vicar of Portsea delivered all but two of the addresses in this volume at the Conference in his own parish. It was begun by the present Archbishop of York during his incumbency, and has given valuable opportunity for the discussion of many living questions. Mr. Garbett feels that the laity of the Church of England must have a greater share in the management of its concerns, and he frankly discusses subjects like The New Theology, Rationalism, Agnosticism, The Higher Criticism, The Inspiration of the Bible, Divorce, and Socialism. Each subject is clearly discussed with manifest candour and breadth of view. The paper on Modernism, read before the local clerical society, is admirable, and every paper deserves careful reading. It would not be easy to find a more helpful treatment of the intellectual and moral problems of our time than is given in this fine-spirited volume. Mr. Garbett is a strong churchman, but he is a fair and broad-minded theologian.

Cardinal Elements of the Christian Faith. By the Rev. Prof. D. S. Adam, B.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

Prof. Adam delivered these seven lectures last winter in Ormond College, Melbourne, and they will be welcome to inquiring minds anywhere. They deal with several of the perplexing and fundamental conceptions, such as God and the World; Man and Sin; The Person of Christ and His Redemption; and The Place of the Free Will in the Administration of Salvation. Philosophically, the author leans towards idealism, without accepting or endorsing everything that goes by that name. His treatment of each point is vigorous and suggestive. On matters still in controversy he blends a reasoned assertion of his own views with the sympathetic consideration of alternatives. The Virgin Birth is defended as an exceptional feature, with preparations for it in parthenogenesis, and with fitness in it when a great 'upward leap in evolution' was being taken. The Incarnation is viewed in relation to the individual man, and also as a necessary prelude to the indwelling of Christ in a perfected human society. A series of valuable Notes is appended, and in them the author allows himself greater closeness of arguing than is desirable on the platform. The subjects are peculiarly attractive, ranging from the discussion of absolute idealism as a philosophical theory to a critical classification of modern theories on the necessity of sin and on the atonement of Christ.

Communion with God: the Preparation before Christ and the Realization in Him. By Darwell Stone, D.D., and D. C. Simpson, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 4*s*. net.)

Communion with God is a useful synonym for religion, but in this book it is taken in the narrower sense for such a consciousness of relations with God as produces moral effects in a saintly life and spiritual effects in the perfecting of the soul. It was a good idea to issue the article on the subject which our authors contributed to Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion*, as the third part of a little book, of which the first and second parts are concerned respectively with the preparation for Christianity outside and within the sphere of revealed Hebrew religion. Thereby the subject, in its present phase, is put into a line with its historical developments, and its setting in the New Testament becomes the expression of a privilege, for the enjoyment of which God is seen to have originally intended man, and to have gradually fitted him. The effect is to invest the scriptural teaching with greater value, while intellectual interest is increased, and the desire to make the communion an actual experience is excited. Our authors avoid the discussion of critical or literary details of secondary importance, and concentrate upon their theme. They write as experts for the non-experts, who, if they read with discrimination, will be stimulated and helped. Exposition and incitement to communion with God mingle on the pages.

New Testament Evangelism. By T. B. Kilpatrick, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s*.)

This is a wise book, the argument of which ought to be weighed by every minister under fifty. The theme or organizing idea is the primacy of evangelism in the work of the Church. Both individual conversions and the general revival of religion are wrought by God, whose action may be secured by prayer. The Christian, whether minister or layman, is to aim supremely at bringing men into contact with Christ, cannot evade the imperial and blessed obligation, and has no higher or more absorbing duty. The author discusses the subject in three main sections, entitled respectively, Evangelism in the New Testament; in History; and in the modern Church. The historical section is least satisfactory, and lacks both fullness and proportion, though the careful study of D. L. Moody's methods and power is a countervailing advantage. Among the characteristics of the book are strength, sanity, and timeliness. The author holds tenaciously to his plea, and drives it home with an exposition that overlooks few details. An Appendix contains three papers by Dr. J. G. Shearer on the simultaneous method of Evangelism; and twenty pages of sympathetic and sensible counsels to a young missioner complete the volume.

Falling Upwards: Christ the Key to the Riddles of the Cosmos. By the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Mr. Ward always sets us thinking, and he has a subject on which we all

need to think. He holds that the Church has been secularized, whereas it ought to have consecrated the world. Religion needs broadening out in order to succeed in its new crusade. The distinction between the secular and the sacred will have to be abandoned. That is Mr. Ward's contention, and he proceeds to discuss with a wealth of knowledge that cannot fail to impress the reader one phase after another of his subject. He begins with 'The Christ Conception,' which forms the scarlet thread running through the life of individuals and institutions alike, 'regulating and directing every spark of real spiritual energy.' The redeeming Cross is 'the authentic hall-mark of all moral and religious progress.' Crucifixion and redemption are inexhausted and unexhaustible. 'They are both eternal facts, the outpouring of the Divine Life and the regeneration of man.' Christ is the 'key that unlocks every question, and penetrates every problem. He stands out as the door and the doorkeeper alike. There never was or will be a mystery which He could not or will not open.' Mr. Ward realizes that we 'are not our own until we are Christ's. And it is He alone who can give us back both our Faith and our Science, and make all old things new.' Buddha 'possessed every great gift but the one thing needful, the grace of humanity.' Even to compare him with Christ is to display an entire lack of the historic sense. Humanity rests safely in the pierced hands of Christ. The book is full of thought and will make a strong appeal to thinkers. It has a poet's grace of word and phrase, and a faith in Christ that lights up all life's problems. Those who already have *The World's Quest* will be thankful to set the writer's new volume beside it.

Miracles. (Longmans. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These papers and sermons appeared in the *Guardian*, and many will be grateful for the happy thought which has led to their issue in a neat and cheap volume. They were called forth by the Rev. J. M. Thompson's *Miracles in the New Testament*, and the names of the writers show how vital is the problem under discussion. Dr. Sanday's subject is 'The Meaning of Miracle,' Dr. Walter Lock's 'The Literary Criticism of the Gospels in Relation to Miracles,' Dr. Headlam writes on 'Christian Miracles,' the Rev. H. H. Williamson 'Scientific Necessity and the Miraculous,' and Dr. Scott Holland on 'The Conditions of Gospel Criticism, the Foundation of Miracle, and the Power of the Resurrection.' The papers go to the roots of Christian evidence and show how strong is the basis for faith in the miracles of the Gospels. Every side of the subject is discussed with candour and vigour. Dr. Headlam's is a notable answer, and the sermon by Dr. Sanday is impressive. There is much to learn from all the papers, and they are timely as well as weighty.

The Use of the Bible in the Teaching of the Young. By T. Raymont, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Raymont's object is to guide those who instruct children in the Scriptures by standing between them and the biblical expert as an inter-

preter of the conclusions of The Higher Criticism. The task is exceedingly difficult, and there are things which will give a shock to some readers, but the situation is clearly put, and Mr. Raymont endorses the words of Dr. Kirkpatrick that the teacher is not to destroy the personality of some old Bible character whom he may regard as fictitious. His idea is, 'Whether we regard the narrative as legendary or as strictly historical is a matter which need not trouble us: we may be quite satisfied if it rings morally true.' The book is one of living interest, but its positions will have to be examined with caution, and some of them will fail to carry support.

The Book of Job and the Problem of Suffering. By Buchanan Blake, B.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

This attractive volume contains a new metrical translation of the Book of Job, followed by a series of dissertations on the main problem raised and discussed in it—the problem, not of suffering in general, but of the suffering of the righteous. The translation, while generally accurate where we have tested it, and preserving much of the vividness of the original, often reminds us too painfully of the poorer parts of the Scottish Version of the Psalms. The dissertations, which may well have done duty in the pulpit and the lecture-hall, have much greater interest and value. Questions as to the age and authorship of the Book are incidentally discussed, and some attempt is made to emendate and to elucidate the text; but the main strength of the author is given to the problem named, first as it is discussed in the Book itself, and afterwards as it has been dealt with in the Greek dramatists, in other parts of the Bible, and in modern times. The solution is found in the life and death of Jesus as described in the Gospels, and expounded in the Epistles. The suffering of the righteous is vicarious. Pain is involved in all onward striving, in all true love. The great debates in 'Job' are set forth with much clearness, and in the other dissertations there is a wealth of illustrative material from ancient and modern literature that will be helpful to the preacher and of interest to all.

The Rev. George E. Young's pamphlet *Bringing in Revival* (C. H. Kelly, 6*d*.) is timely and heart-searching. It deals faithfully with the Church and if sometimes it inflicts wounds, they are the 'faithful wounds' of a friend, the merciful wounds inflicted by the skilful surgeon. Mr. Young has pondered deeply the need of the times, and mused until 'the fire burned,' and now he speaks out. His words are terse and vigorous, prophet-like, but tempered by the tenderness of heart becoming in a minister of the gospel of peace. He writes under the inspiration of a quoted declaration uttered by the President of the Conference—'It is not the clever word which the Church needs just now; it is the humbling, stirring, melting word.'

The Oxford University Press has prepared a Tercentenary Commemoration Bible with passages of the Authorised Version, which scholars regard

as misleading or needlessly obscure, corrected in the light of the best modern research. Thirty-four eminent Hebrew and Greek scholars representing all the great evangelical bodies, and many foremost Universities and Schools of Divinity have carried out the revision, and it is well done. No alteration is made without cause, but such a chapter as Isaiah ix. is thoroughly revised. Those who plead for a revision of the Revised Version will have good reason to be pleased with this volume, and lovers of the Authorised Version will not feel that its music is spoiled by any unnecessary alteration. At every point where we have examined it, we can see the taste and judgement with which the work has been done. The prices range from 8*s.* 6*d.* in cloth with fine white paper, and from 19*s.* on Oxford India paper in paste grain binding. A space is left after each paragraph, and a very helpful system of references prepared by the Rev. C. I. Scofield is a distinctive feature of the edition.

The Spiritual Sequence of the Bible. By John Gamble, B.D. (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The headmaster of Rugby, in a suggestive Preface to this volume, says that Mr. Gamble's papers were intended for parents and teachers who have to use the Bible as the vehicle of religious instruction. Two of them were read to groups of public school masters at Clifton and at Rugby. The object was to give a broad survey of Bible literature, and the success achieved with this critical audience has led to the publication of the volume. Mr. Gamble first describes the Religion of the Bible. Its teaching follows an incidental method. We gather what it has to say on sin, salvation, immortality, from references and allusions which the various writers make as they seek to sustain the religious fidelity of the nation. Mr. Gamble finds in the Old Testament three well-defined strata of laws, and traces the three enlargements or purifications of Hebrew religion, brought about by three changes in the nation's conceptions of the Divine Being. His second and third chapters describe the Spiritual Sequence of the Old Testament and the New. Unless we understand this, the book will be a collection of disjointed fragments. The history lights up, as with fire, many a book that would otherwise remain dull and lifeless. To see how the various books were called into existence by the expanding life of a community, wonderfully brings out their meaning. 'The Ultimate Gospel,' a beautiful study of St. John's Gospel, forms the closing section of a volume which every Bible student will find full of suggestion.

The Presence. By James M. Campbell, D.D. (Eaton & Mains. $1.) The doctrine of the Divine Presence is here unfolded 'along the line of the ever-increasing revelation of God to the children of men.' Veiled in Nature, limited and localized in the Old Testament, 'visualized and personalized' in the Incarnation, universalized by the Holy Spirit—these are some of the realms into which the writer leads us, till he brings us to the joys of living in the Presence. It is beautifully done, never straying far from Scripture, and always keeping in view the needs and possibilities of human life. Many will be grateful for such a book.

Christianity: its Nature and its Truth. (Duckworth & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) Brotherhood Edition. This is a book that every working man ought to read. It is a frank study of a supreme subject, and the chapter on 'Personal Salvation' with which it closes will make a very powerful appeal to candid minds. We are heartily glad to see such an edition.

In His Footsteps. By William E. McLennan. (Eaton & Mains. 75*c.*) This is a revised edition of a work that attracted much attention when it first appeared fifteen years ago. It has been practically re-written, and the amount of illustrative material referring to Palestine has been largely increased. The aim of the book is to make Jesus Christ 'a real, living Personality.' Hints are given as to model lessons, and the class is personally conducted to Palestine and led to the successive scenes of our Lord's ministry. It is a book that no teacher or preacher ought to be without.

Do Afflictions come from God? By the Rev. W. Marshall. (Stock. 2*s.* net.) This is a second edition, revised and enlarged, of a devout book on a great subject.

Our Giving. By J. Forbes Moncrieff. (Morgan & Scott. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is the third edition of a book that will lead many to find new pleasure in the gracious act of giving.

Old Lamps and the New Light of Science. By John Coutts. (Lyal. 6*d.*) A thoughtful attempt to show that Christ is the fountain and fullness of all true religion.

Studies in the Resurrection of Christ. By Charles H. Robinson, D.D. (Longmans. 6*d.* net.) Dr. Robinson's book is suggestive and helpful, and we are glad to see this cheap reprint.

Some Notes on the Conference held at Fulham Palace in October, 1900, *on the Doctrine of Holy Communion and its Expression in Ritual.* By the Rev. N. Dimock, M.A. (Longmans. 2*s.* net.) The learning and the fine spirit of this discussion will make a deep impression on students. It is a noble defence of the spiritual partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ, and it is supported by a weight of testimony from the great Anglican theologians. Such a study is of special value at this time.

COMMENTARIES AND SERMONS

Jefeth b. Ali's Arabic Commentary on Nahum, with Introduction, abridged Translation and Notes. Edited by Dr. Hartwig Hirschfeld. (London, 1911.)

THE text issued under the above heading by Dr. Hirschfeld is the third of a series of texts and monographs published by the Jews' College in London; and the authorities of the college are to be congratulated upon the spirit of enterprise which has initiated the series, and the care and scholarship with which it has been conducted. For little is generally known of the critical and exegetical works of the Jews themselves in the interpretation of their Scriptures, nor is the great debt due to their learning and industry adequately realized. Written, as for the most part their commentaries were, in Hebrew or in Arabic, they were inaccessible to Western scholars, who were not unnaturally ignorant both of their existence and of their value. And it is only within comparatively recent years that by means of appreciations and translations a knowledge of them has been brought within the reach of other than specialists. Among the small band of scholars who are thus working to revive and extend an interest in Jewish biblical literature none more deservedly occupies a high place than Dr. Hirschfeld.

Jefeth b. Ali, or, to give his name in a form less unfamiliar to English ears, Japheth the son of Ali, was one of the greatest and perhaps the most prolific of a number of commentators and writers who in the tenth and eleventh centuries fought unsuccessfully the battle for a liberty of interpretation of the Old Testament Scriptures, which should not be trammelled by the rules and traditions of the schools. It was a period of unrest and controversy, when the principles of biblical interpretation and the foundations of belief were being assailed and defended with equal confidence and zeal. The school to which Japheth belonged declared themselves for the supremacy and binding obligation of the Hebrew text, apart from traditional comment and the oral law. They were known therefore as *Qaraites*, 'readers,' who held to the text of the Torah, but declined to be bound by the exegesis and ordinances of the orthodox Jewish elders. Their opponents were *Rabbanites*, the upholders of the validity and obligatory character of the rabbinical law; who ultimately crushed or silenced those who refused to admit the orthodox views and claims to such effect that a sect once numerically and intellectually strong in Judaism is represented to-day by a few thousand adherents only, for the most part in the extreme south of Russia.

Japheth the son of Ali flourished in the latter half of the tenth century, and wrote commentaries on the books of the Old Testament, in which he attacked the views of the great champion of orthodoxy, Saadiah. The

latter was a man of great ability, an Egyptian by birth, for some years head of the Jewish College of learning at Sura; and to him more than to any other the ultimate victory of Rabbanism was due. Japheth in his commentaries opposes him, as a rule, without bitterness, though sometimes denouncing him by name. His renderings of the Hebrew text are exact and literal, the latter feature being preserved at times at the expense of Arabic idiom. As Dr. Hirschfeld points out, this was due, in part at least, to his principles of strict adherence to the letter of the Hebrew. In his comments and explanations also, while sometimes suggesting an allegorical interpretation of a passage, he usually expresses his own preference for the literal meaning.

It is hardly necessary to add that in Dr. Hirschfeld's hands the English translation is adequate, and the introduction and notes supply all needful help to the understanding of the text. The value of Japheth's commentary is, of course, mainly historical, illustrative of the spirit in which the more cultured and thoughtful Jews approached the interpretation of their own Scriptures. As such it is full of interest, and deserves to be widely read and studied.

***The Interpreter's Commentary on the Epistles of the New Testament*, 1 and 2 *Corinthians*.** By the Rev. J. E. McFadyen, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

This series seems admirably designed to meet the needs of those who wish to escape the uncertainties of the English versions in reading the books of the New Testament, yet lack the knowledge of Greek which would allow them to read the fuller and more critical work of such writers as Principal Edwards and Dr. G. G. Findlay. The text used is that of the Authorised Version, but in the Commentary before us the author has a happy method of inserting such more exact renderings as he approves into his comments in black lettering. This, with the most useful plan of introducing passages in which the thought of a preceding section is linked on to what follows, enables the reader to follow the sequence of thought in the mind of the Apostle with ease.

It is impossible to criticize in detail here a work which covers so wide a range of thought as is found in these two Epistles. We notice that, in discussing the vexed question of the relation between the two Epistles and the homogeneousness of the second, Dr. McFadyen inclines to the opinion that it is possible that the former Epistle is the 'severe letter' which St. Paul wrote to the Corinthian Church, the reception of which caused him so much anxiety; and he considers it a fatal objection to our finding a fragment of that letter in chapters x.–xiii. of the second Epistle that there is no mention in those chapters of the offender. Such matters, however, are still open to discussion, and Dr. McFadyen would be the first to grant the possibility of another opinion being held.

The comments are admirably given. Only those who have attempted the work know how difficult it is to give the results of a scholarly examination of the text, in such a form as to make them available for the general

reader, without overloading his commentary with Greek and Latin words. In our opinion, Dr. McFadyen has succeeded admirably, and his work throughout is marked by the clearness and conscientiousness which declare the true scholar—'the workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.'

Studies in the Psalms. By Joseph B. Rotherham. (Allenson. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is an ambitious piece of work, wrought with complete sincerity of purpose, but we fear it does not realize the height of its ambition. The writer, who was known as the translator of *The Emphasised Bible*, at his death left this manuscript, which has been piously edited by his son. After a somewhat extended introduction to the Book of Psalms, which shows care and research, we have a separate study of each psalm. The descriptive title of the psalm is followed by an analysis of its contents; with an original translation in verse, with just a few footnotes; and then the exposition, which in nearly all cases is not detailed, but of the psalm as a whole. This has been done once in this generation as nearly faultlessly as we can hope to get it. And certainly Dr. Maclaren's work has made this superfluous. Moreover, we have found ourselves in disagreement with the author's analysis of the psalms in many places, and he takes no count in some cases of the almost certain findings of the best scholarship. The studies are everywhere instinct with sincerity and reverence.

The Acts of the Risen Lord. By Frederick J. Briggs. (Kelly, 2*s.* net.) These studies bring out with much freshness the fact that the abiding presence of the Spirit made the Acts of the Apostles the Acts of the Risen Lord. 'Pentecost was the inspiration of the Church for action.' It was 'an event of the first magnitude, to be compared with creation, the coming of life, or the birth of the soul.' Mr. Briggs takes the outstanding events in the Acts and shows how they reveal the methods of the Divine Spirit. Those who know St. Luke's work best will find much that is stimulating in these careful studies.

A Fresh Study of the Fourth Gospel. By F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock. (S.P.C.K., 2*s.* 6*d.*) This is an independent study of the Fourth Gospel. Wendt's partition theory is carefully examined, and the conclusion is reached that he has not established his position. The organic unity, character development, dramatic development, artistic structure and development of thought in the Gospel are studied in an illuminating way, and there is an excellent chapter on 'the Baptist and the Fourth Gospel.' Lovers of St. John will greatly prize this study.

The Epistles of Paul the Apostle to the Thessalonians, 1, 2 *Timothy and Titus* (Cambridge University Press, 1*s.* 6*d.* net) have been edited by H. W. Fulford, M.A., Rector of Datchworth, in *The Revised Version for Schools* series. The Introduction deals ably with the questions of genuineness and authenticity. As to the Pastoral Epistles Mr. Fulford says the balance of evidence is strongly in favour of their being the genuine work

of St. Paul, though the language may be, in places, that of his amanuensis. The Excursus on 2 Thess. ii. 8–12 is excellent, and so are the notes.

The nineteenth volume of the Religious Tract Society's Devotional Commentary (2*s.*) is *St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians*, by the Rev. Charles Brown, D.D. The devotional note is never lost, and the style of the commentary makes it very pleasant to read. The section headed 'Spiritual Power' brings out the force of the great passage in chap. i. 19–23.

The Expositor's Dictionary of Texts. Edited by the Rev. Sir W. R. Nicoll, D.D. and Jane T. Stoddart, with the co-operation of James Moffatt, D.D. St. Luke to Revelation. (Hodder & Stoughton. 25*s.* net.)

This volume well sustains the estimate which we formed of the first. It is full of matter, it is very conveniently arranged, and thrown into divisions which will be useful for the preacher. Much attention is given to exposition, and it has valuable illustrations for every outstanding text. We have tested it at various important passages and have found it distinctly helpful. The 'References' to notable sermons or expositions will be of much service. The editors hoped to include a series of poetical illustrations, but the material proved too abundant, and a supplementary volume is to appear next October.

The Hope of the Gospel. By J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

These twenty-three sermons are various in their subjects, uniform in their evangelistic and edifying aim. They are practical rather than doctrinal, though a sound gospel is at the back of all of them, and occasionally receives direct exposition or defence, as in a glowing characterization of Christ as mediator or a quieter exhibition of the place of experience in Christian thinking. The theology is latent, as perhaps it always ought to be, but never either absent or obtrusive. The teaching is positive, stern in its treatment of sin, sweet and sympathetic towards sorrow or genuine yearning, and timely. Whoever reads the sermon on 'The Whitening Harvest' will have a clear idea of the great defects of the religious life of the day, and of its great needs. Illustrations are used with freedom, and are always relevant and subservient to the theme. There is nothing rhetorical or stilted in the style, nothing careless or slovenly; but the speaker talks simply and directly, like a sensible man who is still struggling, though with victory in sight, to other men who are aspiring, but threatened with submersion. He has a great knowledge of the human heart, and a great faith in the grace of God.

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

The *Expository Times* is one of the best allies that a thoughtful pastor possesses. Every living question of theology is discussed; every book that

can help the preacher in his work is noticed. 'The Great Text Commentary' gives excellent material for sermons. The *Expository Times* is a gold mine for Bible students, and its riches show no sign of exhaustion.

Happiness. By Hugh Black. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* net.)

Dr. Black's little books—*Work; Friendship; Comfort*, have done much for their readers, and the new volume on *Happiness* is conceived in the same spirit and is full of things that one likes to think about. Man has the right to happiness, and 'religion is the biggest and brightest thing' that can come into his life. It is a duty, also, to be happy, and that duty is not fulfilled till we make it stand for the right of others to happiness. It is all so sane and so practical that we begin to face the future with new courage, and to take our present joys with an assured confidence that true living will always bring God's gift of happiness.

Christian Counsel. By the Rev. David Smith, M.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.*)

For five years Dr. Smith has conducted a column of correspondence in the *British Weekly*, and has come to recognize that as not the least important of his opportunities of helping the perplexed and burdened. His papers are here gathered into groups dealing with the Lord's Supper; The Lord's Day; The Holy Ministry; The Holy Scriptures, and kindred subjects. Every question is dealt with in the clearest and most helpful way. The personal touch often adds much to the value of the answers, and it is refreshing to see how study and experience blend together for the strengthening of faith.

The Nation in Judgement. By A. L. Lilley. (Francis Griffiths. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a series of sermons on national questions and national occasions. Four sermons deal with themes appropriate to Citizen Sunday: the remainder are suggested by events such as the Coronation of Edward VII, his illness and death, and subjects like The Religious Bequest of the Nineteenth Century; The Unity of Christendom; and The Relation of Church and State. We have nothing but praise to give to the results of Mr. Lilley's thinking on these important questions. Dignity and earnestness, faithfulness and insight, a passion for social righteousness and, above all, spiritual power are characteristics of discourses which Mr. Lilley has done well to offer to a wider audience than his own congregation. Nothing can be more helpful (to quote but two examples) for the average Englishman to realize than the truth that a national victory is as great a discipline as defeat, nay, that it lays on the country a greater responsibility to be more true to the claims of God: or again, to grasp the principles underlying the eloquent discourse on 'The Spirit of National Prayer,' that 'prayer is not the casual episode of pious helplessness' but 'the eternal accompaniment of a dauntless and

heroic temper in human life': and that it is only in the service of humanity that this age can be brought to its knees. We commend these sermons as models of the restraint as well as of the vigour with which the Christian pulpit should deal with national and social issues.

The Spirit and the Bride. By J. G. Simpson, Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

In this volume of twenty sermons the preacher reads himself into his new metropolitan charge, and proves himself a catholic-hearted churchman, a master of vigorous, eloquent speech, a reasonable champion of central Christian verities, an ardent sympathizer with social betterment. The volume is a sequel to two series of sermons on *Christian Ideals* and *Christus Crucifixus*, and deals in the first place with Easter; The Gift of the Holy Spirit; The Church; and then with general topics. The subjects are treated less in a doctrinal than a practical, ethical spirit. The doctrinal aspect is dealt with in a long, vigorously written Introduction, in which the preacher, while emphasizing essential truth, concedes latitude in details. One is glad that he refuses to substitute the Easter Faith for the Easter Message; both are to be held fast. Strong sympathy with the mission of Christianity in social work is seen in the occasion and titles of several of the discourses. Passion, touches of humour and gentle sarcasm are not wanting. In an Ordination Sermon at Lincoln the preacher breaks out: 'I do not want to see less dignity, less repose, less order in the celebration of our stately ritual, but I do say that we want more of the spirit of the early Methodists in the congregations which gather in our parish churches.' Some Methodists are crying out for the former elements. The volume is dedicated to the bishop of Winchester. 'Such a fact deepens instead of explains,' p. 8, does not parse.

A Thornless World. By Percy C. Ainsworth. (Kelly. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Percy Ainsworth's death was a sore blow to the growing company of those who loved his ministry, but he left his church a rich legacy. We did not dream at first, that the fruits of his scrupulous fidelity and his intense devotion to his great vocation would be so abundant. We have his gems of poetry, we have a volume of sermons which has already taken its place among our pulpit classics. Now another volume is in our hands, and the magic touch is over every page. Here is a man who gets to our hearts. He charms the ear with his music, but he gets deep down to our conscience and stirs in us strong desires after all things that are lovely and of good report. Miss Potts has done service to all of us by allowing us to share her personal memories. Here is a man with all the human instincts, a lover of company, a centre for happy fellowship—humorous, gentle, always the same bright and genial friend. The new sermons are richly suggestive. To send away a congregation thinking of a thornless world and seeking to gain a thornless life, was itself a stroke of pulpit genius. This is a book that will move every reader to new fidelity and high endeavour.

The God-Lit City. By Thomas G. Selby. (Kelly. 2*s.*)

It was a happy inspiration that has led Mr. Selby's literary executors—who, we are glad to see, promise a further publication of MSS. left by this prince among sermon-writers—to publish at once his meditations upon the life beyond, into which he himself entered a few months ago. The five chapters which the book contains are conspicuously able and delightfully original. Their style and literary ability are such as we have long since learnt to associate with Mr. Selby's writings, and each study has its own excellencies of thought, vitality, and skilful illustration. Every chapter is a scriptural exposition. There is a reverent use of imagination, sober reasoning, and restrained rhetoric. The little book is full of beautiful thought, of comfort, and of strength; and practical application is not wanting. A 'foreword' by Dr. Watkinson enhances the charm and value of the book.

The Land of Your Sojournings: Studies in Christian Experience. By Wilfred S. Hackett. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

No writing is more valuable to the Church of God than fresh and thoughtful treatment of Christian experience, and the present contribution is of more than ordinary interest. These discussions are far less pretentious than 'original' theology, and ten times more helpful. We have read the whole collection with uncommon pleasure; we began by tasting it, and were charmed to the very last page. The successive papers have again and again reminded us of the lamented Percy Ainsworth; without being in any wise an imitation of that author's fine style, there is an identity in its thoughtfulness, freshness, and delicacy. It is not the popular style that glares its meaning on even the careless reader, but allusive and suggestive it appeals to the more cultured, and will by them be greatly valued. Whilst possessing exceptional literary merit, the spiritual end is steadily kept in view, and one feels on every page the writer's sincerity and fervour. Here is complete emancipation from the crude style in which the Christian life is so often treated, and by which readers of taste are alienated from religious literature. We welcome and warmly recommend a volume that we have read with admiration, profit, and thankfulness.

Bible Stories in Living Subjects. By Ambrose Shepherd, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The volume is true to its title. The subjects of the twenty-one sermons and addresses are in the fullest sense 'living,' and they are treated with the wisdom, breadth, and tone of strong conviction which only long ministerial experience can give. The preacher is evidently anxious to unburden his soul on some of the menacing features of modern life, and wisely gets more space for the delivery of his message by giving only a summary of the sermons in the first half of the volume. Such titles as 'If we could begin again'; 'The Mind-Cure'; 'Lost Blessings'; 'Why Pray'? 'The

Added Touch,' indicate the topics thus briefly discussed. It is significant that nearly every subject is illustrated by incidents which have occurred in the preacher's ministry. The topics are discussed not merely in the light of reason and moral right, but in the light of religious truth. Under the heading 'Christians and the Theatre' we are reminded that we cannot decide our course merely on the ground of our right, but must ask, How will the right work out for others? 'As a Christian, and within carefully prescribed limits, I have the right to use it; but as a Christian I think it better not to exercise that right.' While the preacher expresses deep concern about the waning sense of sin and the concentration of all interest on present material things, on money and pleasure, so painfully characteristic of our days, he does so with no feeling of despondency. Religion has struck its roots too deeply into human nature to be destroyed. The two last addresses, one to an assembly of journalists, the other *Ad Clerum*, are a worthy climax to a strong, courageous utterance.

The Creation Story in the Light of To-day. By Charles Wenyon, M.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Wenyon has given us a book which many have been anxious to get. It sets forth the great spiritual teaching which is enshrined in the early chapters of Genesis. The science of the creation story he regards as the human element, but it teaches that God made the universe. Modern philosophy also insists upon a spiritual interpretation of the universe. It is said that there is not a single chair of philosophy in any of the universities of Europe or America that is held by a materialist. The sermon on 'The Making of Man' emphasizes his unassailable supremacy. 'The human stage was reached, both science and these sacred stories tell us, by a progressive process. Every stage of creation was an advance on what had gone before.' Dr. Wenyon touches on many difficult questions, but his sagacity rarely fails. There is a quiet force and beauty which makes the book very pleasant to read.

The Coming of the Kingdom. By Henry Burton, M.A., D.D. (Charles H. Kelly. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Dr. Burton excels as an expositor, and the sermons in this volume are fair specimens of his usual pulpit utterances. They are lucid and they are thoughtful, glowing with a divine fire, and evidencing an author keenly desirous of being helpful to his fellows. The themes are varied, and each sermon has its point. They do one good. The poetic genius of the writer shines throughout, and adds beauty of expression to gracious and instructive thought. One sermon, that on the *Providence of Empire*, is a prose setting of the author's greatest hymn: 'O King of Kings, O Lord of Lords.'

God's Oath: a Study of an Unfulfilled Promise of God. By F. C. Ottman. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.* net.)

The promise under consideration is 2 Sam. vii. 16, for which a literal fulfilment is claimed in the future. Israel will be gathered again into

unity in Palestine, with the Christian Messiah on the throne of David, and will become the channel of blessing to all other nations. To reach this conclusion a careful study is made of Scripture, and an appropriate interpretation given to the mysteries of the Kingdom. The book cannot be said to be convincing, nor can the canon of literalness be accepted as imperial or applied to everything without suspicion. Yet the writer makes some good suggestions as to the meaning of disputed passages.

Reasons and Reasons. By James Moffatt, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6*s*.) These are sermons that light up life's way. They deal with difficulties and temptations which all feel, and have a strong, calm message of courage and patience. Every sermon is the work of a thinker who knows how to present his subject in an impressive style and uses many an apt quotation to light up his argument. Here is a brief extract: 'It takes God to convince men of His spontaneous love. Primitive Paganism, for example, was haunted by incurable suspicions of the gods.'

Via Sacra. By T. H. Darlow, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton, 8*s*. 6*d*.) These sermons are the work of a trained thinker who has brooded long over life's problems and has much to say that will guide others into paths of peace. They are beautifully clear and simple, and give happy illustrations from the best books. Everything in this volume sets us thinking.

Towards a Perfect Man. By Henry W. Clark. (2*s*. net.) These papers breathe inspiration into every-day living. Mr. Clark has many a phrase that sets us dreaming about higher things, and his voice is always lifted in praise of earnestness and sincerity. It is a stimulating little book.

The Great Themes of the Bible. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. (Eaton & Mains, $1 50c.) These sermons deal with 'the deep yearnings and questionings of the soul of man which alone find their satisfaction and solace in the Bible.' They are full of evangelical teaching lighted up by many anecdotes and apt quotations.

Pulpit and Pew is the title of six addresses by the Rev. H. T. Hooper, on the conduct of worship, its hymns, lessons, prayers, sermons, and after-meeting. It is a strong plea for reverence in every part of worship, and the pungency with which Mr. Hooper writes will arrest attention and make a deep impression. Preachers have cause to be grateful for such plain words. The pamphlet can be had for three halfpence from the Methodist Publishing House.

The Religion of Modern Manhood. Edited by Norman E. Richardson. (Eaton & Mains, 50c.) There are fifty-four 'masculine topics for Bible classes.' The subjects are such as arrest attention, and they are treated in a brisk, business-like fashion. 'The Brotherhood Type of Religion' is a plea for 'Christian character expressed in Christian service.' 'Man and the other man—a study in obligation,' is a virile little address.

Pleasure and Profit in Bible Study, and Anecdotes, Incidents and Illustrations and *The Way to God and Heaven.* By D. L. Moody. (Morgan & Scott, 1*s*. net each.) Full of good stories and warm-hearted gospel teaching.

The Table of the Lord. By D. M. McIntyre. (Morgan & Scott.) A very useful manual for intending communicants.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Journal of George Fox. Edited from the MSS. by Norman Penney, F.S.A. With an Introduction by T. Edmund Harvey, M.A., M.P. (Cambridge University Press. 2 vols. 21*s.* net.)

The Syndics of the University Press have laid all students of Fox's life under lasting obligation by issuing the first really satisfactory edition of his *Journal*. Thomas Ellwood prepared it for the press in 1692, and it was no light task to piece together the disjointed MSS. of which the latter part of the work was composed. He omitted some passages which might be thought to savour of superstition or egotism. At one glorious meeting Fox tells us, the Scriptures were opened and Christ set above all, but Ellwood omits the final sentence, 'Soe y^t^ one man amongst y^m^ admired & sayde: this man is a pearle.' The saying of the trooper, 'heere is more people flocke after him then are about my Lord Protectors Courte' is also missing. These delicious touches now duly appear with some instances of Fox's remarkable psychic powers. A strange sail on the Atlantic once filled the sailors with alarm, but Fox says, 'I felt from the Lord she was not an enemy and would do us no hurt.' At one place he writes, 'As I was walkeinge I hearde olde people and workepeople to say: hee is such a man as never was, hee knowes peoples thoughts.' The Journal manuscripts now belong to 'Robert Spence, Artist, of London and North Shields,' who has placed them on loan at Devonshire House, and freely granted permission for their use in this publication. The Introduction gives much interesting information as to the way that the 'Morning Meeting' gave its approval to Ellwood's work, and calls attention to Ellwood's omissions. The editor adds particulars as to the history of the MSS., their contents, time and place of writing, authenticity, and various editions, with a useful explanation as to the Calendar. Each volume has extensive and valuable notes which have been drawn with the help of experts 'from many obscure and hitherto unpublished sources.' These notes alone would give this edition unique importance for students. Facsimiles of Fox's signature and manuscript are given with two portraits. One is said to be by Sir Peter Lely, but that attribution is somewhat doubtful. The volumes are neatly bound in canvas covers, and a guinea is a small price to pay for such a treasure.

The Great Duke. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. (Smith Elder & Co. 2 vols. 12*s.*)

Dr. Fitchett has made the Napoleonic period his own, and these volumes will thrill the heart of every lover of our country. We are a little

disappointed that it is not a complete *Life*. It closes with Waterloo and has few words to say about the thirty-seven years during which the Duke was an active and most influential force in the national life. 'He was the foremost man in England. His fame, indeed, filled all lands. He was the counsellor of kings. His word made and unmade Ministries.' To follow Wellington to the end of his career would, however, have meant a study of political movements which would have been difficult to harmonize with the heroic days in India, in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo. Wellington was, first and last, a soldier, and no one can read these volumes without endorsing the verdict passed by Lord Roberts: 'that he stands in the very first rank, equal, if not superior, to Napoleon himself.' He did not dazzle the world like the French master, but he 'excelled him in that coolness of judgement which Napoleon himself described as the foremost quality in a general.' The eight years which he spent in India (1797–1805) gave him exactly the training that he needed for his task in Europe. He had the 'tonic of great responsibilities.' He learned the arts of diplomacy and administration, and was taught how to command troops diverse in race and speech and creed. When Napoleon heard of Assaye he said, 'This is the man with whom I shall have to deal.' Dr. Fitchett allows us to see the strong confidence which Lord Mornington, when Governor-General of India, reposed in his younger brother, and the soldier owed much to the support and discernment of the statesman. Every stage of the terrific struggle in the Peninsula is described in Dr. Fitchett's graphic style. The whole story moves. Details are not allowed to hide the essentials of the campaign, but are skilfully used to make every action throb with interest. We have never read such a description of Waterloo and the memorable days that led up to it. It is appalling. Wellington felt the tragedy of his victory. 'I never fought such a battle before, and I hope I shall never fight such another.' His joy was that it did more than any battle he knew of 'towards the object of all battles, the peace of the world.' Dr. Fitchett has never given us a more enthralling book than this. It has frontispiece portraits of Wellington and Napoleon, and many battle maps.

The Life of Thomas Love Peacock. By Carl van Doren. (Dent & Sons. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Professor van Doren has written a book we have long wanted, and has written it with sound critical sense and sympathetic feeling. The chief interest of Peacock's earlier life centres round his friendship with Shelley. He took the part of Harriet with stout resolution, and, when Shelley went off with Mary Godwin, Peacock was instructed to render Harriet any needful assistance. Some expressions in Mary Godwin's letters indicate that she resented Peacock's attitude. She writes, 'Peacock dines here every day, *uninvited*, to drink his bottle. I have not seen him; he morally disgusts me; and Marianne (Mrs. Hunt) says that he is very ill-tempered.' Peacock probably had something to do in restraining Shelley's extravagant theories. He was known in the coterie as the 'Laughing Philosopher'

and invincible Grecian, sceptical of progress, who contested with common sense the wild enthusiasm of Shelley, explained away mystery with reasons, and laid ghosts with a jest.' Peacock was fortunate in finding a high post at the India House, where he did valuable work and showed his discernment by promoting iron steamships. Peacock's novels are 'eccentric, unreal, bookish,' but they bristle with satirical and original things which make them unique in our literature. Some of his songs have a weird force which makes them impossible to forget. He was a delightful talker, and was kindness personified, though he had his moods of irritation. This biography was greatly needed, and it could scarcely have been better done.

The Leaves of the Tree. Studies in Biography. By Arthur C. Benson. (Smith, Elder & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Benson's title is intended to suggest that each leaf on the tree of life has its own character, its own system of life, its own similarity and diversity of form. All are manifestations of a central will or central force. His doctrine is not without a touch of fatalism, but his little gallery of portraits reveals the hand of a master. Each is drawn with the utmost candour by one who recognizes that 'indiscriminate praise is not only foolish and untruthful, it is positively harmful and noxious.' Mr. Benson's faith in immortality has been strengthened through 'intense and prolonged suffering of a most grievous kind, through the sight of mental torture in the case of one very dear to myself, through ambitions deeply and justly disappointed, through the realization of great moral cowardice in myself, and ugly desires for material satisfaction.' He regards the lives he has chosen as stories with many leaves to be turned after the earthly record is finished. Four bishops are in the gallery—Westcott, Wilkinson, Lightfoot, Christopher Wordsworth; the other figures are Henry Sidgwick, J. K. Stephen, Prof. Newton, Frederic Myers, Henry Bradshaw, Charles Kingsley, Matthew Arnold. Each is dealt with in the frankest way. Mr. Benson was brought into some sort of direct relation with each of his characters, and does not hesitate to tells us how Bishop Wilkinson prayed with him before he went back to Eton, so that he says, 'I went off in a strange glow, only anxious to put into practice those sweet and strong counsels, and conscious, as I had never been before, of the width and nearness of the enfolding heart of God.'

Shakespeare: A Study. By Darrell Figgis. (Dent & Sons. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. Figgis thinks that Shakespeare's own greatness has stood in the way of a fit appreciation of himself. 'The splendour of his stature, the breadth of his outlook, the strange quality of his vision, partly account for this.' He has produced mental sloth in those who have idolized him. Mr. Figgis passes in review the verdicts of Ben Jonson, Samuel Johnson, and others, and sets himself to face the dramatist frankly, as man to man. He

discusses his life, his stage, his craft, his art, his thought, his personality in a way that brings us closer to the man than we could have thought possible. He stands revealed 'not only as an ambitious and earnest Artist who mastered his craft with careful thought and unflinching zeal, for all the prodigal bounty of his way of work, but also as an eager susceptible man to whom friendship might be a passion and love a torment, and who, when these failed him, and failed him with one another, was torn by a tempest of fury.'

Martin Luther: the Man and his Work. By Arthur C. McGiffert. (T. F. Unwin. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Dr. McGiffert has been a close student of Luther's times, and this book shows an easy mastery of the whole subject. It is essentially a popular Life. There are few references to other biographies, no footnotes, no bibliography, or list of authorities, but one cannot read a page without feeling that the writer knows every detail of the Reformer's history and work, and has the faculty of making the whole course of events stand forth clearly. Luther's father had an honesty and a sturdy common sense which made him 'a trusted friend of the counts of Mansfield, and a trusted counsellor of the town.' His sanity and independence in regard to religious matters are specially notable, in view of his son's career. He was indignant when Martin became a monk, and, after the breach with Rome, was anxious that he should marry. His mother was a stern disciplinarian, but the result was not altogether satisfactory. Staupitz stands out vividly from Dr. McGiffert's canvas, and his patronage did much to open Luther's way to distinction. Through his favour the young monk was sent on a mission to Rome which supplied experiences that were of great service to him when he became a reformer. On his return, Luther's days were crowded with his duties as preacher and professor. His reputation grew apace. 'Vivid imagination, picturesqueness of style, fluency of speech, personal magnetism, passionate earnestness, and an uncommon knowledge of the religious emotions born of his own heart-searching experiences—all these he had.' The story of his course as a reformer is clearly sketched. We see him at Worms and follow him to the Wartburg, where he completed his noble German version of the New Testament in three months. Of its outstanding merits, Dr. McGiffert writes with becoming emphasis. The Peasants' War hardened and embittered Luther, and the disentanglement from the perilous alliance cost him and Protestantism much. Luther's consent to the Landgrave Philip's bigamy was 'the gravest blunder of his career,' and he showed the temper of a Jesuit when he advised the Landgrave 'to deny his marriage flatly, if taxed with it.' Luther's own marriage was the crowning joy of his life, and though hot words often passed between the pair, Käthe was just the woman to bring order and comfort into Luther's home. He had grave faults. He was 'passionate, domineering, obstinate, prejudiced, violent, vituperative and coarse—but he was a man through and through—a man of heroic mould, courageous, strong, masterful,

frank, sincere and generous, as far from petty jealousy and cowardly duplicity as from priggishness and cant. Deadly in earnest, and yet with the rare and saving grace of humour, which guarded him from the danger of taking trivial things too seriously, relieved the strain both for himself and his followers in times of greatest stress, and gave him entrance to the hearts of men the whole world over.' Many fine illustrations add greatly to the charm of this most attractive biography.

William the Silent, Prince of Orange (1533–1584), *and the Revolt of the Netherlands.* By Ruth Putnam. Illustrated. (Putnam's Sons. 5*s.* net.)

Miss Putnam's earlier and larger biography of *William the Silent* made her familiar with all the ground covered in this more compact Life. She now has been able to avail herself of much new material, and has found the most agreeable part of her direct preparation for this revised memoir in reading and handling manuscript matter in the archives of several cities. She would have liked to omit the word 'Silent,' but it is too well established. 'Silent Orange never was, though always astute. Very probably it was a misquotation that turned a term *sly*, often applied to him, into the taciturn, used first by inimical and gradually adopted by friendly Belgian writers, even such as Gachard.' The story is told in a way that holds the reader's attention, and each stage in William's personal history is illustrated by his own letters. Facsimiles, portraits, and other illustrations add much to the interest of a scholarly and sympathetic book, and there is a splendid representation of the medals of the time. The volume is a welcome addition to the *Heroes of the Nations Series.* The story of William the Silent never fails to make one's pulses beat more quickly, and this spirited version of it ought to be really popular.

The French Ideal. By Madame Duclaux. (Chapman & Hall. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

'Pascal,' 'Fénelon and his Flock,' 'Buffon in his Garden,' 'Lamartine and Elvire,' are the four essays which are intended to set forth the French ideal. Each of them has its own beauty. Pascal always astonishes us, and none 'of the great French classics is so near to us, so dear to us.' His work as inventor and man of letters is described with true insight, and we see the whole circle of which Pascal was the chief ornament. His two sisters have never been more attractive than in these pages. The pathos of Fénelon's life and the strange links that bound him to Madame Guyon give rare interest to the second essay. The writer's judgement is that he was 'a pure and ardent spirit who, having grasped the interior secret of religion, would have been a Saint under any dispensation.' Her description of his life at Cambrai is very touching and beautiful. The transition from the archbishop to Buffon and his Jardin des Plantes is somewhat startling, but the story of the great naturalist is delightfully told, and his legacy to Paris was nobly developed by his successor, Bernardin de

St. Pierre, the author of *Paul et Virginie*. Every one who has a taste for natural history will prize this paper. The last essay is slighter, but Lamartine is the French Shelley, and the story of the woman who inspired some of his finest poems has its own pathos and romance. The essays are full of insight, and are written with the grace which marks all the work of Madame Duclaux.

The Religion of the Ancient Celts. By the Rev. J. A. MacCulloch, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 10*s.* net.)

Canon MacCulloch's article 'Celts,' in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, is a contribution of great value to the student of ancient religions. This volume deals with the whole subject with great thoroughness and in a strictly scientific spirit. A long residence in the Isle of Skye has enabled the author to 'to realise the ancient religion,' and he has made diligent use of all the available material, whether found in classical literature, early documents, folk-tales, or in inscriptions on burial-mounds. Grateful acknowledgement is made of 'the indefatigable researches and the brilliant suggestions of Sir John Rhys,' who, however, belonged to the mythological school. From his interpretations Canon MacCulloch often, and in our judgement, rightly, differs. The subject is approached from the anthropological point of view. 'The analogy of religious evolution in other faiths' is skilfully used in reconstructing Celtic religion, of which the remains are scanty. There is evidence to show that 'as the Celts believed in unseen gods, so they believed in an unseen region whither they passed after death.' The chapter on the Celtic conception of Elysium is full of charm. 'The emphasis placed on its beauty, its music, its rest and peace, its oblivion, is spiritual rather than sensual, while the dwelling of favoured mortals there with divine beings is suggestive of that union with the divine which is the essence of all religion.'

The Churches in Britain before A.D. *1000.* By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D. Vol. I. (Robert Scott. 5*s.* net.)

This is the first volume of Mr. Scott's *Library of Historic Theology*, and it could not have made a better beginning. It is a handsome volume with clear print and good margins, and it deals with a subject that is of national interest. Dr. Plummer is careful to test his sources, and is not content with statements that have been handed down from one writer to another. He finds it impossible to say when the British Church began; but it had bishops in A.D. 300. After the English conquest Christians were the special objects of hostility from the invaders. Augustine's coming to England was the first foreign mission of the Western Church, 'the first act of a series of missionary enterprises by means of which the whole of Europe was at last won over to Christianity; the first act of one of the most glorious movements in history.' The account of the Keltic Church of Iona, and of the English Church in the time of Wilfrid and

Bede, is of great interest. Dr. Plummer gives the best description we have seen of the various authorities for the period, and his chapter on 'The English Dioceses' will repay close perusal.

The Marprelate Tracts, 1588, 1589. Edited, with notes, historical and explanatory, by William Pierce. (James Clarke & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Pierce has devoted his leisure for some years to the Marprelate Tracts. Some time ago he published his Historical Introduction, now he gives us the Tracts themselves, with a brief historic note prefixed to each, and valuable explanations of all points in the Tracts that require elucidation. The Archbishop of Canterbury allowed Mr. Pierce to transcribe the text of the unique third Tract in the Lambeth Palace Library, and the seventh Tract has also been copied from the same collection. The Marprelate Tracts were directed against Archbishop Whitgift's relentless policy for the repression of Puritan pamphlets; and Martin's secret printing-press, hurried from one hiding-place to another, 'like a masked gun, dropped shell after shell into the Episcopal camp.' The seven extant Tracts may here be read in modern spelling. Their aim was to cover the bishops with ridicule. Every one who wishes to understand the state of religious feeling in the last days of Elizabeth will be grateful to Mr. Pierce for the labour spent in producing this volume. It is impossible to speak too highly of the care and skill with which he has done his notable piece of work.

English Episcopal Palaces. (Province of York.) Edited by R. S. Rait. Illustrated. (Constable & Co. 6*s.* net.)

This book belongs to a series suggested by work on the *Victoria History of the Counties of England.* Many intimate records of the past which could not be included in the History are thus brought within the reach of a wider circle. This volume includes four detailed descriptions: Bishopthorpe, by Marion Weston; Durham Castle, by Dr. Gee; Auckland Castle, by M. E. Simkins; Rose Castle, by Ada Russell, M.A., with an introductory chapter by N. Niemeyer, which gives some account of the episcopal palaces which are not treated separately. It is a handsome volume with twelve full-page illustrations, and will appeal strongly to all who take an interest in the more detailed accounts of the great ecclesiastics of the northern province. Durham has a double share, with chapters on Durham Castle and Auckland Castle, but we should be sorry to lose either of them. The bishops of Carlisle had houses at Horncastle and at Melbourne, where they were sometimes glad to retreat from the storms of border warfare. 'The bishopric of Chester was founded at a time when bishops no longer moved from one manor-house to another; and consequently the residence at Chester was the bishop's only house, and a true type of an episcopal palace.' Bishopthorpe is a stately home for the Archbishop of York, with nearly a hundred rooms. Its peaceful situation, with its far-stretching and beautifully wooded grounds overlooking the river, all add to its charm.

There is much to learn about the byways of history from this volume, and everything is put in a very pleasant way.

Some Famous Country Parishes. By Ezra S. Tipple. (Eaton & Mains. $1 50c. net.)

The parishes are Hursley, Bemerton, Madeley, Kidderminster, Somersby, and Eversley, and our Transatlantic Professor of Divinity puts most Englishmen to the blush by his knowledge and his enthusiasm. He and Mrs. Tipple made their pilgrimage with keen delight, and had a passport to the good-will of vicars and custodians in their own eager interest in every foot of ground trodden once by this sainted and honoured company. The illustrations are very well produced, and make a notable feature of the book. It is full of good stories, and those who know the parishes will see how widely Dr. Tipple has read, and with what zest he describes his visits. The sketches reveal some of the links that bind England and America together, and form a notable tribute to the historic charm of the six country parishes. A figure has gone astray in a date in page 8, and we can scarcely agree with the writer that Jane Austen attracts almost as many pilgrims to Winchester as the cathedral.

The Letters of Peter Lombard (Canon Benham). Edited by Ellen Dudley Baxter. (Macmillan & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Canon Benham was one of the best-known clergymen in London, and the beautiful little Memoir prefixed to this volume gives a charming account of him and his work. The Archbishop of Canterbury also tells in a brief Preface how the Canon shared with him the heavy task of preparing the Life of Archbishop Tait. The papers here brought together were written for *The Church Times*, and describe his visits to such places as Wantage and Petersfield, his visit to Palestine in 1892, and many delightful expeditions up and down London. The little papers are full of matter, and are crisply and brightly written. It would not be easy to find a better companion for a leisure half-hour.

The Life of Dr. Arthur Jackson of Manchuria. By the Rev. Alfred J. Costain, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* net.)

Dr. Jackson died of pneumonic plague at the age of twenty-six, four months after leaving England. He had a brilliant course at Cambridge, and volunteered for work in the medical mission of the United Free Church of Scotland. In his ten days of plague service at Moukden he proved himself a true hero, and his devotion to the plague-stricken natives made a profound impression. Despite the use of every precaution he fell a victim, and no skill could save him. It is a heartrending story of a young Christian's sacrifice, and Mr. Costain tells it in a way that brings its pathos and beauty home to every reader.

Later Letters of Marcus Dods, D.D., 1895–1909. Edited by his son, Marcus Dods. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

The *Early Letters* brought Dr. Dods, after those weary years of waiting, to his pastorate in Glasgow. During his twenty-five years there he wrote fewer and shorter letters than at any period of his life. His son has found it wise, therefore, to leave that period untouched, and to confine his second volume to his father's last years as Professor and Principal in New College, Edinburgh. The letters do not dwell much on the highest themes, but are familiar and loving messages to friends and to members of his own family. He had none of Dr. Rainy's love of battle, and realized the blessing of having 'a man for our head who has the saving grace of humour, and who never loses heart and hope.' His own letters to Henry Drummond are very touching, and we see how much Dr. Dods felt his obligation to Sir W. R. Nicoll: 'for giving me opportunities and encouragement, without which I should have addressed a very much smaller audience. My connexion with you has been a very large part of my life.' He was seventy-three when he succeeded Dr Rainy as Principal. 'Everything in life,' he says, 'has come to me too late.' It is a book that reveals a large-hearted and high-minded Christian scholar, and every one who has read the *Earlier Letters* will welcome this new invitation to share the intimacy of a great and good man. There are glimpses of his friends, notably of Dr. Whyte, which are very pleasant.

Professor Elmslie. A Memoir. By W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*) This brief biography appeared in the memorial volume published in 1890, and is here enlarged by some letters which Elmslie wrote to the closest of his early friends, now Principal Harper of Sydney. It is a beautiful and tender record of the gifted preacher and teacher whose loss was so deeply felt in 1889. Preachers will learn much from his early discouragements and the growth of his powers. He loved warm, old-fashioned piety, and delighted most to speak of 'the magnificence of Divine Grace—the love of God commended in Christ's death.'

Messrs. Morgan & Scott publish a new edition of *The Bells of Is*, by F. B. Meyer, B.A. (1s. net.). It is an autobiography with many stories of human need and sorrow connected with the writer's own mission work in Leicester and London. We can strongly commend it to all who wish to see what religion can make of the worst characters of our great cities. *D. L. Moody* and *Duncan Matheson*, by W. H. Harding, are excellent penny Biographies of Messrs. Morgan & Scott's Revival Series.

GENERAL

***The Poetics of Aristotle*, translated from Greek into English and from Arabic into Latin, with a Revised Text, Introduction, Commentary, Glossary and Onamosticon. By D. S. Margoliouth. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)**

PROF. MARGOLIOUTH has published a most interesting and suggestive study of the *Poetics* of Aristotle, which well illustrates how the specialist in the language and thought of the East may fruitfully use his knowledge to illustrate the methods and system of the West. To many, perhaps, the main thesis and argument of the book will fail to commend itself by virtue of its very novelty and remoteness as applied to a Western author, even one so strong and independent as Aristotle; but that his exposition must be taken count of by all who would appreciate the thought of the great Greek philosopher, or find the clue to the significance of his teaching, there can be no question.

Apart from prefatory matter, Dr. Margoliouth's work consists of three parts. A long Introduction in two chapters, 'On the Esoteric Style,' and 'On the Text of the Poetics' occupies more than a hundred pages. This is followed by an English translation with commentary. Finally the Greek text is printed with a Latin rendering of an Arabic version, and critical notes. The 'Glossary' of Greek words at the end of the book supplies to a considerable extent the want of an Index. The latter, however, would have been welcome.

The Arabic author to whom reference is made is Abu'l Bashar Mattā ben Yunan, who flourished in the first half of the tenth century of our era. He studied Greek philosophy, and made a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics* into Arabic from a Syriac version. The original Syriac has been lost. This Arabic text was published by Prof. Margoliouth himself a quarter of a century ago, and has suffered much in the course of transmission. It represents, however, in Dr. Margoliouth's judgement an Eastern tradition or form of text, over against the Western tradition of the Greek manuscripts.

The most important, or at least the most novel and suggestive portion of Dr. Margoliouth's work will be found in the first chapter of the Introduction; where he expounds, needless to say with great skill and a wealth of scholarly illustration, his main thesis that 'the *Poetics* were not intended to be understood except by members of his (Aristotle's) school.' In and of itself, that is to say, the text was unintelligible to the reader, apart from parallel expositions and explanations to be found in other works of Aristotle, and apart also from the living voice of the teacher who supplied the necessary references and interpreted statements otherwise obscure or unmeaning. Such methods of composition are familiar in the East, where

entire systems of philosophy and learning have been handed down by means of aphorisms or *sûtras*, brief phrases or sentences, frequently consisting of not more than two or three words, which are little more than aids to the memory, more or less enigmatic without the oral interpretation. It is pointed out by the author that this doctrine of the intentionally perplexed nature of Aristotle's 'esoteric' works is not quite novel, but was offered as an explanation of their difficulties as early as the fourth century. To this style or method of writing Dr. Margoliouth applies the term 'esoteric'; defining its leading characteristics as the use of technical terms, the mutual dependence of the different works of the same author, and the unique importance which attaches to the words themselves and to their order in the sentence.

These canons of interpretation are explained and illustrated in the first chapter of the Introduction. Dr. Margoliouth finds passages in the *Poetics* which exemplify the need of oral amplification and instruction; others which, as they stand, convey no obvious or definite meaning or are even untrue, but the key to which Aristotle himself supplies in his other works; and meets the objection that in the absence of printed books such reference to parallel passages in other volumes would be difficult or even impossible on the theory of *memoriter* learning, the books being committed to memory as a whole, and the meaning then learnt from the oral expositions of the teacher. That this was indeed the purpose of Aristotle himself regarding his work, Dr. Margoliouth holds as established, and quotes in support the fact that the study of the *Poetics* was neglected during the Middle Ages, when his teaching in general exercised so widespread an influence, and his philosophy was so universally accepted.

It may be of interest to add Dr. Margoliouth's rendering of the well-known definition of Tragedy (*Poet.* 1449*b*, 1450*a*): 'A Tragedy is, then, the portrayal of an imaginary chapter of heroic life, complete and of some length, in language sweetened in different parts in all known ways, in dramatic, not narrative, form, indirectly through pity and terror righting mental disorders of this type. . . . Tragedy portrays not imaginary human beings, but an experience, a condition of life, i.e. happiness; and wretchedness is an experience, and the end a career, not a quality. Now people are qualified (as good or bad) according to their character, as happy or wretched according to what they go through.' *Κάθαρσις, καθαρσίν*, as medical terms denote properly 'purgation,' and are then applied specifically to the cure of madness. The former, therefore, signifies in general the 'restoration of equilibrium.'

The following are the 'canons of interpretation' which Dr. Margoliouth formulates in conclusion—

No interpretation is certain for which chapter and verse cannot be cited from Aristotle's works.

No interpretation is satisfactory which fails to account for every syllable of the text.

No interpretation is tolerable which ascribes to Aristotle propositions which are unmeaning or which conflict with common sense.

In these days when ancient authors, sacred and profane, are rewritten with drastic severity by modern critics, it is refreshing to meet with a whole-hearted defence of a text at least as difficult, and in parts apparently as cryptic and confused, as any that antiquity has spared to us. Dr. Margoliouth's key to unlock its meaning may or may not be universally accepted; that he has used it, however, with the utmost skill and ingenuity and learning will be admitted by all. If he is right, another proof is incidentally afforded of the early and strong influence which India exerted on the West. For it is hardly probable that so strange and apparently suicidal a method of composition should have been invented independently by different peoples in distant countries. In any case, every lover of Aristotle or of poetry should read Dr. Margoliouth's book.

Determinism: False and True. **By Frank Ballard, D.D., &c. (Charles H. Kelly. 6*s.*)**

It is an old battle Dr. Ballard fights again, but with new weapons and against new foes. For the present the age-long controversy on 'Free Will' moves within a fresh area of conflict. The problem of the metaphysician has been taken up by the scientist and claimed as his own. 'Determinism,' or, as Dr. Ballard rightly urges, 'Determinedism,' which is its truer name, has elaborated fresh lines of attack upon the position, essential for all real morality and religion, know as 'Self-determinism.' Although Dr. Ballard's brilliant defence of moral freedom as the reality guaranteed by the reality of our consciousness is a valuable contribution to modern philosophy and ethics, its urgent concern is with the popularizing of the plausibilities of 'Determinedism' in the discussions of a restless, but thoughtful, democracy. Blatchford's dogmatism, the *R. P. A. Annual*, and even Mark Twain's posthumous contribution to the controversy are as much in evidence in the wonderful array of foes he marshals and challenges to single combat as the more philosophic writings of McTaggart, Bertrand Russell, Maudsley, Mallock, N. Pearson and others who claim authority as experts. Still, however much the facts and problems of 'heredity' and 'environment' and the persuasions of the new physico-psychology may be—and ought to be—recognized as factors in the modern discussion of this ancient problem, we quite agree with Dr. Ballard that 'it is in the region of metaphysics where ultimately the age-long discussion must somehow and at some time, if ever, find its solution; truth and freedom are ultimately problems for the metaphysician.' Nevertheless we are grateful indeed for this living discussion of the problem of the hour which we have before us. It is the best and fairest discussion at present available for the general reader. For the defender of the faith—the faith in the trustworthiness of the testimony of the human consciousness, which must ever be the ultimate of faith—whether in democratic or in more academic circles, Dr. Ballard's volume is a most accessible and complete armoury. His treatment of the subject is broadly indicated in the title. He deals first and trenchantly with 'False Determinism,' showing how it is false in name, in fact, and in principle. He finds much help and advan-

tage in his discussion from adopting Prof. Wm. James's distinction of 'hard' and 'soft' Determinists. The 'hard,' whose 'Determinism' carries with it openly and confessedly a denial of human responsibility, is not so difficult to meet as the 'soft,' which, holding fast equally to deterministic principles, seeks to harmonize with them the appearance, even the reality, of responsibility. The 'hard' variety is probably not growing; it is denied in practical life; and, like poisons which are deadly, is harmless if not taken. But the 'soft' finds growing favour. It is here that the positions sanctioned by influential thinkers meet with our author's keenest criticisms; their subtleties and ambiguities are dealt with, both on psychological and metaphysical grounds. But as negations, however strong, are insufficient of themselves to meet the modern pleas, Dr. Ballard sets forth at length the contention that there is a 'Determinism' which is true. Part II of his treatise expounds this. 'Man is not determined, because he is a determiner.' 'In the complex equation of a human life there is room for true Determinism, which is rock-based upon the indefeasible testimony of self-consciousness that I alone of all beings determine my own character and destiny.' Full and rightful allowance is made for limitations of free activity, for natural forces, for heredity and environment, but man is the true determinist. That it is 'man,' not 'will,' that is really free is stoutly defended; 'free' is an unnecessary and undesirable qualification of 'will'; if it is 'will,' it must be free. But the subject of freedom is not the will, but the man. 'To be free means that man is determined by nothing but himself.' Although, to quote Dr. Ward, 'True liberty does and must let contingency into the very heart of things,' it is the absolute 'self,' the essential, unfathomable 'I' which is the solitary determinant of activity. Dr. Ballard probably leaves his argument most open to critical comment in the distinction expressed between 'I' and 'my character.' He holds that even when character signifies not the materials provided by heredity and environment, but the product of the living activity of the self upon these, it is not a synonym for the acting self. This is a refinement of analysis which may be pressed too far. It may be questioned also whether 'conflicting motives,' which Dr. Ballard admits (p. 219), is quite satisfactory. 'Conflicting desires' we know; but as a 'motive' is surely that which moves, it can only arise when 'desire' has been identified with the self. But these are slight points of detail, of discussion, possibly of terminology chiefly. With the main argument we are in entire and most serious agreement; it is admirable; it is timely; it is convincing. As to the method, it is Dr. Ballard's own. His power of quotation is limitless. If originality is judicious selection, he is distinctly original. We think, however, this is rather overdone and becomes a little tedious, as his treatise runs to 428 pp. It is a method, we quite believe, determined by his love of scrupulous fairness in controversy, but even this is scarcely sufficient justification for the obvious fact that his opponents often suffer seven deaths at his hands; one would suffice. If we might whisper another misgiving, it would be whether the popular lecturer's mordant epigram after the last sword-thrust has been given is fully justified in such a dignified and tempered treatise as this fine volume presents.

Some Problems of Philosophy. By William James. (Longmans & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Prof. James was a writer with whom the reader usually agreed or differed strongly. But both those who will agree with, and those who will differ from, this book, will join in a unanimous sense of sorrow that it is the last work of one of the most brilliant and stimulating authors of the past generation. It seems fitting, however, that, after much critical work, the last act of Prof. James should be to lay one of the foundation-stones of a pragmatist metaphysic. For under this modest title Intellectual Idealism is challenged with the trowel rather than the sword.

One may regard this book as marking the new and most serious period of the history of Pragmatism. Pragmatism has won its ground in modern philosophy by a searching criticism of its older rivals. The real test, however, is what shall be built upon that ground. There are philosophical theories which, like certain nations, can win territory but cannot colonize it. Can Pragmatism make effective use of the ground it has gained? The answer cannot be obtained entirely from the earliest attempts, but the omens one gathers from Prof. James's work seem favourable. In the first place, there is a promise of a much-needed introduction of more simplicity and directness in metaphysics, a subject which may be intrinsically difficult, but is too often rendered unnecessarily so by the over-subtlety of metaphysicians. Prof. James gives, in his very definition of the subject, which is plain and direct, a promise of reform: 'Metaphysics inquires into the cause, the substance, the meaning, and the outcome of all things.' Once again, Pragmatism refreshes metaphysics by dealing with 'the Problem of Novelty.' For Intellectualism there is no such problem, because there is nothing really new in the complete and full-made universe. For Pragmatism the world is still being made; new happenings arise, and their being constitutes a fresh problem for metaphysics. Here is a welcome *rapprochement* between metaphysics and common sense, which have been, one suspects, too far apart for the real good of either. The older problems which are common to Pragmatist and Idealist metaphysics are handed with illuminating freshness. The most inscrutable is that of Being, upon which even Pragmatism can say nothing new. Being is: with this indubitable, but not very satisfying statement we all must rest content. It is to be hoped that *Some Problems of Philosophy* will be studied carefully by both pragmatist and anti-pragmatist. It will serve to make the issues clearer to both, and that must aid in establishing what each in his own way seeks, the synthesis of truth.

The Church and the New Age. By Henry Carter. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a striking book by the newly appointed Temperance Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. It will add to the author's reputation as a temperance and social reformer. For it will be seen from it that, whilst he is an acknowledged authority, through his widely circulated pamphlets,

on the temperance question, he is also alert upon the entire social question. This book shows that Mr. Carter has envisaged the whole subject of ecclesiastical and social reform. He leans strongly to a socialistic solution of our difficulties, and so will not carry all with him. But he possesses adequate historical and ecclesiastical knowledge, and much shrewdness and sagacity. His statements upon the Church and the New Age, upon democracy and its significance, and upon the problems of the modern Church are worth weighing. The twelve chapters of the book are crowded with fresh facts and figures—matters for which Mr. Carter has a positive penchant—not brought together in such an up-to-date manner anywhere else. Especially is this true of the present numerical position of the Churches, Sunday schools, and brotherhoods. The recent railway strikes appear in their place in the narrative—though middle-class readers will note an absence of appreciation of their point of view in relation to them.

Mr. Carter thinks that the modern Church has 'lost grip' with the new age. The 'new age' seems to have begun in 1906—the year of the 'Social Uprising' evinced in the General Election. That was the year which began the decline of the Churches. The 'social uprising' was the consequence of the broadening of the outlook of democracy by education, invention, and the rise of social idealism. The Church decline was due to their diversion of interest—the Church being apathetic in social reform. The after effects of the Welsh Revival and of the 'New Theology' also, doubtless, had something to do with it. The uprise, however, of Adult Schools, Brotherhoods, and Sisterhoods is a proof that spiritual life is still vigorous in the nation. Mr. Carter then returns to the social question, and traces 'the rise of democracy' in a series of succinct, well-written, and, in the main, accurate chapters. He marks the democratic ideals of a minimum standard of life in wages, leisure, environment, and education, of a maximum standard also—the ideal of the Socialist State—and of international brotherhood. To Mr. Carter these are all fundamentally Christian, and he argues ably. He then turns to the New Testament and the Early Church, and finds in it a prophetic, a healing, and a saving witness. He charges the Churches with having chosen, in many generations, the Way of Death instead of the Way of Life. He traces it in Luther's attitude towards the Peasant War, and in early nineteenth-century Church attitude towards social evils. The Way of Life is the way of the Threefold Witness. The New Age needs, for the realization of its dreams, Character and a Moral Dynamic. The modern Church needs a clear apprehension of the will of God for social life, and a completer fellowship with men, especially with the humble and poor. Given these, the Church can help democracy to what it needs as no other corporation can. There can be—given Church reform and revival—a reunion of the Church and the people. Church-going can be revived by attention to Sunday schools, to the young in worship, and to the social conditions of their life. They will become a new generation of Christian social workers and servants, and save the State and the Church.

It will be seen that the book is fresh and courageous, but full of disputable matter. It contains much information, and is written in a terse,

concise, business-like manner, brightened with occasional poetic touches. The style can hardly be said to be a literary or polished one, but it is fresh and strong, and progresses by short, hammer-like sentences. Sometimes it is rough and even inaccurate. Good use has been made of the *Cambridge Modern History*, of Blue Books, and the latest authorities upon given subjects. We think the lack of an index a great omission in a book touching upon so many subjects and giving so much information, ecclesiastical, historical, and statistical. We are surprised, too, that the publishers should have issued the book with many uncut leaves. But it is the best book on its subject at present, and deserves the consideration of all Christian people and social reformers. It cannot but be a stimulus to thought, discussion, and action.

The Desire for Qualities. By Stanley M. Bligh. (Frowde, 2*s.* net.)

Mr. Bligh's earlier volume on *The Direction of Desires* suggested some new lines of inquiry with regard to the alteration of the tone of consciousness. Having there shown how the inclinations could be almost infinitely modified, he here deals with the 'methods of estimating, valuing, and appreciating the qualities of personality possible in a civilized community.' It requires some courage to begin a chapter headed 'Potentialities, Repressants, Depressants,' but no one will regret its careful perusal. The book will teach a reader how to develop his 'truest, strongest, deepest self.' There are many potential selves in each of us, and if we can recognize our permanent limitations, see what we ought to drive at in life, and begin to develop our powers with 'suitable repressants for use when required,' and know how to 'put away all harmful depressants,' we shall be fit to start on life's pilgrimage. Some perilous questions are frankly discussed, and, on the whole, with sound sense and good judgement. This is a book to be read.

The new volumes of *The Home University Library* (Williams & Norgate, 1*s.* net) have each a distinct appeal to those who value a series of substantial books by recognized authorities, giving the main results of modern thought and research in the chief realms of thought and achievement. As we look at the nine additions we realize more fully the importance of this attempt to put the best books into the hands of busy men. Prof. Thomson's *Introduction to Science* seems to throw open that world of wonders. The writer holds that there is no true antithesis between science and religion. 'If the form or expression of a religious belief is contradictory to a well-established fact in the order of Nature, then clashing is inevitable. But to see in this an antithesis between the scientific formula and the religious idea is a misunderstanding.' Everything is put in the most attractive and suggestive form in this delightful little book. Dr. Barry writes on *The Papacy and Modern Times*, a great subject on which a Roman Catholic view is of interest to all Churches. Mr. Gooch's *History of our own Times* (1885–1911) surveys all the world. It is a book that may be styled indispensable. *The Evolution of Industry* is another little volume

that appeals to a big constituency. *The Civilization of China* traces its course from the earliest times down to the present period of startling transition. It is most timely and instructive. *The Dawn of History* and *Elements of English Law* are valuable digests. *English Literature: Modern* is most comprehensive and readable. Every one will want to study *Psychical Research*, and *Astronomy*, by Arthur R. Hinks, is a masterly condensation of a boundless subject.

The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature (1*s*. net) are attractive little volumes in stiff, rose-coloured art cloth and well printed on rough paper. The editors are Dr. Giles, Master of Emmanuel College, and Prof. A. C. Seward, and the list of volumes already printed or in preparation is comprehensive enough to include Brewing, Aerial Locomotion, German School Education, and the Poetry of Burns. Amongst them is a *History of the English Bible*, by Dr. John Brown, which gives an excellent epitome of the whole subject and has ten plates, chiefly title-pages of the most important translations. Dr. Brown also writes a valuable little book on *The English Puritans*. Many will welcome Lord Balfour of Burleigh's sketch of *The Rise and Development of Presbyterianism in Scotland*. It is admirably done. Another book of special interest is *The Idea of God in Early Religion*, by Prof. F. B. Jevons. It opens up a wonderful field of study in a way that makes a student wish to pursue his investigations. *The Moral Life*, by Prof. Sorley, gives a popular account of the nature of goodness in human life. Temperance, Courage, Wisdom, Justice, are the titles of some of the chapters, and the treatment is always luminous and suggestive. Dr. King writes on *Early Religious Poetry of the Hebrews*. His translations imitate the rhythm of the Hebrew, and his chapter on Acrostic, or Alphabetical Poetry, on the Strophe, and on Dramatic Lyrics will give many a new conception of the structure of Bible poetry. Dr. James H. Moulton's volume on *Early Religious Poetry of Persia* opens up quite a new world. The writer regards Zarathushtra's idea of God as singularly free from unworthy elements, though it lacks the attributes of grace and love. His teaching as to good and evil does not deserve to be called dualistic, for the superiority of good is manifest throughout, and its triumph at the last is as complete as in the Bible eschatology. He is believed to have written the Gathas, which form the kernel of the Avesta. Of these a very interesting sketch is given. The little book will be greatly prized by all who wish to have a reliable guide in their study of the Avesta.

British Rural Life and Labour. By Francis George Heath. (P. S. King & Son. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Mr. Heath wrote his *Romance of Peasant Life* in 1872, and has been a careful student of all questions affecting the land and the farm labourer for wellnigh half a century. This book gathers up the ripe knowledge of these years, and forms a kind of cyclopaedia of the whole subject. Board of Trade and other returns have been drawn upon, but Mr. Heath has put all the information into a form that makes it really helpful to the reader. He is the friend of both employer and employed, and his chapters will do

much to bring all classes together and make them understand each other's difficulties. The first part of the book, British Peasants of To-day, gives a survey of the work and wages, the food and clothing, of farm labourers in every part of the country, with a set of tables which deal mainly with the average earnings, the agricultural population, the crops, grass, and live stock of the country. Not the least interesting part of the volume are the pictures of country life in 1878 and in 1880. We follow Mr. Heath from village to village, getting to understand the ways of homely folk, and noting the characteristics of the west country. The overcrowding of cottages is not what it was forty years ago, and sanitary conditions are greatly improved. The mass of information given in this volume will make it of great value to every student of Rural Life and Labour.

Wheat-Growing in Canada, the United States, and the Argentine. By W. P. Rutter. (Black. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The object of this book is to describe the geographical, economic, and political factors governing the growth of wheat in the New World, and to estimate the probabilities and possibilities of wheat-growing there. The migration of wheat depends on man, and in America its spread has been mainly in a westerly direction. In Canada it is creeping nearer and nearer to the Arctic Circle. Few plants are so indifferent to soil conditions. 'It can be grown on any soil provided it be fertile, and is as much at home in the sands of North Africa as in the "black lands" of Russia.' Mr. Rutter discusses all the kinds of wheat, the modes of production and transportation, and gives a mass of information for which every student of farming will be grateful. Canada needs a far greater population for the development of her vast wheat lands, and her immigrants are intelligent, and have usually had experience of the kind of farming necessary.

Changes of a Century. By J. C. Wright. (Elliot Stock. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. Wright has followed up the success gained by his volume *In the Good Old Times* by another book of great interest. Its chapters are really pictures of the transformation wrought in all directions during the last century. We begin with travel in the famous 'Shillibeer' omnibus, which carried twenty-two passengers and on long journeys provided them with newspapers and magazines. Mr. Cloud, who ran 'buses between the Haymarket and Chelsea, furnished each of these with a small library of standard authors. 'Housekeeping and Quacks' is a racy section of Mr. Wright's book. He has much to say of experiments in cookery and of tea-drinking a century ago. The Duke of Wellington used himself to put tea into the small silver pots and ask each guest whether he preferred black or green. One nervous visitor said 'I take mixed, your Grace.' 'Take Mr. Denman two pots,' roared the Duke. A century ago the newspapers used to be full of the virtues of quack medicines, of which Mr. Wright has some amusing things to record. Mr. Wright's happy quotations show how alert

he has been in gathering material for his most enjoyable book. It is always up to date. Olive Schreiner's *Woman and Labour* is quoted, and there is a passage from one of the Rev. E. J. Brailsford's recent articles in this Journal.

Worth Church, Sussex. By the Rev. Arthur Bridge. Second Edition. Enlarged and Revised. (F. Sherlock. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

The Rector of Worth is justly proud of his church. It is one of the most remarkable in England, going back to pre-Norman times and exhibiting the earliest form of the purely English cruciform church. The semicircular apse at the eastern end is very ancient. The pair of transepts are really chapels. The windows are of unique design. 'They are double, divided by a baluster-shaft of turned stone, with neck- and base-mouldings.' The devil's door, through which the evil spirit was driven out when a child was baptized, is a very quaint feature of this delightful old building. Mr. Bridge's little book is well illustrated and brightly written.

The Music and Hymnody of the Methodist Hymnal. By Carl F. Price. (New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.)

This is a brief introduction to the American Methodist Hymnal, giving the history of Methodist hymn-books in America from the time of Wesley's Charlestown Collection to the Hymnal of 1905. Much information is given as to the hymns, the hymn-writers, the theology and literary beauties of the hymns. The third part is devoted to the tunes, and this is, perhaps, the least familiar section. Sir Hubert Parry's setting of 'In Age and Feebleness Extreme,' in the *Methodist Hymn-Book*, is described as 'truly wonderful.' The book is brightly written, and full of facts and incidents. 'Lo! He comes' is not Cennick's hymn, as Mr. Price says, but Charles Wesley's.

Cumberland. By J. E. Marr, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Cambridge University Press. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a volume of the *Cambridge County Geographies*, with maps, diagrams and illustrations which bring out the characters of the hill and lake scenery. The section headed 'Geology and Soil' is very complete, and throws light on many features of the scenery. That on the natural history of the county shows that in the belt between 1800 and 2700 feet above sea level there is a remarkable assemblage of plants of an alpine character, such as the kidney-leaved sorrel, the rose-root, the purple-flowered saxifrage, and the alpine rue. Above these is a little creeping willow, the most arctic of all the Cumberland plants. There are good sections on History and Antiquities, and the book is clearly written and beautifully illustrated. George Moore and Sir Wilfrid Lawson seem entitled to a place in the Roll of Honour.

Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing. By George B. Cutten, Ph.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.* net.)

This is a timely book. The interest in mental healing is great, and Dr. Cutten gathers together a large mass of information as to medical opinion and practice in early civilisations, and the subjects of demonology, relics and shrines, healers, talismans, amulets, charms, and royal touch. He gives many particulars also as to 'The Healers of the Nineteenth Century,' which we are glad to have in a compact form. There is a suggestive Introduction on Mental Healing.

Horizons and Landmarks. Poems by Sidney Royse Lysaght. (Macmillan. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The earlier poems by Mr. Lysaght, *Poems of the Unknown Way*, placed him at once in the front rank of contemporary singers. We find here, at an interval of some years, the same powers, the same music, the same beauties, as in his first book, but we find them more matured and with stronger strands of thought. His outlook seems wider, the pathos deeper, the step stronger, the grasp of life more comprehensive and reasonable. At the same time we notice much retrospect, many of the old materials, but elevated and transfigured by the calm acceptance of a future and a hope. The ancient quest of youth continues, but it is associated with an undertone of faith that we did not always find in the *Unknown Way*. Mr. Lysaght to the end will be a Seeker, but he possesses also the endowments of the Seer—

> The vision and the faculty divine.

We take a few lines from 'The Forest,' not because they are better than other lines in other poems, but because they give a fair example of the author's method and haunting melody, and because they show him in his pursuit of the unattainable, the impossible ideal to him so intensely real—

> Not within the golden dell,
> Could we rest:—the wild and lone
> Laid on us a stronger spell,
> Called us to a world unknown.
> Down untrodden paths would break
> Gleams remote, that still foretold
> New discoveries to make,
> Always greater than the old.
> There, beyond us, never gained,
> Lay the regions of our quest,
> There our wonderland remained
> Unbeholden, unpossessed.

We give another extract from 'The Test of Faith'—

> May it not be that God is everywhere,
> Striving Himself against eternal wrong?
> May it not be that on that battle-field
> He needs the help of those His love would shield?
> May not His arm be bound by our despair,
> May not our courage help to make it strong?

Mr. Lysaght both sings and thinks his pilgrim way along, and both song and thought are as sincere as alluring.

Poets and Poetry. By John Bailey. (Clarendon Press. 5*s.* net.)

These articles read like old friends. They have all appeared in the Literary Supplement of *The Times*, and each of them will bear attentive study. They help us to look firmly again at some of the 'fixed stars, the most ancient heavens of literature,' and to see once more where they and we stand. The first part, on 'The Function of Poetry,' claims that it is a life-giving power in whose 'presence all things become larger and brighter than they were before. . . . We love more, we hate, we pity, we wonder, we even understand and know more.' That is a claim which the twenty-one papers that follow abundantly sustain. Those on Sir Philip Sidney and Crabbe are of great interest. 'Sidney's poetry, like everything else about him, is perhaps greater in a certain charm of presence and promise than in actual performance.' But he has lines 'fit to hold their place in any ripest poetry of all the world.' Crabbe is old-fashioned. He is the novelist in verse. His work shows 'good sense and good verse, a rare knowledge of the smaller ways of human character, a keen eye for the smaller doings of nature.' Lovers of poetry will find these studies greatly to their taste, and will learn much in a very pleasant way. Here is one fine estimate: 'This, then, is Mr. Meredith, the poet; a great preacher of a strong, stern creed; a profound student of human life and the human drama; a voice as of a fountain bubbling up out of the heart of earth herself, not always clear, but always keen and fresh.'

Whether the British Empire has reached its zenith, and will presently slowly decline, or whether it will continue to hold its present place among the nations, depends, humanly speaking, more than anything else upon the way we care for our children when they are young, and train them as they grow. It is well, therefore, that, amid much that confessedly tends to national degeneration, there is so much being done with a view to the cultivation of a sound body, and equally sound mind, in those who are growing up around us. On this account we welcome and commend the series of National Health Manuals now being issued by C. H. Kelly (1*s.* 6*d.*), under the general editorship of Dr. T. N. Kelynack. The third and latest, *School Life*, is very important and very good. It deals with far more than 'health,' using that word in its ordinary restricted sense; its counsels, taken to heart by those who have to do with boys and girls, will help materially the formation of character; and those whom they train on the lines here laid down will be all the better citizens in the future, of more real service to their fellows and their country, and more likely to 'run the straight race.' The papers included in the volume are by acknowledged experts, and will repay careful study on the part of those who share in the responsibility of the upbringing of the next generation.

The Call of the Dark Continent. By F. Deaville Walker (Wesleyan Missionary Society. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) As a text-book for Missionary Study Circles nothing seems lacking to the success of this volume. It is full of matter, is freely illustrated, and it has a set of good maps. Mr. Walker describes the opening of the Dark Continent and gives much information

as to its great races. Then he tells the story of Methodist Missions in South Africa and on the West Coast in a way that will stimulate to further study. The work has been done with painstaking skill and ample knowledge. Subjects for discussion are given after each chapter, and there is a useful bibliography.

Three missionary books, published by Mr. J. W. Butcher at a shilling, should not be overlooked by those who want prizes for boys and girls. *In the Midst of the Floods*, by Neville Jones, gives a capital account of work in Madagascar; *A Jungle Jaunt*, by H. A. Meek, describes the adventures of three young missionaries in Ceylon; *On the Shores of the Caribbean Sea*, by Walter J. Gadsby, is a delightful record of personal service in British Honduras. The books are well illustrated and will be great favourites with young readers.

Congo Life and Folklore. By the Rev. John H. Weeks. (Religious Tract Society. 5*s.* net.)

This is a very readable book. A brass rod, which is the money of the Congo natives, tells all about the country and the natives. The native superstitions and the terrible trial by ordeal by which those suspected of witchcraft are discovered, make a strong appeal for missionary work. The most progressive natives, who would have been the leaders of their people, have thus been killed off. Mr. Weeks has collected a store of native stories, which show the shrewdness and wit of the people. The book is one of the most entertaining missionary volumes that we have met.

Uganda: A Chosen Vessel. By Rev. H. T. C. Weatherhead, M.A. (Church Missionary Society. 6*d.* net.) An admirable study text-book, full of matter put in the most interesting form.

Copts and Moslems under British Control. By Kyriakos Mikhail. (Smith, Elder & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a temperate statement of the grievances of the Copts. They number a million, and are the oldest Christians in the world. The writer's plea is supported by such authorities as Prof. Sayce, Dr. A. J. Butler, Mrs. Butcher, and Mr. John Ward. Mrs. Butcher gives an interesting sketch of Coptic history, then the grievances are set forth, and ample material is given for a reader to form his own judgement. The writer complains that the avenue of promotion to the highest offices is closed to the Copts, and that Muslims are unfairly preferred to them. We are glad to see that great hopes are entertained that class distinctions and bad feeling will disapppear under Lord Kitchener's control.

A Fountain Unsealed (1*s.*) is the Bible Society's Popular Report for 1910–11. And a charming volume it is, with its pictures and its facts. Scriptures are available in fifty-five of the chief Indian vernaculars spoken by 225 millions, but no part of the Scriptures has yet been issued in seventy of the Indian languages and dialects.

The Christian Teaching of Coin Mottoes. By the Rev. William Allan, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Allan writes pleasantly about coin mottoes, and there is much to be learned from his chapters. At the close of the second century a coin of Septimius Severus bears a Noah's Ark as a symbol of the Christian Church. The Cross, combined with the opening letters of the name of Christ, forms a well-known monogram. Dr. Allan gives 'sayings of Jesus' as found on coins, and his chapters on 'Trust in God' and 'Divine Providence' show how much religion has found its way on to coins. The book is one of much interest, and it is well illustrated.

The Making of Treherne, by J. Williams Butcher (C. H. Kelly, 3*s.* 6*d.*), is just such a book as healthy-minded school-boys will appreciate—a manly story, with plenty of incident in it, which boys are sure to read without any 'skipping.' Needless to say the tone is admirable, but Mr. Butcher refrains from moralizing or preaching, so showing his insight and wisdom. His excellent story will effect its purpose better without anything of that kind in its pages.

The book is dedicated to the memory of the late Mrs. Workman, of Kingswood, as one 'whose understanding, sympathy, and discriminating interest have helped many a boy to find himself.' In such deserved terms Mr. Butcher might himself be described. He has all his life been a lover of boys, and a helper of many. A book like this is just one expression of his heart.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge provides a capital set of books for boys and girls. ***Redwood Ranch*** (2*s.* 6*d.*) describes the life of an English family in the great redwood forests of California. Adventures with pumas and robbers give the thrill which a boy reader loves. ***Within a Year*** (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a naval story with a brave young lieutenant as hero, and the Siege of Acre fills a place on the canvas. ***The Mystery of the Albatross*** (2*s.* 6*d.*) is another good sea-story. ***The Captain of the Waterguard*** (2*s.* 6*d.*) has many exciting encounters with Cornish smugglers, and Félicité is a delightful heroine. ***The House of the Oak*** (2*s.*) describes Charles the Second's escape after the battle of Worcester. Children will be thoroughly entertained by ***The Gipsy-Princess*** (2*s.*), about the royal baby that grew up in a circus. ***The Golden Patch,*** by Alice Massie (2*s.*), gives seven weird fairy tales over which there will be many a wonder. ***Another Pair of Shoes*** (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a Northumbrian love-story. The young farmer who wins his cousin's heart is a manly fellow. ***Queen Mab*** (1*s.* 6*d.*), ***Nancy and her Cousins*** (1*s.* 6*d.*), and three good shilling stories appeal specially to small children. ***The Care of Hanuman*** (1*s.* 6*d.*) shows how some English children in India foiled a set of Bengalee anarchists. The books have some good pictures, and will not only hold the attention, but will teach young readers to be unselfish and earnest.

The Class-Meeting Problem: How to Solve it. By W. J. Marris. (Kelly. 6*d.*)

Mr. Marris gives a brief account of the origin of the Methodist class-

meeting, and shows its place and its value. Then he describes the qualifications and the duties of a leader. Valuable suggestions are given as to the conduct of a class. 'Dreariness, coldness, and formality should be carefully avoided; geniality, variety, mutual confidence, sympathy, edification, family feeling, and a social spirit should be incessantly sought and cultivated.' A good section on 'The class-member' follows, with some wise and timely suggestions as to admission to membership. We should like to see this booklet in the hands of every Methodist.

Some attractive music has been published by Charles H. Kelly. 'Just as I am,' set to music by J. A. Meale, F.R.C.O. (1*s.* 6*d.* net), can be had in G and in B♭. It has been sung with great success by Madame Strathearn and other leading vocalists. 'The Silent Land,' by Longfellow, is set as a Part Song for men's voices, by H. F. Nicholls, A.R.C.O., and 'I heard a Great Voice' (Rev. xxi. 3–5) as an anthem, by R. G. Thompson, Mus.B. A beautiful introit or anthem by M. L. Wostenholm, to Genesis xlviii. 16, 17, and the Sanctus, is sold at 2*d.*, and in Tonic Sol-fa notation at 1*d.* Three additions are also made to The 'Choir' Series of Voluntaries for the organ with Pedal Obbligato (6*d.* net). Five composers have contributed to the three parts, and organists can find nothing better or cheaper than these voluntaries. The full catalogue shows what abundant choice is provided by the Choir Series.

Carols Ancient and Modern, Books I and II. (Morgan & Scott. 6*d.* each.) Each of these collections contains twelve pieces. All have their own beauty. Some of them are the familiar favourites, others are less known, but all are delightful, and the handy octavo page makes the booklet very convenient for use.

The S.P.C.K. has perfected its almanacks, calendars, pocket-books, sheet almanacks, and parochial offertory. The prices range from one penny to half a crown, and the bindings are of different styles, but all serviceable. Nothing could more fully meet the needs of churchmen.

A Legacy of Light. By Mary Bracken. (Elliot Stock. 6*s.*) Caroline Rostrevor becomes a new creature in the sunshine of happiness, and Charles Arbuthnot is a lover of whom any woman might be proud.

Doctor Alec's Son. By Irene H. Barnes. (Church Missionary Society. 1*s.* 6*d.*) Roy's father is a medical missionary in Persia, and the bright little fellow is taken on a caravan tour to shake off his whooping cough. He is a boy that every one will like.

The Sunday at Home, 1910–11. (Religious Tract Society. 7*s.* 6*d.*) This magazine deserves all its popularity. Its editor seems to miss nothing that will appeal to his readers, and writers and artists are established favourites. Miss Bone's serial is full of spirit, and the articles on leaders of the Churches will be eagerly read. It is a volume really alive.

The Peach Garden, by J. Sidney Helps (Kelly, 1*s.* 6*d.*) is a Chinese story of great beauty and interest. One of the two brothers goes to a mission school, where his prejudice against Christianity gradually melts away. He becomes a hero and a martyr, and his soldier brother steps into his place to carry on his work. It is a touching and beautiful story.

In the Land of Nursery Rhyme. By Ada M. Marzials. (Allenson. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) These seven stories are woven round such nursery rhymes as 'Sing a Song of Sixpence,' 'Little Bo-Peep,' and other favourites. They are told with true ingenuity and real zest, and children will rejoice in them greatly. The book is well printed, and has an attractive frontispiece by Ryan Shaw.

Lady Ju. By Charles Aver. (Kelly. 1*s.*) This is a temperance story, and one of the best we have read for a long time. Lady Ju has a hard fight with circumstances at home and in her factory, but she holds her ground and wins a great victory. It is a powerful and pathetic story.

Three Jolly Playmates. By John W. Seller. (Kelly. 1*s.* 6*d.*) The gamekeeper's boy and his two playmates make a lively group, and bring us into close touch with game and poachers. There is much here that will make children love country scenes, and there is a great fight with poachers.

The Shining Hour. By F. W. Macdonald. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) These eight papers have the note of quiet mastery and strong conviction. They are the ripe fruit of much wise reading and deep thinking, and they handle subjects which we all want to have discussed in a way that corrects the judgement and makes a reader more ready to bear his own burden. 'No Longer Young' is perhaps the most attractive of the papers, and 'The New Testament View of Jesus Christ' one of the most suggestive. It is a little book that will enrich many minds and hearts.

The Illumined Face. By W. V. Kelley. (New York: Eaton & Mains. 50*c.* net). Dr. Kelley holds that 'the face is an exponent of character, that in a measure one can make his own face, and that the illumined face is the emblem of humanity at its highest.' The writer thinks 'the face can be more spoiled from within than from without.' 'Beauty is not so much a gift as an attainment. We can all be beautiful if we will.' It is a daintily written book which would make a charming little wedding-present. Dr. Kelley had also written a booklet on *Trees and Men* (Eaton & Mains. 25*c.*). The elm is one of the glories of New England, but the writer confesses that 'a great wide oak in a field near Andalusia station, on the Pennsylvania railroad,' has been his friend from boyhood. He is an enthusiast who writes out of a full mind and heart. A companion to *Trees and Men* is *The Lure of Books*, by Lynn Harold Hough (Eaton & Mains. 25*c.*). The old book lover has felt the spell of the masters of literature, and makes his young hearer step out from the veteran's study feeling glad that he was alive. The book has a charm that comes from the masterpieces amid which it makes us linger. It is printed in attractive black type.

Wordsworth and Coleridge: Lyrical Ballads, 1798. Edited by Harold Littledale, M.A., D.Litt. (Frowde. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) An altogether charming reprint of a poetic classic. The little 'Advertisement' explaining the purpose of the poems will still repay careful reading.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

THERE is not much that is new or notable in the paper in the October number of **The Quarterly Review**, by Mr. G. C. Macaulay, on *The English Bible*, though one is glad to see his expression of gratitude to the Revised Version for 'the immense advantage of possessing so great a help to the understanding of the originals.' *The Growth of Mythological Study* is the paper read by Mr. Salomon Reinach at Girton College in August. In the paper on the Bible, we should have said, the writer suggests the following further revisions: Matt. xxiii. 24, 'strain out (at) a gnat:' Acts xxvi. 28, 'with but little persuasion' (almost): 1 Cor. iv. 4, 'against' (by myself): Phil. ii. 10, 'that in (at) the name of Jesus every knee should bow.' Such a change as 'love' for 'charity' in 1 Cor. xiii., &c., 'however desirable, can hardly be asked for.' The article on *The Poetry of William Morris*, by Mr. Percy Lubbock, is perhaps the most distinguished in this not very remarkable number. The gist of it may be gathered from the following sentences: 'Not as a seer or a saint, offering purer airs and keener lights in return for an ever more arduous effort and sacrifice, but as a man who believes that life may be turned to immeasurable beauty by every hand that works and every heart that feels—so Morris lived, and so he expressed himself in all his varied achievements. His achievement was art; and his art, as we explore and analyse it, is always rewarding us with fresh aspects of its charm. But art, in Morris's view, need never be named as part of our demand from life, being no more and no less than the expression of a life which is rightly based, an expression it could not withhold if it would.'

In an article on *Famous Autobiographies*, **The Edinburgh Review** (October–December), starting from the fact that at present 'biography is second only to fiction in the popular estimation,' the writer gives a general survey of the life of Benvenuto Cellini, of Rousseau's *Confessions*, and of the autobiographies of Goethe, Gibbon, Mill, and Spencer. Why St. Augustine should have been omitted does not appear. The question asked and answered with respect to each of these famous works is, What may be learned from it? All, he says, with perhaps the exception of Mill, were 'thoroughly natural lives. Their greatness was in no way due to excessive ambition, or to any determination or force of will,' a statement that seems to us exceedingly questionable. 'On the contrary,' he continues, 'Goethe, Rousseau, Spencer appear to have been by no means distinguished for unusual will-power; nor was any strain or effort the cause of their distinction above the rest of humanity. They carried out their natural promptings without deliberation or forethought; and they were great because these natural promptings happened to be tuned in such a way as to produce vibration in an emotional chord of humanity.'

It is perfectly plain, he says, that Spencer's one reason for writing the *Synthetic Philosophy* was that 'he could not help it.' Still more interesting is the writer's estimate of the influence of women on men of genius, and few will dispute his dictum that 'none but the greatest men can write a thoroughly good autobiography. No type of literature is more difficult to write, none more disagreeable to read when badly done.'

The most attractive article in **The Dublin Review** (October–December) is the one on *Francis Thompson*, by Mr. Albert A. Cock. It is partly biographical, but chiefly expository. In one ode, says the writer, Mr. Thompson stated the whole burden of Victorian inquiry and speculation, and gave a solution to the problem of the relation of Science to Religion, 'explicitly mystical, obviously Christian, and implicitly Catholic.' But all the works of this great poet are passed under review, and the writer gives us an elaborate study of the more important ones, with copious illustrative extracts. Throughout, he is regarded as of the lineage of Crashaw, but his relations and affinities to Blake and Wordsworth are also indicated, especially in his delineation of the child life. Other articles of interest are *Catholicism and History*, based on Mr. H. W. C. Davis's *Medieval Europe*, by Mr. H. Belloc, and *Fiona Macleod and Celtic Legends*, by Mrs. Reginald Balfour.

The Hibbert Journal issued in October its Decennial number, constituting a record in this kind. It justly claims that the result of the efforts forms 'a worthy landmark in the history of the Journal.' Fourteen articles are included such as have seldom been collected in a single number of a Review. *Life and Consciousness*, by Henri Bergson, and a criticism of Bergson's philosophy by Mr. A. J. Balfour; *The Christian Mystery*, by N. Loisy, and *Greek and Christian Piety*, by Prof. Harnack; *The Apocalyptic Element in the Gospels*, by Dr. Sanday, and *Is there one Science of Nature?* by Prof. J. A. Thomson—these are the first six articles in a brilliant number, the contents of which cannot be described in detail. It may suffice to say that Bergson's article is a characteristic one, tending to the conclusion that 'the passage of consciousness through matter is destined to bring to precision in the form of distinct personality tendencies or potentialities which at first were mingled, and also to permit these personalities to test their force whilst at the same time increasing it by an effort of self-creation.' Mr. Balfour's criticism of Bergson's attitude in relation to teleology is in the main just, but the philosopher's face is *towards* teleology, not away from it, and he tells us himself that he is content to take one step at a time. He has already taken many steps away from the materialistic Agnosticism with which he began. Loisy becomes less and less satisfactory as time goes on; the constructive element in his teaching diminishes rather than increases. Dr. Sanday is disappointingly hesitating on the Apocalyptic Element in the Gospels, but he withdraws somewhat from his earlier eulogy of Schweitzer. This whole number of the *Hibbert* is full of interesting and suggestive matter.

Journal of Theological Studies (October).—The leading article is a continuation of Sir H. Howorth's *Influence of St. Jerome on the Canon of*

the Western Church. The section on Documents contains an Arian Sermon from a MS. in the Chapter Library of Verona, with introduction and notes by Mr. C. H. Turner. Amongst the shorter articles the most interesting are, a note on the relation between the Odes of Solomon and the Pistis Sophic, by W. H. Worrell, *The Poetry of the Greek Book of Proverbs*, by H. St. John Thackeray, and an instructive paper on *The Study of Composite Writings in the Old Testament*. It is time that the principles more or less generally accepted by critics on this subject should be elucidated. Sanday's *Studies in the Synoptic Problem*, and Stanton's *The Gospels as Historical Documents*, are sympathetically reviewed.

The Holborn Review (October) opens with an appreciative notice of the Hartley Lecture for 1911, by Prof. Humphries, on the Holy Spirit. Mr. Harvey-Jellie writes with knowledge on Protestantism in France, and is more hopeful concerning its future than are most observers. A timely subject is *Modern Theories of Sin*, and it is discussed with some ability à propos of Dr. Orchard and Mr. F. R. Tennant, by Mr. J. G. Soulsby. The writer, however, only skirts some of the main difficulties. Two interesting articles are *The Cult of St. Francis*, by A. W. Harrison, M.A., and *Our Royal Edwards and the Principality of Wales*, by W. Ernest Beet, B.A. The eulogy of Mr. H. G. Wells in another article can hardly be called discriminating. The reviews of books form, as always, an important feature in the *Holborn;* they are both full and fair.

The Expositor (October and November).—Sir W. Ramsay's two articles on *The Thought of Paul* are full of interest, especially in relation to the question, 'Did Paul see Jesus in the flesh?' raised by Dr. J. H. Moulton in a previous paper in the *Expositor*. Sir W. Ramsay finds the most convincing evidence that Joh. Weiss, Moulton, and others, are right, in the nature of St. Paul's conversion and his own language concerning it. Prof. Oman contributes two articles on *Personality and Grace*—a fruitful subject just now. Principal Garvie continues his discussions on St. Paul, dealing with the Gentile influences upon his mind and education and asking, 'Is St. Paul's Gospel out of date?' Other articles are *The Book of Judges*, by Canon Driver; *The Epistle of Philemon*, by Prof. Anderson Scott; and one full of the most sacred and tender interest on *The Broken Heart of Jesus*, by Sir Alexander Simpson, M.D. The distinguished physician holds that the lance-thrust of the Roman soldier as Jesus hung on the Cross proved that the life had been laid down already, that the heart of Jesus, 'bursting under the measureless strain, had poured out the blood that was to woo and win His brethren back to their Father.'

The Expository Times (October and November).—The editor deals briefly but effectively with the question of the Miracles of the New Testament, as raised by Rev. J. M. Thompson, Dean of Magdalen College, Oxford. He very reasonably objects to Mr. Thompson's repeated 'pistol shot question,' Is it true? *The Present Theological Situation* is discussed by Rev. J. M. Shaw, who holds that the present relative depreciation of Systematic Theology and the corresponding exaltation of Psychology and Comparative Religion can only be temporary. Prof. Jackson of Toronto

writes on *The Missionary Idea in the Gospels*, with the object of showing that whether or no we have in Matt. xxviii. 18–20 the exact words of Christ, yet the root and spring of all missionary effort are to be found in His Gospel and ministry. Prof. Sayce brings out the significance of *The Jewish Papyri of Elephantiné*, and Dr. W. F. Cobb propounds his views—not likely to be universally accepted—on *The Gift of Healing in the Church*. 'The true answer to our question,' he says, 'would seem to be that wherever there is faith at all there is proportionate healing power, even though its possessor is unaware of its existence.'

The two papers in the November **Contemporary** of special interest to the general reader are the one on Mrs. Gaskell, by Annie Kimball Tuell, in which she gives a genial and charming account of the life and works of the biographer of Charlotte Brontë, and the one in which the Bishop of Carlisle discourses on *The Training of the Clergy*. That training, the bishop contends, should not be exclusively intellectual and spiritual. Amongst other things he insists upon the culture of the power of speech. 'Nothing is easier in reading than the histrionic and artificial; nothing harder than to be simple and natural.' The moral effect of naturalness is as great as the intellectual. 'Neither artificial reading nor artificial speaking carries conviction with it. It is necessary to speak naturally in order to persuade.'

Social reformers should read what Mr. Norman Pearson has to say in the November **Nineteenth Century** on *The Idle Poor*. We hear a good deal about the idle rich; but the writer maintains that 'the real danger to the labouring classes is not above but below them; not in the extortions of the so-called idle rich, but in those of the idle poor.' His contentions are based upon the Twenty-ninth Report of the Local Government Board, and the Report of the Poor Law Commission, from both of which he quotes largely. Like many of the leaders of the workmen, he is firmly convinced that the only way to deal effectively with vagrants and loafers is by detention, and it is evident that the whole community is fast becoming of his mind. The idle have too long been allowed to live on the industrious.

In **Blackwood** for November Miss Fargeon gives a delightful account of a strangely forgotten Elizabethan minor poet, one Nathaniel Downes, whose *Journal* and volume of lyrics entitled *The Shepherd's Gyrlond* are freely laid under contribution. This remarkable poet, it appears, began life as a blacksmith's apprentice in Sussex, and he tells us that 'the iron would grow cold on the anuill whiles I didd string my rhymes. Then my master did beat mee.' Soon afterwards he set out for London, blithely singing on his way, and, in course of time, became acquainted with some of the wits and poets of the time. The little poem beginning

> A rogue is in her dimpled cheake, an angell in her eie,
> The rogue doth make a mock of me, the angell passes by,

is quite worthy of the *Golden Treasury*, and there are several more, if not so fine, well worthy of a place in England's Antiphon.

The Church Quarterly (October).—Dr. Headlam argues strongly for *The Value of the Establishment of the Church*. He speaks 'with warmth about

the action of political Nonconformity,' but thinks 'there is little reason why the national Church of this country should not contain within its body the Wesleyan and other religious parties which exist at present. Theologically there is hardly more difference between the Church and the orthodox Nonconformist communities than there is between different parties of the Church. We do not hope for immediate reunion, but we believe that reunion is quite possible, and that it will be more likely to come with an Established than with a Disestablished Church.' The article puts the Church view ably and temperately.

AMERICAN

The American Journal of Theology for October maintains a high standard. Prof. von Dobschütz of Breslau discusses a most interesting question, 'What were the most important motives for behaviour in the life of the early Christians?' The author's published volume on the ethics of the early church proves his ability to deal with a topic which brings us to the very heart of the Christian religion. What motive powers animated the early Christians that were peculiar to themselves, and what did they share in common with their age? Prof. H. P. Smith is not convincing in his account of *The Hebrew View of Sin*; the language of the Old Testament is not so easily to be explained in the author's sense. Dr. Warfield's second article on *The Two Natures* of Christ is able, but his contentions are already arousing keen criticism. His vindication of orthodoxy is evidently not popular with some of the contributors to this Journal. *The Christology of a Modern Rationalist*, by F. H. Foster, is thin fare. Very instructive on the other hand is Dr. Geo. Galloway's discussion of *Religious Experience and Theological Development*, a subject he has made his own. The survey of modern literature is conducted with great ability.

The Princeton Theological Review contains four leading articles, *Faith in its Theological Aspects*, by Dr. B. B. Warfield; *The Character and Claims of the Roman Catholic English Bible*, by J. Oscar Boyd; *The Religion of the Emperor Julian*, by E. G. Sihler; and *The Writings of Samuel Miller*, a bibliography of over twenty closely printed pages containing the titles only of the works of the second professor in Princeton Seminary from 1813–1850. Dr. Warfield's paper does not add much to the contents of his well-known article on Faith in Hastings' Dictionary, but it is careful and thorough in its analysis. The points of difference between the Catholic and Protestant versions of the English Bible are too little known, and Dr. Boyd's account of the former is full and scholarly. The notices of books form an important part of the number.

The Methodist Review (New York) (November and December).—The chief articles are *The American Newspaper*, by Dr. C. M. Stuart, editor of the *N. W. Christian Advocate*; *Brooke Foss Westcott*, by Dr. G. P. Mains; *The Evolution of Modern Bible Study* and *Tendencies of Modern Literature*. Among the Notes and Discussions is to be found the longest and perhaps the most interesting article in the number, on *Visible Values*

in Robert Browning. The sections entitled *The Arena* and *Glimpses of Reviews and Magazines* contain miscellaneous matter.

The Methodist Review (Nashville) (October).—Dr. Gross Alexander has provided an interesting bill of fare. Prof. Olin Curtis of Drew Seminary contributes *A New Estimate of the Theological Situation*, in which he reviews the past, gives counsel for the present, and even ventures a forecast of the future. Dr. B. B. Warfield, in answer to 'How shall we baptize?' wisely leaves large latitude of method. Dr. James Mudge sketches the work of Horace Bushnell with sympathy and power. He thinks that Bushnell was 'the greatest religious genius that American Christianity has yet produced'; we may add that in this country he is being too soon forgotten. 'Spectator' writes on *The Crusade against Modernism and its Results*—a timely article.

The Review and Expositor (Louisville) for October contains *The Character and History of the 1611 Version*, by W. T. Whitley; *The English Bible in English Literature*, by Prof. I. C. Metcalf; a good account of *Tolstoi's Religion;* a curious article on *Hawthorne's Immitigable*, by Prof. Fruit—an attempt to show that the reiterated word 'immitigable' in Hawthorne's writings is 'the key to the informing sense of his thought'—and an account of *The Letters and Epistles of Paul*, which can hardly be said to be abreast of modern discussions of the subject, though Deissmann and Ramsay are quoted.

Harvard Theological Review.—The October number opens with an article on *Emerson from an Indian Point of View*, by Principal Maitra, M.A., of the City College, Calcutta. Emerson appeals to the Oriental mind, it is held, because of the spiritual affinity between the teachings of the East and his ruling ideas. Emerson's denial of the personality of God is expounded as 'an affirmation of the divine infinitude, not a denial of consciousness or intelligence as an attribute of the Supreme Being.' It is acknowledged, however, that at times 'Emerson yields to optimism of the Oriental type and underestimates the need of human effort.' Dr. Daniel Evans, Professor of Theology at Andover, writes on *The Ethics of Jesus and the Modern Mind.* A well-reasoned argument leads to the conclusion that Christian Ethics is 'transcendent in its supreme good, ultimate in its sources, fundamental in its bases, authoritative in its claims, contemporary in its demands, and progressive in its character.' Professor Youtz, of Auburn, contributes a paper entitled *The Critical Problem of Theology To-day: the Problem of Method.* 'The older scientific ideal was unchangeable essence; the modern scientific ideal is development as the essential nature of things.' To those who think that uncertainty awaits 'those who apply the evolutionary insight to religious problems,' Dr. Youtz says: 'Christ, experience, the moral reason, are precious possessions by which we can always determine our religious latitude and longitude, and direct our thinking toward the right goal.' Dr. Macintosh, of Yale, dwells on the shortcomings of Ritschlianism, although he recognizes its strength, in an article on *The Idea of a Modern Orthodoxy.* 'God is not merely *like* Christ; God was *in* Christ, reconciling

the world to Himself, and thereby redeeming, regenerating, and progressively perfecting the sons of men.'

FOREIGN

The three main articles in the **Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques** for October deal in an adequate manner with *Pleasure and Joy*, *Apologetics and Theology*, and *The Question of Original Sin in the Writings of St. Anselm*. These are followed by an extended note on *Topicité*, by which is meant something like relevance: it is a brief essay in logical art. Then come the Bulletins for which this Catholic Review is famous, one on the History of Philosophy, another on Apologetics, and a third on Speculative Theology. In each of them a wide range of current literature in Europe and America is reviewed and estimated from the Catholic point of view. In the first Bulletin there is a most interesting account of the Russian philosopher, Vladimir Soloviev, whose fame is rapidly extending beyond his native land. He is sometimes called the Russian Newman, and is here described as 'the first Russian philosopher.' In the Bulletin on Apologetics there is a capital précis of a new book on Pascal, *Pascal: His Religious Life and His Apology for Christianity*, by Father Petitot (Paris, Beauchesne). The writer thinks that Pascal weakened his demonstration by exaggerating the impotence of reason and the corruption of human nature. 'Original sin is not the only reason of our contradictions, of our ignorance, of our weakness, and it is false to represent it as the evident and unique explanation of all our evils and miseries. The desire for happiness is not a consequence of original sin, nor was it given, as Pascal maintains, to make us feel how far we have fallen and to punish us for our fall; but, of course, he is right when he sets himself to prove that we can only be happy by embracing the Christian religion.' Pascal's method of apology is coming into vogue once more, and all students would be interested in M. Petitot's expository and critical work.

In that admirable French monthly, **La Revue du Mois**, for October, there are three articles of more than ordinary interest: *Les hypothèses cosmogonique*, by M. Henri Poinacre; *Le developpement de la pensée de Cournot*, by M. Gaston Milliand; and *Le théâtre de M. J. M. Synge*, by Madeleine Cazamian. The first is the introductory chapter in a very comprehensive and important work on recent theories of the origin of the world by one of the most eminent of French savants; the second gives an admirable survey of the writings of Cournot, who, after a period of eclipse, is once more coming into vogue, and whose life and writings are attracting almost universal attention; and the third is a beautiful exposition of the art of Synge. All his plays are analysed and appreciated, and full justice is done to his genius as an observer and artist of Irish peasant life. 'The fisherfolk, the peasantry, homely Irish firesides, the moving solitudes of sea, and rock, and land—all these he has set in a vivid light. The sorrow, the joy, the irony of the existence of these humble characters are exhibited with a realism that sometimes amounts to *brutalité*, and he makes the humour and the pathos of their lot spring from the deepest depths.'

Religion und Geisteskultur.—The first article in the October number is by Dr. Otto Braun; it deals with the philosophy of *Schelling and Schleiermacher*, and shows that both these idealists were, in their youth, influenced by Fichte, and that both were associated with the origin of the romantic movement. Theologians who are unwilling to recognize Schleiermacher as a romanticist neglect his earlier writings. He was 'the ethical genius' of the movement, and was drawn into it by his revolt against Philistine morals. He provided Goethe's conception of individuality with a scientific basis; on the other hand, his views on friendship, love, and marriage reveal the influence of romanticism upon his thought. *The Personal Idealism of Boström*, the Swedish philosopher, is expounded by Dr. Efraim Liljeqvist. Boström, who died in 1866, owed much to Schelling and to Hegel, but in his later years his teaching was decidedly antipantheistic. Spinoza's influence upon him was important, but it was negative. Boström held that Christianity is the highest religion, though Christ is regarded as only one of the sons of God. A fuller criticism of the bearing of Boström's teaching upon Christology would have been welcome. In one place ideas are said to be God's children, and the only logical conclusion seems to be that to an idea is ascribed the historic sowing of the seed of the highest religion. In a critical review of recent *Apologetic literature*, Dr. Herman Staeps laments that still materialism finds defenders in the ranks of German scientists, but he also regrets that orthodox defenders of the faith sometimes fail to differentiate among opponents, and occasionally make use of antiquated weapons. Dr. Rudolf Otto's work on *The Naturalistic and the Religious View of the World* is highly praised. Facts are adduced which show that Darwinism, in so far as it gives a naturalistic and mechanical view of the world, is now discredited. In modern theories of Evolution the struggle for existence and natural selection play a subordinate part; on the other hand, the active functions of organisms and teleological tendencies are recognized. Thus room is left for the religious view of nature.

Theologische Literaturzeitung.—In No. 21 there is an instructive review by Dr. A. Dorner of a Roman Catholic work by Sub-rector Pfättisch, entitled *The Influence of Plato upon the Theology of Justin Martyr*. Dorner examines the arguments in detail, and comes to the conclusion that Justin was more probably influenced by Philo. An English work, *The Threshold of Religion*, by R. R. Marett, is highly commended by Dr. E. W. Mayer. The author is said to combine fullness of knowledge with critical caution. He rejects the minimum definition of religion which reduces it to a belief in spirits. What is characteristic of religion is held to be 'the feeling of awe'; but awe is not only fear, it is also wonder, reverence, and perhaps also love. This feeling manifests itself among primitive peoples, and if not pre-animistic is independent of animism. Mayer thinks that there is no reason to doubt that religion does pre-suppose a feeling of reverent dependence on a power regarded as supernatural, and that this feeling is widespread amongst the most ancient peoples of whom we have any knowledge. Four works which discuss the teaching of *Nietzsche* from

different points of view are noticed by Dr. Schwartzkopff. Weinel accounts for Nietzsche's attack upon the Christian ideal by his confusion of Christian with Buddhist ethics. Prof. Paul Fischer maintains that Nietzsche's objections against Christianity do not affect its essential teaching, although they have force when applied to the imperfect realization of the ideal of Christ by many Christians. The contrast between the self-redemption of Nietzsche and redemption through Christ is also sharply drawn. Dr. Eberhard Arnold traces the influences in Nietzsche's career which transformed a youth religiously disposed into a bitter enemy of Christianity. Dr. S. Friedländer also aims at giving an intellectual biography of Nietzsche. He finds more to admire and less to criticize than the authors already mentioned. Schwartzkopff says that much may be learnt from Friedländer's sketch, although it does not help its readers to form any clearer conception of Nietzsche's philosophy.

Theologische Rundschau.—The editor, Dr. Bousset, examines, at some length, in the October number, the theory of a pre-Christian worship of Jesus, as reiterated by the American scholar, W. B. Smith, in the second edition of his work, *The pre-Christian Jesus*. Epiphanius mentions a pre-Christian sect whom he designates Nasarenes. After examining the sources on which Epiphanius depended for his information—Hippolytus, &c.—Bousset clearly shows that there was a Jewish list of heretics, in which *Christians* were described as Nazarenes; this list was used in Christian tradition as a list of *Jewish* heresies. It was easy, therefore, for Epiphanius and his authority to fall into the error of supposing that the names were those of pre-Christian sects. Smith also lays great stress on the occurrence of the name of Jesus in an ancient Naasene hymn quoted by Hippolytus. But Bousset replies that it is generally acknowledged that the Naasenes made use of the New Testament writings. Smith is reminded that 'mere repetition does not transform error into truth.' Nowack reviews recent literature dealing with the *History of Israelitish Religion*. Peake's *The Religion of Israel* is favourably noticed, though exception is taken to the explanation given of the two forms of the Decalogue. 'The work is well adapted to set before its readers, in broad outlines, the development of the Israelitish Religion.' An important work by P. Torge on *Old Testament Teaching concerning the Soul of Immortality* is eulogized because good use is made of the materials supplied by the comparative study of religions. The individualism of Jeremiah and the complete destruction of the national hopes are regarded as accounting for the emergence of the hope of personal immortality. A reaction against these views, however, finds expression in some Psalms and in Qoheleth. A pamphlet by Bernard Duhm on *The Coming Kingdom of God* is described as 'thoughtful and stimulating.' In the Old Testament there are two lines of development—the idealistic and the theocratic—though they are not always kept distinct. In the Apocalyptic books the eschatological conception of the Kingdom is found. Jesus accepted the current ideas, but corrected them. The centre of religion He placed in the individual soul, but He also taught the necessity of world-renewal.