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A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

JULY, 1899.
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The

NEW SERIES,
No. 3.

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CONTENTS.

I. Anthropology and Christianity.

By ALEXANDER MACALISTER.
PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY, CAMBRIDGE.

II. George Borrow.

By DORA M. JONES.

III. Can we Explain Life by Vitality?

By L. C. MIALL, F.R.S.

IV. The Influence of Methodism on Scotland.

By RICHARD GREEN.

V. Richard Cadbury.

By HUGH W. STRONG.

VI. The Present Pope and the Future Conclave.

By HENRY J. PIGGOTT, B.A.

VII. The Evolution of a Reference Bible.

By J. ANTHONY BARNES, B.A.

VIII. Protestantism and the French Genius.

By ONÉSIME PRUNIER, B.A., B.D.
PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

IX. The Cromwell Tercentenary.

By C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

X. Out on the Essex Marshes.

By ROBERT McLEOD.

XI. American Humour: Mark Twain.

By ANNE E. KEELING.

XII. The World of Books.

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LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1899.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND CHRISTIANITY.

A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom. By ANDREW DICKSON WHITE.
(London: Macmillan. 1896.)

"IT is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of enquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious; and accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment." During the century and a half which have elapsed since these words were written by Bishop Butler many changes have taken place in the world of thought. Christianity now occupies a different position from that which it held in 1736. The missionary enterprise, scarcely then begun, has now penetrated into almost every land. Thousands of copies of the Bible are now in circulation for every one which was then extant. For every translation of the gospels which then existed there are ten to-day, and a like growth and activity characterise all departments of

Christian effort. But still the Christian apologist is face to face with the same assumption on the part of his critics ; and as there is a greater earnestness on the Christian side, so there is a greater bitterness on the side of those who are hostile to revealed religion, and who, from time to time, use new weapons in the controversy against Christianity. With the increase in the extent of human knowledge the position of those who contend for the validity of the claims of our system of belief has, since the time of Butler, undergone a considerable change. This was inevitable, for as knowledge progresses the aspect of truth also commensurately alters, just as in ascending a mountain the panoramic effect varies with the widening of the horizon at every increase in altitude. The individual features are there as before, and may remain the same in themselves ; but they become altered in their setting and in their apparent relations to their surroundings.

From a natural conservatism theologians have in general been slow to realise the necessity of this change of ground. On the part of many of them there is a disposition to identify God with their ideas of God, and faith with the objects of faith. To such a one theology is a form of scholarship dealing with the traditional formulæ rather than the endeavour to think and express divine thoughts. It is difficult for him to believe that any change can be otherwise than heretical. He has consequently been brought from time to time into disharmony with the new fields of knowledge which are being developed, and in this manner he has himself often put obstacles in the way of the progress of religious belief.

Our common language is based on the superficial aspects of phenomena as they appear to the untrained sense. Hence, with growing knowledge of natural science, our methods of expression require revision, otherwise old modes of thought are apt to represent new developments of experience imperfectly or not at all. From the want of such periodic revision that which is now regarded as scientific truth has become discordant with certain of the terms used in the older theological literature. Half a century ago the polemic

was between geology and the received interpretation of Scripture ; yet this was robbed of all its importance when the language of the ancient recital in Genesis became understood, not in a severely literal sense, but as a pictorial summary of a traditional cosmogony designed to teach that all comes from God. Within the last thirty years, on the one hand the new biology which has grown up since the publication of the *Origin of Species*, and on the other the higher criticism which has sprung from the modern development of linguistic and historical science, have been the sources from which the aggressive opponents of Christianity have derived their weapons of attack. Here again the controversy is rapidly waning ; for the Christian exegete has discovered, what he might have known long ago, that there is no authoritative pronouncement on the methods of creation in the traditions embodied in the Christian standards. It is said that God made all things : but we are taught nothing as to the when or the how,—whether myriads of ages ago or only a few thousand years ; whether by the slow process of evolution under law or by direct creation ; and, of these alternatives, evolution is as consistent with the word of the old story in Genesis as is the traditional view of special creation. From the higher critics we have learnt much which has refined and purified our knowledge regarding the biblical writings, and to them we owe the clearing away of much traditional error of interpretation which had overlaid our views as to the meaning of the text. By their work they are placing the Scriptures into a far more unassailable position than that which they occupied in the pre-critical days.

Within the last few years another branch of natural knowledge has been pressed into the service of those who desire to subvert the foundations of revealed religion. Anthropology, the newest of the sciences—if, indeed, it can claim to be an independent science—has been invoked as a witness against the specific teachings of Christianity, and some of the most virulent of recent criticisms have been made in its name. As usual, it is the popular writers that

purvey for the non-scientific public who are foremost in these attacks, and on this account their animadversions have attracted far more attention than they deserve. It is expedient, however, that the grounds of these criticisms should be examined, and the cogency of the arguments correctly estimated, that their true bearing and value may be understood.

In a short article it is impossible to do more than touch upon a few of the salient points in the controversy, indicating rather than developing certain lines of thought in relation to these. There is an initial difficulty in dealing with the question, due to the indefiniteness of the teaching of anthropology on any subject. At present we have done little more than collect data, and there is scarcely any department of the argument in which these have, as yet, been adequately tested, classified, and compared. In physical anthropology we have had the aid which research in the cognate branches of biology gives us ; but in sociology, psychology, and comparative religion we are as yet a long way from the reduction of the phenomena to subordination to comprehensive general laws. In the title of this article I have put anthropology first, for it is my desire to endeavour to represent the aspect which certain of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity present when seen from the standpoint of anthropology as at present understood.

To begin at the beginning, it has been said that the teaching of physical anthropology on the subject of man's origin, that he has been developed from some lower form, is inconsistent with the scriptural account of his creation ; but the one sole Christian pronouncement on that subject is that God made him somehow. The authors of the Genesis narratives only add that man and beast were made of the same stuff. The Christian can therefore adopt the theory of evolution without altering his fundamental beliefs, if the evidence in favour of that theory be strong enough. In the present position of our knowledge the doctrine of derivation furnishes us with a good working hypothesis which is in accord with such facts as we know of man's structure and

history, and it serves to unite and make intelligible these facts. It is premature to say what form this theory will finally assume. The older crude Lamarckian and Darwinian forms can only be regarded as provisional, and even Weismannism is probably only a preliminary stage towards a final and more satisfactory form of the hypothesis. But, however this may be, there is nothing in the whole range of physical anthropology which furnishes any special ground for doubting the existence of the great First Cause of all being.

The ancient record of man's primitive state, when stripped of the pre-conceived notions which have been read into it, is precisely in accord with that which we may infer from the archæological evidence of his prehistoric condition. Man appears first in nature, just as he is described in Scripture, as a naked savage, ignorant of any of the arts of culture and with a simple, developing language. From the ancestors of his past condition he had inherited habits and dispositions which, before the development of a moral sense, had been innocent, or at least not morally culpable; for where no law is, there is no transgression. But, at the stage at which we first meet with him in the Genesis story, he had reached that condition of development in which a simple issue serves as the parting of the way for him, and for the first time he becomes conscious of a sense of responsibility. He is thereby differentiated from the lower creation by having become a moral being, a change which is expressed in the Genesis narrative in the words that man was made in the image of God. The one record that the biblical tradition has preserved of his primitive life is to the effect that his inchoate conscience was tested in some way by a definite taboo, whereby he was led to know for the first time that, while he is free to do or not to do, yet one course is right and the other wrong and that upon this decision rests far-reaching consequences. The effect of this moral decision upon the primitive man is described as the opening of his eyes—that is, the recognition of an action as evil; and the account of the event is com-

monly, in theological language, although never in the Bible, called the Fall of Man. The moral sense of which man then became conscious has stamped itself on the whole of the human race, so that in every people known to us there exists, more or less clearly defined, the distinction between a right and a wrong. The nature and elements of the actions so distinguished vary, but the distinction itself exists—the perpetuation of the hereditary memory of the taboo or restriction upon freedom. The ancient Semitic author of the Genesis narrative recognised that through the learning of this first lesson of moral freedom man had made a distinct advance. He represents God as saying, "Behold, the man has become as one of Us to know good and evil." Whatever may be the actual historical value of the narrative, the principle underlying it is in accord with the general theory of differentiation involved in any evolutionary hypothesis.

I need not stop to discuss the question as to the existence of free-will among men. Anthropology recognises it, and the assumption that a power of choice exists lies at the basis of the theory of taboo currently adopted, and in some form or other universally accepted by anthropologists. Whatever opinion may be formed on other grounds, anthropology has nothing to say against the theory of human free-will.

It must have been at an exceedingly early period of the dawn of moral consciousness in man that he made the two greatest discoveries in the whole range of human history—the discovery of his own immortal soul, and that of the existence of a divine Being outside material nature and working in it. Almost the first remains of man himself, which have as yet been found, bear witness to this, the discovery being attested by the traces of funeral rites, of food and food-vessels, clothing, utensils, weapons, and companions provided by man for his dead comrades. How these great discoveries were made we know not. The ancient tradition embodied in Genesis tells us nothing of it, and the available anthropological evidence is similarly silent. It is characteristic of their method that some of

those who assail Christian doctrine have specially directed attention to these discoveries, and one writer, strangely enough, remarks in noticing the existence of belief in the soul and in God, that it is sufficient for us to trace the mode in which man acquired the notion of a soul and of a spiritual being to disprove their real existence. But of this origin or of the stages of discovery anthropology tells us nothing. We have many speculations on the subject, but of authoritative story there is none. The leaders of one school believe that the notion of a soul is the outcome of the difficulty which primitive man had in conceiving of the cessation of the existence of a being whom they had known when alive. Those of another school ascribe its origin to the recognition of dreams and the insensible assimilation of dreams to realities; another to the development of the belief in a retributive future. But these are all speculation, and the testimony of the witnesses cited in favour of each is sufficiently vague and variant to be valueless.

The evidence from anthropology, however, teaches this concerning the soul, that, however the belief in its existence may have originated, belief in some form of existence after death is universal among the races of men, even those in the lowest grade of culture. "It is true," says Professor Max Müller, "and I believe has never been contested, that even the lowest savages possess words for body and soul." "A belief in the persistence of life after death," says M. Renouf, "and the observance of religious practices founded on the belief, may be discovered in every part of the world, in every age, and among men representing every degree and variety of culture." Professor Tylor also, in his Aberdeen Gifford Lectures, stated that after examining the records of those concerning whom it had been asserted that they had no notion that a man survived after death, he always found that the bottom dropped out of the evidence, and that he had given up the idea of discovering any such people. I may also in this connexion quote the Count Goblet d'Alviella, who, in discussing the earliest remains of man found in Europe, those in the Cave of Spy, says :

"These contemporaries of the cave-bear and the mammoth still found time to attend to their dead, to prepare them for their future life, and to offer them objects which they might have used for themselves, but which they preferred to bestow for their use in another life."

It is needless to cite any further testimony to prove what no anthropologist can deny, that the thoughtful among mankind in all ages have deliberately adopted the belief in the existence of a soul which survives somatic death, and they have impressed this belief on the whole race, who have been willing to make sacrifices in testimony thereto.

A second fact to which anthropology testifies by cumulative evidence is that according as races rise in the scale of culture and intelligence this belief becomes more definite, and ultimately rises to the horizon which it has attained in the earlier parts of the biblical narrative. The more deeply man ponders on the phenomena of life, and the more he realises of human aspiration and motive, the more perfectly does the theory of the existence of an immaterial and persistent soul fit all requirements. Six thousand years ago the wise men of Egypt had known of this doctrine of the soul and of its immortality. The oldest coffin in the British Museum is inscribed with words, the like of which we find repeated in hundreds of other inscriptions in many forms throughout the ages: "*The king Menkara living for ever. Child of heaven. The God spreads his covering over thee. Thou becomest as a god, free from sorrow. O king Menkara living for ever.*" This was engraved on the coffin-lid of the dead king, and the discovery of immortality, here clearly proclaimed, is echoed not only in the early days of Egypt but in the later writings of the Greek sages, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato; in India, by the earliest Vedic writers; in China, in the works of Laotse and Confucius, often as emphatically as in the pages of the Bible itself.

The discovery of God is probably as ancient as that of the soul; at any rate, we have no evidence as to its date or as to the train of observations or other circumstances which led

to it. "No man," says Mr. Lang, "can watch the idea of a god in the making or in the beginning." Here, again, there are many speculations of varying degrees of plausibility, which in the current popular pseudo-science do duty for exact knowledge. The one fact which anthropological research teaches is that the acknowledgment of a deity of some kind or another is universal. The conception is often shadowy and imperfect, and varies in character in every race, but it exists all the world over.

I do not intend to assume the position of an apologist for Christianity; my task is simply to point out what may be learned from the data of anthropology that bears on the fundamental principles of that faith. The student of the science of man finds, as we have just seen, that belief in God and belief in the soul are universal, but that nothing is known for certain as to the genesis of these, which are the fundamental postulates of all religion.

The tracing of the origin of ideas is always difficult. It has been sought with care in the case of those which leave tangible and visible traces, such as pictorial designs, and with a singular result, namely, the reduction of the patterns used as ornaments by the different races of man to simple originals, which are themselves copies of natural objects, or of forms which exist in nature. The figures may, and generally do, become in the course of time conventionalised and modified; but the germ of the motive is in every case the copy of some figure which has been found by the artist in nature. Man does not really invent, and has not originally invented, his ornamental forms; and very often these can be traced from race to race, as the artists of one people copy the designs of another, modifying them perhaps in the process until it would be difficult, had we not the historical sequence, to discover the original form from which the idea had sprung. The evidence for this will be found in the works of Stolpe, Haddon, and Balfour.

It is strangely inconsistent that those who deny to man the power to invent a simple pattern are often those who credit him with inventing of his own fancy those far greater

ideas, whose tremendous consequences have affected the life and happiness of mankind in every time and place. It is true that, as they contend, man's boasted power of invention in art is primarily the copying, adapting, and modifying what he finds in nature, and by a parity of reasoning it is only consistent to believe that in the higher sphere of thought the same condition obtains. The God is revealed to man as he observes His working in nature; the soul is discovered by man as he finds it revealed by introspection into the working of his own life and thought, and by observation of the life and actions of his neighbours. According as man finds out more and more of himself and of nature, these conceptions develop, and the ethical element associated with them grows more and more definite. The great discovery of God produces in humanity a new kind of fear; fear gives rise to ritual, and out of the mental state which underlies ritual there develops the moral element of the growing religion.

When man first realised that he has the power of choice, and that he is in the presence of an unseen and dominant power, there must have arisen in him the sense of responsibility. We cannot of course know for certain the mental processes which took place in the unrecorded past, but, at least, anthropological investigation has shown that this sequence of thought and act is realised by the majority of the existing races of man if not by all, and that their responsibility is manifested in the recognition of tribal laws which express the obligations of the individual to the community of which he is a part, breaches of which are regarded as deserving of punishment, that is, as sins. As man advances in social and intellectual development the horizon of these obligations widens, and his sense of their binding nature deepens, and out of his belief in the existence of a god or gods other obligations arise. All these become eventually concreted into a twofold code, duties towards the deity and duties towards his fellows, with a consequent dual series of offences. Even among the most primitive races the existence of this twofold series of sins is recognisable; and although when

we compare race with race the intrinsic nature of these obligations varies, yet the existence of these obligations is a universal fact which no anthropologist can neglect. Man is, in fact, everywhere under law, and his conscience bears witness thereto.

In many ways man has been all through his history reaching towards God, often groping blindly; but in proportion to the clearness with which he can realise his position with regard to God, conscience develops within him, and he learns that within himself, as well as in the outer world, there is a struggle for life in progress. In his lower nature there are passions which link him to the brutes (which the theologians of past ages called original sin), but in his higher nature there are aspirations which reach towards God. The old animal passions war against these aspirations of the soul, and, with the discovery that through his will he has the power of choice, he sees that it lies with himself to determine whether his life will be given up to the one or devoted to the other. As his conscience teaches him the need of living so as to please God, and, to this end, the advantage of cultivating and strengthening his higher nature, he finds that this can only be done by self-sacrifice; the brute within him must be subdued if the soul is to rise. With the development of the discovery of the soul there comes a deeper and fuller view of the nature of sin, and man recognises that his own selfish passions are the sins most hurtful to his spiritual growth. The more vividly he realises that his soul has a destiny, the more heinous do his sins appear. And thus in the revelation of human progress which is displayed to us in the scientific study of man, and especially in that branch of anthropology called comparative religion, there is to be found the yearning after the realisation of such a perfect ethical ideal as that which he recognises as being pleasing to God.

The teaching of the Bible in this respect is practically in accord with the scientific evidence. There is presented to us a historical record of the progress of the race, in which we can trace the gradual unfolding of the ethical ideas of

mankind, and with that evolution there is a co-ordinate growth in the appreciation of the nature and consequences of sin. Conduct which in one age was not looked upon as morally culpable became recognised in later periods as being hurtful to spiritual progress, and therefore sinful, and so all those historical actions and occurrences which have been tabulated under the head of the moral difficulties of the Old Testament take their place as evidence of the successive stages of the moral evolution of mankind. This is a line of thought which will bear expansion, but at present I merely indicate it in passing. I may, however, refer to a suggestive passage in a recent address by Archdeacon Wilson on this subject.

In the historical study of the growth of this sense of sin and of the heightening of the consciousness of the transcendent nature of the divine ideal we notice that man early appreciated the imperfections of his knowledge, the inadequacy of his capacities of discovery concerning God, and the feebleness of his best efforts towards attaining this moral standard which he believed to be pleasing to God. With this sense of impotency there arose the expectation that God would not leave him unhelped or untaught for ever. For this guidance and help man has sought all down the ages through rite and ceremonial, by self-mortification and prayer. Often, as in the oracles of the old pagan world, the quest was only in a selfish spirit and for selfish ends; but whenever the seeker looked for guidance in a spirit of faith and humility he became conscious that he obtained some degree of help; and thus the history of the race is full of instances of those who, having sought for light, perceived glimpses of new truths which when communicated to their fellow men were recognised as coming directly from God, so that to their records of these truths men have given the name of sacred books.

Throughout the ages of ancient history there was one race among whom there arose a continuous succession of such inspired men, who, in the clearness of their spiritual perception and the nature of the truths which they taught,

were pre-eminently in advance of all others of their time, and whose utterances have done more for the progress of the spiritual life of man than aught else. These men, at an early stage of history, when other nations were not yet emancipated from polydæmonism and nature worship, had learned that God is one, a spiritual being, a God of righteousness; that in His worship obedience was better than sacrifice; and they foresaw that He would fulfil the expectation of the ages, and would come to earth to give to man the guidance he needed. This hope had dawned upon the race at an early period of the world, for even in the first stages known to us of the history of religion man had already realised that a full knowledge of God could only come from God. So much indeed did this consciousness of the divine origin of such knowledge impress the race, that, when the partial truths which their seers had discovered became crystallized by the imagination of their poets into mythological story, this was full of the legends of avatars, of the gods coming down to teach man wisdom. The literature of almost every ancient race bears testimony that man has been conscious of the unsatisfactory nature even of his best knowledge, and has been looking for a fuller revelation and clearer light.

Christianity teaches that God has not disappointed this universal expectation of the race, and that in the fulness of time He sent Christ into the world to give the guidance, knowledge, and help that man needs. Man has for ages been seeking an ideal, and here he has the highest conceivable ideal in God manifest in the flesh. Man has required a motive to strengthen and stimulate him in his conflict with his lower nature; and in Christ's self-sacrificing love to man there is the strongest motive that can exist to encourage him in his efforts after purity and holiness and love to God and man. Man requires a hope, and though throughout the ages he has cherished a shadowy expectation of the future in store for him after death, yet the door of the tomb shut out for him all certainty concerning the conditions of the life beyond, and he could only say with the

dying sage, "Anxius vixi; perturbatus egredior; Causa caesarum, miserere mei." But Christ came, and He has shown us the purposes of God regarding man, whereby, to the Christian, hope becomes assurance that God will help him in his efforts and give him the victory which he could not obtain in his own strength. It thus becomes to him the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, and entering into that which is beyond the veil, whither, as a forerunner, Jesus entered for us. Criticism has done its worst to destroy, but has only succeeded in making more definite and emphatic, the Messianic character of the life and work of Christ, in whom all these shadowy forecasts which the study of comparative religion has displayed to us receive their real fulfilment. Is He to be any the less believed in because we find, from the data collected by the anthropologist, that the eyes of the more thoughtful of mankind have been for ages looking for a divine manifestation, or because the Christ embodies a higher and nobler ideal than that which men expected, because being the perfect realisation of the hopes of the race, He is the "Son of man" in a fuller and more real sense than we usually attach to that name?

Nature reveals itself to man as a scene of conflict: without, brute contends with brute, and the fittest survives; within, the brute passions contend with the higher part of our nature, that portion of ourselves by virtue of which we are superior to the brute, and the warfare is one of varying success. The greatest intellects among men, the poets of the earlier days who have been the makers of the mythologies of the race, realised that in these universal conflicts there is represented the germs of some higher truth of conflict in a higher sphere. Darkness wages war with light, and periodically overcomes, but is in turn vanquished. Winter conquers the life of the vegetable world, but the dead trees are revived in spring. So in the ethical sphere the good incurs the enmity of the bad and is often overthrown, but only to rise again with renewed and increasing life. Our earliest tradition of the primitive days, next to that of the great taboo, is the murder of Abel; and the

motive which underlies this has formed the theme of one great chapter in the mythology of mankind wherein the seers of every age have portrayed the incarnation of goodness and divine power as vanquished for a time by the forces of evil. Six thousand years ago this myth existed in the form of a story which may have had its origin in a real incident of fraternal strife like that of Cain and Abel, in the prehistoric age which preceded the consolidation of the Egyptian monarchy. This had at that date been transformed into the story of Osiris the good king, who taught to the Egyptians the arts of peace and of culture, overcome by his evil brother Set and treacherously murdered; but in time the evil one was slain by Horus, son of Osiris, who, in the later form of the myth, is identified with the resurgent Osiris. A like myth became diffused among the Mediterranean races, appearing in different places as the story of Attis, of Tammuz, of Adonis, of Dionysus; but in all these there are the same elements, and in all there is the underlying belief that sin of any kind is at enmity with God, and that the sinner would kill the god if he could. So much impressed has mankind been with this theme, that the story has been associated with widespread ritual practices throughout a very large part of the world, in which under various disguises there is expressed, first, the slaying of God's representative by the evil powers, and, secondly, his revival with greatly increased power and beneficence. This second aspect has greatly influenced the form of the traditional rites in most places. The literature of this subject has been carefully collected and analysed in Mr. Frazer's monumental work, *The Golden Bough*.

And Christianity teaches that the race-consciousness embodied in these folk-traditions and observances was in itself a dim, prophetic discovery of a truth; for when the God manifest in the flesh came among men the fearful but not unexpected tragedy of the ages was realised, and His brethren according to the flesh treacherously put Him to a shameful death. But the triumph of evil was short, for, as in the shadowy forecast, the Christ rose from the dead,

and the risen Saviour is to all who follow Him the constant and continual Helper, by whose power and aid it is possible to overcome the evil and to rise to the attainment of the perfection of purity. It is strange that something which may have been like this redemptive power of the risen God was dimly foreshadowed in Egypt four thousand years before the death of our Lord. The dying Egyptian looked forward to a resurrection in some way connected with the revived Osiris, and the deceased is in a manner identified with Osiris, so that he is called the Osiris N.

These are a few of the points in which the data furnished by anthropology in reference to the religious consciousness of mankind bear directly on the central doctrine of Christianity. It would be manifestly impossible in the limits of this article to take each of these points and marshal all the evidence in detail that bears upon it; but this is of less consequence as summaries of the facts are accessible in books easily obtained. The conclusions herein indicated may be summed up in a few words, thus :

First, that there is a consensus among men of belief in the existence of a soul which survives death.

Secondly, that there is a similar consensus regarding the existence of a divine power outside, but manifesting itself in, the material and moral universe.

Thirdly, that mankind universally recognises the existence of certain obligations on the part of the individual towards God and towards his fellow men which are connected with corresponding penalties for breaches of them.

Fourthly, that among almost all mankind above the very lowest grade of culture there is a belief in, or an expectation of the incarnation of, the God.

Fifthly, that there is, coincidently with this, a belief in or expectation of the death of the representative of the God and of his revivification, and a further belief that through this resurrection the race is to become benefited.

In other words, there is nothing in the revelation of God in Christ to man which in any way runs counter to the expectations of the race as set forth in the literature of

anthropology. On the contrary, His life and death are the fulfilment and realisation of the aspirations and expectations of man as expressed in the most widely spread tradition, myth and ritual.

In the interests of truth it is necessary that the study of folk-lore and comparative religion should be scientifically pursued, and freed from these fantastic accretions which have arisen from the slipshod fashion in which so many of its cultivators have gathered and recorded their observations; and although the investigations of the anthropologist may lead us to recast some of the forms in which we express the articles of our faith, there is no indication that in any respect they alter their essence, but rather they tend to present the central truths of the gospel in a clearer and more impressive light than heretofore.

ALEXANDER MACALISTER.

GEORGE BORROW.

Life and Correspondence of George Borrow. By WILLIAM T. KNAPP, Ph.D., LL.D. Two Vols. (London : John Murray.)

ABOUT the year 1838, an English officer, residing in Seville, noticed in his walks about the town the figure of a man of great height and singularly noble aspect, apparently not more than thirty years of age, but with hair white as snow. He entered into conversation with the "Unknown," as he called the stranger, and found him a perfect treasure-house of linguistic lore. Visiting a gypsy encampment one day with his new acquaintance, he found to his astonishment that the "Unknown" was perfectly at home with the Romany people, could speak their tongue and sing their songs, and was treated by them with a mixture of familiarity and respect. His view of this singular being as a kind of wandering Jew was confirmed by the remarks of the "Unknown" himself, who now and then dropped hints of long wanderings in remote and dangerous parts of the globe.

This is one view of George Borrow, and it represents the impression which, with that love of posing belonging to his oddly mingled nature, he set himself not unfrequently to create. There are other glimpses, less in the style of an early Victorian hero of romance, given us by those who knew him in his later days—glimpses of a splendid old man, striding across Richmond Park on keen March mornings; riding up to a friend's house in the twilight, carolling a verse of a gypsy song, and then away again suddenly into the darkness; tramping over the Welsh hills and resting now and again at a cottage to share the brown bread and milk of the peasant and his wife, and to read them a chapter

of the Bible. Here we have the genuine Borrow—the lover of nature and the simple life.

“Adventures are to the adventurous,” says the proverb, which was never better illustrated than in Borrow’s career. His remarkable genius owed little to circumstance. True, he visited Spain and Russia in days long before Cook and the Sleeping Car Company, and the glamour that enchants us in his descriptions of these regions he did not find, but brought. An English lane in his pages is as romantic as a *calle* in Seville, and the gypsies of Norfolk are as picturesque as those of Badajoz. He was one of those people to whom extraordinary things are continually happening: the gray hue of the ordinary event seems to take a rich colour as their shadow falls upon it. Like Rembrandt, he could not paint an old woman without endowing her with a sort of sibylline impressiveness, and the “light that never was on sea or land” falls on his innkeepers and horse-dealers, and even on his government officials and city merchants.

Most of us, in addition to the books we buy for use or in deference to custom, or because “no gentleman’s library should be without them,” keep a shelf for our private predilections—our familiar and intimate friends—those about whom we can only say as Montaigne did of La Boétie, “I loved him because he was he and I was I.” Some people have a niche of this kind for Vaughan and Crashaw, some for Charles Lamb, some for Maeterlinck or Verlaine, some for Marlowe and the old Elizabethans, and not a few for George Borrow. He “is not for all markets,” and those who care for him may sometimes find it difficult to justify their preference in face of much that might be said against it. Yet the Borrow *cultus* lives and grows; and not only the *cultus*, but the myth. A legend grew up rapidly about the unconventional figure of the scholar-gypsy, and Borrow himself it seems was not above a certain amount of deliberate mystification. For many years the legend has held the field. The notices scattered through the biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias of England and the Continent have been, according to Borrow’s latest biographer,

not only incomplete, but erroneous. No one seems to have taken the trouble to enquire whether he had left material for a biography. But at last the hour has come and the man. With an enthusiasm passing the love of biographers, Dr. Knapp has given ten years of his life to minute investigations into the life-history of Borrow and his family. Apart from a number of letters still in the possession of the Bible Society, which may soon be given to the world, it seems probable that nothing further remains to be discovered which will throw any fresh light on one of the most eccentric personalities of this century. The result of Dr. Knapp's persevering labour, for which all true Borrowians for many years to come will be grateful, is that for the first time it is possible to form something like a coherent and consistent idea of the man. At last we have him related to his time and placed in his proper setting. It seems ungrateful, in face of this monument of industry and research, to insist on certain obvious faults of style, selection, and proportion, which mar the pleasure of the work for fastidious readers; yet when criticism has done its worst Dr. Knapp's biography will no doubt remain the great storehouse of information for future students.

One thing comes out as a result of Dr. Knapp's patient and careful work: the autobiographical quality of Borrow's two great books, *Lavengro* and *The Bible in Spain*. Researches into contemporary documents and a study of the original manuscript establish the fact that *Lavengro* is in almost every respect a faithful transcript of the author's early experiences, and *The Bible in Spain* was actually copied in great part from Borrow's dispatches to the Bible Society. It is true that the scholar-gypsy took strange liberties with names and dates, and sometimes failed to distinguish between aspiration and achievement, as when he spoke of his travels in India to Colonel Napier, which country Borrow had never seen. But he was rather constitutionally inaccurate than wilfully misleading, and his fancies often imposed upon himself first of all. It is difficult to be hard on a failing so closely allied to

that element in his writing which gives us so much enjoyment.

Living though he did for the greater part of his life in East Anglia, Borrow had much more of the Celt than of the Saxon about him. His father belonged to a good old Cornish family, but was obliged to take the Queen's shilling owing to some youthful escapade, and rose from the ranks to the grade of captain. His mother was of Huguenot descent, so that his life-long horror of Popery appears to have been hereditary. During his father's professional wanderings George Borrow picked up some acquaintance with the Irish tongue, and while yet a mere infant he had begun his life-long familiarity with the gypsies—those "children of the open air" in whose society alone he seemed able to cast off the self-conscious shyness that masked him to the outer world.

Borrow had the Celtic melancholy and the Celtic passion for romance. To the dreamy imaginative child the legendary echoes of

Old unhappy far off things
And battles long ago

had a music as irresistibly persuasive as the ditties of Prospero's island. He has told us how the ancient Danes, whose mouldering skulls he had seen when almost an infant in an outhouse of the old church at Hythe, haunted his imagination, and in his student days made him an ardent student and translator of Danish ballad literature. Later on he is captivated by the nature-magic of Ab Gwilym. The Welsh bard may sing, as bards are bound to do, of the charms of this or that fair lady; but Nature alone is his true divinity. The swift salmon in the clear stream, the stealthy rustle of the fox in the covert, the many voices of the woods, the free impetuous wind—these are his passion, and Borrow, his translator and disciple, loves them too.

The study of the law was not likely to present much attraction to a youth of this temper, and all his life long Borrow betrayed a childish incapacity for working at any-

thing that did not happen to interest him. He spent the five years during which he was articled to a Norwich solicitor in studying Welsh, Norse, and various recondite dialects of the smallest conceivable practical value. In languages he always felt the lack of that severe elementary training which is necessary to form the scientific philologist. But his facility was wonderful. At twenty he translated twenty different languages. His great patron at this time was William Taylor, the "Anglo-Germanist" of *Lavengro*, who was one of the leading lights of Norwich when it was in its small provincial way an intellectual capital, and who through his popularisation of German literature in England prepared the way for Scott and Coleridge. The "Anglo-Germanist" took up Borrow, had him constantly to dinner to meet literary men from London, and on the whole did him no good.

Speaking of this singular mentor, Harriet Martineau says, "Matters got worse in his old age, when his habits of intemperance kept him out of the sight of ladies, and he got round him a set of ignorant and conceited young men, who thought they could set the world right by their destructive propensities. One of his chief favourites was George Borrow. When this polyglot gentleman appeared before the world as a devout agent of the Bible Society in foreign parts there was one burst of laughter from all who remembered the old Norwich days."

Harriet Martineau did not love the Bible Society, and her reference to Borrow is less than just. In twenty years he had had time to repent of the foolish crudities of his boyhood. But the state of mind which he was nourishing at this period, while neglecting his profession and translating Danish ballads for the *Monthly Magazine*, is sufficiently indicated by the following extract from a letter to his friend Kerrison: "If ever my health mends, I intend to live in London, write plays, poetry, abuse religion, and get myself prosecuted; for I would not for oceans of gold remain longer than I am forced in this dull and gloomy town." At the close he declares his affection for Kerrison to be greater

than that he felt for parent or relation, or even for "the God whom bigots would teach him to adore."

This wicked nonsense must, one fears, be set down as a fruit of the Taylorian training. It would be unfair to regard it however as representing more than a passing phase. It is evident to any student of his letters and published writings that Borrow became and remained, throughout a life of struggle and disappointment, a sincerely religious man. The author of *Aylwin*, who knew him intimately in his later years, says of him, "In a man who had suffered much, his fixed belief in the goodness of God was beautiful and touching." His filial piety and affection appear in every letter that passed between him and his mother, and although it would be absurd to claim for him a high degree of spiritual attainment or enlightenment, there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his missionary zeal.

The attention and flattery which he received from the people whom he met at Taylor's house increased his aversion for regular work at his profession, and in 1824, when his father died, he found himself at the end of his apprenticeship, with no knowledge of the calling that he had been set to study, and with nothing to depend upon but his pen. He travelled to London, and sought an interview with Sir Richard Phillips, editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, which had given hospitality to several of Borrow's effusions.

Phillips was a freethinker, a vegetarian, and, with all his eccentricities, an able man of business, the pioneer of Chambers and Knight in the field of popular literature. He employed a number of obscure pens on his various cheap compilations, and to these Borrow's was destined to be added.

Phillips set his recruit to work on a compilation of *Newgate Lives and Trials*, and on a translation into German of his own treatise, *Proximate Causes of the Material Phenomena of the Universe*. Unfortunately Borrow's rendering did not come up to the expectations of the author, and indeed his knowledge of the language was quite inadequate to the task proposed. The result was a misunder-

standing with his employer, and he soon found himself once more on the stream. The incident of the *Life of Joseph Sell*, the tale written by Borrow in response to an advertisement in a bookseller's window, is regarded by Dr. Knapp as authentic, though the work in question has never been unearthed from its probable place of repose between the boards of some long-forgotten *Amulet* or *Literary Magnet*. With the money he received for it in his pocket, Borrow started on a tramp across England. How he fared with "the children of the open air," how he narrowly escaped poisoning at the hands of the redoubtable Mrs. Herne, how he earned his bread as a travelling blacksmith, how he fell in with the Welsh preacher and the Flaming Tinman, and above all his meeting with the peerless Isopel Berners, is not all this chronicled in the classic pages of *Lavengro*?

We would willingly know more of Isopel Berners, the self-respecting, brave and comely, the one woman, as far as we can judge, whom Borrow ever came near being in love with. She resembles Sinfi, the gypsy heroine of Mr. Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin*, in her courage, pride, and physical strength, and also in the silent passion, resolutely denied, for the stranger who has crossed her path. But Isopel is too self-contained and matter of fact for a gypsy. In the "great and goodly land" to which her fate led her, where in her simple imagination "the industrious could always find bread"—in America or anywhere else, we may safely imagine her, clear-eyed and self-helpful, "fearing God and taking her own part."

In May, 1828, we find "Lavengro" again at Norwich, bringing out a volume of translations of *Danish Ballads*, which seems to have fallen dead from the press. From this time to November, 1829, Borrow's biographer is fain to confess that he does not know what his hero was doing. It appears that he made a tour in France and Spain with some money gained by horse-trading, and Dr. Knapp opines that we must consider Murtagh's tale in the *Romany Rye* as a disguised version of Borrow's wanderings at this time, with the itinerary reversed. He came into collision with the

Spanish authorities at Pampaluna, lost all his money, and returned home penniless by way of Genoa.

"Poor George," writes his brother from Mexico about this time, "he works hard and remains poor." From 1830 to 1832, Borrow appears to have lived at Norwich, supporting himself in a hand-to-mouth way by newspaper hack-work, of which his industrious biographer has recovered some specimens.

It did at last occur to some worthy people who knew his family that a man of talent, character, and industry might spend his time to better purpose than in what Borrow bitterly called "digging holes and filling them up again." About 1832 he became acquainted with the Skeppers of Oulton Hall, in that pleasant stretch of country which borders on the river Waveney. By Mrs. Clarke, the widowed sister of the owner of the Hall, Borrow was introduced to the Rev. Francis Cunningham, rector of Pakefield, a fine type of the Evangelical clergyman of the last generation, who had married the sister of Joseph John Gurney. It occurred to this good man that Borrow's remarkable linguistic talents might well be utilised in the service of the Bible Society, of which the famous Norwich Quaker was an influential member. The result was that early in December Borrow started for London to have an interview with the secretaries. He walked the entire distance, and his meals on the way cost him the imposing sum of fivepence halfpenny.

The Bible Society happened to have in hand a MS. version of the Bible in the Manchu Tartar language. This was at St. Petersburg waiting to be printed, as soon as a competent Englishman could be found to superintend the passing of the work through the press. The court dialect of China was not among the twenty odd tongues which Borrow had acquired, but he expressed his willingness to learn it in six months, and did so to the satisfaction of the authorities, who forthwith dispatched him to Russia.

His first letters from St. Petersburg are full of enthusiasm. He made the acquaintance of some eminent philologists

and worked hard at the printing of the Manchu Bible. In the first fervour of his missionary zeal he even volunteered to go overland through Asia, into what was then the closed empire of China, and distribute the translation of the sacred writings.

While still in St. Petersburg a great sorrow befel him. His brother John, whom he had tenderly loved, died in Mexico at the age of thirty-three. "Poor fellow," wrote Mrs. Borrow, "he had entered again into the company's service, and was going in a few days to Columbia to manage a mine there. Everything was settled, but the Lord ordered it otherwise. His troubles are over, and I hope and trust he is happy. God bless him! Do not grieve, my dear George. I trust we shall all meet in heaven. Put a crape on your hat for some time."

George Borrow's reply to this unaffected epistle throws a pleasant light on his relations with his home. After a pathetic reference to his lost brother, he continues: "Now I wish to talk about yourself. And, in the first place, I wish you to keep a maid, for I do not like that you should live alone. . . . What am I working here for and saving money, unless it is for your comfort? for I assure you that to make you comfortable is my greatest happiness, almost my only one." After speaking hopefully of his prospects from the work in which he was engaged, he goes on: "Therefore do keep up your spirits, my dear mamma, and engage yourself in reading, especially good books, and think as much of God as possible. If at any time you want me, send for me, and I will come." And he adds as a post-script, "I have got the crape."

The correspondence of the Bible Society throws a pathetic light on the life led at this time by the lonely, anxious mother, one of her sons dead in a foreign land, and the other, as it might seem, almost equally lost to her. There are several letters extant from the secretary, kindly notes in reply to her anxious enquiries, assuring her of her son's well doing, and telling how much his work was appreciated by the Society. On these letters and on the thoughts of God

to which her son commended her, she nourished the life of her spirit. The relation between Mrs. Borrow and her gifted, wayward boy was always especially tender and beautiful; and there is the thrill of a deep and reverent affection in the simple phrase which Borrow caused to be cut upon her tombstone, when the day of parting came at last, "She was a good wife and a good mother."

In September, 1835, Borrow returned to England, and that same autumn was commissioned to proceed to Spain, distributing the publications of the Bible Society.

This was the expedition that Borrow has made memorable in *The Bible in Spain*. Those who have read it—and who has not?—must sometimes wonder what the grave and reputable citizens who formed the Society's committee thought of their agent's escapades, his night rides with gypsies, adventures with beggars, brigands, and seekers of hidden treasure, and all the other whimsicalities of which this delightful book is full. What did they think, for instance, of the journey to Finistère? "It would be difficult," says Borrow with much naïveté, "to assign any plausible reason for the ardent desire which I experienced to visit this place." But the real attraction is not far to seek. The stern and wild grandeur of the coast had captivated his imagination, and the expedition promised all the uncertainty, danger, and difficulty in which his wayward soul delighted. (He was, as a matter of fact, imprisoned as a Carlist spy, and ran some risk of worse treatment). But these motives were hardly adducible, even to himself, and he goes on in perfect good faith: "I thought to convey the gospel to a place so wild and remote might be considered an acceptable pilgrimage in the eyes of my Maker. True it is that but one copy remained of those which I had brought with me on my last journey; but I called to mind that ever since the Lord revealed Himself to man, it has seemed good to Him to accomplish the greatest ends by apparently the most insufficient means."

The solitary copy of the New Testament, which was made in this way to bear the responsibility of so impractical an

excursion, was fitly bestowed on the fine old sailor who delivered him from the blundering justice of the *alcalde* of Finistère.

The Society, however, recognised to the full the energy of their agent. "We like," they wrote, "your way of communicating with the people, meeting them in their walks." The coolness which finally grew up between Borrow and the organisation which employed him was due neither to his unconventional mode of expressing himself, nor to his passion for the society of Romany chals, Jew pedlars, and Biscayan sailors. The "little rift within the lute" became perceptible when, in spite of warnings from home, Borrow proceeded to advertise his stock of New Testaments in Madrid, with considerable ostentation, at the very moment when the Spanish government was committing itself to a reactionary policy. At the same time, Dr. Rule, the head of the Methodist mission at Gibraltar, was carrying on a vigorous campaign in Cadiz, which excited the strong opposition of the Spanish clergy. A certain Lieutenant Graydon, having made the acquaintance of Dr. Rule at Gibraltar, and having become interested in the work, began to distribute the Scriptures in connexion with the Bible Society. Unfortunately he allowed himself to be drawn into what were described as attacks on the Spanish government, and at the same time proclaimed his partnership with George Borrow. The consequence was that Borrow, partly through Graydon's imprudence and partly through his own, fell under suspicion and was arrested. He was soon released by the agency of the British minister, and immediately wrote to a Spanish newspaper, repudiating Mr. Graydon in vehement terms. It is not surprising that the Society could not (in the cautious language of the secretary) "quite approve" of Borrow's high-handed action, and Borrow, who never forgave a slight, and who blamed Graydon for the apparent ruin of the work in Spain, wrote and felt bitterly.

But a great change was at hand in the life of the gypsy missionary. His friend, Mrs. Clarke, who was spending

some time on the Continent, pending the settlement of the Oulton Hall estate after her brother's death, came out to Seville with her daughter. It was perhaps natural that the interest with which she had always regarded Borrow should have gradually developed into a warmer feeling, or that she should consider that "honest six-foot-three," as Borrow called himself in some early verses, might prove a tower of strength to a lonely woman of means.

Borrow was fifteen years older than when he had let Isopel Berners sail for America without him. He had learnt to appreciate the charm of an ordered and settled life. He had a real regard and affection for Mrs. Clarke, whom he called the best woman of business in East Anglia, and as years went on he came to lean on her with an entire trust and devotion, such as the wayward being never gave to any other creature but his mother. They were married in 1840, immediately on Borrow's return from Spain, and settled down in Oulton Cottage.

"It was situate," writes Dr. Knapp, "among trees and thick foliage, and was only accessible by a circuitous foot-path which connected it with the parish road. In front of the house a lovely lawn descended to the Broad. Hidden among the tall reeds skirting the shore was a boat-house, from which protruded a craft for oars or sail. On the right border of the lawn stood, and still stands, a summer-house, furnished with books and a chair, a table and a lounge. This was the Cottage library. The books consisted chiefly of grammars and dictionaries, with quaint travels and tales of the eighteenth century. Near by is the little tenement of farmer Adams, with its garden and fruit trees surrounded by a rustic wall. Beside it is the path leading to the Hall, beyond which is the parish church and cemetery, flanked by a few isolated dwellings that constitute Oulton village."

In this sweet haven, after the storms of his earlier life, Borrow settled down to write the *Bible in Spain*. This was composed largely of Borrow's original letters to the Bible

Society, which his wife copied out for the press. The book appeared early in 1842, and had an immense success. The freshness of the descriptions, the dramatic vividness of the dialogue, and the romantic atmosphere which Borrow has the gift of creating, made it the most wonderful record of missions ever issued.

His autobiography, announced soon afterwards, was eagerly expected, and consisted, in the original plan, of the two books afterwards issued as *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye*. It was unfortunate that through shyness, love of mystification, and some touch of an even less creditable motive, Borrow decided to publish *Lavengro* as a "dream of study and adventure," instead of what it really was, a transcript, faithful in the main, of his own early adventures. As it was, people complained that the book was too desultory and formless for fiction, and that it did not give the impression of fact, while the long interval that elapsed between the publication of *Lavengro* and its sequel, the *Romany Rye*, killed the public interest in the latter work.

The most unamiable part of Borrow's character, the bitter vindictiveness with which he resented any wound to his vanity, is responsible for such passages as occur in the "Postilion's Tale" in *Lavengro* and the appendix to the *Romany Rye*, which seem, at this distance of time, either wildly violent or simply pointless and silly. But the marvellous truth, vigour, and spirit of the writing generally, and above all the perfect sympathy with nature that it discloses, would atone for worse faults than these.

"Nature," said Wordsworth, "never did betray the heart that loved her," and as Borrow advanced in age he needed more and more the Mighty Mother's consolation. In his pleasant home, and leading the tranquil life of a country gentleman, his inborn restlessness tormented him. He tried for the foreign consulship at Canton, and it was the heaviest count in his indictment against Sir John Bowring, the author of the well-known hymn, "In the cross of Christ I glory," to whom his quondam friend devotes some savage pages in *Lavengro* and its sequel, that Bowring, after

promising to sustain his candidature, had put in for the appointment himself and secured it. Disappointed in this and similar hopes, Borrow indulged his gypsy mood by long wanderings in Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland.

His intense pride and shyness disqualified him from receiving or giving pleasure in general society, where he never shook off the inveterate self-consciousness which gave a strangeness to his expression that struck those who met him casually even more than his remarkable personal beauty. With his "brethren," the Romany, with plain, country people, and with his special intimates, this barrier to good fellowship disappeared, and left only an impression of the personal charm of the man, his kindness, humour, and simplicity.

The details of the last years of his life are melancholy. In 1865 his step-daughter married, and four years afterwards Borrow lost his wife—a bereavement which his temperament and circumstances made especially grievous. He survived her for twelve years, long enough, almost to witness a revival of interest in his books which had been first famous and then forgotten for nearly a generation.

Lonely he had lived, alone he died. His step-daughter and her husband, not thinking his condition more serious than usual, had gone to Lowestoft for the day, and not a living creature was in the house when George Borrow breathed his last.

That was in 1881. Since then a new generation of readers has sprung up, to whom Borrow's work should appeal as perhaps the most vital and brilliant expression in English prose of "the open-air spirit." "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things," says the gypsy to the moody Lavengro; "sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. If I could but feel that, I would gladly live on for ever."

Many mute inglorious ones have felt this sympathy with nature: hunters, shepherds, tillers of the ground, cradled in the solemn silence of the hills, watching night and morning

the splendid pageant of the sky, and conscious of the brooding mystery of those twilight hours when

couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

Such a sympathy is perhaps not uncommon ; but the power of communicating the impression of it in words is one of the rarest of literary gifts, and it was Borrow's. Yet there is hardly a passage of set "description" in his books. You turn page after page in vain for the purple patches found by the dozen in any of Ruskin's writings. But you find as you do not in Ruskin, or any such reflective, consciously didactic, writer, a child-like participation in nature's moods, in the smile of the sunshine, the frown of the storm, the frolic play of the stream. He never, like Wordsworth, rises from the contemplation of the shows of the visible world to the deep truths that underlie them ; never, like Shelley, does he dissolve the beauty of earth away into the vapours of an aerial pantheism. Nature is simply to him the love of his youth, the consolation of his age, the Mighty Mother, the unfailing friend.

Borrow was also a humorist of a genuine, if not of a very high order. Psychological penetration he had none, but he had a singularly keen eye for any salient peculiarity of person or gesture. He is a remorseless caricaturist, and it was sufficient to have once done him an ill turn to find yourself exhibited in his gallery of grotesques. He was happiest on the whole, as might have been expected, with *déclassés*, peasants and gypsies ; though, as a critic at the time of *Lavengro's* first appearance justly observed, his tinkers, postilions, and old apple women all talk Borrovese. Even Mrs. Hearne, who "came of the hairy ones" and whose love of "covert ways, drows, and brimstones," is copiously illustrated in the pages of the autobiography, expresses herself, apart from occasional lapses into Romanian slang, with as much propriety of diction as an archbishop.

His pet device for distinguishing his interlocutors is to intersperse their remarks with foreign or cant terms appropriate to their respective parts. This would be a tiresome mannerism in other hands but Borrow's; it gives a curious picturesqueness and variety to his dialogue, an effect of quaint elaboration and colour, in strong contrast to the pure, racy, forcible English of his narrative style.

His style has often been praised, but its supreme merit is its freshness and naturalness. He sees the thing as if it had never been seen before, and the word is new-minted, keen in its impression. In his outlook there is always something of the naïve wonder of the child.

And perhaps after all, it is as the spoiled child of genius that Borrow endears himself to us. He has no place in the glorious company of saints and sages; but at least there is no corrupting, enervating taint about his breezy pages. He was a child in his passionate self-will, his incapacity for working at a thing that did not interest him, his pettish ebullitions of temper and vanity. But there was a true English manliness in his hatred of affectation and sham gentility, his purity of thought and speech, his warm recognition of goodness, however unfashionably accoutred, his dislike of priestcraft and privilege. Above all, he should be remembered as one who—while suffering all his life from terrible attacks of melancholia, the same burden which embittered the lives of Johnson and of Swift—has written some of the most buoyant pages in our literature, pages which have the wholesomeness and cheeriness of the open air, and which serve to commend those "costless and kind pleasures" which men in the dusty ways of our modern life are so apt to despise and to forget.

DORA M. JONES.

CAN WE EXPLAIN LIFE BY VITALITY?

1. *Gedächtnissrede auf Johannes Müller.* Von E. DU BOIS-REYMOND. (Berlin. 1860. 1s. 3d.)
2. *Vitality : an Appeal, an Apology, and a Challenge.* By L. S. BEALE. (London : J. & A. Churchill. 1898. 6d.)
3. *Stereochemistry and Vitalism. Address to Section B (Chemistry).* By Prof. F. R. JAPP. *Report of British Association for 1898.* (London. 1899.)
4. *Collected Essays.* By THOMAS H. HUXLEY. Nine Vols. (London : Macmillan & Co. 1893-4. 5s.)
5. *Vitalism.* By J. S. HALDANE. *Nineteenth Century* for September, 1898.

THE nineteenth century, so fertile of new truth, has not given us a more positive conception of life than our forefathers possessed. Cuvier likened the living being to a whirlpool which sucks in all manner of particles and atoms, to give them out again, altered it may be in form and grouping, but unchanged in bulk and ultimate composition. No apter comparison has since been made. Ages before Cuvier, Aristotle had defined life as the activity of the organism. Herbert Spencer's latest definition of life can do no more for us than Aristotle's : it lets us into no secret, confers no new powers. Notwithstanding what we believe to be the total failure of all direct attacks upon the main problem, we do not stand exactly where our fathers stood a hundred years ago. It may be worth while to cast a glance at the slow and often-baffled quest for more light.

In our own time—that is, in the last years of the nineteenth century—there has been a fresh stirring of a doctrine supposed to be extinct, the doctrine of vitalism. It is not easy, especially for one who does not hold the doctrine, to say precisely what vitalism means. But vitalists use such expressions as these: that vital actions are essentially different from chemical and physical actions, or from any combination of such; that they do not admit of analysis; that they can overcome the influence of physical laws; that while matter lives, the ordinary properties of the matter seem to be in abeyance and cannot be made evident; that there is no analogy whatever between any parts of living beings and any machines, apparatus, or laboratories; that vital actions result from the operation of a principle which may be called life or vitality; that events in the external world have nothing in common with our sensations and ideas; that the external world is totally unknown to us, and is a book with seven seals.

Vitalism in some form or other is an ancient doctrine. By far the greatest of its many advocates was the illustrious physiologist, Johannes Müller, who was, however, too candid and well informed to teach it consistently. Müller believed that a vital principle, distinct from all forms of energy, regulated the actions of the living body; it disappeared at death without transformation into anything else; it could be subdivided indefinitely without proportionate loss of strength in the parts divided. Müller's doctrine was at length sapped by his own pupils. Helmholtz, Du Bois Reymond, Brücke and Ludwig, all, except the last, favourite pupils of Müller's, undertook what they called a war of liberation against vitalism. They carried their point, and for a generation vitalism hardly showed itself in the scientific world.

It is particularly necessary in this discussion to take care that we are not misled by our own words. The risk is all the greater because certain leading terms, which must come in again and again, are habitually used in more than one sense. *Life* and *vitality* are examples of this ambiguity.

They may mean, first, a particular class of phenomena, a scientific territory, and when thus employed are analogous to such terms as *astronomy*. But they are also used to denote an agent, the unknown agent whose manifestations are vital phenomena. Thus used, they are analogous to such terms as *gravity*. The question at once arises whether we are justified in attributing to any special agent the phenomena of life. Has this agent of which we speak a real existence? or is it only a convenient fiction? Some would answer that we have as good a right to call life an agent as we have to call gravity an agent. I am not sure that this is true. In the case of gravity, the law of its operation is quite definite. Any two bodies attract each other with a force which varies directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance. When we call gravity an agent, we employ a hypothesis, it is true, but it is a strictly limited hypothesis. Our agent has no occult virtues, no undemonstrated powers or properties. But what is the law of operation of life? What are the properties of life? We can of course point to certain properties of *living substance*. It is contractile, irritable, assimilative, secretory, respiratory, and reproductive.* But what is gained by attributing any or all of these properties to a hypothetical life or vitality, supposed to be inherent in the living substance? If we concede that life or vitality is a legitimate hypothesis, what fresh power does it confer? Gravity is hypothetical too; but the law of gravity enables us to calculate the path of a planet, or the acceleration of a falling stone. What power of prediction or explanation is there in the hypothetical agent, life or vitality? I declare that I do not know of any single property which it possesses.

We have already had occasion to speak of scientific *laws*, and it may be well to explain one fundamental difference between a scientific law and a law of England. The scientific law has nothing about it analogous to *command*; it is not an agent, but a mere statement of observed relation

* FOSTER : *Text-book of Physiology*, Introduction.

—a uniformity, a generalisation. The criminal law may be said to send a man to gaol; but it is a gross though common misuse of terms to say that the law of gravity brings a falling tree to the ground. A law of nature can neither be obeyed nor disobeyed.*

Vitalists justly insist upon the marked differences between vital and non-vital phenomena. Dr. Lionel Beale indeed goes so far as to say that "all vital phenomena are absolutely different from any physical phenomena." This statement is of importance in our present discussion, and it is necessary that we should consider it at some length.

Let us first remark that living things contain no peculiar chemical elements. The plant or animal selects and combines and reduces; it creates nothing, and it destroys nothing. The ordinary laws of chemical combination, valency, etc., are further exemplified, and in some cases modified in the presence of life, but never contradicted. We know of no source of physiological work except chemical energy, and the heat of combustion of the food gives a measure, which cannot be exceeded, and is seldom approached, of the work which the organism can do. Thus the normal diet of a healthy man represents a possible expenditure of a million kilogram-metres; a good day's work represents only one hundred and fifty thousand kilogram-metres.†

Nor do those properties of matter which we conventionally distinguish as *physical* cease to act within living things. Weight, the pressure of air or water, heat, light, electricity, all affect living things and in all cases, so far as we know, it is the living thing which has to conform to the external physical condition, never the external physical condition which conforms to the living thing. Dr. Lionel Beale, indeed, asserts that "the ordinary forces or properties

* This is put emphatically in Austin's *Jurisprudence*.

† The bodies of living animals, regarded as prime movers, are really of wonderful economy. The efficiency of a horse is from 20 to 25 per cent., while an ordinary steam-engine only attains an efficiency of about ten per cent.

of non-living matter . . . are actually overcome, and are in abeyance in matter which exhibits vital action.”* But surely he has overlooked cases in which the ordinary forces are not at all in abeyance.

The falling rock crushes the living man ; in standing we have to keep the vertical line which passes through the centre of gravity within our base ; we cannot float in water unless our density is less than that of the water ; heat burns us ; light is refracted by the lens of the eye, just as though the lens were an artificial product ; the lightning-flash dissociates living as well as dead compounds. What is peculiar in the living organism is that it can adapt itself to external natural agents, and so direct them. We cannot hinder unsupported water from falling to the ground, but we can guide its course. The expenditure of energy in guiding may be trifling, theoretically it may be nil ; but the practical effect may be great to any imaginable degree. By switching a toy-lever a cannon may be fired, or a man-of-war sent gliding down the slips.

In the early years of the nineteenth century vitalists could use arguments which are no longer producible. It was part of their doctrine that the compounds which are formed by living things can never be formed by anything else. Even the intelligence of man cannot, it was thought, build up an organic compound from inorganic elements. The first great blow to this teaching was dealt by Wöhler, who showed in 1828 that urea, a characteristic product of animals, can be artificially made. Since that time, acetic acid, alcohol, and a crowd of other organic substances have been synthesised in the laboratory. This raises a question. Is it not likely that in learning how to build up urea and such things, man has been treading in the steps of nature, and that living nature has long employed chemical relations of which man has at length got an imperfect grasp ? If nature had in all things a way of its own, should we have ever succeeded in imitating its results ?

* *Vitality*, p. 5.

Many of those who discuss the question of vitalism seem to speak as if they were aware of only two sorts of activities in this universe—*viz.* the activities of dead matter, and the uncoriscious activities of living substance. But there is a third thing to be considered—conscious intelligence directing dead matter, as in a scientific laboratory. This third cause of phenomena may in particular cases assume great importance, and it must on no account be identified with the interactions of dead matter. In some respects, particularly where the power of selection is involved, it comes nearer in its effects to the action of living substance than to the mere play of dead atoms.

No one need search very far to discover things which living organisms do continually, but which never come to pass except in their presence; things which man, though armed with all the appliances of scientific laboratories, is unable to imitate. It is only living things which can at ordinary temperatures break up carbon dioxide into its elements, remove the sulphur from sulphate of lime, or separate the oxygen dissolved in water as a gas without rise of temperature or diminution of pressure. The syntheses which in the laboratory require high temperatures are often effected in living nature at ordinary temperatures. What instrument of man's contriving can change its shape as often as light turns to darkness, or darkness to light? Yet this is what many green plants do for their own safety. What mechanic would undertake to cast silica into complicated forms, which should reveal no coarseness or imperfection however scrutinised by powerful lenses? Yet this problem has been solved by many algæ and protozoa. Animals can distinguish vibrations of air which make no impression on the most delicate instruments which man has devised for the analysis of sounds, and can discriminate colours more accurately and rapidly than any photographic plate. The delicacy of the structures formed by living matter is too great to be fully revealed by the best microscopes, and it is likely that the physical constitution of light is itself too gross to bring out their ultimate details, even if a microscope of

ideal perfection could be constructed. A discussion has lately been raised upon the power which certain moulds share with man, the power of picking out enantiomorphs, which, it appears, is not possessed by any combination of dead matter and unconscious energy. To the biologist the question is curious rather than important. If it is proved that living matter enjoys a special advantage in this case, we merely add one instance to an indefinite heap of earlier instances.

There is no end to the resources of living nature, and it is not to be wondered at that many of us are simply carried away by admiration. We can easily see enough to move our wonder, but we soon get out of our depth when we attempt to explain. Yet it is noteworthy that we can explain at all. The powers of live nature are not occult or magical. All can explain a few facts; those who know most of human science can explain most, and the prospect is held out to us of explaining infinitely more than the wisest of mankind can do to-day.

We see a bird soar in the air. A part of that wonderful action is intelligible to human faculties, and has indeed not a little in common with the devices of human invention. We can study the wing with profit and appreciation, remark the joints, the contrivances which prevent their being strained, the setting of the quills, which allows them to open or close like a venetian blind, the form of a single quill, with its convex surface to meet the air during the upstroke, and its concave surface to strike the air during the downstroke. We can dissect the muscles, and study the effect of each singly, we can observe the pulley which reverses the direction of pull of the elevator muscle, the tendons which automatically rotate the quills. We can make models to illustrate the principle of many of these mechanisms, and we can even make working models, which clumsily and for a few moments do what the bird can do gracefully hour after hour.

We can go one step farther. Not only can we analyse to some extent the framework of the wing, and to some extent

the muscular apparatus which actuates that framework, but we know one important fact respecting the origin of the muscular movements of the bird. We know experimentally that the muscles of the living bird contract only when stimulated by the nerves which are distributed to them. Why should we give up the hope that we may some day know as much of nervous action as we already know of muscular action? To imagine that we shall ever be able to picture clearly to ourselves all that goes on within the soaring bird would be chimerical indeed, for the more we learn, the more do we realise the stupendous complexity of the mechanism. But we may hope that knowledge will grow indefinitely, and we may expect that in the future as in the past, the explanations we can frame will involve many of those physical or chemical facts which man turns to account in his own contrivances. It is not true, so far as our very limited experience can inform us, that physical and chemical processes, such as can be studied experimentally on dead matter, are inapplicable to the problems of life, but only that these and others, which man has never yet searched out, are applied in nature with a mastery that we cannot hope to rival.

Let us take another example, if only to make the methods of profitable biological enquiry more familiar. Suppose that in a garden we find two creepers, hop and scarlet runner, each twining round its own support. Our attention is arrested by the odd circumstance that while the hop revolves *with* clock-hands, the scarlet runner revolves in the opposite direction, *against* clock-hands. When they have each completed a number of turns, one stem forms a left-handed, the other a right-handed screw. Let us further suppose that there are two observers of the creepers. One, who calls himself a vitalist, makes such remarks as these: "The plants twine by virtue of a property called vitality. There is nothing in the least like it in dead or inorganic things. You cannot explain the twining at all, and it is best not to try." But the other says: "I can at least put a few questions. Does either the hop or the scarlet runner

gain anything by climbing? Have I ever seen anything like it before?" On reflection he thinks it probable that by twining round a stick the plants raise themselves out of the crowded vegetation near the ground, which their weak stems could not do without the support of a foreign body. He further recollects that when he was a merry schoolboy, every time that he struck his top a fair blow with the whip, the lash curled round his top. If the climbers were slowly swinging in circles, the interposition of an upright support would, he thinks, make them curl close about it. Direct observation shows him that the tip of a shoot, if unchecked, revolves without curling, and bows, as it were, to all the points of the compass in succession. What makes the young shoot bow? It may perhaps be either the expansion of one side or the contraction of the other. Following up this train of thought, and devising experiments to check his temporary conclusions, he at length satisfies himself that one side of the revolving shoot is gorged with water, and thereby expanded; further, that the expansion is not permanent, but affects every side of the stem in turn. Then he says to himself: "These are good results. It is true that I have still much to learn. I cannot even tell why the hop and the scarlet runner revolve in opposite directions, much less how the shoot is able to produce unequal water-distention on all sides in succession. As to what constitutes the life of these climbers, I am too ignorant to have an opinion at all. But my method has thrown some little light upon these twining plants, while my friend the vitalist leaves them just where he found them. Some day, perhaps long after I am dead, much more will be known about climbers than we know at present, perhaps something useful about life itself. Let us be patient, and go on trying things."

I can well imagine the answer which the vitalist would give to such reasonings as these. "You are only explaining," he would retort, "the external results of living forces. When a muscle has once been led to contract, the mechanical effect is easily understood. But what induces the muscle to contract? Nervous stimulus? What is nervous stimulus?"

and what creates it? Until you have traced the activities of muscles and nerves to the properties of the molecules and atoms of which they consist, you have done nothing that signifies. Why not admit at once that you do not really understand any one vital act?"

To any such remonstrance it might be replied: "We admit our ignorance. We admit that our explanations are so shallow and imperfect that they hardly count. They only deal with some external consequences, and leave the central causes as mysterious as ever. The same is true not only of vital, but of physical phenomena. We cannot explain an ordinary case of chemical affinity by means of the properties of atoms. But is our ignorance any greater than yours? If we are equally ignorant, is it not better to acknowledge our ignorance in the plainest terms that we can find, than to wrap it up in such empty forms of speech as *vitality*?"

The experience of those who have ever worked in a physiological laboratory ought to be decisive on the question whether vital phenomena have or have not anything in common with physical and chemical phenomena. Musclicurrents deflect a galvanometer;* galvanic currents cause muscles to contract; the electricity of the torpedo and certain other fishes can be made to produce sparks, to decompose water, and to render needles magnetic; and these facts are only specimens of a crowd of others. The vitalist ought to be ready to maintain, as the vitalists of a former generation actually did maintain, that chemistry and physics are irrelevant to physiological study. But very few working physiologists could be found to agree with him; one might be tempted to say *none*, if Dr. Lionel Beale, an eminent physician and histologist, had not committed himself to such opinions.

The strength of vitalists lies, very naturally, in the weakness of their opponents. Time after time their opponents

* Whenever we grasp with one hand, a current, which can be indicated by a galvanometer, flows from the resting to the contracting muscles.

have given themselves away by adopting some crude or premature explanation of a particular vital phenomenon. Thus Descartes, not satisfied with having traced the motor nerves to the muscles, must needs explain how the nerves act. He imagined that a volatile fluid (the "animal spirits") was injected from the cavity of the brain into the tubular nerve-fibres, and so distended the muscles. Schwann, to whom we mainly owe the great discovery that the bodies of animals are built up of cells, interpreted cell-growth as a peculiar kind of crystallization. Absorption by the villi of the intestine was long explained as merely a kind of filtration, respiration as merely a kind of diffusion, nervous action as merely a kind of electro-motive power. Every one of these explanations has now been broken down, and the vitalists justly rejoice. But to prove that the mechanists were wrong is not at all the same thing as proving that the vitalists were right. Hasty and ill-supported hypotheses have been discarded, not without loss of reputation to those who maintained them, but physical processes have not been banished from physiology. Pfeffer has shown that distention by fluid plays a great part in the movements of plants, as it does in certain local movements of the parts of animals too. Crystallization does demonstrably occur within the bodies of animals. Filtration, not through cells, does play a part in the digestion of many animals. Diffusion has not been finally got rid of in physiology. Useless and even noxious substances pass rapidly to distant parts of the body, penetrating even to organs which are not furnished with blood-vessels. Bile can diffuse into every tissue, urate of soda into the cavities of the joints. Lithia makes its way from the stomach into every part of the body, and can be found even in the non-vascular lens of the eye after an hour or less. Electrical action has been demonstrated by Burdon Sanderson as an accompaniment, if not a cause, of the excitability of *Dionæa*. The interference of ordinary physical processes with vital processes is at least as conspicuous now as in any past stage of physiological science.

The close study of any organ will expose premature and misleading explanations, but it will not tend to diminish the rôle of physical principles. Thus, there has long been a disposition to explain on physical principles the analysis of sounds by the ear. Helmholtz thought that the fibres of Corti responded sympathetically, each to a note of given pitch. Their number (there are about three thousand in the human ear), their gradation in size, and their wonderful regularity, which reminds one of the interior of a piano, favoured this interpretation. But Hasse showed that the fibres of Corti are wanting in the ears of birds, and this appeared a fatal objection. No one can think it possible that birds do not discriminate the notes which they utter. Helmholtz quickly put forth a second and very different hypothesis. This time he supposed that the transverse segments of the basilar membrane, on which the fibres of Corti rest, respond sympathetically. But from the structure of the parts, the transverse segments cannot vibrate independently. They are loaded with a mass of soft cells (the hair-cells, to which the fibrils of the auditory nerve pass) as well as with the fibres of Corti. The more careful physiologists are therefore slow to accept Helmholtz's second hypothesis. But the physicist is not driven out from the physiology of hearing. New facts have been discovered which show that, whatever may become of Helmholtz's theory of the human cochlea, the principle of sympathetic vibration is demonstrable in some auditory organs. The well-known physical experiment of causing strings of a particular pitch to respond by singing into an open piano is perfectly illustrated by certain animals. Hensen showed that the ear-sacs of the opossum shrimp contain hairs of graded length, and that these hairs respond sympathetically, each to a tone of particular pitch. Mayer showed that the hairs on the antennæ of a gnat respond sympathetically to the note uttered by the female, or to a tuning-fork of the same pitch.

The possibility of the derivation of new living substance from dead matter, in the absence of living substance pre-

viously existing, has often been debated between the vitalist and the mechanist. Nowhere has the mechanist shown himself more ready to advance statements which he was unable to prove—nowhere has he been more ignominiously driven back than on this very question. To prove the possibility of such origin would be his complete triumph, but that triumph cannot be predicted. It would seem as though everything else about life would have to be explained before we could lay down the conditions under which new and independent life can arise. So far the evidence is strong, though not complete, that new life is not generated in the absence of all living substance, at least in a world constituted as ours now is.

The readers of Huxley's "Physical Basis of Life"* will recollect one or two passages, delightfully clear like everything which he said or wrote, which seem to dispose of vitality and other like explanations in a few words. Thus he asks whether *vitality* will explain the properties of life any better than *aquosity* will explain the properties of water. "If the properties of water," he goes on, "may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules." Elsewhere† he draws an amusing illustration from a kitchen clock. "All the phenomena which it exhibits," he finally says, "are potentially contained in its mechanism, and a clever clockmaker could predict all that it will do after an examination of its structure. If the evolution theory is correct, the molecular structure of the cosmic gas [the hypothetical nebula from which our universe was evolved] stands in the same relation to the phenomena of the world as the structure of the clock to its phenomena." From which Huxley would evidently have us conclude that any one who understood worlds as well as a clockmaker understands clocks might

* *Collected Essays*, vol. i., p. 153, etc.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 110.

have predicted the history of the solar system from the molecular examination of a nebula.

One objection to these telling arguments is that Huxley says more than he knows when he declares, as by implication he does, that the properties of water result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules. That may be true, but neither Huxley nor any one else of our generation can prove it to be true. We cannot *trace* the properties of water to its molecular composition and arrangement. Nor can we *trace* the properties of our solar system to the molecular structure of any nebula, past or present. Suppose that water was an unknown compound, but that chemists were discussing the possibility of combining hydrogen and oxygen in the proportion of H_2O . Who could predict whether the compound would at ordinary temperatures be a solid, a liquid, or a gas? who could predict what density, boiling point, colour, or solvent power it would possess? The analogy of water is surely a poor support for the assertion that all the properties of living protoplasm depend upon the nature and disposition of its molecules. Huxley in 1868 did not stop at the living body. He put forth the still more adventurous conclusion that our thoughts are the expression of molecular changes in protoplasm. If this dictum had been questioned, I can imagine no method by which he could have justified himself. Perhaps the only retort would have been: "To what else can they possibly be attributed?" We protest against any such appeal to ignorance, if only because the history of scientific opinion is strewn with the wrecks of speculations which trusted to it in vain. Let us first explain the properties of water, and then see what we can do with protoplasm. Let us explain the humbler functions of the body by our knowledge of molecular combinations, before we lay down bold propositions respecting the nature of

* To meet this challenge fairly, the properties must be deduced from the known properties of the elements, not inferred from empirical knowledge of other hydrogen compounds.

thought. Science cannot perhaps prove that Huxley was wrong, but it will ask, and ask in vain, for any proof that he was right.

Our discussion tends on the whole to a conclusion which will not be welcome to every reader. It would be hard to say why, but it is, we think, a fact that those who look most reverently upon the manifestations of life are disposed to claim for it the completest possible independence. It gratifies them to believe that life has nothing in common with gravity, or electricity, or ordinary chemical action. They seem to fear lest science should one day explain too much, and throw unwelcome light upon a sacred mystery. Such apprehensions are needless. The secret of life lies deep, and no faculties of ours seem likely to reveal it in all its fulness. Nor is it probable that as we come to know more of life we shall begin to look upon it as a poor and trivial thing. Let us analyse and unravel without fear of the consequences; we shall not be elated by too complete success. Science, which aspires to all, has not yet mastered the nature of life; instead of knowledge we can only offer conjectures and questions. Perhaps they are not even definite enough to be called questions; they are rather

Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised.

In this state of matters there are some who would bid us give up as idle the attempt to elucidate vital phenomena. That is no policy of ours. The effort to solve problems that eventually proved to be insoluble has played a great and on the whole a beneficent part in the history of human thought. It has often stirred men up to investigate some province of nature to the very bottom, or failing that, as far as human powers can go. The search for the philosopher's stone, or for a north-west passage to the Indies, was not wasted, any more than the persistent attempts to square the circle, trisect the angle, or duplicate the cube on Euclidean principles. We may never discover what life is, but it is in

our power to learn more about life if we will only be patient, modest, and candid.

If we are told that the phenomena of life depend upon, and can only be explained by, some principle called vitality or vital force, let us put such questions as these : How do we know that there is such a thing as vitality ? What phenomena are explained by it ? What is the mode of its operation ? If there is no answer to these questions, we shall be justified in erasing vitality from the list of known causes. It may be nothing more than a name for our ignorance in one particular sphere of enquiry. Let us rather say : We know little about life, and many of its phenomena are inexplicable by us. A few are more or less explicable, and in them we can trace the operation of ordinary chemical and physical causes. As for the rest, we wait, being chiefly solicitous not to affect to know more than we really do know.

L. C. MIALL.

THE INFLUENCE OF METHODISM ON SCOTLAND.

John Wesley and George Whitefield in Scotland ; or, the Influence of the Oxford Methodists on Scottish Religion.
By REV. D. BUTLER, M.A., Abernethy. (Edinburgh and London : Blackwood & Sons. 1898. 5s.)

THE subject of this monograph is aptly chosen, carefully and sympathetically treated, and the true, deep, spiritual characteristics of the work of the great Methodist leaders are clearly discerned and skilfully portrayed. The book will amply reward the reader's most attentive perusal. It is a distinct advantage to the students of Methodist history to have separate sections of that history set before them. The account of the labours of Whitefield and Wesley in Scotland exclusively, and of the good effects that followed, has not hitherto been given to the public.

After a brief introduction on the general aims of Methodism, Whitefield's "life, work, and influence" are sketched with his several visits to Scotland ; followed by a similar account of Wesley. An Appendix contains Wesley's own relation of his visits to Scotland in the words of his *Journals*. It must be confessed that, though fulness and clearness in the record are by this method secured, the artistic unity of the whole is somewhat sacrificed.

"Wesley and Whitefield influenced Scottish religion most profoundly, and the movement of which they were the outstanding leaders became to a considerable extent a religious movement *within* the Scottish Church, moulding both life and work ever since." This is the thesis of the book.

Mr. Butler has evidently been a thoughtful student of the extensive literature on his subject. The histories of Methodism, the numerous "Lives" of the Wesleys and their many fellow labourers, the writings which expound Methodist doctrine, some of the anti-Methodist publications of the last century, together with others which were written in defence of Methodism, besides the many references in the wider realms of general historic literature, have been read with close attention.

As is meet, Whitefield first receives attention, he having been the earlier to cross the border. A commendable pride peeps out in the reference to the indebtedness of both the great evangelists, in the early part of their religious life, to a Scottish publication—Scougal's *Life of God in the Soul of Man*. This work was much in favour with the members of the "Holy Club"; and its formative power was proved by most of that little fraternity. Whitefield to the day of his death remembered the great upheaval his whole life underwent through its perusal. He wrote in his later days :

I must bear testimony to my old friend Mr. Charles Wesley. He put a book into my hands called *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, whereby God showed me that I must be born again, or be damned. I know the place; it may perhaps be superstition, but whenever I go to Oxford, I cannot help running to the spot where Jesus Christ first revealed Himself to me, and gave me the new birth. I learned that a man may go to church, say his prayers, receive the sacrament, and yet not be a Christian. How did my heart rise and shudder like a poor man that is afraid to look into his ledger lest he should find himself a bankrupt. "Shall I burn this book? shall I throw it down? or shall I search it?" I did search it; and holding the book in my hand, thus addressed the God of heaven and earth: "Lord, if I am not a Christian, for Jesus Christ's sake show me what Christianity is, that I may not be damned at last." I read a little further, and discovered that they who know anything of religion know it is a vital union with the Son of God—Christ formed in the heart. Oh, what a ray of divine life did then break in upon my soul! I fell a-writing to all my brethren

and to my sisters. I talked to the students as they came into my room. I laid aside all trifling conversation, I put all trifling books away, and was determined to be a saint, and then to be a scholar. From that moment God has been carrying on His blessed work in my soul.

This book, Mr. Butler truly says, is now much forgotten, but ought to be better known. We visit the birthplace of the great, or track, in our summer's ramble, the spring of a mighty river. Does less interest lie in a holy book where a great saint first drank, as from a crystal fountain, the waters of eternal life ?

Whitefield's course is traced with necessary brevity, those portions only being brought into prominence which relate to his association with Scotland. On his return from his first visit to America, he had found the churches in England closed against him ; and, yielding to the holy influence that compelled him to preach, he chose "the green grass for his pulpit, and the blue heavens for his sounding board." There was in Scotland at the time a famous field-preacher, Ralph Erskine, who was at the head of a small secession from the Established Church of Scotland, distinguished by name as "the Associate Presbytery." Whitefield's fame as a field-preacher reached Scotland. What more natural than that these two men should be brought together ? One of the earliest intimations we gain of their intercourse is from an entry in Whitefield's *Journal*, under May 18, 1739 : "Received an excellent letter from Mr. Ralph Erskine, a field-preacher of the Scotch Church, a noble soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ." Field-preaching was not so uncommon north of the Tweed as it was in England. The religious life of the country had been quickened by the preaching of the Covenanting ministers on the moors and hillsides in the preceding century, and when Whitefield adopted the practice he was on the line of mighty associations and quenchless memories. This helped him to become a great religious force in Scotland.

Whitefield's intercourse with the Erskines is associated with two important facts ; one of them—his embracing

Calvinistic tenets—being of the utmost significance, colouring, as it did, the whole of his future life and work. It is difficult to determine with precision the immediate cause of his adoption of these opinions ; but it is a singular coincidence that he first mentioned them in a sermon preached at the time when he was in active correspondence with Ralph Erskine, and after he had read his sermons and those of his brother Ebenezer. Perhaps he was more indebted to Jonathan Edwards than to any one else for his Calvinistic views, though probably he never very clearly understood the teaching of that divine.

Then Erskine hoped for a “happy union” between the fervid Methodists of Oxford and the Associate Presbytery of Scotland, and laboured hard to secure it, and “that not only in a private and personal, but in a more public and general way.” A friendly and confidential correspondence between himself and Whitefield was maintained, from which it is evident that Erskine hoped for the alliance of Whitefield, by his withdrawal from the Established Church, and his acceptance of a Presbyterian form of Church government. But though Whitefield was much drawn towards the Erskines, though he sought their counsel on the most weighty matters, and opened his mind to the influence of their teaching, yet from the position assumed by them on Church principles he held back. In some respects Tyerman may be right in saying, “Every day Whitefield was becoming more a Dissenter” ; but it was not such a Dissenter as the leader of the Associate Presbytery desired.

With effusive eagerness Erskine wrote to Whitefield, after his return from America : “Come, if possible, dear Whitefield, come. There is no face on earth I would desire more earnestly to see. Yet I would desire it *only* in a way that, I think, would tend most to the advancing of our Lord’s kingdom, and the reformation work among *our* hands. . . . Unless you come with a design to meet and abide with us of the Associate Presbytery, . . . I would *dread* the consequences of your coming.” But Erskine had exceeded the bounds of prudent expectation. He had jumped to the

conclusion that the man who, like himself, had shown so much zeal in Church reform, and who in his methods had dared to step outside the limits of clerical usage, would be at one with him in his assault on the entire fabric of the Establishment. In this he was mistaken. Whitefield met the Associate Presbytery with the result : " They will not so much as hear me preach unless I will join with them." The die was cast, and an open breach ensued. " I retired ; I wept ; I prayed ; and after preaching in the fields, sat down and dined with them, and then took a final leave."

Alas ! the Presbytery not only withdrew from Whitefield, " but preached against him publicly," and even went so far as to issue a long, official, printed document, in which occur the words, " The sins and provocations of this land are further increased by the kind reception that many, both ministers and people, have given to Mr. George Whitefield, a professed member and priest of the superstitious Church of England," etc., etc.

Whitefield paid his first visit to Scotland in 1741. A few days sufficed to show that he was not to be restrained within narrow limits. A hearty welcome was given to him by many of the ministers and laity of the Church of Scotland, and willing auditors waited on him whenever he preached either in the churches or in the open-air. Here he found a larger charity than in England : the general sympathy with the Calvinistic views which he now publicly avowed made Scotland for him a most attractive sphere of labour ; and in the course of his wanderings he paid it no less than fourteen visits.

His first visit lasted thirteen weeks, during which the slumbering energies of the Church were awakened, and a quickening impulse given to philanthropic and missionary work. The story is briefly told, and mainly in Whitefield's own words ; the judgments of various ministers on his work are appended, and abundantly show the far-reaching effects of his preaching. He came again in the following year, when he met with a general and cordial reception, and his presence was the means of a new arousal. It was in the

course of this visit that he found his way to Cambuslang, where the remarkable services were held which have become matters of history. Long had the good parish minister been preparing his people for the gracious revival with which they were to be favoured. Driven by the smallness of his kirk and its great need of repair, he had, in favourable weather, conducted his public services in the open fields. For a year before "the work" began he had preached to crowded congregations; and on Sabbath evenings after sermon he had related to the multitudes the astonishing effects of Whitefield's ministrations in England and America.

Whitefield arrived at Cambuslang at mid-day, June 18, preached at two o'clock, again at six, and again at nine at night, the minister following. The service continued until past one o'clock in the morning, and even then they could not persuade the people to depart. "Such commotions surely were never heard of," writes Whitefield, "especially at eleven o'clock at night. For an hour and a half there was much weeping, and so many falling into such deep distress, expressed in various ways, as cannot be described. In the fields all night might be heard the voices of prayer and praise." On the following day he wrote: "I have preached twice already, and am to preach twice more, perhaps thrice." These wonderful scenes continued until upwards of five hundred souls were awakened, and an entire change wrought in the spirit and manners of this and many neighbouring places. A list of twenty-six towns and parishes is given in which "similar revivals, some on a more, others on a less, extensive scale, took place; the revival extending far beyond the districts visited by Whitefield, and leaving its impress on the religious life of the country. . . . After every consideration is made for the abnormal forms that frequently accompany great religious movements which stir the hearts of the people to their very depths, it cannot be denied, in the light afforded by the clergy themselves, that the movement was productive of wide and permanent results."

Visit followed visit, in each of which remarkable scenes

were witnessed. In his sixth visit, in 1752, Whitefield "arrived in Edinburgh early in September, and for twenty-eight days preached to audiences there and at Glasgow of not less than ten thousand each day." The influence of his ministry on the divinity students during this and following visits is described as very powerful. On his ninth visit he was warmly received by the General Assembly, and was thus brought into closer contact with the Church of Scotland, and his influence was increased both among its people and its ministry. In his subsequent visits his popularity increased more and more; he preached to the waiting thousands day after day with great power and attractiveness, and all classes hung upon his lips.

When we are taught (said Dean Stanley) to think of the Edinburgh of that age as cold and dead, let us remember that it was of it that Whitefield, when he left it, exclaimed, "O Edinburgh, Edinburgh, surely thou wilt never be forgotten by me." And that same Edinburgh never forgot him. When years afterwards he came to the Scottish capital again, he was in danger of being hugged to death by the enthusiastic reception of its citizens, and he sat, it is said, amongst them "like a king of men on his throne."

Two months after Whitefield's death, Foote introduced his vile play, *The Minor*, to Edinburgh. To the city's honour the theatre was emptied after the first night—the best reproof Foote ever received, even though "the Edinburgh pulpits thundered out rebukes."

The results of Whitefield's ministry in Scotland are carefully summarised.

The predominant influence was in breaking down party zeal and sectarian bigotry, in emphasising the divine element which transcended all separating barriers. It was an incalculable blessing to the religious life of Scotland to see and hear one who rose above all party shibboleths, and who could preach anywhere if he only felt a new opportunity presenting itself of doing good. . . . From his open pulpit in the Orphan Hospital Park at Edinburgh, and at the High Churchyard at Glasgow—where he chiefly preached during his later visits—

Whitefield's preaching reached all classes of the people, not least in importance, the students at both universities. He inspired those who inspired others, and his influence thereby reached a wide area. At a period when opinion was a predominating element in the Church, he emphasised the truth that faith is not acquiescence in opinions held to be true, but direct contact with and realisation of spiritual realities; when a dominant temper in the Church was a metaphysical and theological one, he directed attention to the repose of religion—as a divine life within the soul, as a direct experience. He raised men's thoughts above the din of the theological battlefield to that serener air where the divine and the human are reconciled. His message was much needed, but not less so was his example. He was an ordained priest of the Church of England, who preached in Scottish parish churches, joined in Scottish communion services, and even assisted at one in the High Church in Edinburgh. Such catholicity was supremely needed, and the continuation of it is the succession of the true apostolic spirit.

The story of Whitefield's evangelistic labours in Scotland is full of the liveliest interest to all whose sympathies are engaged on behalf of the religious welfare of their fellow men. Some would discern in those labours little more than the outbursts of excited enthusiasm, but it was not generally so. A people not famous for emotional sensibility were moved to a frenzy of excitement, by a force of entreaty and appeal which owed its effectiveness not merely to a remarkable combination of the necessary qualities of the loftiest type of oratory, but also to the grandeur of the truths proclaimed, and the evident benediction of Him in whose name they were declared—a subtle power which must ever be borne in mind when estimating the forces that produce moral renovations.

A closer attention is given to Wesley, who, though not creating so sudden an impression as Whitefield, by a more steady appeal and by prudent organisation, produced a wider and more lasting work. The account opens with a brief and discriminating sketch of Wesley's early course, with a reference to "the 'Holy Club' of which John Wesley was the inspiration, and which existed for ends as spiritual

as anything on this side of time can be." Allusion is made to Wesley's early desire to found all his doctrine and practice on the primitive model, "to get beyond the growth of centuries to the simpler, purer days of the early Church, which commended themselves to his intensely spiritual nature"; also to the abiding influence which Oxford exerted upon him. "Oxford stamped itself upon Wesley's character, and its atmosphere is felt in his judgments on men, books, and places throughout his *Journals*. It refined his instincts which were naturally fine, and permeated his mind with the university spirit. It became an inalienable part of him, and gave a rounding to his lovely Christian character. In all his books he designates himself, 'Sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.'"

An estimate is formed of the influence exerted respectively by Wesley and Whitefield in Scotland. Whitefield is the man possessed with one over-mastering purpose—to do the work of an evangelist. He has little or nothing to say with a view to anything else. Wesley is not less earnest, but he has a wider range of vision; his work is manifold. Whitefield formed no organisation; but his preaching was a mighty inspiring force within the Church. Wesley, on the other hand, did not affect Scotland to nearly the same extent by his preaching, which was of a different order, but his work was more abiding. "Wesley's preaching has been compared to a strong, steady, all-pervading current; Whitefield's to a rushing and resistless wind. In Wesley's light was the outstanding feature; in Whitefield's heat; and, as was to be expected from his Calvinism, Whitefield was more successful than Wesley, for his teaching was more akin to the theological temper of the country during the eighteenth century."

A parallel is drawn between the work of the Methodists and that of the Scottish reformers of an earlier age, alike in respect of creed and polity; in the superintendents with dioceses in the one case, and with circuits in the other; in their equal insistence on justification by faith and on personal religion; and their exhibition of the sacraments as

means of grace. The "prophesying" in one corresponds with the class-meeting in the other; and both were served by itinerant ministers. Further elements of similarity are to be found in the lay preachers, the large lay element in Church offices, and the religious societies which distinguished both movements. But while the reformers adapted their system from time to time to the preferences and demands of the Scottish people, Wesley's remained unchanged from the beginning. Here Mr. Butler notes one of the chief causes of the comparatively small number of the Methodist Societies in Scotland, notwithstanding Wesley's personal influence in their formation.

It is interesting to observe this as another similarity between Presbytery in Scotland and Methodism in England, that both did their constructive work in religion by means of religious societies; both rested their claims finally upon the religious instincts of the people, and both equally recognised the universal priesthood of Christian believers. These religious societies were strong in Scotland during the Covenanting period, so that it seems historically true that besides other elements in common, the Scottish Church had anticipated, and to a considerable extent embodied, John Wesley's unique work in England. This with the theological differences of the eighteenth century may be the chief *immobilis inertia* that retarded the progress of Methodism in the period.

If, remembering these causes, we also bear in mind "the severe reticence and aversion of the people from emotion in religious matters, and their attachment both hereditary and acquired to Presbytery as the embodiment of their religious struggles and the expression of their national faith," we shall not find it difficult to account for the fact that Methodism, as a religious organisation, did not take deep root in Scotland. But there is "the John Wesley *of* Scottish Church history; and there is the John Wesley *within* Scottish Church history, and if the first does not seem to have accomplished much on Scottish soil, the second has been deep and pervasive."

As has been said, the theme of the book is the influence

of the Oxford Methodists on Scottish religion. The immediate effect is described in the history of the visits of the two great evangelists ; but we are most interested in knowing whether or not Methodism has exerted a permanent influence for good upon the northern Churches. As to this there is no hesitancy or wavering in Mr. Butler's testimony—prominence is given to the abiding effect of Wesley's personal character and stimulating example.

John Wesley produced a remarkable change in the religious life of the country, and so permeated all the Churches with his zeal that his influence may be said to pulsate through them still. . . . It is only historically true to say that much of the religious fervour, belief, catholicity, and enthusiasm of humanity have come from John Wesley and the religious movement he created and inspired. The Churches are all rich with his memory, but richer with his inspiring and quickening example ; thousands have seen in him a faith which years could not dim, nor opposition lessen. He is a splendid, dauntless figure, full of inspiration to all who love and admire devotion. . . . Wesley influenced every subsequent generation by deeply and permeatively influencing his own ; his influence spread by contagion, and was continued by the succession of spiritual character ; his movement was purely religious, and any explanation attributing it to personal ambition is not for a moment to be considered. Nor is his influence at an end. The weary ages will turn to him for impulse and inspiration, for he was one of God's greatest gifts to the world. As an undaunted preacher of the eternal love and righteousness ; as one who set aside comfort, ease, and worldly preferment, that he might convince the country that it had a soul to be filled with the life of God ; as a prophet, reformer, inspirer, who dared all things for his Master, and faced the perils of land and sea, as well as undeserved calumny, that he might be true to the heavenly vision ; as, withal, a great leader and ruler of men, yet possessed with the gentleness and docility of a little child ; as a spiritual splendour, who brought heaven near this earth,—Wesley is unique, and his spirit speaks to thousands beyond his own communion, who thank God for him, and feel strengthened by the God-like force that spoke through him, and radiates from his memory still.

Another of the distinguishing results of Wesley's work is

the marked effect of his teaching upon the Church's doctrinal beliefs. The change was a gradual one. He preached no new truths, but his setting forth of old ones at first encountered fierce opposition. The strength of this opposition, however, slowly abated, and to-day the truths proclaimed by Wesley and his companions meet with a widespread acceptance.

His teaching was founded more on the Fatherhood than the sovereignty of God; more on the paternal than the mere governmental relation of God to all men. He was, in the days of "particular election" and "limited atonement" and "unalterable decrees" an apostle of the Fatherhood, a preacher of God's love to all men, and of Christ's death as an atonement for all men. The Fatherhood of God was the ground of Wesley's teaching and the strength of Wesley's life, and it was to him "no mere amiability, but an equivalent for righteousness." Last century he was "a voice crying in the wilderness," but his voice was the prophecy of the larger love and wider catholicity that characterise the teaching of to-day. In this sense Wesley was again a pioneer in Scotland.

Both John and Charles Wesley exerted their best powers in combating the prevalent Calvinism. To the end of their days they proclaimed the "all-redeeming Lord." That their teaching was effective in bringing about a great change in the public sentiment on these subtle questions cannot be doubted. The works on speculative and practical theology published during the latter half of this century, the present style of public address, the character of the hymns now in common use, all testify to the depth and reality of that change.

Wesley's influence upon the practical work of the Church is no less permanent, and grateful acknowledgment of it is made by Mr. Butler :

It led to the awakening of the Church to its duty as a national Church; it found afterwards its most eloquent exponent in Chalmers and his great scheme for Church extension; it led to the quickening of spiritual life over the country. The movement has been nobly sustained by great and earnest workers in

all the Scottish Churches ; it has risen from zero to blood heat ; but who can measure John Wesley's impulse, or the influence he has exerted in organising a great communion which has deeply affected the religious tone of the English-speaking people.

And again :

John Wesley's influence within the Church in inspiring home mission and foreign mission movements cannot be gainsaid. The development of guilds connected with all the Churches, and within the Churches, is an acceptance of John Wesley's original idea of his Societies. It is the derided ideal of one century becoming the accepted one for the next, and the great guild system connected with the Scottish Church is the assimilation of John Wesley's ideal in forming his Societies for the purpose of organising and stimulating the work of the Church. John Wesley anticipated by nearly a century Church expansion in Scotland as well as England, and development has been on his lines.

Thus Mr. Butler traces the beneficent influence exerted by the Oxford Methodists on Scottish Church life, as Canon Spence, in another work,* has traced with so much precision their influence upon the Church of England. Mr. Butler's admiration for the principal figures in the group of Evangelical workers is very great. He pays to them his utmost tribute, and is not slow to acknowledge Scotland's indebtedness to them. While honouring the leaders of the movement, he is not unmindful of their successors. It is gratifying to find that the faithful endeavours of following generations of Methodists to perpetuate the work so well begun, are not only recognised, but are shown to have been abundantly successful. Wesley's work has been maintained within the Methodist Churches from Wesley's time to our own ; and Mr. Butler is not slow to perceive in the Methodism of to-day a faithful embodiment of the spirit of its founder.

* *The Church of England: A History for the People* (vol. iv., chaps. lxxi.-iii.). By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

Both Wesley and they who bear his honoured name in Scotland have wielded a quiet, unobtrusive, but earnest testimony for personal religion and piety in Scotland. They have been witnesses against a religion of opinion and for a deep spiritual Christianity; they have influenced Scottish religion for over a century by living centres of spiritual light and life—by existing for the advancement of purely spiritual aims and purposes. . . . The living Wesley has entered all the Churches through the lovely hymns he and his brother wrote—through the lovely hymns which his movement inspired far and wide. If theology shut the door against him, Scottish piety opened its door to him; and every time Scottish congregations sing his hymns, they are admitting the Wesleyan influence, and are finding (perhaps unconsciously) an impulse and a warmth given to aspiration towards God. Those who could not say "Amen" to his theology have glowed with his piety, and the Wesleys have received thereby a new reign, which is broadening and not lessening.

It is pleasing to refer to a topic on which a not unbecoming emphasis is laid—the reaction of Scottish Church life on Methodism, the repayment of a debt due from one sister Church to another. But space forbids more than this allusion.

A fitting close to this review is found in the following reference to a scene of historic interest :

The centenary of Wesley's death on March 2, 1791, was observed by a service in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, in which prominent clergymen of all Churches took part, and at which representatives were officially present from the Senate of the University of Edinburgh and the municipality of Edinburgh. The great cathedral was crowded to overflowing, and all classes did honour to the memory of the great and good man. The Scotland of the eighteenth century always gave John Wesley a courteous and respectful reception; the Scotland of the nineteenth honoured him by the presence of her distinguished sons in her great cathedral, and by prominent representatives of all the Churches presiding at what may be called the National Thanksgiving for his beautiful life and his unique work. In doing so Scotland duly and worthily recognised the venerable

64 *The Influence of Methodism on Scotland.*

apostle, who walked with God, and now rests in the rest of God.

Thus a clear and frank testimony is borne to the value and permanence of the "influence of the Oxford Methodists on Scottish religion," a testimony given with much cordiality, and without a single word of depreciation.

A warm welcome is given to this graceful tribute from the quiet study in the manse of the ancient parish of Abernethy; and the hope is expressed, and most fervently cherished, that the volume will find its way, as it so well deserves, into many a Methodist home south of the Border.

RICHARD GREEN.

RICHARD CADBURY.

DR. SWIFT'S once pertinent saying, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together," has lost something of its actuality since ground rents have outdistanced farm crops in value. Our national prosperity is to-day in the hands of the manufacturer, to make or to mar, rather than in those of the farmer. The artisan has replaced the agricultural labourer—has, indeed, in the course of the exodus of population from the country to the town, absorbed him. To-day the great problem is not the source of food supplies, not the bringing forth of corn and grass, but the growth of a happy breed of men—lusty, intelligent, moral Englishmen. And it was just because Richard Cadbury, foremost among the captains of industry of his day, realised that it was a far nobler and more patriotic thing to make men than to make money that he won so large a measure of popular admiration in his lifetime, and has since been mourned with such genuine sorrow. Without any well-defined sense of the real nature and extent of their communal obligation to this amiable, self-denying, unobtrusive Quaker, men have spoken of him, gratefully and even affectionately, as one of the truest philanthropists that ever sought to allay the sufferings and promote the happiness of humanity.

Social revolutions transact themselves without attendant cataclysms. A simple-minded man, intent upon a great purpose, pursuing it in season and out of season, may accomplish so much as is marvellous in the eyes of a self-centred world. In an age which wastes itself upon divided interests, touching many things but, alas, adorning

few, the man of one idea has his opportunity, and, if the idea be worthy, his triumph. It was the profound conviction of Richard Cadbury, one of the founders of a world-famed business, that, in providing the conditions of life which produce healthy and happy men, he was rendering the greatest service that any loyal citizen can offer to the State. It may be justly claimed for him that he was among the discoverers of our impregnable defence against foreign competition. A race of sober, instructed, moral workmen alone can uphold our commercial supremacy.

As Dr. Johnson said of Bishop Wilson, to think on Richard Cadbury with veneration is only to agree with the whole Christian world. Our special purpose here is to discuss (if not to reveal) him as an apostle of practical socialism. The genius of this essentially simple-minded man was nothing more than an infinite capacity for taking pains. There is, we know, authority for the assertion that this, in truth, is the very gift of the gods. However that may be, it was certainly this tenacity of purpose, limitless patience, and unwearying plodding which, glorified by the radiant geniality that captured even the least impressive nature, distinguished the senior partner in the firm of Cadbury Brothers, so honourably known for the ideal conditions of employment obtaining in the world's model factory at Bournville, Worcestershire. Only when his death in Jerusalem touched the public imagination did civilisation gain as much as a remote impression of the measure of its indebtedness to this man of the century, who though so much *in* the world was so little *of* it that he was utterly unconscious of the sweet uses of self-advertisement.

Richard Cadbury was a Christian Socialist. His socialism was of the most practical sort. He was possessed, body and soul, by a noble aspiration to benefit his fellow men here and now. He laboured restlessly in the cause of humanity whilst it was yet day with him, instinctively anticipating the approach of the night in which none can work. A man of few words and great deeds, life was too real, too earnest, in his view for windy argument concerning

the means of social salvation. He would find a way of helping his fellows and take it. The orthodox Socialist may say that it is as difficult even for the most benevolent employer to enter the new heaven of industrial communism as for the camel to go through the eye of a needle. Over the portals of the world's beautified workshop of the future will be written "NO CAPITALIST ENTERS HERE!" But heresy was always the badge of sincerity, and Richard Cadbury must be allowed by every unprejudiced disciple of Marx to have "gone one better" in the direction of practical socialism.

If to be a Socialist in the generally accepted sense is to elaborate, or endorse, an economic theory, or set of theories—to lay line upon line and precept upon precept for the edification and direction of others less gifted in the science of logical reasoning and slower in the output of ideas, then it must be admitted that Richard Cadbury cannot, by any stretch of imagination or elasticity of terms, be brought within this category. On the other hand, if Christian Socialism, rightly understood, is an endeavour to translate into every-day life and immediate personal duty the gospel of goodwill among men, and to apply the inspired morality of the Sermon on the Mount to the conditions and necessities of our nineteenth century civilisation, then Richard Cadbury was its foremost adherent and exponent. He was a pioneer—the captain of a picked band of volunteers for the social army, whose equipment and maintenance were together a first charge upon his private purse.

Much has been said, in print and in private, of the philanthropy of Richard Cadbury and his exalted sense of the responsibilities of riches. In any more deliberate appreciation of the career of a man of singular simplicity of character and nobility of purpose adequate notice must be taken of the considerable personal contribution which he made to the solution of the social problem and the amelioration of the conditions of labour. The political economist, with his fixed laws and still more rigid opinions, may rule benevolence out of the scheme of perfected industrialism.

It may be "flat blasphemy" to say so, but there never yet was theorist who did a fraction of what Richard Cadbury accomplished in making the application of altruistic motives to the relations existing between masters and men possible at a time when Labour and Capital generally were engaged in ominous organisation of their respective forces.

Richard Cadbury's socialism began at home. In these democratic days we are not unaccustomed to model factories, and the philanthropic employer, happily, is no stranger to us. It says something for the superiority of commercial sense in this generation that many employers have realised the materialist wisdom, the intelligent self-interest, of fair treatment of their workmen. But at "Bournville: A Worcestershire Eden," as a capitalist organ has described it, Cadbury Brothers have carried their advanced notions to a point at which, it is safe to say, they enjoy what is literally a splendid isolation. A standard work on *Cocoa: All About It*, in a chapter on the manufacture of cocoa and chocolate, has these interesting observations: "The workpeople, both male and female, are well satisfied with the manner in which they are treated, and we were gratified to be assured more than once how fortunate it was deemed to be employed at Bournville. . . . If all manufacturers would make the interests and happiness of their employees a part of their business, it would add to their prosperity and do something to solve the important problem of labour by cementing the friendship of masters and workpeople." This, assuredly, is one of those instances in which the sober language of a commercial expert is more impressive even than extravagant eulogy.

The huge dining hall, with eleven wide entrances and exits; an exceedingly moderate tariff for generous fare; a girls' playground, and the garden that they love, with many open spaces and the seclusion of "The Sylvan Arbour"—these are features of the Bournville menage which arrest the attention of the ordinary visitor and leave the pleasantest impression. For the observant sociological student there are characteristics even more significant in their expression of the animating motive of an employment scheme which

halts at no half-way-house of profit-earning prudence, but pushes on to the goal of a sincere generosity, completing itself in liberal consistency down to the minutest detail. In the dining room of the principals precisely the same food is served as is obtainable by the workmen and the girls. The tariff merely returns the prime cost of the comestibles as purchased in the best markets. The average working hours are less than seven per day, whereas the rate of pay ranges from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per week higher than at any other cocoa factory in the world, or any other occupation for women in the Midlands. What wonder that in all the country round to be "on the list at Cadbury's" is counted a great stroke of fortune for the envied work-girl !

From the sanitarian's point of view the works are above reproach. The ventilation of the vast premises is simply perfect. A trained nurse is employed by the firm. Every morning this lady receives, in her cheerful "surgery," a list of the sick girls, of whom she makes a professional round in the course of the day. Healthy servants and physical fitness of the workers are among the secrets of the success of great commercial undertakings, and so these far-seeing practical socialists shut their works for a fortnight each year, the holiday being attended by no loss of earnings among the girls. Half their number sojourn at the seaside during the summer solstice, their stay extending from a few days to the whole fortnight. In the vicinity of the works a further extension of paternal care is seen in the homes for orphaned female employees and those girls whose parents live too far away from Bournville to permit of a daily journey to and fro. That was, indeed, a happy thought which likened Cadbury Brothers to the Brothers Cheeryble, those charming creations that formed such a happy foil to the Gradgrind order, and ranged a great company of readers of Dickens on the side of the benevolent employer !

Sixty acres of land are covered with the trunk and limbs of this ideal industry at Bournville. But the beneficent sway of the firm extends over some 140 acres more. The

Bournville estate has been laid out with the expressly defined object of "making it easy for working men to own houses with large gardens, secure from the danger of being spoilt either by the building of factories or by interference with the enjoyment of sun, light, and air." These conditions are secured in perpetuity by legal exactions which are firmly insisted upon, and, to make assurance doubly sure, the owners have themselves given a seven-acre plot for an estate recreation ground, some smaller pieces as playgrounds for the children, and sites for schools, baths, and an institute, the control of which will be vested in a committee selected by the tenants from among their own number. Here, indubitably, we have the very essentials of practical socialism. Upon George Cadbury, the surviving partner of the firm, the chief burden of the administration of this far-reaching scheme has fallen.

"Infinite is the help which man can yield to man," and it never occurred to Richard Cadbury that his whole duty as a citizen had been performed when, in co-operation with his brother, he had idealised industrial conditions at Bournville. His public work as a philanthropist was, indeed, the efflorescence of the large-souled principles that he had applied to his responsibilities as an employer. When we attain the right perspective, enabling us to see the benevolence of this friend of humanity steadily, and see it whole, we shall inevitably be impressed with the increasing purpose which ran through it from the day that he embarked upon the unique work of the Adult First Day School and realised that for him, as an individual, with yearly increasing ability to take a deep personal interest in the fascinating problem of "the condition of the people," there was one subject of supreme importance, absorbing and compelling his devoted attention. Reviewed from the standpoint of to-day, there is a symmetry and a natural progress in the structure of his social scheme that at least permits of the inference that his splendid personal gifts to the people were the outcome of a settled purpose and a well-deliberated plan. They were commenced, thirty years ago, with the provision of a crèche

when such institutions were few and far between in this country. The truly magnificent series of endowments will, ere this REVIEW appears, have been posthumously completed with the opening of almshouses for aged thrifty couples, the widow, and the widower. There was not a section of the working population for whose welfare he had failed to exert himself. Each and all were considered in his benevolences.

Only the most rapid survey of his matured schemes of practical socialism is here possible, but this will suffice to indicate clearly the high motive and the single steadfast purpose of a precious contribution to the social regeneration of England. One striking characteristic distinguishes them all alike. Every detail had been studied, every conceivable necessity met, by their thoughtful author. In his bequests he made provision for their continuance. For years to come they will express his noble aspiration to bless and help his fellow men, just as to-day they present themselves to us as the embodiment of the desire of his heart and his unquenchable hope for humanity.

Thirty years ago, as has been said, he founded a crèche in the midst of a crowded industrial population. Ten years later, on the selfsame premises, he started that branch of the famous pioneer Severn Street Adult Early Morning School which, under his fostering care, grew into a great social organisation of untold influence. Richard Cadbury's "class," from the two or three whom he first gathered together at the crèche, had multiplied manifold, until at the day of his death it numbered, in actual membership, 1,750. It would be idle to suggest that, when he undertook to teach the handful of illiterate men at Upper Highgate their pothooks and hangers, there was the least expectation on his part of this marvellous growth of the work in his ministering hands. But it is mere matter-of-fact history that each gratifying manifestation of its progress found him eager and ready to extend its operations and increase its usefulness. Finally, when the Upper Highgate Mission Hall that he had built as a centre of social work had

become altogether inadequate for its purposes, and all the ramifications of a movement as broadly based as its presiding genius was broad-minded needed elbow-room, he resolved upon that magnificent concrete example of practical socialism, the larger Toynbee Hall of Birmingham, the splendid fabric which will carry into the new century the worthiest monument of the wise and wonderful work to which Richard Cadbury set his hand in a spirit of consecration.

Great movements, like colossal commercial undertakings, cannot be brought to a successful issue without the momentum of unceasing diligence and perennial interest. Richard Cadbury carried into his social work the habits which distinguished him in his business life. He was the very personification of punctuality, and his personal exertions as an employer put the slothful servant to open shame. So with the early morning meeting which was the humble beginning of the Friends' Institute on which he latterly lavished some fifty thousand pounds in all. His "class" assembled at 7 a.m. Uffculme lay a mile and a half away, on the borders of the green country. Leaving his coachman to enjoy the day of rest—for he never disturbed the sanctity of the Sabbath by any needless employment of labour—the "teacher" was invariably in his place when the clocks chimed the hour, no matter whether it rained or snowed, year in year out.

Practical socialism cultivates no cloistered virtues. It aims, first of all, at the realisation of the old, sane Greek ideal of life—a sound mind in a healthy body. The Bournville benefactor was a liberal supporter of pure athletics. One of the finer features of the Friends' Institute is a glorified gymnasium—by far the best-arranged and amplest-equipped "gym." in the city. The choicest material and the most skilled workmanship alone satisfied the founder of an institution which was designed for the production of a higher type of citizenship. When it has created a strong antipathy to slum life, and a love of whatsoever is beautiful and right, it will have realised the purpose which possessed Richard Cadbury as he resolved upon its erection.

Whilst politicians debated the form which the State-provision for old age should assume, and statesmen hesitated to grapple with a question bristling with difficulties, there was at least one philanthropist who had determined for himself how best he could assist in solving the problem and promptly set about his solution. On the Bournville estate, well outside the thriving town, Mr. Cadbury caused to be erected thirty two-roomed houses, with their accompanying offices, for the accommodation of thirty single persons or couples. All residents are to be above the age of sixty years, and "they must possess an assured minimum income of (single persons) 5s. or (couples) 7s. 6d. per week, and not exceeding (single persons) fifty pounds or (couples) sixty pounds per annum." Beside the pleasant dwelling, fire, light, medical attendance and medicine are to be free. An endowment is provided by neighbouring houses, let at rents from eighteen pounds to twenty-seven pounds per annum.

We may not agree that this is the direction in which the State should proceed when it actually deals with the aged poor. It is quite possible that Richard Cadbury has not materially helped the powers that be to legislative triumphs. Yet there is something more than a mere coincidence in the fact that the first of the two propositions which the Old-Age Pensions Committee (now sitting) adopted as their starting-point is based on the proof-of-thrift principle that approved itself to the builder of the Bournville almshouses. But what is irresistible in its justification of the scheme and vindication of its practicality is the intense satisfaction of the inmates of the almshouses with their present lot in life, *their* complete conviction that the problem *has* been solved, and their overflowing gratitude to the gracious founder. On every hand they have the most engaging proofs of his loving regard for the frailties of an old age to which it was fated that he himself should never attain. All the houses are self-contained and have but one floor. There are no steps to vex limbs that are not so very lithe at three-score years. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. No draughts may chill and cause the feared rheumatic twinge. Within the

bedroom is a deep recess in which the bed itself is placed. From the bold fire-place in the sitting-room the heat radiates to the remotest corner. The front door opens into a hall, whence, at right angles, through another door, access is obtained to the common room. By this simple arrangement that *bête noir* of old age, "the draught," is effectually shut out. In the rear of the living rooms are the usual offices. They are all under cover. Every one can be reached without leaving shelter. The houses are arranged in the form of a parallelogram and so converge on an open space, in the centre of which is a cluster of seats. Here, in the halcyon days of spring and summer, and, perchance, a genial autumn, the happy inmates may bask in the warm sunshine, sheltered from all the winds that blow. Could minute consideration for the weaknesses, the wants, the fads and foibles, of others farther go than this generous anticipation of every reasonable creature need?

Here, then, without further enumeration of illustrative instances, we have the peculiar virtue, the special value, of the contribution of this apostle of practical socialism to the alleviation of the miseries of our social state. Richard Cadbury stood for the minimum wage, for shorter hours of labour, for sanitary workshops, for employers' liability, for old age pensions. He would have heartily joined his brother, George Cadbury, in the conspicuous support lately given by the employer of thousands to the principle of arbitration in labour disputes. But he made a liberal contribution to the fund which sustained the Midland colliers in their prolonged struggle for a living wage, believing that they had battled valiantly for what was a vital principle in all cases of dangerous employments. An important link in the chain of his personal endeavours to bring about a reformation in the habits of the people was his long series of munificent contributions to the support of the Temperance cause. He erected the Temperance Institute, established and almost exclusively supported a Gospel Temperance Mission, and was for ever aiding some movement for the reclamation of victims of the social evils to which, as a Justice of the Peace,

an employer, and a sociologist, he traced the tragedies of life. He did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame. His left hand seldom knew what his right hand was doing. In the discharge of the high stewardship of wealth to which he held himself called for some good purpose by the Infinite Wisdom which directs the world, noble impulses recurred as often as the means to do good deeds made good deeds done. And it has been our privilege to prove, with irresistible testimony, that in the devotion of a beautifully selfless nature to the educational, social, moral and spiritual elevation of the workmen of his own city, Richard Cadbury led the way in the application of Christian Socialism to the peculiar needs that press for satisfaction upon the State to-day. The wise liberality, intensely practical philanthropy, and almost boundless sympathy we fully recognise in the social schemes which keep his memory green, and proclaim Richard Cadbury a leader and a prophet, a man among a million.

A reverent multitude of all sorts and conditions of men and women stood bareheaded beside the plain earthen grave to which the remains of one who loved his fellow men were about to be committed. There was a lull in the storm of hail and rain that had beat pitilessly upon the ten thousand mourners. The fitful gleams of the April sun broke through the dark mass of clouds overhead, and a lark rose, winging its flight heavenward. In its song of hope and exaltation that saddened concourse heard an echo of the gladdening faith of "this our brother departed." Eloquent tribute has been borne to the radiant personality of this Christian capitalist, to the sanctity with which he regarded his social trust, and the broad-minded generosity which characterised thought, and act, and deed. But the eulogy Richard Cadbury would have prized most of all was uttered by the unlettered men whose benefactor he was and whose benediction was in the spirit of the Psalmist: "Blessed is he who considereth the poor." Richard Cadbury consecrated his public career to the service of humanity. Life is the more worthy to be lived since such a guileless, generous

soul followed in the footsteps of Jesus of Nazareth, with simple, reverent emulation of the Founder of the Faith. In the fullest sense of the term, he was an inspired apostle of practical socialism, sedulously seeking the highest and best uses of wealth, striving to arrive at the wisest and surest means of benefiting his fellows, content if he could leave the world a little better than he found it.

Ah! 'tis but little that the best
Frail children of a fleeting hour
Can leave of perfect fruit or flower.

HUGH W. STRONG.

THE PRESENT POPE AND THE FUTURE CONCLAVE.

Il Papa Futurò. Per un CATTOLICO ITALIANO. (Turin :
Roux, Frassati & Co. 1898.)

LEO XIII. possesses a strong and influential personality. Within that slender and delicate frame, attenuated now almost to vanishing, there dwells a singularly imperious and tenacious soul. In coming to his decisions he is often slow and hesitating. He has not the swift calculation which appraises at a glance the elements of a complex situation, nor the courageous self-confidence which passes without pause from opinion to action. There have been critical periods in his life when he has wavered long and painfully between opposite alternatives—notably with regard to the Italian question in the early years of his pontificate. Yet out of this cautious incubation there does emerge a policy ; the beam of his judgment may oscillate long as he puts weight after weight now into this scale and now into that, but it does tilt definitely in the end. And on the policy that thus at last commends itself to his judgment he never goes back. Profoundly religious in his habits of thought, and sincerely convinced of his own supernatural prerogatives as head of the Church, he probably believes that in this slow and careful maturing of his decisions he is the subject of divine illumination. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that his decisions once formed are henceforth taken up into a temperament naturally tenacious of purpose, impatient of contradiction, and powerful to dominate its own environment.

These qualities were, in fact, displayed from the very beginning of his career as a magnate of the Church. He

was but twenty-eight years old when Gregory XVI. sent him, then simple Monsignore Joachim Pecci, to govern as delegate the province of Benevento. The whole district was in a frightful state of disorder. Law and government were set at defiance alike by the brigands who swarmed over the open country, and by the powerful barons who enriched themselves by raiding for contraband under the very eyes of the impotent frontier guards. The youth of the new delegate, his priestly training, his feeble health—for he was just recovering from an illness which had brought him to the gates of death—provoked the mockery of the high-handed marauders. But Pope Gregory had not mistaken his man. The thin white hand of the young ascetic was found to have a grip stronger than all the brute force that rioted throughout the province. The brigand chiefs were clutched, paraded in chains through the streets of Benevento, and then implacably hanged. The retainers of the barons were routed, their illicit traffic intercepted, their very strongholds perquisitioned. One of them, a marquis, came raging into the presence of the delegate to complain of this last ignominy. Monsignore Pecci calmly reminded him that the laws were made for great and small alike. "Then," broke out the furious noble, "I start at once for Rome and do not return until I have obtained the recall of the delegate of Benevento." "The delegate of Benevento," replied coldly the pale priest with a flash from his wonderful eyes, "puts no hindrance in the way of your journey; but he reminds you, Signor Marquis, that before reaching the Vatican you will have to pass the gates of Castel St. Angelo!" It is needless to say that the journey was never undertaken.

The lapse of half a century has not abated the force of that cautious and quiet but masterful character. Many stories leak out from the Vatican which reveal how autocratic, even in that court of princes, is the personal will of Leo XIII. The rapid advancement of his present Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, over the heads of older men with a more illustrious past, is an instance in point. The weightiest counsellors of the Curia have learned to be silent

in the presence of the pontiff on the questions on which they cannot agree with him. No man in the Sacred College, after the Secretary of State, stands more in view than the Cardinal-vicar Parocchi ; no foreign cardinal in rank and connexions can vie with the Prince Hohenlohe, brother of the German Chancellor. Yet to Cardinal Parocchi for three months Leo XIII. refused audience, simply because it had been told him that the Cardinal in conversation had presumed to criticise one of his decisions. And the German Cardinal-prince was actually relegated to his Umbrian villa for having so far deviated from the Papal policy towards Italy as to have accepted an invitation to dine with Crispi at the table of Baron Blanc, the then Minister for Foreign Affairs.

In these qualities of character Leo XIII. presents a striking contrast to his predecessor, Pius IX. Pius IX. was as rash in forming his judgments and decisions as Leo XIII. is slow and deliberate. Those of the former were not so much the matured fruit of reason, as the hasty impulses of the sentiment of the moment, vindictive or generous as the case might be. Hence Pius IX. was rather dominated by men and circumstances, than himself the moulder of the one or the other. Leo XIII. would not retain in office for a day the minister, who, however consulted and listened to while a question was under debate, did not in the end succumb to and carry out the policy of his master. Pius IX., on the contrary, in the latter years of his reign at least, was in constant attrition with the great secretary whose name is identified with the policy of his pontificate, yet never ventured to depose him from office. The self-assertion of the pontiff would often find vent in fitful ebullitions which made sad havoc of the minister's fine-spun webs ; but in spite of all, up to his death Cardinal Antonelli retained in his hands the reins of power.

We note this contrast in the personal character of the two popes chiefly for the reason that in it is to be found, in great measure, the key to the immense difference between the condition in which the Papacy was left on the death of

80 *The Present Pope and the Future Conclave.*

Pius IX., and that in which Leo XIII. will leave it to his successor.

The state of the Papal government when death removed the tiara from the head of Pius IX., may be best summed up by saying that it was absolutely without a policy. For protest is not policy ; yet during the eight years that intervened between the fall of the temporal power in 1870 and the decease of Pius IX. in 1878, the attitude of that pontiff and of his advisers to the politics of the time found its sole expression in the phrase *non possumus*. It must be admitted that this was in part due to the events which had made the history of the last quarter of a century. An old world and its order had passed away, with which the Papal policy up to that time had been bound up. Outside Italy an empire had ceded its place to a republic, and democratic institutions were rapidly transforming the old absolutisms. Within Italy the change had been still more sudden and complete. One united kingdom of the newest and most liberal type of constitutionalism had succeeded, like some transformation scene in a play, to a dozen despotisms of Austrian and Bourbon. And, last of all, the Papacy itself had been stripped of its temporal dominion, and the new Italy had established throne and parliament in the very city from which till now the supreme pontiff had ruled the Catholic world. Both as cause and effect of these stupendous changes a new order in the relations between Church and State was rapidly asserting itself, even in countries which still avowed fealty to the Papal See. Throughout this history the Papal policy had made common cause with all that had been swept away, with monarchy as against republicanism, with absolutism as against democracy, with Austrian and Bourbon, and of course with the pope-king as against the new Italy, with the old order as against the new in Church and State.

Probably, however big the brain that had throbbed beneath the Papal tiara, the task of immediately giving birth to a new policy adapted to the new world and the new order would have been beyond its powers. Certainly Pius IX.

was not the Jove from whom such a prodigy of wisdom could spring. Perhaps Cardinal Antonelli, who was nine-tenths opportunist politician and only one-tenth, if so much as that, ecclesiastic, might, if he had had a free hand, have gradually evolved a new *modus vivendi*. But to Pius IX. any *modus vivendi* with the new order was a conception at once impossible and odious. The memories of his experiences as a liberal pope in the beginning of his pontificate had burnt themselves into his soul. Since his return from Gaeta, in 1850, he had passionately allied himself, and with himself the Papacy, with the cause of reaction all over the peninsula, nay indeed throughout Europe. In the universal *débâcle* in which that cause was now breaking up, the only policy he knew of or believed right or possible for the Church of which he was the head had also gone to pieces. But neither Pius IX. nor the cardinals of his own creation and school, who formed the majority in the Curia, could persuade themselves that that policy was so shattered that all the king's horses and men could never again piece it together. Hence every idea of replacing it with a new policy was rejected with pious horror. Any hesitating attempt on the part of the more far-seeing Secretary of State was treated as faithless truckling to the foe, and thwarted by the intemperances of the Pope and his intransigents. That confidence in foreign, or divine, intervention which had led Pius IX. to say, the day before the breach of Porta Pia: "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but the Italian troops will never enter Rome," inspired to the last his utterances and his actions. Neither he nor his party could believe that the Catholic powers would definitely adjust themselves to the deeds and principles of the new revolution, either in Italy or in their own States. As year passed after year, and neither Austria, nor France, nor any other State made any sign, Pius IX. lost, not indeed his faith, but his temper. One by one he quarrelled with all these supine and recreant sons of the Church. His official encyclicals and speeches took a tone of angry and querulous complaint. Privately he would ever and anon break out

82 *The Present Pope and the Future Conclave.*

into ebullient utterances which gave deep offence. In this condition of things, in this no-policy of mere recrimination and protest, the long pontificate of Pius IX. came to a close.

What was needed then above all things in the new pope was a man, capable, in intellect and character, of evolving for the Papacy a new policy. The Catholic Church had to live, under protest or willingly, in the new European order ; and it was imperative that some *modus vivendi* should be found. Nay, the question was not one of co-existence merely. In the politics of the old order of things the Papacy had been a primary factor ; what was needed was such an adjustment of relations as that it should become again a primary factor in the new. It was not only a *modus vivendi* but a *modus regendi* that had to be sought. To this end it was necessary that the new pope should be a statesman with vision of the times and something of the breadth and flexibility of the opportunist, and withal one who had been living outside the narrow *enceinte* of the Roman Curia, and was not iron-clamped to the past by Pius IX.'s monotonous *non possumus*.

It is remarkable how widely this was felt, at once in the civil and the ecclesiastical world. Even among the cardinals resident in Rome, the *Curia*, as they are collectively called, there was an active and influential minority, resolute in its determination to secure the succession to a pontiff of this stamp. The large majority, it is true, was composed of Pius IX.'s intransigents, and these held stiffly that what the times called for was not a "politician" but a "saint," meaning thereby a fanatic who, believing in the divine right of the old order, should continue to expect and invoke its return by divine intervention. A name even was mentioned, that of the Cardinal-monk Martinelli. But the more worldly-wise minority sniffed at the idea. "Let Martinelli pray for us," exclaimed their leader, Cardinal Bartolini, "if he is the saint you say he is. What the Church wants to-day is not another Pope Celestine V., but a strong and energetic statesman." And with these partisans of change in the Curia, who more than made up in weight and activity

for any defect in number, the whole body of the foreign cardinals concurred to a man. These numbered twenty-five, of whom twenty-two reached Rome in time for the Conclave, a proportion unprecedented in any election since the return of the popes from Avignon. They brought with them the opinion and the weight of the States they represented, and all of them threw their influence into the scale that propended for a pope with understanding of the times. Most of the governments, moreover, backed up the voice of their cardinals with counsels in the same sense, expressly communicated to Papal nuncios at their own courts, or to their ambassadors in Rome.

Such was the crisis of the Papal Church to meet which Cardinal Joachim Pecci came forth from the Conclave of 1878 as Pope Leo XIII. He was believed to be pre-eminently the man for the hour. His election was a charge more or less clearly understood, by himself, by his electors, by the civil and ecclesiastical world, to evolve for the Catholic Church a policy in harmony with the new times. No other cardinal of the sixty-one who entered the Conclave presented in an equal degree the combination of qualities and of antecedents which were pre-judged as necessary for the task. He had been a successful diplomat; as bishop of Perugia he had been brought into close contact with the Italian revolution in acutest crises both of war and negotiation, and his reputation had gained rather than lost with both parties; he had singularly modernised the institutions of his diocese; he had been kept and had kept himself aloof from the Curia in the intemperate and futile recriminations of the last eight years; he was a Churchman from his youth, yet well-equipped with the culture of the times, and in character he was believed to combine remarkably the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*. It thus came to pass that he entered the Conclave with a nomination which made his election almost a foregone conclusion. Even the secular press of Europe canvassed for him, and that not without complicity of his partisans in the Sacred College itself. In a certain cabinet of the office of the Roman

84 *The Present Pope and the Future Conclave.*

Fanfulla a clique of journalists met daily to concoct correspondences which brought the name of Cardinal Pecci into vogue in London and Manchester, in Berlin and Munich, in Paris and Vienna. "Here we are making the pope," Gallenga of the *Times* used to say jestingly to his companions, between the puffs of their cigars. It has been acutely observed that thus in the Conclave of Leo XIII. there was a return—under modern forms—to those early times when the people also had their vote in the election of the pope. No wonder that after such a consensus of opinion in the Catholic world, it should have needed but three "scrutinies" of the Conclave to give to Joachim Pecci such a majority as to lead good old Cardinal Ferrieri to exclaim—"This is not an election but a divine inspiration."

Save in the one most important respect of his relations with the new Italy, Pope Leo XIII. has more than fulfilled the expectation under which he was elected. Pre-eminently and beyond dispute he has given a policy to the Catholic Church, and that policy one of adjustment to the times. Before considering in detail in what it consists, let us pause a moment on the fact of its existence and acceptance. Pius IX. left no policy to be transmitted to his successor. Leo XIII. will hand one over to his, assured against any contingency of change. To the policy he has evolved he has also secured continuity. There may be uncertainty as to the person on whom the votes of the coming Conclave will converge; there is none as to the tradition of government which will devolve to him in heritage. There may be a more or less of insistence on particular lines still left to his personal character or temperament, but no change of person will affect the general direction which the present pope has given to the mighty institution over which he presides.

The unexpected protraction of the pontificate of Leo XIII. has given time for his strong and masterful character to work out this result. The organisation of the Roman Catholic Church, by which, now more than ever, all authority and office, from the Secretary of State to the meanest country priest, emanate from its absolute and

solitary head, places an enormous influence at the disposition of a long-lived pontiff. Thus Leo XIII. has, since his accession, all but entirely renewed the Sacred College. Of the cardinals he found in it on his accession only five are left, and three of these are tottering on the verge of the grave. The remainder, forty-four in number at this time of writing, are all of his own creation, and, at least since the appointment of Cardinal Rampolla to the Secretaryship of State, have all had, among their other titles to election, that avowed sympathy with the views and intentions according to which the ship of St. Peter is being at present steered. It is said, moreover, that the nine new ones whose names are already published for creation at the next Consistory are without exception personal friends of the Cardinal-secretary's and so assured as so many certain pillars of the same policy. Further, in filling up the episcopal sees as they fall vacant, especially in Italy, the coveted prize has now for a long time been conferred on ecclesiastics, preferably yet in the vigour of life, who have given proof that they understand the needs of the Church and the times according to the new spirit of interpretation. And through the bishops it is evident that the same spirit must broaden down to the base of the pyramid, in the training of candidates for the priesthood in the seminaries, and in the selection from these of the new incumbents to whom the cure of souls is entrusted in the parishes.

The effect on the continuity of the new policy through the next Conclave and for an incalculable time beyond, of this circulation through all the body ecclesiastic of the influence beating out from so clear a central intelligence; and so vigorous a central will as those of Leo XIII., need not be further dilated upon. When Pius IX. died, the whole Catholic world, outside his own "intransigents" of the Curia, exclaimed, "Let the mantle of the prophet fall on whom it may, but both the matter and style of the prophesying must be changed." When the time shall come for Leo XIII. to resign to a successor, the one sentiment, as well within the Curia as without, will

be, "Who the new prophet may be is of little consequence, so the matter and style of the prophesying remain the same." In the Conclave of 1878 the twenty-three cardinals who represented cosmopolitan Papacy, with their States at their back, gave a compact vote for the reversal of things as they were. In the approaching Conclave—we fix no date—the twenty-five or so who will bring to it the voice and influence of the world beyond Rome, will record their vote compactly for the continuance of things as they are. If any are left—as seems doubtful—of the intransigents of Pius IX., they will be limited to two or three nonagenarians too feeble and toothless for their mumbled *non possumus* to be any longer heard. Intransigence there will still be ; but that also will be the intransigence of Leo XIII.—the prolongation of one of the notes—the great discord—of the new policy.

If we now enquire what that policy is to which Leo XIII. has moulded the action of the Papacy, we shall find it, broadly speaking, threefold,—according as it relates to governments generally, to popular opinion, and to Italy in particular. The several lines on which it has moved in these relations may be stated summarily as follows. Towards the governments it has been a policy of conciliation at all costs. In relation to popular opinion it has been that of presenting the infallible Church as arbiter and judge on all the great burning questions of the day. As concerns Italy it has been one of absolute intransigence, with the view of thus recovering for the Papacy, by force or favour, some kind of territorial independence in its ancient seat.

The relations in which Leo XIII. on his accession found the Papacy with the governments were nothing less than disastrous. With some the position was one of open rupture ; all round there was friction and irritation. In Germany the *Kulturkampf* was raging furiously. With Russia diplomatic relations had long been broken off on the question of the Catholic Poles. In Bavaria there was serious danger of an old Catholic schism. In Belgium the Liberal party, just then in power, was at daggers drawn

with the ecclesiastical authorities on the educational question. The English government was irritated by the complicity of the Irish episcopate with the outrages of the Home Rulers. If with France, Austria and the other Catholic powers there was no concrete ground of quarrel, the intemperate speeches of the angry Pope, as year passed after year and no one moved to his rescue, were a constant source of provocation.

From the first Leo XIII. determined to put an end to this state of things. Nay, his policy aspired to far more. He would make the Papacy again in the modern world what it had been in the ancient,—a primary factor of which all governments must take count in framing their laws and institutions. The announcement to the powers of his accession was in each case accompanied by a letter emphasising—to every one according to his circumstances—his pacific intentions. That to the German Emperor, in which he placed himself at the Emperor's disposition for the removal of existing dissensions, startled the diplomatic world. But the difficulties in his way were enormous. It was plain that all round great and novel concessions would have to be made. There must be a total change of front. The times were for ever past in which governments could be overawed by anathema and interdict. Pius IX. had seemed never able to divest himself of the belief that the Papacy could still wield, on occasion, its mediæval thunders. But Leo XIII. saw clearly that influence with the governments could now only be won by offering a useful alliance, and mainly in the new arena of Parliaments and popular suffrage. This must be the policy of the future. In carrying it out he had against him at first not only the old intransigent party of the Curia, but the more timid and ascetic of the cardinals who had favoured his election. It was long before he could find a Secretary of State with whom he could work in sympathy. Nothing but the strong and patient tenacity of his temper could have carried such a policy into effect and given to it at last the endorsement of success.

For, as men estimate success, Leo XIII.'s policy with the governments has been successful. He has more than made peace ; he has won immense prestige all round. The cost has been very heavy—how heavy the Papacy will know when the Nemesis who keeps the account presents it for payment—but for the present and probably for some time to come Leo XIII. has achieved his purpose. His first and greatest success was with Germany. There has been much and loud admiration of the way in which he brought the great Chancellor "to Canossa." But the Pope's initiative should not be overlooked. In May, 1877, Pius IX., in a public reception of German pilgrims, had called the German Emperor a "new Attila," who "wished to sweep from the earth the religion of Jesus Christ." Less than a year afterwards Leo XIII., the evening of the day of his election, hastens to express to the Emperor his regret for the interruption of the friendly relations between the two powers, and to offer his benevolent co-operation for their re-establishment. Such a letter was more than an overture ; it was a retraction. It is true that Bismarck, weary of a strife in which he had encountered a ghostly opposition too strong even for *his* iron mace, did in the end capitulate, rescinding bit by bit the intemperate laws that had caused the conflict. But the concessions were by no means all on one side. And the Nemesis we spoke of above has yet to fix the cost of the pressure which again and again the Pope has had to bring to bear upon the Catholic Centre of the Reichstag, and even upon the Catholic electors outside, as the price exacted by the government for its successive deditions.

Good relations with France have only been maintained at the cost of yet graver sacrifices. Here existed an ancient party, in unconstitutional opposition to the government, yet ever liege to the Vatican, and by it in turn sanctioned and approved. It was the tradition of the Papacy to consecrate the application of the epithet "legitimate" to these dispossessed royalists and, by implication at least, to bastardise that child of Freemasonry and the Revolution—the Republic. To make any reversal of such policy the more difficult, the

pontificate of Leo XIII. was from the first coincident with a series of measures in which ministry after ministry of the Republic—Gambetta, Ferry, Bourgeois—seemed to vie one with the other in stripping the Catholic Church in France of its privileges, and generally vexing and harrying it. Yet, in spite of all, in France also Leo XIII. adhered to his policy of maintaining at all costs amicable relations with “the powers that be.” He counselled first, and when that was vain, imposed patience and submission under legislation which he could not but consider as hostile and odious. He rendered notable service to France in her colonies, even sacrificing to that end the interests of Italy. At last, in 1890, came the famous “toast” to the Republic of Cardinal Lavigerie, followed in 1892 by the Papal encyclical to the Catholics of France, distinctly proclaiming the principle that “when new governments have become the constituted depositories of power, to acknowledge them is not only lawful, but imposed by the necessity of social well-being.” No wonder that after this the subscription to “St. Peter’s pence” in France dropped suddenly by a third, or that it became the custom in many a devout circle to “pray for the conversion of the Pope!”

We cannot follow at the same length the application to the other powers of Leo XIII.’s policy of conciliation. In some cases, as in Bavaria, Belgium, and Portugal, the concessions have been on the side of the governments, and he has thus scored a more or less unalloyed triumph. In others, as in his denunciation of boycotting and agrarian outrages in Ireland, his action, while acceptable to the rulers, has been also, we are glad to admit, a noble and even a risky exercise of authority in the interests of righteousness. But there have been yet others, it is impossible to do more than allude to them in passing, in which the price of amity has been even more costly than the sacrifice of the royalists of France. It has however been paid, and the intent of the pope gained. Francis Joseph of Austria has bowed with such complacency to his wishes as to refuse to pay King Humbert the courtesy of a return visit; and rather than forego a friendship so

important the Pope has imposed on the restive Hungarian Catholics the galling yoke of the Imperial legislation. The Pope and the Czar are again represented at one another's courts, and for this re-establishment of relations with the great autocrat of the Greek Church, the Pope has accepted, no doubt with stifled heart-break, to go back upon the more generous obstinacy of Pius IX. and to abandon the faithful Catholics of Poland to that strange policy of assimilation by violence, which appears to be the Russian method of insuring the unity of the empire. Even with the Sultan, Leo XIII.'s relations have been preserved free from friction, and one is compelled to ask whether it has been for that that the head of the Church has kept his peace, while even the profane world was seething with indignation over Cretan oppressions and Armenian massacres.

Such has been the policy of Leo XIII. in relation to the governments, such its success, and such its cost. It has won him golden opinions all round. When he passes away his eulogy will be written in many languages ; and, we say again, no successor will venture to turn back to the old paths.

But in carrying out his new policy Leo XIII. has not had in view the governments only. Wise man of his age as he is, he has given yet more importance to that mighty intangible product of the centuries, which to-day makes and unmakes governments—public opinion. To present to this as guide and teacher, on the questions that are looming largest before it, the Roman Catholic Church speaking through its infallible head, has also been one of his chief concerns. Pius IX. before him had published to the world a similar judgment ; and no more instructive example of the opposite orientation of the two popes could be found than is the contrast between the syllabus of the one and the encyclical letters of the other. In the syllabus all is negative ; it is a simple condemnation of errors. *Anathema sit* goes booming down the whole long line of its eighty propositions. And the errors condemned are echoes rather than living voices—sounds that come to the recluse in his cell,

confused, distorted, soulless, conveying no vision of brains and hearts that thus think and feel and speak. Then the form—bald, propositional, detached, dry as a chapter of the *Index expurgatorius*. Who reads—one might say, who ever read—the syllabus of Pius IX. ? So spake the pope whose face was towards the past.

Turn now to his successor. Leo XIII. has kept his eye and ear in contact with the world of to-day. He brought to his Vatican "prison"—from Brussels, from Perugia—a well-informed modern mind. Every morning his Cardinal-secretary empties before him his fresh-filled budget of the world's news. No newspaper office in Rome, no ministerial cabinet, receives a greater variety of guests than that private library of the pontiff's at the Vatican. The press has "interviewed" him—Louis Veuillot and the *Petit Journal*, M. de Blowitz and Mademoiselle Séverine ; and it has not been the "interviewers" who have scored most from the opportunity. Thus primed with the questions which are most on men's lips, Leo XIII. has delivered precisely upon these the judgment of the infallible Church. How significant are the subjects of his encyclicals—"The Evils Affecting Modern Society, their Cause and Remedy" ; "Socialism, Communism and Nihilism" ; "Human Liberty, —its Rights and Limitations" ; "Capital and Labour" ; "To the English People," and so on down to the last and perhaps most pregnant of all, "Father Hecker and Americanism." And then the mode of treatment ! He has thought out root-principles out of which his various judgments grow and by which they are bound together. His allusions to opponents and heretics are ever courteous, pious, and pitiful. He never merely dogmatizes, whether in affirmation or condemnation, though you feel that the right to do so is only sheathed, but he discusses and reasons. The copiousness too of his utterances is remarkable, the more so if their fine Ciceronian Latin is considered. Already the collected edition fills five large octavo volumes, though coming down as yet no lower than 1894.

Here then is a second evolution of policy, and we ven-

ture to predict that Leo XIII. has in this also set the type for his successors.

Leo XIII.'s attitude towards the new kingdom of Italy is in sharp contrast with that policy of conciliation which we have seen regulating his dealings with all other governments. As to the right of the Papacy to the territory of which it has been despoiled, and the necessity of territorial independence for the free exercise of its spiritual power, he has never softened the *non possumus* of his predecessor. The present writer well remembers an anecdote told him soon after the Pope's election by the then President of the Italian Senate, Count Terence Mamiani. Some lady cousin of the Count, a good Catholic but a good patriot also, in an interview with which she had been favoured, finding his Holiness in a gracious mood, hazarded a remark as to the satisfaction which his elevation had given to those who like herself were sighing for the conciliation of love of country with fealty to the Church. The Pope's beaming face at once clouded, and with the curt reply, "But Rome is mine!" he brought the interview to a close. That Leo XIII.'s bearing towards Italy was for some time hesitating and inconsistent cannot be denied. His mildness with the expelled Jesuit Curci, and his strange treatment of the learned Benedictine, the Abbé Tosti, whose sparkling pamphlet on *Reconciliation between Church and State* he first suggested and then repudiated, are episodes in point. The fact seems to be that the new pope did strongly desire to heal the feud between the Church and his native land; and was slow to persuade himself that his policy of pacification, which was winning such signal successes everywhere else, was doomed to failure there only where interest and affection alike made failure most deplorable. But the *sine quâ non* had to be the restitution of a territorial independency. On this he never wavered; and before long it became clear that this, though the least that he could ask, was more than the new Italy would give.

So at last, with all the dourness of his nature, Leo XIII. hardened towards Italy to his present policy of intransi-

gence. For a policy, it is positive and well-defined ; and not mere protest and recrimination. The goal remains the same ; but what Italy will not freely give, at least as at present governed, must be wrested from her. To effect this purpose, the policy of Leo XIII. proceeds on two concurrent lines. The one leads to the goal through the favour and, possibly, the co-operation of foreign powers. In all his conciliation of the governments there has been the ulterior thought of Italy and Rome. This alone adequately explains the immense concessions he has preferred to rupture or alienation. Not that he is so foolish as to expect from any one of the governments direct intervention. But he can acquire prestige. He believes that he can create outside Italy a public feeling favourable to compromise ; and can thus, on the Roman question, isolate her. He hopes so to ripen the fruit that possibly, in some great gust of opportunity, it may fall into his hands. And meantime he can make the existing state of things exceedingly unpleasant for the Italian government. This he has done, in fact, in many ways. No Catholic monarch has as yet visited King Humbert in Rome. No Protestant prince coming from the Quirinal has been received at the Vatican save on the condition of starting for his visit to the pontiff from the residence of his own ambassador. The Emperor of Austria's abstinence from paying a return visit to the royal pair of Italy has been a positive discourtesy. More flagrant still was the case of the King of Portugal, King Humbert's own nephew, who had actually set out for Rome, and in deference to the Pope's opposition ignominiously turned back home again. Galling, too, was the humiliation for the heir to the throne that for the ceremonies of his marriage, even though they comprised the abjuration by the bride of her early faith, no great Church dignitary could be found to officiate, and that in a city resplendent with glorious basilicas the celebration had to be relegated to the government church of Santa Maria degli Angioli.

Dearer to the heart of Leo XIII. and more vigorously worked is the other means by which his policy moves

towards its goal. It is that of forcing the hand of the Italian government by the public opinion of Italy itself. Very complex and widespread is the network of influences that is being woven with the purpose of thus winning back to the Papacy the popular favour. The primary threads are laid, of course, in the ubiquitous power of the priesthood. No new bishop is ordained who is not sound on the question of the Temporal Power. And through the bishops the seminaries become nurseries of young zealots on the same question, who in course of time are spread over the land as the working clergy in direct contact with the people. Next come the threads of an equally ubiquitous press, the worst perhaps in the world for slander and violence, which avails itself of every providential disaster and every local grievance to sow discontent with the present order of things and preach up the Pope as the only saviour of society. Add the Papal schools which swarm everywhere—there are eighty-one in Rome alone with more than twelve thousand scholars—the parochial committees composed of lay partisans of the cause whose eyes run to and fro in every parish, the Catholic banks and agrarian loan societies, the municipal electoral caucuses and the preponderance often through them obtained on the municipal councils—and some idea may be formed of the multitudinous forces which have been set in motion with the view of some day obtaining a new Italian plebiscite in reversal of that which, twenty-nine years ago, proclaimed the abolition of the Pope's temporal power. The conspiracy is no doubt more formidable in appearance than it is in fact. The vast majority of the nation—its burgher and artisan classes—stand as steadfastly as ever by the unity of the State with Rome for its "intangible" capital. There is no Conservative Party—no right of the Senate or Chamber, no electorate outside—which is not "Liberal" in drawing the line here. But Leo XIII.'s policy of intransigence towards Italy moves indefatigably on both the lines we have indicated, and at once in the goal it makes for and the means it employs will beyond all doubt be handed down intact to his successor.

And what of that successor ? Are there any previsions as to who he may be, and if so what ? If our view of the inevitable continuity of the Papal policy be correct, the question becomes in truth altogether secondary. Still in view of Leo XIII.'s full tale of eighty-nine years it is impossible that it should not be discussed. Though he belongs to a family of remarkable longevity, and is said to have a semi-superstitious belief that he will see the ninety-six years of his grandfather, no one can look on that diaphanous frame without feeling that a breath may at any moment extinguish the life that just flickers within it. "The Pecci live long but die suddenly, so I communicate every morning by way of viaticum," said the devout old man the other day to a French cardinal. It is not then to be wondered at that in Rome pamphlet after pamphlet should appear in which the coming Conclave is anticipated, the "*papabili*," as the phrase goes, are passed in review, and their respective suffrages conjecturally computed. And considering the many tints which the pamphlets represent, between the extremes of black and red, it must be admitted that the consensus of opinion is not a little remarkable. A few facts bearing on the question may not be without interest even for English readers.

At the present time of writing the number of cardinals is fifty-five ; but nine new ones are to be created at the next Consistory, which is imminent. Of the fifty-five, those of non-Italian nationality are twenty-six, so that just now the Italian majority is slight ; but the new creations will almost all add to it. The cardinals of the Curia, that is those habitually resident in Rome, are twenty-two, of whom all save two are Italians. In sifting for *papabili* many eliminations may be made at once. Thus the nine yet *in pectore* need not be counted. Universal, further, is the opinion that international jealousy and the preponderance of the Italian vote will secure the secular tradition that the choice fall upon an Italian. Then of the twenty-nine Italians, some are excluded by age, several by aloofness from public life or comparative insignificance, a few as extremists, too much compromised

either on the side of intransigence or on that of conciliation.

These eliminations made, the names that remain are not many. Of the whole Sacred College none are so well-known to the world at large as those of Cardinal Mariano Rampolla, Leo XIII.'s Secretary of State, and Cardinal Lucido Parocchi, his Vicar-general. Rampolla would be the natural continuator of the policy of Leo XIII. For twelve years he has been so identified with it that, so far as the world knows, it has been as much his own as his master's. He is a Sicilian, fifty-six years of age; as Nuncio at Madrid, he acquired knowledge of the European world and experience in diplomacy; his activity is immense, his character has something of the tenacious temper of the Pope's with perhaps a swifter and keener edge. Parocchi, a Mantuan, is one of the few survivors of the creations of Pius IX. He is a prodigy of classical learning, an eloquent speaker, in character suppler, his enemies would say more Machiavelian, than Rampolla. He too would steer the ship of St. Peter according to the policy of Leo XIII.; but with even a more tortuous adaptation of its course to wind and tide. It often happens however to the great cardinals of the Curia that the very prominence of the part they have played during the Pope's lifetime precludes to them the succession. They have made too many enemies, roused too many jealousies. So instead of being candidates in the Conclave they are its great canvassers, determining by their influence its votes, but not for themselves. The general prevision inclines to assign this rôle of self-obliteration both to the Secretary of State and to the Cardinal-vicar, as also to the next great name of the Curia, that of Cardinal Oreglia, of Santo Stefano, chamberlain and decan of the Sacred College, and another of the relicts of the cardinals of Pius IX.

Should this prevision come true, of the few cardinals yet left by these successive eliminations, there are two, one of the Curia, the other outside the Curia, and for that reason with a slight balance in his favour, who are generally supposed to outweigh the others in the scales of probability.

The former is Girolamo Maria Gotti, a Carmelite monk, and now for several years General of the Order. He is a Genoese by birth ; in age just at his grand climacteric—the ideal age for election to popedom. He is high in favour with Leo XIII., who consults him on all important questions, and will introduce him jestingly as “my successor” ; a great mathematician and scientist ; unobtrusive, wise and safe ; if the balance of choice inclines to the scale of conciliation, no member of the Conclave will have such probabilities in his favour as Cardinal Gotti. The rival *papabile*, extraneous to the Curia, is the present Archbishop of Bologna, Cardinal Domenico Svampa. He is the youngest of all the cardinals, being only forty-eight years of age—a circumstance which will no doubt tell against him. Thoroughly imbued with Leo XIII.’s anti-Italian policy, he has weeded out of his diocese every priest suspected of “liberalism.” A brilliant orator, learned in canon law of which he has been professor, moving at ease in society, confident and enterprising ; if in the new election the intransigent side of Leo XIII.’s policy is accentuated, the balance of probabilities lies with Cardinal Svampa.

But be the new pope who he may, he will be overshadowed by the fame of his predecessor. The new era will date from Leo XIII., the originator of a policy, not from his successor, who can but continue it. Not in personal character but in his mark on the history of the Papacy, the figure of Leo XIII. will stand out to the retrospect of future generations something as to-day does that of Pius V. As Pope Ghislieri rallied the Catholic Church from the rout of the Reformation, re-won for it lost provinces and gave it a new lease of dominion, by converting the libertine Papacy of the Renaissance into a Puritan and belligerent Papacy adjusted to the spirit of the times ; so, by another adjustment to other times, has Leo XIII. made it his mission to rally the Catholic Church from the shocks of the Revolution.

Has he been equally successful ? Will his work last equally long ? What will be its permanent fruits, we do not

say to the kingdom of Christ, but to the institution of which he is the head ?

Some scepticism has leaked out in the course of the present article. Its fuller expression would require the affirmation of the conviction that on all lines of Leo XIII.'s policy—nearer or further removed, there is a Nemesis—the Nemesis of the Papal Church's arrogant claims and worldly ambition.

Leo XIII. has conciliated the governments by making his Church a useful ally ; will not the Nemesis be that they will use it as such—to speak or be silent, to act or abstain from acting, as may suit their interests ? Confronting the advancing tide of a new century he has spoken in the name of his Church to fix infallibly the lines of concession ;—what if those lines are anywhere falsely drawn ? What if this Catholic Americanism, for example,—remissive for the moment out of reverence for his personal character and the affecting appeal of his ninety years—were in a return-wave to overflow and sweep away his barriers of limitation ? And lastly, what *can* be waiting on the path of Leo XIII.'s Italian policy but the Nemesis of an absolute and intolerable *impasse* ? Let one fact alone be duly weighed and estimated. In the competent judgment of the author of the book that stands at the head of the present article, nothing is more certain than that the foreign cardinals who at the last Conclave voted for change, will at the next, to a man,—and their vote will have behind it the States they represent—vote for the continuance of things as they are. But why ? Because no condition of the Papacy could so well accord with the interests of the States as that at present existing. A pope reconciled to Italy would be in danger of becoming too Italian. A pope out of Italy, wherever transplanted, would become a fruitful source of international jealousies. A pope resident in Italy, but shut up in the Vatican, admirably meets all exigencies. An excellent arrangement for the powers ; but what about the Papacy ?

HENRY J. PIGGOTT.

THE EVOLUTION OF A REFERENCE BIBLE.

The Revised Version of the Bible, with Revised Marginal References. (London: Cambridge University Press Warehouse. Cloth 5s., with Apocrypha 7s. 6d.)

FEW people who use a Reference Bible ever think of the amount of human labour that has gone to the filling of those narrow strips of margin. They take the references for granted, as though they were a natural outgrowth of the text itself, just as one who travels along a country road takes for granted the grass that fringes the wayside. And in one sense a modern Reference Bible is a growth; it is the result of a gradual process extending over many centuries, but every single reference represents a definite act of selection, and its right to stand where it does has been examined and attested by a long succession of scholarly and painstaking workers. The margins resemble rather the flower borders of a vast and well-kept garden, where the flora of a world has been accumulated, and where everything is grouped and labelled, than the hedge banks of a country road, where the floating seed-down of any casual weed may sow itself unchallenged.

It is interesting to trace up the growth of the reference system from its earliest beginning, before the time of printing, when concordances were unknown, and books were so few that each man's memory served as an index of what he read. One can imagine the devout and eager student with his precious parchment before him, when suddenly a phrase strikes him as akin to something he has read before; he turns back in search of it, and with a flash of joyful recognition discovers it, and henceforth holds it securely in his memory.

The rapture of that early exploration and discovery can never come again. The present writer well remembers working his way through Tennyson's *In Memoriam* long before the poet's biography was published, piecing together scattered hints, discovering parallel passages and noting them in the margin, and then combining his stores with those of a friend who brought fresh illumination from the *Idylls of the King*, and there was a charm in the pursuit that no amount of information ready to hand could have given. Many of the old monks must have known the delight so well described by James Smetham of "roaming along the endless margins of books, and as you pass by a corner, down dips the float of imagination and out comes with a catgut whistle a splendid glistening 'subject,' which is immediately laid on the bank, the margin, the beached margent . . . and left there till called for—not even the trouble of carrying it home being appended to the sport."

In the early centuries of our era there were no divisions into chapters and verses, and probably each student retained a parallel passage in mind chiefly by the visual image of its position on a certain page of his MS., just as a botanist remembers the exact spot in a certain field where he found a rare plant, though perhaps he could not name either the field itself or the township in which it is situated. The first attempt to introduce divisions for convenience of reference was made by Eusebius (d. 340 A.D.), who divided the Gospels into numbered sections for harmonistic purposes. More than a hundred years later (458 A.D.), Euthalius published an edition of the Epistles in Greek, in which every fiftieth line (*στυχός*) was indicated and numbered consecutively.

Our present chapters are due to Stephen Langton (d. 1228 A.D.), and the subdivision into verses was not made until three centuries later, 1551 A.D. Between these two dates there was another method of subdivision, of which we found some interesting examples in turning over the pages of a number of old Bibles in the Cambridge University Library. In the Bishops' Bible, for instance, on referring to the parable of the Unjust Judge, Luke xviii. 1-8, there was a single

reference to 1 Thessalonians v.c., and it took some little time to discover that the chapters in this version were divided into equal portions by the letters A, B, C, D, placed at regular intervals along the margin, and that the letter c indicated the last portion of 1 Thessalonians v., through the whole of which it was necessary to search for the precise point of the reference, now denoted as verse 17. This method of reference was like directing a man to a house in a new street where the doors are not yet numbered, by telling him to enquire after passing the third lamp-post. It still survives in some editions of the classics, and seems to have been widely prevalent in the sixteenth century, for we found it in copies of the Vulgate and in French and English Bibles taken at random. One old folio was particularly interesting, Stephens' edition of the Vulgate, 1555. It was Stephens who invented the modern system of numbered verses, during a horseback journey from Paris to Geneva, and he first used it in his edition of the Greek Testament in 1551. But he was not radical enough to drop the old alphabetical notation all at once, and in his Vulgate edition both methods of indication are combined. Thus on the parable before alluded to there are three references: Ecclesiasticus xviii. c. 22, Romans xii. b. 12, 1 Thessalonians v. c. 17, the letter indicating the alphabetic section, and the final numeral the verse. The Genevan or "Breeches" Bible (1560) was the first English version to adopt Stephens' system of verse division. This Bible is a somewhat dumpy quarto with copious marginal notes and alternative renderings as well as references. Attention is drawn to references by an asterisk, alternative renderings are denoted by the sign ||, and explanatory notes by the letters of the alphabet. The "Breeches" Bible has the same three references as Stephens' Vulgate on Luke xviii. 1-8, viz. : Ecclesiasticus xviii. 22, "Before though prayest, prepare thyself"; Romans xii. 12, "Continuing in prayer"; and 1 Thessalonians v. 17, "Pray continually." The translation in each case is that of the version in question.

But one of the most interesting of all old English Bibles

to handle is the ponderous original folio of the Authorised Version of 1611, with its double columns of large black-letter type, its bold headlines and decorated initials and long clean strips of margin with only here and there a brief note or reference, like the first spring flowers showing in a trim border by and by to be crowded with all the wealth of summer. On the parable selected as a test there is only a solitary reference to 1 Thessalonians v. 17, and there is no reference back from the epistle to St. Luke. There are usually not more than five or six references in a column, sometimes none at all. On the three epistles of John, for instance, there is not a single reference; on Jude there is one, on James six, on the two epistles of Peter thirteen; the total number on the whole Bible, including Apocrypha, being about nine thousand, not more than one seventh of the number given in any good modern Reference Bible. They were mostly taken from the Vulgate, and were often incorrectly printed. In 1629 and 1638 new editions of the Authorised Version were printed at Cambridge, in which these inaccuracies were corrected and many new references inserted. In the edition of 1638, for instance, there are a hundred and sixty-one references on the seven short epistles above enumerated as against twenty in the edition of 1611. From this time the work of adding new references went steadily on, each successive editor making large contributions. The editions of Dr. Paris (1762) and Dr. Blayney (1769) increased the number by half as many as existed already, many of them unfortunately of doubtful relevancy or quite misleading. How slender, even to absurdity, is the ground of reference from Revelation xiii. 14, "The beast which had the wound by a sword, and did live," to the recovery of Hezekiah after the application of a lump of figs to his boil, 2 Kings xx. 7. Many of the errors in these editions were due to accidental similarities in English, not based upon real parallelisms in the original languages. Scrivener, in his Preface to the *Cambridge Paragraph Bible*, specifies eight instances due to Paris or Blayney, and all of them may be found in modern Reference Bibles. The reference

from John xix. 40 to Acts v. 6 may serve as an illustration, where the English word "wound" represents the Greek *ἔδησαν* in St. John and *συνίστειλαν* in Acts.

In the early part of the present century all previously existing materials were worked up into the editions published by Bagster, which contain about half a million references. The very appearance of this undigested mass, packed into two solid columns down the middle of each page, is enough to intimidate the average student, and much that is intrinsically valuable is buried under a heap of irrelevant matter.

A new era was introduced by the publication of the *Cambridge Paragraph Bible* (completed 1873) by Scrivener, in which the two modern requirements of scientific accuracy and literary instinct were allowed full scope. Every reference was tested on its merits and in the light of the original languages; the Bible was regarded as a literature, not as a mere collection of texts, and references were introduced "tending to illustrate the internal connexion and relative dates of the several books." All the leading features of this work have been carried forward into the edition of the *Revised Version with References*, and an immense amount of additional labour has been done.

The difference between any ordinary Reference Bible and the reference edition of the Revised Version may be broadly compared to that between the old Linnæan classification of plants and the modern arrangement into natural orders. The Linnæan system fixed upon a mere accidental similarity in the number of stamens and pistils, which doubtless happened to coincide in many cases with a radical likeness of structure, but in other cases it grouped together forms having no real affinity. The modern arrangement traces the life history of each plant back to its embryonic stages, and forms its groups on the basis of real relationships, often discovering similarities where the casual observer would never suspect it. So the old method of compiling a Reference Bible seems to have been to take a concordance and look up the leading words in a verse, and from the passages in which each word occurred to select the

closest parallels. The principle of selection was often unduly influenced by dogmatic bias. The older editors came to the Scriptures with a completely articulated scheme of theology, and the connexions they traced between one passage and another were sometimes as purely subjective as those by which the ancients grouped the stars into constellations.

In Bagster's edition of 1825, for instance, it is stated as "an object of the first magnitude that the reader of the Holy Scriptures should be assisted by references from text to text, to have constantly in view the connexion of all the divine attributes, and the holy uniformity of God in His government, both of His Church and of the world." The same editor says he has thought it important "to connect those texts which speak of transgressions with those in which the law concerning them is to be found, and in which punishment is threatened; and sometimes with those in which the atonement is set forth and pardon is proclaimed, or in which sanctification is promised or enforced; and these again with such as relate to the future happiness and glory which is promised to the faithful, or punishment and misery denounced against the impenitent. A small body of divinity is sometimes comprised in a few texts connected together in this way." There is no attempt in the edition before us to construct "small bodies of divinity." Its editors have only been concerned to trace out the organic filaments actually existing in the literature before them.

But not only is the work based upon a natural system of similarities, it also contains a nomenclature for distinguishing different degrees of similarity. In this Scrivener had led the way. All previous Reference Bibles were content simply to call attention to the parallel texts in the margin by an asterisk or an index letter, but there was nothing to show whether the parallel was close or remote. The text referred to might be an actual word for word quotation, or a mere vague general resemblance. In the present work there are four distinct modes of indication :

1. When there is an exact or close parallel, a simple

index letter alone is used, as in ordinary Reference Bibles.

2. Actual quotations are denoted by "cited" or "cited from."

3. Less exact parallels are denoted by "cp." (compare).

4. "See" is prefixed in two cases.

(a) Where reference is made to a parallel passage on which a body of references has been collected.

(b) In referring to longer passages, parallel or explanatory.

In each case the shortest intelligible symbol has been chosen. The use of the word "see" in 4 (a) is specially interesting. Take for instance Acts iv. 1, where at the word *Sadducees* we find the reference "See Matthew xxii. 23." Turning back to Matthew xxii. 23, we find in the margin six other passages referred to, in each of which the word *Sadducees* occurs. It is easy to see how much space is saved by tying up these six texts into a bundle and placing it at one point to which all the others refer back, instead of printing the whole series seven times over.

One of the most radical features of the new edition is that it includes references to the Apocrypha, and copies may be had in which the Apocrypha itself is restored to the place it formerly occupied between the Old and New Testaments. The Apocrypha was included in the Authorised Version of 1611 and its predecessors, and references were given to it whenever the sense seemed to justify it. It is only in comparatively recent editions of the Authorised Version that the apocryphal books have been omitted, together with the references to them in the margins of the two Testaments. Scrivener rightly censures this omission as an "unwarrantable license." He says that "few more conspicuous instances can be alleged of the tendency in man's nature to rush into extremes than the strong reaction to their prejudice which has set in since the Reformation, by way of protest against the error that had placed the greater part

of them on a level in point of authority, with the canonical books of the Old Testament. . . . Yet Ecclesiasticus and the first book of the Maccabees, written in the second century before the Christian era, are among the noblest of uninspired compositions; if indeed their authors, so full of faith and holy fear, can be regarded as entirely uninspired. . . . The Wisdom of Solomon approximates in tone to the spirit of Christ more nearly than any book without the canon; the epistle of St. James is full of allusions to it, and to the first five chapters of Ecclesiasticus."

It is impossible to appreciate the terrible catalogue of tortures in Hebrews xi. 35-38 without a knowledge of the persecutions which led to the Maccabean revolt, and as a matter of fact the new Reference Bible gives four distinct references from this passage in Hebrews to the Books of Maccabees, enumerating altogether thirty verses. The Apocrypha is often of the greatest service in tracing the development of Jewish religious ideas previous to their appearance in the clearly illuminated field of vision presented to us in the pages of the New Testament.

In the parable selected as a test passage (Luke xviii. 1-8) an illuminative reference is given from verse 7 to Ecclesiasticus xviii. 11—"The Lord was long-suffering over them." There is also a reference from the same verse (preceded by the symbol "cp." to indicate general resemblance) to Ecclesiasticus xxxv. 13-18, where a similar phrase occurs—"Neither will he be long-suffering toward them," and is there brought into striking connexion with the thought of God as one who will judge righteously, and will not despise the widow. It is almost impossible to avoid the inference that there was a reminiscence of this passage in the Saviour's mind when He uttered the parable.

In no part of the work entrusted to the Revisers is there a more conspicuous improvement upon the Authorised Version than in their translation of some of the books of the Apocrypha, partly because the Authorised Version of these books had been done in a slovenly fashion, and partly because the Revisers were more free to allow full play to

literary considerations. There is little doubt that one result of their boldness in binding it up again with the Old and New Testament will be to help in disintegrating a too timid conception of the word of God, which not only enclosed the sacred books like a walled city within a rigid theory of verbal inspiration, and firmly shut the gates of the canon, but even swept away all friendly extra-mural suburbs, in order to create a clear zone for self-defence all round it. John Bunyan was once greatly dismayed because, after long searching for the words, "Did ever any trust in God and were confounded?" which had been a source of much comfort to him, he found them at last in Ecclesiasticus. But if they had been to him a veritable voice of God, was the comfort they gave him to be rejected as spurious because Jesus, the son of Sirach, was not in the recognised canonical succession?

One or two other interesting details may be noticed in our test passage, a facsimile of which is here printed.

ch. vi. 30.
Rom. 12. 12.
Eph. 6. 18.
Col. 4. 2.
1 Thoms. 5.
17.
Up. ch. 11.
2-2.
2 Cor. 4.
1. 16.
3 Thoms. 3.
13 (Gk.).
2 Cp. 2 Cor.
2. 21.
2 Cp. ch. 11.
2.
1 Cor. 2.
27 (mg. for
mg.).
2 Cp. ch. 12.
2. 9 (2 mg.
for mg.).
2 Rev. 4. 10.
Op. 1 ml.
ed. 4.
2 Eccles.
22. 13-14.
2 Rom. 8. 26.
Col. 3. 12.
Tit. 1. 1.
1 Pet. 2. 9.
21.
22 Mark
12. 20.
2 Ps. 10. 1.
2 Eccles. 12.
11.
James 5. 7
(Gk.).
2 1 Pet. 2. 9.
2 Heb. 12.
27.
2 ch. 17.
28-29.
27. Matt.
24-25.

18 And he spake a parable unto them to the end that they ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, and regarded not man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came oft unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest she wear me out by her continual coming. And the Lord said, Hear what the unrighteous judge saith. And shall not God avenge his elect, which cry to him day and night, and he is long suffering over them? I say unto you, that he will avenge them speedily. Howbeit when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

2 Or, Do ye justice of: and so in ver. 2, 7, 8.

4 Or, bring.

5 Or, the judges of unrighteousness.

6 Or, the faith.

On verse 1 there is a reference from the words "not to faint" to 2 Thessalonians iii. 13 (Gk.). The (Gk.) signifies that the point of the reference is not obvious in the English renderings but only in the Greek originals. On turning up the passage we find the words "be not weary in well doing" where the Greek for "be not weary" is *μὴ ἐκκακήσητε*, an exact parallel to *μὴ ἐκκακεῖν* in the parable.

Perhaps the most picturesque reference on this passage is that from the words "lest she wear me out" to 1 Corinthians ix. 27 (mg. for mg.). The parallel passage is "I buffet my body;" the abbreviations in brackets indicate that the point of the reference is not in the text but in the alternative rendering in the margin, which in each case is the word "bruise." The Greek original is *ὑποπιázω*, which means "to hit under the eye" like a boxer, to pound into submission, and hence to get complete mastery over. Some would keep the literal meaning in Luke—the judge fears the widow will resort to assault and battery!—but it is perhaps better to preserve the figurative sense in both cases; the judge dreads that the widow's importunity will reduce him to abject submission like a beaten and exhausted pugilist, and it is to just such abject submission that Paul desires to bring his own body.

The total number of references on these eight verses is twenty-seven, as compared with the solitary reference to 1 Thessalonians v. 17 in the Authorised Version of 1611; the number in an ordinary Reference Bible is about ten. The twenty references given in 1611 on the seven short epistles previously enumerated have increased to one thousand six hundred and seventy-two in the edition now before us.

The general appearance of the Reference Bible differs little from that of the corresponding sizes of the ordinary Revised Version, except that the use, in bold type, of Arabic instead of Roman numerals at the beginning of each chapter at once strikes the eye, and is a manifest convenience. The numbers of the verses are inserted before the first word of each verse to facilitate reference, and not alongside the

column of type. Alternative renderings are given at the foot of the page, not interspersed with the references in the margin, and attention is called to them as before by small numerals, which are in lighter type than the numbers of the verses. So skilful are the typographical devices employed, that in spite of the large quantity of additional matter, the volume is scarcely more bulky, even with the Apocrypha, than those without references, and the index letters and numerals, while quite distinct, do not in the least mar the clean appearance of the pages or create any confusion in reading.

This beautiful apparatus for the study of the English Bible has not been brought to its present state of perfection without enormous labour. It was initiated by the Revision Company in 1870, nearly thirty years ago, and Dr. Scrivener's Paragraph Bible was taken as a basis. The names of the scholars employed upon the work and a brief summary of their labours are given in the preface. The bulk of the work on the New Testament eventually fell to Dr. Moulton, and it so grew under his hands that for the purposes of this edition it was necessary to prepare an abridgment of the fuller material he had accumulated, reserving the latter for subsequent issue in a separate form. He was busy up to the very day of his death with the final elaboration of his own exhaustive scheme as well as with the abridgment now published. All visitors to The Leys during recent years know how engrossing and constant was the attention demanded by these undertakings, and how often the phrase "busy with the references" formed part of the response to any enquiry after the Doctor's welfare. Some insight into the extent and minuteness of his labours will be given in the biography now preparing, and I am indebted to the Rev. J. H. Moulton, M.A., for permission to quote from the manuscript. The extract explains the evolution of a reference in the unabridged edition, on Acts xvi. 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," where nine parallel passages are given to illustrate the connexion between faith and salvation. 'First came the decision that it was desirable,

then the investigation whether it was mechanically possible. Where a subject was very wide, this involved making a big collection of passages, often with no other result than a decision, after many trials, that the list could not find room anywhere. The possibility once established, the list of illustrative passages had to be laboriously constructed and sifted, mostly with Concordance, but also with the aid of every available Reference Bible and the best Commentaries. Then came the insertion of a *cross reference at every passage* which had thus been included in the collection. And when this was done it was often found that the page was overburdened and the "fons" (as we called the collection) must go elsewhere—which of course meant altering all the cross references. Purely mechanical work like this occupied a disproportionate amount of time, and yet it was work that could not be delegated. A peculiarly trying variety came in with the proof stage, for then the addition of a single new reference would often involve the alteration of index letters through several pages. It will easily be understood that a single point would sometimes take up a whole morning, for his extreme carefulness made him anything but a rapid worker. It is characteristic of him that this work is largely associated with his summer "holiday" in Scotland, Devonshire or Derbyshire, whither he would take two or three large boxes of books and work hard through sunny mornings, his family endeavouring in vain to induce him to defer the work till sundown or a rainy day.'

One result of labour carried out with such detail and accuracy as this is that it never needs to be done again. When the fuller body of references on the New Testament appears it will be found that "the limits of possible extension have been reached." This work is being completed for the press by Dr. Moulton's fellow labourers, the Rev. J. H. Moulton and the Rev. A. W. Greenup, who also carried the present issue through its final stages under the general editorship of Dr. Stokoe. The smaller work was not adapted to its purpose by random

and arbitrary excision, or by any sacrifice of proportion and symmetry ; everything was reduced to scale, and it is complete within the limits assigned to it.

Another consequence follows from the magnitude of the labour represented in a work like this, that to appreciate the finished product would take a life time ; no reviewer can thoroughly examine it, still less present its treasures in the compass of a single article. We have pushed open the gate of the garden and gathered a flower or two from a single strip of border, tempted meanwhile to grasp at many others in passing, but every page offers a new and attractive vista for exploration, and exhaustless materials for study. Of this book above all others Smetham's description is true.* "A Book ?—a little world—with plains and gardens, and deep solemn woods, and high mountains, and ridges and uplands, and fallows—

Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray—

and 'silver horns' above them, and arching skies above *them*, and stars above *them*. Those white margins, too, T. A. ! They ? They're like silver sands round salt sea-pools—'for marginal notes' says T. A. 'For squares' says J. S. 'Same thing' says T. A. . . . Well, we won't quarrel over these quiet margins. We'll walk round and survey them by our two selves. . . . We may linger pensive in the glades, and talk long and low, or rise up and survey mankind from Chayney to Peru ; free of the whole domains."

To the editors of the new Reference Bible the *raison d'être* of margins has been "for references," and nobly and sacredly have they carried out the work of supplying them. The man who reads his Bible without references may know it as the driver of one of Her Majesty's mail carts knows the Queen's highway. That is so plain that "wayfaring

* Letter to T. A. (Thomas Akroyd), 29th October, 1868. It was Smetham's practice to translate the ideas of his favourite books into concrete form by drawing miniature pen and ink sketches in the margin, each enclosed in a small square.

men, yea fools, shall not err therein." But he who masters thoroughly such a work as this will know his Bible as a man knows the surroundings of his early home,

the well-beloved place
Where first he gazed upon the sky.

He knows every lane and hedgerow, and every short cut through the fields; he knows what is hidden underground at every season as well as what is visible on the surface; he can tell you where to catch the fragrance of the first spring violet, and by what streamside to wait for the flash of the sea-blue kingfisher or the plunge of the otter in the pool. And for him every road leads *home*. That is the centre of his world, and the warm light of its affections is shed over all his landscape. So for the reverent student who seeks to know of the teaching by doing the will of the Father, every track and byway opened up by these references will lead into the presence of "God, who is our home," and the love that radiates from that central sanctuary will light up every field of biblical study—

a brooding star
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

J. ANTHONY BARNES.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE FRENCH GENIUS.

ONE of the strongest objections urged against French Protestants, and mainly against those who entertain the hope of bringing their country to their own faith, is certainly the following : Protestantism is contrary to the genius of France, there is a natural incompatibility between the Protestant character and the French mind.

This objection has lately and frequently been expressed in a popular form deeply offensive to French Protestants : "To be French is to be Catholic ; a Protestant is of necessity a foreigner, English or German." On scientific grounds we find the same objection urged under the form of so-called historical fact : "Protestant reform is not of French origin ; Protestantism is an exotic plant, imported into France from a foreign country ; its roots have not grown in French soil. In consequence of this any effort to acclimatize it in France is, and always will be, a vain and foolish enterprise." This argument is constantly used in France, and it too often deters Frenchmen who are morally separated from Roman Catholicism and full of sympathy with what they know of Protestant doctrines and people from joining the Protestant Church. It has also more than once paralysed the activity and zeal of the friends of French evangelistic work. There is no more timely and necessary task than to give a clear and definite answer to the popular prejudice, and to the historical error on which that prejudice rests.

The statement according to which the Reformation in France not being of French origin—is only the result of foreign influences, is altogether false. Let it be well understood that we have no personal prejudice on this matter.

We do not feel in the least shocked or even embarrassed by the fact that a thing, good in itself, is of foreign origin. And in a time when the fine gentlemen of our Parisian boulevards do not hesitate to adopt London fashions, and to borrow from England horse racing and all the slang of sport so barbarous to French ears, we do not see at all why Protestants should blush at having received Protestantism—if such were the case—from Switzerland or from Germany. But we find ourselves in the presence of an historical fact not sufficiently recognised, and we wish to put it in fresh evidence. The truth is, that the Reformation of the sixteenth century was a general movement, neither German, Swiss, English or French. The preparation for it was general, and it broke out simultaneously in the principal countries of Europe. But in each of these countries it took special features and a national form. It is especially easy to show this so far as France is concerned. It is a matter of dates. The act by which Luther became Protestant, in nailing his famous thesis on the door of the cathedral of Wittemberg, was accomplished on the eve of November 1, 1517. Now, five years before this date, a book had been written in France in which all the fundamental doctrines of the Reformation were found. In his *Commentary on St. Paul*, published in 1512, Lefevre d'Etaples had brought into full light the great evangelical truth of justification by faith, and resolutely rejected the merit of works as "equal to very little and even to nothing." He had written words like these: "We are saved by the grace of God and not by works"; "The baptismal water does not justify, it is only a sign of the justification through faith in Jesus"; "What is accomplished every day in the mass by the ministerial act of the priest is not to make a reiterated sacrifice, it is a commemoration of the unique sacrifice offered once for the salvation of all men." In this book prayers in Latin, the celibacy of the priests, and local superstitions, which were mistaken by so many people for true religion, are reprobated. So that Michelet is justified in saying, "Six years

before Luther the venerable Lefevre teaches Lutheranism in Paris." This is not all. As early as 1509, Lefevre had published his *Quintuplex Psalterium*, in which, in juxtaposition to four ancient versions he dared to place a new one made by himself from the original text, and quite independent of the Greek and Latin translations which the Catholic Church considers inspired. In 1522 Lefevre published a *Commentary on the Gospels*, the preface of which has been with good reason called "the manifesto of the French Reformation." In it he adjures "all Christian men, pontiffs, magistrates, lords and princes" to bring back religion to its purity, and to cling only to the word of God ; for, he declares, "to know nothing but the gospel is to know all" ; "The primitive Church did not know any other rule but the gospel, nor any other worship but the worship of Christ."

At the same time Lefevre was at work translating the whole Bible into the vulgar tongue. In 1521 the Gospel of St. John, two years later the New Testament, and in 1528 the Old Testament, appeared in French. The German version of the Bible, begun by Luther in 1522, was completed only in 1534. Moreover, while achieving this work, the true foundation of French reform, Lefevre was spreading his views through direct teaching to an increasing group of friends and disciples, amongst whom was noticeable "that valiant little man," says Michelet, "the incomparable Farel, the apostle of French Switzerland, the precursor of Calvin." Around him we find also Gerard Roussel, Arnaud, Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, Guillaume, Bishop of Lodève, Marguerite de Valois, sister of François I., and many other names well known in the history of the French reformation.

Undoubtedly there was as yet no organised French Protestant Church. The Protestants of France, before organising a Church, waited longer than those of Germany. They had two reasons for so doing. In France they did not feel, as in Germany, the urgent want of a *National* Church, the Gallican Church enjoying already a certain amount of independence towards the Papal power, and they

could not easily give up the hope of seeing the Church of their country undertake its own reformation. It was only after long and severe experience that they were reluctantly led to renounce this hope.

The French Reformation, however, may claim the independence of its origin not only by virtue of the date of the documents just mentioned, but also in the name of its martyrs. Lefevre d'Etaples had not written his books without raising a strong opposition from the Sorbonne and Parliament, but for a time, owing to the protection of Marguerite, the king's sister, his enemies were powerless against him. Soon after, however, François I. having been defeated and made prisoner at Pavie, persecution broke out. Lefevre had to fly to Strasbourg, Farel to Switzerland ; the small group of French Protestants was dispersed, reduced to silence, or exposed to pay the price of their lives for the right of being faithful to their convictions. They had no organised Church, but on their lips was the pure word of the gospel, in their hearts the peaceful assurance of salvation, the dauntless heroism of martyrs. Amongst those who were martyrs to the new faith to which they had been brought by the influence of Lefevre, we may mention Jean Leclerc, Delatour, Guillaume Jobert, Jacques Pauvant and a poor peasant, Denis, all burned alive in the last months of 1525 or in the first part of 1526. If, at that time, there was not yet in France a Protestant Church officially constituted, have we not the right to maintain that a man who teaches the gospel like Lefevre d'Etaples, and martyrs who can die like those we have just named, already formed a true French Reformed Church, independent of all foreign influence and entirely national in its origin ?

We have shown by indisputable facts how false and prejudicial is the prevalent current opinion that French Protestantism is a plant imported from a foreign land. We now proceed to answer the question, Is there not a fundamental incompatibility between Protestantism and the French mind ?

A first fact which strikes us as contradictory to such an assertion is this : The active and leading part taken by

Frenchmen in the propagation of the Reformation in various countries of Europe during the sixteenth century. People constantly speak of Geneva and Switzerland as being the cradle of French Protestantism, and as places where it has found to this day the principal sources of its life. They seem to ignore the historical truth, according to which the Protestant Reformation in the three French Cantons of Switzerland was essentially the work of three Frenchmen. Who changed Geneva into the capital of French Protestantism? A Frenchman: Jean Calvin. Who founded that Academy of Lausanne, which has so largely contributed to the success of the Reformation, in the Canton of Vaud? A Frenchman: Théodore de Bèze. Who played the greatest part in the Reformation of the Canton of Neuchatel? A Frenchman: Guillaume Farel. And even in Germany we see the people of Hesse honour to this day another Frenchman, Lambert of Avignon, as the reformer of their country.

These are facts not to be forgotten, and they must be recalled to mind by those who constantly speak, with the assurance of ignorance or of prejudice, of the so called incompatibility between the French mind and Protestantism. Such an incompatibility is, in another respect, quite contrary to historical evidence, for it is proved by facts that little was wanting in the sixteenth century to effect the complete triumph of Protestantism in France. In 1561, at the "Colloque of Poissy," Coligny and Condé laid before the queen a list of two thousand one hundred and fifty Protestant Churches, more or less organised, asking for places of worship. At the same time Cardinal St. Croix was writing to Rome: "More than half the kingdom is Huguenot." This sentence was probably intentionally exaggerated, the writer wishing to alarm the pope in order to obtain his active intervention against French Huguenots. But it is certain that a large part of the nobility had been won to the cause of the Reformation; and that several provinces, like Béarn, had become entirely Protestant. "In Gascogne," writes a contemporary in

January, 1562, "you could not have found a Catholic priest in a space of forty leagues." In Poitou and Normandy the Reformation had spread in a few years even to the smallest villages, and in a large town like Rouen mass was not celebrated for months. And it is important to notice that such an extraordinary progress cannot be assigned, as in other countries, to the pressure exerted by political authorities in favour of the Protestant faith. It had no other cause than the spiritual power of the truth proclaimed by the evangelical reformers, in defiance of violent persecutions and most restrictive measures.

From such circumstances does it not clearly appear that, far from its being unsympathetic with the Protestant spirit and doctrines, France proved to be, perhaps more than any other country, a favourable and well prepared soil for the evangelical truth proclaimed by the reformers of the sixteenth century? And if Protestantism had been—as some are ready to assume—contrary to the French genius, it would not have required such furious efforts and prolonged violence to extirpate it. It is obvious that if the French genius had worked at liberty, if it had not been stifled and crushed by bitter persecutions waged by political parties *who were not French* (Catherine of Medicis was an Italian and the Guise family was devoted to Spain), nowhere would the Reformation have met with more enthusiastic welcome or obtained greater success than in France. Moreover, in spite of the apparent failure of French Protestantism—of which we have just indicated the true cause—there are other facts which bear the strongest testimony to the deep and remarkable congeniality existing between the French soul and the evangelical doctrine as expressed by Protestantism. There is the wonderful power of resistance displayed by the French Protestant Churches and the permanency of their existence through almost three centuries of persecutions, a constancy perhaps without example even in the history of the primitive Church. Here is one of the most interesting facts which can engage the mind of the historian. We have space merely to mention it.

But it is necessary to dwell a little longer on a further fact which has, we think, never been sufficiently brought to light : the extraordinary proportion of Protestant Frenchmen whose names have been distinguished in various spheres. In the science of law we find the names of Cujas, commonly known as "the oracle of the jurisconsults," and of Charles Dumoulin, "the first jurisconsult of Europe," according to Michelet. In grammatical and philosophical sciences there stand in the highest place Ramus, surnamed the "French Plato," renovator of logic and reformer of French orthography, one of the victims of St. Bartholomew ; Scaliger, the father, known as "the universal man," and his son, Joseph, the founder of chronological science. Coming to the natural sciences, there are Georges Cuvier, who has given to zoology its natural classification and to geology a new basis ; De Quatrefages, to whom we owe the scientific demonstration of the unity of the human race ; and Wurtz, the great chemist. In the medical art, we find in the sixteenth century Ambroise Paré, "the father of French surgery," and in the present day two Protestants, Monod and Berger, are at the head of French surgeons. Amongst engineers Protestant names are so numerous that we cannot mention even the principal of them. We make only one exception in mentioning the name of Denys Papin, who constructed the first steamboat (in 1707), more than a hundred years before steam was used in England as a motive power. As to the present time, every one knows that Protestant names constantly come out at the head of promotion lists in all the great French scientific schools. Notwithstanding the common opinion that Protestant influence is fatal to artistic development, Protestant names occupy a not less honourable place in the history of French arts. We need only mention Bernard Palissy, "the immortal potter," who enriched French palaces and museums with his master-pieces, and ended his life at the Bastille rather than renounce his faith ; Jean Goujon, "the modern Phidias," who restored sculpture in France and died a victim of St. Bartholomew ; Goudimel, the

greatest musician of the French school in the sixteenth century and master of the famous Palestrina ; and Jacques Debrosse, architect of the Luxembourg palace. Amongst French painters Protestants are well represented by Ary Scheffer, "who better than any one else has expressed religious feeling," and, in practical arts, by Deveria, who was the first to use colour in lithography. Shall we turn to literature ? All the great Huguenots have been great writers : Théodore de Bèze, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Duplessis-Mornay, and above all others, Calvin, by general consent, "the father of modern French." In more recent times, Benjamin Constant, Mme. de Staël, and Guizot, have brilliantly represented Protestantism in French literature. Amongst preachers, Roman Catholicism has no name to place above those of Dubosc, whom Louis XIV. called "the best speaking man of his kingdom," Saurin, "the French Bossuet," and in this age, Adolphe Monod, Coquerel, De Pressensé, and Bersier.

In every sphere we are struck by the immense influence of Protestants, few as they are, on the development of national life in France. It is a Protestant, Olivier de Serres, who deserves the name of "father of French agriculture"; he introduced the mulberry tree and founded the silk industry of France. Commerce and manufactures are not less indebted to French Protestants. Oberkampf opened the first cotton mill ; Philippe de Girard invented the mechanical spinning and weaving of flax, the profitable use of which, owing to the ill-will of the French government, he brought to England. Etienne Delessert, of Lyon, founded the financial establishment which became the "Bank of France"; his son, Benjamin, established at the same time the first sugar refinery and the first savings-bank in France ; Jean Dollfus is universally known for his establishment of the insurance system. The Gobelins, with their admirable tapestries ; Boulle, with his famous inlaid pieces of furniture ; and Louis Bréguet, with his unrivalled clock work and manufacture of astrological instruments, won the first place for French Protestantism in industrial arts.

After what we have said touching the special gifts of French Protestants for science, literature, art and industry, it might seem unlikely that they should play an important part in the military and political life of their country, from which they were almost entirely excluded. However, there also we find them, if not numerous, at least in the first rank. In the sixteenth century, Coligny, "the hero of duty and conscience"; Lesdiguières, Lanoue, "the iron arm"; Henri de Rohan, of whom the Duke of Aumale has said, "Every one of his campaigns is a model"; during the reign of Louis XIV., Turenne, Duquesne, who defeated the famous Dutch Admiral Ruyter and sacrificed to his religious faith the favour of the king and the dignity of field-marshal; the "chevalier" d'Assas, probably the most popular name in the French army; General Rapp, who alone dared to disapprove Napoleon's second marriage; and, coming down to the last German war, we have Admiral Jauréguiberry, who organised the army of the Loire; and Colonel Denfert, the heroic defender of Belfort. These names shine amongst the military glories of France. It is not less surprising to see the part played by Protestants in the political life of a country where they are an insignificant and oppressed minority. No king was ever better counselled than Henry IV. by Sully and Duplessis-Mornay; and Necker was the greatest and the wisest minister of the unfortunate Louis XVI. When the Revolution came the elected president of the first National Assembly was Rabaut St. Etienne, who sent notice of his election to his old father, the celebrated Huguenot minister, Paul Rabaut, in these touching words: "Father, the President of the National Assembly is at your feet"; Boissy d'Anglas and Barnave, two of the greatest men of these exceptional times, were also Protestants. Under the last monarchy Protestantism was admirably represented by Guizot, Pelet de la Lozère and Agénor de Gasparin. Under the present Republic the proportion of political men who are Protestants has been quite unusual. A number of them are at the head of public administrations and in parliament; the reorganisa-

tion of public instruction and the direction of normal institutions, where teachers are trained for public schools, have been almost exclusively committed to them ; all the ministries and several times the presidency of the cabinet have been in Protestant hands, and a Protestant was, a few years ago, very nearly elected President of the Republic.

Now, after what we have seen of the part taken by Protestantism in the intellectual, economical and political life of France, can any one seriously speak of any incompatibility between Protestantism and the French mind ? Does it not, on the contrary, appear that the two are so congenial, so apt to agree, that their association—even in the measure to which it has been limited in France by circumstances—cannot but bring forth an element of superiority, and prove an irresistible principle of progress ?

Unfortunately, the French mind is not to-day what it was in the days of the Reformation. Three centuries of Jesuitism have deeply modified its natural characteristics. Recent events show what has been the baneful effect of that influence on the best and most characteristic features of the French nation. This is the reason why Protestantism provokes in many French people, who pretend to represent the national feeling, an opposition which did not exist three hundred years ago. It cannot be denied that all the Jesuitic forces, with the conscious or unconscious help of numerous allies, are preparing for new and furious war against Protestantism, because they see in it the principal obstacle to their first triumph. But for this same reason French Protestantism may hope for better days. Whatever may be the momentary and apparent success of Jesuitism in France, its triumph is not yet. Its present victories are due to a misunderstanding. The French people have been impudently deceived by the leaders of the anti-Semitic and anti-Protestant campaign, whose gross misrepresentation and calumnies are disseminated under the well-sounding words of patriotism and nationalism. Jesuitism can succeed in France only under a mask. The mask behind which it has slowly made its way during these last years in French opinion is gradually

being torn away. As soon as the eyes of the French people are opened to the true aim and inspiration of the leaders they have followed, as soon as they recognise under the mask of the "nationalist" the hated face of the Jesuit, there will be an inevitable and powerful reaction. When this time comes—perhaps sooner than we think—then, to every intelligent and liberal French mind Protestantism will appear as the true force to oppose to the invasion of Jesuitism, as the strongest bulwark of the national independence against the formidable assaults of the army of the "black internationalism."

ONÉSIME PRUNIER.

THE CROMWELL TERCENTENARY.

CARLYLE'S prescription for national safety and progress was, "Find the true hero and put him in his right place." The history of Cromwell is a demonstration of the sovereign rights of manhood. In times of genuine national distress and peril, mere names and titles go for little or nothing; the necessity of the hour is capacity, character, manhood. When the ship of State is in danger from wind and wave, a weak, double-minded, ineffectual person at the helm is not qualified to be there by reason of a captain's uniform. To save the ship in her extremity he must take command who can. These are the emergencies when all precedents will be ignored, a burnt offering made of mountains of red-tape and sealing-wax, not to mention parchment proprieties and etiquettes; and all rights will have to give way to one supreme right—the right of the chief man to take the chief place. There are some people who still maintain that it would be better for a nation to sink with legitimacy than to breast the waves under an irregular captain. But no high-spirited people will ever consent to that creed. They will always prefer life under a Huntingdon farmer to death under even the most distinguished prince of the blood; which being said, every defence has been made that need be made of that Christian Commonwealth which was established within these realms under the Lord Protector three hundred years ago.

I. It has been one of the chief benefits resulting from the recent tercentenary commemoration of Oliver Cromwell's birth, that the *permanence* of the motives and principles by which he and his co-workers were actuated has been demonstrated. All rights have, in the last extremity, to give way to the rights of the people. The uncompromising and relentless

way in which Cromwell pursued the war to its bitter end was only a proof how deep that conviction had sunk into his brain. He himself stated the question simply and finally in a memorable letter. To Colonel Robert Hammond, the custody of Charles Stuart, in the Isle of Wight, had been committed. It appears that the young officer was in some danger of culpable weakness in discharging the duties of his responsible office. Cromwell wrote to him and put the great motive of the struggle clearly and plainly before him. "Is *salus populi* a sound position?" That is the problem Cromwell thrusts upon him. *Salus populi suprema lex*—is it a sound position? Not the safety of a king, nor of a class, nor of an order, nor even of a Church, but of a people. That the parliament stood against a tyrannical absolutism for the only rights, liberties and privileges under which a people could be strong, free and progressive, has long ago been conceded by all whose judgment is worth having. Cromwell's own way of putting it was this: "That people exist for kings and Churches, and saints for the pope or churchmen begins to be exploded." It began to be very much exploded from the moment when Eliot, Pym, Hampden and Cromwell took courage to act, and in them the nation found soul and voice. Henceforth the law was to run that kings exist for the people, and not the people for kings. Yet that Cromwell would have saved Charles if Charles had been a king who could be saved is now certain. It is no purpose of our commemoration of Cromwell to say bitter and violent things against Charles. He paid the penalty; and if only he could have lived with a tithe of the nobility with which he went to the block he might have had a peaceful and prosperous reign. But the verdict of history will remain that he made himself impossible by his own "incurable perfidy." A king who would intrigue to reduce his own subjects to his allegiance by foreign troops is a king you cannot save. *Salus populi suprema lex*. The issue was seen to lie between the death of a king and the death of a people; and Cromwell and the army decided that the king

must die. It was, as Cromwell said later, "a sad necessity"; but the sadness was not one whit more evident than the necessity.

II. Another great point gained is a recognition of the fact that rightly to construe Cromwell's career as soldier or statesman, you must first appreciate his religious character and his habit of putting first things in the first place. To put it plainly, he was not only a great soldier and a great statesman, he was one of the world's great saints. It is a sign of the modern boldness in dealing with the memory of Cromwell that we are able to claim him fearlessly as a saint. We freely admit that he conforms very imperfectly to the regulation pattern of the canonised saint with which the Church of Rome has made us familiar. We can imagine him very uncomfortable in any accepted hagiocracy; and we are sure the saints in their turn would be very uncomfortable if Cromwell proposed to make one of the party. The Puritan saint has nothing in common with the ascetic and the hermit. We do not admire "a fugitive and cloistered virtue." The men who, as Dr. Hatch put it, "follow John the Baptist into the wilderness rather than Christ into the world" are not our men. The Puritan saint is a man of affairs who treads the common dusty highway of life but keeps a heart pure and reverent towards God and tender towards men; and who habitually subordinates his private interests to the public good. That is the Puritan saint; and Cromwell was that, and something more. For he had so much of the saintly temperament that he enjoyed great and vivid inward experiences. It is in this particular that he stands distinguished from such as Bismarck, to whom he has been compared. The comparison is doubtless suggested by certain obvious, superficial resemblances—the genius for strategy, the iron will, and so forth. Cromwell and his comrades had civil and religious watchwords which would have been mere vapourings and intangible abstractions to the great Prussian. It was Cromwell's glory that he knew their value; and not only perilled everything he had for the sake of them, but exhorted and adjured all he knew to do

likewise. Our modern difficulty in the way of understanding Cromwell lies in the fact that our attitude to religion is so largely critical. His letters and speeches savour of cant to the cultivated agnosticism of to-day, for the very reason that the supreme realities of Cromwell are so very far from being the supreme realities to the *fin de siècle* materialist. Cromwell's personal religious life began in tumult and struggle. He was ever a fighter, and his first great fight was with himself and his own sinful affections and disorderly passions. "There is no victory except through battle," as Carlyle says ; and Cromwell's religious life henceforth was the life of one victorious. He is more than conqueror through his captain Christ, with whom he has now entered into a covenanted fellowship. All through his letters and speeches there gleam saintly thoughts, the product of a mind which, in the midst of the most tremendous earthly issues, concerned itself habitually with infinite and eternal things. When he went out to battle he was not like an ordinary man, but

Happy as a lover ; and attired
In sudden brightness like a man inspired.

He said of himself on one such occasion, "I smile out to God in praises of assurance of victory because God would by the things that are not bring to nought things that are." It was noticed that at Dunbar, when the position of his army seemed desperate, he was not merely calm but radiant. "In all hazards," he writes to Lord Wharton, "God's worst is far above man's best." He told the House of Commons that he could laugh out when he remembered his difficulties, and how God had brought him through. He thanked God he was inured to difficulty. It is doubtful whether the records of our race afford any parallel to Cromwell's absolute sense of being led and directed by an invisible Hand. Rightly or wrongly he regarded himself as dependent for every suggestion upon the leading of the kindly Light. Nor can it be denied that there was about his movements on the field of battle something of the quality of sudden

inspiration. He was great in the unexpected ; in startling surprises ; manœuvres so swift, so daring, so brilliant that they had the character of inspired improvisations. To his men he was ever a leader who was in veritable league with Deity ; and therefore infallible and invincible. His own watchword may be said to have been "No man ever rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going."

That with such clear consciousness of having entered into direct spiritual relations with God, he should come into sharp conflict with all mechanical and sacerdotal methods and theories was inevitable. He was for the free life of the Spirit. The conditions of receiving that life were at once moral and spiritual ; never legal, or ceremonial, or ecclesiastical. Describing the religious unity which existed in the army, despite all varieties of opinion, he said "All that believe have the *real* unity, which is the most glorious, because in the body and to the Head." His method of testing the legitimacy of theological opinion seems to have been whether it disabled a man from genuine intercourse with God. He defended the pan-denominational constitution of the army on the ground that "all have . . . the same Presence and answer." Therefore, he argued, what God hath owned call not thou common or unclean. One is reminded of Richard Shackleton's visit to Edmund Burke ; and of the anxiety of the simple honest Quaker lest he should have gone beyond the will of God in visiting one who lived so much in the world. On the morrow, however, he was able to write to his wife that he had found "no condemnation, but ability to put up fervent petitions with much tenderness." This he attributed to the presence and help of the Spirit, and it was a sign to him that he had not alienated the goodwill of Heaven. Even so Cromwell judged faith by results, testing profession by character and experience. One can see what difficulties must have encompassed him ; nevertheless, it was surely a better test to apply by which to gauge the depth of the Christian life, than the parrot repetition of a creed, or formal submission to a ceremony.

It follows from this that Cromwell could not fail to have

a rooted aversion to the Laudian doctrine of the ministry. He objected to that doctrine in the interests of a nobler and purer one. It was his ambition to recover the simple comprehensive doctrine of the New Testament. The supposition that a man is a true minister of Christ if he have been episcopally consecrated, even though he be of vicious immoral life, was to Cromwell a blasphemous fable. There was no greater presumption than that of the ecclesiastics who would unchurch saintly divines such as Owen, Howe, and Peters in favour of some of the chartered libertines of the Church of the Stuarts. There is perhaps no more famous passage in all Oliver's speeches than the one in which he utters himself on this matter. "I speak not—I thank God it is far from my heart—for a ministry deriving itself from the Papacy, and pretending to that which is so much insisted on, 'Succession.' The true succession is through the Spirit given in its measure. The Spirit is given for that use, to make proper 'speakers-forth' of God's eternal truth. That's the right succession!" It was well said. England will never be herself until she learns to speak with that accent. Yet, may we not say that in this regard, as in so many others, Cromwell is "the typical Englishman of all time." The Englishman does at heart believe as Cromwell believed; and, however he may be misrepresented by the clerical and sacerdotal party, he will always believe so. Confront him with the plain question as to whether some discredited, immoral episcopal clergyman is a truer minister of Jesus Christ than Bunyan, Livingstone, Spurgeon or Dale, and he will laugh the silly claim to scorn. To him the veritable work of the Spirit in the soul may be personally unknown; but he believes in some, be they few or many, in whose speech and conduct the influence of the Spirit has been manifest. Cromwell held that such men, and such men alone, were called of God to the ministry of His Church. They alone were true ministers of Jesus Christ. It was a high and exacting ideal; and it was only possible to one who had the most vivid sense of the actual presence and manifested power of God in the world. "When I

consider," says Carlyle, "that Oliver Cromwell believed in a God, the difference between him and any subsequent governor of this country becomes, the more I think of it, the more immeasurable."

The wonder to us is that this vivid spiritual experience suffered no attenuation during the years of the Protectorate. A life so full of affairs, and lived amid so much of worldly state, can never be the most open to religious influences. We should not have been altogether surprised if the saintly life had suffered, even in Cromwell, where the court was so near and the atmosphere of diplomacy so shrewd. Yet even here Cromwell was his own sufficient protection. "In the whole history of Europe," writes Mr. Frederick Harrison, "Oliver is the one ruler into whose presence no vicious man could ever come; whose service no vicious man might enter." It may truly be said that he took the best means to keep his own highest ideals alive when he surrounded himself with men over whose hearts these ideals had similar authority. The dangers of diplomacy were appreciably lessened when a certain John Milton was associated with him in diplomatic work. He could hardly have condescended to lying and intrigue, even had he been so disposed, when Milton was to act as scribe. That he sought out the Miltons as well as the Iretons was in itself a confirmation of his own expressed policy, "if I were to choose any servant, the meanest officer for the army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles, especially where a trust is to be committed, because I know where to have a man that hath principles." But having thus put definitely first things into the first place, he was very far from being the Philistine in things secondary that he has been popularly supposed to have been. We are all familiar with the typical cathedral verger whose well-practised part it is to deal largely in simulated indignation against the invented outrages to art of which Oliver has been declared guilty. This gentleman has had his day. It is beginning to be recognised that art has had many less efficient patrons than Oliver Cromwell. In his

incredibly busy and burdened life he found time to save Raphael's cartoons for the nation ; to encourage opera at Whitehall, and to secure the public title to a number of royal parks and palaces in the interest of the wholesome recreation and enjoyment of the people. His fondness for horses has frequently been a subject of comment ; and his letter about his son Richard, in which he declares that he grudges him not lawful recreation but only "scruples to feed his humour" when he makes it the *business* of his life, is an example of what common sense and high principle in combination can produce. It should be said, moreover, that inflexibly honourable and just as was his public life, his private life excelled in the fairest and sweetest of domestic virtues. Here, in the privacy of home, he unbent and allowed his heart full play. His letters to his wife and children are almost too sacred for public quotation even to-day. We watch him with moist eyes as he withdraws himself from public affairs to sit day after day, and night after night, by the bedside of his favourite daughter who is dying. When she has passed from him, we see the strong man and loving father droop and fade away ; until not many days after, he too lies down on the bed whence he is not to arise again. Then ensue the final scenes. We listen to that last comprehensive prayer : for his friends and allies, that "they may lean less on Thine instruments and more on Thyself" ; for his enemies "waiting to trample on the dust of a poor worm," that God would remember them "for they too are Thy children." Cromwell lived the saintly life, and he died as he lived. It was emphatically the death-bed of a saint. I repeat, we have made a great advance in England towards the full appreciation of Cromwell when we have gained courage to claim him openly, freely, confidently, as a great Christian saint.

III. The period of Cromwell's life as a soldier covers nine years. He appears to have regarded the necessity, as all the noblest soldiers have done, with feelings akin to horror. "We would gladly be rid of our trade of war," he says wearily ; and again, "it hath been our desire and

longing to have avoided blood in this business." But his destiny was at war with his disposition and desire ; and when he came to believe that God would have it this way, he bowed to the divine decree. But we feel, all through, that he buckled on the sword in sorrow, and could have said with Calvin, "I offer my slain heart for sacrifice." His military achievements are well within the appreciation of all. There is no better summary of them than that given by Mr. Harrison. "Not only did he never command in any battle that did not result in utter ruin to his enemy, but no single operation of war that he ever undertook failed. With some fifteen thousand men he had practically reconquered Ireland in nine months. With a little larger force he subdued Scotland in about a year. At Marston and at Naseby he had converted a losing battle into an overwhelming victory. At Basing, at Drogheda, at Worcester, he stormed strong places desperately defended, with very moderate loss. At Preston, with a loss of fifty men, he annihilated a brave army of twenty-four thousand ; at Dunbar, with a smaller loss, he annihilated another brave army of twenty-two thousand ; at Worcester, with a loss of under two hundred, he overwhelmed an army of fifteen thousand. He never fared so well, he said, as when the enemy were two to one. Every one of his victories was won in the least time and with the smallest loss. . . . He created a regular army, and trained it to become as perfect an instrument of war as history records."

That is the bare recital of his achievements ; and when we consider the small loss at which his greatest victories were won, we are forced to conclude that he is one of the greatest generals, if not the greatest general, of whom we have any record. But, of course, that which distinguishes Cromwell from any other of the world commanders was his theory as to the elements out of which an "ever-victorious army" must be constructed. He put it bluntly to Colonel Hacker, "Truly I hold that he who prays and preaches best will fight best." It is, to put it mildly, an uncommon theory of military success. The soldiers to which Mr. Kipling

loves to introduce us are certainly not of that sort. The common belief has been, and is, that he who drinks hardest, and swears loudest, and fears not the face of God or man, will make the best fighter. Cromwell counted on the spirit and determination which conviction produces in men. His soldiers were idealists, visionaries, prophets, fanatics, anything you will ; but at least they knew that there are causes for which a man should count not his life dear to him. As for Cromwell himself, he believed in his soul that God's causes should be fought and won by God's men ; could in fact be won by no other.

Half a century ago criticism raged fiercely and bitterly around three main points in the life of Cromwell—his dealings with the king, his dealings with the parliament, and his dealings with Ireland. It is no exaggeration to say that since that time criticism has steadily retreated from the first two positions, and the last hope of Cromwell's enemies is the third. Prophecies are dangerous things to fire off ; the recoil of the gun being so frequently fatal to the prophet. Yet I venture to predict that in less than half a century criticism will have retreated as hopelessly and finally from the third position as from the two previous ones. Nevertheless, with Mr. Harrison still unconvinced, and Mr. Gardiner somewhat the victim of his own over-anxiety to concede all he can to the sympathisers with Ireland, a plain statement of the facts is not yet unnecessary. Someone has recently satirically observed that it is a far cry from Nazareth to Drogheda. May be ; but from Jerusalem and a certain young Prophet, with blazing eyes and a knotted scourge, flogging the vile desecrators of the church out of the temple of God—from that scene to Drogheda is not so far a cry. But let us set down the facts. Cromwell was sent to Ireland in consequence of the 1641 massacre. One is compelled to notice that the modern execrators of Cromwell have no indignation left to bestow upon the executors of that hideous atrocity. It is some relief to know that the number of people massacred in 1641 was not so great as at first reported ; but it is only fair to Cromwell to remember that

the advices of his government were to the effect that two hundred thousand Protestants had been murdered in cold blood. Whatever the exact figures may be, there is no dispute that women and children and defenceless aged men were relentlessly butchered by a mob of armed assassins. Moreover, it must never be forgotten that just seventy years previously the massacre of St. Bartholomew's had occurred in France. There must have been many alive in England who could remember the thrill of horror that passed over this country then. Now, in 1641, these same scenes of blood and murder had been repeated in a land even nearer to our own. It is on record that Cromwell earnestly begged that he might not be sent to Ireland. He only bowed to the general conviction that none but he could do what needed be done. When at last he crossed the channel, he did so not merely to punish a few red-handed and perhaps irresponsible murderers: *he went to stop these massacres for all time.* Criticism has been directed against his procedure on the ground that the army in Drogheda did not consist of those who were guilty of the actual massacre. But the point is that if they had not done this infamous work themselves, they were in league with those who had, and it was ever Cromwell's way to strike at wrong in its high places. This brings us to the actual fight at Drogheda. When one remembers how the world was made to ring with charges as to the merciless cruelty practised by Cromwell at Drogheda, it is some relief to set down the simple fact that in storming and taking a strongly fortified and desperately defended town two thousand of the enemy were slain. On the face of it this does not look like butcher's work. Moreover, it was reserved for Mr. Gardiner to disprove the popular accusation that no quarter was given, and to disprove it out of the mouths of so-called royalists who survived. Their own testimony is that when the city was fairly carried quarter was asked and quarter was granted to very many of the defenders. There remains the fact that after this time it was desperate fighting to the death with all who remained in arms. Mr. Firth has very properly

pointed out that Lord Wellington defended such action as the only possible one in such a position, and himself carried it out in the Peninsular war. There has never been heard any violent outcry against Wellington, although where Cromwell slew his hundreds the great duke slew his thousands. I cannot see the justice of the passage in Mr. Gardiner's history in which he suddenly begins to describe all the horrors of war in the streets of Drogheda. War is horrible anywhere and at any time. But if two thousand men fell fighting, in arms, at Drogheda, the dead in the streets can surely bear no comparison with the heaped-up slain outside Dunbar. It was grim, fierce fighting no doubt, but it was the fighting of armed men with armed men, and it was punishment for the merciless massacre of unarmed men and their wives and little ones. One turns from the ravings of Catholic critics to Cromwell's own famous challenge to the world, "Give us an instance of one man since my coming to Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or banished, concerning the massacre or destruction of whom justice hath not been done or endeavoured to be done?" There was no reply. One cannot help wondering whether, if England had ever found her soul in recent years and concluded to bring home to Turkey her sins against Armenia, her dealings would have been less or more severe than Cromwell's dealings with Ireland.

IV. It remains to deal briefly with Cromwell as statesman.

So far as domestic politics were concerned he held through his life to one clear policy. It was to sweep away all hindrances to the voice of the English people being heard. In pursuit of this policy he stood up against a king who would govern without a parliament; he stood up against a parliament that refused to refresh its authority at the source of power; he stood against ecclesiastics who had gradually usurped that power in the Church which belongs by right to the Christian people; he stood up for the right of every citizen to be tried in open court and by his peers. The accusation that he himself intended to govern without a parliament would have real force were it not for the known

fact that he was arranging to summon a new parliament at the time of his death. His difficulty lay not only in the unsettlement of a time of revolution, but in the fact that he had not the necessary machinery for registering the true wishes of the English people.

Closely related to this general policy was his determination to leave a loyal man free to speak out his opinions. For the most part he held by the bold idea as expressed to the Parliament that "Notions will hurt none but those that have them." His attitude is now generally approved ; yet I doubt whether Cromwell's extraordinary courage is even now properly appreciated. The ideas of toleration existing at the time in the minds of its best friends were of the crudest. Toleration for all men reasonably orthodox was all very well ; but from the average Puritan of the day the freethinker would certainly have expected very little tolerance. Let us try to realise the tone and temper of mind in those by whom he was surrounded, and then endeavour to calculate the explosive power of words like these : "Truly the judgment of truth will teach you to be as just towards an unbeliever as towards a believer ; and it is our duty to do so. I confess I have said sometimes I had rather miscarry to a believer than to an unbeliever. This may seem a paradox ; but let's take heed of doing that which is evil to either." Indeed, in this regard the bitterest censures of his adversaries have by the sure revenges of the whirligig of time become his highest compliment. How strange in our modern ears sounds the vehement objection of the Scotch to his practise, "Cromwell and his council took on them to join themselves to no party, but to be for the liberties of all." That you should be willing to concede a liberty to an opponent which you had it in your power to deprive him of was, to them, a sign of culpable weakness, if not apostacy. Cromwell's notable saying to Colonel Crawford is now historic because the principle of it has been built so securely into the constitution of the English State : "Sir," said he, "the State, in asking a man to serve it, takes no account of his opinions." There are still some enemies

of this noble position left, who refuse persistently to accept it as applicable to the teaching profession. But that is no more than to say that Cromwell was in advance not only of his contemporaries, but of many Englishmen in our own enlightened century. We recall that in an age bitter against them—and, in many extreme cases, it must be confessed, not without reason—he did what he could to protect the Quakers. Under his protectorate, the Jews—the most persecuted nationality in Europe—found liberty and an open door in England. He even satisfied Cardinal Mazarin that he was extending to the Romanists all possible tolerance. Certainly not the least of his achievements was that, for the first and last time in its history, he made the Church of England a thoroughly comprehensive and representative institution. Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians ministered side by side within its borders. His one anxiety was to get rid of “scandalous ministers”—those whose lives had been a scandal to religion. Even Baxter, who certainly did not love Cromwell, admitted that his system of “triers” worked well, and “gave us able, serious preachers, who lived a godly life, of *what tolerable opinion so ever they were.*”

As to the general prosperity of the country under the Lord Protector there is no serious difference of opinion. Mr. Harrison reminds us that it was an opponent who candidly declared “all England over, they were halcyon days ;” and another admitted that “the days of the usurpation were days of rare peace and progress.” As to Cromwell’s services to art, music, and literature, his patronage of such men as Milton, Marvell, Wither, and a score of others ; his practical aid to education ; his foundation of the University of Durham ; his reform of the Chancery Courts ; and his absolute indifference to his own private and personal interests—are not these things written, at last, in the book of the chronicles of the English people ? Neither is any doubtful answer possible to-day as to what was his position among foreign courts. When he spoke to Europe, through Milton, the massacres of the Piedmontese ceased, and the

persecuted Protestants were reinstated. The greatest potentates of Europe bid against one another for the honour and profit of his alliance. He was the true architect of our English navy; and only the incurable folly and craven-heartedness of his successor menaced our maritime supremacy again. When we add that through all his fame and success he remained ever the same simple-hearted, earnest, devout, sincere Christian man, there is nothing left to say. Unless indeed it be this, that England, to mark her sense of what he was and what he did, to her own undying shame, in the days of her deepest dishonour, hung his body in chains at Tyburn, set his head on a spike at Westminster Hall, and taught her children to execrate his memory.

It has been said by someone that his like has never been seen in history, before or since. Such a saying opens up a large question, of a somewhat academic character. As to the centuries previous to his time, we may be excused for declining the investigation. But as to the last three centuries, I would venture to differ. To my thinking there has been one who was very like him. Needless to say I am not referring to either Bismarck or Napoleon. Cromwell's true successor in history was another great builder of a commonwealth on foundations of freedom; an Anglo-Saxon, a son of the Puritan name, and the Puritan blood. The nearest to the spirit and achievements of Oliver Cromwell is Abraham Lincoln. There was in both the same iron will, the same intensely religious mind, and the same tender and humble spirit. In the dark days of civil war both of these men stood by the cause of justice and freedom, as the supreme conditions of national progress. Nothing unites the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family more securely than this kinship of their national heroes. It encourages us to believe that as we have a great common heritage, so we have a great common destiny. That destiny found expression by a representative Puritan of the Commonwealth. Hugh Peters was the favourite army chaplain of Cromwell. He was a useful man in the pulpit, and, unless history does him injustice, he was by no means in the way on a field of battle.

The butchers of the Restoration hacked Hugh Peters to pieces at Charing Cross. But in the days of the triumph of the Commonwealth he addressed some words to Parliament, in a sermon, which were long remembered : "What you have gotten by *the sword*, must be maintained by *the word*." In that saying he glanced at the more renowned victories of peace, of which Milton sang. To perpetuate and consolidate the victories of the sword, we must have the victories of the word. It is the vocation of England and America to make plain to the world the word of righteousness, peace, liberty, and religion. If Cromwell wielded the sword it was because he loved the word even more than life, and limb, and estate. To fight this noble battle for the victory of the word in the life of the people is the best possible commemoration of that great and dear spirit who was cradled at Huntingdon, this fight to fight and this faith to hold, three hundred years ago.

C. SILVESTER HORNE.

OUT ON THE ESSEX MARSHES.

THESE marshes have a charm of their own. The naturalist loves to wander over the wide stretches of waving green which have scarcely a touch of bright colour, save where the hedges of the dusty intersecting ways are afire with golden broom. The green is the deeper and the more restful to the eye for the glory of the *Cytisus* that rises out of it ; and the wayside gold is the more brilliant for the sombre verdure amid which it flashes in this early summer sunshine. Green and gold and little else are here in June, for the grasses have scarcely begun to flower, and the blossoms of the marsh marigold have long since faded. Yet in the trenches the handsome rose-coloured flowers of the rush (*B. umbellatus*) are here and there conspicuous, and the purple loosestrife flaunts its beauty among rustling sedges. Soon other moisture-loving plants like the exquisite bog-bean (*menyanthes trifoliata*) will decorate the mossy grass with its snow and pink gems, and the marsh valerian will cover many a low bank with its glossy leaves and clustered ruddy blossoms.

Abreast of these marshes is a sinuous silver streak of sea filling shallow creeks and hiding the squalor of the ragged edges of black mud which, when the tide is out, form the unpicturesque margin of the "saltings," as the natives say. When the tide is in, the marshes take on new beauty. The waves, not crystal-hearted, but clouded amber waves, lave the green margins, and swirl and eddy in tiny harbours of sedge, where stately reeds nod their graceful plumes and sway and swing in the flowing current. The breeze blows more sweetly with the rising of the water, and the silence of the marsh is broken by the low musical chime of the incoming, caressing tide, as it mingles with the whisper of the soft wind, and we are conscious of the "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

A few weeks since this sea-margin was bright with sea pinks. To-day they are faded and dead, and for the loss of them other lovely things compensate.

Tall the plumage of the rush-flower tosses,
Sharp and soft in many a curve and line
Gleam and glow the sea-coloured marsh-mosses,
Salt and splendid from the circling brine.
Streak on streak of glimmering seashine crosses
All the land sea-saturate as with wine.

When the tide has ebbed the creeks are slime and ooze, the feeding places of numerous sea birds. Here are gulls of several species, chiefly the common gull and the herring gull, in all their grace of movement, and their chaste loveliness of ermine and shadowy gray; here also the gaunt heron fishes. It is almost as frequently seen as the gull. Watch it as it spears its unsuspecting prey with rapier bill, and then, seizing it with its talons, conveys it to mouth. Here, too, is an outlawed vulture of the ocean, the great black-backed gull, a majestic creature, strong and swift of flight, a notable warrior, feeding on carrion, trained to do battle from its youth with awful tempest, bold and cruel, and withal wary; it is the terror of weaker sea-fowl. We saw it to-day sweeping rapidly, but without flurry, across the estuary on wide pinions. It is unrelentingly shot down, and we cannot wonder at this, for its hand, its beak and talons, are against every bird's. It hunts over marsh and moorland as well as in creek and on sea-shore; and no creature it dares attack comes amiss to its larder. Even the young of the peregrine falcon are not safe. Still, we should regret to see it swept from our coasts, for it is a vision of delight, and "like all other creatures it fills the place it was intended for to perfection, being one of the police that nature has stationed in their appointed beats all over the earth and waters." Many other birds visit these marshes and creeks at various seasons. A list of them would fill a long paragraph. After sunset you hear the dotterel pipe in the twilight, the whistle of the curlew pierces the

stillness of the later evening, and the resonant calls of the migrants that come and go mysteriously and untraceably as the ships that pass in the night. Here, on the marshes, are peewhits, snipes, redshanks, and, more rarely, sanderlings and dunlins ; here come beautifully plumaged ducks to fish and paddle in the still water and the ooze of the creeks. You may catch a distant view of a red pochard, or a scaup duck, a golden eye, or a merganser. In the spring among the reeds is found the hammock nest of the sedgebird, a lullaby cradle rocked by the winds, or the nest of the ruff, a greater treasure, not for its clever architecture—for in truth it is only a hollow pressed down in the centre of a tussock of coarse grass, and lined with dead leaves—but for its extreme rarity. In the autumn, you may “flush” splendid birds like the woodcock or the mallard from the cover where they hide and rest after their long journey across the North Sea from Scandinavian forests and fjords, or from the marshes of Jutland. Occasionally, strange bird visitors are found on these Essex marshes. A friend of the writer’s has a weaver-bird of carmine and snow, a gorgeously dressed thing which he shot on Mersea Island ; another friend has a proudly crested cockatoo, a dainty white bird touched with crimson. This, an Australian species, was killed on the low flats adjacent the mouth of the Colne. The former bird having probably lost its way, got into a stream of migrants bound north-west and was borne along with these regular visitors to shores wholly unfamiliar to the bright-coloured South-African beauty. It is more difficult to account for the presence of the latter, but probably it was a truant from some private collection.

We must not linger over these charming creatures. To-day, however, the skylark carols above us in “the virginal, untroubled sky,” and we think of William Watson’s lines—

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears ;
My song comes fluttering and is gone.
O high above the eternal years,
Eternal joy, sing on !

And as we listen, we feel, with the poet, that

Less alien grows the sky.

For, addressing the sweet bird, we may add,

For thou art native to the spheres,

And of the courts of heaven art free,

And carriest to "our" temporal ears

News from eternity.

The blackbird emulates the lark ; and in that hawthorn bush, by the brook, is its nest full of callow fledgelings. There goes on arrowy wing a turtle dove heading straight for yonder plantation, which, by the way, is almost the only piece of woodland on these treeless stretches. The birds flock to it. We have seen literal clouds of starlings—tens of thousands—congregate here when they had finished their day's task among the insect pests that swarm on the ploughlands bordering the marshes. And the labour of the starling is of inestimable value, though, alas ! too often it is thankless labour, rewarded by cruel death at the hands of some stupid lout.

Here is a rustic quay in one of the creeks to which comes many an awkward, lumbering barge to load hay for the great busy city. The crews are Londoners, whose undiluted cockney speech bewrayeth them, but they are not at all like the dwarfed, attenuated, dough-complexioned specimens of humanity one sees in the East end of London. They seem to belong to another race. They are brawny limbed, deep chested, bronzed,

With cheeks like apples russet,

their faces full of good nature. The sea winds, the brine, and the sun have contributed to their physical strength. Their dress has a touch of the picturesque. It is of the usual sailor type, with exaggerations—top boots to the knee, blue guernseys striped with flaring red, a stout leather belt about the waist, and that peculiar badge of the East-ender, a coloured handkerchief wound about the throat. What would he do without his neckcloth ? The East-ender

readily discards the starched collar ; his coat, if necessary, he abandons, and puts sleeves on his vest in lieu of it ; his hat is a garment of minor importance ; stockings are a matter of comparative indifference, and he even dispenses with his "sark," but his "comforter" he regards as indispensable. In summer and in winter, in burning heats and bitter colds, on Sunday and on week day, it is constantly worn. As a rule he affects a woollen or cotton fabric with plenty of reds and blues ; now and again he aspires to silk, especially if he should be a "boss," or a barge captain. But we were speaking about the barges. Not all that come here are of the ugly type we have mentioned. A craft in her berth at the jetty to-day is of a different order. She is gaily painted. Vermilion, and orange, and white in line and square and scroll, stand out on a ground of green. If there is not fine art, there is that which answers to the craving for colour in the mind of the untutored. But we could not help feeling this afternoon, as this vessel sped past us on her way to the quay, that at any rate her sails would have captured the eye of a painter. Their warm amber, "gold-tawny" hue—

Where the red
Is meshed in the brown
Like a rubied sun in a Venice sail ;

their shapeliness, their jaunty cut and trim, and the graceful flow of curve and line and swelling sheet, as they expanded in the steady breeze, were delightful. And as the smart craft clave the water with accelerating velocity as the breeze freshened behind her, while in her wake the singing, dancing, sparkling foam left a track of silver, she was a picture for a poet's eye.

What a change from the ceaseless traffic of the Thames—where great steamers snort and hoot as they jostle one another in the crowded waterway—to this quiet creek ! What a contrast from the bustle and grime of London docks and wharves ! No sound here but the sea-bird's or the marsh-bird's cries, or the song of the little sedge-

bird among the grasses! These sons of the sea, after mooring their vessel and putting things ship-shape on deck, sit on the gunwale and bathe themselves in the sweet light of the westering sun. One wonders if beautiful nature throws over them any spell; or if the spell that evidently holds is their tobacco-pipe and the genial warmth of this June afternoon.

The sky-effects over the treeless expanse of the marshes are wonderful. Familiar, but always entrancing to the observant eye of the lover of nature, are the low, brooding, sombre greys, or the turbid blues of these heavens; the long, level bars stretching above the far horizon; the irregularly-shaped wells of clear silver that gleam out of the dark masses of cloud; the singular lights that shiver and flicker, or burn and flash at eventide, as the red sun sets in a cold sky, or goes down behind walls of vapour saturated with purple, trailing after him his long tresses of rainbow glory, while the light paints the grass and silver sea in its own rich hues; and (most common aspect of these skies) the dishevelled, troubled heavens that seem to watch with sorrow the relentless wind, scourging the grass till it turns its wan face mutely upward as if imploring mercy. It is difficult for the pen, as for the brush of the artist, to catch these, and a hundred fleeting aspects of cloud and sunlight, but the eye can admire and the heart can love what the hand cannot express.

There is an old-world character about the people of these marshes. They are not specially intelligent. Rather are they of slow mental movement, heavy like their clay-lands, partaking in the monotony of nature around them; but they are shrewd, tenacious, finding in reserve and extreme caution their defence against quicker witted people. They seldom "give themselves away." They wonder what a stranger or new-comer is like, and they wait to find him out before they entrust him with their confidence. It is not to be expected that men whose lives are spent in tending cattle and swinging the scythe, in repairing their dykes to keep back the sea, and clearing out trenches and sluices,

would develop the intellectual strength and agility which mark men who are compelled to use all the brains they possess at their daily tasks. They are not, of course, all alike, and wherever there is a little community of sailors or fishermen along this coast, you find superior mental force and quickness. No doubt the discipline of the sea sharpens the mind, hardens the fibre, and brings out its nobler qualities. How these people by the sea can sing ! What sweetness, what range and what mellowness are in their voices ! In inland villages only a few miles from the ocean congregations are apt to irritate by an unspeakably wretched drawl. They have neither ear nor voice. But the worship of these toilers of the sea is all brightness, verve, harmony, delight.

Calvinism has struck a deep root in the inhabitants of this district ; and, as we might suppose from the nature of these people, appears to be all but ineradicable. The Methodists even are infected with it, some of the older men being stout believers in the teaching of the Westminster Catechism. They are doughty antagonists in debate ; the "doctrines of grace" and certain parts of St. Paul's epistles being their favourite battle ground. The preacher is sometimes the victim of their prowess ; a sharp fusillade of questions, aimed at him when he descends from the pulpit, pierces his armour and leaves him theologically slain. These old saints—for saints they are—are the terror of young "locals," much to the ultimate advantage of these beginners, who dare not face the venerable theologians of the garden, the village smithy, and the tailor's shop, without making most careful preparation for their Sunday work. For "grit," for clearness in seeing and putting their "points," for elevation of mind, for spiritual insight, these old men are remarkable. They stand greatly above their neighbours and they have as yet few successors. Their thinking on high themes has made men of them. And Calvinism may take some credit for the production of characters of so fine a type.

ROBERT MCLEOD.

AMERICAN HUMOUR: MARK TWAIN.

1. *Artemus Ward : His Book and His Travels.* (London : G. Routledge & Sons. 1s.)
2. *Tales, Poems and Sketches.* By BRET HARTE. (London : Walter Scott, Ltd. 2s. 6d.)
3. *Free Joe.* By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, Author of *Uncle Remus.* (London : G. Routledge & Sons.)
4. *The Innocents Abroad.* By MARK TWAIN. (London : Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)
5. *Pudd'nhead Wilson.* By MARK TWAIN. (London : Chatto & Windus. 1894. 3s. 6d.)
6. *More Tramps Abroad.* By MARK TWAIN. (London : Chatto & Windus. 1897. 6s.)

"**T**RUE to the customs of his nation, this citizen of the United States was always grave and melancholy when saying anything humorous, much more so than at other times ; therefore when I saw him come in with more than usual gravity, I was inclined to suppose that he had something droll to say."

So witnesses one of the most charming of our modern English story-writers, and the witness is well supported by the various works of American humorists which we now propose to consider. Not a little of their mirth-provoking power is derived from the matter-of-fact gravity, business-like as that of an undertaker, with which the most improbable incidents are recounted—such gravity that a literal-minded reader might be misled thereby, as were the good folk of " Dawson's Landing on the Missouri side of the Mississippi," by the ill-advised joke of Mr. David Wilson,

otherwise "Pudd'nhead Wilson," as set forth in his biography by Mark Twain—that fatal joke which blighted the career of a very acute young lawyer for more than twenty years. Perhaps we could find no more finely typical example of "the great American joke."

He had just made the acquaintance of a group of citizens, when an invisible dog began to yelp and snarl and howl and make himself very comprehensively disagreeable, whereupon young Wilson said, much as one who is thinking aloud,—

"I wish I owned half of that dog."

"Why?" somebody asked.

"Because I would kill my half."

The group searched his face with anxiety, but found no light there, no expression that they could read. They fell away from him as something uncanny. . . . One said :

"'Pears to be a fool."

"'Pears?" said another. "Is, I reckon you'd better say."

"Said he wished he owned *half* of the dog, the idiot," said a third. "What did he reckon would become of the other half if he killed his half? Do you reckon he thought it would live? . . . In my opinion the man ain't in his right mind."

"In my opinion he ain't *got* any mind."

Mr. Wilson stood elected. . . . The first day's verdict made him a fool, and he was not able to get it set aside or even modified.

The whole passage, which we regret we cannot give *in extenso*, is a piece of admirable fooling in its reproduction of the extravagantly confused arguments adduced by "Mr. Wilson's" critics against his impossible position.

But for whimsical presentation of a quaint conceit it is outdone by the following passage, prefixed as a motto to the chapter from which we have just quoted.

There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, however witless. Observe the ass, for instance; his character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals; yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of being complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.

The topsy-turvy moralising tone of this, the clever parodying of the conventional declaimer's way of "improving" a subject, is perfect—and American to the core of it.

But there is something in Transatlantic wit and humour that hints at an underlying sadness, not to be confused with the characteristic and ironical gravity of expression on which we have touched. From the most wildly absurd productions of this school of writers, there breathes oftentimes a subtly mournful air ; an unavowed sense of the " tears in human things " suffuses their extravagant mockery. One or two writers, indeed, who were first made free of the great commonwealth of letters in virtue of some irresistibly laughter-moving achievement, have continued to maintain their honourable rank in that mysteriously constituted republic by admirably original work, in which the eternal tragedy of human existence has fullest recognition, being shown as pervading the most common-seeming lives, and making its awful presence felt amid grotesque surroundings, not less pathetically incongruous than unfamiliar to the ordinary English-speaking reader.

We may instance the series of Californian pictures drawn for us by the artist, who seized public attention many a year ago by the rhyme of the *Heathen Chinee*, with its *motif* of quiet scorn for the Western knavery that parades its conscientious intolerance for the more finished and masterly knavery of the "heathen" Eastern, as incarnate in the "Chinee" who overmatches "Bill Nye" at his own craft of card-sharping. The same picture was presented by the same painter, but in grimmer lines and darker hues, when Bret Harte went on to tell in plain prose the comic and tragic story of *Wan Lee, the Pagan*, the conscienceless, loyal, affectionate, and mischievous little Chinese idolater and printer's devil, whose education in Christian ethics was cut short when he was murdered by the hands of so called Christians. The tale of his innocent, because ignorant, *gamineries* has what is felt as a cruel conclusion when we see Wan Lee, the pagan, lying dead.

Dead, my reverend friends, dead ; stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco, in the year of grace 1869, by a mob of half-grown boys and Christian school-children !

As I put my hand reverently upon his breast, I felt something crumbling beneath his blouse. I looked enquiringly at Hop Sing. He put his hand between the folds of silk, and drew out something, with the first bitter smile I had ever seen on the face of that pagan gentleman.

It was Wan Lee's porcelain god, crushed by a stone from the hands of those Christian iconoclasts !

Our author has no need to add : "Is it thus that my countrymen recommend the religion of love to the alien, the heathen, the stranger within our gates ?" the question is inevitable. Happily the evil, so rampant in 1869, of selfishly intolerant bigotry masquerading as pious and patriotic zeal, is less bold and insolent to-day. Has not the daring satirist done his part to tame it ?

At the present day, such humour as Bret Harte has been willing to supply for his admirers is seen to be the very soul of sadness ; its piquancy depends on the stinging sharpness of the contrast between the words and deeds of men and women,—on the hollowness of high-flown professions of friendship, on the mercenary taint in relations supposed to be those of the most intimate affection, on the deceptions, the cruel illusions,—“an unshunned consequence,” if we believe our author's teaching—that are the fated lot of the man who, true, simple, and right-principled himself, can never credit friend, neighbour, fellow countryman, or attractive woman, with insincerity, self-seeking, or treachery. It is but a melancholy laughter that is evoked by the ridiculous situations into which such blind confidence leads deceiver and deceived ; but the sad humorist half atones for his gloomy pictures of life by a propensity to make the honest dupe victorious in the battle of life by virtue of the very guilelessness which false friend and faithless rival have half deplored while they have meanly profited by it. “The gods are on the side of innocence and righteousness, when all's said ; and honesty, coupled even with mere simple-

ness, stands a better chance of thriving than dishonest ability," may be no very exalted moral, but it is something to find it enforced in work so deeply tinged with a bitter cynicism as that of the laureate of gold-mad California, the satirist, whose corrosive pen writes "knave" on the forehead of plausible, well-clad respectability, and, "taking off the rose" from the cheek of much fair-seeming matronhood, "sets a blister there,"—the brand of such unscrupulous unwomanly love of lucre as one would fain hope is much less frequent in fact than in this author's fiction. He is quite consistent with himself when he poses as the apologist of gambler, debauchee, and outcast woman. These modern vulgar publicans and sinners are more to his taste than the models of outward propriety in broadcloth and silk who stand to him for Pharisee and scribe. One touch of honest compassion, one impulse leading to self-devotion and self-sacrifice, one true, unselfish affection, he whispers, may redeem a lost life and lift it out of vileness to the highest levels. His whisper has truth in it, as no men know better than those whose Christ-like work lies all among the pariahs of our modern civilisation; and for the sake of such truth we might forgive more irrelevances and more far-fetched witticisms than we could cite from the long list of poems, sketches, tales, which have been given to the English-speaking communities with the signature "Bret Harte."

We turn from this gloomily Rembrandtesque painter of men and manners to give a passing glance at one of a different spirit—one who was almost the earliest of American humorists to conquer the erstwhile scornful British public, and to beguile it into helpless laughter with absurdities made more preposterous by ingeniously bad spelling, which seemed too gratuitously imbecile to have been put on paper by any sane being, and which yet had in them a living soul of shrewd good sense and wholesome fun. It is quite advisedly that we speak of poor Charles Browne, otherwise Artemus Ward as being among the "earliest of *American* humorists" to become widely

popular on this side the water; only Lowell, with his inimitable dialect-studies in the *Biglow Papers*, can rightly be admitted as his predecessor; for the charming talent of Washington Irving, though employed so often in depicting Transatlantic manners and "humours," is thoroughly English—nay, Augustan; his delicately mischievous wit and finished style recall Addison, his poetic sensibility to natural beauty and his gentle pathos show him spiritual heir to Goldsmith. Nowise did Irving, the admiring contemporary of Scott, think of departing from the fine traditions of former English literature; and the English public that delighted in *Knickerbocker* and *Geoffrey Crayon* was select indeed compared with that which went wild over the drolleries of Artemus Ward the genial Showman. Those quaint pleasantries have a faded air about them to-day, and we wonder whether they move very young people to ecstasies of mirth now, as in those far off days before poor Charles Browne had ceased to lecture and to laugh, before the cruel little cough which "seemed to shake him to pieces" as he addressed his laughing audiences had done its work. "It is wearing me out," he would say too truly; but with so inimitable an air of finding the process the finest of jokes that the hearers must needs laugh, and be ashamed of the laughter, in a breath. Most pathetic figure that ever donned cap and bells, and jingled them gaily as he went down the unreturning way,—Artemus had no sins against society, no default of duty, to make him take his doom despairingly. Faithful, tender, honourable in every relation of life, he understood that even a jester must be reverent and clean in word and teaching. "I never stain my pages with even mild profanity," he wrote; "in the first place it is wicked, and in the second it is not funny"; in which respect his example might be commended to some more recent humorists. Another kind of temptation had as little hold on him; however rollicking his mirth, "there is not one really loose or unguarded thought" in the very various pages gathered together for lovers of cheap and cheerful literature to-day in Rout-

ledge's *Artemus Ward, his Book and his Travels*. Even in his wildly inaccurate account of an imaginary visit to Salt Lake "a 2nd Soddum and Germorrer, inhabited by as theavin and onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in any spot on the Globe," and in the graver handling of the same theme after actual inspection of the Mormon paradise, the peculiar social institutions of the region never move him to transgress the bounds of honest mirth. Nor is there any over-bold mockery aimed at the singular religion of the people and the character of the masterful prophet. Perhaps the native shrewdness of this laughing philosopher never was more manifest than in his estimate of Brigham Young :

A man of great natural ability. If you ask me how pious he is, I treat it as a conundrum and give it up. Personally he treated me with marked kindness throughout my sojourn in Utah. His power is quite as absolute as that of any living sovereign, yet he uses it with such consummate shrewdness that his people are passionately devoted to him. . . . The distinguished Joseph Smith handed his mantle and the prophet business over to Brigham when he died at Nawvoo.

Smith did a more flourishing business in the prophet linethan B. Y. Sm'ith used to have his little revelations almost every day—sometimes two before dinner. B. Y. only takes one once in a while.

The gateway of his block is surmounted by a brass American eagle, and they say ("they say" here means the Mormons) that he receives his spiritual dispatches through this piece of patriotic poultry. They also say that he receives revelations from a stuffed white calf that is trimmed with red ribbons and kept in an iron box. I don't suppose these things are true.

Could the absolute scepticism of the keen young Yankee as to the prophetic claims of the man of "consummate shrewdness and great executive ability" be more airily but unmistakably suggested ?

Poor Charles Browne laughed his last laugh thirty years ago. Quaintest of mockers, he was also one of the most original. Was there before him one in the inverted lens of whose mind "the whole world stood on its head, men thought backwards, and words invariably meant their con-

traries"? Hear him dwell on the demerits of that temperance hotel, "where they sold the very worst liquors he ever tasted. I don't drink now," he continues with inadvertent reminiscence; "I have given all that up. I used to drink once; but when I did, I never allowed business to interfere with it." Equally inconsequent outwardly, but biting too, is his grave confession "that he had always been of opinion that an occasional joke improved a comic paper." Are not there too many comic papers known to us that stand in need of such improvement?

Artemus Ward died and Mark Twain reigns in his stead; and there is sufficient spiritual kinship between the two to make the successorship quite appropriate and legitimate.

A change that might reasonably be deemed an improvement had declared itself in Charles Browne before his brief career closed. He had ceased to find it advisable to emphasise his wit by curiously phonetic spelling; this was typical of a more important alteration in his manner. His range of thought seemed wider, his wit had less of irresponsible schoolboy gaiety and more of serious intention. It was when he flung down the jester's bauble and laid aside the motley garb that Mark Twain—to give him the *nom de plume* he has made familiar wherever English is spoken—began to acquire a certain hold on the audience that had laughed so heartily with *Artemus*—scarcely at him. For a long time people of taste would turn their eyes from any book bearing the pseudonym that told of its writer's life on a Mississippi steamboat. "He is so vulgar," they alleged, "how can you read such detestable stuff?" And the majestic *Revue de Deux Mondes*, reproducing in classically faultless French the *Jumping Frog*, that its writer had set forth in roughest dialect, bade its readers note the singular ineptitude of the stories which could be accepted as witty and amusing by our cousins in the States. Certainly there was little of Attic elegance in the English affected by the new humorist; and the record of a tour in Europe in 1867, which became a popular favourite with English readers under the title of *The Innocents Abroad*, had some-

thing more than a note of aggressive provincialism—a sort of anxiety to depreciate, as far as possible, those Old World splendours in which the New World could claim neither part nor lot. It was supremely characteristic of this author in his earlier stage of development that, looking on the dreamlike beauty of the Italian lakeland with an eye that could take in no little of its loveliness, he must needs compare Como disparagingly with “Lake Tahoe.” Lago di Como is placed at a lower altitude than its Transatlantic rival—unknown, we fear, despite its eulogist, to nine hundred out of every thousand who are familiar with the pictured charms of Como; “Tahoe” is eighteen miles wide, Como but one. Charms measurable in miles of width and feet of altitude! is not here the old, old Transatlantic error of taking dimension as a test of grandeur? The “lonely majesty” of Tahoe—“a sea whose royal seclusion is guarded by a cordon of sentinel peaks that lift their frosty fronts nine thousand feet above the level world”—this lonely majesty “types the Deity”—and constitutes therefore superiority? Nay, but it is the human, historic, social element—the exquisite civilisation of centuries on centuries—which is the glory of the lovely accessible Italian lakes, and reminds us more aptly of divine wisdom as revealed in the Hebrew Scriptures, “rejoicing in the habitable earth, and her delight with the sons of men.” Our writer, despite his predetermined intention to exalt things American above all others, betrays himself as subjugated by this very charm despite himself, as unconsciously raised and refined by it. No vulgarity is traceable in this scrap of vivid, eloquent description.

From my window here in Bellagio, I have a view of the other side of the lake, which is as beautiful as a picture. A scarred and wrinkled precipice rises to a height of eighteen hundred feet; on a tiny bench half-way up its vast wall sits a little snowflake of a church; skirting the base of the cliff are a hundred orange groves and gardens, flecked with glimpses of the white dwellings that are buried in them; in front, three or four gondolas lie idle upon the water—and in the burnished

mirror of the lake, mountain, chapel, houses, groves, and boats are counterfeited so brightly and so clearly that one scarce knows where the reality leaves off and the reflection begins! . . . A mile away, a grove-plumed promontory juts far into the lake and glasses its palace in the blue depths; in mid-stream a boat is cutting the shining surface and leaving a long track behind, like a ray of light; the mountains beyond are veiled in a dreamy purple haze; far in the opposite direction a tumbled mass of domes and verdant slopes and valleys bars the lake, and here, indeed, does distance lend enchantment to the view—for on this broad canvas, sun and clouds and the richest of atmospheres have blended a thousand tints together, and over its surface the filmy lights and shadows drift, hour after hour, and glorify it with a beauty that seems reflected out of heaven itself.

So far, to show us that our jester has his share of the painter's eye and the poet's heart, and then the susceptible patriot and provincial must hark back to "Tahoe," and inform us with irritating exactitude of the depth—a hundred and eighty feet—at which in its "strangely magnifying waters one may count the scales on a trout," so wonderful the transparency of this "noble sea reposing among the snow-peaks"—all very interesting to the writer and his compatriots; but the note struck is a discord notwithstanding.

It is much the same in the *New Pilgrim's Progress*—a joke elaborated through some hundreds of pages, and much concerned with the small acreage of Palestine, and the insignificant area of the "kingdoms" that fell before the march of Israel; also with the sordidness, the uncleanness, and evil odours rife in Araby the Blest and the so long desecrated Holy Land. We are dealing with a laughing iconoclast, who finds the finest possible joke in the incongruousness between the dreamy, gorgeous Orient as imaged in devout fancy by the pious Bible-readers of the far West, and the poverty and ugliness blazed over by the noonday sun in wasted, down-trodden Palestine, crushed under the blighting rule of the Turk. The mood did not pass away rapidly. The satirist ran less risk of wounding the religious feeling of his English readers—

whose numbers increased, notwithstanding what to many seemed sheer irreverence on his part—when he applied his quaint methods to the great cycle of Arthurian myths, dear for uncounted generations to the fancy of us island-dwellers, and now better beloved than ever because of the glory of new rich colouring and the heightened significance of spiritual meaning with which the genius of our most sovereign poet of the century had freshly invested them. *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* displeased as many as it delighted. The story goes that the daring author of that mad travesty, compact of crazy incongruities and carefully contrived absurdities, being told that he was held presumptuously irreverent, intimated that reverence was a virtue he imperfectly appreciated. In some such fashion ran the tale ; if truly, the writer did himself injustice.

Many passages of his later works especially show him capable of enthusiastic admirations, and rendering a delighted homage to qualities which he can apprehend as really grand and worshipful. The boyish buoyancy and frolic are obvious and delightful still ; but under that foam and sparkle some nobler qualities, always latent, are becoming increasingly evident. Least familiar of any is the deep inward perception of the grimness and tragedy of life—which in his earlier books seemed as conspicuously absent as it is from the quaint and queer drolleries of Artemus Ward—of all the humorists with whom we have dealt, the one whose story is the saddest and whose humour the most incorrigibly cheerful.

In its unobtrusive way *Pudd'nhead Wilson*—almost the latest performance of its author—is a demonstration of the devilish mischief done by that “peculiar institution,” American slavery, as convincing as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The indictment is dispassionate as indictment of so monstrous an evil could be ; there is little declamation, no exaggeration, and such picturesqueness and grace of old-world dignity and kindness as could be found among the better sort of slaveholders is touched in with a kind of tender appreciation. But the injury to slave and slave-owner

—the distorted morality on both sides, the hopeless degradation of the one, the cruel insolence of superiority in the other—are shown in action with a cogency that is something terrible. Humour there is in almost every scene and every page ; but it is such humour as sheds a wild gleam on the greatest Shakespearian tragedies—on the deep melancholy of *Hamlet*, the heart-break of *Lear*.

The characters whose fortunes furnish forth the story are commonplace enough, so is the motive of the action—an exchange of children in their cradles by a slave foster-mother, who, being “only one-sixteenth black and that sixteenth didn’t show,” could substitute her slave-born boy, thirty-one parts white, fair of face and hair and blue-eyed like his foster-brother, for the son and heir of the lordly master, and so, as she dreamed, ward off from her darling all the horrors of his heritage of woe. How her fraud results in evil such as her poor untaught wit, however shrewd, could never have apprehended as possible, and how her son, thankless, heartless, faithless son to his real and his adoptive parent alike, is branded at last as perjured liar, thief, and murderer, and flung back into the thralldom she had tried to ward off from him—here is the originality in the plot, here the extraordinary power of the story, derived from the situation created for the otherwise insignificant personages and from the consequent evolutions of character. It needs all the quaint inverted wisdom of the citations from “Pudd’nhead Wilson’s Kalendar” to waken the familiar laughter that used to convulse Mark Twain’s readers in the older days ; and even in these there is a note of bitter world-experience.

“Gratitude and treachery are merely the two extremities of the same procession. You have seen all of it that is worth staying for when the band and the gaudy officials have gone by,” is a sentiment that might have commended itself to Swift, though the English be not that of the great dean. “Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral ? It is because we are not the person involved ;” and, “Whoever has lived long enough to find

out what life is, knows how deep a debt we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race : he brought death into the world," have the same stamp on them ; the strong and gloomy fancy which conceived and the iron pen that elaborated in every detail the dreadful picture of the undying Struldbrugs, in *Gulliver* might very well have originated these two cruel little epigrams. But the humorist of our own day has a kindlier and more tolerant spirit than his forerunner. If he does not give us any of those enchantingly gracious pictures of the better side of slave-life which we owe to the creator of *Uncle Remus*, beloved of children, he will not blame the enthralled negroes for the moral defects due to their position ; he refuses to see any hypocrisy in the noisy religion which could co-exist in them with a steady habit of larceny.

They had an unfair show in the battle of life, and they held it no sin to take military advantage of the enemy . . . in a small way, but not in a large one ; . . . sure that in taking a trifle from the men who daily robbed them of an inestimable treasure—their liberty—they were not committing any sin that God would remember against them in the last great day. So, they would go to church and shout and pray their loudest and sincerest with their plunder in their pockets.

Piteous, humiliating fruit of injustice and oppression—"twice accursed," hurtful to him who did and him who bore the wrong. Masters themselves had a double code of honour and compassion. "He was a fairly humane man to slaves and other animals ; he was an exceedingly humane man towards the erring of his own race."

It might have been the writer's own father who sat for this thumb-nail sketch of a slaveholder. In the much gayer and cheerier book put forth in 1897, *More Tramps Abroad*, Mark Twain shows us how intimate was his knowledge of the workings of slavery. He is in Bombay, and observing some authoritative German in the hotel dealing with a native servant guilty of some inadvertent error—

Without *explaining* what was wrong, he gave the native a brisk

cuff on the jaw and *then* told him where the defect was. . . . The native took it with meekness. . . . I had not seen the like of this for fifty years. . . . It flashed upon me the forgotten fact that this was the *usual* way of explaining one's desires to a slave. . . . My father was a refined and kindly gentleman, a sternly just and upright man. He laid his hand upon me in punishment only twice in his life, and then not heavily; . . . yet every now and then he cuffed our harmless slave-boy, Lewis, for trifling little blunders and awkwardnesses. My father had passed his life among the slaves from his cradle up.

Hence the brutality, which did not lie in the man's nature. Other masters punished awkwardness in murderous fashion; our author saw such a deed; the slaughter "seemed a pitiful thing and somehow wrong"; but the man "had a right to kill his slave if he wanted to." In face of such possibilities, the argument, something too well worn, which the author of *Uncle Remus* advances, how the negro stood a better chance among white Christians than in his own dark heathen land, lacks convincing power. Better, one would say, that the negro should take his chance in Africa than help to demoralise a higher race than his own by his very helplessness, and infect with a taint of true savagery a civilisation achieved not without heroic effort prolonged over many generations. The evil system was not swept away a day too soon.

More Tramps Abroad, a record of a lecturing tour through British dependencies and of travelling and other experiences among populations keenly appreciative of the American guest, shows no falling off in the special qualities that won for this writer a really world-wide popularity. It sparkles with gay good humour, it is rich in vivid description, couched in unconventional graphic phrase, of the splendid variety of scenery in the Greater Britain of Africa, Asia, Australasia, and of sumptuous picturesqueness of humanity in the Far East. The satiric touch is sharp as ever; and as ever it is chiefly bestowed on things odious and evil, wheresoever found. Something there is however which at least has not been so patent before; an affectionate

pride, a kind of loyal exultation, in the grandeur of British achievement, and the accumulated glories of the British name. "If monuments," says he, commenting on one to a stately memorial in Calcutta to "one Ochterlony," good, honourable serviceable, like "seventy-five or a hundred other Englishmen" who lie in unmarked graves, "if monuments were always given in India for high achievement, duty straitly performed, and smirchless records, the landscape would be monotonous with them. The handful of English in India govern the Indian myriads with apparent ease, and without noticeable friction, through tact, training, and distinguished administrative ability, reinforced by just and liberal laws—and by keeping their word to the native whenever they give it." With restrained but effective eloquence he tells again the dark tale of the Mutiny—not lengthily, yet with regret for his brevity; for "there is not a dull place anywhere in the great story," which his recapitulation will make a little familiar to the new generation of English who did not live in those tremendous days. "The military history of England is old and great, but I think it must be granted that the crushing of the Mutiny is the greatest chapter in it"; and with such satisfaction as a near kinsman might take in telling the exploits of a mighty hero, he points out against what tremendous odds the sons of Britain "fought the most unpromising fight that one may read of in fiction or out of it, and won it—thoroughly." The same note of scarcely suppressed triumph thrills through the pages devoted to a vigorous description of thuggee, that elaborate religious murder-conspiracy, which like a strongly rooted internal cancer lay "embedded in the vitals of the empire," and had so lain for generations, "formidable with the sanction of age," an unsuspected all-pervading evil. For a "little handful of English officials in India set their sturdy and confident grip upon it and ripped it out, root and branch!" And proud is the blood-relation of those Englishmen as he writes of this "most noble work," and the modest, quiet way in which its achievers describe it. It is no blind advocate who speaks

thus ; where he sees a blot on our scutcheon he is not shy in pointing it out ; but the voice is that of a faithful friend with a strong personal interest in our well doing, a legitimate pride in our justly earned honours.

We are justified surely in reckoning this distinctly novel tone and style in a widely popular American writer as a favourable sign of the times, especially when we remember the great vogue in his own country enjoyed by this sturdy foe of oppression and injustice, this lover of the heroic and the magnanimous.

Faulty style and easy irreverence may be condoned where such better qualities are conspicuous ; and we may hail as no mean co-operator towards the "Anglo-American alliance," likeliest event to herald in universal peace by sea and land, the gay mocker who ministered so much to the mere mirth of young England some thirty years ago, and who still continues to provide clean, wholesome food for laughter, under the familiar style of Mark Twain.

ANNE E. KEELING.

The World of Books.

I.—THEOLOGICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

General Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture ; The Principles, Methods, History and Results of its several Departments and of the Whole. By C. A. BRIGGS, D.D., Union Theological Seminary, New York. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1899. 12s. net.)

The present work is twice the size of the author's *Biblical Study* (1883), out of which it has grown, incorporating the results of the study and class-teaching of subsequent years. The plan is encyclopædic, and includes all that is necessary to a general understanding of Scripture. A brief synopsis will show the breadth of view. The first four chapters are general, dealing with the advantages and scope of the Study of Scripture, the Languages of Scripture and the Relation of Scripture to Criticism. Two chapters then discuss briefly the History and Criticism of the Canon. The two chapters on the Text of the Hebrew and the Greek Bible are a mass of well-arranged and well-digested information. The same is true of two chapters on Translations and Textual Criticism. Chapters x. and xi. discuss the History and Practice of the Higher Criticism. As the author is an ardent advocate of the critical school, the tendency of the chapters may easily be inferred. It would be well if the question were limited to these chapters. The five chapters on Biblical Prose Literature and Biblical Poetry are among the most instructive and interesting in the volume. The History and Practice of Interpretation occupy two chapters. Three other chapters deal with the History of the Study of Biblical History, the Practice of Historical Criticism and Biblical History. The four concluding chapters discuss Biblical Theology, the Credibility and Truthfulness of Scripture, and the Scripture as Means of Grace. It will be seen that the plan

could not well be more comprehensive, and apart from particular opinions expressed, the immense amount of information given is of very great value to students. This could not be otherwise in a volume that gives the results of twenty-five years' labour on the part of so earnest and energetic a scholar. There are few Biblical scholars or systems of ancient and modern days which are not passed under review. One of the most interesting parts of the work is the space given to the Puritan expositors and the position they took. The subject recurs again and again, and the author is evidently more in sympathy with them than with the Reformed divines who determined the attitude of modern Presbyterianism (pp. 459-468). The accounts given of recent schools and writers are careful and informing. As the author's standpoint is decidedly critical, the reader must be prepared to find all the judgments pronounced having the strongest critical flavour. Indeed, the serious defect of the work is the polemic carried on against opponents. In a work intended to be a text-book for teachers and students references to the author's prosecution for heresy should have been sedulously avoided instead of being obtruded on every occasion. The references to "theological Bourbons," "obstructionists," etc., begin on page 10, and accompany us almost to the end. "Some able and honest men are opposed to the principles and methods of the Higher Criticism. But every one of these is opposed to criticism on dogmatic grounds, because it imperils the dogmas of his school and party." The author tells us (p. 26) that some of these diatribes were written before the Robertson Smith days, and yet they are reprinted without change. One is glad to see Americans in the van of Oriental study. "The classes in the Shemitic languages in our American seminaries and universities average a larger number of students than those in the universities of Germany, and are greatly in excess of those in Great Britain." There is some good criticism of Harnack's theories on pages 500-503. "I have carefully considered the arguments of the Ritschlians; but they have not convinced me that St. Paul is so dominant of the New Testament as they suppose, or that they are correct in their interpretation of St. Paul, or that there is so great an antithesis as they find between St. Paul and the Twelve." As to Dr. Briggs' own position it is only right to quote his words, "No one can read this book without saying that the Bible is to the author *Holy Scripture*." "All departments of the study of Holy Scripture

lead to the result that there are numerous errors of detail in Holy Scripture, that there are no such things as inerrant documents of any kind; but that the substance of Holy Scripture, the divine teaching as to religion, faith and morals, is errorless and infallible." "Grossart" (p. 100), "Sandy" (index), are misprints.—J. S. BANKS.

The Theology of the New Testament. By G. B. STEVENS, Ph.D., D.D., Yale University, U.S.A. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899. 12s.)

This volume will prove not the least valuable and useful in an able series. It admirably meets a great need. Treatises on New Testament Theology abound. But they are scarcely less remarkable for their distracting and even mischievous speculations than for their great research and ability. It is impossible for ordinary students to sift the statements and positions of writers like Pfleiderer, Beyschlag, Wendt, Holtzmann, not to speak of more moderate writers. Dr. Stevens is excellently qualified to serve ordinary readers in this respect. He has followed the speculations of German professors, has studied under them, has written works on Pauline and Johannine theology, which form an introduction to this more comprehensive treatise. Unless we are greatly mistaken, many will find in him just the guide they have long been waiting for.

The field is a wide one, and the different sections cannot be treated exhaustively in a single volume. All that can be expected is that the entire field shall be included in the survey, that the different parts shall receive proportionate treatment, and that the critical points shall be duly emphasised. These conditions are fairly met in the volume. Contending views are discussed, the author's own position is clearly indicated, and references are given to other writers where the treatment is on a larger scale. The author by no means shuts his eyes to real difficulties or claims greater certainty than the facts justify. He approaches his subject without the preconceptions which vitiate the theories he often criticises. The conclusions at which he arrives are reasonably conservative.

The work is divided into seven parts. The first one, in twelve chapters, discusses the teaching of Jesus in the Synoptics. Paul's theology in Part iv. also takes twelve chapters. The teaching of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel fills seven chapters in Part ii. Five chapters in Part iii. discuss Primitive Apostolic

Teaching in the Acts, James, Jude and Peter. The theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews has five chapters to itself; the theology of the Apocalypse the same. The Apocalypse is treated by itself because of the disputes about its authorship. The four chapters of the last part, given to St. John's theology, may seem disproportionately small. But the space given to the Fourth Gospel and to the Apocalypse has to be added, and the matter common to John and Paul must be remembered.

What fascinating themes are included in the survey! In the first part, the Kingdom of God, the Son of Man, the Son of God, the True Righteousness, the Messianic Salvation; in the second, the Idea of God, Eternal Life, the Holy Spirit; in the fourth, Flesh and Spirit, Adam and the Race, the Law of God, the Death of Christ, Justification, Eschatology, the Holy Spirit; in the fifth, the Mediator, the High-Priesthood of Christ; in the sixth, the Lamb of God, the Christian Community; in the seventh, the Idea of God, the Logos, the Way of Salvation. On all these themes abundance of suggestive matter will be found. The preacher will rejoice in great spoil.

The author's mode of using St. Paul and St. John may serve to illustrate his general attitude. The four admitted epistles of Paul supply all the material necessary for an estimate of his teaching. If the Prison Epistles and Thessalonians may also be used, the expositor's task is made still easier. The Pastoral Epistles, as "quite special and practical in character and aim," contribute little to a statement of Paul's theology. In regard to the Fourth Gospel, the author is quite willing to explain its peculiarities of form and style largely from the writer's temperament, and maintains that this in no sense impairs the trustworthiness of the record. It is Christ interpreted by a Christ-like spirit (p. 171). These pages are most thoughtfully and soberly written. "Why may not the mind and meaning of Christ be as faithfully represented by such a man and in such a way as by a formally accurate chronicle of his sayings?" This is the view advocated by writers as different as Sanday, Weiss, Beyschlag and Bovon. "The Gospel of John is a distillation of the life and teaching of Jesus from the alembic of the apostle's own mind; a version, a free rendering, a paraphrase of what Christ had imparted to one who had made His teaching so completely his own that it had become fused and blended with his own thought and life."—J. S. BANKS.

The Gospel of the Atonement. Being the Hulsean Lectures for 1898-99. By the Ven. JAMES M. WILSON, M.A., Vicar of Rochdale. (London : Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.)

Archdeacon Wilson's aim is a worthy one. He wishes to win back those who are estranged from the Church by the theories of the Atonement. The doctrines of Creation, of the state of the lost and of the verbal accuracy of the Bible have, he claims, been largely modified by the orthodoxy of to-day. A similar re-examination of the great fact of the Atonement may bring it home with new power to the hearts and consciences of men. He holds that where St. Paul was most scientific we have interpreted his language as metaphor and hyperbole ; and where most metaphorical we have interpreted it as scientific and allowed it to control all our thought. We do not find in any theory of vicarious and equivalent sacrifice an explanation of the way in which Christ saves and redeems. The Incarnation—that is the life and death of Christ—identifying the human and the divine life is the Atonement. There is no other. Every trace of expiation and penalty must be eliminated from our thought of the reconciling work of Christ. "Christ has by his own existence explained the relation of man to God. It is that of union, not of separation. Christ is therefore the Atonement." His death is the supreme instance of the law that suffering is divine. This is Archdeacon Wilson's new doctrine, and it is little wonder that the sermons were followed with breathless interest when they were delivered in Cambridge. The book is fascinating, but it is altogether unsatisfactory as a contribution to theology. It absolutely ignores the great doctrine of propitiation and is almost childishly inept in some of its comments. The doctrine of the Atonement has no doubt been stated in revolting terms, but that does not justify this attempt to reduce it to a mere figment. Christ is nothing but a spotless sufferer here. There is no virtue in His blood, no redemption by the death of the Cross.—J. T.

The Calls of God : Devotional Studies. By Rev. EBENEZER MORGAN. (London : C. H. Kelly. 1899. 3s. 6d.)

These seventeen studies of Scripture characters—eleven from the Old Testament, six from the New—make excellent devotional reading. The writer catches something of the inspiration of his subject. His illustrations are numerous and apt, if

occasionally a little hackneyed. As a rule the characters are made to teach certain practical lessons. Thus Samuel illustrates Pious Heredity, Favourable Environment, Personal Devotion. The expositions do not claim to be adequate to their great subjects, especially in the case of lives like those of Moses and Paul. The studies of minor characters are the best. As a whole the book is well adapted for usefulness and the author is to be earnestly congratulated. Some of the quotations are striking, as Origen's: "He who has Peter's faith is the Church's rock; he who has Peter's virtues has Peter's keys"; and Chrysostom's: "He loved St. John exceedingly, but it was by Peter that he was exceedingly beloved"; and Leighton's: "We must follow sinners to their houses, ay, even to their ale-houses." The numbering of page 257 is a misprint.

The Gospel Problems and their Solution. Being an Inquiry into the Origin of the Four Gospels. By JOSEPH PALMER. (London: H. R. Allensen. 1899. 6s.).

The author makes another contribution to the solution of an intricate problem. After stating the problem and some proposed solutions, he advances his own, which consists of one master key and three minor keys, symbolised by the large key and three small keys on the cover and title-page. What these are must be seen in the book itself. Then he applies these keys at considerable length. We cannot here enter into the discussions or even pronounce on their issues. His four keys are simply theories which will have a different value for different minds. The author has expended much thought and time on his work and writes clearly. Even those who cannot accept the explanations will learn much from the exposition. A useful table indicates the pages on which the discussion of particular passages is to be found.

The Christian Minister: His Aims and Methods. By JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 3s. 6d.)

These six lectures contain the ripe judgments of a wise master builder. Their spirit and temper are delightful. The subjects of preaching, visiting, sacraments, instruction of the young are treated in a way that will win attention and prove highly beneficial. We may quote a few words: "In regard to prayer with the sick, that is of course the crown and goal of

your visit. If anywhere you seek to pray in the Spirit it will be at a bedside. It is a happy thing for us that we are accustomed to use extempore prayer, prayer that belongs to the moment, for and with one soul. You may expect wonderful results from prayer; even from the sense that the sick person and you have been together at the feet of God and have been seen by Him as you are. Let your prayer be real in every word and tone. So it has not only power with God, but great power in guiding the sick man's thoughts."

Foretokens of Immortality. By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, Author of "A Man's Value to Society." (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1899. 1s.)

A short series of meditations designed to strengthen the belief in personal immortality. The author writes little that is new, but his style is pleasant, and he has a keen perception alike of nature's analogies and of the inadequacies of present experience. His book will interest and help to confirm the wavering by its exhibition of part of the substantial and scientific foundation upon which the doctrine in question rests.

Pitfalls in Bible English. By J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A. (London: C. H. Kelly. 1s. 6d.)

This is a good addition to the "Books for Bible Students." It is very clearly arranged and helpful illustrations of Bible archaisms are given from many sources. A young student could not do better than master this book. He will know his English Bible more thoroughly and find light thrown on many an obscure passage.

The *Bible Stories* of the Old Testament is a children's number of the "Modern Reader's Bible" (Macmillan & Co., 2s. 6d.). Professor Moulton's selection will open some eyes to the wonderful wealth of Scripture stories, and the collection is so delightful that we should be sorry if the children were allowed to keep it to themselves. It is to be followed by a set of New Testament stories and the two volumes are intended to form a ground plan of Bible history, preparing the way for a more detailed study of a special field. Every house and school ought to have the little volume in constant use.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier publish *The Culture of Christian Manhood* (3s. 6d.) a series of sermons preached at Yale

University. They are full of wise teaching, well adapted to the congregation for which they were prepared, and worthy of the wider circle to which they now appeal. Dr. Whyte's *Bible Characters: Ahithophel to Nehemiah* (3s. 6d.) are popular sketches which have many good points, but betray haste; some very ungraceful expressions need pruning. The passage about Haman on page 198 is sadly overstrained.

The Ascent of the Soul, by Dr. Robertson Nicoll (Isbister & Co. 1s. net), touches some tender chords. Dr. Nicoll's exposition is sometimes a little forced, but he stirs thought and helps his readers to enter into the deeper meanings of life. A vein of mysticism runs through the papers, and we feel that we are sitting at the feet of one who has won deeper trust through sorrow and struggle and is thus able to strengthen his brethren.

The Cambridge University Press has issued a *Parallel Psalter* (2s. 6d.), containing the Prayer Book Version, the Authorised Version, and the Revised Version in parallel columns. It has clear type and is a very convenient volume for constant use. It can be had interleaved for MS. notes at 3s. 6d., and also in leather bindings. It is no small comfort to have the three versions side by side, and the volume ought to have a large sale. It is more useful than many a commentary.

Bishop Sandford's pamphlet on *Confession: What the Church of England Teaches* (Macmillan & Co., 6d.), is a vigorous and timely protest against the revival of what he regards as a grave moral, mental, spiritual, social and political evil. He says truly, "the Confessional debilitates the will, destroys the moral fibre and self-reliance needed to fight life's battles, weakens self-respect, saps spiritual vigour, dulls the sense of personal responsibility, fosters sickly and morbid hallucinations, enfeebles and sophisticates the conscience and the reason."

The Making of an Apostle, by R. J. Campbell (James Clarke & Co., 1s. 6d.) is a thoughtful little book on St. Peter, which will help those who are striving to master their own faults. It is gracefully written but it fails to grapple with the problem of Matthew xvi., and it would have gained considerably in force if it had shown in a closing chapter what a master apostle Christ turned out of His school.

Messrs. Oliphant & Co. publish a good selection from the *Letters of Samuel Rutherford*, with a biographical sketch. A shilling will be well spent on this neat little volume.

II.—FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

A Dictionary of the Bible : dealing with its Language, Literature and Contents, including the Biblical Theology,
Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D. Volume II.
Feign-Kinsman. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 28s.)

THE second volume of the Bible Dictionary contains a much larger number of important articles than the first. That on "God" is by Professor Davidson, who takes the Old Testament doctrine, and Professor Sanday, who deals with the New. Dr. Sanday is also responsible for the article on "Jesus Christ," which fills a hundred and two columns. That on "The Holy Spirit" is shorter, but is a masterly summary of Bible teaching. Professor Driver is responsible for papers on "Jacob" and "Joseph"; Dr. G. A. Smith takes "Isaiah"; Professor Ramsay "Galatia" and similar subjects. "Jerusalem" falls to Lieut.-Col. Conder, and the "Jordan" to Sir Charles Warren. The Gospels, St. John, Jeremiah, and other subjects of first rate importance, come in this volume. Professor Banks has a pregnant little article on "Justice;" Mr. Moss writes on "Heber" and the name "Jeremiah;" Dr. Davison deals with "Hallel" and the Book of Job. The last article condenses into twenty-two columns a complete study of the name, contents, form, text, integrity, scope and design, date and authorship of the book. Dr. Davison says, "The constructive imagination of the writer is conspicuous throughout. It reveals itself as remarkably in the bold conceptions, the free, flowing outlines of the whole poem, as in the wealth, variety, and finish of its detailed imagery. Only a close study of the book can give an idea of the richness and multiplicity of its metaphors, the concentrated vigour of its phraseology, its depth of human feeling, its portraiture of patriarchal life, and the impressiveness of the descriptions of external nature, which form throughout a majestic background to the moving picture of human pain and sorrow." His own fine renderings catch the spirit of the book in a way that even the Revised Version does not do. The

Dictionary is the very best thing of its kind in the market. It is a pleasure to read the print and handle the volume, and whilst it largely represents the views of the higher critics it furnishes abundant material for any thoughtful reader to form his own judgment. Some of the articles are themselves complete treatises, and the one volume is a whole library of Biblical theology.

The International Critical Commentary. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Books of Samuel. By HENRY PRESERVED SMITH, Professor of Biblical History and Interpretation in Amherst College. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1899. 12s.)

This latest volume in the "International" series follows closely the model set by its predecessors, and takes its place on the high-water mark of modern Biblical scholarship. The exegetical work is clear, as concise as circumstances allow, and entirely satisfactory, except where affected by assumptions as to the composite character of the narrative or as to the sequence of conceptions in the growth of religious theory. But in this, as in the preceding volumes of the series, the discussion of matters relating to criticism, higher and lower, is that upon which the writers appear to spend their strength, and by which the real value of their work may best be judged. Dr. Smith is of opinion that the Hebrew text of Samuel is more corrupt than that of any other part of the Old Testament with a single exception, and occasionally endeavours to amend it by the aid of the versions. He goes so far as to devote several pages of an appendix to a protest against the view that textual criticism should aim at the restoration of a philologically correct edition of the Massoretic text, and apparently prefers to try at once to get nearer to the original autographs. It is the path of most promise and speed, but not of complete and abiding success. From what is known of the practice of the Jewish officials, it is probable that the Hebrew archetype was freer from errors than our author assumes; and upon it, with a sparing use of the versions and a close watch upon conjecture, the text that will command confidence must be based.

In regard to the higher criticism, Dr. Smith is a good example of sobriety and restraint, amongst the members of the school to which he belongs. Apart from a few paragraphs that may be assigned to other documents, he considers that two main

streams of narrative, themselves composite, can be traced through the books; and the attempt to trace them is marked by much acumen and discretion. He does not, however, agree exactly with earlier critics. The two streams do not in his opinion continue from Pentateuchal sources, as Budde and Cornile have supposed; nor does he follow Wellhausen altogether in the delimitation of the various contributions. Nor does he venture to make any distinct suggestion as to the times when, or the persons by whom, the different interpolations and redactions were made. Such silence is more commendable than would be the repetition of unsupported traditions, or the elaboration of theories for which no materials exist. That the Books of Samuel, as now possessed, were compiled out of pre-existing narratives, and have been unfortunate in transcription, hardly admits of doubt. Whether it will ever be possible to separate out the constituent parts and get behind the processes by which all have been woven into a single story, may, however, be questioned. But it is encouraging to watch a skilled workman at the task; and what he has done, if in some of its details of necessity provisional and passing, constitutes as a whole the best critical and exegetical commentary in English on the Books of Samuel.—R. W. M.

A Short History of the Hebrew Text of the Old Testament.

By THOMAS H. WEIR, B.D., Assistant to Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow.
(London: Williams & Norgate. 1899. 5s.)

The object of this book is to explain everything that meets the eye on the printed page of a Hebrew Bible. Nothing exactly like it or covering exactly the same ground has hitherto been published. It is a collection of information that has generally to be gathered from a number of technical books, often difficult of access; and both teachers and students of Hebrew will save much time by its use. Mr. Weir has proved himself competent in scholarship for a task of the kind; and as regards accuracy, and to a less degree completeness, nothing better can be required. Plates illustrative of such matters as changes in the forms of the letters are freely introduced, and a good index of Scripture texts is added. One or two more indexes (of names and of Massoretic symbols), with chapters on the work of such masters as Frensdorff and De Rossi, and sections on the

bibliography of the subjects discussed, would cause the book to rank with grammars and lexicons as an almost indispensable aid to study.—R. W. M.

A Concordance to the Greek Testament according to the Texts of Westcott and Hort, Tischendorf and the English Revisers. Edited by Revs. W. F. MOULTON and A. S. GEDEN. Second Edition. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 26s. net.)

We paid our tribute in July, 1897, to this monumental work on which Professor Geden has lavished his scholarship and his unwearying labour. It is impossible to give any adequate conception of the toil represented by this Concordance and the strain involved in the attempt to secure perfect accuracy. The fact that a new edition has been so soon called for is the real vindication of editors and publisher. No change has been made in this edition save the correction of a few errors. Some suggestions made by reviewers have been adopted and no pains have been spared to make this volume worthy of the unique position which it has already gained. Professor Geden says: "The death of Dr. Moulton in February of last year deprived all who knew him of the help for which they had been accustomed to look and never to look in vain. Had he lived, my debt to him for wise counsel and encouragement would have been not less in the present than in the first edition of this work. That it must go forth without his imprimatur is to me a source of deep regret." Every student of the Greek Testament ought to have this Concordance in daily use.

The Book of Job. With Introduction and Notes. By EDGAR C. S. GIBSON, D.D., Vicar of Leeds. (London: Methuen & Co. 6s.)

This is the first volume of the Oxford Commentaries which are intended not only for theological students but for all intelligent readers of the Bible. Dr. Gibson discusses the problems connected with the book in his introduction and reaches the conclusion that it must be dated from the later years of the kingdom, or from the Babylonish captivity. His notes are well abreast of critical study and often throw a new light on thorny passages. The book is well arranged and very convenient to handle. It cannot fail to be a welcome guide to all students.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: A Practical Exposition. By CHARLES GORE, M.A., D.D. Vol. I., Chapters I.-VIII. (London: John Murray. 3s. 6d.)

Canon Gore's new volume is marked by strong sense and deep experience. It is not always easy reading, but it is always worth while to master the discussion. He takes Wesley's view of the famous passage in the seventh chapter: "It is inconceivable that St. Paul should describe himself, while a Christian, as 'sold under sin.'" He thinks that St. Paul's doctrine of predestination has been egregiously misrepresented. "It is to do egregious violence to his general teaching to suggest that he entertained the idea of persons created with an opposite predestination to eternal misery." We are glad to have such an advocate of Methodist teaching. The book is a fine fruit of Anglican scholarship and devotion.

The Epistle to the Hebrews: The First Apology for Christianity. An Exegetical Study. By A. B. BRUCE, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 7s. 6d.)

This book is a companion to Dr. Bruce's volumes on *The Kingdom of God* and *St. Paul's Conception of Christianity*. Its aim is to expound the Epistle to the Hebrews in relation to its leading idea or distinctive conception of the Christian religion. Christianity is there regarded as the perfect, and therefore the final, religion—giving free, unrestricted access to God. After an Introduction in which Luther's conjecture that Apollos was the writer of the letter is regarded as having "plausibility if not probability," the chief subjects of the Epistle are discussed in successive chapters. Dr. Bruce throws light on every subject he touches, and students will feel their minds quickened as old truths are brought out in new aspects. The sections on "The Humiliation of Christ" and "The Captain of our Salvation" are very suggestive. Dr. Bruce regards the crowning with glory and honour as preparatory to the Cross. And, though some have dismissed this as "a fine modern idea but one to which Scripture has hardly yet advanced," a critic like Benjamin Jowett has said: "Does it not seem as if the crucifixion and the glory of Christ were absolutely identical in St. John's Gospel." The chapter headed "Draw Near!" is inspiring, but we do not need to single out any one chapter. The Epistle to the Hebrews becomes richer as we follow Dr. Bruce's tender yet searching analysis of its thoughts and phrases.

III.—HISTORY.

The History of the Church Missionary Society: Its Environment, its Men, and its Work. Three vols. By EUGENE STOCK, Editorial Secretary. (London: Church Missionary Society. 18s. net.)

Mr. Stock has rendered great service, not only to the Church Missionary Society and the Evangelical party in the Church of England, but to all Churches and missionary societies by the preparation of these volumes. In his survey of the state of English Christianity a century ago, Mr. Stock frankly allows that "notwithstanding Wesley's repeated declaration that 'if the Methodists left the Church he would leave them,' separation was really inevitable." The year 1786 was marked by a series of events which combined to produce the great missionary awakening. A place is given in these to Dr. Coke's first voyage across the Atlantic. On April 12, 1799, the Church Missionary Society was born at the "Castle and Falcon," in Aldersgate Street. Two subscriptions of £100 each were promised that day, but it was a long time before any agents could be found. Sympathising clergymen in all parts of England were written to, but gave slight hope of likely candidates. Mr. Jones, of Creaton, knew of one young shopman, "a staunch episcopalian, somewhat contemptuous of Dissenters, and aiming at ordination," but doubted if he would do. Mr. Fawcett, of Carlisle, knew two "apparently suited," but "could it be right to break the hearts of their mothers?" Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth, protested against sending out laymen even if they could be found. The anniversaries were held at irregular intervals in 1801, 1802, 1810. The sermon was the chief feature; the meeting was only for the committee and a few subscribers. It was thought quite improper for ladies to attend public meetings in those days. Some years after the Church Missionary Society was born a bishop was publicly rebuked by a Baron of the Exchequer for bringing in his own wife on his arm, and when Blomfield was Bishop of Chester a few ladies who were admitted to a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel

were carefully concealed behind the organ. Forty years after the Church Missionary Society was founded, Bishop Wilson, of Krishnagar, objected to receive a lady who wished to work in India. The Society had to go to Germany for its first two missionaries, who sailed for West Africa in 1804. Mr. Stock tells his story with great skill, and portraits and maps add largely to the interest of this noble memorial of a work for which all the Churches owe unfeigned gratitude to God.—J. T.

Roman Society in the last Century of the Western Empire.

By SAMUEL DILL, M.A. (London : Macmillan & Co.
12s. net.)

Professor Dill has set himself to describe the inner life and thought of the last three generations in the empire of the West. The period opens with the passage of the Gothic hordes across the Danube and closes with the practical extinction of Roman power in the great prefecture of the Gauls. The letters of Symmachus, the poems of Ausonius, the letters of St. Jerome, and the works of Apollinaris Sidonius of Auvergne are the chief sources of information, but the materials are often scanty. The century is one of the most interesting in our era. "Long after the external rites of heathenism had been suppressed, the pagan tone and spirit retained its hold on men's imaginations." The Church gently trained the prejudices and attachments of a thousand years to fasten on other objects of love and devotion. Idols were broken, idol temples were consecrated for Christian worship. Professor Dill shows how the sensuality and gross superstition of the degraded masses, the philosophy and scepticism of cultured circles alike set themselves in array against Christianity. In each camp also there was a large wavering class, half-hearted, sceptical or formalist. There has seldom been a freer or more vigorous intellectual life within Church circles than in the fifth century. The rhetorician was immensely popular and there was a strange faith in the power of mere words. Even St. Jerome could not shake off this passion for style. There was scarcely any conception of history as a truthful record of fact in the fifth century, and we inherit only some jejune chronicles, arid in style and ludicrously capricious in their choice of subjects. Professor Dill's work will do not a little to give life to a period which casts its spell over every student, though unfortunately his curiosity is often baffled.

L.Q.R., JULY, 1899.

12

The History of the London Missionary Society, 1795-1895.

By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. With Portraits and Maps.
(London : H. Frowde. 21s. net.)

The London Missionary Society is fortunate in its historian. Mr. Lovett's position as Book Editor of the Religious Tract Society, one of the directors of the London Missionary Society, and author of various missionary volumes, has given him exceptional facilities for such a task. His heart has been in it, and for six years he has given all the time he could spare from his daily duties at Paternoster Row to the preparation of these volumes. He has found the burden grow upon him, and discovered that it would have been much easier to write half-a-dozen volumes than to compress his mass of material into two. The history is arranged in a way that much facilitates its use. After two chapters on the origin and early inner history of the society, we find ourselves visiting the various fields of labour, watching the growth of each mission, taking stock of men and methods, and getting a bird's eye view of the results of a century's labour. Each section is complete in itself, and it may be worth while at some later stage to publish these sections as separate volumes of a missionary library. Portraits of missionaries and maps add much to the value of the work. Mr. Lovett is familiar with the missionary problems of the day, and it has been his constant aim to throw light upon them by the study of the past. No one will read the volumes without gaining a deeper and loftier conception of the triumphs of the Gospel in this memorable century.—J. T.

Philadelphia : The Place and the People. By AGNES REPLIER. With Illustrations by Ernest C. Peixotto.
(London : Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.)

Mrs. Repplier's love for the Quaker city and its founder gleams through these pages, and she tells her story as a literary artist with a kindly humour brightening every incident, and a playful delight in the foibles of the prim inhabitants. The first settlers left London in the autumn of 1681, and soon built their log cabins and frame houses along the river's bank. When Penn arrived a year later he was in ecstasies. "Oh! how sweet is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woeful Europe." Franklin bulks largely in the record. To him Philadelphia

owed her college and her books. He invented the stove which warmed the parlours, the lightning-rod which protected the farmhouses, organised the fire companies, started the Philosophical Society, and guarded every interest of the city. The Quaker critics did not spare the foibles of the fair Philadelphians. Thomas Chakley says, "If Almighty God should make a woman in the same shape her hoop makes her, everybody would say truly it was monstrous; so according to this real truth they make themselves monsters by art." When the first locomotive was put on the road, in 1832, it was guarded like a pet child. "On rainy days, horses will be attached." Two years earlier the chains which Churches of all denominations were permitted to stretch across the streets during the hours of service were removed after a sharp struggle. The book is full of good things, brightly put and well illustrated.

A History of Winchester College. By ARTHUR F. LEACH, M.A., F.S.A. (London : Duckworth & Co. 6s. net.)

This is the first attempt at a connected and complete history of Winchester College from the earliest times to the present day. It is done in workmanlike style, throwing new light on many old theories, and bringing out aspects of the history which have been comparatively overlooked. The whole course of the school is traced in this volume, with a mass of facts and a selection of good stories which make it pleasant reading, even for those who have never seen the inside of Wykeham's great foundation. Mr. Leach gives a racy account of the six years he spent at Winchester. The book is full of illustrations which are of great interest. Every Wykehamite will be proud of this record and will endorse the final verdict that "nowhere in all the world can boyhood be passed under happier auspices than at Winchester to-day."

Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne, 1812-1813. (London : W. Heinemann. 6s.)

Sergeant Bourgogne belonged to the Vélites, a corps of the Imperial Guard, and passed through all the horrors of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Some of the incidents here given are really terrible. Hunger steeled all hearts. "Those of 'us who still had a little rice or oatmeal, hid themselves to eat it in secret. We had no friends left ; we looked suspiciously at each

other, and even turned against our best comrade." The roads were like battlefields, there were so many dead bodies, but the snow softened the horror of the sight. The men lost all sense of pity and did not listen to their comrades who implored help. Few books ever given to the world form such a revelation of the horrors of war, or throw such a lurid light on human nature.

History of Scotland. Vol. I. To the Accession of Mary Stuart. By P. HUME BROWN, M.A., LL.D. With Seven Maps. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

We have no compendious history of Scotland which supplies a consecutive narrative and at the same time traces the making of the Scottish nation. Dr. Brown has set himself to meet this want and has availed himself of all the lights which modern research has thrown on various periods. From the middle of the reign of David II. the history has virtually to be rewritten. The work is done with great judgment, but the book is dull.

With Kitchener's Army. By OWEN SPENCER WATKINS. (London : S. W. Partridge & Co. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Watkins served as Wesleyan chaplain with the Sirdar's army, and his vigorous narrative helps us to watch its hardships and its triumphs almost with our own eyes. The descriptions of desert scenery, and especially the account of a sand storm, are well done. Here is a capital pen-and-ink portrait of the ship of the desert : " The camel loaded is a sight to see—a thing of wonder but hardly of beauty—boxes, valises, buckets, chairs, tables, an endless confusion of goods, giving the beast very much the aspect of a confused heap of household goods suddenly endowed with legs. And as he lurches off across the desert, with a most irritating clatter of pots and pans, he looks indescribably ridiculous." The chief interest of the book is in its battle scenes. Mr. Watkins was present at Omdurman, and gives a wonderful account of the bravery of the Dervish troops, the havoc caused by our fire, and the completeness of the victory. The reply to Mr. Bennett's article in the *Contemporary* is timely and sensible. The book is alive, and keeps its reader absorbed from first to last. We feel proud of our soldiers, who seemed like a big family away from home, and thankful that a chaplain, so zealous and manly, was at hand to comfort and guide them in their hours of hardship, suffering and death. The illustrations and the map are excellent.

IV.—BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. Edited by SIR WEMYSS REID. With Numerous Illustrations. (London : Cassell & Co. 7s. 6d.)

THIS life is fittingly dedicated to Mrs. Gladstone, by "whose devoted care and affection her husband was sustained throughout his prolonged career of patriotic service, and in whom he found his truest companion, counsellor, and friend." Sir Wemyss Reid has himself written the "General Appreciation," which, together with the chapters on Mr. Gladstone in Society and Home Life, is the most interesting part of the book. The volume is free from partisan feeling, filled with illustrations, and abounds in good stories. A peeress once declined to meet Mr. Gladstone at dinner because she feared to compromise her son, a bitter opponent of Home Rule, and at last accepted the invitation on condition that the escapade was concealed from this son. Sir Wemyss Reid asked her how she had enjoyed herself. "Oh," she said, "I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. Mr. Gladstone talked to me nearly the whole time, and though I still think him a wretch, he is certainly the most delightful wretch that ever lived." Mr. Gladstone's sense of humour was capricious, and even intimate friends could not always tell whether a story would amuse him or not. His habit of putting his whole soul into everything was not without its drawback, in a defective sense of proportion, which often made the matter before him bulk too largely in his eyes. "Side issues, risks, the feelings of friends, the prejudices of the day, the lions in the path—all would be either ignored, or only recognised to be thrust aside, when he had some great end immediately in view; and thus he has been looked upon by many as a sort of juggernaut, who, to attain his end, would drive remorselessly over the bodies of men."

The Life of Prince Bismarck. By WILLIAM JACKS. (Glasgow : Maclehose & Sons. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Jacks came under the spell of Bismarck's name during his first visit to Germany, forty years ago, and has ever since

been an interested student of his career. His book is not without manifest blemishes, but it contains a great many good things. The chapters on Bismarck's parentage and early life are bright reading. The Chancellor's dismissal by the young Emperor is set in a clearer light. On the social democratic laws and the workmen's question the Emperor went much further than his Chancellor could approve. This led to serious friction; but the chief difficulty was that the Emperor was not willing to follow the old rule that all State matters for every department must pass through the Chancellor's hands. When Windthorst sought a private interview with Bismarck the Emperor sent to enquire if it were true that the Chancellor received deputies at his private house to discuss politics. Bismarck replied that "he allowed no one to interfere with what happened behind his threshold." The Emperor urged his authority as sovereign, but was told, "The commands of my sovereign end at the entrance to my wife's salon." The rupture was inevitable, and Punch's famous cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot," which we are glad to see in this volume, soon appeared. Bismarck's tenacity of purpose is summed up in the phrase, "I never lost sight of my goal." To some students who asked for a brief rule of life he said, "There is one word which expresses this rule, this gospel-work; without work life is empty, useless and unhappy. No man can be happy who does not work. To the youth on the threshold of life, I have not one word but three words of advice to offer, 'Work, work, work.'"

The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant.

Arranged and edited by Mrs. HARRY COGHILL. (Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 21s.)

There is something almost sacred about this book. Amid the wreck of all her family affections Mrs. Oliphant sits down to write her story of happier days. She seems to have no secrets from her readers. A feeling almost akin to contempt for mere fame or reputation takes possession of her heart. A frank sincerity is the keynote of the book. Mrs. Oliphant does not spare herself or those dear to her and her judgments on friends and contemporaries, though far removed from bitterness are quite unconventional. We get a real glimpse of many a famous man and woman though we wish that such glimpses had been more frequent. Mrs. Oliphant began to write before her marriage. *Margaret Maitland* which appeared in 1849 won the

special favour of so accomplished a critic as Francis Jeffrey, who said that nothing half so true or so touching in the delineation of Scottish character had appeared since Galt's *Annals of the Parish*. Even that classic was in his opinion neither so pure and deep, nor so absolutely and simply true, as Mrs. Oliphant's best passages. Her husband was a painter of some talent but with little capacity for practical life. On his death Mrs. Oliphant was left with three little children and £800 of debt. By sheer capacity and unwearying industry she carved a way for her sons to Eton and the University. Her little daughter died of fever at Rome, and her two sons only lived long enough to show their genius and to pierce their mother's heart with many sorrows. The eldest boy somehow missed his footing and lost the opportunity of winning his spurs. His mother scarcely draws aside the veil but he got into unworthy company and marred his own life. He died early leaving a love-song or two behind him and the little volume on *De Musset*, which bears witness both to his power and his weakness. The younger son took the first steps on the same road but righted himself and overcame, not in time to save his career at Oxford but so as to be all that his mother hoped as her own comforter and companion. Ill health spoiled his prospects and he also died in the bloom of his youth leaving his mother desolate.

Mrs. Oliphant accuses herself of concealing from her boys the strain that was upon her. She made life too easy for them and did not teach them the need of effort. She thinks also that her own gifts might have borne larger fruit had she not looked on work so largely as a means of gaining bread. Perhaps she is right, but we should be slow to sit in judgment on a woman of such gifts and such untiring industry. The book brims over with good things, but the last scene of Mrs. Oliphant's life is more beautiful and touching than anything else. The sleepless nights were filled with wonderful thoughts. "She could not think of God as the Almighty God of all the world, but just as her Father, and at this moment even the thought of her children seemed to cease in the thought of Him. She thought the love of God came by degrees, and was certain that the pity of God was boundless. She spoke of being always greatly helped by prayer and thought." She passed peacefully to her rest. "The names of her boys were on her lips almost at the last, though she had said repeatedly, 'I seem to see nothing but God and our Lord.'"—T.

Francis Turner Palgrave. By GWENLLIAN F. PALGRAVE.
(London : Longmans & Co. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Palgrave spent thirty years in the Education Office, but he will be longest remembered as editor of *The Golden Treasury* and other collections of poetry made with exquisite taste and almost unerring judgment. His own gifts as a poet were considerable; and some of the pieces given in this volume are beautifully expressed and full of tender thought and feeling. But the chief charm of the book lies in its glimpses of the distinguished men with whom Mr. Palgrave was on the most affectionate terms. Lord Frederick Cavendish had been his colleague as one of Gladstone's private secretaries, and his death was the most terrible shock Palgrave ever knew. Tennyson's affectionate friendship he described as one of the mainstays of his life. Staying at Hatfield, he says, "No human creatures could be more wholly simple than our hosts, the good and evil of life could find nothing to spoil in them." A night with Gladstone makes him write: "I hardly remember a more interesting evening, nor a more profound impression given by any man—variety, strange subtlety with strange simplicity, insight and vital energy—in a word, genius and greatness of nature." Palgrave was a man of almost "perfect selflessness," and the introduction to his home circle is not one of the smallest delights of a beautiful record.

The Episcopate of Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, &c. By JOHN WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury. (London : Longmans & Co. 15s.)

Bishop Charles Wordsworth was nephew of the poet, his father was Master of Trinity, his younger brother was Bishop of Lincoln, his nephew, the writer of this volume, is the Bishop of Salisbury. In two goodly volumes he has himself written the *Annals of his Life*, bringing them down to the year 1856. The present volume summarises and supplements the *Annals* and must be regarded as a comprehensive, if not complete, biography. It is a valuable book for students of the ecclesiastical history of England and of Episcopacy in Scotland during the last seventy years. It throws much light on the Real Presence controversy. The Bishop was not only an accomplished scholar but a learned theologian, holding a position intermediate between the old High Churchmen of sixty years ago and the followers of Pusey. He was an indefatigable writer, both as a

large and as a minor controversialist. The list of his principal printed writings occupies two and twenty octavo pages. He was himself a nimble thinker, a versatile scholar and a sprightly writer. His biography, which deals mainly with his Scotch Episcopacy, is a laboured chronicle which may be recommended especially to students of the now current and pending Anglican controversy.—J. H. R.

Richard Holt Hutton of "The Spectator." A Monograph. (Edinburgh : Oliver & Boyd. 2s.)

This little book is divided into four sections headed, "Personal," "As Journalist," "As Critic," "Religion." Our desire for fuller information about the man and his methods of work is not satisfied, for the writer respects Mr. Hutton's wish that no biography of himself should be published. We have to be content with an appreciation marked by profound sympathy and something akin to reverence. The rumour once current that Mr. Hutton was going over to Rome proved false. He disliked systematised theology, but he had left his early Unitarianism behind, and had a strongly pronounced belief in the divinity of Christ. This little book will be welcome to all who have sat at Hutton's feet, but it is often elusive and does not bring us very close to the critic whose memory is precious to the whole literary world.

1. *From Cromwell to Wellington : Twelve Soldiers.* Edited by SPENSER WILKINSON. With an Introduction by LORD ROBERTS. With Portraits and Maps.
2. *From Howard to Nelson : Twelve Sailors.* Edited by JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON. With Portraits and Maps. (London : Lawrence & Bullen. 10s. 6d. each.)

1. This book is intended to give a picture of the British army building up our empire. All the lives save one are written by military experts, and they are thoroughly interesting and free from needless technicality. After some deductions have been made the book is one to read and re-read. General Roberts assigns Marlborough the foremost place in our roll of commanders, and Mr. Fortescue pays fitting tribute to his devotion to his men, his patience and perfect balance of mind. Wolfe's story still makes one's heart throb and it is strange to read of days when Wellington was taunted with "want of capacity."

2. The companion volume on *Twelve Sailors* has been placed in the capable hands of Professor Laughton. It makes no pretence to original research, but the sailors of the present linger pleasantly over the exploits of the sailors of the past. The editor's sketch of "Howard" should be read by all who wish really to understand the struggle with the Armada. Captain Burrows tells the story of Blake's exploits with keen relish and hearty appreciation not only of his roll of brilliant deeds which scarcely any other naval officer can match, but also for his "spotless character, his perfect simplicity, his absolute contempt of private gain, his humane care for his comrades in battle, his generosity, his freedom from ambition, and his sacrifice of the domestic happiness which was very dear to him on the altar of the public service." Rooke finds a champion in Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald who regards him as the greatest seaman of his age and quotes his death-bed words: "I do not leave much, but what I leave was honestly gotten. It never cost a sailor a tear or the nation a farthing." Anson is the modest, unassuming sailor, who was described as "having been round the world but never in it." The book culminates in a pair of masterly studies devoted to St. Vincent and Nelson by Vice-Admiral Colomb. His contrast between Jarvis's somewhat severe treatment of his subordinates and Nelson's unrestrained delight in his captains and ships with all its superlatives is striking. The description of Nelson's tactics is the most instructive part of the book for a layman. Even Captain Mahan has failed to understand Nelson's tactics. The book will commend itself to all lovers of our navy, and it describes the making of our empire in a way which every patriot will appreciate.—J. T.

Andrew Melville. By WILLIAM MORISON. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 1s. 6d.)

Melville's nephew said of his famous uncle: "Scotland never receavit a graitter benefit at the hands of God than this man." And Mr. Morison feels that "no one of braver spirit or truer mould" has been given to his country. He was of rather a hot temper, but, like Knox, he never feared the face of man, and used his great influence to preserve the liberties of the Kirk and resist the encroachments of prelacy. The story of his student life on the Continent is pleasant reading, and on his return to Scotland he reshaped the education of the universities and

infused new spirit into the Assembly. The ecclesiastical struggles of the time are vigorously sketched but the chief interest of the book centres round Melville himself. Lying in the Tower he wrote, "Away with fear—I will cherish the hope of everything that is cheering and joyous. . . . I betake myself to my sacred anchor—' Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'"

Adam Smith, by H. C. Macpherson (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 1s. 6d.), is a bright little book which will quicken interest in Adam Smith both as a man and as a thinker.

George Müller of Bristol. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Illustrated. (London: Nisbet & Co. 6s.)

This book has been read and approved by Mr. Wright, the son-in-law of George Müller, so that it is the authorised life of one of the most wonderful philanthropists that ever lived. George Müller had a disgraceful youth marked by theft and deceit of the grossest kind. No one would have dreamed that out of such material a great saint was to be formed. A friend who had aided him in his evil courses in a recent journey, told him one Saturday that he was going that night to a devotional meeting in a believer's house. Müller expressed his wish to go and was deeply impressed when some one fell on his knees to pray. The Prussian habit was to pray standing, and this was the first time he had ever seen any one kneel before God. On the way home Müller said to his friend, "All we saw on our journey to Switzerland, and all our former pleasures, are as nothing compared to this evening." There was no deep sense of conviction, but from that night he was changed. The story of his training for Christian work is pleasantly told. When he found his vocation with his orphan children at Bristol he had sharp experience of financial straits, yet he and his household never lacked a meal, though thousands of times they had not enough for one more meal. Continued experience of God's faithfulness brought such confidence that it required no more venture to cast himself on God for two thousand children and £25,000 a year than it did for twenty orphans and £250. When asked the secret of his service he said, "There was a day when I died, *utterly died*; died to George Müller, his opinions, preferences, tastes, and will; died to the world, its approval or censure; died to the approval or blame even of my brethren and friends; and since then I have studied to show myself approved only to God."

V.—TRAVEL.

The Break-up of China. By LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.
(London : Harper & Brothers. 12s.)

THIS is an honest, sane and convincing book. In form it is simply a report to the Associated Chambers of Commerce ; in fact it is a clear, distinct presentation of the elements of the Chinese problem—elements of danger and disaster, not without suggestions of reconstruction and of hope. To those who know the courtly manners and roundabout phrases of the Chinese mandarin, it is simply delicious to picture the bluff, straightforward English sailor interviewing bland viceroys and officials of all degrees, and with his breezy common sense, telling them exactly what he considers wrong in their country. Apparently Lord Charles Beresford believes all their polite expressions of appreciation ; but, whatever may have been the value of their words, there is the eloquence of truth in their requests for his inspection of their armies, fleets, forts, arsenals, and for his opinions thereon. His shrewd observant eyes have gained for him in three months a knowledge of the true state of China, which the experience of older residents will fully confirm.

On all lies the curse of an underpaid civil service forced into manipulation of the public funds. Mandarins are bound to an outlay on the necessities of office many times greater than their income ; the boundaries of honesty are thus hopelessly blurred, and as a final result the cost of collection absorbs no less than eighty per cent. of the public revenue. A general supposed to have under his command ten thousand men employs actually eight hundred ; the balance of pay—or as much as he can extract from his superiors—goes to line his pockets. There is enough money wasted on arsenals to support a fair-sized army ; much of the labour is spent in the construction of jingalls and obsolete war material. The story drily told of Consul Hosie is a fair type of the state of the empire. Four guards were sent by the Chinese authorities to guard the Consulate. On an alarm one of them ran in : “The rebels are coming, will you lend us your rifle ?” The four guards had one rifle between them !

It is the vicious system of government which has brought about the doleful plight in which China finds herself. The merchant class is famous throughout the world for its honesty and trustworthiness. The word of a Chinese merchant is as good as his bond. It is therefore astonishing to read that the Chinese shareholders in the Bank of China and Japan recently refused to pay the legal calls on capital, till we find the explanation in the fact that several mandarins are shareholders, and while the merchants were anxious to pay they were afraid to run counter to those in authority who refused. When two years ago the Emperor was endeavouring to encourage merchants to invest in large industrial schemes, one significant proviso was that the throne would not insist on mandarins being on the directorate. The central government is utterly weak, local disturbances are more and more numerous; even under these conditions trade increases, but obviously British merchants will fear to invest more capital unless there be better security against revolution. The writer insists that China's first duty is to form a good army, national and not provincial, sufficient to assure control of disorder. He urges that Great Britain should offer her services with the subordinate assistance of America, Germany and Japan, to organise and train, giving due assurance of disinterestedness. He voices with stentorian directness the universal feeling of merchants of all nationalities that the one safe and right policy for the European nations is that of the Open Door, as opposed to the immoral and therefore mischievous plan of "Spheres of Influence." The Manchu dynasty is effete, but there is no other claimant, and Western powers cannot afford to allow the disturbance involved in an internal revolution. Reform is in the air; the young Emperor is an ardent reformer, but his proposals were mere empty orders without organisation and moral preparation for their accomplishment. England must abstain from the hectoring which demands compensation for concessions extorted by other nations from China's helplessness. The one great difficulty in the way of this policy appears to be Russia's obvious designs on Manchuria. Apparently she has already a hundred thousand men in and around that province, and her most recent demand for direct railway communication with Peking can only have strategic purpose. As her only commerce is one annual cargo of seaweed, it is not unnatural that the British merchants, who have almost the whole trade with Manchuria in their hands, should be very

anxious lest it become a Russian province with differential rates against all foreign imports. It is obviously of no use to keep Newchwang an open port, if it be the port to a closed country.

The opening of the whole empire to foreign trade on equal terms for all nations, fair conditions of internal commerce, the observance by China of her treaty obligations, and the maintenance of good order, these are the things to be aimed at.

That the first condition may be possible, the others must be observed. Internal trade is subject to all manner of vexatious imposts. For instance, coal worth seven pence farthing a ton on the field costs eighteen shillings a ton four hundred miles away—so many have been the intervening customs dues. Foreign goods which have paid dues at treaty ports are by treaty entitled to a free pass throughout the empire; this free transit has never been really allowed. Hence the absolute need of an honest civil service. The writer sees the remedy in sufficient incomes; this is a first necessity—but whence is to come the moral force to ensure honesty even then? That question does not come into a trade report, but without the Gospel there will be no solution. Give China time, moral and educational support from the West, and she may yet emerge strong; but in the moral force of Christianity alone can she find what makes and keeps a nation great.—W. T. A. B.

Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim. By STEPHEN GWYNN. With Illustrations by HUGH THOMPSON. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

Mr. Gwynn lingers lovingly on old scenes in his description of Donegal. The humour of the peasantry, the legends and traditions, the scenery and history are all described by one who has long known them intimately. He leads us into the wildest corners of the West, where Irish is still the language even of business and the schools, and brings us round from Donegal Bay by way of Londonderry and the Giant's Causeway to Belfast. Everywhere there are the same brown and purple mountains with swift peaty streams and rivers beloved of trout and salmon. It is an ideal holiday world between the heather and the sea. Some glimpses are given of the condition of the peasantry, and, though there are difficult problems still to solve, it is pleasant to find that tenants are more thrifty and

landlords more alive to their responsibility. Mr. Gwynn's stories have a delightful Irish flavour. His pages on Londonderry are perhaps the brightest in his book, and Mr. Thompson's pictures are very effective. Bits of landscape are sketched with a few delicate strokes, and the portraits of priests and peasants are sometimes very felicitous. The book ought to be remembered by every tourist in the North of Ireland, and those who stay at home will feel that they do not lack compensation with this volume as companion.

Among the Wild Ngoni. By W. A. ELMSLIE. (London : Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 3s. 6d.)

The Ngoni are a Zula race of warriors living to the east of Lake Nyasa. Their history begins with Chaka, a chief who died in 1828, after causing the death of over a million human beings. His land was the scene of murder and drunkenness that baffle description. After three years' labour the Livingstone Mission might have been pronounced a failure. Then the light began to break, and the Mission has won an ever increasing hold on the people. The whole scene is changed. The greatest opposers have been won. Dr. Elmslie is a medical missionary, and he says that medical work attaches a people more quickly than any other. The book is freely illustrated, and is a striking story of missionary success.

In the Guiana Forest, a series of studies by James Rodway (T. F. Unwin, 3s. 6d.), has reached a third edition. Mr. Grant Allen, in an introduction, points out that in this volume the forest is an ever-present reality, and this makes the book one of the most impressive and weirdly solemn delineations ever limned by cunning hands of the great tropical woodlands. The struggle for life forms the subject of one absorbing chapter, and those who cannot visit a tropical forest will find Mr. Rodway's a splendid pair of eyes to see it through.

Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin. By WALTER BESANT and E. H. PALMER. Fourth Edition. Enlarged, with a Map and Eleven Illustrations. (London : Chatto & Windus. 6s.).

Sir Walter Besant feels, in penning a new preface to this volume, as though he were opening a long closed chapter of his

own life. The book was written in days when he was still enchained by the vexed questions of Bible topography, and Professor Palmer, fresh from his wanderings in the desert, was also full of enthusiasm for his subject. The result is our best and most sparkling history of the Holy City, right on from the days of Titus through all the stirring events of the Crusades. A closing chapter deals briefly with the work of the Palestine Exploration Society, for which Sir Walter claims the honour of having translated the Holy Land into the vulgar tongue. Any one who will read this book, together with Lieutenant-Colonel Conder's article on "Jerusalem," in the new *Bible Dictionary* will know all about the Holy City that is to be known and will have a delightful course of study.

Bulletin de la Société Neuchateloise de Géographie. Tome XI.
(Neuchatel : Imprimerie Paul Attinger. 1899. 5 francs.)

The *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society of Neuchatel for the current year is a volume of some three hundred pages, and the contents are of an unexpectedly high quality. The articles are original, varied in subject, scientific in method, and sufficiently long to admit of adequacy of treatment. They are concerned principally with geographical exploration, but include two careful papers on craniology, while special mention should be made of a discussion of the geological character of the Alps to the north-east of the Lake of Thun. A coloured chart of these mountains is added, and will be found of great interest by the students of Alpine geology.

The cyclist can have no safer or clearer guide than Mr. H. R. G. Inglis's "*Contour*" *Road Book of England* (London: Gall & Inglis. 2s.) Its plans show each mile of the roads, and distances, gradients, hints as to dangerous points, suggestions as to inns and places worth attention are carefully given. It has been compiled from entirely original sources and embodies the results of the writer's own extensive tours. England is in three volumes—a Northern Division, a South-east Division and a Western Division, which is in preparation. Strip maps of the chief roads can also be had for a shilling. They are on the scale of half an inch to a mile, and are wonderfully handy for the pocket.

VI.—BELLES LETTRES.

The Collected Poems of William Watson. (London : John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. WATSON is a poet in the grand style. Every phrase and epithet is chiselled and polished, then fitted into its place with the skill of a master craftsman. The problems of life and destiny surge through his poems ; nature both in her moods of gladness and in her more sombre hours is his open book. He is the poet of poets, the poet of thinkers and literary men. We hope that some day when he has wrestled with his problems he may come forth as the poet of faith and immortality. Meanwhile we honour the thinker who has

"decadated to melodious ends
All of myself that least ignoble was."

Mr. Watson must pardon us for saying that the latter half of the Gordon Sonnet is a stiff rendering of Bible phrase without any poetic gleam.

The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary.
By the Rev. JOHN BROWNLIE. (London : Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Brownlie's book follows close on the publication of *The Church Hymnary*, which has had such a phenomenal sale among the Presbyterian Churches. He has sought the help of experts in various departments, and his book gives a brief history of the compilation both of the hymnary and its music. The matter is arranged so as to supply not only a brief biography of each contributor, but also a history of hymnology in the Greek and Latin Churches, in Germany, England and America. Justice is done to John Wesley's gifts as a translator, and to Charles Wesley's genius as "one of the greatest hymn writers the world has seen." Twenty-one hymns by our Methodist poet are included in the *Church Hymnary*. Mr. Brownlie feels "Wrestling Jacob" to be such an exquisite lyric that he quotes it at length.

He ranks "O love Divine" first among Charles Wesley's hymns, and considers it one of the finest in the language. It would be well to note in the next edition that Charles Wesley was not the youngest child of Samuel Wesley. Kezia was the nineteenth and last of the long succession.

Lyra Innocentium. By JOHN KEBLE. With Notes and Introduction by WALTER LOCK, D.D. (London: Methuen & Co. 2s.)

Dr. Lock shows how Keble found relief at a time of intense anxiety in the composition of these poems. They breathe the child spirit, and are sometimes exquisitely phrased and full of a bright joyousness and a charm of melody and lyrical expression which *The Christian Year* does not reach.

Tennyson: A Critical Study. By STEPHEN GWYNN. (London: Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Gwynn regards Tennyson as a greater Spenser but a lesser Virgil—less dreamy than the first, less materially-minded than the last. His book shows a fine appreciation for those felicities of thought and style which make Tennyson a great poetic artist. His luminous criticism on Tennyson's handling of Malory's work is the part of the volume which will best repay study.

Messrs. Macmillan have conferred a real boon on lovers of poetry by including *Tennyson* in their "Globe Library." For three and sixpence the whole of the poems can now be had in this compact, well printed volume of 655 pages. The edition will appeal to a circle of readers who have found Tennyson beyond their reach, and everything that can make it easier to read such poetry is a public benefit.—Two selections from Tennyson are treasures in Macmillan's Sixpenny Series over which a multitude of readers will rejoice. The type and paper are good, and the selections ought to be immensely popular.

A Double Thread. By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. (London: Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

The double thread is formed by the twin sisters Elfrida Harland, the heiress, and Ethel Harland, who in some mys-

terious way wins a livelihood for herself and her grandparents. Captain Le Mesurier wins the heart of the heiress but is himself devoted to the penniless sister. Ill-natured gossip and even suspicion of theft do not make him swerve from his loyalty, nor can his cynical old uncle coerce him into worship of the heiress. The plot is really well conceived and well worked out, and the tyrannical uncle blossoms into a first rate fellow. Philip Cartwright, the rector, is one of the most powerful characters in the book, and his gardener, Clutterbuck, adds a refreshing touch of quaintness. The conversation is as brilliant as in *Isabel Carnaby*, but we are not sure that its sharpness does not sometimes run a little too far. It is a scintillating book which no one will find it easy to put down.

1. *The Black Douglas.* By S. R. CROCKETT.

2. *A Modern Mercenary.* By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD
("E. & H. Heron.")

(London : Smith, Elder & Co. 6s. each.)

1. Mr. Crockett has developed a strange taste in fiction. This book is by the same hand as *The Lilac Sun Bonnet*, and it is more uncanny and horrible than *The Red Axe* itself. The demon of the story is the Marshal de Retz, who murders little children and drinks their life blood to find the secret of eternal youth. The lady Sybilla falls under his terrible influence, and lures young William Douglas and his brother to their fate in Edinburgh. The book contains much good fighting, some rather weak love-making, and a succession of horrors that one finds it dreadful to read and hard to forget. The opening of the story promises better things, but no one who has weak nerves should touch this volume.

2. *A Modern Mercenary* is a striking piece of work. John Rallywood, a young Englishman who has lost his fortune, takes service in the army of the little independent Duchy of Maassau, and after nearly six years on the desolate frontier is transferred to the Guard stationed in the capital. He has to win his footing in that exclusive regiment, and is mixed up in many State intrigues and plots, but comes well out of his testing and marries Valerie Selpdorf, the Chancellor's daughter.

The Workers : An Experiment in Reality. By WALTER A. WYCKOFF. Two volumes. (London : W. Heinemann. 6s. net.)

Mr. Wyckoff's desire to understand the real conditions of a workman's life, both in the east and west of the United States, led him to shoulder a pack and seek employment on farms, at hotels, in factories, and among lumbermen. His sharpest experiences came in Chicago, but a faculty for making friends, and a strong determination to fathom the problems of work and wages gave him nerve and patience amid privations and hardships. He writes as a Christian man, and it is pleasant to find that, however rough his get-up, he was always welcomed in fashionable churches, and found the preaching full of sympathy and sound Christian sense. His sketches of the actual life of working men are on the whole encouraging, and there is a harvest of information to be gleaned from these pleasant and brightly written volumes.

1. *Off the High Road.* By ELEANOR C. PRICE.

2. *Selah Harrison.* By S. MACNAUGHTEN.

(London : Macmillan & Co. 6s. each.)

1. *Off the High Road* is the story of an heiress who escapes from her guardians in order to avoid an obnoxious marriage. Her advertisement for quiet quarters "off the high road" catches the eyes of a motherly old woman and her daughter, who shelter the girl during a long summer. She wins the heart of the young squire, who lives with his father in a fine old house which they have no money to keep up. Everything ends well, though the heiress has some narrow escapes. It is a story told with rare grace of style and brimming over with quiet interest.

2. *Selah Harrison* is brought up in a hard Calvinistic world and misses his good fortune when it comes in the shape of Constance Temple, a girl far above him in station but quick to see Selah's great powers and gifts. He goes to work as a missionary in the South Seas and marries a homely Scotch girl, because the mission schools need a woman's care, but his heart is always faithful to the love his stern creed had compelled him to hold at arm's length. The quaint sketches of northern character and of the hop-pickers' life in the Weald of Kent are very finely drawn, and one or two descriptions of scenery in the weald give distinction to a book full of pathos and force.

The Dear Irish Girl. By KATHERINE TYNAN. (London : Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

There are some good characters in this pleasant book, and the glimpses of peasant life in Ireland are very fresh and vigorously drawn. Biddy O'Connor, a lovely little girl living with her father, a learned professor at Trinity College, Dublin, grows into a charming maiden, and her love for Maurice O'Hara, though it does not run smoothly, is described in a way that wins and holds sympathy.

Dwellers in Gotham. A Romance of New York. By ALLAN DALE (J. Wesley Johnston). (London : C. H. Kelly. 6s.)

This sparkling story of society in New York is full of the social feeling of the age, but its characters do not run into wild extremes. Hugh Dunbar is a fine fellow, and the young people do not a little to improve their elders and bring about a better state of things. The book is pleasant reading.

The Garden of Swords. By MAX PEMBERTON. (London : Cassell & Co. 6s.)

The blood-red day of Wörth and the siege of Strasburg are the historic features in this powerful story. Mr. Pemberton knows how to paint his scenes, and the interest of his narrative never flags though its close seems rather incomplete.

The Romance of Elisavet. By Mrs. W. M. RAMSAY. (London : Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

Elisavet is a little Greek maid in a village near Smyrna. Her lover joins a band of brigands to win money for the ambitious girl, but the thieves comes to grief and Panazotti is shot. Mrs. Ramsay knows the ground well, and this picture of life in Turkey, though sombre enough, is vigorous and instructive.

Yesterday Framed in To-day. By PANSY. (London : C. H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.)

This is an attempt to frame the life of Christ in a modern environment and to show how prejudice and incredulity blinded men and women to His claims and steeled their hearts against

Him. Mrs. Alden has set herself a very delicate task, and it is no mean tribute to her skill and good taste to say that the book does not jar upon us.

More Methodist Idylls. By HARRY LINDSAY. (London: James Bowden. 6s.)

Deep sympathy with the life of working folk and a warm appreciation of their homely, heartfelt religion, pervades this book. It is not high art, but it is full of life and pathos.

The Countess Tekla (Methuen & Co., 6s.), by Robert Barr, is full of adventure. Lord Rodolph's feats as a swordsman and the marvellous skill of the two English bowmen are told with rare skill, and the Black Count is a grim study. The book keeps a reader's interest on full stretch from the first page to the last. *Red Rock*, by Thomas Nelson Page (W. Heinemann, 6s.), is a story of the American Civil War, with all the dislocation of society that followed in the Southern States. It is a glimpse of a vanished world, and it is full of freshness and interest. *Mary Unwin*, by Alan St. Aubyn (Chatto & Windus, 6s.), is the youngest daughter of a country vicar. The story is very graceful and bright. *A Red Bridal*, by William Westall (Chatto & Windus, 6s.), is the deliverance of Tyrol from the French, and the story is full of brave fighting and wonderful escapes, softened with a touch or two of love-making.

Tales of the Divining Rod, by E. W. Beaven (London: Stockwell & Co., 5s.), is a queer mixture of fiction, facts and theories about water finding. Mr. Beaven's style is stilted, but he is an enthusiast on divining, and he has given us a budget of odd things.

Mr. Kelly has published editions of Charles M. Sheldon's *In His Steps*, *The Crucifixion of Philip Strong* and *His Brother's Keeper*, which are not only cheap but neat and well printed. The stories are open to manifold criticism, but they have stirred the hearts of many and will bear fruit in days to come. These editions ought to be very popular. *The Twentieth Door* describes ranch life and college life in America. The protests against smoking, drinking, and gambling are very strong. *The Miracle at Markham* (2s. 6d.) is a lesson on Christian unity. Mr. Sheldon tells "how twelve Churches became one," and his book should promote brotherhood among Christian people. It has its love

stories and its hairbreadth escapes, but it is essentially like all the rest of the Sheldon library.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s reprints of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *A Dead Man's Diary* (6d.) and *God and the Ant* (1d.), are marvels of cheap and neat printing and will be eagerly read.

The Day of Recompense, by Silas K. Hocking (F. Warne & Co., 3s. 6d.), has much love and more adventure both well told, and all ending happily. The book is light reading, but it is good and has a pure tone and flavour.

Life and Nature at the English Lakes. By the Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY. (Glasgow : MacLehose & Sons. 5s. net.)

Canon Rawnsley is steeped in all the lore of the Lake District. Its great poets, its glorious scenery, its pastoral life, its sports and pastimes, have long found in him a close and loving student, and he knows how to make his readers share his delight. "The Sheep-dog Trials at Grasmere," and "On Helvellyn with the Shepherds," seem to set the scenes of pastoral life before our eyes and make us wish that Canon Rawnsley would enter into even fuller detail. The sketches are very beautifully written.

Mr. Elliot Stock sends a cheap edition of *Jennifred and other Poems*, by Septimus G. Green. They show a true gift of poetry and deal tenderly and gracefully with those old themes which are dear to the poet's heart.

Messrs. Warne have made arrangements with the Macmillans by which they are allowed to publish Tennyson's complete poems in their "Albion" edition of the poets. The price is 3s. 6d. net, the paper is rough, the page is wider than in the "Globe" edition and the top edges are gilt, the type is the same and the contents absolutely alike. This edition has a copy of Mr. G. F. Watts' portrait of the poet, now in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset, and it can be had in nine different bindings, so that it gives a wide choice for those who wish to use the book as a prize or present.

Messrs. Longman send us neat half-crown editions of Mr. Washington Moon's *Poems of Love and Home* and *Elijah and Other Poems*, which will be heartily welcomed by lovers of true and deep sentiment couched in graceful and melodious phrase.

VII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Temperance Problem and Social Reform. By JOSEPH ROWNTREE and ARTHUR SHERWELL. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE primary object of this volume is to consider temperance legislation in reference to the general social problem. The problem is stated with great fulness in a chapter packed with the latest statistics and facts as to drinking and its relation to health, wages, pauperism, disease and crime. This is a magazine from which speakers and preachers may draw almost unlimited material of the most effective kind, and most freshly put. All leads up to the final chapter, which bears the bold title, "The Solution of the Problem." The propositions established are that the consumption of intoxicants is seriously subversive of the economic and moral progress of the nation; that prohibition in large towns is regarded as impracticable; that the problem of the intemperance of large towns has not been solved in any English-speaking country; that some causes of intemperance are within the sphere of legislative influence. Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Sherwell suggest that a system of local restriction and control should be exercised through the municipal councils, the whole of the profits to be handed over to a central State authority. The sole benefit which any neighbourhood received from the traffic would be a grant, proportioned to its population, for recreative purposes. The work of local management would be shared by a fixed number of influential citizens, and every locality would have the right of prohibiting the traffic. If it did this it should not lose its grant for recreation. The scheme is well thought out. Whatever verdict is passed upon it, the book itself may fairly be described as the most important contribution to the discussion of temperance reform that has ever been published, and its maps, statistics, facts and figures make it indispensable for every man who wishes to grapple with the chief problem of our social life at the present day.

The Constitution and Polity of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. By DAVID J. WALLER, D.D. (London : Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. 5s.)

Dr. Williams did eminent service by preparing the first edition of this handbook in 1880. The latest edition of his work, however, appeared in 1882, so that it was no longer a safe guide or a complete one. Dr. Waller has almost entirely rewritten the book, and made it nearly twice as large as the first edition. The type is also better set out with good headings, and nothing that our chief expert could do to bring it perfectly up to date has been left undone. It is a real advantage to have the "Chapel Model Deed" printed in an appendix. It is found in no other handbook. Now at last the Superintendent Minister may feel that he is fully equipped for administrative work. The book is a mirror of the growth of Methodism. The constitution of The Wesley Guild, the Conference Procedure and Rules of Debate, the arrangements for the proposed New Order of Sessions, are all given. We have not caught either an error or an omission. The book is strongly bound, and considering its size and character is a marvel of cheapness.

English Philosophical Styles. Six Studies. By WILSON STUART, M.A., B.Sc.(Vict.). (Manchester : J. E. Cornish.)

We are not surprised that this essay won the John Bright scholarship at the Victoria University. Mr. Stuart's choice of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and John Stuart Mill for his discussion was a happy one, and he has brought much knowledge and critical faculty to his task. His own style is clear, and the subject is mapped out in a way that greatly aids the reader. The sections devoted to Bacon, Hobbes and Berkeley are perhaps the most interesting, but the whole essay is full of vigorous thought, well-balanced judgments and happy characterisation.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge send some books of special interest. Canon Medd's edition of *The Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrews* (4s.) is a new translation from the bishop's own manuscript. It is the most satisfactory reproduction of that great devotional classic that has ever been published, though it is not so attractively arranged as Dr. White's

version. *Clement of Alexandria*, by F. R. M. Hitchcock (3s.), is a model handbook for English students of the Fathers—brightly written, well set out, and full of matter. Archdeacon Cheetham's *Sketch of Mediaval Church History* (1s. 6d.) is a pleasant guide through the ten centuries of Church life before the Reformation. It is packed with facts, yet never dull or vague. Miss Laurie's *Study of the Bible* (6d.) ought to be of real value to young people. The matter might with advantage be split into sections, and the book is a trifle vague. *A Manual of Intercession for Work in the Mission Field* is a very suggestive and helpful guide for those associated with Church of England missions, and would be of service to members of other communions. *Ab Inferis*, by M. E. Dowson (6d.), boasts a preface by Mr. Illingworth. It is a series of "Notes on Science and Religion," full of strong food for thinkers. Two pamphlets published under the auspices of the Church Historical Society deal with *Four Recent Pronouncements* of the English Church Union, etc., and with *The English Reformation*. Professor Bulgakoff, of Kieff, has been discussing *The Question of Anglican Orders*, with reference to the Anglican controversy with Rome. Sixpence will be well spent on his masterly article. His conclusions on historical and canonical grounds are entirely favourable to the Anglican position, though he holds the opinions of the Eastern Church as to "the doctrines of the Filioque" and other matters.

The Religious Tract Society publish *Rambles with Nature Students*, by Mrs. Brightwen (5s.), a beautiful volume, full of facts about plants, insects and birds, arranged under the months of the year. Its contents are as bright as they are varied. *God First* (3s. 6d.) is the story of Hester Needham's seven years work in Sumatra. Miss Needham gave up a brilliant circle of friends in England to labour among the savage Battas, who had asked for a teacher forty years before. The gospel was at last proclaimed to them by a woman unable to rise from the couch on which she was carried, her chief helper being a blind and consumptive convert. It is an artless record of a woman's devotion and heroism. *Unseal the Book*, by Mrs. Carus-Wilson (2s.), is worthy of the pen that produced *Clews to Holy Writ*. It is the best and most readable guide in a thorough study of the Bible itself that we know. We wish every boy and girl in the country could read and re-read it. The late Canon Hoare's *The Communion and the Communicant* was worth reprinting. It is wonderfully tender and faithful.

Lore and Legend of the English Church. By the Rev. G. TYACK, B.A. (London : Andrews & Co. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Tyack has long been a student of Church lore and legend, and this book is packed with quaint and instructive matter on the building of the church, its steeple, churchyard, graves and funerals, pulpits, lecterns, fonts, marriages, and other subjects. He writes brightly, and every page has its bit of out-of-the-way information or its legend.

The Cathedral Church of Durham. By J. E. BYGATE, A.R.C.A. (London : George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.)

Durham stands unequalled among our cathedrals for its splendid position, and its history is part and parcel of the story of the North. Some aspects of the exterior are rather disappointing, but the interior, giving an impression of simple dignity and solemnity, abundantly compensates a visitor. Mr. Bygate writes from personal study and observation, and his pleasant book is full of very fine illustrations.

1. *Recent Advances in Astronomy.* By A. H. FISON, D.Sc.

2. *The Science of Life.* An Outline of the History of Biology. By J. ARTHUR THOMPSON, M.A.
(London : Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.)

1. Dr. Fison's little volume in the "Victorian Era Series" helps us to appreciate his closing sentence that "never in the past have the paths of science appeared so exquisitely attractive to her children." His first chapter on "The Life of a Star" is fascinating. The sun itself is "essentially an enormous bubble, enveloped in incandescent cloud, from which, by the mechanism of radiation, its energy is transmitted into external space."

2. Mr. Thompson's book on biology is packed with information as to the growth of biology from an embryonic state of insignificance to a central position among the sciences. The subjects of classification, structure, physiology, heredity, and embryology are discussed with skill and knowledge.

Earth Sculpture or the Origin of Land-forms. By JAMES GEIKIE, LL.D. (London : John Murray. 6s.)

Professor Geikie has chosen a good title, and his study of the origin of surface features is full of interest. Physicists will not

allow us to draw unlimited drafts upon the Bank of Time. But the cumulative effect of small changes is greater than it was thought to be, and the climate of the world has changed from time to time. The enormous work of ground-moraines may be gauged by the fact that the Justedal Glacier discharges 1968 tons of sediment in a summer day. The Vatna-jökull, in Iceland, discharges annually 14,763,000 tons of sediment, equal to 7,194,000 cubic yards of rock. Professor Geikie takes us into nature's laboratory showing all its wonders, and makes us sorry when his explanations are finished.

A Handbook of Labour Literature. Compiled by HELEN MAROT. (Philadelphia Free Library of Economics. \$1).

A valuable list of books, dealing with strikes, wages, trade unions, Utopias, women wage earners, and child labour. A few notes are added which will often help a student.

Rome from the Inside ; or, The Priests' Revolt. Compiled and Translated by "J. B.," of "The Christian World." (London : James Clarke & Co. 1s.).

An impressive account of the remarkable movement amongst the French Catholic clergy which is leading many of them away from their old moorings and inducing them to cast in their lot with French Protestantism. The letters and addresses from priests and ex-priests form, as Mr. Brierley says, "a testimony of the very first order as to what modern Rome really stands for in relation to spiritual life, to morality, and to intellectual progress."

The new edition of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s *London* is the best shilling guide to be had. Its maps are of a most convenient size, it is full of views of buildings, and its letterpress is crisp and readable. Nothing seems to be omitted and the matter is arranged in a way that greatly facilitates the use of the Guide. The *Penny Handbook on Golf* is from the pen of an expert and enthusiast, who says, "The qualities that make the good golfer are those that go to make the good man—with a few extra."

Messrs. King & Son send us a sixpenny pamphlet on *Co-operative Credit Banks*, by Henry W. Wolff (6d.) It is an

admirable summary of the writer's standard works on "People's Banks." *The Story of the British Race*, by John Munro (London: George Newnes, 1s.), is a study of the national pedigree in the light of recent anthropological research. It is packed with facts about the first inhabitants of these islands, and is spiced by many lively discussions. *The Covent Garden Musical Annual* (George Newnes, 1s.) contains a budget of songs with piano-forte solos and duets, which will be very popular in musical circles. *The New Zealand Year Book* (Eyre & Spottiswoode) grows more valuable every year. The volume for 1898 gives a mass of new information as to trade and finance, which no one who wishes to understand the colony can afford to overlook.

The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Germano—Glasscloth (Vol. IV.) Hod—Horizontal (Vol. V.) (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1899.)

"Ohne Hast, ohne Rast." Dr. Murray and his cohort of well disciplined collaborators urge forward their great enterprise towards its now calculable completion. The first six letters of the alphabet have been exhausted, ground has been broken in *G* and *H*, and "the remainder of the work," we now learn, "is in an advanced state of preparation." The sections before us contain between them nearly two thousand main words, and between thirteen and fourteen hundred combinations and "sub-ordinate entries." They display once more the qualities which their predecessors have taught us to expect—profound and accurate learning, both philological and literary, sound judgment, fine discrimination, and masterly arrangement.

Mr. Andrews has prepared a new and enlarged edition of his *Curious Epitaphs*. (Hull: Andrews & Co. 7s. 6d.) It is well arranged, beautifully illustrated, and the explanatory notes are brightly written. The subject is always interesting, and this is a volume that will be widely and deservedly popular.

Mr. Arthur Page, F.R.C.O., writes a valuable little book *On Organ Playing* (Charles Vincent, 2s.). He is a wise guide, and deals on touch, fingering, probable faults and difficulties, pedal playing and other subjects in a way that cannot fail to help young organists. We should like to see the book put into the hands of all who are responsible for our Church music.

VIII.—SUMMARY OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (March 1).—M. Leroy-Beaulieu continues his discussion of "The Chinese Problem, with Special Reference to China and the Powers." The actual situation is not the result of a long series of patent facts, but has arisen brusquely, to the general surprise, out of the war with Japan, and has upset all the preconceived notions of Europe. The military collapse of China was no doubt only the last term of a long period of decadence, but the depth of that decadence was unsuspected in Europe. Japan knew it and prepared to profit by it. Russia suspected it, but was not sufficiently clear to venture much upon it. Some English writers, like Mr. Henry Norman and Lord Curzon—"one of the most brilliant young statesmen of the United Kingdom"—had been able to detect the feebleness and corruption of China, but they preached in the desert. When the war broke out the *Spectator* expressed its opinion that China would be able to organise a formidable army, and, strange to say, this was the conviction of most of the foreigners established in the extreme East. The course of events seemed to stupefy European diplomatists. The government of Peking is to-day too fully convinced of its feebleness to venture to resist any demand of the powers. But if pressed too hard and obliged to introduce innovations of every kind there is danger lest the literati should rise in revolt against what would appear like a menace to their privileges, and a complete disintegration of the Celestial Empire would follow. Already a serious insurrection has broken out, and though it is said to have been repressed, such repression is more often announced in China than achieved. It is at least certain that the elements of disorder are awake. Even at Peking, rival factions are disputing for power. The emperor has been completely won over to the cause of reform by a Cantonese of the new school, and issued a series of absolutely revolutionary edicts. (See *Cornhill Magazine* for May). He is said to have assumed European dress and to have formed the project of visiting Japan to study the transformation accomplished there during the last thirty years. The party of reform has the full sympathy of Japan and of England. The empress dowager took alarm at her nephew's conduct and made him a prisoner. He has signed an edict handing over to her the government, and all the mandarins of the old school have returned to power. The imprudent attempt at reform has only shown the instability and fragility of the government of Peking. It is a success for Russia, who seems to have good reason to count on the old statesman, Li-Hung-Chang, now returned to power. No one is able to tell what changes the future has in store, but the prospect of a partition of territory is full of dangers, as each power dreads that her rivals may forestall her in the race for the spoils.

(March 15).—M. Fourquet writes on "Vagrant Criminals." In 1830 these condemned tramps were numbered at 3,202, but they have grown in a most disquieting way till in 1894 there were 19,723 of them. Those arrested, but not tried, bring up the total to 40,000. The nomad army of unfortunates is probably not less than 100,000. Beggars have increased from 3,916 in 1845 to 13,724 in 1895. The emigration from the country to the towns has something to do with this deplorable state of things. It is also facilitated by the conscription, which makes country lads dislike to return to their village life. If discharged soldiers cannot find occupation in the city, they eagerly seek after any civil post open to them. The peasant envies the townsman's higher wage and takes no account of the expenses which swallow it up. He only sees the receipts. Another source of mischief is the irresistible desire for luxury which has seized on all classes to-day. The poorest girl in the most miserable village blushes in most provinces to wear the linen bonnet familiar to peasants of thirty years ago; she must have a hat and dress of the latest fashion, and must have it renewed each season. The tramps pass the

winter in those departments which have the mildest climate, and move to and fro like birds of passage. M. Fourquet gives many facts, taken from personal observation, which sustain his conclusion that if society could grapple with the problem of vagrancy it would reduce the number of thieves and assassins, safeguard life and property, and bring to an end much human suffering.

(April 1).—Miss Kingsley's *West African Studies* furnish the subject for an eulogy of that intrepid traveller. Her descriptions of insect pests, of the distracting noises of an African village, and of the trying climate, are dwelt on. She has not lost her time, the reviewer says; she has the gift of observation and that critical sense which defies unreasoning prejudice and preconceptions. She argues and draws her own conclusions. She has a lively humour, a warm temper capable of indignation and anger, and she loves a controversy; but you may trust her sincerity, however dear her own notions may be to her, she will never attempt to impose on your good faith or assert what she does not know to be fact. She has formed so close an intimacy with the African mind that she knows all its secrets, its twists and turns. No one has ever deciphered the true black so well—the black untouched by any outer influence, knowing nothing either of Christ or Mahomet. No one has ever shown so exactly what passes in the negro mind, his ideas of civil society, of property, of justice, or thrown such light on his veneration for his mother and the empire which she exerts over his thoughts, the service which he demands of his medicine men, and the fear with which his sorcerers inspire him, his fetishism with its schools and sects.

(April 15).—M. Lamy in "France of the Levant" points out that the German Emperor's recent visit to Jerusalem was not prompted by imperial pride, but only gave sanction to a project conceived by his Catholic subjects who, in 1845, formed at Cologne a "Society of the Holy Sepulchre," which proposed to gather up and distribute resources for the Catholic establishments of the Holy Land, without distinction of nationality. Another society was afterwards combined with this, and in 1896 the gifts of Catholics amounted to 160,000 francs, which were chiefly devoted to German work; almost all that was sent for international works was given to the Patriarchate of Jerusalem or to the "Guardian of the Holy Land," which were regarded as the institutions least favourable to France and best disposed to Germany. In 1897 the Association commenced to work warily for the acquisition of the Cenacle, and in August, 1897, the proposal was announced and applauded at the general assembly of German Catholics. From them the Emperor received the impulse for his diplomacy at Constantinople.

(May 1).—A French General writes on "The Colonial Army," to form which so many attempts have been made. Though the present Cabinet regards this as one of the articles of its programme, and though it is necessary for the expansion of France, success does not seem likely to be realised in the near future. The colonial troops are set to guard the maritime arsenals, whilst the marines enter into the composition of the mobilised colonial army and have a triple rôle to fulfil—the conquest and protection of the colonies, the defence of the coasts, and a share in the defence of the land frontier. It is hard to find a single organisation adapted to these three dissimilar tasks, and this is certainly one of the causes which renders the recruiting of the colonial army so difficult. The colonial army consists of two categories—one part is liable to be despatched to the colonies at any moment, the other is not under any obligation to serve abroad. The General describes the measures which he thinks necessary to give France a real and effective colonial army.

(May 15).—M. de Coubertin, in his paper on "Education in Holland," says that public education in the modern world turns upon two formulas—the formula of constraint and that of liberty. France hesitates to make her choice. Her political aspirations draw her to one side, whilst her administrative habits hold her back to the other. The result of that contradiction seems to be a kind of pedagogic incertitude, of which all the world complains and which no one seems able to disperse. Those who are accustomed to learn

lessons from outsiders turn towards England or Germany. But the Dutch are also worth studying. They excel all others in the art of governing the democracy and building up a colonial empire, hard tasks in which the French are still novices. The "Dutch phlegm" is often only timidity. France is discussing with much eagerness the propriety of substituting instruction in living languages for that in dead languages. Holland, where the two forms of instruction move side by side, may suggest some lessons for France. The whole course of education in the elementary schools and at the universities is brought under review by a traveller who is accustomed everywhere to seek in education the secret of national force. Holland has gained her greatness not by her arms, nor the richness of her dominions, but by the moral unity of her collective existence. The cement of the whole edifice is liberty, and the prosperity of Holland is a boon to Europe.

L'HUMANITE NOUVELLE (May).—The first place in this number is given to M. Vandervelde's report on "Alcoholism and the Conditions of Work in Belgium," read at the Temperance Congress in Paris. He thinks that prohibitive or restrictive means are worse than useless. Alcoholism will disappear in the society of the future on the day when the abolition of misery abolishes the evils which spring from it. M. Winter writes on "Socialism in Bohemia." The movement is not so advanced as in some other countries, but that is due to extraordinary obstacles. Yet it is a growing force, and one that it is impossible to withstand.

METHODIST REVIEW (March—April).—Dr. Cadman, of New York, writes a timely article upon "The Oxford Movement and its Leaders," pointing out the fundamental errors on which the movement was based, but doing ample justice to its best sides. A good paper entitled "Replenish the Sources" is given under "The Itinerants' Club." The minister's reservoir of mental and spiritual strength is constantly being drained, and he must take care to replenish it. "Let the minister keep the fountain full, replenish the sources, and then, as often as he comes to draw water from the wells of salvation, he will find abundant resources, both spiritual and intellectual, and there will be no mental or spiritual decadence in his pulpit or pastoral ministrations."

(May—June).—Mr. Telford contributes an article on "Kingswood School," Mr. Ingraham a brief paper, "Carlyle, Tennyson and Browning on the Future Life." The Editorial Departments have a suggestive paper on "The Inner Life of the Preacher." The writer thinks he needs "a cast-iron faith in divine Providence." There is a notice of an American book by Mr. Thompson, *John Wesley as a Social Reformer*, which endorses Mr. Ede's verdict in his Hulsean Lectures, "The man who did most to reform the social life of England in the last century was John Wesley."

METHODIST REVIEW, EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH (March—April).—Mr. Northcroft writes a warmly appreciative article on Dr. Davison's *Christian Interpretation of Life*. He expresses the opinion that the review articles of which it is mainly composed would have been more widely read if they had been signed. "We like to recognise the voice we hear, to connect the personality of the writer with his work." A long quotation is given from "Methodism and the Age," in our January issue. Professor Banks' *Manual of Christian Doctrine*, an American edition of which has just been edited by Dr. Tigert, is described as "one of the best expressions and expositions of the elementary principles of Christian theology, and especially of those distinctive features of them which are peculiar to Methodism" that the writer has seen. Reference is made in "Editorial Departments" to the "Twentieth Century Fund for Education." Educational work needs to be put on a new basis. Every annual conference has been a law to itself, every school a rival to every other. "Thousands of our young people are to-day practically dead to us because we have not provided that broad Christian culture which would have served the double purpose of developing their characters, and of for ever binding them to their own communion."

THE IMPERIAL REVIEW, MELBOURNE, is a collection of brief papers which aim at being racy and full of gossip, but are not always in the best taste